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HOW THEY ENTERED CANAAN
(A Collection of Holiness Experience Accounts)
Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

OSCAR HUDSON (Nazarene Evangelist)

Then, there are those who say they believe in holiness, but they do not believe in "getting the blessing." They say they believe in sanctification, but it is impossible to get them to an altar of prayer and to dig down until it begins. They believe in rivers, but they do not believe in them having a beginning. There is a sickly, toothless, fireless kind of holiness, about us today, which is wholly intellectual. It consists of a mental ascent to an idea or doctrine, without death to the "old man," the forsaking of pride and negation of self. It looks with scorn on the processes or methods of the "mourner's bench," placing reason above faith. It has no experience and cannot point to a beginning.

Those who have and enjoy the experience described in my text, can point back to an exact time and place where it began. As I travel about and labor in revivals, I hear them testify to it. Some say, "last year," others say, "five years ago," and still others, "twenty years ago." Some place the date on the 10th of December, others, the 25th of July. Some will say it was "ten o'clock in the morning," others "eleven o'clock in the evening." They know the very time it began. Some will say it occurred while they were praying out behind the barn. Another says, "I was in the kitchen." Still another said he was at the altar in the campmeeting. Ah, they know where they were when it began.

No doubt many will read these lines, whose minds, as they read, will wander to one certain spot and you could go to the very place where the rivers of love began to flow from your soul. Forget it? Never! My right hand may forget her cunning, and I may forget my name, but when I have been in heaven a million years, I believe I will still remember clearly the time and place that the streams began to flow.

It has been nearly thirty years since the author was sanctified, but he remembers as well as if it had been yesterday the incidents of that hour. He remembers vividly where he was, what he was doing and what he was thinking about. He had labored under the impression of a call to the ministry, since he was a lad, and when he knelt at the altar that night to seek the blessing of perfect love, the Lord seemed to whisper the oft repeated question, "Will you preach the gospel?" "Yes!"

came the quick response. "Will you go anywhere I lead you?" As his mind ran to "Rabbit Vale," "Brier Branch," "Cricket School House," and other remote communities he had known, again he said "yes." Then as the world began to slip from under him, he was shocked with the thought that if he abandoned himself wholly to the Lord, he might be called upon to preach the gospel in the "regions beyond." The Holy Spirit whispered, "Will you preach in India if the Lord should call you?" He tried to say yes, but it was a sickly thing that became tangled up in the cobwebs of fear and doubt and died. The demons of rebellion began to rage without and a terrible battle in the will followed.

As the struggle proceeded, his mind was turned to a childhood scene. A gentleman of large family purchased an unimproved farm that was covered with a thick undergrowth of oak bushes that fill the surface of the earth with roots. In his efforts to extract the roots from the soil, he prepared a large plow with a perpendicular cutter placed in front of the share, to which he hitched a heavy team. On the beam of the plow was fastened a mattock, and two stout boys were placed in charge of the outfit; one to drive and one to hold the plow. They were given orders not to lift the plow over the roots nor to drag it around a snag. "For," said the father,. "if you do, you will have trouble when you come to that place again. When you strike a snag, go to digging and keep it up until the whole thing gives way and comes out, and you will never have any more trouble at that point."

So the Holy Spirit whispered, "You have struck your snag; dig until it comes out, root and branch, and you will have no more trouble at that point." It was a terrible battle, but it was finally turned to Victory and it became easy to say, "Yes, I will preach in India if you want me to." Like a flash there came another question, "Will you start tomorrow morning, if I want you to?" It was as real to the struggling soul as if he had been at the station purchasing a ticket. An aged father and wrinkled-faced mother were two hundred miles away, and to start the next morning meant to see them no more on this earth. Another struggle ensued, but God was present to give grace, and he finally reached across two hundred miles of space, figuratively speaking, embraced that aged father and kissed that precious mother good-bye and said, "I'll meet you just inside the Eastern Gate." Just about that time there came a downpour and an upspringing and the rivers began to flow.

Source: "Gospel Dynamite" by Oscar Hudson

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THE END