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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

### **C. B. FUGETT (Holiness Evangelist)**

[The following are selections that I have taken from C. B. Fugett's book, "Joseph's Little Coat." They are not to be taken in a chronological order, and they tell little about exactly HOW he was sanctified, but MUCH about the fact that he was sanctified, and was a strong advocate of the Second Work of Grace. -- DVM]

[Selection #1] -- I am about to have a spell. I will never forget the time that God delivered me from the people. They used to look like trees -- the preachers, right here in this School. My, he sure is a big tree ! But right over there, by a footlog, I got sanctified. The next day Brother Standley called up and wanted to know if I would speak before the teachers, all these preachers, and before Dr. M. G. Standley and Sister Standley. I said, "Sure, I will be glad to." Brother, I had touched a live wire the night before, and I didn't care any more.

[Selection #2] -- I was over in Richmond, Indiana, some time ago in a meeting. The pastor came and said, "Brother Fugett, I want you to come with me and see a doctor." "What for?" "I want you to talk to him about Holiness." I said to our dear brother, "Now that man wants to argue, and I have been caught in so many traps I am afraid to get in one." I have had women come over during camp meeting and ask me to go talk with unsaved husband, and say, "Pour it on." I would go there and talk to the young man and not mention religion one time. I got him out to hear me preach a few times. He said, "I figured the doctor wanted to argue. The pastor said, "This man has a hungry heart," and before I had been in that office one minute I discovered the doctor was a sincere man. He said, "Brother Fugett, I just prayed through and have been out making restitutions." And before I knew what I was doing, I was giving my experience, how I got sanctified. "I would give a million dollars for that." I said, "I imagine it would cost you more than that," and his eyes kind a bulged. "What do you mean, cost me more than that?" "You are a prominent surgeon in this city. You have lived in the best house, you go to the biggest church of this city, and you have gone out with the same crowd. Why, they might drop you like a hot potato if you got sanctified, if you come around the Holiness crowd." That night he was on the third seat from the front, and that night he hit the mourners' bench and got sanctified. Already the good people were shouting. I said, "Doctor, how do you like it?" "The best hour I have ever lived."

[Selection #3] -- The devil told me that if I gave up my job to preach Holiness I would starve to death; and I told the devil that if I preached anything it would be sky-blue Holiness. We began our work in this little mission home and one day a revival broke out and a fine bunch of people prayed through. In the number was a bartender's wife by the name of Williams. He tended bar on Front Street at Catlettsburg. When his wife got converted, she cleaned house and broke up his card table and beer bottles. The bartender sent me word that if I ever put my foot in his house, it would be pitiful for me. But you know, my friends, God allows every preacher to have some severe trial in his life; and I believe if he makes it through over that test, he will make good. One day everything we had to eat all ran out at once. We didn't have anything for breakfast, and had nothing for lunch. This was the darkest day that I had ever lived since I had been converted! Along in the afternoon, I prayed that we starve to death and never tell it and keep the reproach off the Lord. They tell me before you die of starvation, you feel like you are full of good things. However, I hadn't gotten that far along and my stomach was growling like a dog.

I said, "Nellie, we are going up to see Mrs. Williams, the bartender's wife." You remember he had sent word never to put my foot in his house. We didn't any more than enter his home until the telephone rang, and I could tell from their conversation that he was coming home. My heart, that is supposed to be under my fifth rib, got to beating up in my neck. I prayed a little prayer about an inch long. I said, "O God. if he kicks me out of the house, help me to demonstrate the Spirit of Jesus!" About that time, he hit the door. His wife said, "This is Rev. Fugett and his wife." At once he began to curse me and bemean me, calling me vile names; but thank God, I was sanctified. There wasn't a ripple in my soul, and when he was through with his abuse, I said, "God bless you, Mr. Williams. Jesus loves you!" He went into the kitchen, sat down, and began to cry. His wife came in and said, "Brother Fugett, he is weeping -- the first tears I have seen him shed in twenty years." She went back to the kitchen and he said, "Wife, I have to tell those good people good-bye!" He came in and asked my forgiveness, told me he was ashamed of himself, and that he believed in my kind of religion. As he shook my hand, he left \$5.00 in it, and also \$5.00 in my wife's hand. Friends, you can never know just how I felt! We hadn't had a bite to eat all day, and here God was using an old saloon keeper and had him a-bawling and giving us money! It seemed to me, when I saw that \$5.00 bill, someone pushed a button in my back. An electric current went from head to heel! I knew I was going to have a spell and I thought the best place to have it would be at home. I don't know how we got out of there.

[Selection #4] -- With this experience, we are saved from a man-fearing and a man-pleasing spirit. A shrinking from reproach, reasoning around the Cross. A studied effort to be nice, and avoid those terms and expressions which are likely to produce scorn and opposition. A readiness to excuse oneself from doing his whole duty to those of wealth or position.

Another result in the heart of a Holiness preacher is that he is saved from the love of human praise. A secret fondness to be noticed and a hurt feeling if unnoticed. Love of supremacy. Love of many friends and much conversation. Brethren, if we are not careful, we will become so taken up with the presence of a few certain special friends, until in our conversations the name of an absent one will be mentioned, and then his faults will be aired, and criticisms will be given, and we will become lean in our soul and will be powerless because of this very thing. And that leads me to another thought. If we have the Holy Ghost, we will not be envious against our brother...

Then again, may I say that Holiness will unite us. Brethren cannot kneel together before God without coming closer to each other. This experience makes jealousies and bickerings and strife and hatred impossibilities. If we remember the saying of our founder, Dr. Bresee, when he said, "We must keep the glory down," we will be a united ministry.

[Selection #5] -- It amounts to this, we will go on and be sanctified or lose our experience of justification.

Source: "Joseph's Little Coat" by C. B. Fugett

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THE END