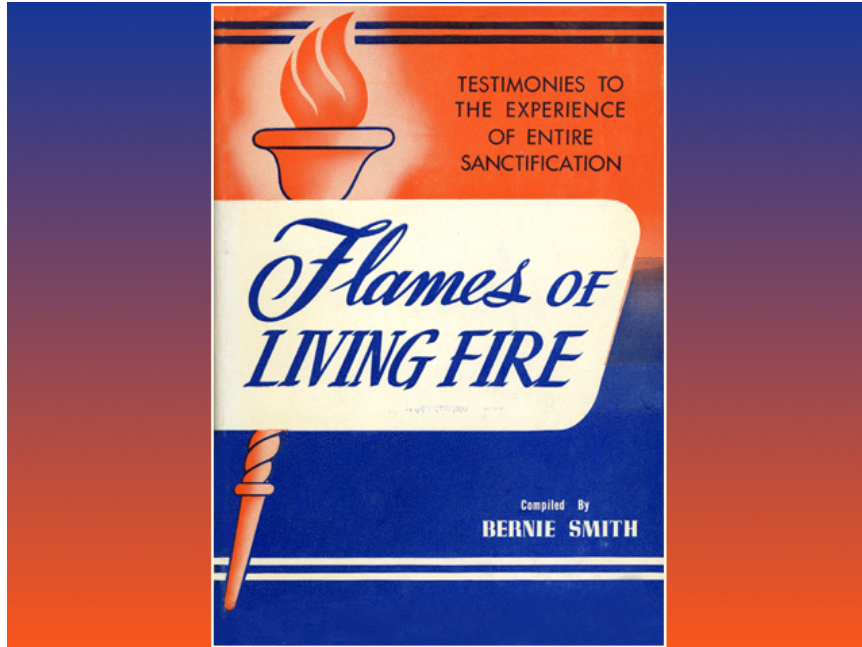


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**FLAMES OF LIVING FIRE**  
By Bernie Smith



Testimonies To The Experience  
Of Entire Sanctification  
Compiled And Edited By  
Bernie Smith

Beacon Hill Press  
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**DEDICATION**

## **To My Good Friend Dean Carl S. McLain**

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### **INTRODUCTION**

**The Bible is replete with second-blessing holiness, and it would not be complete without it. Man must not only be saved from all sin, but he must then be cleansed of the very thing that caused him to sin in the first place! Since the advent of John Wesley's rediscovery of the glorious teaching of heart holiness, there has been a host of other believers who have sought and found their day of Pentecost.**

We may be familiar with the testimonies relative to the purifying pentecostal power before and since Wesley's time, but it is well in this fast-moving century, in the midst of a rejecting, neglecting world, to hear our own contemporaries rise and give thanks to God for saving and sanctifying them. With this thought in mind, and with a fervent prayer that these testimonies shall cause many to hunger and thirst after a genuine, old-fashioned baptism with fire, the compiler commends this volume to the public.

Herein you will find testimonies from men in the various phases of divine service: pastors, evangelists, missionaries, college presidents and professors, and administrative officials. Herein they cry out as the voice of many waters, giving thanks to the King Eternal for personal pardon and purity.

It has been an inspiring labor to compile and edit the material herein set forth. Without exception, these men are outstanding contemporary leaders. Theirs are words of wisdom, love, and power.

With hearts afire and one desire, let us press forward into the fray on our glorious mission of spreading scriptural holiness and urging men to "earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints."

Bernie Smith

\* \* \* \* \*

## 01 -- GEORGE BENNARD

Rev. George Bennard has long been a minister of note. His evangelistic work has carried him from coast to coast. His immortal contributions to the field of religious music have caused his fame to spread around the world. The greatest of these is "The Old Rugged Cross," perhaps the best-known and best-loved of all gospel songs.

## THE SANCTIFICATION OF GEORGE BENNARD

It is a matter of rejoicing on my part to know that I was converted to Christ and Christianity at an early age. Naturally, there is no cause for rejoicing that my early environment was connected with a saloon. I only mention this to magnify the grace of God. And I can say with the apostle Paul, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." I presume the misfortunes of life that my parents were called to pass through were used of God to arouse my interest and the interest of our family in the matter of our souls' salvation. The details of this I shall not go into.

I shall always thank the Lord for the fact that soon after my conversion, I was brought under the teaching of scriptural holiness as taught by John Wesley. I recall

now the wonderful holiness meetings that were conducted from week to week by very spiritual, clear, and sane thinkers on this great subject. The influence of those blessed hours was successful in causing me -- and scores of other converts -- to see the need of a clean heart and a Spirit-filled life. I might add that there was no great struggle on my part in coming into the experience. I saw from reading the Scriptures, and the preaching and teaching of those leaders, that it was God's will for His people; and so I quietly but earnestly made a personal consecration and entered the "Canaan life." I wish I could say that from that hour there had been no breaks in my consecration. It was John Fletcher, the seraphic saint of Headley, who said that he had lost the experience five times before he had learned to keep it. Without question, many of our holiness people would be led to make a similar confession. But our God is a merciful God, and is always ready to restore the joy of salvation!

For many years now I have been engaged in the work of interdenominational evangelism, preaching and teaching the gospel of full salvation in church, tabernacle, camp meeting -- and in practically all the states in the Union. I am happy to have been acquainted and to have been associated with many of the outstanding leaders in the holiness movement. In closing, let me say that I consider that the need was never greater for the sane, uncompromising teaching of this doctrine. We must not only have the gospel for the whole world, but the whole gospel for the whole world.

May God's blessing be poured out abundantly upon this great movement, and grant us a great revival on full salvation lines throughout the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **02 -- CHARLES EWING BROWN**

Since 1895 Dr. Charles Ewing Brown has been active in the ministry of the Church of God, having preached both in America and in many foreign lands. He began preaching as a boy, and even in his student days he found opportunities to preach constantly. Dr. Brown has served successfully as pastor in several large congregations. He has served in executive capacity for various church agencies, and is now instructor in theology in Anderson College and Theological Seminary, along with his many other duties. He is widely known all over this country and abroad. He has traveled extensively throughout the world and has lived a life of service for the church. He is at present editor of the Gospel Trumpet.

## **THE SANCTIFICATION OF CHARLES EWING BROWN**

Before a man testifies to the blessing of Christian perfection experienced by a child as long ago as 1895, perhaps he ought to recognize some of the greatest objections to such a form of witnessing.

First of all, we find that those who tremble most with doubt regarding the possibility of any experience of Christian perfection are the very ones who hold a granite-like conviction that, even if there were such an experience, no Christian should ever give testimony concerning its reality in his own life. Such a testimony, they say, would be self-contradictory and utterly unbelievable; for if a man by the furthest stretch of the imagination should receive the experience of Christian perfection, that man would, by virtue of that experience, be plunged so deeply into the spirit of humility and penitence that he would never once think of himself as anything else but the foulest sinner of the human race. But, they say, even if in some moment of rare spiritual exaltation he even suspected that he might have reached Christian perfection, he would crush the thought as one utterly unworthy of a "sinner saved by grace." St. Paul and John Wesley, they say, never testified to a personal experience of entire sanctification.

In answering this objection, we would say that the same line of reasoning would prevent a Christian's making any testimony to the power of Christ's ability to save; but the whole course of Christian history is witness to the fact that the major part of the Church's missionary and evangelistic progress is based upon such personal testimonies by Christians everywhere and throughout all time. If it is good to testify about the power of Christ to forgive sins, it is also good to testify about His power to give victory over original sin itself.

And as to the testimony of Paul and of Wesley, these men lived in a different thought-world from our own, and each bore adequate testimony to the experience of entire sanctification by inference and in the terms of the thinking of his time.

Another objection regarding a child's experience of entire sanctification is that a few of the great holiness theologians have restricted that experience to adults only; and of course if that is true, a child who thought he received such an experience could only be self-deceived according to the testimony of his own theological teachers.

I honor the theologians of the holiness movements above all the philosophers, theologians, and psychiatrists who have dealt with the misery and healing of man's mind and soul. I hold that through the practical fruit of their labors they have demonstrated the fact that they understand the Bible better than any other theologians, and they also see deeper into human nature than any of the psychiatrists. Space will not allow me to discuss all the phases of this problem of the sanctification of children; I can only say that as the doctrine has developed in the Church, I believe the majority of holiness theologians today admit that the experience of entire sanctification is not measured by the capacity of the recipient, either in mental ability or maturity, provided only that he be mature enough to know himself as standing accountable before God.

And such indeed was the condition of the farmer boy who prayed for the baptism of the Spirit in the fields and on the hillsides of southern Illinois in that

momentous springtime so long ago. Frankly, I do not know why the thought of God hung so constantly over my childhood, sometimes like the perfume of a flower garden, and again like the cold of a winter night or the flashes of dangerous lightning. I never saw my mother read the Bible until after I myself was converted. My earliest recollection of my father was that of a businessman walking with an air of authority among his employees and finally coming to sorrow and failure in his business through his addiction to liquor. Among those early memories of my father before his conversion, I recall that he was an infidel who even forbade me to read the Bible under any circumstances. Our family and friends constituted a community as truly pagan as can be found anywhere: drinking, gambling, and all the delights of worldly amusement and sport constituted the background of my childhood life. I went only occasionally to Sunday school and hardly ever to church, and yet I read the Bible a great deal in spite of my father's prohibition -- perhaps partly on account of that prohibition -- and the thought of God comforted and tormented me through the passing years.

Then there came a swift, miraculous spiritual summer to our community in which my infidel, drunken father was converted in January of 1895. I followed him in a few days, and some months later my mother entered into the fellowship of the faith. Our spiritual leader did not tarry long. He taught the doctrine of entire sanctification, and I began to pray earnestly and seek for that blessing in the latter part of the winter and into early spring. I was only eleven years old, and knew merely the barest outlines of the teaching about entire sanctification. But I felt such a burden of yearning on my heart that I can remember it yet as a pain, a longing, a depression of spirit, a heaviness of soul, a cry to God. I fasted for some time. That was a hard thing for a farmer boy to do, and I can remember yet sitting in the kitchen and smelling the rich fragrance of frying ham as my mother prepared breakfast.

The greatest trouble I had in seeking sanctification was what I found later to be the major infirmity of the modern soul -- doubt. Even as a child, I reasoned and waited for physical evidence of spiritual realities which cannot be known by the flesh. No scientist in his laboratory or scholar in his study has ever pressed closer to the chilling doubt of the reality of the spiritual life than I pressed as I knelt on the ground amid the awakening grass and the budding flowers while I sought to see the throne of the Eternal in the bushes, as Moses found it so many ages ago.

Down on my knees in the orchard at the foot of the hill in an agony of yearning desire and struggle with doubt, I passed along the road trampled by Elijah when he heard the strong wind, but God was not in the wind. He felt a mighty earthquake, but God was not in the earthquake. After the earthquake, a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire, a still, small voice.

There in the silence, with only the winds rustling the grass and the trees, the thunders of eternity came to me from the distance as a soft whisper of God: "It is done. This is Pentecost. This is the baptism of the Holy Spirit. This is fire and

lightning and healing power. This is heart purity. This is fellowship with the gentle Jesus, the country Preacher who loved children; and this is the call to go and minister the healing of His word and works wherever you can help others."

It has been a long time since I heard the whisper of Jesus in the old orchard on the hillside. Since then the days have stretched into years, and the years have passed into decades, and I have carried HIS healing message to men of nearly every race and kind around the world. The boy has become a youth; the youth has become a man; the man is past middle age and has begun to turn his face toward the setting sun. But the covenant which the farmer boy made with the High Priest of our redemption, kneeling in the grass on the hillside of southern Illinois fifty-odd years ago, holds, and shall hold, forever.

\* \* \* \* \*

### 03 -- C. W. BUTLER

One of America's oldest holiness evangelists, Dr. C. W. Butler, keeps constantly at the task. A pioneer campmeeting preacher and revivalist, he is always in demand. In spite of his busy schedule, he finds time to contribute many articles to leading holiness publications. He resides in Detroit, Michigan.

### THE SANCTIFICATION OF C. W. BUTLER

It takes the experience of true holiness, as it is provided for in redemption, fully and permanently to satisfy man. God created man to live on the high level of harmony with himself. On this level we enjoy genuine fellowship with God and become sharers in His felicity and glory.

This high purpose of our existence is reflected in the capacities with which we are endowed and in the outreach of our inmost selves to realize that purpose. There is that within the soul of man which cannot rest permanently and fully until this goal is reached. We may find satisfactions which are partial, and we may find levels of temporary rest; but sooner or later the inmost cry of the soul will be heard for something not yet experienced. This is the hunger after righteousness upon which Christ pronounces blessing and declares, "They shall be filled." There is rest and satisfaction in this grace which delights the soul in fatness. The atmosphere of true holiness is the moral and spiritual norm of the human soul.

"Now rest, my long divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful center, rest."

"Perfect assurance, all is at rest."

Unrest is one of the most awful facts we face with regard to the finally lost. To be forever separated from all that for which we were designed by our Creator is to

be in eternal unrest and dissatisfaction. The holiness redemption provided for all of God's people is an experience so identified with God himself that to possess it is to "dwell in God, and he in us." This fact realized to us brings the soul into the environment of its true native air.

I was born again as a boy fifteen years of age. The joy of knowing Christ was such that He became a dominant enthusiasm in my life. I found great joy and satisfaction in His service. I immediately found my delight in the fellowship of the midweek prayer meeting and in the regular "class meeting" on the Lord's day. The pleasures of the world held no attraction for me. Within two years after my conversion, I was definitely called to preach. This call was so clear and accompanied by such divine assurances that I have never doubted its validity.

I united with the Detroit Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church while yet a very young man. Dr. Seth Reed, later known as "the grand old man of Michigan," was my first presiding elder. He gave me my first license to preach, and under his administration I was taken into the conference and began my ministry. (This was Fifty-five years ago.)

How God did bless the humble efforts of the "boy preacher" (as I was known for years)! From the very first public effort to preach, God gave me souls. My first year as a supply pastor on Midland Circuit under Dr. Reed was a year of perennial evangelism. During that first year the membership of the circuit was doubled.

I look back now to the experiences of those days and regret so much I did not know how to lead the converts on into God's full salvation. I saw the crying need, but was wholly without a knowledge of the remedy. I served for a dozen years in the ministry, always seeking souls and preaching the life of holiness; but the secret of the inwrought experience as a definite second work of grace was hidden from my eyes. All of these years I recognized an unmet need in my own soul; but what it was and how to meet it, I knew not. The deep hunger after righteousness was present, but I failed to grasp the truth and receive the experience until I was appointed to the Perry charge. Rev. J. F. Emerick had served the Perry work a few years previous to my appointment there, and had had Holy Ghost revivals all over the charge. The fruit remained. The fervency of God's people at Perry, Shaftsburg, and the Graham churches was blessed. The atmosphere in those churches suited me perfectly. Some of those in possession of the experience were well-taught also in the truth. They knew the doctrine and the way in. While none of them attempted to instruct me, some of them saw in me a Brother Apollos and prayed for me.

Many of the members on this charge were regular in their attendance at the State Holiness Camp Meeting held at Eaton Rapids, Michigan. It was here that I was introduced to and became acquainted with our interdenominational holiness camp-meeting work. I attended the camp with an open mind and a hungry heart, but with some prejudices which had grown up in me about the "second blessing." These prejudices were largely due to a misunderstanding of the real truth. I believed in



and preached holiness of life, but that blessed inward experience was not mine. Dear Brother Scuddy preached at the camp and united with his ministry his insistent testimony to a second work of grace. Dr. Winchester, then of Taylor University, preached, and for the first time in my hearing associated this "second work" very definitely with the cross of Christ. He associated sanctification with the shed blood of Christ. This setting of the truth greatly enlightened my ignorance; and as ignorance was enlightened, prejudice melted. Praise God for the truth as it is in Jesus! I had associated the experience with people until now I saw its true association in its Bible setting. This won my confidence and turned me to seeking most earnestly for the blessing. I was compelled to leave the camp very soon after new light broke in upon me. Meantime I purchased at the book-stand a copy of *The Sanctified Life*, by Carradine. One chapter in that book rolled up the curtain that had been before my vision and showed me the true reality of the true experience of holiness. It was the chapter on "The Loneliness of the Life."

I had to leave for my Perry home before the Sabbath. On my way to Lansing, where I changed cars for Perry, I was in the company of a brother minister who had attended the camp. I confessed to him my need and my heart hunger. We parted company in Lansing, and I boarded the train for Perry, a distance of perhaps thirty-five miles. On board that Grand Trunk train the thing happened. I truly crossed Jordan and entered Canaan without a spoken word or any outward manifestation; but I stepped off the train in Perry, Michigan, with the blessing. I walked to my parsonage home singing softly,

I'm living in Canaan now;  
I'm living in Canaan now;  
I'm doing well, I'm glad to tell;  
I'm living in Canaan now.

The atmosphere of my soul was all love. I breathed for the first time in my life the atmosphere which my soul and yours were created to enjoy. It fitted and satisfied me so fully! I felt as though I had lived there always. It was all new, but so full and complete that it was as though it had always been. The inward revelation of Christ was so rich I feared to go to sleep at night lest my Lord would depart. I learned by blessed experience that He comes to stay. His inward abiding was the most marked experiential manifestation of the experience.

I immediately began both to minister and to witness to the truth. This was Saturday evening. On Sunday morning I preached from Matthew 3:11: "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Two baptisms, two elements administered, and two administrators; I saw doubles. I preached the "double cure." I have been at it ever since. Glory to God!

True holiness is a salvation experience. It is a provision of atoning Blood. It is a part of the sin cure. It is wrought by the Holy Spirit. It is obtained instantaneously by simple faith. It is witnessed to by the Holy Spirit. It brings perfect inward rest to the believer. God requires and provides it. All men need it. It consummates the sin cure so that it is rightly called "full salvation." It does not dehumanize us, but it does "de-sin" us. There is no substitute for its possession and its humble profession. It spells victory in life, triumph in death, and a title clear to mansions in the sky.

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#### **04 -- LOUISE ROBINSON CHAPMAN**

Louise Robinson Chapman is an outstanding preacher and speaker. She has also spent twenty years as a missionary in Africa. Her work there will always stand as a monument to a woman who dared to believe and obey God. Mrs. Chapman is currently serving as General President of the Woman's General Foreign Missionary Council of the Church of the Nazarene.

#### **THE SANCTIFICATION OF LOUISE ROBINSON CHAPMAN**

The community where I grew up was as primitive as the one-room log cabin in which I was born. There were no preacher, no church, and no Sunday school in the neighborhood. When I was about to finish high school, I went one day to visit a little country church. I entered the building a proud, happy girl, well satisfied with life. I went away sad and miserable, for God had shown me that I was sinful and lost. I did not want people to know I was a sinner, and I was too proud to make restitution for my sins. Terrible conviction seized my soul until I could not eat, sleep, or study. After several weeks of fierce battling I surrendered. I found peace and rest. I knew I had passed from death unto life!

The Spirit took charge of my life. My heart was filled with unspeakable joy. I made restitution for my sins. Out in the pasture I learned to commune with God. He told me to establish a family altar and to return thanks at the family table. God stood with me and helped me win my parents, some of my brothers and sisters, and several of my unsaved friends. Those were wonderful days of praying, working, fighting, and winning victories for my new Master.

I heard about a second blessing -- the promise of the Father. Cleansing from inward pollution, power for a victorious life and service, seemed proper and good for me. I claimed the promise and tried to believe; but, since I was so happy in my new-found joy, I felt no inward need and obtained no definite experience.

After some time I began to feel a great soul hunger. I was not free. I knew I needed what Peter received at Pentecost. I longed for the fullness of the blessing. It seemed that my soul was literally starving to death.

I sought heart holiness, publicly and privately, for over two years. I prayed in the pasture by day and in my room at night. I spent hours on a near-by mountain alone with God. I asked prayers from my pastor, my teachers, and my friends. They encouraged me to claim the promise and testify to the experience. Every time the Spirit of God manifested himself in special blessing upon God's people, my heart would again cry out for its own need. I began to wonder if there really was a definite experience of heart holiness. I was most miserable.

Three things troubled me: I still wanted to follow the plans I had made for my own life; I was afraid God wanted me to preach; and I was afraid that God was going to send me to Africa as a missionary. If I had been sure God was calling me, I would have cast aside my plans. I didn't like to see or hear women preach. I thought it was dangerous enough for a man to be a holiness preacher, to say nothing of a woman. I thought it would be certain starvation. But worst of all was Africa. I had but little conception of what it meant to be a missionary. I did not know how anyone should go about it to get to the foreign field. Once, when a child, I had seen in a farm paper a picture of cannibals preparing to cook the missionary in a big black pot. I thought one would be in constant danger of becoming food for a cannibal feast. But above all this I was not sure God was calling me; so I was confused, and thought I might be deceived.

One noon hour, after weeks of wrestling with God, I decided to find out, once for all, what God wanted me to do. I went into a classroom and locked the door. I told the Lord for what I had come and that I did not intend to leave until this question was forever settled. I began with my life's plans. I promised God that I would work no more on them unless I had direct orders from the Almighty to do so. Preach? I would try. I decided that it would be no more painful to starve to death as a despised woman preacher than to perish of famine in my soul. I was so hungry after more of God that life meant little to me if I could not be satisfied.

Then Africa loomed up. It was not enough to preach in America -- I must preach in Africa. I remembered the cannibals' pot. I saw myself away out in the jungle. I was dressed in a hideous black dress that began at my ankles and reached to my fingers and ears. My hair was pulled straight back, and pinned, in a little tight knob on the top of my head. All my teeth except two or three were gone. I sat on an old soapbox by the side of a grass hut while a few naked children played at my feet. I started up in fear, and then I heard myself saying, "Lord God Almighty, You have a little old woman on Your hands from this very moment, now, and throughout eternity."

I had scarcely finished the sentence when something like a great weight slipped off me, and went splashing down into space. I jumped to my feet, feeling as light as a feather. The room seemed to be on fire with the presence of God. Fear and hunger had gone, and I was free and satisfied. My heart was aflame with the love of

**God. I loved His will for me. I was ready to start immediately for Africa. I had not only settled my call but had been baptized with the Holy Ghost!**

**So wonderful was the work done in my heart that day that not once through the years has it ever been suggested that God did not really baptize me with His Spirit, and completely cleanse and sanctify my soul. Many, many times in Africa, when I looked at men sunken into the depths of sin and demon possession, I defeated discouragement and failure and encouraged myself in the Lord because I knew that God forgave my sins and sanctified me wholly; and what He had done for me I knew He would do for them, for it is nothing with God whether men be little or great sinners. As deep as sin has gone, so deep the cleansing! Thank God for the Gift of the Holy Ghost!**

**\* \* \* \* \***

## **05 -- H. M. COUCHENOUR**

**Dr. Couchenour rightly belongs to that gallant band of holiness evangelists and writers. He is a man of striking ability, and he is currently serving as president of the National Association for the Promotion of Holiness.**

### **THE SANCTIFICATION OF H. M. COUCHENOUR**

**It was my high honor to be born in a Christian home, second in a family of eight. My parents were genuine born-again Christians. They were faithful in their devotional life, both private and public. They had a family altar and said grace before each meal. They were also faithful in their church attendance. We had one family pew and attended every service, including the prayer meetings. Our little Methodist church believed in heartfelt religion and had old-time revivals. The preachers preached the Word, and God would bless the hearts of the listeners. Many of the things I heard and saw and felt in the early days of my boyhood mean so much to me today! If being born in a Christian home and living in this environment is all that is needed to make one a Christian, I certainly should have been one. While all of these spiritual influences made their contribution to my life, yet I did not know the joys of salvation until I was twenty-one years of age.**

**There were many things I did not understand, and my interest was not in the things of the Spirit. The world made its appeal, and I found my pleasure and satisfaction from what it offered. My father and mother would talk to me about the way I was living; but I would tell them I might as well be dead if I could not indulge in the pleasures of the world, for all my satisfaction came from that source. They would tell me of the satisfaction they enjoyed by serving the Lord. I could not understand this. How could one have a good time reading his Bible, praying, going to church, testifying, and always thinking about getting sinners converted? There would be times of refreshing and victory that they enjoyed so much! But what they enjoyed made me angry, and I would say many unkind things about them.**

The day came, however, and in answer to their prayers, when deep Holy Ghost conviction took hold of me. I lived for two days and two nights under this terrible load of guilt. I thought I would die under this burden. I yielded to the pleadings of the precious Holy Ghost, and one February night in 1921, when I was twenty-one years of age, God forgave all my sins for Jesus' sake. That was a blessed hour. The burden of guilt was taken away, and the Spirit witnessed very clearly. The joy of my heart was expressed in the words of Charles Wesley:

My God is reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear.  
He owns me for His child;  
I need no longer fear.

With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Romans 5:1 and I Peter 1:18, 19 became very precious to me. I, by God's grace, lived in constant victory for two weeks. Then one day I met with a trial and, for the first time since I was converted, became aware of an inward disposition so unlike Jesus! I did not say or do a thing, but I felt so mean and unclean inside. When this happened, my joy and assurance left me. The devil was on hand and tried to convince me that there was nothing in religion. I knew he was lying, for I had enjoyed it for two weeks. But what had happened and this inward defilement troubled me. I did not wait. I went immediately to the place of prayer. I talked to Jesus about His love and told Him how He had saved me and how I enjoyed His love and peace. But that since this had happened, the joy and peace were gone. I asked Him to forgive me for this inward disposition. He did, and the joy and peace returned. It was so sweet! I was aware, however, from that hour until the day it pleased Him to cleanse my heart, of an inward defilement unlike Jesus that I did not get delivered from when I was converted. I was grieved by this inner defilement, and I prayed much about it, for I wanted to be like Jesus in my heart. My good wife and I would often talk about this, and again and again we would say, "If this is all there is for us, there is something wrong." It was hard to believe that it was God's will for us to suffer this inward defilement all of our lives.

We prayed and searched the Word for light and help. I don't know why God never permitted a preacher or someone to cross my path who could help me in this spiritual need. I don't recall that I had ever heard a sermon, read a book, or heard anyone testify to a second work of grace. Being aware of my need, however, I prayed and earnestly sought the Lord for help.

Then one morning during our family devotions, the Lord opened Acts 15:8, 9 to me. He showed me I could have a pure heart, and that it was by faith through the baptism with the Holy Ghost. My heart was hungry, and I rejoiced in this new light. After my wife and I talked about it, I retired to my study, giving her instructions not

to disturb me until I returned. This was six years after I was converted, and I had been preaching four years.

Oh, what a day that was! It was about 8:30 in the morning when I went to my study. I was overwhelmed with the joy and anticipation of having a pure heart. For two hours I could not control myself. I must have shared in the joy the disciples knew when they, in obedience to Jesus' command and in anticipation of the fulfillment of the promise, made their way to the Upper Room to wait for the baptism with the Holy Ghost (Luke 24:50-53).

Then came the time of searching. God kept revealing many things to me. The devil was there, too. He kept fighting, suggesting ruin and utter failure in everything if I dared obey God. I was hungry, however, and nothing he could do could divert my purpose. I wanted a clean heart. As the Spirit searched my heart and pointed out the way, I walked in it; I entered what was truly a second epoch in my life. I was not a sinner under condemnation, seeking pardon and crying for mercy. I was a Christian with the witness of the Spirit in my heart and with no other desire than to please God in everything, especially in my heart life. The moment of a complete consecration came. I was entirely the Lord's. I felt so sure with everything in His hands! The witness of the cleansing did not come at this moment, however. Let me assure you, my dear reader, that there is a great difference between consecration and cleansing. Consecration is what we do. Cleansing is what God does. It was about 12:00 o'clock when my consecration was completed. I did not leave. I waited. How precious were those three and a half hours of waiting! What would He do when He came? How would I act? Then at 3:30 the Holy Ghost came in HIS sanctifying power. How sweet was this experience! It was like a warm liquid that entered my entire being and filled every part. There was no overwhelming joy, but there was a sweet witness of cleanness. He had cleansed the temple, and Acts 15:8, 9 became real to my own heart. Hallelujah!

I want to testify, with no embarrassment and with no apology, but for God's glory, to two definite works of grace: the one, where God for Jesus' sake pardoned my sins, in February, 1921; the other when He purged my inbred sin and filled me with the precious Holy Ghost, in September, 1927.

This experience has not put me beyond the possibility of sinning or made me immune to temptation. It has not destroyed my human nature nor made me perfect in judgment. It has, however, cleansed my heart from inbred sin and given me a rest and quietness in God. It has shed the love of God abroad in my heart and made His will the chief desire and delight of my life. For the past twenty years this grace has been sufficient, and there has been power to do His will and grow in grace and the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

If I have meant anything to God and His kingdom, it is because I have received the precious Holy Ghost in His sanctifying power. Dear reader, there is complete deliverance from this inward defilement in this life. It is by faith through

the baptism with the Holy Spirit. Don't be frightened away from this experience by the teaching of a second work of grace. Confess your need, make your consecration, and trust God to do it now. Claim these promises -- I John 1:7, Matthew 5:6, Luke 11:13, Acts 5:32, and Acts 15:8, 9.

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## 06 -- J. RUSSELL GARDNER

Dr. Gardner is a gifted pulpit orator. He is a living example of the fact that it is possible to have the best in education and the best in religion at one and the same time. He is Dean of the School of Religion, Olivet Nazarene College.

### THE SANCTIFICATION OF J. RUSSELL GARDNER

Not what man has done for God, but what God has done for man, is the basis for all true testimony. Judged by this standard, the publican without works but with grace may be permitted to speak, while the Pharisee with works but without grace will be permitted to hold his peace. It is in virtue of a sense of comradeship with the former rather than the latter that the present writer subjoins his testimony to that of many others of like precious faith, in attestation of the reality of the deeper work of divine grace.

The beautifully wooded hills of central Pennsylvania were to me the hills of home in infancy, childhood, and youth. Resting peacefully among them in the rural quiet of the Bald Eagle Valley, the village of Howard marks the site near which I first glimpsed the light of nature's day and, some years later on, caught the first gleams of the day of grace.

Reared in a Christian home, I was early led to the church of my parents' choice, namely the United Evangelical, for which I shall always be grateful to Almighty God. For it was at her altars, when but a lad of some fourteen years, that I made my first public confession of sin and, declared my need of Christ. It was there, too, that, according to the best of my knowledge and belief, I committed unto Him, as my merciful Saviour and Lord, all the interests of my soul. Subsequently, baptized and received into the church, I endeavored to live in harmony with all the rules and regulations of the denomination.

These outward activities, however, while satisfying the claims of known duty, did not mark the end of my deep inward concern. With all my seeking and praying, I could not feel that I had "repented enough" to justify the Lord in forgiving me of my sins. Nor was it until some years later, while reading a sermon by Charles H. Spurgeon, that the true method of salvation by faith only dawned upon me. That sermon, entitled "Waiting Changed for Believing," was based upon the healing of the thirty-eight-year-long affliction of the man at the pool of Bethesda. Instead of waiting longer for the "waters to be troubled," all he needed to do now for healing

was to believe the word of the Master, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." In a moment, a ray of light shot into my darkened mind and heart. I, too, might change my waiting for more "good works" of prayer and repentance for simple faith in Jesus now. The secret of justification by faith alone, at long last, was now my own.

But a still deeper lesson in the school of faith was yet awaiting me. Up until that time, I had heard nothing of the doctrine of entire sanctification. Nor did I, until some years later, when in the autumn of 1910 a holiness evangelist by the name of Joseph B. Diehl began a revival meeting at our home Evangelical church. Upon my first hearing of this strange, new teaching, there was not only no resentment, but there was a positive, spontaneous conviction that here was something that I needed and wanted.

Engaged in public school teaching at the time, I was called to attend the teacher's institute during whose sessions the revival was to have closed. This placed me personally in a peculiarly painful dilemma. Leave the institute and attend the revival I could not, and still be faithful to my duties in the teaching profession. Forfeit the revival and attend the institute I could not without leaving the deep hunger of my heart unsatisfied. In desperation bordering almost on despair, I offered to the Lord both a prayer and a proposition. I said, "Lord, if Thou wilt keep that meeting going until I get home from institute, I will go to the altar and seek the sanctification of my soul." Imagine my joy -- to say nothing of my surprise -- when upon my eager return I found the revival still in progress. Nor did I fail my promised rendezvous with the Eternal. Night after night from then on out, one more seeker was at the altar, groping as best he might through darkness toward the Light.

But I found that it took more than a tear-stained altar to meet my need. It took understanding; it took truth; it took grace; it took a new revelation of Christ to my heart. And this, for me, required time. I needed reeducation in Scripture as well as reconstruction in theology. My difficulties seemed to be more intellectual than moral. It was not my unwillingness to let go that which was sinful so much as my inability to grasp that which was tangible. It was not so much a problem of detachment as one of attachment. I needed a reasonable foundation for my faith, a coherent account of the redemptive plan which would include my personal sanctification.

Assisting toward this new enlightenment was a volume I prize most highly to this present day, Wood's Perfect Love. Aiding still further in the quest were the prayers and counsel of some Spirit-filled Christians -- mostly Methodists -- in Ada, Ohio, where I had subsequently enrolled in Ohio Northern University. But the light did not really break until one night in the winter of 1912. Meanwhile, my problems had narrowed down virtually to two: first, the problem of scriptural interpretation; and, second, the method of personal appropriation.

With regard to the former, I could not see whether the experience I was seeking was to be effected by a baptism with the Holy Spirit, of the Holy Spirit, or by



the Holy Spirit. If of or by the Holy Spirit, then should not I pray directly to the Holy Spirit for it? But this would leave the other two persons of the Godhead out, whereas Scripture had designated it as the promise of both the Father and the Son (Joel 2:28, 29 and John 15:26). And if it were the baptism with the Holy Spirit, as it clearly seemed from Matthew 8:11 and Acts 1: 5, then which of the two remaining persons, the Father or the Son, was I to ask for its bestowal?

Finally, after careful and repeated perusals of Scripture with the aid of all other helps available, I discovered that "the promise of the Father" had been transferred to the person of the Son consequent upon the latter's ascension and glorification. This was the clear implication of John 7:39 and Acts 2:33. Thus having glorified the Father on earth by accomplishing the stupendous task of a world's redemption, He was then glorified himself by the Father in heaven and made the Divine Dispenser of the gift of the Holy Spirit to His people on earth. He indeed was to be my Baptizer with the Holy Ghost.

Only one more point now remained. Just how and when was this divine baptism to be appropriated? And here Dr. S. A. Keen, with his lucid expositions in his Faith Papers and Pentecostal Papers, came to my relief. He showed me how to receive. Employing an analogy between natural and spiritual baptism, he said, "Now just as when you are baptized in water, you commit the whole undertaking to the minister baptizing you, so now commit your soul into the hands of Jesus as your baptizer with the Holy Ghost, and you will see what will happen very soon." Having been immersed in water, I caught the point of the analogy at once, and looking up by faith once more I said, "Lord Jesus, I do receive You now as my Baptizer with the Holy Ghost." No sooner had the faith latent in this confession ascended than the Spirit of God in sanctifying and illuminating power descended. Quietly, yet pungently, He went through my heart like a refiner's fire. And although there was neither "mighty rushing wind," earthquake, nor storm, I knew from a still, sweet voice within that the Comforter had come. And I may humbly add to the glory of His name that the lowly habitation which the Divine Occupant assumed that night has not been abandoned by Him for these thirty and six years. And it is my confident faith that He will remain with me, even "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

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07 -- J. A. HUFFMAN

Writer, preacher, teacher, and administrator -- this is Dr. J. A. Huffman. In addition to his manifold speaking engagements. Dr. Huffman serves as president of Winona Lake School of Theology, Winona Lake, Indiana.

THE SANCTIFICATION OF J. A. HUFFMAN

In listing myself among the "Flames of Living Fire," I do it with the understanding that the term is meant to be employed as John the Baptist used it, referring to those who should be baptized with the Holy Spirit, and that they, in this highly expressive imagery, should receive an experience transcending that which is symbolized by water baptism.

Even then, my experience, as such, in connection with the second definite crisis of my religious experience, may not entitle me to be cataloged here, particularly if the spectacular is demanded. But here is what came to pass:

I had been converted at the age of eleven, in a revival meeting which was being held in our neighborhood schoolhouse. I had come to the altar, had confessed my sins, had accepted Christ as my Saviour, had received peace and assurance of my salvation. A short time later, I united with the church and was baptized. There was nothing particularly exciting, but it was a transaction, definite and epoch-marking. I became a Christian, began my private and public devotions, and assumed my Christian responsibilities.

As a result of my conversion, there were some outward changes, but these were not greatly apparent. I did not stop smoking, drinking, swearing, or other bad habits; for I was not guilty of any of these things which make up the list of outward sins. I found myself a "big" sinner when I came to be saved; but the sin was largely that of inward rebellion, the worst outbreak of which would be an occasional revolt against parental authority, often more felt than seen, though sometimes in evidence.

From the time of my boyhood conversion, I had lived a good, conscientious Christian life, by God's help. To this day I have never known the experience of backsliding, and I make haste to give God the glory, and confess that it is only by God's grace that I am what I am -- not a self-made, but a grace-made, man.

But early in my Christian experience I sensed the need of a consecration which I did not possess. There was a consciousness, sometimes much more real than at other times, of rival claims being made upon my life. I willed to do God's will; but, contradictory as it may seem, I was unwilling to let Him have His way in all the details of my life. I had ambitions, choices, and plans for my life which I dared not to commit to Him, lest they should fail of His full approval. This brought unhappiness.

It was at a camp meeting where holiness was being preached and testified to that I became convinced that the "best" thing for me to do -- in fact, the only thing - - was to consecrate myself entirely to God, thus abandoning myself fully to Him, to be His and His alone, that He might make me in my very heart of hearts what He would have me be, and then to use me as He would. This might mean the foreign mission field. It might spoil all my cherished plans; but at that altar, that day, the consecration was made.

Again there was nothing of the spectacular. But there was a definite transaction. As I now review my experience of consecration, I see myself putting on God's altar two bundles. The one was a small bundle and the other a large one. The small bundle was that of the known, and the large bundle was the unknown. That unknown bundle has been unrolling ever since, and has contained many surprises - things which I did not suspect. Herein lies the continuous or daily aspect of consecration -- that of constantly saying "yes" to the will of God.

It is a great joy to testify that God's plans and purposes for my life, as they have been revealed gradually, have proved to be infinitely bigger, better, and richer than the plans which I had made for myself. It is my belief that God has a far richer plan for every life which will be yielded to Him than the individual could possibly plan for himself.

This is the story of my sanctification, except one more word relating to its constancy. Throughout my Christian life, I have made it a practice to right anything which was wrong, promptly upon discovering it. There have been many blunders on my part; but the blessed Holy Spirit, whose ministry it is to teach, guide, and help those who are baptized with His own personality, in keeping with the promise of Jesus, has been faithful in all His dealings with me. In the language of the late Joseph H. Smith, one of America's greatest New Testament expositors and exponent of the sanctified life, "I have not slept outside of Canaan since the day that I entered that experience many years ago."

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## 08 -- HARRY E. JESSOP

Some of the finest contemporary holiness literature has been written by this outstanding man of God. Dr. Jessop is editor of the Heart and Life publication, and he is also president of the Chicago Evangelistic Institute.

### THE SANCTIFICATION OF HARRY E. JESSOP

For some reason or other, details concerning another's experience, spiritual or otherwise, are always of interest. It is therefore a joy for me to tell what happened in this deeper relationship with God, and what it has meant to me.

It happened a long time ago; but the memory of it is so fresh and the results have been so lasting that it is still gloriously up-to-date, affecting my entire Christian life -- past, present, and future.

From that first moment of the realization of saving grace, I wanted all that God could give me, and soon found myself yearning for a deeper life in Him. It was not long before I began to feel that, glorious as my new experience in conversion

had been, God was now holding before me something of a deeper nature than that which I already enjoyed.

While my love for Christ was such that it pained me to know that I had grieved Him, my spiritual life was far from constant, and my communion was not sustained. Frequently, the conflicts into which I came did not end in such a manner as to bring glory to the Lord. I was conscious of a lack of power in service, and of a strange inward conflict which did not seem to be consistent with New Testament standards.

One day, however, an unexpected thing happened: I met a man whose face shone with something I had never seen before. It was a heavenly radiance betokening a real soul satisfaction and suggesting a deep inward rest. As I looked at him, my heart was filled with an unspeakable longing to have what he possessed; but the longer I looked, the more puzzled I became. As he looked at me, he evidently read the longing of my hungry heart, for he startled me with a strange question:

"Brother," said he, "have you been baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire?"

My reply must have sounded simple, but it came from my heart as I answered:

"I don't know what you mean by being baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire; but if that is it that shines out of your face, I want it."

He was not long in telling me that the radiance on his countenance was the result of a definite spiritual experience, a baptism with the Holy Spirit. Wesley called it The Second Blessing; and this, said my new-found friend, is for you, and for every child of God who will seek it today. He began to give me some simple instructions as to how I might receive it, showing me the need of a complete consecration, my entire life with all its reaches being demanded as a living sacrifice to God. When that consecration was complete, a simple act of faith would bring the Blessing.

It is a joy to testify that the consecration was made and the faith exercised; and, blessed be God, the Blessing came!

The question now comes, and rightly so: Just what did this do for you; what were the immediate results; and what have been the lasting benefits as the years have passed?

There have been definite results, both immediate and abiding. The phases have been many. Here, however, I shall mention only three as they now occur to me, believing as I do that such an experience is within reach of all who will seek it.

First of all, with this baptism with the Holy Spirit, there came a consciousness of deep inward cleansing. When God saved me, there was, of course, some measure of cleansing; but in this further experience the work was deeper. It went farther and did more.

In that first work of grace, which was glorious indeed, the inwardness of it had to do with the assurance of salvation. The Spirit answered to the Blood, and told me I was born of God. Here, however, that same Spirit, exercising an entirely different office, seemed to deal more directly with me -- with my innermost being, cleansing the depths of my nature as with a purging by fire. I do not pretend to understand it, much less to explain it. All I know is that, as I opened my inmost being to the Holy Spirit, He came in as a fiery energy, bringing a sense of cleanness into the very depths of my nature, It was so unmistakably real that I can do no other than bear my witness.

A second feature of this experience was a deep sense of release. You will notice that again I am using that word deep, for that is exactly what it was -- deeper down than anything I had yet known. It seemed to reach the very depths of my being. Inward bands were broken and fetters snapped, so that whereas there had been a measure of bondage to people, their opinions and views, there was now a glorious liberty in the service of God and in the doing of His will.

A further result of this spiritual baptism has been a deep inward illumination. Again I am constrained to use that word deep, for the light seemed to break away down in the inner recesses of my being. It was as though subterranean passages, hitherto dark and unexplored, had been suddenly lighted up and their darkness chased out by a divine glory which surged through them. These divinely illuminated parts have showed no tendency to darken again; for as the Holy Spirit has been recognized and obeyed, the Blessing has remained.

Of the abiding peace, the power for service, the periods of exultant joy, and so many other glorious accompaniments, time forbids me to speak, except to say that every day the marvel grows, and every day I am increasingly perplexed as to why the Lord should have been so good to me. But what is best of all, this experience is not for special individuals; it is for all who will honestly seek it:

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" (Luke 11:13).

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## 09 -- ANDREW JOHNSON

One of the most brilliant and unique preachers in the land is Dr. Andrew Johnson, whose work has included everything from running for president on the

Prohibition ticket to the challenging of Clarence Darrow for a debate. His alliterations and profound wisdom make his writings and sermons thrill the hearts of all who read and hear him.

## **THE SANCTIFICATION OF ANDREW JOHNSON**

"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!" I am requested to relate my experience of holiness. I am glad to do this for many reasons: first, to give God all the glory; second, I desire to help others to see this great gospel truth, and I would like to inspire Christians everywhere to see the promised experience of the Canaan of Perfect Love.

Without any "holier than thou" attitude, pride, or pomposity, I am glad to say that I fully believe in Scriptural holiness, or entire sanctification as a second, definite, distinct work of grace, and that I have experienced the same.

I was born in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky and made my way down into the famous "Blue Grass" region. As a dirt-road schoolteacher, prospective lawyer, and natural-born politician, I attended, while yet in my teens, a great revival meeting at Stanford, Lincoln County, Kentucky. The late Dr. H. C. Morrison, editor of the Pentecostal Herald and president of Asbury College, was conducting the revival. The meeting continued for several weeks. The town and community were deeply stirred. Unconverted church members, sinners high and low, including "race-horse" men, were being convicted and saved. The very atmosphere was charged with psychic waves of religious influence and dynamic power. By house-to-house evangelism and personal invitation, the writer was persuaded to attend the services, which were new and different from any he had ever witnessed. Dr. Morrison was then in his prime, a princely preacher and a pulpit orator of great ability. The eloquent words of his prophetic ministry fell as syllables of fire. The gospel songs were wafted over the listening congregation as the mellow, matchless music of an angelic chorus. The gospel arrows from the evangelistic quiver flew thick and fast. The writer was captured, convicted, caught up, and carried on the spiritual currents of an old-time, soul-saving revival. No greater, grander innovation can come to any locality on earth than a real revival of evangelical, heartfelt religion. It mobilizes the Church for its primary and supreme task -- the salvation of souls. It puts the emphasis in all religious activity where it properly belongs -- upon the spiritual. It creates in the Church a solvent atmosphere, where souls can be regenerated and sanctified; it enables the Church to gain the attention and maintain the respect of the world. It clears the spiritual vision and elevates a high moral standard of Christian ethics in the community.

Never was an individual in the history of the world more favored by Providence than the writer at that early age, when Fortune took him by the hand and led him into the midst of such a wonderful revival meeting. It was indeed the house of God and the gates of heaven to his soul.

I sat over against the wall on the third row of seats. The evangelistic message roared and re-echoed with the Sinaiatic thunders of convicting truth. When the invitation was given, the writer was the first one to respond to the call and go forward for prayer. Dr. Morrison shouted, "God bless this boy!" I fell at the front bench and believed every word the pastor, Dr. W. E. Arnold, said to me in the way of instruction and encouragement. There was no resentment or resistance in my heart and not a thing on earth that I was unwilling to surrender. Yet I did not receive the witness to my salvation until I was three miles away from the church on my way home. I was looking up to the skies with the songs of the service resounding in my soul when suddenly I came in direct contact with the Holy Spirit and a filial, friendly communication was opened between my soul and heaven. I came mysteriously into a new world of light and love, My attitude was changed; my condition was changed; my relationship was changed. In a word, I was a new creature in Christ Jesus (II Cor. 5:17).

Four days later I went to the altar as a definite seeker for the further experience of entire sanctification. Dr. J. W. Hughes, the founder of Asbury College, preached a powerful sermon that morning on Bible holiness and invited Christians to come to the altar and consecrate their lives to God for service and seek the blessing of holiness. He called upon a good sister, Mrs. J. E. Lynn, who had been a member of the church for twenty years, to pray. She refused to pray out in an audible voice. Then he called in ringing tones as a general in an army: "Andrew Johnson, lead us in prayer." Up to this time, I had never prayed in public, had been converted only four days. But as an obedient seeker, I turned the willows loose by the water's edge and immediately launched out into the deep, calling in earnest upon God to cleanse my heart. The fire fell and the power struck me like a galvanic battery. "In the twinkling of an eye, Jesus' blood can sanctify!" It seemed as though every wheel in the machinery of the universe for the moment stood stock-still. I was blessed and filled with the infinite calm of a profound peace that passeth all understanding. My heart was purified instantly from all the dross of sin and carnality. The very essence of heaven, it seemed, was in my redeemed soul. The preacher then shouted: "Testify!" I boldly walked up into the pulpit and uttered these five words: "I believe I am sanctified." Dr. Morrison laid his hands on my head and exclaimed: "I believe this boy will make a preacher." How well I remember that hallowed and sacred moment!

If I have ever amounted to anything in the world for God in having preached His word these fifty-four years, traveling here and there in forty-five states, Canada, and Mexico, it dates from the identical moment the sanctifying fire swept through my entire being during that holy and ever memorable altar service. Hallelujah! The blood is all my plea! To God be all the glory!

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**Dr. Jones is perhaps the best known living preacher in the world. The possession of the Holy Spirit, coupled with a passion and undying zeal for India, have made him a man mightily used of God. He has endeared himself to the hearts of millions across the world. His present schedule calls for six months of each year to be spent abroad and the remaining six in this country, thus enabling him to minister annually to untold thousands on either side of the globe.**

## **THE SANCTIFICATION OF E. STANLEY JONES**

**After my conversion which made a very decisive change in my life as a young man, I lived in the joy and radiance of that experience for about a year.**

**Then the clouds began to come over me, or more accurately, the clouds seemed to arise from within. There were apparently depths that this new conversion experience touched and subdued, but did not control and cleanse. There was a dark, ugly something that was not amenable to this new life which had been introduced in conversion. I was a house divided against myself. And I knew I could not stand unless I was inwardly unified.**

**Fortunately, at that time I found a little book in a Sunday-school library called The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life. When I took it out, I did so with a sense of destiny in taking it. I began to read it, and it set my heart on fire to get the type of life shown in its pages. When I got to the forty-second page, the Inner Voice whispered, "Now is the time to get it." But I pleaded that I didn't know what I wanted, that this book was showing me, that as soon as I had finished reading, I would seek and then I could intelligently seek.**

**But the Voice was imperious, "Now is the time to seek." Apparently God was willing to take me on my half-knowledge if I would give Him my whole heart. I saw I was in a controversy; so I closed the book, dropped upon my knees beside my bed, and said as simply as a child, "Now, Lord, what am I to do?" And He replied, "Will you lay your all upon My altar?" I thought a moment and replied, "Yes, Lord, my all."**

**Little did I know how much was wrapped up in that "all." It has been unfolding ever since. Then the reply, "Then take My an." I arose and said, "I win. I take Thy all." Little did I know how much was wrapped up in that "all." It, too, has been unfolding ever since. And what an "all"!**

**I walked around the room, pushing my hands from me as if pushing away doubts which closed in on me. I did this for about ten minutes when suddenly I was filled. Wave after wave of refining fire swept through my being, even to my finger tips. It touched the whole being, physical, mental, and spiritual. I could only pace the floor with tears of quiet joy streaming down my cheeks. The Holy Spirit had invaded me and had taken complete possession. He was cleansing and uniting at**



depths I couldn't control. The subconscious mind, which is the special area of the work of the Holy Spirit, was being purified and empowered and united with the conscious mind. So that now conscious mind and subconscious mind were under a single control -- the Holy Spirit. Life was on a permanently higher level.

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## 11 -- FORMAN LINCICOME

Dr. Forman Lincicome of Gary, Indiana, is a revered Free Methodist evangelist. At sixty-seven, he is still giving full time in the active ministry. He writes often for some of the outstanding holiness publications.

### THE SANCTIFICATION OF FORMAN LINCICOME

On the second day of February, 1880, I was born the first time in the southern part of the state of Ohio. In fact, I was born in four states. I was born in the state of Ohio, born in a state of innocence, born in a state of ignorance, born in a state of helplessness; and I was born a second time sixteen years later in the city of Zanesville, Ohio. There is a decided advantage in being born twice, for the man who is born twice will have to die only once.

The first time my Saviour knocked at my heart's door was at a funeral. The pastor who had charge asked me to assist in the singing at that funeral; and while I was singing those old songs, something spoke to me to make a change in my way of living, and I did start to live differently. Two weeks later, under deep conviction, I found an interdenominational mission where they believed in praying through. The third night I went, they gave an invitation for seekers; and while they were singing, a Christian man saw me weeping and came to me and called me by my first name: "Forman, give your heart to God." The first man that ever asked me got me. I had lived nearly seventeen years, and this was the first conviction and the first invitation I ever had to seek the Lord. I took my first opportunity there for taking my best opportunity. A future time, as someone supposes, can never be a better time. Felix made that blunder, saying to the preacher, "Go thy way for a more convenient season"; but that is a season that never comes. With the help of my friend, I walked out and bowed at the altar. I had never prayed before, and well do I remember the prayer I made: "O God, give me a new heart." I said it over and over, every time with a greater degree of earnestness. In less than four minutes, I felt the burden of sin roll from me, and the peace of God came into my soul, and a new name was written down in heaven. I was born again -- made a new creature in Christ Jesus!

Some of the onlookers said, "He never got it. He got it too quickly." They had the idea that, to get it well, one had to seek a long time, forgetting that the only time factor involved in getting saved is in meeting the conditions. One can be ten days or ten hours or ten minutes. It is up to the seeker.

They said, "He never got it," but I fooled them. I did get it! I was saved when I was sixteen, and I am now sixty-seven years old, and I do not know what a backslider feels like. Don't think I am bragging on myself now. I am only bragging on God, whose great power has kept me on the way to heaven all of these many years.

Now after I had been saved for nearly five years, God called me to preach. I quit school very early in life and went to work in the factory to help my parents, who were poor. Thus I had only a very meager education. So I felt called at once to attend school, and at the age of twenty-one I went to Michigan for that purpose.

It was while I was in school studying for the ministry that I was made to see and face my need of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. It was on Sunday morning that the pastor of the church read John Wesley's sermon on pride, and I saw the impurity of my heart. Pride was my besetting sin. Some are proud of one thing, some of another. Some are proud of their face, others of their lace, others of their race, others of their place, while still others are actually proud of their grace; and of all the most abominable forms of pride in the sight of God, it is a man who is proud of his grace.

I had gone for nearly five years from the time I was born of the Spirit until I felt my need of the baptism of the Spirit. Where I attended church for four years, they did not have a preacher; so I got little or no instruction. Had I had it, no doubt I would have felt my need of it much sooner. Feeling your need of it is the first condition. I have never favored the idea that you should urge a new convert one week old to go back to the altar to get the cleansing of his heart. One cannot seek it effectually without first feeling his need of it. For nothing can be cleansed until it is confessed, and nothing can be confessed until it has been discovered. I had been made to see by reading the Bible that the Bible did teach two works of grace, namely, the birth of the Spirit and the baptism of the Spirit. The believer is the only proper candidate for the baptism. So just as soon as I saw and felt my need of it, I sought it at the altar; and when I told God of my need, I made a real confession. Real confessions are always made in the singular and never in the plural. When I said, "O God, come and cleanse me and fill me" (and not us), He sent an angel with a live coal and touched me, and I was cleansed and filled at the same moment. With this baptism of the Holy Spirit, additional power came into my heart: power to be and power to do. It has not only made me a more efficient worker, but it made me a better liver.

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12 -- J. C. McPHEETERS

Until recently, Dr. McPheeters served the Glide Memorial Methodist Church in San Francisco in the capacity of pastor. Due to the press of other duties, he

resigned this position to devote full time to editing the Pentecostal Herald and serving as president of Asbury Seminary in Wilmore, Kentucky.

## **THE SANCTIFICATION OF J. C. McPHEETERS**

There are many way-stations on the highway of holiness marking the stages of advancement as we travel toward the city of God. Two of these stations are so unique and distinctive that they stand out in bold relief, like towering peaks in a chain of mountains.

The entrance gate to this blessed way of triumph is described by Jesus: "Ye must be born again." It is with a deep sense of gratitude to God that I record my passage through this entrance gate in the early springtime of life. I am deeply grateful for the environment of a Christian home. My father and mother were rooted and grounded in the Christian faith. They were among those of humble circumstances living in the Ozark hills of Missouri. The country and village church was still the center of community interest and activities when I was a boy. The Methodist circuit rider was a frequent visitor in our home in connection with his monthly preaching services. An atheist was rarely heard of in the Ozark communities like the one that furnished my childhood environment.

The revival meetings in those days, in which were manifested the mighty workings of the Holy Spirit, remain fresh in my memory. The people believed the Holy Scriptures to be the inspired Word of the living God. Modernism, with its denial of the deity of Jesus and the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, was unheard of in the pulpit and among the laity of the church.

It was at the early age of five years that my heart was strangely warmed by the regenerating grace of God. It was at the little village Methodist church of Fairdealing, Missouri, at a regular Sunday morning monthly preaching service, that my heart was touched as a small lad by the Spirit of God, and I turned my steps toward the entrance gate to the blessed way of salvation. It was a common custom in those days for the preacher to close the service with what was commonly called "a handshake." The Spirit of God often fell upon those "handshaking" services. It was not uncommon for shouts of triumph to be heard during this expression of spiritual fellowship.

The call of God came definitely to me to yield my heart and life to Christ while this service was in progress. I left my seat and found my way to the crowd of worshipers about the altar of the church, who were engrossed in a rapturous fellowship in shaking hands with one another. As I recall, no one paid any attention to me. No one shook hands with me, since I was regarded as perhaps too small to enter with any degree of understanding into such a service; and yet my heart was rapturous with a new joy, and I realized that I had accepted Christ as my Saviour.

When the family had returned to our home at the close of the service, I made inquiry of my father if he had seen me going forward that morning. While my father was in the group that were shaking hands, he had not seen me. It was then I told him that I had gone forward and had given my heart to Jesus. He rejoiced to hear my testimony and gave me his blessing and benediction. I enjoyed a Christian experience throughout my childhood. There were variations in the degrees of my fellowship with Christ throughout this period, but there were no lapses in my faith over any considerable period of time.

Another milepost in my Christian experience was when I was confronted with a decision as to my lifework while a high school student. The human choice was law, but in that choice there was something decidedly unsettled in my life. The call of the Spirit was definitely to preach the gospel of Christ. The inner struggle between the call of the Spirit and the human desire extended over a period of more than a year. The finality of decision came through the influence of a cousin, Robert E. Foard, with whom I worked during a summer vacation in a factory in Poplar Bluff, Missouri. He was at that time a ministerial student in Central College at Fayette, Missouri. While he never discussed with me the matter of my lifework, his very life was such a living epistle of the gospel of Christ that the rebellion in my heart to the call of the Spirit was broken down. Before that summer ended, I answered, "Here am I, Lord; send me."

After graduating from high school, I entered Marvin College, a small Methodist church college serving southeast Missouri. It was during my first year in this institution that I came in contact with a young man who had been a student at Asbury College. He had a student pastorate, and we were in a number of classes together, and he also roomed in the same home where I roomed. He bore witness to the experience of sanctification. The students generally regarded him as a bit extreme and somewhat lacking in true balance in his Christian testimony.

The fall revival for the college and the Methodist church of the town was conducted by Dr. Marvin T. Hall, pastor of the Methodist church at Jackson, Missouri. While this revival was in progress, the young man who had formerly been a student at Asbury College returned from his student pastorate one Monday afternoon with a glowing report about a very unusual woman with whom he had ridden on the train. He said she was coming down from old Centenary Methodist Church in St. Louis to conduct prayer meetings for the revival meeting then in progress in Fredericktown. He also announced to myself and my roommate that he had arranged for us to meet her that evening in the home where she was being entertained, only a short distance away.

There were three ministerial students that found their way to what proved to be an Upper Room in a lower room in that home. The name of the woman that we were to interview was Mrs. Margaret Skinner, who was the first deaconess ever appointed by the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South. She served for many years at Centenary Methodist Church, St. Louis.

When we came into her presence, I realized immediately that she had something in Christian experience which I did not have. Her face was fairly aglow with spiritual radiance. Early in our interview, she asked me the question, "Do you believe in sanctification?" It was a bit puzzling at first, and my answer was, "You will have to tell me what you mean by sanctification." She set about to explain the wondrous simplicity, power, and triumph of the sanctified life through the atoning blood of Christ. Before she finished, the prejudice which had been in my heart, which had in some measure been engendered by persons who had not always been samples of this grace, was broken down. When she had finished her explanation, my reply was, "If that is sanctification, I believe in sanctification." She then replied, "Are you willing to accept Christ as your Sanctifier?" To which I replied in the affirmative. In that one swift second in which I took this step of faith, my soul was flooded with glory divine. I broke into laughter; and Mrs. Skinner arose from her chair, walked across the room, and extended her hand to me, saying, "Do you believe that Jesus sanctifies?" To which I replied, "Yes, thank God, I know that He sanctifies even me."

My testimony was followed by a season of prayer in which heaven and earth truly met together in the power of the blessed Holy Spirit. At the close of the prayer, my two ministerial friends were rejoicing alike with me in the flood-tide of glory that had come to our souls.

Some of my fellow ministerial students expressed their conviction to me at that time that the experience into which I had come was only a temporary emotional manifestation which would soon pass away. I rejoice that these friends were absolutely mistaken in their interpretation. The glory and the victory still abide. I rejoice in the new strength that has come with the passing of the years.

If I had a thousand lives to give, I would gladly give them all in the proclamation of the glorious truth that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." It was a pivotal point of destiny for me when I came to my personal Pentecost. Whatever I have achieved in life, or whatever measure of success that may have come to me along the way, may be attributed to this "more excellent way" which I found during my first year in college, more than to all things else. To Him who shed His blood that He might sanctify the Church, and "present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing" be the praise and glory now and forevermore. Amen.

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13 -- LESLIE R. MARSTON

Bishop Marston, Greenville, Illinois, is one of the most honored holiness preachers of the day. His outstanding speaking ability and qualities of leadership have gained for him the highest office afforded by the Free Methodist church.

## THE SANCTIFICATION OF LESLIE R. MARSTON

The writer was converted in his eleventh year in a children's meeting of a Michigan camp. That experience of childhood conversion was clear and definite, but was followed by severe testing of faith which drove the mere lad to the secret place again and again to maintain victory over doubt. In time, the freshness of the experience dulled under boyish carelessness and disobedience, but I continued in the Christian way with no outward break.

I recall asking my preacher-father about entire sanctification when about twelve years of age; and later in my father's church I sought the experience, but later came to realize that the deliverance which came to me then was deliverance from a measure of backsliding. I soon discontinued the profession of entire sanctification.

When fourteen, in a camp meeting, again I sought the experience of entire sanctification and in the midst of my seeking there came to me a relief and a blessing so similar to the earlier experience that I knew it was but the clearing of the rubbish in preparation for my seeking God's cleansing of my nature. Accordingly, I resumed prayer without leaving the altar, and came through to remarkable deliverance from the principle of sin with an overwhelming sense of cleanness.

I mention the earlier effort and its issue in a deliverance from guilt, repeated in my later seeking, because I am persuaded that many seekers accept the Lord's touch in full restoration from a measure of backsliding as the consummation of the cleansing which they seek; and thus their progress is arrested at this level of renewed regeneration which soon becomes disappointing in view of their expectations of holiness. Some then surrender their faith in the validity of the experience and no longer profess it or believe in it. Others revise their views of what holiness means and accept a lower standard, basing their profession of the experience upon the blessing that accompanied a renewed regeneration. How important that a sky-clear justified state be the footing upon which one presses his way toward full cleansing!

I mention an incident in my seeking which demonstrates how altar-workers may try to do the work of the Holy Spirit by suggesting details of surrender which the Spirit does not prompt. In the midst of my earnest pleading, a mature worker urged, "Yes, Lord! I'll give up baseball." Remember, I was fourteen years old. And I fairly lived baseball of the vacant lot scrub variety, My pleading moderated as I pondered this surrender. I was perplexed and confused. Finally I committed the problem to God, postponing decision until He should make the matter plain, but declaring my willingness to do His will. And victory came, with no decision concerning baseball but with an unqualified decision to obey God. The next day I sought out my adviser and asked him to explain his counsel that I give up baseball.

**"Oh," he said, "I meant Sunday baseball!" But Sunday baseball had never even tempted me, and his running ahead of the Spirit all but blocked my reaching the victory of a clean heart.**

**Following my breaking through to full victory, a struggle of faith similar to that following my childhood conversion again drove me to the secret place that I might maintain this new relationship to God in full surrender and constant cleansing. After a prolonged period of struggle, during which my father joined in my prayer battles and gave mature counsel, I came through to a more established experience. How important is the guidance of experienced Christians when youth is caught in the throes of spiritual conflict!**

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#### **14 -- CLYDE W. MEREDITH**

**Dr. Meredith is a much used and highly talented campmeeting preacher. He has received a wide hearing among holiness people. He has for some time assumed the responsibility of the office of president of Taylor University, Upland, Indiana.**

#### **THE SANCTIFICATION OF CLYDE W. MEREDITH**

**For many years prior to my conversion, I was more or less faithful in attendance at church services until there was formulated in my mind quite clearly a certain well-defined experience of grace prior to any experiential relationship that I enjoyed with my Lord. That is, I knew for years what constituted a sound conversion and I believe also I had a fairly clear conception of what holiness people call properly the second blessing, or the experience of entire sanctification.: I grew up in a home where these glorious experiences had been realized by godly parents, and I sat under the preaching of the Word where these experiences were definitely proclaimed. On scores and scores of occasions, I saw penitents at the altar of prayer, and likewise observed believers who knelt in complete dedication of their lives who were in earnest prayer for the fullness of the Spirit-filled life. I heard their testimonies and observed their lives.**

**In my latter teens I, too, was seriously dealt with by the Spirit; and, after months of conviction, I yielded my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. It was never debated in my mind from then on about going on in the things of God. The things about which I had heard others testify now became issues of life which I discovered on the pages of Holy Writ. The matter of inner battles and conflicts I found out to be the common experience of all God's children as Paul had described them to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, and to the Corinthians. I found personally the inner struggle of the flesh against the Spirit, and of the Spirit against the flesh. I knew the heart cry for a clean heart, and the thirst for righteousness which I believed Christ could slake.**

Not many months after my conversion, I, too, knelt at the altar again, deploring my weakness, my failures, my inner struggle, and the defeats that had driven me to the secret chamber for a fresh application of the Blood for the restoration of divine favor. I wanted an establishing grace. I had peace with God, I knew; but the peace of God that passeth all understanding and garrisons our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus was not mine. I was born of the Spirit, but I knew I had not been baptized by the Spirit. As did the disciples on the Day of Pentecost, and as Paul had assured the Thessalonians that they ought to do, I claimed the promise, "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." Without any particular emotional ecstasy, I arose from my knees one Sunday morning with a sense of purity. The love of God had been shed abroad in my heart. The Christ who had come in on the day of my conversion had now taken complete control. I do not recall that I prayed at all for power; but somehow there was a freedom in worship and in the ministry of testimony and prayer, and in my service for the Lord, that was beyond anything I had known heretofore.

If the experience of entire sanctification is to be differentiated in my life from the initial sanctification, which conversion makes possible, it lies in the sense of inner wholeness which I never had until I came to the end of self, and Christ suddenly became all and in all.

To me this is the norm for New Testament Christians. It does not fall in the category of the weird, the strange, the spectacular, or the questionable; but rather it is essentially the New Testament standard for Christian relationship that involves sonship through Christ, and the Lordship of Christ for a vessel that is "sanctified, and meet for the Master's use."

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## 15 -- ORVAL J. NEASE

Dr. Nease is one of the most inspiring and effective ministers in America. He has been a pastor, evangelist, college professor, college president, and writer. He is currently serving as general superintendent in the Church of the Nazarene.

### THE SANCTIFICATION OF ORVAL J. NEASE

"I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also" (II Timothy 1:5).

I am asked to write about my own experience. To do that at all thoroughly, I must include reference to those influences that make me what I am under God.

My father, William O. Nease, was converted when a young man at the altars of a revival in an Evangelical church and was called from between plow handles to



preach the gospel. In the early days of his ministry, he fought with an inward foe that often brought him to the verge of despair. Privileged providentially to attend one service of a small camp meeting in western Michigan, he heard a Wesleyan Methodist evangelist by the name of E. T. Jennings preach a message on "A Pure Heart." Father's request of the speaker for a book he could take with him that would give him added light resulted in his purchase of *The Better Way*, by Beverly Carradine.

Sitting by the kitchen stove a few mornings later, he suddenly closed his recently purchased book and said, "Mother, I knew there must be a better heart experience than I have known, and I am determined not only to seek until I obtain, but I propose to begin now."

There beside the kitchen range, Father emptied out the uncleanness of his heart. In telling this experience, I have often heard him say that as the Holy Spirit revealed to him his heart, he confessed the impure tendencies of his nature to God as truly as he had confessed the wrong acts of his life when he came to Christ for pardon.

A kindly neighbor lady, a member of Father's church, was called in to join in the prayer. When she witnessed the deep struggle of Father's soul and the accompanying earnestness of physical expression, she became alarmed and said to my mother, "Mrs. Nease, there is something terribly the matter with Brother Nease. I think you should call a doctor." Mother replied more wisely than she knew, "No, I shall not call a doctor. I really do not understand all this, but God got him into it and God will have to bring him out."

And God did bring him out! When he had made a complete abandonment of himself to God, the Holy Spirit took possession of his all, and calm assurance reigned within his being.

Father then was deeply concerned that Mother receive this same sanctifying grace that was so abundantly his. Together they attended God's Revivalist Camp Meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio, where the Rev. C. E. Cornell was one of the workers. At the conclusion of an afternoon message preached by Rev. Cornell, Mother knelt at the humble altar with Miss Mary Storey, a returned missionary, the evangelist and Father kneeling with her to encourage with their prayers and guidance.

Mother had not sought long until she lost sight of all about her, so absorbed was she in her heart transaction with the Holy Spirit. It seemed to her that God placed a casket of consecration before her; and as the affairs of life, over which she had control, marched by in solemn review, she placed them one by one in utter commitment into the hands of God. Children, husband, home, family name, future -- her all in the hands of Deity. This she did by an act of will as real to her as though by physical act she had relinquished her grasp upon things earthly in death.

She tells of a sense of rest that came to her. Mary Storey, wise altar worker that she was, began to quote Scripture to aid Mother's faith. Putting an Old Testament portion with a New Testament selection, she quoted, "Whatsoever toucheth the altar is holy... the altar that sanctifieth the gift." It was the avenue of assurance Mother needed, and with firm confidence she said, "That being true, on the authority of God's Word, I am sanctified."

Rev. Cornell, quick to sense God's dealing, said, "Mrs. Nease, will you tell everyone you meet between now and the evening service what you have just said to us?" Her reply was, "I will!"

When Mother and Father walked down the aisle to find a seat at the time of the evening service, Rev. Cornell saw them and got to his feet, quieted the audience, and said, "Mrs. Nease, how is it now with your soul?" Mother raised a hand toward heaven and with a clear voice exclaimed, "On the authority of God's Word, I am sanctified." And Heaven broke in upon her soul. The Holy Spirit had come to abide.

With such rich heritage of experience and testimony, it is not difficult to understand how my brother Floyd and I came early in our Christian experience to face a similar crisis in consecration. Lads of high school age, we had been graciously converted and gave frequent testimony to the forgiveness of sins; yet within our hearts was waged a warfare between opposing forces, from which conflict we had often sought deliverance. Again and again at private and public altars we sought for the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit. Either our faith faltered or our commitment was incomplete, for we failed to receive Him for whom our hearts craved. Brother and I were the janitors at the little holiness church of which our family were members. It was on Saturday as we were cleaning the church for Sunday that I reminded him that on the next day a revival began. He replied, "Yes, I was just thinking about that." I then suggested to him that the good man who was coming as evangelist would preach holiness and that we were not in a position to feel in harmony with such an emphasis.

I shall never forget his answer. "Well, Orval, I have thought of that too, and I have made up my mind to seek the experience at every opportunity until I obtain it or die in the attempt." The gleam of earnestness in his eyes found a response in my heart, and I exclaimed, "Floyd, I will join you with all there is of me."

The evangelist came, and Brother and I were seekers at the first service but did not meet victory. We sought at the evening service and at every succeeding service for ten days. Not that there was virtue or necessity in our repeated coming, except that it gave expression to the determination of our hearts to know the "fulness of the blessing."

It was on Thursday night of the second week we knelt side by side praying that the Holy Spirit might possess our lives, when I sensed a deepening

earnestness and faith in my brother's intercession. I ceased my own praying to listen to him, for I was almost as interested in his receiving the Spirit as I was in obtaining it myself. It was not that he prayed loudly, but that he prayed "deeply."

All at once his praying ceased, his great blue eyes opened, a smile of satisfaction lighted up his face. I knew before he spoke that the Holy Spirit had met his need. Slapping me on the shoulder he shouted, "Pray on, Orval. You can have the Holy Spirit, for He has come to me."

The next morning after the breakfast hour, my father asked me to hurry to the village store for nails that he might do some needed repair work. He instructed me to hurry lest we be late for the morning service, for the revival in full swing was being conducted with two services a day.

Father felt I consumed more time in the errand than I should and came to meet me, intending to reprimand me for my tardiness. One look at my face and he knew something disturbed me. "Son, what is wrong? Are you ill?" I replied, "No, Father, but I want the Holy Spirit more than I want anything or anybody else in all the world. It seems I will die if the Holy Spirit does not get to me very soon."

We sought God that morning rather than driving nails. That night again at the altar, my faithful brother at my side praying for me, I reached the place of total abandonment. Faith became operative, and the faithful Holy Spirit did His office work in my heart. Not much of demonstration, but the quiet assurance that I had gotten to the end of self filled me. The Holy Spirit had taken control.

That initial experience took place more than thirty-five years ago. The way has not always been smooth. I have made many mistakes. The enemy of man's soul has harassed; but may I testify to the glory of God before three worlds that my heart has never wavered from the commitment of that night and that the Holy Spirit abides in my heart today.

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16 -- ROY NICHOLSON

Dr. Nicholson is an author and a minister in the Wesleyan Methodist church. In addition to various pastorates, he has served as superintendent of the Wesleyan Youth Movement and editor in chief of all Sunday-school publications of his denomination. In June of 1947 he was elected president of the General Conference.

## THE SANCTIFICATION OF ROY NICHOLSON

My acquaintance with the teaching of heart holiness dates to my early childhood. One of my earliest recollections is of attending a tent meeting conducted by an itinerant evangelist whose message of full salvation stressed the twin facts

that the truly converted could "know" that they were saved and that it was possible for them to live without willful sin. This positive and spiritual message created a sensation among the religious people of our small county seat town.

My parents were kindly disposed toward the message of this man, who was limited in many ways, but who fearlessly preached his convictions. At that time, my parents were members of a church in the town and were endeavoring to rear their children in a wholesome atmosphere. Grace before meals, Bible reading, and family prayer were daily practices. Attendance at Sunday school and church was compulsory, and our humble home was always open for the entertainment of gospel workers.

This latter thing greatly impressed me as a lad. I heard the preachers at the church and watched them in the home as they read their Bible and wept over the lost. Naturally, each man had his peculiar characteristics, but most of them took time to manifest an interest in the pranks and problems of an inquisitive boy. But the real crisis occurred the summer a gospel team, composed of an evangelist and a singer from a holiness school in the adjoining county, were entertained in our home while they conducted a revival.

During this meeting, Mother was reclaimed and sanctified, and Father was genuinely converted and broke with the old life. Formal religion gave way to vital godliness. God's outpoured glory rested upon our family devotions. Naturally, my parents sought fellowship in the church to which these workers belonged. As a child, I also sought the Lord. And I distinctly remember when He pardoned my sins. Less attention was paid to nurturing and developing the young converts (especially the children) than they deserved, with the result that for several years my experience was 'Cup and down.' I was, however, unable to forget the fact that God was both able and willing to save from sin; nor did I ever forget the sweet peace that came to me with the knowledge that God had forgiven my sins.

Early in life -- even before my childhood conversion-I manifested interest in the ministry and declared that someday I would preach. In due time, the call to preach was inescapable, but I felt an inward disposition to shrink from what the call involved. Thus I became aware of my need for God to purge from my heart the carnal tendency to pride, prejudice, fear, and anger. There never was any doubt that God had provided for the removal of carnality and that some had been cleansed from it. My problem was how to seek this second blessing intelligently.

Unfortunately, much of my instruction was from those who majored on the blessed results of the experience instead of how to seek and find a clean heart. The result was that my seeking was chronic, and my profession was dependent upon my ecstatic feeling.

Pursuant to my call to full-time Christian service, I arranged to attend a church school, and it was most natural that I should choose the school which sent

out the workers under whom my parents were converted. It was at this school that I was instructed more intelligently in the matter of heart holiness. The main lesson for me was that it was received by faith -- that, when my faith responded to God's promise, He rewarded my faith with the sweet assurance that my heart was clean, purged by the Spirit who filled as He cleansed, and cleansed as He filled.

My epochal experience came during a revival at the college. After several hours of earnest seeking, about mid-afternoon on a Sunday in March, 1923, the Holy Spirit came to abide in His fullness. The twenty-five years since have brought a variety of unusual experiences. Eleven years were spent in pastoral work, and fourteen have gone into the general service of the church in several official capacities. But regardless of the demands these things have made, God's grace has been sufficient, and the Holy Spirit continues to abide and to keep the heart clean. Praise His name!

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## 17 -- W. DALE OLDHAM

A stirring evangelist, a gifted writer, and an outstanding pastor -- that is Dr. Dale Oldham, pastor of the Park Place Church of God, Anderson, Indiana. Dr. Oldham is the featured speaker on the National Christian Brotherhood Hour.

### THE SANCTIFICATION OF W. DALE OLDHAM

Conversion came to me at the age of sixteen, after having been born and reared in a thoroughly Christian home. My father had been in the ministry for six years at the time I was born.

I was reared in a "holiness" atmosphere, and was scarcely acquainted with any other group until I was in my early teens. I was born in Oklahoma; lived in Clinton, Iowa, from 1906 until 1918, moving then to Indianapolis, where my father had accepted the pastorate of the First Church of God. My conversion came at the end of an evening spent with a young married man, Carl Struckman, tinkering with his automobile. We knelt in his garage and, following a simple prayer of repentance, forgiveness came.

About two weeks later I attended our great International Camp Meeting of the Church of God, which is held annually in June at Anderson, Indiana. I knew, not only from the teachings of the church, but also from my own experience, that there was something more needed by way of spiritual experience to stabilize my life. Sin had been forgiven, but there was need for the "old man" to die. I needed a greater strength against temptation, a steadying influence to hold my life on an even keel. Although forgiveness had come, I felt impelled to yield myself now as a "holy sacrifice" to God. Before regeneration, I had come to Him as a sinful sacrifice. With my full and complete surrender to Him for service, including ambitions, talents, and

all else, there came into my heart a new serenity and sense of conquest. I really believe there was as great a difference as there had been in my conversion experience.

His grace has been sufficient from that hour. Jesus' promise is true: "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." The power has been to overcome, to witness, to dare. Let every man know that "the promise is unto you, and to your children."

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## 18 -- ALBERT ORSBORN

The Salvation Army has long marched 'neath the flag of "blood and fire." It has dealt with the spiritual and social needs of man across the civilized world. The current international leader of this great organization is General Albert Orsborn, International Headquarters, London, England.

### THE SANCTIFICATION OF ALBERT ORSBORN

My sanctification was a sweet and gracious experience. The work was accomplished in me, by God's Holy Spirit, when in my early teens. Through the influence of a Salvation Army officer's home life, together with the formative effects of the meetings I attended, I was quite susceptible to religious appeals, from a tender age. I cannot remember the time when I did not earnestly covet goodness; yet all the while, evil had a tempting relish for me, and perhaps this was even accentuated by my closely guarded innocence of the world's ways.

God very clearly and convincingly revealed how perilously easy it had become for me to be insincere, and I became careful not to testify beyond my actual experience. This occasioned me many and bitter revelations and not a few confessions, for I failed again and again, in my secret heart experience. Consequently, my testimony was a very guarded and incomplete thing, "sometimes joyful, sometimes sad."

One day, in a flood of light, I saw myself and the "way of holiness," and God sanctified me for Christ's sake-body, soul, and spirit. With this experience came a new vision of Christ, and power to serve Him.

Nothing is clearer to me than that the sanctification of my spirit has been conditional on continuous obedience. I did not then understand all that would be implied in my sanctification for the future, but I could say then, as I can say now, "He sanctifies." In this sense it is perhaps true to speak of our complete and continuous sanctification. The continuation of the divine favor is, I realize, the first essential of my officership in the Salvation Army. It is to me more than a delightful privilege: it is an absolute necessity. Continuation of divine favor has most

certainly been conditional on my response to progressive revelation of ideals and of duty. More than once my feet have faltered. More than once my heart has almost deceived me. More than once, in temptations of fierce heat, I have had to fly to the Blood and cry, "Save me, Jesus, or I die!"

You who have passed this way will understand. Surely, God is glorified even in this! He is pleased to work more through our conscious weakness than through our conscious strength.

Satan has attacked me with the peril of the cold heart! At times I was concerned, moved by the mood of the moment; but the deep and abiding instincts and impulses of the soul winner I knew now. I humbled myself before the Lord, and by waiting at Calvary I saw and felt that elemental passion for saving others which burned itself into my inmost being, and is to this day the central fire of my spirit. Satan attempted to smother the flame. His assault has moved not so much on the more obvious lines as by the subtleties of trans-valuation in life's plans and purposes. His strategy has been directed against the hidden thoughts and intents of my heart. As a rule, things which are in themselves good have been used as weapons against my soul.

God has permitted me to be tried through the very work of the King. It is so easy to get into the heat of the conflict, putting one's whole soul into the day's task, unconscious of the expenditure of one's spiritual resources. It has been truly said, "The evangelical worker is always on the edge of the abyss." It is so easy to get taken up with the Kingdom more than with the King. No, my soul! The King first, always!

The purification of motive is another way in which God is always trying and proving my heart. Is it not the fact that our opportunities expose us to countless temptations in the direction of mixed motives?

When I laid aside sin and self and pride, the change was immediate. In my religion came sincerity; in my character, the discovery of weaknesses and the victory to conquer them; in my service, a delight.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 19 -- JOHN PAUL

Dr. John Paul has been read, heard, and appreciated for many years. A speaker of rare ability, this holiness preacher is constantly at work. In addition to his books and articles, Dr. Paul is serving well as the associate editor of the Pentecostal Herald.

## THE SANCTIFICATION OF JOHN PAUL

The life and works of Dr. John Paul reflect a Christian personality. Like Paul of old, this humble Christian gentleman has never been able to get away from his experiences with God. In speaking of that glad hour when "heaven came down his soul to greet, and glory crowned the mercy seat," Dr. Paul said the following:

"Let me now take the stand. Our memories slip, no matter how grand may have been certain joys and blessings that have come to our souls. We can't base our present assurance on memories. Sometimes recall memory breaks down. Even in some lives the mystical, supernatural Voice registers very sparingly, lest we be exalted to feel ourselves of special importance. One consolation, one sure evidence that I was and am cleansed never fails, however much the tides of feeling may slump and heaviness through manifold temptation may follow. I love, and do not hate. I congratulate, and do not envy. I have total victory over anger and impatience. I ask for no raise in pay and no bonus; I am saved from covetousness. The Blood cleanseth!"

\* \* \* \* \*

## 20 -- PAUL S. REES

One of America's outstanding holiness preachers, Dr. Paul Rees is excelled by few in pulpit delivery. He is the illustrious son of the sainted Seth Rees. His prolific pen has given many contributions to literature which are read and appreciated by holiness people everywhere. Dr. Rees is pastor of the First Covenant Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

### THE SANCTIFICATION OF PAUL S. REES

Of the several paradoxes in the Christian gospel, one is this: it characteristically produces both humility and testimony. A Christianity so humble that it does not testify is false to the New Testament. On the other hand, a Christianity that gives its personal witness in terms or tones that exalt oneself is likewise alien to the New Testament.

A merciful Providence gave me birth in a home of fervent piety. I learned the external pattern of the Christian life from my infancy. Memory does not go back to a time when I did not say prayers and was not, after a fashion, a believer.

Yet at the age of seventeen, I was awakened to the realization that I had simply taken over the forms, phrases, ideals, conventions and habits of Christianity. But no flame had been lighted within! I had not been "born again." The issue was frankly faced. Matters came to a head after a sleepless night. Some restitution would have to be made. Would I make it? I would. Kneeling at my bedside, on a Monday morning, I made my confession to God. I then passed beyond an intellectual acceptance of Christ as the Saviour (which had been mine all along) to an eager, restful trust in Him as the Giver of life, forgiveness, and peace.



The impartation of new life and the assurance of peace with God came to me with penetrating and powerful effect. Mine was no longer a borrowed Christianity; it was something that possessed me, a vitality within, a mighty motivation that I had so desperately needed.

What happened four days later, so far as the time element is concerned, was almost certainly due to the kind of theology on which I had been reared. My father was a convinced and convincing preacher of what A. J. Gordon has called "The Twofold Life," or what John Wesley, long before, referred to as "the second blessing, properly so called." In my mind was the thought that I would soon make my way to the public altar in our church and claim my "inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith."

That I had peace with God was beyond all doubt. It was literally delicious. But there were several matters on which I wanted to be equally sure. There was, I well knew, a dispositional trait of deceit that must be blasted away. There was the question of a deep and unqualified readiness to enter the ministry if that proved to be God's will for me.

God knew that I was dead in earnest. He knew that I wanted to go "all out" in a life of devotion to Christ. He knew that my mind was now occupied -- four days after my conversion hour -- with thoughts of what I was going to do and say when, in the near future, I should kneel at an altar of consecration. What happened then was inexpressibly quiet but indescribably real. The Inner Voice said, "Why not now?" To which, in a moment, my voice replied, half aloud, "Yes, Lord, now!" What took place in that instant had its human and its divine side. On my side it was an invitation to the Holy Spirit to take over completely and continuously in my life; on His side it was, in my view, a stroke of death to the least and last claims of self, the "crucifixion" to be maintained thereafter by my constant yieldedness to the sovereign claims of Jesus Christ.

Several things stand out as, in gratitude to God, I review the years that have followed:

1. The Holy Spirit has sustained within me a sense of unity in my life. There has been a joyous absence of conflict and strain.

2. It has been easy to love, and to do the things that love does when it is Christian: to be forgiving, unresentful, unsuspicious.

3. It has been my increasingly challenging experience to discover how wide a gap still separates me from the perfect life and the perfect service which Jesus Christ so richly deserves from this redeemed soul of mine.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **21 -- G. W. RIDOUT**

**One of the few remaining holiness pioneers is Dr. G. W. Ridout. He is a scholarly preacher, whose messages have caused many hearts to be filled and thrilled. Dr. Ridout now resides in Audubon, New Jersey. He is devoting full time to evangelism, and he is serving as corresponding editor for the Pentecostal Herald.**

### **THE SANCTIFICATION OF G. W. RIDOUT**

**A story is told of John Wesley that, in one of his conferences, he was asked to give his personal testimony or religious experience. He did it in the following stanzas of one of their hymns:**

**Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,  
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up Thy gin in me.**

**There let it for Thy glory burn,  
With inextinguishable blaze;  
And trembling to its Source return,  
In humble love and fervent praise.**

**Ready for all Thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.**

**Following the example of Wesley, I will state in hymn language some notes of my experience in divine grace.**

**My natal hymn, the one they sang the Monday night when I was converted, was:**

**Arise, my soul, arise;  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my Surety stands;  
My name is written on His hands.**

**My God is reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear:  
He owns me for His child;  
I can no longer fear:**

**With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry.**

**Conviction for sanctification expressed itself in the following lines, which were the cry of my soul:**

**Rest for my soul I long to find:  
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,  
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp Thine image on my heart.**

**Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.**

**Convictions for inner holiness and full salvation deepened as I struggled, and as I listened to the preacher setting forth the deeper things of God. In one of the services, I broke down while we were singing the following hymn (it can be sung to the tune of "Faith of Our Fathers"):**

**Thou hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows:  
I see from far Thy beauteous light;  
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.**

**Is there a thing beneath the sun,  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there;  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
When it hath found repose in Thee.**

**Oh, hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me, may live;  
My vile affections crucify,  
Nor let one darling lust survive;  
In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee.**

**My consecration song was:**

**Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine;**

With full consent Thine I would be,  
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

Here, at that cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God--  
Thee, my new Master, now I call,  
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Do thou assist a feeble worm  
The great engagement to perform;  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.

Realizing the blessing by faith which cleanses and sanctifies is best  
expressed in the following verses:

I want Thy life, Thy purity,  
Thy righteousness, brought in;  
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee  
To be redeemed from sin.

Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,  
My present Saviour Thou!  
In all the confidence of hope,  
I claim the blessing now.

"'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,  
With full salvation bless;  
Redemption through Thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 22 -- LEONARD SPANGENBERG

Late in 1928 Dr. Leonard Spangenberg started to work for Mr. Roger W. Babson, starting as Assistant Treasurer of Babson's Reports. Then in 1934, he was made Managing Editor, and two years later Editor in Chief and Vice-President. Dr. Spangenberg has traveled extensively throughout Europe and the United States, gathering information and delivering addresses on economic relations. He is currently serving on the Board of Directors of a number of large corporations. Here is a man who moves about in the circle of big business but never forgets the Christ he found in his youth.

## THE SANCTIFICATION OF LEONARD SPANGENBERG

**A Christian mother can have more influence on one's life than any other person, place, or thing. I am a proud father of two very fine children, but day in and day out Mother gets a lot closer to the children than Father.**

**I entered this cold world in the arms of a very devout Christian mother. At that time she did not know about the "way of holiness." If she had, I am sure she would have been walking the "way" at my birth.**

**My father was at that time a nominal Christian. He attended church as a matter of duty; but moral standards seemed to mean more to him than spirituality as a way of life, or even adherence to the manual of any church.**

**It was not long after I opened my eyes that I was taken to Sunday school by my mother. In those days the forty-hour work-week was not even a dream. My father would work as a machinist six full days a week and plenty of overtime. Sunday mornings, he liked to catch a little extra sleep; so he would join Mother for the morning worship service perhaps once or twice a month.**

**Whether it was the influence of my Christian mother, or whether I was born with an unusually tender heart, or both, the church always attracted me greatly. I enjoyed Sunday school and hated to miss it, even on stormy Sundays. Do not forget, forty-odd years ago you did not go out to the garage and get into a comfortable automobile and drive to church. You plowed through snow banks and waited in the whirling snow for a trolley car.**

**At the age of nine, under my mother's influence and helped by a very fatherly minister, I expressed a desire to be baptized and join the church. This I did. I still remember the joy which I experienced even in those very early years of my life. Although I was only nine years of age, a peace seemed to come over me that still lingers. It made a tremendously lasting impression upon me.**

**Soon after, my father received a very attractive offer to become superintendent of a large ordnance plant in Boston. We left my birthplace, Plainfield, New Jersey, and located in Boston during the height of World War I. My father worked night and day to get production out. At times he even slept part of the night on a cot in his office. He was successful financially, but he forgot religion. Meanwhile, my mother's prayers continued for him.**

**One day, near the end of the war, both my father and mother realized that religion was the only thing that could make our home a consistently happy place. Thus, on one Saturday, although we had been attending a local well-known church, my father consulted the religious page of the morning paper. He was not definitely "down" morally or physically, yet he felt that a mission was a good place for any sinner to find help. The name "Old Shawmut Mission" struck a responsive cord. At no time have I ever discounted divine guidance in this choice. Mother's prayers had been piling up, and here was the answer.**

In this mission there were Sunday afternoon services as well as evening services. The very next day, early in the afternoon, my mother, my father, my sister, and I drove into Boston to attend our first mission service. It did not take my father long when the opportunity was given to find rest, peace, and pardon. Although we were dressed much better than some of the poor wayfarers who frequent missions, my father knew he needed Christ just as much as they.

We immediately took an active part in the mission and attended every Sunday. The Christian fellowship of those mission days will never be forgotten. The superintendent was quite a musician; so I learned to play the trombone at the tender age of twelve. I can still remember playing the trombone at street meetings in the winter time. The weather often was really cold, so much so that several times I was forced to go back to the warmth of the mission to thaw out the slide of my trombone.

After attending this mission for some time, we were advised by the superintendent to join some church. The first holiness preaching we ever heard was at this small mission. Naturally, after hearing about such a definite work of grace, we wanted to learn more about holiness. With this in mind the superintendent of the mission recommended a holiness church which at that time was called the Pentecostal Church of the Nazarene. This particular church was located at Malden, Massachusetts.

Holiness was brand-new to us. The word sanctification had little significance. However, it was not very long before our entire family became very hungry for a second definite work of grace. It seemed to be second nature with us to want to walk in the light as the doctrine of holiness was unfolded to us by the Nazarene pastor. Within a month's time after we started to attend this Nazarene church, we had all received the blessing of entire sanctification. It was the dawn of a beautifully bright day for the Spangenberg family. Not only did it bring an inward satisfaction which we had never experienced before, but it changed the course of our entire lives.

One of the most significant parts of my early life, that is, of my conversion and sanctification, was that, as an entire family -- father, mother, sister, brother -- we accepted Christ. Since that time we have enjoyed the experience of holiness and have continued to grow in grace as we walk the holy pathways.

The Lord called Father home a few years ago. Father died as he had lived -- in the sweet communion of the Lord. My sister has become a well-known professor at Eastern Nazarene College. My mother continues to lead a consecrated life. In the business world, with all its stress and strain, I manage to keep calm and enjoy a living religion.

Not for even a fleeting second have I regretted the moment when I accepted Christ, in my very early teens. The Lord has richly blessed me. With a devoted Christian wife, a son in the full experience, a daughter who, I am sure, will walk in the light when she becomes of age, I have everything that one could desire. I am asked at times: Can one be saved and sanctified and still be in the midst of big business? Absolutely! In fact, I find I am greatly respected for the stand I take. My one aim now is to inherit eternal life when my present life's work here is completed. To me this is absolutely essential; otherwise my whole life will go down as a failure. Will I fail? God helping me, I refuse to fail.

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## **23 -- W.L. SURBROOK**

Dr. Surbrook is held in high regard as an evangelist, teacher, administrator, and writer. He is a member of the Pilgrim Holiness church. He has been president of the Pilgrim Bible College, Kernersville, North Carolina, a position he resigned to accept the presidency of the Owosso Bible Seminary, Owosso, Michigan.

### **THE SANCTIFICATION OF W. L. SURBROOK**

With a background of nearly three generations that were saturated and deeply dyed with the Adventist teaching and stamped by sin, together with gross ignorance of the Scriptures and the way of salvation, there was little or no clear gospel light in my soul.

Having been born on a farm in Michigan, where I remained quite closely until after having passed the eighth grade, I entered the city high school. This kept me away from home much of my time. During my high school days the Holy Spirit sent a very humble farmer preacher into the community to preach the gospel. The revival was held in the country schoolhouse where I had attended grade school.

With plenty of prejudice, conceit, ignorance, and wariness I attended the meeting on my week ends at home. The minister of the Word was very tender, full of tact, sweetness, and grace; and soon the schoolhouse was filled with hungry, inquisitive listeners. His humble, gracious presentation of truth soon won to him the confidence of the people.

On Sunday night, March 17, 1912, the first real break came in the meeting, and I was the first soul that night at the altar. It took the Holy Spirit but a few minutes to tender my soul and lead me to genuine godly sorrow and repentance for sin. About nine-twenty that night God for Christ's sake pardoned all of my sins, and at a flash I was born again and at once became a new creature in Christ Jesus.

With a background of teaching that the Holy Spirit was merely a divine emanation or influence from the Father and Son, light on His gracious work of

cleansing dawned upon me slowly. As the minister preached on the "second rest," "second work of grace," the "carnal nature," and the "old man," I sat with an open heart, wondering whose father he was talking about. Frankly I did not know who the "old man" was.

There was no disposition however in my heart to resent the truth. The new-found joy, peace, and victory gave me a hungering thirst for more of what I already possessed. God had given me victory over the world and my soul was filled with a new warmth, fire, and victory I had neither known nor heard of before. "As the hart panteth after the water brooks," so my soul panted after God and righteousness. Except at times of bubbling blessings and spiritual ecstasy my soul thirsted, hungered, yearned, and cried for a "something" I did not possess; yet, I was unable to name scripturally or define clearly my need.

There was a constant eagerness in my heart to please God and to walk in all the light He shed upon my path. The Holy Spirit had sent me back over my path to make restitutions and rectify my wrongs. My whole life was changed, for now I was faithfully attending the Sunday school, prayer meetings, and church. The new-found life of joy and peace was now leading me into praying, testifying, and praising God. I had experienced a complete change of heart and life and was now walking with Him, but was not yet sanctified.

As I walked with Him the best I knew how, He gradually deepened the hunger of my soul. To lead me into entire sanctification, He did not bless me more, but rather "unblessed" me or in a measure withheld the blessing, and to that very degree the hunger deepened. Gradually my soul was filled with an insatiable thirst. With the ebb and flow of His blessings, the thirst deepened and the hunger increased.

In response to this hungering and thirsting I was again found at the altar; but this time I was not seeking pardon, but purity. My soul was not in the dark, and neither was there any condemnation upon it. I knew I was saved and walking in all the light while fellowshiping Him and His people, and yet I knew I needed something more. There was no guilt upon my soul, or stain upon my record, but there was inbred sin within my life that needed to be eradicated.

In seeking the fullness of the Spirit in heart cleansing, I knew that the time element did not enter into it. It was not a question of how long I sought but of making a full consecration to God and believing Him to purify my heart. It is very doubtful if I sought at that altar over twenty minutes until every condition was met; and, as faith took hold, the sweet, cleansing Holy Spirit purified my heart. As the quiet, assuring evidence came, a sweet restfulness came over my soul, and at once I knew He had sanctified me.

There was no outward demonstration, but a sweet inward assurance. Since then I have seen many shout and demonstrate quite hilariously when sanctified,



and I have shouted "Amen" with them; but it did not work that way with me. Very few people ever experience this groundwork of grace in exactly the same manner, and nobody should try to get it the same way or try to imitate others. God has a sweet, clear, definite second work of grace for every unsanctified soul and when R comes it will fully satisfy.

Some have asked and wondered if it is possible for one to have as clear and as definite an experience in entire sanctification as he received when he was converted. Let me assure you, my friend, that it is possible. You may not act the same, nor act like others, but He can and will give you as clear and as definite an experience when sanctified as you received when you were born again.

To support this fact let us quote from John Wesley when writing on this very subject. He declared that "no one ought to think that the work is done until there is added the witness of the Spirit, testifying to his entire sanctification as clearly as his regeneration."

It is now nearly thirty-seven years since God sanctified me, and may I assure you I would not consider living one hour without His sweet abiding presence in my life, for all these years my soul has been safely anchored.

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## 24 -- D. I. VANDERPOOL

Dr. D. I. Vanderpool of Walla Walla, Washington, is one of the five general superintendents of the Church of the Nazarene. He has pastored in Denver, Colorado; Pasadena, California; and Walla Walla, Washington. He has also served as district superintendent of the Northwest District of the Church of the Nazarene and has been a member of the General Board of his denomination.

## THE SANCTIFICATION OF D. I. VANDERPOOL

My father and mother were separated and our home was broken up when I was but six years of age. I remember Father taking us to live with him and my grandmother coming to keep house. Neither my father nor my grandmother was inclined toward religion. The family was without any religious training whatsoever.

A Methodist minister came through the country where we lived and stopped at our house for a short call. Before he left he prayed for our home, a prayer that made a lasting impression on my youthful mind. When he had left, Grandmother said, "I believe that was a good man." With the preacher's prayer still ringing in my ears, I prayed at nightfall and promised God that I would try to be a good boy. A strange peace came into my heart, but it was gone by noon the next day.

Soon after this my father bought a sawmill and moved the family near it, where my three brothers and I were surrounded by a group of very wicked men. This environment caused me to lose ground rapidly. Having a quick temper and a feeling that I was quite important, I kept in trouble most of the time. My life of sin was brought to an end when I was converted at the age of seventeen. I never saw anyone converted at an altar until I went to one myself. I knew nothing about the Bible or Christian doctrine. However, my conversion was clear and definite. When I broke with the crowd with which I had been associated, stopped my bad habits, and became interested in the church and prayer meeting, gave my testimony and led in prayer, the crowd was convinced that my conversion was genuine. I was supremely happy in my newly found joy.

I had been converted only a few days when a fellow with whom I had had trouble insulted me. My first impulse was to fight, but something reminded me that I was now a Christian and must not fight. For a full minute the war was on in my heart. I shall never forget the warring in my members; but I took the insult, said nothing, and went on my way. I was filled with fear when I considered how near I came to doing something which I would have always regretted.

Knowing that I had that vicious something still in my heart alarmed me and put me on my guard. Two or three times within ten days I had upsets because of my quick temper, but after prayer and repentance I found forgiveness and the joy bells would ring again in my heart. I loathed the thing within my heart that constantly strove to upset me.

An elderly lady who heard of my conversion spoke to me one day and inquired how I was getting along spiritually.

I said, "Oh, fine! I only wish I could get victory over my quick temper."

Then she said, "Well, Son, you do not have all the Lord has for you."

I asked, "What do you mean?"

Her answer was, "You need to be sanctified."

My next question was, "Do you mean I can get rid of that inward uprising?"

She quickly replied, "Yes, and you ought not to put it off."

I hastened to ask with all the earnestness of my soul, "How do you get sanctified?"

I still remember her answer; it was clear and simple: "Give God everything you have, pray earnestly, and trust Christ, and He will meet your need."

From that moment I became an earnest seeker, desiring to be sanctified. I prayed when I worked. I prayed in my bedroom. A prayer was sent up from my heart almost night and day, crying out for this experience that would give deliverance. One afternoon, I had such a calm rest in my heart that I decided I must have the experience I had been seeking. I went to the water tank with my horses. While they were drinking, I was meditating on how pleasant it was to be sanctified. I was so engrossed in thought that I did not notice old Bill raise his head and look around. I was taken by complete surprise when he opened his mouth and let about a quart of water on my head and down my neck. (Certainly any horse should know better than that!) Like a flash, I jerked him and kicked him several times. Then I caught myself. I shall never forget the sorrow that came over my whole spirit as I realized that I had been mistaken in thinking that I was sanctified; and, too, now I must seek pardon and forgiveness for my unChristian feeling and actions. I found peace before I slept that night and renewed my seeking for deliverance from this quick temper or inner uprising.

A few days afterwards I sent word to a man who was having a cottage prayer meeting that I wanted him to make an altar call the next Tuesday night, for I wanted to be sanctified.

I did not know that he did not believe in people getting sanctified. Tuesday night I started for prayer meeting with my heart bubbling over with joy because I believed I was going to get sanctified that night.

The man gave a little talk at the prayer meeting and finally set out a chair and said, "I understand there is a fellow here that wants special prayer." I quickly knelt at the chair and began to pray for God to sanctify me. A fellow who knew the way came and knelt by me and began to probe my consecration and uncovered several things of which I had not thought. One was being a preacher; the other was going to Africa as a missionary. Both were high hurdles; but after much earnest prayer for about an hour, I got over them. Everything else was easy.

He further instructed me that the same Christ that gave me pardon also purchased my cleansing, My faith reached up; I trusted Him to sanctify and cleanse the gift I had brought Him. A quiet assurance came into my heart that Christ was faithful and that the work of cleansing had been wrought in my heart. From that day to this I have never questioned or doubted that I was sanctified that Tuesday night.

Years have come and gone. I have thanked God a thousand times that I met the little old lady who said, "You do not have all the Lord has for you." I feel certain I would not have continued on the Christian way and have climbed the hills and journeyed through the tunnels thus far had I not found the way of holiness in my early Christian life.

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Dr. Stephen S. White is a preacher, teacher, and writer. When the Nazarene Theological Seminary was started he was called upon to head the Department of Theology, which position he still holds. In June of 1948 he was elected to the editorship of the Herald of Holiness.

#### THE SANCTIFICATION OF STEPHEN S. WHITE

My grandfather White was an active Christian layman in north Georgia. Having been brought into the light of the baptism with the Holy Spirit, he sought and obtained it. Then, largely through his influence, my mother received this experience. Soon after this, Miller Willis came through that part of the country preaching entire sanctification. My parents attended this meeting and for the first time heard the doctrine of entire sanctification preached as a second, definite work of grace. One night Miller Willis called on all Christians who wanted to be sanctified wholly to kneel where they were. My mother obeyed his request at once. However, she was not on her knees long until the Holy Spirit informed her that she received this blessing when she was baptized with the Holy Spirit. At once she arose. She did not need to seek that which she already had. Later, my parents moved to Walnut Springs, Texas.

At the beginning of the present century, Texas was a great center for interdenominational camp meetings. Thousands of people would meet in these annual gatherings for ten days or two weeks, and hundreds would be saved or sanctified. As a result of these camp meetings, groups of holiness people sprang up all over Texas. These groups sponsored many brush arbor, tent, or tabernacle meetings. During the winter, the spirit of this work was kept alive largely through cottage prayer meetings. Here the holiness people could meet and sing, pray, testify, and shout without any interference.

My mother attended the annual Waco Camp Meeting at least once, and perhaps one or two of the other campmeetings in Texas. These gatherings were always a means of grace to her. The same was true as to the few holiness meetings which were held in our home town. She supported them wholeheartedly with her presence, prayers, and money. She also faithfully attended the cottage prayer meetings. As just a boy, I often went with my mother to these Friday night gatherings. It was there that I received my first introduction to the holiness movement, I was much impressed by the spirit of those who attended them; they were so joyous and happy, in spite of the fact that they were meeting opposition on every hand. Some of the greatest preachers that the holiness movement has ever produced were turned out of the churches to which they belonged, not many miles from my home town. I wondered how any group of people could be so victorious in the midst of such persecution.

Another contact which I had with the early holiness movement was my acquaintance with the preachers whom we had in our home. It was always open to ministers. They were not only welcome to visit us but also to come and stay for days. This was as true of the holiness preachers as of the others.

With this background of Christian parents, a mother who was actively a part of the holiness movement, and a father who was friendly to it, it is easy to understand how I began to feel my need of entire sanctification soon after I was saved. But I was not at all sure that I wanted to take on the reproach which went along with being a part of the holiness movement.

In the meantime, interdenominational holiness colleges were started in several sections of the United States. As I advanced in my high school work, I became interested in going to college. My mother was also eager for me to go on with my education. She was ready to give me financial assistance with some money which she had received from her father's estate, provided I would go to a holiness college. I did not like this idea too well at first, but I finally yielded and entered Texas Holiness University at Peniel (near Greenville), Texas. This school later became Peniel College, and is operated today as Bethany-Peniel College at Bethany, Oklahoma.

During my four years at Peniel College, I roomed in a private home, since there was no dormitory for young men. The mother in the home had family prayers every evening and insisted that all of her roomers attend. She also believed that all who were there should pray each time. I refused to pray when my turn came. Sometimes we had had family prayers at home, but my father or mother did the praying. Besides, I had not been encouraged to pray in public or testify in the church services which I attended in my home town. The result of this refusal to pray at Peniel was that I backslid. Nevertheless, I was soon reclaimed in the services of the college and began to pray in public and to testify. From then on, I felt in a special way my need of being sanctified. There was hardly a day during that first year that I was not under conviction for this experience. Finally, near the close of that school session, I became so hungry for the blessing of entire sanctification that I died out completely to loved ones, friends, self, and selfish ambitions. I made a complete consecration, trusted God, and the work was done. I well remember that wonderful night. A peace which passeth all understanding came into my soul. It was as if God had turned a veritable Amazon River of divine peace into my soul.

The two outstanding characteristics of my sanctification were the complete consecration which I had to make, and the heavenly peace which came when the experience Finally became my possession.

After finishing my course at Peniel College, I entered Drew Theological Seminary. There I met John Alfred Faulkner, Henry Anson Buttz, and Olin Alfred Curtis, as well as other great men of God. Dr. Curtis especially confirmed my belief in entire sanctification as a second, definite work of grace. He substantiated in a

remarkable way the truth which such men as E. P. Ellyson, E. C. DeJernett, C. A. McConnell, R. T. Williams, and others had taught me, both by precept and example, at Peniel College. This great experience is real today, and I am happy in the work of the Lord.

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## 26 -- PETER WISEMAN

Dr. Wiseman has taught in various holiness colleges. He has long been one of the nation's leading campmeeting preachers. He was for a time pastor of the Detroit Holiness Tabernacle. He is at present instructor in the Department of Theology at the Missionary Training Institute, Nyack, New York.

### THE SANCTIFICATION OF PETER WISEMAN

Though a church boy, having received the ordinances of the church in Christian baptism as a baby and having been confirmed at about the age of twelve, I did not know Christ as my personal Saviour. At the age of eighteen, I was brought under deep conviction for sin in a little holiness movement church in Montreal, Quebec, Canada, where two of my sisters had found Christ. I sought the Lord for some months but did not find Him, being ignorant of the way to Christ. The climax came, however, one evening at a campmeeting in Killarney, Manitoba, Canada. I went to this camp to find Christ. On a Saturday evening, the first Saturday of the ten-day camp, I sought earnestly again but failed. At the close of the service, I went outside the tabernacle and sat alone in the darkness. My struggle was desperate. The darkness in my soul became dense darkness. The great question in my mind was, "Is there any hope for me?" My heart felt as if it were in outer darkness. I felt the pain of a lost soul. In that moment, a precious man of God appeared and encouraged me, urging me to return to the altar of the tabernacle. With his help and God's help, I did. Walking up toward the altar, I thought, "If there is mercy for me, surely I shall find it now." Falling at the altar, I let go my voice and cried out to God. Suddenly, within a minute, the heavens opened and salvation flowed into my poor, distressed soul like a mighty river. Then I took over and had my first Methodist class meeting. What a time I had, shouting and praising God! A little after midnight, I quieted down and retired for the night, wondering if I would still be saved in the morning. I did not know at that time that people did not backslide in their sleep.

That week of camp meeting was wonderful to me. I believed in every person and, best of all, I believed in God. What a time of feasting! I grew by leaps and bounds. On the last Saturday of this camp, in the afternoon, two young men came to talk to me about sanctification. The young men were two brothers and preachers. They asked me to go with them outside the campus to a quiet spot for prayer, which I did. We knelt together. Wesley prayed. His brother, Andrew, prayed. It was my turn, and I prayed. Wesley prayed again. Andrew prayed again. Instead of praying again, I looked into Wesley's face and said, "I gave myself and my all to Christ last

**week, and I believe He will give me everything." Before I finished the sentence, a voice within my soul said, "Be thou clean." I was clean. Having finished the sentence, "I believe He will give me everything," I said, "It is done." I continued to look at Wesley and he at me. We just looked at each other for a minute or two, when he said, "If you have it, why stay here?" His look told me that he did not believe I had received the work of sanctification, but I knew within my soul. I did not know the voice within was that of the Holy Spirit, nor did I know the words, "Be thou clean," were Scriptural; but I knew I was clean.**

**I look back today over more than forty years in the Christian ministry and thank God with all my heart that He led me into this glorious work in the soul by His blessed Holy Spirit through the atonement made by His Son on Calvary, appropriated by faith, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." This experience of sanctification did not deliver me from the weakness and infirmities peculiar to all human beings, but it did deliver me from inward sin. Dr. Daniel Steel would help me out here. "Infirmities," he says, "are failures to keep the law of perfect obedience given to Adam in Eden. This law no man on earth can keep, since sin has impaired the powers of universal humanity. Sins are offences against the law of Christ, which is epitomized by John, 'And this is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another' (I John 3:23).**

**"Infirmities are an involuntary outflow from our imperfect moral organization. Sin is always voluntary.**

**"Infirmities have their ground in our physical nature, and they are aggravated by intellectual deficiencies. But sin roots itself in our moral nature, springing either from the habitual corruption of our hearts or from the unresisting perversion of our tempers.**

**"Infirmities entail regret and humiliation. Sin always produces guilt.**

**"Infirmities in well-instructed souls do not interrupt communion with God. Sin cuts the telegraphic communication with heaven.**

**"Infirmities, hidden from ourselves, are covered by the blood of Christ without a definite act of faith, in the case of the soul vitally united with Him. On the great Day of Atonement the errors of the individual Hebrew were put away through the blood of sprinkling, without offering a special victim for himself. 'But unto the second (tabernacle) went the high priest alone once every year, not without blood, which he offered for himself, and for the errors of the people' (Hebrews 9: 7). Sins demand a special personal resort to the blood of sprinkling and an act of reliance on Christ.**

**"Infirmities are without remedy so long as we are in this body. Sins, by the keeping power of Christ, are avoidable through every hour of our regenerate life. Both of these truths are in Jude's ascription, 'Now unto him that is able to keep you**

from falling (into sin, or as the Vulgate reads, sine peccato, without sin), and present you faultless (without infirmity, not here, but) in the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.' Jude understood the distinction between faults, or infirmities, and sins. In this scheme of Christian perfection, faults are to disappear in the life to come, but we are saved from sins now. A thousand infirmities are consistent with perfect love but not one sin. Thus we see on undisputed authority we may be conscious of human weakness yet well pleasing to God."

The aforementioned distinctions are expressed better than I could. And to the words of Dr. Steel, I say, "Amen."

These two definite experiences have meant a great deal to me. How much, I will not know fully until "I know even as also I am known." It is my sincere conviction that without the second work of grace I could not have stood for the faith as I did while plugging for an education, while meeting the hardships of new fields, while facing disappointments from men in the ministry as well as carnal laymen in the church; but His grace has been sufficient and will be sufficient to the end of the way. One thing sure, without the grace of sanctification I could not have been the blessing to as many as I have been through the help of God. Then, the rest of soul, the comfort of the Comforter, none but those who enjoy this work of God in the human soul know. To the cleansed heart, human beings become more valuable; there comes a new passion to reach men for Christ; the Bible opens up anew as God's revelation; the Holy Spirit becomes more real as a Divine Personality; His leadership is so wonderful; the fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ is beyond expression. Wonderful to be God's possession! In glory, I shall praise God in a new way for what He has done for me and mankind, for what He has done in me, and for anything He may have done through me. It is all of grace! To God be the praise! Amen!

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THE END