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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

T. H. B. ANDERSON
(Two Accounts)

#Item 1

The following is from the Rev. T. H. B. Anderson, D.D., one of the strong men who have helped to plant Southern Methodism on the Pacific Slope, and who has several times represented that section of the Church in the General Conference. He was very much opposed to -- was indeed bitter against -- the "second-blessing" theory of sanctification. When Dr. Carradine went to San Francisco to hold a series of meetings, Dr. Anderson solemnly covenanted with a ministerial friend that he might hear Dr. Carradine preach, but that he would do "nothing more." He would not encourage him in his peculiar methods -- least of all would he yield to the influence of his meeting. The following extracts show what followed. Dr. Anderson says:

"1. I was known to be bitterly opposed to the 'second-blessing' theory of sanctification. I prejudiced many minds against it ... I was opposed to it all; and more, fought it publicly and privately. God forgave me, and I rejoice that I stand where, for the first time, I can understand Christian experience.

"2. That I had been converted there was no doubt, in my mind; that I feared God, I knew; that I was doing all I could, my almost day and night work was proof. What more did I need? There was unrest, a lack of continuous peace, of uninterrupted joy. My friends, I loved passionately; my enemies, not any too well. Plainly, my feet were weary, my heart ached, and my present experience was not satisfactory. I HAD NOT LOST GROUND; this had been my experience for more than thirty years.

"3. The sermon by Dr. Carradine, songs and prayers, all made a good impression on me; but far from what they seemed to make on others. Indeed, there was intense feeling in the house. Tears, shouts, amens were everywhere, but I was not equal to the occasion. It was above me; I could not reach it. I went away, sad and thoughtful; went away introspecting my life. What I found I have already told. I returned Monday morning and was present at the nine o'clock service. It was

one of remarkable power; the Lord was there. At the close of the service Dr. Carradine called for seekers of sanctification. I neither went forward nor stood up, but concluded I would go away. To me it was a mystery; it was not such a meeting as I had often attended. There was lightning in it; the strokes were coming thick and fast. My soul was gradually becoming a storm center. I was being slowly but surely drawn into it by the power of divine grace.

"I took my hat, cane, and overcoat, and started out of the church ... Looking around I found Mrs. Glide, a lady whom I had known for years, on the same mission, who, after speaking a few words on another subject, said quietly, 'Are you going away?' I had an engagement in Oakland, but concluded to let it go and attend to it later. I went back into the church and took my seat. My thoughts, for a few moments, ran thus: 'Lord, what blessings I have received from thee have been good, and I know all about them; but if there are others that would be of service to me, or to my ministry, I want them. I now take the place of the Ox on the Greek coin -- stand between the altar and the plow -- ready for service or sacrifice. I am ready for poverty or riches, friends or foes, but give me what I need.' This is as near the train of thought as I can give.

"Suddenly I found myself falling -- falling away from everything -- the Church and the preachers, my family and friends. I went down into loneliness and desolation. I became unconscious of what was about me -- I could not see -- a horror of darkness was around me. I went down, down; and for the first time I felt alone. Oh, the sense of loneliness was awful! Never to my dying day can I forget it. As I continued to descend, the fire went crashing down through my body; a sense of burning as distinct in my flesh as though coals of fire were laid on it; yet there was no charring, no pain. By this time I believed I was dying, and although I could not see, my mind was active; I felt my pulse, and found that my heart was beating regularly.

"Just at the end of the darkness, to my surprise, I found myself in the arms of the "Wonderful Man." He was the whitest man I ever saw; his face was like the sun. For a moment he held me; and such a bracing, buttressing, and girding of life I never had before. I was, blessed be God, in the arms of the Omnipotent. Then the vision ceased to be objective; slowly, as I sat there, I saw the Christ pass into my own life, and with the last glimpse of Him came bliss unutterable. For hours and hours wave after wave of glory rolled into my soul. At times it seemed to me that I would die; it was more than I could hold. Then there would be a cessation; but as soon as I could get my breath another great wave would come and quite overwhelm me. For forty-eight hours I was tossed by these heavenly gales. I would lie down at night and wonder if he (the Comforter) would be with me in the morning. I really suffered, in my mind, for fear he might not return; but invariably I found him present, filling me with peace ...

"I have said enough; the half I have not told nor could I tell. The effect on my life has been peace, quietness, assurance. I found the work wrought in me to be purgative, illuminative, unitive. I love my Church, my brethren, my family -- the whole world -- better than I did before. Her doctrines -- justification, regeneration, sanctification, and redemption -- stand out in my experience as great lights. Everything drops to its place; and my experience is delightful. I have no quarrels about terms; no fault to find with other people's experiences; only want the privilege of 'growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour.'

"How did I get it? I have told you all I know; but looking backward see that my surrender was complete, my consecration perfect. The Lord Jesus came and accepted the sacrifice; and every moment since I have been happy. More: a large number of devout men and women were praying for me -- praying that I might be conquered, as I had been an open enemy to the experience. No doubt the great Head of the Church heard their prayers; and for his own sake, theirs, and mine gave me joy.

"What effect has it had on my life? It has tranquilized it. The fret, worry, anxiety, all gone; my heart aches no more; my feet, so tired, are resting; indeed, they feel as if they were in the burning path of the cherubim. Halleluiah!

"I am not a dreamer, nor given to hallucinations. [We believe this is true.] It has been hard for me to believe in the supernatural; hence I have preached more on miracles, the new birth, and subjects involving supernatural power than most preachers. 'Why should you thus preach?' you ask. Because I forced myself by study and talk to believe that the Holy Ghost is immanent in everything. I know it now. He imported into my life the life of Jesus Christ. 'Christ in us' rehabilitating our natures, is my conception of sanctification."

This experience is strikingly like St. Paul's. From a bitter and zealous opposer of this theory and experience, he is suddenly and overwhelmingly converted to both, and then becomes the ardent advocate of this way of thinking and living, and grows stronger in his new faith as he grows in this blessed experience. In a recent letter to the writer, Dr. Anderson asks to add the following to his written experience, quoted above:

"After four years of careful, painstaking study of the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification, I have no desire to change my views.

"1. I am more and more convinced that the doctrine grounds itself in 'God's word written,' and that it can therefore become an experience in the life of every man.

"2. That sanctification begins in justification, but becomes entire at the will and pleasure of the justified man; that this state is reached by faith accepting Christ as the Sanctifier.

"3. That this experience is in accord with the doctrines of the Methodist Church, but harmonizes with the economics of all the other Churches.

"4. That, taught and experienced by both pastors and people, it would give us power in pulpit and pew, and save us from many foolish and hurtful things. If I understand the experience, it means goodness subjectively and faithfulness objectively. It must, therefore, go to church, to prayer meeting, to Sunday school, feed the hungry, visit the sick, and in every way do good to the souls and bodies of men."

Source: "Scriptural Sanctification" by John R. Brooks

#Item 2

T. B. ANDERSON

Dr. T. B. Anderson, of California, who was wondrously sanctified at a holiness meeting last winter, has published an account of his experience, from which we extract the following, "My thoughts ran thus, 'Lord, what blessings I have received from Thee here have been good, and I know all about them; but if there are others that would be of service to me, or to my ministry, I want them. I now take the place of the ox on the Greek coin -- stand between the altar and the plow -- ready for service or sacrifice. I am ready for poverty or riches, friends or foes; but give me what I need.' Suddenly I found myself falling -- falling away from everything -- the church and the preachers; my family and friends. I went into loneliness and desolation. An horror of great darkness was around me ... Just at the end of the darkness, to my surprise I found myself in the arms of the 'Wonderful Man.' He was the whitest man I ever saw; His face was like the sun. For a moment He held me; and such a bracing, buttressing and girding of life I never had before. I was, blessed be God, in the arms of Omnipotence. For hours and hours, wave after wave of glory rolled into my soul ... The effect on my life has been peace, quietness, assurance. I found the work wrought in me to be purgative, illuminative, unitive. I love my church, my brethren, my family -- the whole world -- better than I did before ... Everything drops in its place, and my experience is delightful. What effect has it had on my life? It has tranquilized it. The fret, worry, anxiety, all gone; my heart aches no more; my feet so tired, are resting. Indeed, they feel as if they were in the burning path of the Cherubim. Hallelujah!"

Source: "The Double Cure,
or Echoes from National Camp Meetings,"
Message 1, by J. M. Pike

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