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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

SWANTON BANKS

Twenty five years ago the seventeenth day of last February, God forgave my sins; and, applied the direct witness of the Spirit. See Rom. viii 16. My mouth was filled with His praise. Though retaining the witness of the Spirit, yet being convinced by the word of God (see 1 John i. 9), the reading of "The Guide," and Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection, that a higher state, or the special blessing of Christian perfection was required, I was enabled by grace to make a special consecration for this particular thing. This was but a short time after conversion. About seven months had now elapsed; and I found my way to a Camp-Meeting, seeking, and resolved there to seek it, with all my heart. The meeting had progressed to Thursday evening; when the sad thought crossed my mind that the meeting might close, and I still continue without the blessing of perfect love. Could I go out into the world destitute of that of which God was willing now to give? No. Self-desperate (but guided, as I see now, by the Spirit), I fell upon my knees for the last time to decide this question; truly resolved to remain there, and die there, unless I should be "cleansed from all unrighteousness." It was an eventful moment. After praying for it with all my soul, I waited, perhaps, five minutes. Then such a peace as passeth all understanding! Then such a wave of light and glory succeeded it! O, What joy! My cup was now full. I shouted, "Glory to God!" rose, and stood upon my trembling limbs, -- trembling under the weight of glory. Opening my eyes, I saw the faces of those present as the faces of angels. Then, as never before, did the word of God appear as the word of God ... Glory to the Lamb forever!

Shut up in God! O wonderous love,
That takes a worthless worm like me,
Exposed to sin and Satan's power,
And hides me in divinity.

Shut up in God! O blessed peace!
Now let the tempter do his worst,
He cannot harm me in the least,
Unless he touch my Saviour first.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer

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THE END