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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

G. H. BLAKESLEE
(Methodist)

The Language of Mr. Payson is the language of my heart: "Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been, since eight o' clock, A. M., yesterday, 'a happy inhabitant.' The celestial city is full in my view: its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. The Son of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached; and now He fills the whole hemisphere of my soul. A single heart and a single tongue seems altogether inadequate to my wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion."

I now know and feel the blood applied that purifies my heart. Just at the close of family prayer, the stream of salvation began to pour into my soul, filling me to the brim. I went to church under the influence of this mighty baptism, and preached. A young married lady was saved during the service, met in class and joined the church. I gave my testimony for God in the class-meeting, and returned home. Soon after two, P. M., while reclining on the sofa, the flood-gates were again let loose upon me; and for the most of the time, till five, P. M., it seemed that my soul would burst. I never before felt the force of that Scripture, "Pressed down, shaken together, and running over." Such filling and enlargement, enlargement and filling, I never realized previous to this. I thought of the time when Fletcher was so filled that he said, "Lord, stay Thy hand." I think this is the anointing that will abide. My brethren in the ministry must not delay getting this baptism.

I cannot find words to express what God has done and is doing for me. I feel very little like shouting: the current is too broad and deep for that. Oh! this sinking into God's will, this pressure of grace, is beyond everything I had hoped for. It seems that God is crowding salvation into my soul, and by this process expanding it. I feel something of that "awe that dare not move, and all the silent heaven of love." I cannot doubt longer. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin." I must tell what God has done for me. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and the pen writes, and I will make no apology for the strain in which I have written.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer

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THE END