

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication  
Copyright 1994 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and  
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with  
the restrictions stated in the B4Ucopy.txt file on this CD.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

**C. O. COOK**  
**(Methodist)**

When twelve years of age God for Christ's sake spoke peace to my soul. I need not say I had much with which to contend, for I was surrounded by a class of young men who ridiculed religion and spiritual things--whose hearts had never felt or experienced the healing and heavenly influence imparted by grace divine, and in whose souls the "Son of Righteousness" had never risen.

My experience was wavering I had never heard a sermon preached on "Christian Holiness," consequently, was almost entirely ignorant as regards this blessing, but I endeavored to serve God according to the light I had.

Thus time past on. I had always been impressed with the idea that I was called to the ministry, but waving my convictions, I plunged into the business-cares of the world; but there was no rest for me, until in my nineteenth year I received license to exhort. In this capacity I served the church some time; finally, was licensed to preach, and then recommended to the East Baltimore Conference, which proved a great blessing to my soul.

I was received into the traveling connection and was appointed to Hancock Circuit. This, the first year of my ministry, was marked with great success. God was with me: yet up to this time I had never spoken on the theme of "Perfect Love." The following spring I was appointed to Frostburg, Ct., and while traveling this circuit, having been thrown into the company of some who enjoyed this "blessing," I became very much exercised on the subject. I greatly felt my need of it. I knew there were heights and breadths, and lengths and depths in the love of Jesus to which I had not attained.

It so happened that, while in this state of mind, I was called to Baltimore. There I heard of Dr. Roberts' meetings, which I determined to attend the following Sabbath. I did so, and while there I heard the young and old tell how they had received this blessing; but the experience of one young man arrested me very forcibly--the substance of which was this: "Before he had received

this grace, his experience was wavering. At one time, he said, he was on Pisgah's top, and then again down in the valley." This had been my experience exactly; but he went on to say, "As soon as he felt the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus his experience became even, and that

"Jesus, all the day long,  
Was his joy and his song."

This is what I needed. An invitation was then given to those persons who desired the blessing, to present themselves at the altar. I went forward, and while in that attitude, a good brother came to me and told me what was necessary in order to receive the blessing. (That I felt my need of it was clearly evinced by presenting myself at the altar.) 1st. A full consecration of all and every thing. 2nd. Faith to believe my sacrifice was accepted.

I then asked myself, "Are you willing to give up every thing?" I said, "Yes, Lord every thing-- all is thine," "then cannot you believe He accepts"-- "Yes, Lord," I said, "I do believe." Oh, what a flood of peace flowed into my soul. O, glory be to God! It was truly joy unspeakable and full of glory. The blood of Jesus I felt did cleanse me from all sin. From that time I commenced preaching on the subject, and every time I preached it, I gained more strength. I enjoyed uninterrupted communion with Jesus for some time; but, after a while the sin of unbelief took possession of my heart, and I fell back into my previous state of despondency.

The following spring I was sent to Westminster, Ct. While traveling that circuit I met with many who enjoyed this blessing. I again became deeply exercised on the subject (though I had never entirely lost sight of it). After leading class on Sabbath morning, at one of the appointments on the circuit, a brother said to me, "Bro. Cook, meet me at a throne of grace, every evening between sunset and dark, from this time until you come around again, and make the attainment of this blessing the subject of prayer." It was Wednesday preceding my next appointment that I was riding to church, to attend my protracted meeting. I lifted up my heart to God in prayer, and accompanying the prayer was an earnest living faith, the sacrifice having previously been made, and Jesus was mine. I felt Him mine; the trees, the stars, every thing seemed to shout forth the praise of the Redeemer, and I shouted, Glory to God. Jesus was to me, all, and in all -- and since that time, "Jesus, all the day long, has been my joy and my song." Precious Saviour, blessed Jesus: His blood cleanses from all sin, and gives me victory.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END