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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

**E. H. DASHIELL**  
**(Methodist)**

I was born February 1, 1873, [about 26 years prior to the printing of this testimony] -- not a great while ago, you see,--in the northeastern corner of the "Old North State." The little city of Elizabeth, forty miles from Norfolk, Va., and about as far from the Atlantic coast, held my father and mother, grandfather and grandmother on both sides. My paternal grandsire was a Methodist class-leader of the "old stripe," but I was not "the son of a prophet," my father pursuing secular walks of life to the end. How memory pictures those characters and days to me now with my own aspirations and ambitions! The old homestead, the school-house, the blooming clover yards, mother, the bed-room, my trundle bed, the little lamp that burned all night behind the chair on which my father's clothes were laid, the hands that tucked the covers in just before my eyelids shut, the boys with whom I used to play! (Where are they now?) Memory paints a vivid picture, -- how real it all is! -- and my heart, contemplating it, calls loudly to the past, "Has all this gone from me forever?" I wait for an answer, but none is vouchsafed me save the grim echo of my own heart's cry, "Gone from me forever."

At the kind solicitation of my uncle, I removed to Baltimore, Maryland, at thirteen years of age, and have since made my home with him, except when away preaching. Then the latter part of my eighteenth year I realized an unmistakable call to preach, and left the stenographer's desk for the pulpit. Three years I labored as an evangelist, then entered the Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church, South, was received into full connection, ordained deacon by Bishop John C. Granberry, and afterwards located to again engage in special evangelistic work. God has graciously sustained me in my efforts to bring glory to His name. Going forth a boy, both in years and experience, I have had nothing and no one but Jesus upon whom to depend. He has more than proven His all-sufficiency.

Grandfather, father, mother and oldest brother are dead. The old home in North Carolina is sold and desecrated. The pretty evergreen and rose bushes, and the delicate pinks and hyacinths, which were planted by my own mother's hands, are torn up by the roots and cast into the street. But

so is life. All these things must come. Happy is the man who has learned to look away from them to a home beyond the stars!

My conversion and sanctification were on this wise: By the providence of God, my aunt and I attended the morning service at Central M. E. Church, South, on the second Sunday in September, eight or nine years ago. I was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but unconverted. Rev. S. W. Haddaway -- now with the Lord -- preached that morning, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, on "Five of them were wise." The Spirit smote me. I sank into the convicting consciousness that my vessel had no oil. At the end of a week I attended a Holiness meeting and told them of my condition. As soon as my faith had laid hold of Christ, He, "the Sun of Righteousness," arose "with healing in his wings." "A great calmness possessed my heart, as if Jesus Himself had spoken and said: "Peace be unto you."

At once I was told of the "root of bitterness" and exhorted to seek its annihilation. It was not long until I saw the need of this annihilation. Entering my room one afternoon, perhaps six months after my conversion, I closed the windows, locked the door and asked the Lord to give me the grace then. Immediately the power of God was upon me to do that which my faith accepted. Hallelujah to the Lamb!

My present experience is sweet to tell. I am hiding in Jesus. The blessedness of that Place of Rest no pen can show. He holds me to His bosom. He covers me with His wing. He keeps me by His power. I rest in His LOVE. -- E. H. Dashiell

Source: "Pentecostal Messengers" by M. W. Knapp

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THE END