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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

**SARAH (MRS. M. L.) HANEY**  
**(Methodist)**

For a whole year my precious wife had been seeking a holy heart, and, at times, with such agonies that I feared for her mind. It really seemed impossible for her to fully yield to God. While preaching at the depot I was impressed to ask her to spend a few days with me at Atlanta. So she came, but when I met her at the cars she said: "Why did you insist on my coming here among strangers?" She had a great aversion to being among strangers. We stopped at the house of a Brother Dills, and her soul was greatly wrought upon.

One afternoon when I was preaching at the depot she remained at home, to settle forever the question which was on her soul. Going into her room and locking the door, she fell upon her knees with uplifted hand and said to God: "I will never go out of this room till I have a holy heart!" Coming to that desperate stand, it did not require much time for settlement. The Holy Spirit began at once to take an inventory of her stock and to demand that each item be turned over to Christ. She had so long been seeking that she easily parted with the first items, but He saw her heart centered strongly in her family, and asked if she would give up to Him, in death, her husband and two boys. Over this there was a battle, but the time came when her whole heart said "yes" to the Divine demand. This was so real, that she has declared for many years that it could not have been more so, if she had seen her husband and two boys in their winding sheets.

Knowing her aversion to separation from home, and being thrust into foreign countries, the Holy Spirit now asked: "If I want you as a missionary to Africa, will you go and lay down your life there?" Here was another conflict, but it was soon ended by her whole heart saying "yes," and her whole being was down at Jesus' feet. She has since declared if her trunk had been packed for the African coast, it would not have been more real to her. The Lord did not desire the immediate death of her family, nor call her to the African mission, but He did break up her heart centres and get her whole being into His hands for complete inward holiness. This surrender of all brought her, as it will all others, face to face with Christ as her complete sanctifier, and to receiving Him by faith. This transforming work was wrought by the Holy Ghost within, and my wife stood before Him as His bloodwashed temple.

I was preaching on the platform in much pain during this time, and said to a minister: "I must lie down, and will have to depend on you to lead the service at church to-night." Meeting my wife as she came out from Bro. Dill's, I told her to go on to church, but I must rest. I saw her face was radiant, but knew nothing of what had occurred. She had contended through all those years that she was not fit to be a Methodist preacher's wife, because she did not possess talent for speaking, and public prayer. Of course, she had both spoken and prayed many times, but usually had wept over her failures.

The preacher was about to close the service, as the altar call had failed, when she arose and asked if she might speak: He answered: "Certainly, Sister Haney," and instead of rising where she was, as a modest little woman, she came out into the aisle and to the front of the altar, and, facing the crowd, told them what God had done that afternoon for her soul. A brother said to me: "There was not a dry eye in the house when Sister Haney was through speaking."

From that hour, on through the years she has had marked and wonderful liberty in prayer and public testimony, and in many instances persons have asserted that she "beat me preaching." Despite all this, however, she has steadily maintained that God called men to be ministers, and her sex to be witnesses. This may be so as a rule, but preaching or witnessing, she has mightily helped my ministry, and could have been an able preacher if God had thus called her.

Source: "Pentecostal Possibilities, or  
Story of My Life" by M. L. Haney

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THE END