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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

**F. S. MINTZER**  
**(Methodist)**

Believing that in more than one sense it is true, that there is that which scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that which withholdeth more than is meat, and it tendeth to poverty; I write my Christian experience.

I was converted in the year 1842, when I was but seventeen years of age. Soon after, I felt called to preach, but refused -- positively -- persistently -- refused, for many years, to obey the call. My natural timidity, together with my PRIDE prevented me from obeying God in this direction.

None of my family or relatives of any kind, save an uncle, whom I never saw but once -- were Methodists. All of my old associates, neighbors and friends, were in sympathy, or association, with other branched of the Christian Church. I had given my name to the M. E. Church, lived a tolerable consistent life, and to "come out" and separate myself from the world more fully -- aye -- to be a Methodist Preacher, seemed to be a duty which, I had not the gracious disposition, or sufficient amount of grace to perform. What now! in the midst of my rebellion against God, I was afflicted. ("Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power.") In my affliction I consented to do my duty. And soon after, in the Providence of God, I was licensed to preach. I felt now, greatly, my want of fitness for the work assigned me by the Church. And the cry, Oh, my leanness! oh, my unworthiness! oh, for power! power! was constantly on my lips.

At this juncture of my religious experience -- while an old friend and sister in Christ, in a public prayer-meeting, was pleading with God for the blessing of a clean heart, or "Perfect love," the Spirit of God convinced me that I ought not to rest satisfied short of this blessing. I wept, prayed, and "Fasted often," until at length, in answer to the prayer of faith, the blessing came to my heart -- gentle as the morning light -- peaceful as a dove. My mind became as calm as a "summer evening;" and I could exclaim! --

"'Tis done! thou dost this moment save With full salvation bless, Redemption through thy blood I have, And spotless love and peace."

Soon after, in a love-feast, while the congregation were singing,

"Am I a soldier of the cross, &c.,"

I was induced to arise, and for the first time to make profession of the blessing received. I did so amid the shouts of my brethren and sisters in Christ. That was about twenty years ago, and the way has been growing brighter ever since. I can say truly, "His way are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace."

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer

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THE END