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

Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

ACCOUNT #060

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In some of our meetings we have beheld scenes, and witnessed works of the Spirit, which, if put in print, would read like occurrences in the days of Wesley and of the Apostles.

In a certain town in a Western State the services were held in the Opera House. We had a number of clear conversions and powerful sanctifications. Among the latter was one that was quite remarkable.

For days the man had been patiently and persistently seeking the blessing. Just as I had concluded a morning sermon, and while a number were approaching the altar, the Holy Fire fell upon him. The scene which followed was simply beyond any proper description. The power upon him, and in him was so great that the man looked like one electrified, and to the world would have appeared to have been in an agony. He was literally flung about the house by an invisible but uncontrollable force. He would sink down a moment on his knees in a rapture of joy, only the next moment to be lifted suddenly to his feet and swept away to a distant part of the building. I thought several times that chairs would be broken and the stage scenery before which we were preaching would all be demolished under one of his amazing rushes! But nothing of the kind took place. All could see who watched the man that not a particle of "put on" or "worked up" was in the case. God was simply pleased to make an individual a spectacle of His power, and show that a live gospel was still in the world, and that the Holy Ghost had not exhausted Himself on the day of Pentecost.

It was fully a half hour before the man had calmed down in a measure. A crowd of men rushed up from the street, and with faces as solemn as death viewed the scene of a hundred holiness people in a spiritual rapture, salvation flowing at the altar, and a man whom they knew, filled with the Holy Ghost and fairly caught away from the world in which he lived.

As I studied the case before me, I could not but think of the description of the man in the Book of Acts who was saved by the power of Jesus' name, and went "leaping and praising God

through the Temple." This man was not in the Temple, but he did not leap or praise God the less, because he had found full salvation in an opera house. Perhaps Christ had in his mind these days of ecclesiastical exile of full salvation, when He said: "Woman believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. But the hour cometh and now is when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

It is blessed, indeed, to find that God is not confined to times and places. He is everywhere. And to the soul perfectly redeemed, every house is a temple, the mists of the morning is incense, the birds are a part of the heavenly choir, while every bush and shrub by the roadside, burns and sparkles with the glory of God.

Source: "Pen Pictures"
(Portion of Chapter 17)
By Beverly Carradine

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