

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

W. B. PALMORE
(Editor of the St. Louis Christian Advocate)

There are two men -- one now in the Church triumphant, the other in the Church militant -- to whom we shall feel indebted throughout the endless or eternal ages. The conversion and life of Dr. Addison P. Brown outweighed all the books, lectures, and sermons we ever read or heard on the evidences of Christianity. He was the human instrument used to lead me to conviction, to a Methodist mourners' bench, and to the blood of atonement -- to conscious peace and pardon. The Methodist Church was chosen, and joined, somewhat as we choose a berth and recline in a Pullman sleeping-car.

Not for a moment has the genuineness of my conversion ever been doubted; but my rest has been anything else but perfect or continuous. There were times, through all these years, when "wandering notes from a diviner music" strayed into my spirit; but these experiences came at few and fitful moments. I had no sense of possession in them. They came unannounced, and left without explanation. At times lifted up with the hope that peace was beginning to flow as a river, which was as suddenly lost amid the rush of the rapids and dreadful roar of a possible cataclysm; but over all the cloud of mist was the constant bow of promise and of hope that some day I would attain unto perfect rest.

To the bishop who received me into the Methodist ministry, I expressed the expectation to receive it in this life, and that I was groaning after it. These groans, I fear, have been too much like angels' visits.

After fruitless efforts in the consecration and the growth theory, I was persuaded to try consecration and faith. In this theory I went to the altar, time and again, for days in succession, asking the prayers and help of all who had found this rest, just as I went to the mourners' bench while seeking pardon years ago. After the battle of full consecration came the battle of faith, to believe the altar -- the Divine nature of Christ -- cleanses and keeps the gift. After walking for a time by naked faith, the intellect assenting, then came the inner witness, the heart consenting, and entering into rest. Water rests only when it gets to the lowest place; so did my soul. And I am

persuaded that I can only keep this rest by walking continually down in the valley with Him who made Himself of no reputation," who is "meek and lowly in heart."

We do not propose in this writing to open these columns for a debate. I know from personal experience that a man who is unwilling to humble himself, and seek the "hidden manna and the white stone with a new name," will be but little benefited by such a discussion. Some will doubtless say that I was never before converted; others will say it is only a case of recovery or restoration from a backslidden state. Suppose we admit the truth of both or either, possibly some reader of these lines may be as badly deceived as the writer has been through all these years. If so, we would advise you at once to come to St. Louis, and place yourself under the influence of a marvelous meeting now in progress in Centenary Church. We have not witnessed such manifestations of the presence and power of God for twenty years. Services every morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 7:30.

This meeting has been in progress about three weeks, and 130 have professed sanctification, seven of whom are preachers, besides eighty professions of regeneration. "He that doeth the will of my Father shall know the doctrine, whether it be of God." Come, brother, try the Baconian or experimental method in the discovery of truth. Death to the lower self is the nearest gate and quickest road to life. Some plants are never found in high altitudes. Heart's-ease will only grow down on the level of the ocean of God's love.

As Doctor Brown was to my regeneration, so was Doctor Carradine to my sanctification. His serene life in the midst of a tempestuous criticism and opposition, together with his plain, practical preaching, led me to test his doctrine, whether it be of God; and I am satisfied with the test. Long may he wave, and never waver! (From an editorial in the St. Louis Advocate of May 20, 1891)

Source: "The Better Way" by Beverly Carradine

* * * * *

THE END