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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

C. J. RICHMAN
(Methodist)

I obtained religion Aug. 23, 1823; and was as happy, I think, as any one could be without being wholly sanctified. I was on the mount continually, happy day and night. It was my whole soul's intent to do the will of God, to bear the cross, to exhort sinners, and tell of the loving-kindness of God to all as I had opportunity.

"Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;"

and, oh, how I longed for all His salvation to see!

But, after a while, I found I had got some fighting to do, as well as shouting. I had many conflicts with the enemy. He would often tell me, "You have no religion." My faith would sometimes waver a little; but I would pray the more earnestly. I believed it was my privilege to know always that I was in favor with God, to have an abiding witness of my acceptance. I was convinced the great blessing of perfect love was attainable.

I lived in this state about two years, when I attended a Camp-meeting near Blackwood Town, where I was powerfully convinced that I must be cleansed from all sin. this became the burden of my prayer, and for six weeks I prayed almost day and night that God would cleanse me and make me holy. I never doubted one moment but that the blessing was in store for me; for God has said, "Be ye holy," and He will never withhold grace to do what He requires of us.

I prayed on. The more I prayed, the brighter it looked. The stronger my faith, the happier I became, until at length I was convinced that God had cleansed me from all sin. My soul was let into the clear light, life, and fullness of Christ my Lord, Glory to God! forty-one years I have been drinking at the fountain-head. I have enjoyed a fullness of Christ continually. As local preacher, I have been striving to work for God according to my ability, until my lungs were worn out. I am broken down, old, and feeble; but it's all glory. Oh, how it does rejoice my heart to know that

holiness is spreading. May it, like a flood-tide, roll on, and roll on, until the world shall be filled with the glory of God!

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer

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THE END