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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

J. N. SHORT
(Methodist)

When twelve years old, God, for the sake of His Son, forgave my sins; but, alas! I hung, my harp upon the willow, and wandered by the chilling streams of Babylon, until my nineteenth year, when the arms of my Father again encompassed His child.

Five year have now passed; and oh, how often has my soul longed for that fullness which is found only in the Godhead! At times I had a foretaste of heaven; and then those dark clouds of unbelief would rob me of all my joy. I sighed for help, but, alas! it was in vain: for I knew not how to approach the mercy-seat, and return with an answered prayer.

At time, I felt peace within; and, for a year and a half, I have preached, in feebleness, the gospel of my Master. God blessed my labors by giving me souls for my hire, which encouraged me to hope and pray on; which I did until the month of October, 1865, at which time I read, for the first time, the "Guide to Holiness," Now was my soul more dissatisfied than ever, for I tried to preach holiness: and how could I? as I knew nothing about it. I read the way pointed out in the "Guide," again and again and then would approach the mercy-seat and try to believe; but it seemed in vain; for I did not ask that the work might be done just now. The nineteenth of November dawned, and was so very rainy, that I did not go to my appointment My soul was sad. I repaired to my closet; and, while going, the thought occurred to me, that I might feel the sanctifying power of Jesus' blood just now if I would believe. By faith I beheld that altar all dripping with hallowed blood. I asked to be cleansed just now. I felt the waves of that purple blood as they washed over my soul; and, receiving the spirit of holiness, I cried, "Abba, Father!" The spirit now bore witness with my spirit that I was wholly the Lords.

That aching void within my soul is now filled with God; and I can say, "He is mine, and I am His." Oh, how simple the way! -- to ask in faith, and believe that He answers prayer, and accepts the sacrifice of a broken heart. The work of the Lord now prospers in my hand. Twenty-five have, within a few weeks, sought and found pardon in Jesus' blood. The work is going on among the people and in my own heart.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer

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THE END