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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

**A. B. SMITH**  
**(Methodist)**

In 1859 as rescued by the hand of Jesus from the horrible pit and miry clay of infidelity, and I felt called at once to preach the Gospel of Christ. Without stopping to mend my net, I proceeded at once to obey the call.

In 1860 I joined the N. W. Wisconsin Conference. In 1863 I was stationed at Hudson City, here I became acquainted with a devoted sister, Mrs. S. L. Coon, who, at once, introduced the subject of holiness, asking me "if I felt that the blood of Jesus cleaned me from all unrighteousness." To which I replied. "I did not." She then said, "How can you preach a whole Saviour until you are wholly saved." These words pierced my heart like a dagger, and I, at once, felt the need of being wholly saved or sanctified to God. But, being unwilling to comply with the conditions necessary to the reception of the blessing, or, in other words, to slay my Isaacs, and cast away my idols and garment of self-righteousness, I continued to grovel in darkness, attempting to score and hew to the line. I received in this condition most of the chips in my own face. I continued, however, to labor against wind and tide by moonlight, until the hand of affliction laid heavily upon me, and all hopes of my life was despaired of. In the meantime, my faithful Sister C. was praying for my recovery. (I shall ever believe that it was in answer to that faithful prayer I was restored.) She came to my bed-side, saying, "Dear brother, how can we give you up? O! yield, and live. I then began to examine myself. I was deeply wrought upon by the Divine Spirit. I began to cry, "Lord, save, or I perish." But Satan was not to be turned from his stronghold so easily. He, at once, spread before me the riches and honors of earth, saying, "all this I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down, and worship me." I heeded him not, but cried unto God to save me from all unrighteousness, and after three days and nights of painful struggle, I did what I should have done in so many minutes, I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and was made every whit whole. Glory, glory to the Lamb. I now promised my blessed Saviour, if I was ever permitted to come before my congregation again, I would there confess that His blood cleansed me from all sin. From that moment I began to recover, and to the surprise of my hearers, I was soon permitted to appear before them again. Now came the trying hour, I was in the presence of some persons I knew were opposed to this doctrine. I did not want to offend them; they were my dear friend, my supporters,

the pillars in the Church. I began to think how I could let the people know what Jesus had done for me, in such a way as not to give offense to any. My soul was full of glory and of God. Hallelujah! I felt like shouting, but I thought that would not sound well in such a fashionable congregation so I grieved the Spirit, but rose to tell what Jesus had done, and fearing man more than God, I threw a vail over the face of my Saviour, lest His glory would dazzle the eyes of some of my friends. In a moment, a vail of thick darkness enveloped my soul, and I as left almost speechless before the people. On dismissing, my congregation, I retired to my study, I fell upon my knees and wept; imploring salvation, but not receiving, I soon became discouraged, and gave over the struggle. In that condition I continued to preach, until August 16, 1867. My health being impaired, I sought a more Southern clime.

June 1, 1867, I left the Northwest for the State of Maryland, where I have been laboring since July 1, 1867. August 11, I attended a camp-meeting, at Laytonsville. At night, preached from Matthew v. 8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." While preaching I was deeply convicted again for the blessing. I was so deeply wrought upon, that I could not remain upon the ground. On Tuesday morning I left for my home, fully resolved never to preach again, until the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all sin. I continued in agonizing prayer until Friday night. Just before retiring, I was enabled to make a full consecration of all to God. I felt a sweet peace come over my soul, filled with glory and with God, and, in the language of the poet, I could say,

"I, too, with Thee, shall walk in white;  
With all Thy saints shall prove;  
The length, and depth, and breadth, and heighth,  
Of everlasting love."

The same day I returned to the camp ground; listened to a discourse from Brother J. W. Hoover of Washington D. C., which was truly a feast to my soul. I was invited to close by exhortation I gladly accepted, as it gave me an opportunity to tell what Jesus had done for my soul. I told them I felt the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all sin. While thus confessing the blessing, a shower of divine grace descended upon my heart, spreading its influence over the congregation, whose hearts melted into tenderness, and their eyes into tears. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord, oh, my soul! was the language of many hearts. At night I preached from the following, "Oh, that thou hast hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the wave of the sea." Isaiah lxvii. 18. From that time to this my peace has been as a river. To God be all the glory!

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer

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THE END