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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

JOHN H. STEWART
(Methodist)

Forty-three years ago, last December, God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins.
Twenty-seven years since, I commenced preaching the gospel. I labored more than fifteen years in
great weakness, and had some success in my efforts to lead souls to Christ: yet how to lead these
on in the divine life, was exceedingly difficult to me.

I knew the gospel proclaimed a free and full salvation. And I tried to preach the whole
gospel. Often while thus doing, it would come back to me, "Get saved yourself, then you can save
those that hear you." Then I would begin to search my heart, and always found an unwillingness to
deny self fully, take the cross daily, and follow Christ.

In the summer of 1846, while preaching from the words, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as
your Father which is in heaven is perfect," in the midst of my discourse, the power of God rested
down upon me. I fell prostrate on the floor, and then and there offered a sacrifice acceptable to
God, and by faith received the virtue of the atonement; cleansing my heart from all sin, and filling
me with love, perfect love to God and man. I arose, and praised God for sanctifying grace. Now
selfishness seemed annihilated. I could glory in the cross. And, just so far as I have observed these
first principle, I have walked in the light.

Eighteen years have passed away since I obtained the witness of perfect love. I am now
sick, and laid aside from labor, yet am holding sweet communion with Jesus, my Saviour. I have
no anxiety about worldly things, and am permitted to see God within and all around me. I reckon
myself dead, and my life hid with Christ in God.

O blessed Christ! I hear Thy loving voice,
Its tender accents make my soul rejoice,
Soft and more sweet than summer breezes be,
Bidding me walk with Thee --
Alone With Thee.

And now I come! I come! My spirit flies
To meet Thee here, and the bright bending skies
Are canopied above me,
while unfettered, free, I walk and talk with Thee --
Alone with Thee.

The way is bright with footprints saints have trod,
From vale to summit, pressing on to God;
and all the shining track unfold to me
While close I cling to Thee --
Alone with Thee.

I stand on heights, and airs celestial blow,
In valleys green, where whitest lilies grow,
While all the land shows fair and bright to me;
For I am still with Thee --
Alone with Thee.

O'er roughest paths my toilsome way I press,
But joy absorbs all pain and weariness:
For nearer still Thy shining form I see,
And it is rest to be --
Alone with Thee.

Somewhere beyond the hills of beauty rise
The glorious sun-crowned peaks of Paradise,
King of that lovely land, What bliss to be,
In fellowship with Thee --
Alone with Thee!

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer

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THE END