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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

Three accounts:

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ACCOUNT #1

**CHAPTER 36 -- PERSONAL TESTIMONY
From hdm3377 -- "Old Corn" by David B. Updegraff**

**"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his
troubles." -- Psalms 34:6.**

**I have yielded to the impression that I ought not to close this book without
giving its readers as clear an insight as possible into my own heart's experience in
the "Way of Holiness." I have felt that to hesitate to do so would be inconsistent
with the teachings of these chapters. It is of this blessed experience that this book
has been born. Whatever I may have said, or done, or written to the glory of God or
for the good of men, has, in fact, been the outgrowth of an experimental knowledge
of the truth set forth in these pages. I have seen so much debate and questioning
arise on account of vagueness in personal testimony that I have felt that I ought to
be definite. May it all be for the glory of God, and for the comfort and blessing of
every beloved brother and sister who accepts this invitation into the sacred
sanctuary of my secret audience with the King.**

**What I say will be the utterance of a grateful heart, and I trust it shall be
spoken in true humility. My parents and grandparents were all of the highest type of
religious people. Two of my grandparents were ministers, and one of them died in a
foreign land, while on a religious mission. My father was an elder in the church, a
man of devout and sterling piety, while my saintly mother was a preacher of the
glorious gospel theft she loved so much, and understood so well. They read and
believed in President Finney, and he was their personal friend; but his Caleb-like**

spirit and full gospel was fully forty years in advance of our Israel; and, in consequence, "stoning with stones" (Num. 14:10) was a common occupation in those days, and not wholly a lost art in this.

Their greatest desire for their children was that they might glorify God in this life and enjoy Him forever. I cannot doubt that I was solemnly given to God from my birth. My infant lips were taught to pray, and when I said,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

I really expected Him to do it. Precious is the memory of those days of childish innocence, and mother love, when home and heaven seemed almost interchangeable terms. My young heart was not a stranger to the gracious visitations of the Spirit of God, and was often melted under the power of His love. But as I grew up, I grew in sinfulness and in rebellion against God. Though mercifully preserved from many sins of a gross and disgraceful character, I was often in great distress of soul because of those I did commit. At such times I would earnestly repent in secret, and cry unto God for mercy. I deeply realized the wickedness of my heart, and the weakness of my efforts to withstand temptation. Many covenants were made with God, and often, though not always, broken. The prayers, restraints, and instructions of faithful parents were not lost upon me. God had respect unto their covenant for their children. I see it now as I could not then. I want to praise the Lord for His answer to prayers for guidance, even in my rebellious boyhood, and for His manifest direction in the most important undertakings of my life.

After being settled in life I renewed my covenants with God, and sought to do right, because it was right. I was a member of the church, and grew jealous of the peculiarities of my denomination. I was "zealous toward God, according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers." For ten years or more I proved that this law "gendereth to bondage." I certainly did "fear the Lord," but it is a poor service that is rendered by one who is only a servant, when he ought to be a son. And I had not "received the adoption of a son." I know now that I was simply a legalist, "kept under the law, shut up unto the faith, which should afterwards be revealed." In this dispensation of the Father, with the "bondwoman" for their mother, multitudes of professors that are in doubt as to their position, might properly locate themselves. "There is a remembrance again made of sins every year," since "the law makes nothing perfect," not even the conscience. In a Methodist meeting, when more than thirty years of age, God met me in wondrous power. And I met the test of public confession of sins and need of the Savior. It was a hard struggle, for I was proud and stubborn, but my dear wife joined me at the penitents' form, and we mingled our tears and prayers together. I thank God to this day for the depth and pungency of old-fashioned conviction. Rebellion against God was seen and felt to be the awful damning thing that it is. I was glad to submit to God, and agree to His terms -- any terms in order to have peace with Him. But the witness of the Spirit did not come;

and after all others had retired, I had it out with my Lord in the silent watches of the night, upon my library floor. And, as people sometimes say by way of emphasis, I was converted through and through. And I knew it! I was free as a bird. "Justified by faith," I had peace with God. His Spirit witnessed with my spirit that I was born again.

I was at once a glad and willing witness to the power of Jesus to save. For a time I was faithful and obedient, and then came waywardness, neglect and disobedience. This brought severe chastening and suffering from the hand of the Lord, followed by restoration of soul. My consecration to His service was renewed from time to time. I longed to see God glorified in the salvation of souls and the liberation of the church. Several years had passed since I had found the liberty of the sons of God; and yet I had seen few brought into the kingdom. To be sure, I was only a business man, and was utterly averse to the idea of being a minister. I greatly desired to serve both God and men in a quiet and unobtrusive way. The church began to lay some work upon me, but I shrank from it with a deep sense of unfitness. And then I felt within me a quenchless protest against the formalism and regularity of death all about me. Irregularity is the most dreaded foe of a legal, lifeless church. My nature instinctively shrank from the conflict, I felt it far more than I could understand it. But I determined to have a meeting where the Lord should have right of way, and the practical work of soul saving be done. Accordingly, my house was opened to all who would come to evening meetings, during our yearly meeting week in 1869. Our parlors were filled with earnest people, and without were those who were watching and waiting to see whereunto this would grow. The Scriptures were read, prayers offered, hymns were sung, testimonies were given and souls were blessed. But it was all unusual, and quite irregular in those days. We had live meetings, and living things are always irregular, while dead things never are. I began to learn what real loyalty to God was to cost, and that if really led by the Spirit of God, according to His word, reproaches and other like blessings that Jesus had promised, would become a reality.

In conducting a few of these meetings, I learned a great deal of myself. I was somewhat troubled by the people and the circumstances around me, but I discovered one "old man" who gave me more trouble than all the others, and he was within me. "His deeds" had been put off, and truly there was "no condemnation," but whenever I "would do good" he was present with me. His omnipresence was something wonderful to my opening eyes. And he was there, to "war against the law of my mind" with a resolute purpose to "bring me into captivity to the law of sin." If he succeeded, even partially, I was humbled and grieved, and if he did not succeed, I was in distress with fear lest he might. Some special incidents were greatly blessed to me. I began to see quite clearly that the "law was weak through the flesh." I hated pride, ambition, evil tempers and vain thoughts, but I had them, and they were a part of me. They were not acts to be repented of and forgiven at all, but dispositions lying behind the acts and prompting thereto, natural to the old man and inseparable from his presence in my being.

I began to cry to God to "cast him out." As I did this, there came a great "hunger and thirst after righteousness," that I might be "filled with all the fullness of God." My new nature speedily developed wonderful aptitudes for "holiness." I longed for a "clean heart and a right spirit," and this yearning increased until one memorable evening, after the close of the series of meetings referred to, when a few of us met at my sister's for prayer and conference. Up to this time I had never heard a straight sermon on holiness, nor read a treatise upon it, nor seen any one who claimed the experience for themselves. It had never occurred to me that I had not received the Holy Ghost since I believed. Knowing as much of the work of the blessed Spirit upon my heart as I undoubtedly had, I supposed, as a matter of course, that I had been "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire." His creative work in regeneration, and His destructive work in sanctification, are distinctions of great importance, but not clearly seen by me at that time. And I might have answered much as the Ephesians answered Paul in Acts 19:2, had I been asked the same question. I had not even heard of such an experience. But there was present with us a brother who had heard that grand and dauntless herald of the cross, John S. Inskip, and his noble band of compeers at Round Lake. And he earnestly told us of their wonderful meetings, and preaching of consecration and holiness. It was only a spark of God's fire that was needed to kindle into a flame the sacrifice that was placed upon His altar. As I went upon my knees, it was with the resolute purpose of "presenting my body a living sacrifice to God," and of proving His word that the "altar sanctifieth the gift." But I speedily found myself in the midst of a severe conflict. There passed quickly and clearly before me every obstacle to entire consecration, and "a life hid with Christ in God." How the "old man" plead for his life! The misapprehensions, suspicions, sneers and revilings of carnal professors were all pictured before me, and they were not exaggerations, either. Selfishness, pride and prejudice all rose in rebellion and did their utmost. But I could not, would not, draw back. Every "vile affection" was resolutely nailed to the cross. Denominational standing, family, business, reputation, friends, time, talent and earthly store, were quickly and irrevocably committed to the sovereign control and disposal of my Almighty Savior. It came to be easy to trust Him, and I had no sooner reckoned myself "dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God," than the "Holy Ghost fell" upon me, just as I suppose He did "at the beginning."

Instantly, I felt the melting and refining fire of God permeate my whole being. Conflict was a thing of the past. I had entered into "rest." I was nothing and nobody, and glad that it was settled that way. It was a luxury to get rid of ambitions. The glory of the Lord shone round about me, and, for a little season. I was "lost in wonder, love and praise." I was deeply conscious of the presence of God within me, and of His sanctifying work. Nothing seemed so sweet as His will, His law written in the heart after the chaff had been burned out. It was no effort to realize that I loved the Lord with all my heart, and mind, and strength, and my neighbor as myself. My calmness and absolute repose in God was a wonder to me. But I cannot describe it all. It was a "weight of glory."

"O matchless bliss of perfect love,

It lifts me up to things above."

When I rose from my knees I was constrained to speak of what God had wrought, the best I knew how. The people looked so different! I had new eyes! I felt so different that I examined myself, to see if I was the same person. When the next day I rode out upon my farm, I felt that every acre belonged to God, and I was only a tenant at will. The hills and fields and flocks and trees were all more beautiful as they clapped their hands in praise. On the Sabbath following, I broke the silence of our meeting, by a testimony to the truth as I had found it in Jesus. I do not remember what I said, but I am sure that I preached about "perfect love," for I was in the enjoyment of that blessing, though perfectly innocent of terminology, and I have been at it ever since.

I record this narrative of the way in which I have been led by the good hand of my God, with the hope and earnest prayer that He may make it a comfort and a blessing to those who may read it. It is both a duty and a privilege to "show forth the praises" of the Lord Jesus. It is of Him and His work that I speak, and not of myself, or "frames of mind." It was Jesus that I found as a complete Savior. And it is Jesus that abides as my sanctification, wisdom and redemption. It is His blood that cleanses from all sin, and His Spirit alone that protects from the assaults of the devil. It is to the Holy Spirit that I look for the power that preserves from committing sin, and He is able to do it, and to "keep us from falling."

The special experience just related is now twenty-three years in the past, and might be a dead and forgotten thing, but that moment by moment the blood has cleansed, and the Spirit has indwelt in answer to a perpetuated faith and obedience to God. During all these years the mode of my life, which was inaugurated in that hour, when I received the "baptism with the Holy Ghost," has been totally different from that which preceded it. It began a new era in my Christian life. I have had abundant time and occasion to scrutinize the reality and nature of the work wrought then, and perpetuated ever since. I have often had such a sense of my own unworthiness and human imperfections as to be well nigh overwhelmed. But then I had settled it that Jesus was my worthiness, and as to human or legal perfection, David had seen the "end" of that long ago. In and of myself I am neither holier nor stronger than before.

"But this I do find We two are so joined, That He'll not be in glory And leave me behind."

What I am, I am by the grace of God. What I do, I do "through Christ who strengtheneth me." And if God cannot "work in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure," we cannot retain our experience. We must "work out our salvation." "The willing and obedient shall eat the fat of the land," and none others.

But entire sanctification, and the filling of the Spirit, means a quickened conscience, as tender as the apple of the eye. It means a keen sense of the revealed

word of God. It means an obedience that does not stand to debate and reason, and wonder about results. It means the priestly service of a true Levite, who is bearing the ark of God some paces in advance of the rank and file of the slow marching church, that has much of its inheritance on the wilderness side of Jordan.

It is only when men are really "crucified with Christ" and "filled with the Holy Ghost" that they are fitted to act as the forerunners of the Lord Jesus. For all such must pass through their Gethsemanes alone, in a distant likeness to Christ. Too advanced for the multitude, they are even strange to the best of friends. Then there is the consciousness of unrequited toil, unacknowledged sacrifice and unappreciated service, that would be fearfully galling were it not for that sweet sense of privilege, which comes of "putting on Christ," and seeking "the reward that comes from God only." And self-devotion is the secret of all heroic life. Calling forth the very best there is in us, and always strengthened by a tonic of "bitter herbs." Oh! the blessedness of trusting God to keep all of our accounts, sure that He will see to it that we get our dues, without any jealous anxiety on our part.

All of this, and much more, is involved, if we continue to "walk in the light as He is in the light, and have fellowship with God."

And it is in this matter of obeying Him, of keeping His commandments, of "walking as he walked," that multitudes draw back and lapse into their old ways of thinking and acting. When "iniquity abounds the love of many shall wax cold," many "hearts are overcharged with surfeiting and cares of this life." And then the spirit of persecution is still rife in the church. The same generation carries it on, that "were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming." Paul's custom was to "reason and persuade" and "warn," though "all men forsook" him, which indeed they did. But he lived in the thirteenth of Corinthians, and "the Lord stood with him and strengthened him." The family of "Demas" (popular) is a very large one, and, true to the instincts of the old nature, "love this present world," and will always go back to it, rather than go forward with Christ, at the cost of being unpopular and suffering reproach. To "rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings," is almost a lost art in our day. Oh! that we may believe that Jesus means what He says when He bids us "Rejoice and leap for joy, when men shall hate you and shall separate you from their company, and reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake."

Now the secret of victory is in trusting God and holding still in quietness and assurance; allowing Satan to stretch the last link in his chain without quivering. And if thus kept in the love of God, and in sweetness and patience, while "fighting the fight of faith," we shall "always triumph through Christ." Glory be to Jesus! It takes a little time for Haman to build his gallows, and get things all fixed, but Mordecai has no concern about it, whether it takes a time longer or shorter, since the coming execution is not to be his, but Haman's. He simply did his duty without compromise.

**"Oh for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!"**

How the lives of the old saints who "quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, and waxed valiant in fight," inspire us with loyalty and courage! How much more such lives of faith in the Son of God, and victory through Him, when lived all about us! There are some such. May God increase the number! I pray that these utterances may be used of Him to assist some into the land of victorious warfare, and encourage others already there to push the battle to the gate. I have written for such as these and not for the "wise," or "the disputer of this world"; not for such as are "ever learning and never coming to a knowledge of the truth." For these I pray, and for myself, that I may more and more be enabled to publish this great salvation, and continually to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God." "Brethren, pray for us that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men." Glory to His name!

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ACCOUNT #2

**DAVID B. UPDEGRAFF
(Society of Friends)**

I was born near Mount Pleasant, Ohio, on the 23d of August, 1830. I cannot doubt that I was solemnly given to God from my birth by pious parents. My infant lips were taught to pray, and when I said,

**"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"**

I really expected Him to do it. My young heart was not a stranger to the gracious visitations of the Spirit of God, and was often melted by the power of His love. But as I grew up I grew in sinfulness and in rebellion against God. Though mercifully preserved from many sins of a gross and disgraceful character, I was often in great distress of soul because of those I did commit. At such times I would earnestly repent in secret and cry unto God for mercy. Many covenants were thus made and often, though not always broken. The covenants, prayers, restraints and instructions of faithful parents were not lost upon me. After being settled in life I renewed my covenants with God, and sought to do right because it was right. I was a birthright-member of the Church and was "zealous toward God according to the perfect manner of the law of my father." I certainly did "fear the Lord," and was a

"servant" under the law that "gendereth to bondage" for many years. But I had not "received the adoption of a son."

In March, 1864, I made this full discovery. The Gospel of God came to me with great power. I met the test of public confession of sins and my need of the Saviour. It was a hard struggle, for I was proud and stubborn: but I was determined to yield myself to God, and did it.

My spiritual conflict was somewhat protracted, but it came to an end in the silent watches of the night, and I had "peace with God." His Spirit witnessed with my spirit that I was His child. I was at once a glad and willing witness to the reality of justification by faith and the birth of the Spirit. I loved to tell of the power of Jesus to save and of the gladness He had put into my heart. But, first neglect, then disobedience, then waywardness interfered with my Christian life.

Chastening and suffering from the hand of the Lord was followed by restoration of soul. Then a more conscious and definite consecration of my service to the blessed Saviour. I had longed to see God glorified in the salvation of souls and the enlargement of the Church. Some years had passed since I had found the liberty of the sons of God; but I saw that few were being brought into the kingdom. To be sure, I was only a business man, and utterly averse to the idea of being a minister. I greatly desired to serve both God and man, but in a quiet and unobtrusive way. The Church was laying a little work upon me, from which I shrank with a deep sense of unfitness. I felt it far more than I could understand it. But as the Lord opened the door I stepped in, and soon began to learn what real loyalty to God was to cost, and that if led by the Spirit of God, and according to His Word, reproaches and like blessings, promised by the Saviour, would become a reality. I had always regarded these rather as a consequence of blunders made by people who could not manage to keep out of them. There were a good many people who gave me trouble; but as I learned more of myself I discovered one "old man" who gave me more trouble than all the others, and he was a member of my "own household." "His deeds" had been put off, and truly there was "no condemnation," yet when "I would do good" he was present with me and he was there to "war against the law of my mind," with a resolute purpose to "bring me into captivity to the law of sin."

If he succeeded even partially I was humbled and grieved, and if he did not I was in distress with fear lest he might. The Lord taught me by some special providences, and I began to understand more clearly how that "the law was weak through the flesh." I hated pride, ambition, evil tempers and vain thoughts, but I had them for all of that, and they were a part of me not as acts to be repented of and forgiven, but dispositions lying behind the acts, and promptings thereto, natural to the old man and inseparable from his presence in my being.

I began to ask God, with a measure of faith, to "cast him out." Along with this desire there came a great "hunger and thirst" to be "filled with all the fullness of

God." I longed for a clean heart and a constant spirit." In such an attitude of soul I attended a special meeting for conference and prayer on a memorable evening early in September, 1869.

As I went upon my knees it was with the resolute purpose of "presenting my body a living sacrifice to God." Such were my relations with Him that I saw a new light and a new privilege in entire consecration, and set about it with great delight. But I speedily found myself in the midst of a severe conflict. There passed quickly before me the obstacles in the way, and the "things to be suffered for Jesus' sake." The misapprehensions, suspicions, and revilings of carnal professors, as well as the conflicts with the world, the flesh, and the devil. And they were not the exaggerations of fancy, either; selfishness, pride and prejudice joined forces and rose in rebellion, while the "old man" pleaded for his life. But I could not, would not draw back.

"Vile affections" were resolutely nailed to the cross, and those things that "were gain to me" -- denominational standing, family, business, friends, possessions, time, talent and reputation -- were irrevocably committed to the sovereign control and disposal of my Almighty Saviour. With my all upon the altar I had no sooner reckoned myself "dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God" than the "Holy Ghost fell" upon me. Instantly I felt the melting and refining fire of God permeating my whole being. I had entered into rest. I was nothing and nobody, and glad that it was forever settled that way. It was a conscious luxury to get rid of ambitions and self-will, and have my heart cry out for nothing but the will of God.

I was deeply conscious of His presence and of His sanctifying work. It was not an effort to realize that I loved the Lord with all my heart and mind and strength, and my neighbor as myself. The inmost calm and repose in God, of that time, that day, that hour, was a wonder to me then, and it continues to be so still. It was, and it is, the "peace of God that passeth understanding."

The witness of the Spirit to entire sanctification was as clear and unmistakable to my own soul as it was in the experience of justification. I have had abundant time and occasion in the nearly nineteen years that have passed, to scrutinize and test the reality and nature of the work wrought then, and perpetuated since by the power of the Holy Ghost. In and of myself I am neither holier nor stronger than before. But I have learned that this wondrous baptism with the Holy Ghost is the secret of stability in the Christian character as well as success.

True, it is not a state that is necessarily immutable, but rather a more of life which may and ought to be maintained by a perpetual faith in Jesus and His promises. His constant abiding perpetuates a disposition to do the will of God. And our obedience in allowing Him to "work in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure" constrains Him to abide.

I have proven the secret of victory in the life to be quietness, assurance, and obedience, loving God supremely. It must be a supreme dread lest we offend Him. And if grieving the Spirit of God is regarded as the greatest evil that could befall us, the fear of man will not ensnare our feet, and our eyes will keep single and the whole body full of light.

Let Satan stretch the last link in his chain -- it is still too short; he cannot reach us. For the "Mighty to save" is both able and willing to keep His own from the commission of sin, as well as to atone for and pardon sins already committed.

Bless His holy name. "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment." "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto the death." Amen.

DAVID B. UPDEGRAFF, Third Month, Fifth Day, 1888.

Source: "Forty Witnesses" by Rev. S. Olin Garrison

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ACCOUNT #3

"And he called the name of the place Peniel, for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." -- Gen. 32:30.

This is the most momentous thing we have to record in connection with David B. Updegraff. Not because of remarkable attendant phenomena, but because of its subjective results in his own character, and its relative bearings upon his work and ministry. It is safe to affirm that the world and the church at large would never have known him but for this mighty work of grace. It is quite certain that many men and women of marked talents and ability are never known and used for lack of the Baptism with the Holy Ghost. Their talents are buried in napkins, and many of them come to entertain hard thoughts about their Master, as did the wicked and slothful servant. True, his natural force of character might have won him distinction in lines of business, or ways of the world. True, too, that the first work of grace had begun to draw out his heart in affectionate desire and in loving efforts to be, in some way, a blessing to those around him. But David Updegraff, the preacher, pastor, evangelist, champion of religious liberty, religious author and editor, was not born until that memorable night when he passed over into the Canaan of Perfect Love.

In a sense not intended by the original, his case demonstrated that there were "giants in that land." Certain it is that there were battles of the Lord in which he fought a valiant, aggressive warfare, in which he had never enlisted, nor could ever have waged a successful fight, until he received the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon him.

We are disposed to linger here because of the importance of this matter, as it affects thousands of Christians all around us, and indeed, the general type of the Christianity of our times. It will be found in David Updegraff's history that a man can have the average experience of converted men, and yet be a cipher (comparatively, at least) in God's work, without the blessing of entire sanctification; though evidently meant and called of God to do a great Providential work.

It is safe to believe that few Christians find their true calling until they have found this great blessing, and that many live misspent lives for lack of it.

It is to be remembered, too, that the type of the Christian work to which this man of God devoted himself was entirely above and beyond that which engages the zeal of many of our most active Christians. No doubt much that is built on Christ these days, is of the nature of "wood, and hay, and stubble" -- not wrong or useless things, but things which will, nevertheless, not stand fire, and are not calculated for eternal endurance. But he gave himself and all his ransomed powers to the "gold and silver and precious stones." He was not diverted to the material, civil or physical aspects of Christian work. The work of actual salvation, and of spiritual upbuilding monopolized his head and heart and hand.

What is to be distinctly noted is, that in seeking this blessing, it was not the objective, but the subjective, which engaged his attention. That is, he sought not with reference to public work or enduement for service, but with reference, solely, to personal experience and state of heart. This is of great interest, since it furnishes us an instance of sanctification sought for its own sake. Holiness wanted because God is holy, and not because holiness would make him great or wise or mighty.

Much that is emphasized by many as the sole or main feature of the promised baptism with the Holy Ghost, is at best meant to be only secondary; often it is only incidental. But David Updegraff was under conviction for the thing itself, and for the very heart of it, at that. Cloven tongues as of fire, rushing mighty winds, etc., were of no account to him, save only as he came the better to interpret and apply their symbolic meaning. Gifts of tongues, or knowledge, or healing, or miracle working, were not what he followed after, but that Charity which embraces all the graces and completes the symmetry of Christian character and experience. Men now, as in Paul's time, make the mistake of preferring gifts to grace. They seek the showy before the saving. They imagine that God is more concerned in what they are to do for Him than what they are to be. Sanctification deals first with being, rather than doing.

We hear now his own testimony.

"I determined to have a meeting where the Lord should have right of way, and the practical work of soul saving be done. Accordingly, my house was opened to all who would come to evening meetings, during our yearly meeting week in 1869. Our

parlors were filled with earnest people, and without were those who were watching and waiting to see whereunto this would grow. The Scriptures were read, prayers offered, hymns were sung, testimonies were given and souls were blessed. But it was all unusual and quite irregular in those days. We had live meetings, and living things are always irregular, while dead things never are. I began to learn what real loyalty to God was to cost, and that if really led by the Spirit of God, according to His word, reproaches and other like blessings that Jesus had promised, would become a reality.

"In conducting a few of these meetings, I learned a great deal of myself. I was somewhat troubled by the people and the circumstances around me, but I discovered one 'old man' who gave me more trouble than all the others, and he was within me. 'His deeds' had been put off, and truly there was 'no condemnation,' but whenever I 'would do good,' he was present with me. His omnipresence was something wonderful to my opening eyes. And he was there, to 'war by the law of sin.' If he succeeded, even partially, I was humbled and grieved, and if he did not succeed, I was in distress with fear lest he might. Some special incidents were greatly blessed to me. I began to see quite clearly, that the 'Law [of God within] was weak through the flesh.' I hated pride, ambition, evil tempers and vain thoughts, but I had them and they were a part of me. They were not acts to be repented of and forgiven at all, but dispositions lying behind the acts and prompting thereto, natural to the 'old man' and inseparable from his presence in my being.

"I began to cry to God to 'cast him out.' As I did this, there came a great 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' that I might be 'filled with all the fullness of God.' My new nature speedily developed wonderful aptitude for 'holiness.' I longed for a 'clean heart and a right spirit,' and this yearning increased until one memorable evening, after the close of the series of meetings referred to, when a few of us met at my sister's for prayer and conference. Up to this time I had never heard a straight sermon on holiness, nor read a treatise upon it, nor seen any one who claimed the experience for himself. It had never occurred to me that I had not received the Holy Ghost since I believed. Knowing as much of the work of the blessed Spirit upon my heart as I undoubtedly had, I supposed, as a matter of course, that I had been 'baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.' His creative work in regeneration, and His destructive work in sanctification, are distinctions of great importance, but not clearly seen by me at that time. And I might have answered much as the Ephesians answered Paul in Acts 19:2, had I been asked the same question. I had not even heard of such an experience. But there was present with us a brother who had heard that grand and dauntless herald of the cross, John S. Inskip, and his noble band of compeers at Round Lake. And he earnestly told us of their wonderful meetings, and preaching of consecration and holiness. It was only a spark of God's fire that was needed to kindle into a flame the sacrifice that was placed upon His altar. As I went upon my knees, it was with the resolute purpose of 'presenting my body a living sacrifice to God,' and of proving His word that the 'altar sanctifieth the gift.' But I speedily found myself in the midst of a severe conflict. There passed quickly and clearly before me every obstacle to entire

consecration, and 'a life hid with Christ in God.' How the 'old man' plead for his life! The misapprehensions, suspicions, sneers and revilings of carnal professors were all pictured before me, and they were not exaggerations, either. Selfishness, pride and prejudice all rose in rebellion, and did their utmost. But I could not, would not draw back. Every 'vile affection' was resolutely nailed to the cross. Denominational standing, family, business, reputation, friends, time, talent and earthly store, were quickly and irrevocably committed to the sovereign control and disposal of my Almighty Savior. It came to be easy to trust Him, and I had no sooner reckoned myself 'dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God,' than the 'Holy Ghost fell upon me,' just as I supposed He did 'at the beginning.'

"Instantly I felt the melting and refining fire of God permeate my whole being. Conflict was a thing of the past. I had entered into 'rest.' I was nothing and nobody, and was glad that it was settled that way. It was a luxury to get rid of ambitions. The glory of the Lord shone round about me, and for a little season, I was 'lost in wonder, love and praise.' I was deeply conscious of the presence of God within me, and of His sanctifying work. Nothing seemed so sweet as His will, His law written in the heart after the chaff had been burned out. It was no effort to realize that I loved the Lord with all my heart, and mind and strength, and my neighbor as myself. My calmness and absolute repose in God was a wonder to me. But I cannot describe it all. It was a 'weight of glory.'

'O matchless bliss of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above.'"

We shall here take the liberty of analyzing this experience for the benefit of our readers.

We notice, first, the circumstances under which he felt this deep conviction. 'Twas "In conducting a few of these meetings." These were meetings, let it be remembered, improvised by himself and designed to "let the Lord have right of way that the practical work of soulsaving should be done." They were held at his own house, and we infer from some of the foregoing remarks, at the cost of some disapproval from those who esteemed everything that was alive to be irregular and unallowable. He evidently, then, was neither unconverted nor backslidden. The fire of Christian love was burning in his bones and making its own vent.

He is enabled to locate his trouble. What a mercy it is when one is enabled to do this. "I learned a great deal of myself. I was somewhat troubled by the people and circumstances round me, but I discovered an 'old man' who gave me more trouble than all the others, and he was within me." This is conviction of inbred sin. And how clearly defined the type of his conviction was. He adds, "His deeds had been put off, and truly there was no condemnation, but whenever I would do good he was present with me; His omnipresence was something wonderful to my opening eyes."

Prayer for purity follows. "I began to cry to God to cast him out." The Jew's departing wail was, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?" But one moved by Christian faith has more hope and cries out in strong desire:

"Break off the yoke of inbred sin
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee."

No accurate definition of his case. "It had never occurred to me that I had not received the Holy Ghost since I believed. His creative work in regeneration, and His destructive work in sanctification are distinctions of great importance, but not clearly seen by me at that time." We should remember this in dealing with other souls; Distinctions which are very clear to us now were not always so, and they may not be so to many who are seeking this grace. Nor is this clear definition of things in their minds and on their tongues, to be exacted as a condition of their receiving the grace. Doubtless it may greatly aid them; but no doubt, too, that many cross over into the land before they have mastered its geography.

Providential help supplied. The same sovereign love that sent Philip to minister light to the inquiring eunuch, will never let any seeking soul perish for lack of help. An Ananias must go to Saul of Tarsus, "for behold he prayeth." Cornelius shall learn from Peter what he shall do, for his prayers and his alms have come up as a memorial before God. So this earnest man, whose heart has been uncovered by the search light of the Spirit and who is now crying to be "washed and made whiter than snow," is not forsaken. "There was present with us a brother who had heard that grand and dauntless herald of the cross, John S. Inskip. He earnestly told us of their wonderful meetings and preaching of consecration and holiness. It was only a spark of God's fire that was needed to kindle into a flame the sacrifice that was placed upon His altar." We pause to remark that there is a certain incompleteness and measure of imperfection in all human helps on matters of salvation and spiritual life. We have sometimes wished that this were not so, and that we ourselves might be able to perfectly present the truth and adapt it to needy souls. But we feel otherwise now. We believe that God means to employ men as a scaffolding only in building up the temple of Holiness in other men's hearts. He is jealous of His own glory as their personal Savior; and jealous, too, of their faith, that it should stand in the power of God alone and not at all in the wisdom of man; that "Christ may be all and in all." We have heard Bro. Updegraff speak of this man, that he was neither a preacher nor yet quite a witness of this great salvation, but only a carrier of the news of what others were doing and saying and believing and receiving. An imperfect help in himself, but a sufficient help to give directness and intensity to David's prayer.

"I went upon my knees." Remember, beloved, he had never heard a sermon on Holiness in his life, and yet, with the conviction of his own heart, and the

message of a passing friend, he hurries to the Lord to complete "the great transaction." He adds: "It was with the resolute purpose of presenting my body a living sacrifice to God, and of proving His word, that the altar sanctifieth the gift."

Now it is evident that the mental assent and consent to these things which some persons think is consecration, and which they say they "do over and over again," is quite a shallow thing compared with what David Updegraff passed through on this eventful night. Hear again what he says about it: "I speedily found myself in the midst of a severe conflict. There passed quickly and clearly before me every obstacle to entire consecration. How the 'old man' plead for his life. The misapprehension, suspicion, sneers and revilings of carnal professors were all pictured before me. Selfishness, pride and prejudice all rose in rebellion and did their utmost. But I could not, would not draw back. Every 'vile affection' was resolutely nailed to the cross. Denominational standing, family, business, reputation, friends, time, talents and earthly store were quickly and irrevocably committed to the sovereign control of my Almighty Savior." This ends his consecration, which is the human side of sanctification; but only the human side. We reason that none but Christians are capable of it. We conclude both from the language of Scripture and from the testimony of those who have presented their bodies in entreaty thus, that it means "sacrifice" -- a sacrifice that is felt at the time and tested in time to come. This sacrifice is felt in proportion to the ardor of the self life before the surrender is made, and in proportion to the ardor of the spiritual life after it is made. Paul "counted all things loss" and then went on to suffer the loss of all things. Yet he esteemed them as refuse in comparison with the prize which he sought. Consecration thus furnishes no ground for self-complacency. It "is our reasonable service." Obedience to the command and spirit of consecration, however, brings the soul to a place where difficulties in the way of sanctifying faith are removed. He says: "It came to be easy to trust Him and I had no sooner reckoned myself 'dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God,' than the Holy Ghost fell upon me."

And now he describes the experience which followed: "Instantly I felt the melting and refining fire of God permeate my whole being. Conflict was a thing of the past. I had entered into rest. I was nothing and nobody, and glad it was settled that way. For a little season I was 'lost in wonder, love and praise.'"

"Nothing seemed so sweet as His law." "It was no effort to realize that I loved the Lord with all my heart and mind and strength, and my neighbor as myself." We note a few points of this experience. It was instantaneous; "instantly" is the word he uses. It inaugurated an end of the struggles of the wilderness; "Conflict was a thing of the past." It was subject of consciousness, both as to the presence of God and as to the work in himself. It was not only an emotion, but an experience of righteousness; "nothing so sweet as His law." After all this, it was still indescribable. "It was a weight of glory."

He at once felt the obligation of testimony. As it is written, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me." Those who advocate the retention of such an experience in silence only, and the withholding of personal testimony to it, are either ignorant or forgetful of underlying principles and laws of grace in general, and of this grace in particular. For "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." The confession of the mouth is as necessary in its order as the faith of the heart. Moreover, one must violate laws of nature as well as laws of grace, thus to check or choke the outpouring of his soul's gratitude and joy; for "for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

David Updegraff's feeling was that of an inability to conceal it. He could not but speak the things which he had seen and heard revealed and spoken to his soul. He says: "When I rose from my knees I was constrained to speak of what God had wrought, the best I knew how. The people looked so different. I had new eyes. I felt so different that I examined myself to see if I was the same person. When the next day I rode out upon my farm, I felt that every acre belonged to God, and that I was only a tenant at will. The hills and fields and flocks and trees were all more beautiful as they clapped their hands in praise to God."

The reader is now asking, perhaps, "Did it last?" Many, indeed, who do not doubt God's ability and willingness to sanctify, nevertheless, hesitate to be sanctified, lest they might not be able to "keep it" and "hold out." They think they could trust God's present power, but fear to venture out upon His preserving grace. For, to be "sanctified wholly" is one thing, and to be "preserved blameless" is another. The one is conditioned upon all act of faith, the other upon a habit of faith. The one is the direct and immediate work of the Spirit's baptism, the other is the continued faithfulness of the Indwelling Comforter. None can live upon a past experience, not even an experience so bright and clear as this of David Updegraff's. He never depended upon that blessing for his present salvation. It is no more lawful to idolize an experience than to worship a god of stone. Christian life is not sustained either by recollection or by anticipation, but by faith: "The just shall live by faith."

He says upon this point: "The special experience just related is now twenty-three years in the past, and might be a dead and forgotten thing, but moment by moment the blood has cleansed, and the Spirit has indwelt, in answer to a perpetuated faith and obedience to God. . . . During all these years the mode of my life, which was inaugurated in that hour, when I received the baptism with the Holy Ghost, has been totally different from that which preceded it. It began a new era in my Christian life. I have had abundant time and occasion to scrutinize the reality and nature of the work wrought then and perpetuated ever since. I have often had such a sense of my own unworthiness and human imperfections as to be well-nigh overwhelmed. But then I had settled it that Jesus was my worthiness, and as to human or legal perfection, the Psalmist had seen the end of that long ago. In and of

myself, I am neither holier nor stronger, than before. What I am, I am by the grace of God. What I do, I do through Christ strengthening me."

In closing this chapter, we would remark that, if history furnished no parallels, and if Scripture gave us no precedents of such an epochal experience as this, we might be tempted to class it with the extraordinary gifts and qualifications with which God sometimes endows those whom He would set apart as chosen vessels for some special work. That is, we would list it with the prophetic gifts of the Old Dispensation, rather than as the supreme and universal grace of the New, intended for all believers. but the Spirit of God reveals the need of such a visitation in the life and experience of every truly converted person. The promises of the Gospel offer it to all such, while nowhere presenting it to others. More are consenting now to "tarry at Jerusalem," in order to obtain this promise of the Father; and under such leaders as David Updegraff came to be, this great privilege of the church is being emphasized and restored. Praise the name of the Lord!

From hdm3374, "David By Updegraff and His Work" by Dougan Clark and Joseph H. Smith

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