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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

PETER WISEMAN

Peter Wiseman has taught in various holiness colleges, and was also a camp-meeting preacher. He was for a time pastor of the Detroit Holiness Tabernacle, and later served as an instructor in the Department of Theology at the Missionary Training Institute, Nyack, New York.

Though a church boy, having received the ordinances of the church in Christian baptism as a baby and having been confirmed at about the age of twelve, I did not know Christ as my personal Saviour. At the age of eighteen, I was brought under deep conviction for sin in a little holiness movement church in Montreal, Quebec, Canada, where two of my sisters had found Christ. I sought the Lord for some months but did not find Him, being ignorant of the way to Christ. The climax came, however, one evening at a camp meeting in Killarney, Manitoba, Canada. I went to this camp to find Christ. On a Saturday evening, the first Saturday of the ten-day camp, I sought earnestly again but failed. At the close of the service, I went outside the tabernacle and sat alone in the darkness. My struggle was desperate. The darkness in my soul became dense darkness. The great question in my mind was, "Is there any hope for me?" My heart felt as if it were in outer darkness. I felt the pain of a lost soul. In that moment, a precious man of God appeared and encouraged me, urging me to return to the altar of the tabernacle. With his help and God's help, I did.

Walking up toward the altar, I thought, "If there is mercy for me, surely I shall find it now." Falling at the altar, I let go my voice and cried out to God. Suddenly, within a minute, the heavens opened and salvation flowed into my poor, distressed soul like a mighty river. Then I took over and had my first Methodist class meeting. What a time I had, shouting and praising God! A little after midnight, I quieted down and retired for the night, wondering if I would still be saved in the morning. I did not know at that time that people did not backslide in their sleep.

That week of camp meeting was wonderful to me. I believed in every person and, best of all, I believed in God. What a time of feasting! I grew by leaps and bounds. On the last Saturday of this camp, in the afternoon, two young men came to talk to me about sanctification. The young men were two brothers and preachers. They asked me to go with them outside the campus to a quiet

spot for prayer, which I did. We knelt together. Wesley prayed. His brother, Andrew, prayed. It was my turn, and I prayed. Wesley prayed again. Andrew prayed again. Instead of praying again, I looked into Wesley's face and said, "I gave myself and my all to Christ last week, and I believe He will give me everything." Before I finished the sentence, a voice within my soul said, "Be thou clean." I was clean. Having finished the sentence, "I believe He will give me everything," I said, "It is done." I continued to look at Wesley and he at me. We just looked at each other for a minute or two, when he said, "If you have it, why stay here?" His look told me that he did not believe I had received the work of sanctification, but I knew within my soul. I did not know the voice within was that of the Holy Spirit, nor did I know the words, "Be thou clean," were scriptural; but I knew I was clean.

I look back today over more than forty years in the Christian ministry and thank God with all my heart that He led me into this glorious work in the soul by His blessed Holy Spirit through the atonement made by His Son on Calvary, appropriated by faith, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." This experience of sanctification did not deliver me from the weakness and infirmities peculiar to all human beings, but it did deliver me from inward sin...

Source: "Flames of Living Fire" by Bernie Smith

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THE END