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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

**MARY ELIZABETH CLARK (Methodist)**

Mary Elizabeth Clark, wife of Rev. Lucien Clark, of the Cincinnati Conference, was born in Lebanon, Ohio, October 19, 1889. Her parents, Robert and Jane Morris, were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From her infancy she was taught, by precept and example, the doctrines of the Christian religion. But it was not until she was fifteen years of age, that she was enabled to clearly see that a change of heart was absolutely necessary to bring her into fellowship with God, and to fit her soul for the inheritance of eternal life. At this period she was at Yellow Springs, Ohio, where she had gone to perfect her education. While pursuing her studies a gracious revival of religion occurred in the Methodist Episcopal Church. During this revival she was powerfully awakened and clearly converted. Her life, after conversion, was always consistent, her piety deep and uniform, and her labors abundant.

It was under the ministration of Rev. S. A. Brewster, while pastor of the church at Yellow Springs, that our sister became convinced that it was her privilege to enjoy, by a more perfect consecration of herself to God, a higher state of grace than simply regeneration. In accordance with this conviction she commenced immediately, intelligently, and earnestly to seek for the fullness of the blessing of God in Christ Jesus. And it was not long until she realized the truth of God's words, "That if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

In the faith and enjoyment of this great blessing our sister lived and died, and her bereaved and faithful husband's testimony is, that she not only professed, but that she possessed and lived this blessing in every-day life. Quiet and unassuming in her manners, she was not forward to proclaim the enjoyment of this higher spiritual life; and yet she was not reluctant, on suitable occasions, to glorify God in the acknowledgment of it.

On the 11th of October, 1864, she was joined in marriage to Rev. Lucien Clark, then stationed at Lebanon, Ohio. This holy union then bid fair to be of long duration, and fruitful in happiness and good works. Congenial spirits, they readily molded into one, and were helpmates indeed to each other. Smoothly and beautifully flowed the stream of their married life, as they with

united effort sought to fill the holy mission to which God had called them. But, alas! how soon a shadow fell on their path! About two years previous to her death a severe hemorrhage of the lungs announced the presence of that insidious and fatal disease that bears annually so many Americans, young and old, male and female, to the grave.

Slow, but steady and sure were the steps, gaining more and more power over its victim, until for three months previous to her death she was confined to her room. During this time she was visited by many of the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to one and all the same testimony of uniform joy, peace, faith, and hope was clearly given. Not one who visited her would hesitate to pronounce her ready for death. To her husband, when lamenting her sufferings, she said, "You ought to be thankful when this poor body is at rest! Oh, when shall this poor, tired body be at rest?" Again she said, "What a sweet release I will have from all this suffering when I am called home!" On another occasion she said, "It is hard work for these poor bodies to wear out. It takes all the grace I have to bear it. Why should I be discouraged? I must suffer it out. I know, in all probability, this will end in death; but I have no fear." She expressed herself in the clearest terms as being fully prepared.

After she was convinced that she could not recover, she was very anxious that before her departure she might receive an extraordinary blessing on her soul. She longed and prayed for this. The day before her death she said to her husband, "I have had some doubts." He spoke words of comfort to her, and commenced repeating the twenty-third psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want... Thou anointest my head with oil." At this point she took up the language and exclaimed, "My cup runneth over." From this time there was no doubt, no shadow, nothing but peace and joy. Without losing her sight, or having any wandering of mind whatever, she called her husband, and saying, "Good-bye, good-bye, precious husband," departed to be with God. Thus died our sister, on the 18th day of February, 1869, aged twenty-nine years.

Source: "Saintly Women And Death-Bed Triumphs" by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis

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THE END