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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

MAGGIE MULLENIX (Methodist)

Maggie Mullenix was married on the 15th of June, 1876, to Rev. W. M. Mullenix, of the Kentucky Conference. She was converted when about eight years of age, in Charlottesville, Virginia. Her preferences were with the old Methodist Episcopal Church, and when an opportunity offered she united with the church in Charleston, West Virginia. She died in Newport, October 26, 1878.

Sister Mullenix combined in a marked degree those qualities of mind and heart which made her presence a blessing in any home. She was the embodiment of innocence and purity. She was perfectly unselfish, always caring more for the comfort of others than for herself; and never did she utter a word which could be construed into the slightest disregard for the welfare of others. She always delighted in the work of the church; and at the early age of sixteen she had' charge of the primary class in the Sabbath-school in Charleston, in which work she continued during her residence there. She was so thoroughly enlisted in all that pertained to the prosperity of the Master's cause as to win the love of the Christians with whom she was intimately associated in that work. She was anxious to live for the sake of her husband and little boy, whose young love clung so tenaciously about a mother's heart.

Her religious experience was evidently deepening during these months, as was evinced by her increasing appreciation of the sacred word and prayer and the work of the church. There was not a cloud on her spiritual sky, and the promises of the Bible were to her the voice of a kind and loving Father. Her appreciation of the worth of souls was now all-absorbing, and to secure their recovery was a great object for which she desired restoration to health.

There were features in this experience which must well-nigh carry the conviction of a demonstration to all minds. Every spiritual interest appeared to culminate in the night of the 23d of October. It was probably the time when the Holy Spirit came with the power and evidence of a full and complete salvation. That room was filled with a glory as of the Pentecostal days. She desired her husband to kneel at her side in prayer; and while the burden of his soul was poured out before the throne her faith claimed the great promise, and her peace flowed as a river.

She praised and gave thanks to the Lord for his wonderful love -- for the perfect rest and the complete victory. For five hours she continued in this state of exulting rapture, and only reluctantly ceased her audible praises at the earnest solicitation of her friends, who were anxious for the exhausted body. This baptism of love was true to its kind, and immediately its subject, with the apostolic spirit, began to think of others, and to send spiritual messages to the absent friends, especially to the members of Grace Church, for whom she had manifested a very peculiar attachment.

Her interest in the church and in her husband's ministry were beautifully blended in a scene of the day she died. She called him to her side, and as he knelt to hear her message she breathed a fervent prayer that he might be wholly consecrated to the great work of preaching the gospel, and that God would make him very effective and successful in the salvation of souls. She continued in this state of transport until her death, coming down with the brightening glory to the closing scene.

About two hours before the last she began praising the Lord aloud. It was the triumphant spirit trying to tell of its weight of glory. The voice of her rapture might have been heard beyond her home. It was "Glory to God! Glory to God in the highest!" She felt that the solemn hour was approaching; but it had no terror. She rejoiced in an old and time-honored experience, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

She was in the possession of every faculty. Not a face was there whose love she did not intelligently answer back. With a power of reason that disproves materialism, she resigned husband and babe and friends into the keeping of the heavenly Father.

She asked her husband to sing the "Sweet By and By," while she joined in the cheering chorus. It was about this time that the glory came out in unnatural majesty on her face. It was a supernatural brightness which left all impression on those sorrowing hearts never to be effaced. She turned her transfigured gaze heavenward. Never did Paul's words find more complete verification than on those whitening lips, as she exultantly exclaimed, "O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "But thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "I can not bear it," fell from her lips; and when asked if it was her sufferings that were so great, she replied, "No. It is my joy; it is too great for the frail frame." She exclaimed, "I am so happy! so happy!"

She was consciously nearing the shining portal, and with a clear reason and a perfect resignation she exhorted all to meet her on the blissful shore. Thus she continued to praise the Lord while strength endured; and when no longer able to articulate a word, she continued to wave her hands in the glorious triumph until the spirit took its flight to the rest of which she had such a blissful foretaste.

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

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THE END