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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

### **CHARLOTTE THIEBOU JANES (Methodist)**

Charlotte Thiebou Janes, wife of Bishop Janes, died August 13, 1876. Early planted in the house of the Lord, of few can it be so truthfully said, she flourished in the courts of God. The promise, "Flourish as the palm-tree, and grow like the cedar in Lebanon," was gloriously fulfilled in the beauty, stability, and usefulness of her Christian career for near half a century.

Her youthful profession of faith was made in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Light shining upon the blessed word soon revealed to her the King's highway of holiness cast up for the redeemed of the Lord to walk in. Immediately she sought and obtained the most satisfactory assurance of purity of heart, and was ever an unwavering, joyful witness, "that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

She now began to long for fellowship with those of like precious faith, and looked with desire to the Methodist Episcopal Church; but her honored Christian parents said, "No." The loving daughter acquiesced and said, "No;" but for months her longing heart kept it before her heavenly Father. She said nothing more to them about it. One day her father said, "Charlotte, your mother and I have decided to give you our full consent to enter the Methodist Episcopal Church, if it will add to your happiness."

This early incident was but the beginning of a whole life of quietly committing every desire to Him who will surely bring it to pass. It showed also her unswerving loyalty to her convictions of right, and a test of individual force of character as well as the power of grace. She early found her way to the Tuesday Meeting for the promotion of holiness, and for the last thirty years was a constant attendant when in the city.

Her whole life was a life of triumph. All the exceeding great and precious promises were hers, the key was given her, and her ever happy face gave all to know how much she enjoyed her treasures. Did our space allow, many precious sayings might be recorded. Words and looks, the sweetness of which will never leave us, especially as we were singing at her bedside, "I have washed my garments white in the blood of the Lamb," looking in our eyes with a heavenly smile

she said, "He does more than that for me. He washes me himself. He fills my soul with his love. He lives in me. He does everything for me." At another time she said, "I have long since committed all my interests to the Lord Jesus. There is a good understanding between us; we are very intimate."

Early in the morning, after a restless night, she would say, "He gave me moments of rest! " "He brought me this precious promise," or "this heavenly comfort, this gracious view of salvation." "He has given me this night a glimpse of heaven, a sight of the King in his beauty." She lay like a child in the everlasting Arms, and many days every beat of her heart seemed just a throbbing out of its thanks and love.

Kept for nearly a year on a couch of suffering such as rarely falls to mortals to endure, never once in all her anguish was her faith in God's unfailing goodness to her known to waver; and never until the hand of Death was upon her, did her eye refuse to glow, or her cheek to kindle at mention of One who sat beside the furnace, watching the refining fires.

"As long as he pleases. He knows how long. He does not think it best to take me just yet. I want to go when he is ready," etc., were frequent answers to the love that feared her suffering was more than she could bear.

Heaven was very real to her, and early in her illness she never tired of hearing Bunyan's description of the land of Beulah. Yet in all her talk of the blessed country she would end where she began, with "I don't know what it is like; but he, the Redeemer is there, and it needs only his presence to make it beautiful."

In the last days, as she neared the Father's house, excessive anguish checked the flow of strong Christian words, scattered like flowers all along her previous pilgrimage of pain; yet the very dumbness of these days of silent endurance, when only moans told of her spirit's struggle to be free, was almost as eloquent as the after stillness of death. Now and then she raised her eyes upward, as if questioning an unseen face that watched her, and asked the one word, Now? Many times she asked it before the answer came, "Yes, it is enough. Enter now into the joy of the Lord!"

It needed not that the half-escaped spirit should throw back in these days words from the valley she was entering. Her life spoke then, as it speaks today, and she needed no fuller or sweeter utterance. Yet once or twice, when we thought she would hardly know evening from morning again, until there broke upon her the eternal dawn, she bid those who would be left in the gloom a brave and strong "good-night;" and once she said, slowly and solemnly, "Out of darkness into light." The last intelligible utterance was "light; all light."

On Wednesday, August 16, at four o'clock in the afternoon, there gathered around her in her own home a great company of friends, to sorrow with those who mourned for her, to speak, or to listen while others spoke, of her beautiful life, her prolonged illness, and her peaceful death. Those who came with tearful eyes to look their last upon the dear face, found that the patient smile that had marked her long months of suffering had passed away under the steady touches of pain. Gone, too, the glory that overswept and transfigured her countenance so often when the glow of her great love flashed up from her heart to her eyes, as she talked of the Savior at whose feet she had

lain so long, waiting till he should be ready to lift her to his breast. Yet there was left a look so solemn, so exalted, as almost to make one feel that in the supreme moment the entering in had been so "abundant" as to leave, even on the earthly house of this tabernacle, a beautiful impress of peace.

One of her pastors said at her funeral, "An alabaster box of precious ointment has been broken, and we have a subtle, spiritual consciousness of its fragrance all in the air, which we must gather up and bear away if possible;" and I almost fancied the still lips answering, as they would have answered I am sure, "Yes, but the box was broken on Jesus' feet. The fragrance lingers only where he walks. You who would cherish anything that was me or mine will find it in keeping close to him; for I, at least, am fully and forever his!"

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

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