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## **TWO LETTERS ON SANCTIFICATION**

**By Beverly Carradine**

Taken From:  
"The Book And Its Theme"  
By L. L. Pickett,  
Publishing House Of  
The M. E. Church, South  
J. D. Barbee, Agent,  
Nashville, Tennessee  
1890

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### **INTRODUCTION TO THIS DIGITAL PUBLICATION**

As stated above, this publication was taken from L. L. Pickett's book, "The Book and Its Theme." It consists of two letters by Beverly Carradine on the subject of entire sanctification which were appended to the end of the L. L. Pickett book.

THE FIRST CARRADINE LETTER ON SANCTIFICATION in this publication seems to be quite identical to his holiness testimony found in Chapter 3 of his book, "Heart Talks," and in Chapter 2 of his book, "Sanctification". However, the text of this first letter on sanctification found below is not identical to Chapter 3 of "Heart Talks" nor is it entirely the same as the text in Chapter 2 of "Sanctification". Indeed, none of the three accounts appears to be identical to either of the other two. They three, rather, appear to be the same account of Carradine's holiness testimony, each containing slight variations from the other two texts.

THE SECOND CARRADINE LETTER ON SANCTIFICATION in this publication seems to be an item that is nowhere else published by Carradine, and consists of an open letter to John C. Shackelford on the subject of entire sanctification.

L. L. Pickett notes with the first of these two letters that it is "Used by permission of the author." Probably that is also the case with the second Carradine letter, but it is not so stated. The wording of the titles to these two Carradine letters is just as it is given in the Pickett book.

Duane V. Maxey  
Holiness Data Ministry  
Phoenix, Arizona  
March 19, 2004

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## 01 -- FACTS ABOUT ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION LEARNED IN THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

I always believed in the doctrine in a general way, but not in the way particular. That is, I recognized it as being true in our standard and religious biographies; but was not so quick to see it in the life and experience of persons claiming the blessing. I was too loyal a Methodist to deny what my Church taught me to believe; but there must have been beams and motes that kept me from the enjoyment of a perfect vision of my brother. Perhaps I was prejudiced; or I had confounded ignorance and mental infirmity with sin; or, truer still, I was looking on a "hidden life," as the Bible calls it, and, of course, could not but blunder in my judgments and conclusions, even as I had formerly erred as a sinner in my estimation of the converted man.

Several years since I remember being thrown in the company of three ministers who were sanctified men, and their frequent "praise the Lords" was an offense to me. I saw nothing to justify such demonstrativeness. The fact entirely escaped me that a heart could be in such a condition that praise and rejoicing would be as natural as breathing; that the cause of joy, resting not in any thing external, but in some fixed inward state or possession, therefore perpetual praise could not only be possible, but natural and, in fact, irrepressible. But at that time all this was hidden from me except in a theoretic way, or as mistily beheld in distant lives of saints who walked with God on earth fifty or a hundred years ago.

In my early ministry I was never thrown with a sanctified preacher, nor have I ever heard a sermon on entire sanctification until this year. I beheld the promised life from a Pisgah distance, and came back from the view with a fear and feeling that I should never come into that goodly land. So, when I was being ordained at Conference, it was with considerable choking of voice, and with not a few inward misgivings and qualms of conscience, that I replied to the bishop's questions that I was "going on to perfection," that I "expected to be made perfect in love in this life," and that I was "groaning after it." Perhaps the bishop himself was disturbed at the questions he asked. Perhaps he thought it was strange for a minister of God and father in Israel, whose life was almost concluded, to be asking a young preacher if he expected to obtain what he himself had never succeeded in getting. Stranger still if he asked the young prophet if he expected to attain what he really felt was unattainable

One thing I rejoice in being able to say: that although about that time surprised and grieved at the conduct of a man claiming the blessing of sanctification, and although doubts

disturbed me then and even afterward, yet I thank God that I have never, in my heart or openly, denied an experience or warred against a doctrine that is the cardinal doctrine of the Methodist Church and concerning which I solemnly declared to the bishop that I was groaning to obtain. God in his mercy has kept me from this inconsistency, this peculiar denial of my Church and my Lord. Let me further add that in spite of my indistinct views of sanctification all along, yet ever and anon during my life I have encountered religious people in whose faces I traced spiritual marks and lines -- a divine handwriting not seen on every Christian countenance. There was an indefinable something about them, a gravity and yet sweetness of manner, a containedness and quietness of spirit, a restfulness, an unearthliness, a far-away-ness about them that made me feel and know that they had a life and experience that I had not; that they knew God as I did not, and that a secret of the Lord had been given to them which had not been committed to me. These faces and lives, in the absence of sanctified preachers and sermons on the subject, kept my faith in the doctrine, in a great degree, I suppose, from utterly perishing. Then there were convictions of my own heart all along in regard to what a minister's life should be. Only this year, a full month before my sanctification, there was impressed upon me suddenly one day such a sense of the holiness and awfulness of the office and work of a minister that my soul fairly sickened under the consciousness of its own short-comings and failures, and was made to cry out to God. Moreover, visions of an unbroken soul rest, and a constant abiding spiritual power, again and again have come up before the mind as a condition possible and imperative. A remarkable thing about it is that these impressions have steadily come to one who has enjoyed the peace of God daily for thirteen years.

At the Sea-shore Camp-ground, one year ago, after having preached at eleven o'clock, the writer came forward to the altar as a penitent convicted afresh, under his own sermon, that he was not what he should be, nor what God wanted him to be and was able to make him. Many will remember the day and hour, and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at the time. I see now that my soul was reaching out even then, not for the hundredth or thousandth blessing (for these I had before obtained), but for what is properly called the second blessing. I was even then convicted by the Holy Ghost in regard to the presence of inbred sin in a justified heart.

Several months since I instituted a series of revival services in Carondelet Street Church (New Orleans), with the Rev. W. W. Hopper as my helper. At all the morning meetings the preacher presented the subject of entire sanctification. It was clearly and powerfully held up as being obtained instantaneously through consecration and faith. Before I received the blessing myself I could not but be struck with the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. While urging the doctrine one morning, the preacher received such a baptism of glory that for minutes he was helpless; and, while we were on our knees supplicating for this instantaneous sanctification, the Holy Spirit fell here and there upon individuals in the assembly, and shouts of joy and cries of rapture went up from the kneeling congregation in a way never to be forgotten. The presence of God was felt so overwhelmingly and so remarkably that I could not but reason after this manner: Here is being presented the doctrine of instantaneous sanctification by faith. If it was a false doctrine, would God thus manifest himself? Would the Holy Ghost descend with approving power upon a lie? Does he not invariably withdraw his presence from preacher and people when false doctrine is presented? But here he is manifesting himself in a remarkable manner. The meeting or hour that is devoted to this one subject is the most wonderful meeting and hour of all. The service fairly drips with unction. Shining faces abound. Christ is seen in every countenance.

If entire sanctification obtained instantaneously is a false doctrine, is not the Holy Ghost actually misleading the people by granting his presence and favor, and showering his smiles at the time when this error or false doctrine is up for discussion or exposition? But would the Spirit thus deceive? Irresistibly and with growing certainty, we were led to see that the truth was being presented from the pulpit, and that the Holy Ghost, who always honors the truth when preached, was falling upon sermon, preacher, and people, because it was the truth. And by the marvelous and frequent display of his presence and power at each and every sanctification meeting he was plainly setting to it the seal of his approval and indorsement, and declaring unmistakably that the doctrine that engrossed us was of heaven, and was true.

One morning a visitor -- a man whom I admire and tenderly love -- made a speech against entire sanctification, taking the ground that there was nothing but a perfect consecration and growth in grace to be looked for; that there was no second work or blessing to be experienced by the child of God. This was about the spirit and burden of his remarks. At once a chill fell upon the service that was noticed then, and commented on afterward. The visitor was instantly replied to by one who had just received the blessing, and as immediately the presence of God was felt and manifested. And to the proposition made -- that all who believe in an instantaneous and entire sanctification would please arise -- at once the whole audience, with the exception of five or six individuals, arose simultaneously. It was during this week that the writer commenced seeking the blessing of sanctification. According to direction, he laid every thing on the altar -- body, soul, reputation, salary; indeed, every thing. Feeling at the time justified, and having peace with God, he could not be said to have laid his sins on the altar; for, being forgiven at that moment, no sin was in sight. But he did this, however: he laid inbred sin upon the altar -- a something that had troubled him all the days of his converted life, a something that was felt to be a disturbing element in his Christian experience and life. Who will name this something? It is called variously by the appellations of original sin, depravity, remains of sin, roots of bitterness and unbelief, and by Paul it is termed "the old man." For in writing to Christians he exhorts them to put off "the old man," which was corrupt. Very probably there will be disagreement about the name, while there is perfect recognition of the existence of the thing itself. For lack of a title that will please all, I call the dark, disturbing, warring creature "that something." It gives every converted man certain measures of inward disturbance and trouble. Mind you, I do not say that it compels him to sin, for this "something" can be kept in subjection by the regenerated man. But it always brings disturbance, and often leads to sin. It is a something that leads to hasty speeches, quick tempers, feelings of bitterness, doubts, suspicions, harsh judgments, love of praise, and fear of men. At times there is a momentary response to certain temptations that brings not merely a sense of discomfort, but a tinge and twinge of condemnation. All these may be, and are in turn, conquered by the regenerated man; but there is a battle and wounds, and after the battle a certain uncomfortable feeling within that it was not a perfect victory. It is a something that at times makes devotion a weariness, the Bible to be hastily read instead of devoured, and prayer a formal approach, instead of a burning interview with God that closes with reluctance. It makes Church-going at times not to be a delight, is felt to be a foe to secret and spontaneous giving, causes religious experience to be spasmodic, and permits not within the soul a constant, abiding, and unbroken rest. Rest there is; but it is not continuous, unchanging, and permanent. It is a something that makes true and noble men of God, when appearing in the columns of a Christian newspaper in controversy, to make a strange mistake, and use gall instead of ink, and write with

a sword instead of a pen. It is something that makes religious assemblies sing with great emphasis and feeling,

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it.

It is an echo that is felt to be left to the heart, in which lingers sounds that ought to die away forever. It is a thread or cord-like connection between the soul and the world, although the two have drifted far apart. It is a middle ground, a strange medium upon which Satan can and does operate, to the inward distress of the child of God, whose heart at the same time is loyal to his Saviour, and who feels that if he died even then he would be saved.

Now that something I wanted out of me. What I desired was not the power of self-restraint (that I had already), but a spirit naturally and unconsciously meek. Not so much a power to keep from all sin, but a deadness to sin. I wanted to be able to turn upon sin and the world the eye and ear and heart of a dead man. I wanted perfect love to God and man, and a perfect rest in my soul all the time. This dark "something," that prevented this life, I laid on the altar, and asked God to consume it as by fire. I never asked God once at this time for pardon. That I had in my soul already. But it was cleansing, sin eradication I craved. My prayer was for sanctification.

After the battle of consecration came the battle of faith. Both precede the perfect victory of sanctification. Vain is consecration without faith to secure the blessing. Hence men can be perfectly consecrated all their lives, and never know the blessing of sanctification. I must believe there is such a work in order to realize the grace. Here were the words of the Lord that proved a foundation for my faith: "Every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord." "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Still again: "The altar sanctifieth the gift." In this last quotation is a statement of a great fact. The altar is greater than the gift; and whatsoever is laid upon the altar becomes sanctified or holy. It is the altar that does the work. The question arises: Who and what is the altar in Hebrews 13:10-12? We are told that Dr. Clarke, in commenting upon the passage, says the altar here mentioned is Jesus Christ. All who have studied attentively the life of our Lord cannot but be impressed with the fact that in his wondrous person is seen embraced the priest, the lamb, and the altar. He did the whole thing; there was no one to help. As the victim he died, as the priest he offered himself, and his divine nature was the altar upon which the sacrifice was made. The Saviour, then, is the Christian's altar. Upon him I lay myself. The altar sanctifies the gift. The blood cleanses from all sin, personal and inbred. Can I believe that? Will I believe it? My unbelief is certain to shut me out of the blessing; my belief as certainly shuts me in. The instant we add a perfect faith to a perfect consecration the work is done and the blessing descends. As Paul says, "We which have believed do enter into rest."

All this happened to the writer. For nearly three days he lived in a constant state of faith and prayer. He believed God; he believed the work was done before the witness was given. On the morning of the third day -- may God help me to tell it as it occurred! -- the witness was given. It was about nine o'clock in the morning. That morning had been spent from daylight in meditation and prayer. I was alone in my room in the spirit of prayer, in profound peace and love, and the full expectancy of faith, when suddenly I felt that the blessing was coming. By some delicate instinct or intuition of soul I recognized the approach and descent of the Holy

Ghost. My faith arose to meet the blessing. In another minute I was literally prostrated by the power of God. I called out again and again: "O my God! my God! glory to God!" while billows of fire and glory rolled in upon my soul with steady, increasing force. The experience was one of fire. I recognized it all the while as the baptism of fire. I felt that I was being consumed. For several minutes I thought I would certainly die. I knew it was sanctification. I knew it as though the name was written across the face of the blessing and upon every wave of glory that rolled in upon my soul. Cannot God witness to purity of heart as he does to pardon of sin? Are not his blessings self-interpreting? He that impresses a man to preach, that moves him unerringly to the selection of texts and subjects, that testifies to a man that he is converted, can he not let a man know when he is sanctified?

I knew I was sanctified just as I knew fifteen years before that I was converted. I knew it not only because of the work itself in my soul, but through the worker. He, the Holy Ghost, bore witness clearly, unmistakably, and powerfully to his own work; and, although three months have passed away since that blessed morning, yet the witness of the Holy Spirit to the work has never left me for a moment, and is as clear today as it was then.

There are some things written in this article in regard to my experience that I have given to the public with some natural shrinking and hesitation. There are other things of such a nature that I have not mentioned for reasons that will be understood by every child of God. To all I say that I have written with but one desire and motive, and that was to glorify God.

In my next letter\* I desire humbly to show that the blessing of sanctification may be clearly distinguished from other blessings; that it is an instantaneous work; that it is obtained by faith alone; that the Holy Ghost testifies distinctly and peculiarly to the work and life; that a man thus sanctified is under special pressure and command to declare the blessing, and that while thus testifying on all proper occasions that he is sanctified, he may be humbler in spirit than a Christian who claims not the blessing.

These things I desire, in all love and tenderness and joy, to speak of as matters not of theory, but of experience. Especially would I call attention to the calm, undisturbed life; the perfect, unbroken rest of soul that follows the blessing of sanctification.

[\*L. L. Pickett notes that the "next letter" to which Carradine refers is "not inserted in this volume" -- i. e., not inserted in "The Book and Its Theme." Thus the "next letter" mentioned above by Carradine should not be confused with the Second Letter of this publication which follows. -- DVM]

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## 02 -- AN OPEN LETTER OF REPLY TO MR. JOHN C. SHAKELFORD

Your letter of the 9th instant, in the St. Louis Christian Advocate, was only seen by me a few days ago. The communication touched a tender chord within me and moved me. It also impressed me that I was dealing with a man who is genuine, spiritual, and athirst for the sanctifying grace of God. I fancy, however, that I detected in your questions a spirit of

assuredness that you had propounded queries that could not be answered. So it would be but for the fact that faith unlocks and enters through a door before which earthly wisdom and knowledge stand baffled and helpless. I insert your leading questions in your open letter to me.

"Your communication has renewed my aspirations for the attainment of what John Wesley called the 'grand depositum of Methodism.' There is, however, one point in your narrative at which I stumble. Perhaps you can remove the stumblingblock, and, in helping me, help others also. You say, 'I believed the work was done before the witness was given.' This you did for three days, and then the baptism of fire came upon your soul. Now with me it is impossible to distinguish the fact of sanctification from the witness. Both sanctification and the witness of sanctification are matters of consciousness. Does God count me sanctified before I am sanctified? Can I believe that he sanctifies me before I am conscious of the fact that I am sanctified? Can I really be sanctified before the baptism of fire, which you call the witness, goes through my nature and destroys the 'body of sin?' If I believe I am sanctified before I am conscious of the fact, do I not make belief in a falsehood the condition of obtaining the great blessing? Here I stumble."

If I tell you that I suffered intensely where you are now being tried, and that I have found light where at first there was profound darkness, and where you today only see darkness, I trust you will not think that I am arrogating to myself any thing whatever. On the contrary, I feel, by the nameless spirit and character of your letter, that you are a man of superior mental and spiritual culture. And, furthermore, as you read on you will discover that I place myself properly in a lowly place in the kingdom of grace. Indeed, it was because of my conscious weakness and helplessness that I found what you have not yet discovered. For if a diamond be lost in the dust, it is not the man whose eyes are on the stars that will see it, but the man who has bowed body and face close to the ground. I thank God that salvation is not placed high above us and beyond reach, but very nigh to us and low down, so that a little child indeed, a fool -- may lay hand upon it and be enriched. It is so with pardon and regeneration, and it is so with entire sanctification.

Will you allow me to speak to a class through you before I answer your question? The doors of the sweet experiences of regeneration and entire sanctification do not fly back at the touch of the hand of the metaphysician, for several reasons. One is that the great mass of people on earth are not learned or trained in the laws of the mental life; and if the reception of blessings were dependent upon the apprehension of syllogisms and recognition of certain great principles of mental science, the race would be lost. Another reason that occurs to me why the door of grace opens not to the touch of the reasoner is that salvation is above reason. It was not conceived by man, nor is it understood by lordly intellects today. I have often been struck with two expressions in the Bible. One is that the wisdom of God is foolishness to men, and the other that the wisdom of this world is foolishness to God. It is noteworthy that the gospel came down to us through the air to Bethlehem, and not through the brains of the scribes and learned members of the Sanhedrim. The point I would humbly make is that what may appear irreconcilable in the realm of metaphysics may be perfectly harmonized in the realm of grace. For instance: Mathematics would say that it is impossible for three to be one, and one to be three, and yet this impossible thing is the glory of heaven in the fact of the Trinity.

May not, my dear brother, the difficulties you mention in your letter,, and which appear in the clipping above, exist only in your mind? May not God's thoughts be higher than our thoughts, and his ways not as our ways?

Here I am today thrilled with this "secret of the Lord," the declaration or confession of which has brought upon me attacks from many directions, saving your kindly and courteous pen. As I read the arguments turned against my experience from high quarters, there are three things that sustain me and keep me perfectly calm and assured through it all. One is the perpetual witness of the Holy Ghost to the fact of my sanctification (Heb. 10:14-15); another, the work itself done by him (1 Thess. 5:23-24); and the third is the recollection of a verse uttered by the Saviour, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." (Luke 10:21) This verse explains why I have obtained that which nobler, better, wiser men have not received. I came to God as a little child in seeking the blessing of sanctification. I reasoned not, even as a child does not reason. I created no mental difficulties. I never went near Sir William Hamilton nor any like him. I knew the work was above his and all other human intellects. It was a part of the mystery the angels studied and could not fathom. I went not to books written by ancient or modern authors on the subject. I went to God. The Bible said He could do it, and would do it, and, better than either, that if I believed, He did it then! I simply believed God; I took him at his word.

Now for the suggested difficulty. "How [I am asked in substance] can I believe that the work of sanctification is accomplished until I receive the witness that it is done? And if I believe I am sanctified before I am made conscious of the fact, do I not make belief in a falsehood the condition of obtaining the great blessing?" These questions at first seem to possess great weight. They have troubled many, and will agitate many more. They gather about the real heart and center of the whole question. He that tarries here to settle this will never go farther. He that approaches the difficulty as a little child will find that there is no difficulty; that there is no problem of Methodism for him to solve; that the Father himself has given the solution to the humble, child-like man of unquestioning faith.

But let me first say that the question cannot but surprise me. Just a glance reveals the fact that it reverses the order God observes in the work of salvation. God's order is, first, faith, then the work, and last, the feeling. In your question you ask how can you believe that you are sanctified until you are made conscious of the fact. Look at the question closely, and you will observe that your order is, first, feeling; second, the work; and last, the faith, which is the direct reverse of God's method of doing. Virtually, you say that if God sends you a certain feeling or consciousness that he has done a certain work in you, then you will believe.

My dear brother, is it not evident that, whatever may be the procuring cause of the blessing to you, according to your plan it cannot be faith, for faith with you is put last? You will believe if you feel that the work is done. Let me ask you: Who could not stand on such an easy platform as this? Surely anybody could admit the fact of a work done by the Saviour when great tokens of emotion are given at the moment. A great multitude, I fancy, stand ready to be saved on such terms. Millions are ready to say: "If God gives certain emotions or experiences declaring his work, then will we believe." But where appears the faith in such a salvation? Don't we see that it is no longer faith, but knowledge? Don't we see that the demand here to God is, "Let me



know, and I will believe;" while God says, "Believe, and ye shall know?" If any thing, my dear brother, thrills you through and through, it is when a man believes your quiet statement of a fact, and asks for no proof, while at the same time many things are operating to produce doubt in the mind. And so I believe if God ever stands thrilled in heaven, it is when a man takes him at his word, and goes on believing it in spite of an emotionless heart, and in spite of contradicting men and devils, and in face of the fact that there is no sign or witness from heaven that the life is observed or the faith accepted.

This is faith worthy of the name. No sight or feeling about this. This is what I call dry faith, though I bless God it does not stay dry long. It fairly drips with grace if cherished and kept in the heart a few hours or days. Such a faith Abraham had when he went out, not knowing whither he went. Some one says about him "that he walked out into empty space on the naked promise of Almighty God!" Such a faith the centurion had when he asked Christ to heal his servant. Christ replied: "I will." On this word the Roman soldier rested; even said there was no need for Christ to come to his house; that his word was sufficient to heal the servant at a distance. This was one of the times that Christ was thrilled. The Bible says: "He marveled, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." The centurion held on by dry faith; the servant was distant; the healing took place out of sight; and yet, without a single sign from heaven, with nothing but the word of Christ, he went home, believing the servant was well; and when he arrived found that he was restored. That he had this faith appears in Matthew 8:13.

Now God says in his word that if I perfectly, unreservedly, and forever consecrate myself to him, that I shall be made holy by the altar on which I have placed myself. He says that the altar sanctifies, that the blood cleanses, and right now; that the instant I believe it the work is done! Will I believe it? Will I take God's word and rise up after a perfect consecration, and say it is done? The battle rages right at this point; defeat or victory must come right here. Let no man say there is no such thing as a second work or cleansing by the Holy Ghost, unless he has thoroughly tested the virtue of the faith that is here presented. Have you cast yourself upon this faith as Peter flung himself upon the waves? If not, you have failed to do what others of us have done, and as a consequence are without an experience that is today thrilling us as the greatest fact of our lives. It won't do to question here. The instant a mental debate starts, the instant the words "why" and "how" appear, the instant the psychology of sanctification is dwelt upon, that instant the glory is lifted, the mysterious Being whom I felt to be in my arms is gone, and my hands are left grasping at empty air. Such debate and questionings of mind come with a poor grace from us who believe that even in conversion regeneration is one thing and the witness of the Spirit another; that not infrequently the divine testimony is withheld for weeks and months. Just as clearly do I recognize that the work of sanctification is one thing and the witness to the work another. The two may be separated, as in the case of regeneration.

But you ask the question: "If I believe I am sanctified before I am conscious of the fact, do I not make belief in a falsehood the condition of obtaining the great blessing?" Your trouble here was once my trouble; my soul was in an agony over it. As a difficulty, it is insuperable until you discover that God does not condition the bestowal of a blessing on us by a preceding or accompanying, act of consciousness upon our part. I fail to see in his word where he states that my consciousness of the fact affects in any way the work of sanctification. Instead of this, I am

simply required, after a perfect consecration of myself, to believe that the work is done. The servant is distant; no messenger has as yet reached me; but I believe he is healed, because Christ says so. My faith rests not upon any mental condition of my own, or any play of emotion, but upon the simple statement of God that I am sanctified. There can be no falsehood about the matter. The man casts the whole thing on God, and it is the divine faithfulness and honor and truth that are involved. It is idle to say that the man may be deceived in regard to his exercise of faith. Every man knows when he really believes. Peter knew the moment when he flung himself upon the water, and just as clearly does the soul recognize the critical instant when, forsaking all other help, turning from every other hope and confidence, it lets go every earthly hold, and leaps or drops into the arms of Christ. Blessed be God! no one ever did this in vain. Even here I am not required to look to my consciousness or to any conceivable experience, but quietly to go on believing that God has done the work. But must we not pray for the witness to our sanctification? Undoubtedly; but we must not forget that the work is one thing and the witness another. So we walk in faith until God is pleased to send the testimony. I do not know how it strikes you, but to me it seems there could be no more acceptable faith to God than this, which takes God at his word, and goes on without a disturbing doubt.

I cannot but claim for God, on the part of his children, the same unhesitating, unquestioning belief and obedience that I have seen rendered by sons and daughters to an earthly parent. God says a thing; I believe God! It was this, and nothing but this, that caused the Lord to say of Abraham: "He is my friend."

I am confident that some sharp-eyed reader will point out an apparent discrepancy in my experience. For instance: I said that I believed the work was done in my soul before I received the witness; that in the faith I walked two days, and yet that on the morning of the third day I felt the work of sanctification.

This is only an apparent difficulty. It is not a real contradiction unless some one can show that God cannot do a work in us apart from our consciousness, or that he is under necessity to reveal himself simultaneously with his performance. I believed with all my heart for two days that God had sanctified me, because he said so. In this faith I walked unwaveringly until the morning spoken of in my experience, when suddenly and powerfully God gave me the witness of his work, or the proof that the blood had cleansed me from all sin and that my heart was pure.

In a recent visit to Georgia I was informed of a case strikingly illustrative. It was that of a young man who, after having made the perfect consecration demanded by the Bible, believed that the blood of Christ did then and there cleanse him from all sin. He was without feeling; but he remembered that we are not saved by feeling, but by faith, and so lived on the first day, clinging to God's word about the matter as a man in mid-ocean would cling to a spar. Some one saw him shake his head in a peculiar, positive way in church. One sitting near him heard him say at the same moment: "The blood does sanctify me." Later in the day he was approached by a friend, who asked: "Brother \_\_\_\_\_, how are you feeling?" His reply was: "I have no feeling; but I know that Jesus sanctifies my soul, because he said so." Next day he noticed an unfriendly critic observing him in the congregation. Again came the positive movement of the head, with the murmured words: "He does cleanse me from all sin." To sympathetic and anxious Christian friends his constant statement was: "No feeling; but perfect faith that the blood cleanses me

now." Thus he walked for several days by "dry faith," when one morning, as a friend started to put the usual question, suddenly he cried out in tones that thrilled beyond all description: "O glory! glory! my soul cannot contain the joy and blessedness it feels!" The witness had come; as, indeed, it will always come to the man who takes God at his word.

Why is it that so many seek this blessing for months without obtaining it? Because they put the work in the future; they place the fulfillment of the promise to some remote time, when God says now, and demands that our faith shall say now.

My brother, are you a perfectly consecrated man? If so, then in the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise up and say, "His blood cleanseth me now from all sin," and walk in that faith. Let it be a dry faith. I tell you that it will not remain dry long. The balm of Gilead -- the very dews of heaven -- and the anointings of the Holy Ghost will descend, and cannot but descend upon a faith that takes God at his word. The disciples held on ten days; cannot you wait in prayer and dry faith that long? Don't read books opposed to the doctrine; they will chill your faith and divert you from the blessing. Would you advise a penitent to read skeptical works before coming to Christ? The principle is identical. Some godly men are skeptics in regard to instantaneous sanctification. Don't read their works until you are sanctified; then you can read with a smile, in calmness of spirit and without hurt to yourself. We can then peruse the ninth chapter of John with an appreciation never felt before. Instead of the books referred to, search a certain famous old Book which, addressing converted men and women, says, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," and adds, "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

Don't listen to men who deny and oppose in various ways this experience. How can they speak advisedly and correctly of what they have never felt? Their confessed ignorance of the experience disqualifies them here as instructors and leaders, no matter how wise and good and excellent they may be as Christian men and ministers. How can a man lead in a way which he has never trod?

And now I leave these words with you and with those other readers whom I have mainly addressed through you. Would that they were clearer, stronger, and worthier words for your sake and the sake of God's people, whom I would gladly lay down my life to bring into this blessing, this deliverance and rest, this tender and yet steadfast grace that Paul speaks of so frequently and assuredly and with such an accent of rejoicing and triumph. (Rom. 5:2; 2 Cor. 1:15)

Let me call your attention to the fact that when Carvosso received the blessing he was saying: "I shall have the blessing now." If he had said "tomorrow," he would not have entered into rest. Be assured that we can never err by believing too much in God's word, especially when that word is a promise coming directly to us. To doubt is to dishonor God; to believe is to honor and glorify him.

Let us hear the Saviour: "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." "Lord, increase our faith."

"I cannot wash my heart  
But by believing thee,

And waiting for thy blood t' impart  
The spotless purity.

"While at thy cross I lie,  
Jesus, the grace bestow;  
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,  
And I am white as snow."

-- Charles Wesley

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THE END