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PIONEER EXPERIENCES;

OR,

The Gift of Power Received by Faith.

ILLUSTRATED AND CONFIRMED

BY THE

TESTIMONY OF EIGHTY LIVING MINISTERS,

OF VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

Palmer, Mrs Phoebe Warrell, ed

BY AUTHOR OF

"WAY OF HOLINESS," "FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS," "ENTIRE DEVOTION," "INCIDENTAL ILLUSTRATIONS," "PROMISE OF THE FATHER," "FOUR YEARS IN THE OLD WORLD," &c., &c.

INTRODUCTION BY REV. BISHOP JANES.

"Ye are my witnesses."

"We speak that we do know."

"Whose faith follow."

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY W. C. PALMER, JR.,

OFFICE FOR WORKS ON THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE,

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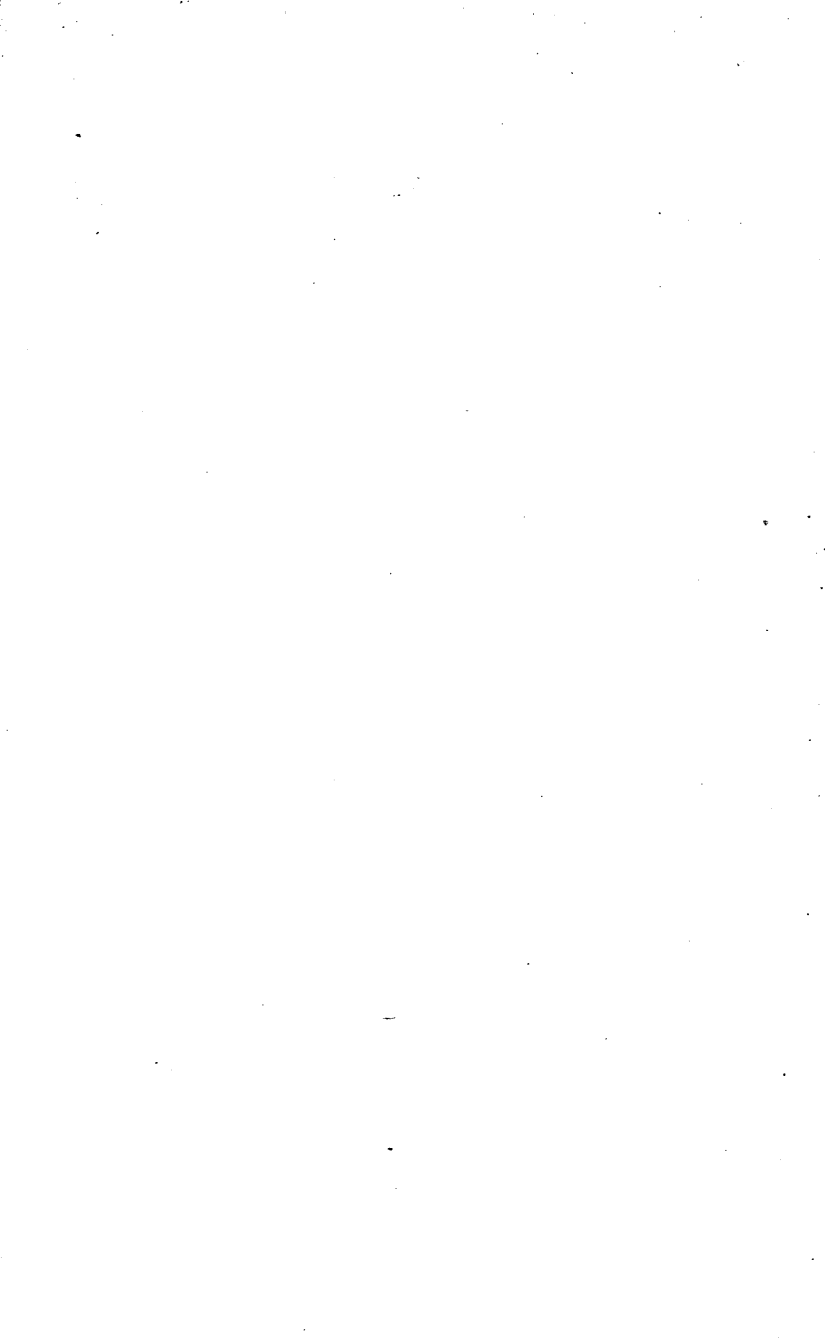
To

Christians

of every name, who are
seeking to know if God has
fulfilled the promise made to our Fathers,
that we being delivered out of
the hand of our enemies,
might serve him
without fear
in
Holiness
and
Righteousness
all the days of our life,

These Testimonies of Eighty Living Witnesses to
the faithfulness of God, are affectionately inscribed by the

AUTHOR.



EDITOR'S PREFACE.



AND what do you mean by PIONEER EXPERIENCES? says our friend,—do you intend to give the experience of such men as righteous Abel, Noah, Enoch, Abraham, and other old pioneers that served the God of heaven in the world's early history? No!

But let us tell you just what we do mean by the name that characterizes our work. It was neither of the antideluvians, or of men living in the neighborhood of those days, to whose example Paul directed attention when he wrote, "WHOSE FAITH FOLLOW." It was of those, whom the Holy Ghost had appointed overseers of Christ's flock, to whom the attention of the people were called, as an example in faith and practice. The day of which the prophet Joel spake had come. The fulfillment of the promise made to our fathers had been made gloriously manifest in the *experience* of such men as Peter, John, James, Barnabas, Stephen, Paul, Timotheus, and a host of others, who had been placed over them, as leaders of various divisions of the sheep of our Lord's pasture. They were men of power, for the Holy Ghost had fallen upon them all, either at later or earlier periods in their Christian life. Paul, though born out of due time, and not numbered with the one hundred and twenty, on whom the tongue of fire fell on the day of Pentecost, with other of his cotemporaries, now over the people, had alike proved through faith—experimentally proved, that the promise of the Father had lost none of its freshness or power, and now he directs the people to the experience of these *pioneers* in faith.

Of course the things that were written aforetime, were written for our instruction in righteousness. Holy, heart experiences, and holy practices are necessarily associated, for out of the heart are the issues of life. Christian ministers, being openly set apart for a holy work, are expected to live manifestly holy lives. But can one be holy in all manner of conversation, without holiness of heart? This is the "GIFT OF POWER" that is to bring the world to Christ. Purity and power are identical. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. * * * Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto Thee."

We live under the dispensation of the Spirit,—the wondrous day of light and power of which the incarnate Deity spake, when in referring to his illustrious forerunner, said a greater prophet had not arisen, "Yet the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he!" Who will attempt to portray the momentous, solemn responsibilities of the ministry of the present day! And who shall lead forth the redeemed armies of the living God to conquests befitting the age, if we may not bring before them the testimony of men, who, from experimental realizations, can witness that the gift of power is still in the church, and that it is to be received *by faith*. Surely every Christian minister, irrespective of denomination, ought from this hour to be empowered to stand forth before the many powerless professors attendant on his ministry, proclaiming the attainment of the gift of power, as the privilege and duty of every believer. We say irrespective of denomination, because the time is past for the doctrine of Holiness to be characterized as the doctrine of a sect. It is the crowning doctrine of the crowning dispensation. It shines out with sunbeam brilliancy on every page of the New Testament Scriptures, as foreshadowed in the Old. And are not Christ's ministers, of every name, divinely called to stand out before their people, proclaiming, "And we are His witnesses of these things, and so also is the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey Him." Surely ministers are called to the exercise of a *pioneer faith*, otherwise how can their people "*follow their faith*," for "*faith cometh by hearing*."

If I were required to plant my feet on a lofty eminence, the ascent to which seemed steep and rugged, I might, perhaps, with discouragement and perplexity, shrink away from meeting the requirement. But show me one who has once made the ascent, point to me the foot-marks where he firmly planted his feet in his upward flight, and I am more than satisfied. Courage and faith in a moment inspire my soul—perplexities vanish. Buoyant with hope, I rapidly make the ascent, and inspiringly call to those still lingering at the base, "We are well able to go up," "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Many are lingering at the foot of Zion's hill. Aye, multitudes are there, for

"Wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler."

Are you among those who are ascending, and are the marks by which you ascend, those which are clearly traced in the WORD OF GOD? Then you can, with the holy heroism of David, exclaim, "He hath set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praises to our God; many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

And now we need not tell you of the reasonableness of being at much pains to show others who would ascend, the foot-marks by which you ascended. You see so many still faltering. Their feet have indeed been taken out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay; but they are lingering on their way to Zion's Mount, ere they have scarcely begun to make the ascent. And your great Forerunner has caused the eyes of the multitude to be fixed on you, in order that you may illustrate the way by which you have *experimentally tested* the solidity of those foot-marks, by which you have thus far ascended.

You cannot illustrate Scriptural truth more instructively or more inspiringly than by your *personal* realizations. How often, or rather how continuously, did David and other Old Testament saints, and also Paul, and other New Testament saints, give force and illustration to their Scriptural teachings by reciting their own experiences. Again and again, both in

the Old and New Testament, is it repeated, "Ye are my witnesses." "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." Other testimony than that given from personal knowledge, is not valid in civil jurisprudence. And such testimony does our heavenly Lawgiver and Judge require of those whom he calls forth as witnesses before a gainsaying world.

Of the propriety and importance of relating *personal Christian experience*, we are aware that there exists a strong prejudice in many, if not most of the Calvinistic denominations of the present day, yet there have been those among them, and those deservedly looked up to, that have given a most emphatic testimony to its importance and usefulness.

Matthew Henry, the Commentator says, "What God has wrought in our souls, as well as for them, we must declare to others. * * * God's people should communicate their experiences to teach others; we should take all occasions to tell one another the great and kind things God hath done for us, especially our souls, the spiritual blessings; and these we should be most affected with ourselves, and with these we should endeavor to affect others."

The Commentator, Dr. Scott, says: "Every servant of God is a witness for him; and they all can give such an account of what he has wrought in them, shown to them, and done for them, as to lead others to know, believe, and understand His power, truth and love; and the help which He sends in answer to their prayers, enables them to testify that He never faileth those who trust in Him."

And again he says, "I likewise learned the use of experience in preaching, and was convinced that the readiest way to reach the hearts and consciences of others was to speak from my own."

Bishop Latimer, the martyr, said, in speaking of Bilney's experience, which had been so remarkably blessed to his conversion, "I learned more by this confession than by much reading, and in many years."

We have no apology to make in bringing forward our "many witnesses," confirmatory of the faithfulness of God in fulfilling the oath which he sware to our father Abraham. And what is the oath by which He, whose name is FAITHFUL

and TRUE, stands in the face of heaven and earth so solemnly pledged to His people? Would that we could sound it out in tones louder than the thunders of Sinai, through all the ranks of Israel's hosts, this redeemed world over. How would it rouse the dormant energies of dying and dead churches all over Christendom, if all the watchmen in Zion would catch the sound, and reverberate it in the ears of their people.

But we will trust that the voice of God, the Holy Ghost will be more potent than the thunders of Sinai. Listen! O redeemed of the Lord. Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake, saying, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people, and hath raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David. As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began: That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hands of all that hate us; to perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember His holy covenant, the OATH that he sware to our father Abraham. THAT HE WOULD GRANT UNTO US, THAT WE BEING DELIVERED OUT OF THE HANDS OF OUR ENEMIES, MIGHT SERVE HIM WITHOUT FEAR, IN HOLINESS AND RIGHTEOUSNESS BEFORE HIM, ALL THE DAYS OF OUR LIFE."

And now the question before the world is, Does God fulfill the oath that He sware to our fathers? Is He true to His promise? It is a grievous fact, that some divines of marked prominence in the Christian world have dared to say, NO! Who has not met with many, even among the priests, whose lips should keep knowledge, and at whose mouth the people seek the law, as a messenger from the Lord of hosts, who so affirm? Hundreds of ministers, even at the present hour, are scattered over the Christian world, who, if the members of their flock should testify, that, from *experience*, they knew that God fulfilled the oath He sware to our fathers, and so saved from the hand of their enemies, that they were consciously enabled to "serve Him, without fear, in holiness and righteousness," would brand such as heretical, and their experience on the subject, however Scripturally worded, as rank fanaticism. And all this is done, unblushingly, in face of day, and in full view of the fact that Jesus says, "Ye are my wit-

nesses." Alas, for the poor bleeding cause of Christ—a Christianity sadly neutralized, and made of none effect through the traditions of men. How has the true and faithful witness been robbed of His glory, and the Church, which is His body, of the power which properly belongs to her, by being crucified between two thieves. Of the world, at open enmity with God, we can lay claim to nothing better. A gospel, that but partially saves from the dominion of sin, is not a terror to evildoers. But of Christian ministers, the grand ultimatum of whose work is to "present *every man perfect* in Christ Jesus," it is not a tame error to rob Christ of His glory, by assuming that He is not able, and, in fact, *does* not so save His people from their sins, as to enable them "to serve Him, without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of their life."

We met with a Doctor of Divinity, well known in the religious and literary world, and whose orthodoxy it would be unpopular to question, with whom we had a conversation in regard to the power of Christ to save His people from their sins. He expressed his distaste to the subject,—said he *could* not believe the doctrine of being saved from all sin in the present life, in view of all our natural and constitutional infirmities. He desired to know what we would do with the passage, "There is no man that liveth, and sinneth not." We suggested, in reply, that we understood it thus, "There is no man that liveth that does not need a Saviour every moment to save him, not only from sinning, but from its guilt and pollution." But grace is omnipotent, and it is said of our Emanuel,—God *with* us,—God *in* us,—God *for* us,—"His name shall be called JESUS, for He shall save His people *from* their sins,—not *in* their sins, but *from* their sins. So that the humble, trusting, waiting soul may say, not only

"Every moment, Lord, I *need*,
The merit of thy death."

But, by a momentary "looking to Jesus," in the language of appropriating faith, may exclaim,

"Every moment, Lord, I *have*
The merit of Thy death."

“But,” says the doctor, “what will you do with this passage, ‘If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.’”

Our answer was about thus, “We would take the passage, as a *whole*, precisely as it reads, ‘If we confess our sins, (that is, acknowledge that *we* are *sinner*s, and need a Saviour), *He* is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.’” Now, I would ask, *What is the state of that soul who, having complied with the condition, that is, confessed his sin, and as an unquestionable result, proved the faithfulness and justice of God to forgive and cleanse?* Is he not from that moment empowered from on high to stand forth as a witness for Jesus of the infinite efficacy of His blood to cleanse from all unrighteousness? And suppose that after being thus cleansed through the blood of the Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world, he should, like as the nine, cleansed of their leprosy, be unwilling to glorify Christ openly. What base ingratitude towards the Divine Cleanser would this indicate! And if asked, why not give to Jesus the glory due to His name, what should he say, but that my minister, in accordance with the views of the Church to which I belong, does not approve of the testimony. And thus our faithful Lord is *robbed of the glory due to His name*. This involves guilt, inasmuch as it is divinely enjoined, “Give unto God the glory due unto His name.”

Nothing can be more clearly demonstrated from the Scriptures of truth than that purity is power. It is the power for which the one hundred and twenty male and female disciples were *commanded* to tarry. It was on the eve of the day of Pentecost which was to usher in an era of power such as the world had never before witnessed. The newly risen Head of the Church, having performed His mission to earth, and being about to ascend to the Father, said, “Behold, I send upon you the promise of the Father! But *tarry* ye until endued with power.” Not regarding it as optional with themselves they *tarried*. What an endowment of power, when the cloven tongues of fire fell and sat upon each of them. It was then from constraining influences that they spake as the Spirit gave utterance. They did not testify of any thing they had done

for themselves, but of *Christ*. The result was that three thousand were convicted and converted in one day. But let us imagine that after the promise of the Father had thus been fulfilled, they had refused to testify to the faithfulness of God. How signal would have been the Divine displeasure! The experiences of that day furnished a model for all future generations of disciples. That many are receiving the gift of power at the present day, the following pages abundantly demonstrate. May thousands more believe through their testimony.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It has been announced that our volume would contain the Testimony of *One Hundred* Ministers. These were on hand, and it would have gratified us beyond expression could we have brought them forward. Our only apology is WANT OF ROOM. We deemed it inexpedient to increase the price of our book by increasing its size beyond circumscribed limits, believing it to be the Divine order that it should be placed within reach of the multitude. This also must furnish our apology to several most excellent ministers whose experience will be found in this book, for the liberty we have taken in abridging their articles. We were constrained to do this with several most excellent and interesting experiences, which appear in the latter part of this volume, written at our own request, and which were sent in late.

In preparing the material, we have been surprised and devoutly grateful that such an amount of valuable testimony, all bearing on special phases in the higher Christian life, should be so diversified and marked for individuality. We are disposed to think that not one Christian reader, but will with ourselves be amazed, as he is introduced to one witness after another, and observes lines, distinctive as those marking the human face, identifying the personality of each as distinctive from the other—giving an ever varying interest, devoid of sameness. To the Triune Deity be all the glory.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. BISHOP JANES, D. D.



THE publishers of this book have furnished me with the proof sheets, containing a portion of the narratives it records, and requested me to write an introduction. Having examined the sheets I cheerfully comply with their request.

It is not a denominational work. It does not profess to use the nomenclature, or employ the theological terms of any one branch of the Church exclusively. It is a free and frank conversation of ministers of various denominations, concerning their attainment and enjoyment of "Perfect Love." It is a book of personal experiences, having their harmonies more perfectly, perhaps, in the hearts that share them, than in the words that utter them.

It is not claimed that the experiences herein narrated are new or novel. On the contrary, they profess to be illustrative and confirmatory of what predecessors in all ages of the Church have enjoyed and declared. Jesus has always had ministers who have come to the people in "The fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." The Church has ever had members, who had been made "Meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

The Catholic Christian reader will be delighted to see how deeply experienced believers agree, in all that really pertains to salvation. All these witnesses testify in effect, that repenting of their sins, they were justified by faith in Christ; that they lived in the enjoyment of this blessing for a longer

or shorter period; that during this time they found delight in the service and worship of God; that possessing the spirit of adoption, they knew that they were, "Heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ;" that they often, "Rejoiced in hope of the glory of God;" that subsequently to their having passed from death unto life, and whilst retaining their gracious state, they were at times painfully conscious of the remains of the carnal mind within them. They often grieved that they did not love God with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the mind, and with all the strength, which is the first commandment. At the same time they felt the utmost abhorrence of sin, and frequently unutterable yearning for purity. They "Hungered and thirsted after righteousness." The time came when under this strong, painful, but "sweet constraint," they determined, then, to seek a more satisfactory religious state. Enlightened by the word and Spirit of God, they perceived that "the Blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." That it was the will of God they should be holy, because He is holy. "Counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord;" "praying in the spirit," "Create in me a clean heart, O! God, and renew a right spirit within me." "The sanctification of the spirit" was vouchsafed to them, and they were "filled with all the fullness of God."

This I believe to be a just epitome of the experience described in these narratives. It will be useful to the reader to observe how these seekers of entire sanctification derived assistance from the promises of Holy Scripture. In most cases some particular promise was the basis of the faith which realized the blessing. I confess that when reading these experiences, I saw, as I had never before seen, the import of this Scripture, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." Indeed, they are exceeding great and precious promises. The Giver, the glorious object for which they are given, and their adaptedness to that end, give them a value that finite mind cannot comprehend to all eternity.

It will also be edifying to notice the distinct honor which many of the witnesses render to the Holy Ghost. No person

can obtain entire sanctification without being conscious of his obligations to the Holy Ghost. I understand such persons when in describing their experience, they refer only to Christ, to speak of Him as our "Great High Priest," by whose atonement and intercession we receive the Holy Spirit, who transforms us, "By the renewing of our minds, that we may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." Still the usefulness of these testimonies will be greatly enhanced, by the distinctness with which they state the operations of the Holy Spirit in their sanctification. An Episcopalian, referring to the passage especially blessed to him, when seeking entire sanctification, says, "Through these words, familiar indeed, but never before so illumined by the Holy Spirit, a bright light entered my soul." Likewise a Presbyterian, "The words seemed to be at once revealed and applied by the blessed Spirit, as the full and fervent utterance of my own soul." Also a Dutch Reformed witness, "O! how near was the Lord Jesus to my soul, cleansed by His precious blood and Spirit." A Baptist, after stating that the Holy Spirit came upon him "in mighty power," and describing His wonderful operations, says, "I could hardly bear to hear anything spoken, but the name or praise of the Third Person of the adorable Trinity." A Methodist uses the following language, "Entire sanctification now appears in my mind, a distinct work of the Holy Spirit." "The witness is as clear and far more powerful than was the witness of pardon or regeneration." Another Methodist says, "I was enabled soon to rejoice that the Holy Ghost was shed abroad in my heart, performing its great sanctifying work." A Congregationalist, Rev. Dr. Upham, expresses himself thus, "I do not consider consecration and sanctification the same thing. Consecration is the incipient, the pre-requisite act. It is the laying ourselves upon the altar; but it is not until God has accepted the sacrifice, and wrought upon us by the consuming and restoring work of the Holy Spirit, that we can be said to be sanctified. It is true the one may immediately and almost instantaneously follow the other; and this will be the case when faith in God is perfect." Amen. Never did uninspired man state the point more scripturally, or with more clearness and force. The title of the book also magnifies the

office of the Holy Spirit, for what is the "gift of Power, but the gift of the Holy Ghost."

We also ask the attention of the reader to the concurrence of the witnesses, that entire sanctification is "By faith," and to Wesley's sequence, "If by faith, it may be now."

The conjoint testimony of all these persons goes to establish these several facts in Christian experience: 1st. That conversion, by which term we mean justification, regeneration and adoption, is not only a change of our legal relation before the law of God, from one of condemnation to one of merciful acceptance, but also a radical and conscious change of our moral nature.

2d. Not denying the possibility of entire sanctification at the time of conversion, (when justified and regenerated,) yet that certainly is not uniformly or ordinarily the case, because all these persons, while retaining the "Witness of the Spirit," to their adoption, were painfully conscious of remaining evil in their hearts. Subjugated, but stirring and troublesome passion, tempers and desires, interrupting their peace and joy, and weakening their "might in the inner man," and hindering their love to God.

3d. The possibility of our being sanctified wholly, soul, body and spirit, and preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Possible, because they knew themselves thus sanctified by the "very God of Peace." The fact was demonstrated in their joyous experience.

4th. Conceding that this work may in some cases be a gradual one, yet they attest it may be an instantaneous one. The place, the circumstances, the moment of their sanctification, are just as distinct in their knowledge and remembrance as any event in their past history, or any part of their past consciousness.

5th. That being cleansed from all sin, and endued with power from on high, the greatest hindrances to progress in the divine life were removed. Their aspirations after the knowledge of God, and greater resemblance to God, and closer intimacy with God, were wonderfully intensified. Much faster and more steadily could they now grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

6th. That this full salvation promoted their fruition of divine things. It imparted to them the peace of God, which passeth all understanding and joy in the Holy Ghost, unspeakable and full of glory.

7th. The blessing greatly increased their spiritual power. The power to resist temptation, to trust in Christ, to love God, to pray, and for every good word and work.

8th. That, though this grace greatly increased their steadfastness in Christ, it did not render them impeccable. They were still probationers, and under the necessity of watching unto prayer.

9th. That while entire sanctification makes us perfect Christians, it does not make us perfect men. Our bodies have been greatly impaired by the fall. We are encompassed with infirmities. Our knowledge is imperfect. Our judgment fallible. We shall need the reconstruction of the resurrection to make us perfect men. But thank God His grace can make us perfect Christians here, and now.

On all these points these witnesses testify, explicitly, positively, and from personal knowledge. Certainly they are credible witnesses. They are all ministers in good standing in their respective Churches. Most of them are Christian pastors, honored and beloved by the congregations they serve. Some of them are official editors of church papers, others are professors and presidents of literary institutions. They are not a company of enthusiasts, irresponsible and unworthy of credence. No man will read the book, who, if he were a juror, would hesitate to act upon the testimony of any two of them, on any question upon which they claimed to have personal knowledge. How then can any one doubt this "Cloud of Witnesses."

The reader of this book can form, from its perusal, a good idea of what a Methodist Love Feast is. Indeed it would not be an inappropriate title to call it, A Portable Love Feast.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.



PIONEER EXPERIENCES.

TESTIMONY.

PRESIDENT MAHAN.

CONGREGATIONALIST.



MY early Christian experience had two prominent characteristics, a desire, inexpressibly strong, to be freed from all sin in every form, and to be entirely consecrated to the love and service of God, in all the powers and susceptibilities of my being. Nor can any one conceive the gloom and horror that covered my mind, when older Christians assured me, and as I supposed with truth, that that was a state to which I should never, in this life, attain; that my lusts would not be perfectly subdued or subjected to the will of Christ, and that one of the brightest evidences of my conversion and growth in grace, was new discoveries of the deep and fixed corruptions of my heart—corruptions from which I was never to be cleansed till death should deliver me from my bondage. Notwithstanding all the impediments thrown in the way of my progress in holiness, I continued to press forward for a succession of years, till I could say, in the language of another, “I do know that I love holiness for holiness’ sake.”

In this state, I commenced my studies as a student in college. Here I fell and fell, by not aiming singly at the “prize of the high calling,” but at the prize of college

honors. I subsequently entered a theological seminary, with the hope of there finding myself in such an atmosphere, that my first love would be revived. In this expectation, I grieve to say, I was most sadly disappointed. I found the piety of my brethren apparently as low as my own. I hear say it with sorrow of heart, that my mind does not recur to a single individual connected with the "school of the prophets," when I was there, who appeared to me to enjoy daily communion and peace with God.

After completing my course under such circumstances, I entered the ministry, proud of my intellectual attainments, and armed, as I supposed, at every point, with the weapons of theological warfare, but with the soul of piety chilled and expiring within me. Blessed be God, the remembrance of what I had been, remained, and constantly aroused me to a consciousness of what I was. I looked into myself, and over the church, and was shocked at what I felt and what I saw. Two facts in the aspect of the church and the ministry, struck my mind with gloomy interest. Scarcely an individual, within the circle of my knowledge, seemed to know the gospel as a *sanctifying* or *peace-giving* gospel. In illustration of this remark, let me state a fact which I met with in the year 1831 or 1832. I then met a company of my ministerial brethren, who had come together from one of the most favored portions of the country. They sat down together, and gave to each other an undisguised disclosure of the state of their hearts, and they all, with one exception, and the experience of that individual I did not hear, acknowledged that they had not daily communion and peace with God. Over these facts they wept, but neither knew how to direct the others out of the thick and impenetrable gloom which covered them, and I was in the same ignorance as my brethren.

I state these facts as a fair example of the state of the church, and of the ministry, as far as my observation has

extended. When my mind became fully conscious of this fact, I was led to compare my own, and the experience of the church around me, with that of the Apostles and primitive Christians, and with the "path of the just," as described in the sacred Scriptures. I found the two in direct contrast with each other. Here the great inquiry arose in my mind, *What is the grand secret of holy living?* How shall I attain to that perpetual fullness and peace in Christ, which, for example, Paul enjoyed. Till this secret was fully disclosed to my mind, I felt that I was, and must be disqualified in one fundamental respect, to "feed the flock of God." While the gospel was not life and peace to me, how could I present it in such a manner that it would be life and peace to others. I must myself be led by the Great Shepherd, into the "green pastures and beside the still waters," before I could lead the flock of God into the same blissful regions. For years this one inquiry pressed upon my thoughts, and often, as I have looked over a company of inquiring sinners, have I said within myself, I would gladly take my place among those inquirers, if any individual would show me how to come into possession of the "riches of the glory of Christ's inheritance in the saints." But clouds and darkness covered my mind in respect to this, the most momentous of all subjects.

In this state of mind, I continued to press my inquiries with increasing interest upon this one subject, till the fall of 1836. At that time, during a series of religious meetings, a large number of the members of the church arose and informed us, that they were fully convinced that they had been deceived in respect to their character as Christians, and that they were now without hope, and appeared as inquirers, to know "what they should do to be saved." At the same time, the great mass of the remainder, disclosed to us the cheerless bondage in which

they had long been groaning, and asked us if we could tell them how to obtain deliverance. I now felt myself, as one of the "leaders of the flock of God," pressed with the great inquiry above referred to, with greater interest than ever before. I set my heart by prayer and supplication to God, to find the light after which I had been so long seeking.

In this state I visited one of my associates in the work, and disclosed to him the burden which had weighed down my mind for so many years. I asked him, if he could tell me the secret of the piety of Paul, and tell me the reason of the strange contrast between the Apostle's experience and my own. In laboring for the salvation of men, I observed, that my feelings often remained unmoved and unaffected, while Paul was constantly "*constrained*" by the love of Christ. Our conversation then turned upon the passage, "The love of Christ constraineth us," &c. While thus employed, my heart leaped up in ecstasy indescribable, with the exclamation, "I have found it." I have now, by the grace of God, discovered the secret after which I have been searching these many years. I understood the secret of the piety of Paul, and knew how to attain to that blissful state myself. Paul's piety all arose from one cause exclusively, a sympathy with the heart of Christ in his love for lost men. To attain to this state myself, I had only to acquaint myself with the love of Christ, and yield my whole being up to its sweet control.

1. Christ had been but as one chapter in my system of theology, when He should have been the sun and centre of my system.

2. When I thought of my guilt and need of justification, I had looked to Christ exclusively, as I ought to have done. For sanctification, on the other hand, to overcome the "world, the flesh, and the devil," I had depended mainly upon my own resolutions. Here was the grand mistake,

and the source of all my bondage under sin. I ought to have looked to Christ for sanctification as much as for justification, and for the same reason. The great object of my being now was, to know Christ, and in knowing Him, to be changed into his image. Here was the "victory which overcometh the world." Here was the "death of the body of sin." Here was "redemption from all iniquity," into the "glorious liberty of the children of God." At this time, the appropriate office of the Holy Spirit presented itself to my mind with a distinctness and interest never understood nor felt before. To know Christ was the life of the soul. To "take of the things of Christ and show them unto us," to open our hearts to understand the Scriptures, to strengthen us with might in the inner man, that we might comprehend the "breadth and depth, and length and height, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," and thus be "filled with all the fullness of God," is the appropriate office of the Spirit. The highway of holiness was now rendered perfectly distinct to my mind. The discovery of it was to my mind as "life from the dead." The disclosure of this path had the same effect upon others, who had been, like myself, "*weary, tost with tempest and not comforted.*" As my supreme attention was thus fixed upon Christ, as it became the great object of my being to know Him, and be transformed into His likeness, and as I was perpetually seeking that divine illumination by which I might apprehend Him, an era occurred in my experience, which I have no doubt will ever be one of the most memorable. In a moment of deep and solemn thought, the veil seemed to be lifted, and I had a vision of the infinite glory and love of Christ, as manifested in the mysteries of redemption. I will not attempt to describe the effect of that vision upon my mind. All that I would say is, that in view of it, my heart melted and flowed out like water. The heart of stone was taken

away, and a heart of love and tenderness assumed its place. From that time I have desired to "know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." I have literally "esteemed all things but loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord," and the knowledge of Christ has been eternal life begun in my heart.

Now when the Lord Jesus Christ was thus held up among us, by myself and others, a brother in the ministry arose in one of our meetings and remarked, that there was one question to which he desired a definite answer be given. It was this, "When we look to Christ for sanctification, what degree of sanctification may we expect from Him? May we look to Him to be sanctified wholly, or not?" I do not recollect that I was ever so shocked and confounded at any question before or since. I felt for the moment that the work of Christ among us would be marred, and the mass of minds around us rush into Perfectionism. Still the question was before us; and to it we were bound, as pupils of the Holy Spirit, to give a scriptural answer. We did not attempt to give a definite answer to it at that time. With that question before us, we spent most of the winter, in prayer and the study of the Bible. The great inquiry with us was, what degree of holiness may we ourselves expect from Christ, when we exercise faith in Him; and in what light shall we present Him to others, as a Saviour from sin? We looked, for example, at such passages as this, passages of which the Bible is full, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God, your whole spirit, and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." We looked at such passages, I say, and asked ourselves this question, Suppose an honest inquirer after holiness asks, what is here promised to the believer? May I expect, in view of this prayer and promise, that God will sanctify me wholly, and preserve me in

that state, till the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ? What answer shall we give him? Shall we tell him that merely *partial* and not perfect holiness is here promised, and that the former and not the latter he is here authorized to expect? After looking prayerfully at the testimony of Scripture in respect to the provisions and promises of divine grace, we were constrained to admit, that but one answer to the above question could be given from the Bible; and the greatest wonder with me is, that I have been so long a "master in Israel, and have never before known these things." Since that time we have never ceased to proclaim the redemption of Christ as a full redemption. Nor do we expect to cease proclaiming it as a full and finished redemption, till Christ shall call us home. For myself, I am willing to proclaim it to the world, that I now look to the very God of peace to sanctify me wholly, and preserve my whole spirit, and soul and body, blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. I put up this prayer with the expectation that the very things prayed for will be granted. Reader, is that confidence misplaced? In expecting that blessing, am I leaning upon a broken reed, or upon the broad promise of God?

There is one circumstance connected with my recent experience, to which I desire to turn the attention of the reader. And that is this; that I have forever given up all idea of resisting temptation, subduing any lust, appetite or propensity, or of acceptably performing any service for Christ, by the mere force of my own resolutions. If my propensities, which lead to sin, are crucified, I know that it must be done by an indwelling Christ. If I overcome the world, this is to be the victory, "even our faith." If the great enemy is to be overcome, it is to be done "by the blood of the Lamb."

Believing, as I now do, that the Lord Jesus Christ has

provided special grace for the entire sanctification of every individual, for the subjection of all his propensities, for a perfect victory over every temptation and incentive to sin, and for rendering us, in every sphere and condition in life, all that He requires us to be ; the first inquiry with me is, In what particular respect do I need the grace of Christ ? What is there, for example, in my temper that needs correction ? Wherein am I in bondage to appetite, or to any of my propensities ? What are the particular responsibilities, temptations, &c., incident to each particular sphere and condition in life in which the providence of God has called me to act ? What is the temper that I ought, then, to manifest, so that I may every where, and under all circumstances, reflect the image of Christ ?

Thus having discovered my special necessity, in any one of the particulars above referred to, my next object is, to take some promise applicable to the particular exigency before me, and to go directly to Christ for the supply of that particular necessity. By having the eye of faith perpetually fixed upon Christ in this manner, by always looking to Him for special grace in every special exigency, yes, for "grace to help in every time of need," how easy it is to realize in our blessed experience the truth of all the "exceeding great and precious promises" of divine grace. How easy it is to have the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, "keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." "Our peace is then as a river, and our righteousness as the waves of the sea." The mind seems to be borne upward and onward, as upon an ocean of light, peace and blessedness, which knows no bounds.

" O glorious change ! tis all of grace
 By bleeding love bestowed
 On outcasts of our fallen race,
 To bring them home to God ;
 Infinite grace to vileness given,
 The sons of earth made heirs of heaven."

And now, reader, "my heart's desire and prayer to God" for you, is, that you may know this full redemption. If you will cease from all efforts of your own, and bring your sins, and sorrows, and cares, and propensities which lead into sin, to Christ, and cast them all upon Him, if with implicit faith, you will hang your whole being upon Him, and make it the great object of life to know Him; for the purpose of receiving and reflecting his image, you will find that all the "exceeding great and precious promises" of his word, are, in your own blissful experience, a living reality. The water that Christ shall give you, "shall be in you a well of water springing up into everlasting life." You shall have a perpetual and joyful victory over the "world, the flesh, and the devil." Every where, and under all circumstances, your peace in Christ shall be as a "river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea." "O, taste and see that the Lord is good." "There is no want to them that fear Him." And, reader, when your cup is once filled with the love of Christ, you will then say with truth, "The half has not been told me." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

TESTIMONY.

REV. W. H. POOLE.

METHODIST.



TO record the goodness of God in leading me into the enjoyment of a full salvation, I must first narrate the manner in which, by the Divine hand, I was led out of the Egypt of sin and unbelief, from the galling service of a slavish fear; then how by the same hand, I was led into that state beautifully symbolized by the land "flowing with milk and honey," into the Canaan of "perfect love." Being the son, the grandson, and the great-grandson of a Methodist, I enjoyed all the advantages of early religious instruction—of pious example—of good books—combined with the most powerful influence of religious association. And in youth,

WAS CHANGED.

When a lad, in a crowded parlor at my grandfather's, in Ireland, the Rev. Mr. Olives stood behind a chair and preached Jesus. I sat on that chair during the sermon, and felt that my heart was then made new. For months my heart was full of peace and joy, and love, and praise. I loved prayer and praise more than my play, or my dinner, but I did not fully understand it, I made no profession of it, and after a time, a change of country, companionship

and circumstances, drew me away from the spiritual to the secular.

WAS DUMB.

For nine or ten years I met regularly in class-meeting and love-feast, and I used to enjoy it. It was a pleasure and a profit to me; but all that time I never witnessed for Christ. "With my mouth" I did not make confession, as was my duty. I tried to overcome my timidity, but could not. I suffered much from my backwardness in this duty; my silence caused me sad loss. I had many a long and terrible struggle, and I suffered many a crushing defeat, until at length I gave up the conflict, gave place to the enemy, quenched the spirit, and sat in silence and in tears. The Rev. Wm. Willoughby once in class-meeting lifted me on my feet, as if in love, he would compel me to victory, but my lips were sealed. If I could have done as Moses, Miriam & Co. did, when the Lord opened up a pathway for them through the sea, and they sang their experience, I would have "triumphed gloriously," but I could not hold up the banner for Jesus, every attempt only proved my inability, and failing, I became discouraged, and lost my confidence.

ZIN, OR COLDNESS.

Gales of heavenly love brought new life and power to our church and congregation, and scores of my acquaintances gave evidence of a change of heart. Members of our family, too, were made to rejoice in God their Saviour, and witnessed a good confession, but during that season of refreshing, I lost my tenderness of heart—my comfort in the ordinances—my communion with God—my delight in His Word—my love for religious conversation—my taste for good books—my anxiety to please God at all times. Indeed I lost all but the form of religion; I became a wonder to many, and to myself also. I wandered in thought and feeling. I attended the means, and tried to trust in

the midst of overwhelming doubt. I was in the wilderness of Zin, *i. e.* coldness, that district lies between Egypt and Canaan. There are many *existing* (it is not living) in that region; many die there of whom it might be said they died of coldness of heart.

SONS OF ANAK.

I might have gone up at once and possessed the goodly land; but I was too timid, too faint-hearted, those Anakims, the word means men of long necks, how they discouraged Israel. Were those sons of Anak types of those persons, a large class or tribe in some communities, who claim the right of stretching their necks to watch for the errors and failings of young converts? The fear of man proved a great snare to me. Such persons greatly hinder and retard the pilgrim on his way to Eshcol and Zion.

My parents, friends and pastors were not forgetful of me, they followed me in their sympathies and prayers back to Pi-hahiroth, the spring of liberty, or the mouth of deliverance, and farther, even into bondage, and in answer to prayer, God saw fit to speak to me more directly, more personally, and more powerfully than before. He did this in A DREAM.

Dreams, no doubt, are often produced by physical causes, and are, in general, not worth a place in the memory where they have failed to make an impression. Yet God does, sometimes, as in the days of old, speak in dreams. It is unpopular now to speak of impressions received through this channel. I know it, dear reader, but the popular rule is not always the way of duty, thanks be to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, that I am not now afraid of the sons of Anak, and for the honor of God I can say, "this shall be written for generations to come.

MY DREAM.

I saw that life and time were past—the judgment day

at hand—I heard the trump of God—I saw the response of earth as the dust stirred and heaved with life as the trumpet-sound pierced the dull, cold ear of nature, and echoed through all the cemeteries, vaults, catacombs and caverns of mountain and of deep. The angels removed the mountains and the water-courses, and prepared room for the human race. Each person seemed alone, though in the mighty throng. Each individualized, each conscious of his state. I saw the great white throne coming down in mid-heaven, and resting as it were on a bow or arch that spanned the horizon. That arch seemed to be formed of clouds that became more dense and dark as they receded from the grand stairway of light that connected earth and sky. I saw the Saviour, Jesus, as judge, seated on the throne, and before him on the right were books of immense proportions, in which appeared *names and deeds*.

Open to every eye was a hall, or gallery of judgment, through which every one must pass on his way to his reward. On the right, and above, this hall or gallery was connected with the celestial home or heavenly country, while on the left and beneath it was connected with darkness and woe. On the right and above were angels of light to welcome the good and the pure to their home on high. The floor of this hall seemed to be constructed of bars and lines and spaces, as the scale in music, those of pure motive and holy life went over those spaces with a buoyant step and a bounding heart, as if gravitation had lost its power over them; while the disobedient and unholy disappeared quickly in the darkness below. *Sin* seemed to be the great force that drew them downward, the more sin the sooner they disappeared, and with greater velocity. As on the other hand, the more holiness, the more immediate and the more rapid their flight upward. The white robed ones were all singing, and as the redeemed ones joined them they too commenced to sing.

As I stood petrified by fear, I saw many whom I had known in life, who, when measured by human standards, were pronounced wanting, to whom the Judge gave a look of approbation that filled them with light and glory, and made them almost transparent, so that heaven and earth witnessed their joy. I saw members of the church, and church officers, and ministers of the gospel, whom human standards would pronounce all right, but who in the hour of judgment stood condemned and disappeared in darkness, some were out of sight at once, and others passed on and were almost over and disappeared in a moment. Oh, the anguish of mind—the bitter regrets for broken vows and neglected duties, such views of God's love and goodness, of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, such longing for holiness.

When my name was called by an angel that seemed to have charge of the records of eternity, obedience was not voluntary, as in life. My will seemed to have no part in influencing my action, my going seemed not to be of myself, an unseen power controlled all, and compelled compliance. In the presence of the throne and of the Judge, the most timid would not be afraid of the whole human family. It is utterly impossible to describe my feelings as I ascended the stairs of light, and oh how strange that I should be the only one who dared to speak to the Judge, or utter a word, but I did speak. His look of love prompted me to speak, and inspired me with confidence. He seemed to say, speak on, and I exclaimed, "O, dear Saviour, don't send me over, I am not prepared." And O, boundless love, infinite, immeasurable love. He permitted me to return and prepare, and go and persuade others to prepare for judgment. I awoke, but I have not forgotten my dream. My appeal was spoken in accents so loud as to disturb my parents who came to my room. For days and nights my sleep departed from me, and when anxiety and grief had wearied my body and mind, and I slept

again, my dream came back upon my spirit with all the definiteness and distinctness of reality. There was a grandeur and a majesty about every point in it, that I can never describe. For some weeks I could think of nothing else; my strength failed; "I was sick certain days." My cup was filled with the "waters of Marah," they were indeed very bitter. When wearied walking my room, I often wet "my pillow with my tears."

For three months I sought the Lord constantly. I think I understand the meaning of the "unleavened bread and the bitter herbs." I gave up business and devoted my time exclusively to reading and prayer, hoping that God would come to my rescue. Thank God, He did come, but first he came to me in a dream.

MY SECOND DREAM.

I saw myself in a vast desert, without a drop of water, or compass, or guide, parched with scorching winds and burning sands, my only companion was *despair*. Unable to stand from weakness and fatigue, I sat down, feeling that death itself would be welcome. At length I looked up, and saw, far, far away, where sand and sky seemed to meet, a beautiful mansion, or city of mansions. In the sky above were the words: "Room for all," and "Jesus bids you come." I felt my heart grow lighter, and my limbs grew stronger, and I made my way to it. There was only one entrance; between the outer gate and that entrance there were fountains of water, and fruits, and flowers, in all forms of loveliness; but, to my astonishment, as I approached the gateway (for there was no gate, it was open night and day), I saw thousands of hideous serpents, with eyes of fire, and teeth and tongue of poison. I paused a moment, and looking in, I saw Jesus standing at the door with hands outstretched, and that same look of love and compassion I saw before, when he sat on the throne, and

he repeated Matt. xi. 28 and 29, "Come unto me all ye that labor;" and I walked on and over the serpents unhurt, and threw myself at His feet, full of peace and joy. I awoke and was much cheered, and slept and dreamed the same again, I arose a long while before day, and spent the day alone with God, in meditation and prayer, and twenty-two hours after my dream, or at 2 o'clock A. M., in my father's stable, after spending the night in prayer, I saw a star which led me in thought to the star of Bethlehem. I knelt once more in prayer and said, "Father, bless me for JESUS' sake," and in a moment my long dark night was turned into more than noon-day brightness. "My chains fell off, my heart was free," all doubt was gone, and I made the air ring with hallelujahs to Jesus. I had good reason for praising God, and I did praise him. I awoke my dear father and mother, and they too praised God in my behalf. I, who had trusted so much to my own righteousness, now trusted solely in the righteousness of Christ. I, who had been silent in class for nearly ten years, now found a tongue. I, who was so timid that I could not speak one word for Jesus, now began to tell to thousands what the Lord had done for me. O, if once I drank the bitter waters of Marah, I now drank from the smitten rock on the highlands of Rephidim. If I once was afraid of the long-necked Anakim, I now went right up into their camp, shouting victory through the blood of the Lamb. If I once sat me down on arid sands to die of thirst, I now enjoyed the famous twelve wells of water and the seventy palm trees cooling shade. If once I had to eat bitter herbs, believe me, my dear reader, I have been feasting on the real manna since the morning of July the 8th, 1838.

GOING FORWARD.

Whatever I pass through, I can never doubt my experience of the grace of God, that happy, happy hour. But

leaving Egypt is not entering into Canaan—feasting on manna and drinking from the new made fountain is very pleasant, but it is not crossing over Jordan, and storming Jericho. Enjoying the cooling shade of the palm is no conquering the land and exterminating the enemies of God and the country. “Up, sanctify yourselves.” A great many left Egypt that never entered Canaan. The first step from Egypt is one towards Canaan, and every succeeding step, *forward*, is so much gained. So the work of holiness commences, when the first ray of light moves you to repentance, and every successive ray of light that leads you on to justification, adoption, and regeneration, is so much more gained in the work of holiness, and is preparatory to it. But there will come a time in your experience, if you go forward, when you will as clearly and as fully know that you have entered Canaan, as that you have left Egypt; or, to be more definite, the evidence of our sanctification may be as clear and as convincing as the evidence of our justification. If God grants an abiding testimony when he changes our relationship and removes the guilt of sin, giving us pardon, will he not, through the same spirit, give us a satisfactory and an abiding assurance when he changes our nature, and imparts the divine nature, cleansing us from the pollutions of sin, and renewing us after the image of God.

I had a clear and satisfactory evidence of my forgiveness, and could say and feel, that “Being justified by faith I had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” A peace that passeth all understanding. At the same time, I felt a conviction of the necessity of a more complete consecration to God; that in order to my own happiness and usefulness, I must have the victory over *Self*, the *World*, and *Satan*; that I must have my nature purified; that having the righteousness of Christ imputed to me, it must also be imparted to me, and be implanted in me.

In order to obtain that holiness I now longed for, it seemed to me that the first step for me was to be fully convinced, beyond a doubt, that upon the Divine testimony such a blessing was attainable. I read Fletcher and Wesley and others on the subject, but first I must satisfy myself of "the law and the testimony" on the subject. I collected and arranged all the passages in the Old and New Testaments. I did this with great care, examining every term used, and each passage separately; my notes taken at the time are now before me. A brief reference to them may help some inquiring one: 1. Scripture commands, "Be perfect," "Thou shalt love." 2. Promises, "I will sprinkle clean water," "I will cleanse," "Blessed are the pure." 3. Prophecies, "And an highway," "There shall be upon the bells of the horses," "Holiness to the Lord," *i. e.*, "the commerce, the recreations, and the pleasurable of life shall all be holy, "And every pot in Jerusalem and Judah," "All the eating and drinking shall be done to his honor and glory." 4. Precedents, "Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect," "Herein is our love." 5. Scripture invitations, "Come now and let us reason," "Sins scarlet." 6. Exhortations, "Wash you, make you clean," "Let patience have her perfect," "That we being delivered out of the hands of our enemies might serve him without fear in holiness and righteousness all the days of our lives." 7. Prayers, "Create in me a clean," "Sanctify them through thy truth," "May the very God of peace sanctify you," "Preserved blameless." 8. Declarations of enforcing the doctrine—"If I wash thee not," "Without holiness no man shall see thee," "If we confess our sins," "There is no fear in love, but perfect love," "May be filled with all the fullness of God," "To him that loved us, and washed us."

There are scores of such passages spoken by God to me, to thee, dear reader. They show what He requires of us, and these requirements harmonized with the teachings

of the Holy Spirit to my mind and heart, and with the felt want of my nature, these truths provided so fully, and offered so freely, that, for which my new relationship leads me so eagerly to pant, that I felt my longing soul to be all on fire, to be dissolved in love.

THE TRINITY WORKING IN ME.

God, through Jesus Christ, had done a great work *for* me. I now felt that the work of sanctification was a work in which the whole Trinity were engaged. The Father, through the Son, by the Holy Spirit, "working *in* me to will and to do of his good pleasure." The following passages were applied to my mind with great power:

1. It is the work of the Father, "Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will."

2. It is the work of the Son, "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people." "He loved the church and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish."

3. It is the work of the Holy Ghost, "through sanctification of the Spirit by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

The conviction that it was my privilege to be sanctified body, soul, and spirit, came in like a flood of light upon my soul; a knowledge that it was the will of God, even my sanctification, laid me under such a weight of responsibility, that I saw as never before, that my privilege was the measure of my responsibility. He had given me light or knowledge of my sinfulness, that light produced convic-

tion, and contrition, and repentance, and turning to him with my whole heart, trustingly, I was accepted through Christ. He took me into His family, and now He was willing to make me holy; to cleanse me from all sin, to impart His own nature; to stamp upon my being His own moral image; to give me spiritual conformity to His image and likeness; to clothe me with courtly apparel, with the costume of saints; to bestow upon me royal immunities and privileges; to admit me to the royal banqueting house, to the family table; to give me a meetness and a title to the royal presence; to secure me constant access there; to afford me parental instruction in the school-room of Christ; to make me wise unto salvation, and honor me with the most illustrious titles, as "son," "heir," "joint-heir," etc.; to secure me a royal guard for my protection, and a throne, and a crown, and a kingdom where there are pleasures for evermore. Was I willing? Not only willing, but intensely desirous to be thus transformed by the renewing of my mind. My whole nature drawn out, and up, and on to Him. It was not the anxiety I had when I sought for pardon, there was not here any sense or feeling of condemnation. By no means. I had a great peace, and I praised God night and day. Then, I was moved with fear, now my promptings were love; then, I had a sense of displeasure, now, the smile of approval; then, I came tremblingly, as a stranger, now, with confidence as a child; I was then afraid He would employ me, now, I was glad to think he would give me something to do, and I promised that I would do all that He commanded me, trusting Him for strength.

MY WORK.

In this state of mind, earnestly looking for the work of holiness to be wrought in me, "my heart and my flesh crying out for the living God," the spirit of the Lord

impressed my mind with the thought, that sanctification was not only the work of God in man, but that it was *man's work* too. And now for days, all those texts pointing out our duty in this work, came to my mind. Holiness is a duty assigned as well as a privilege afforded, "Be ye holy," is a command, "Be thou perfect;" there is a person addressed there, and a duty assigned to that person. "Make yourselves a new heart," and a "new spirit." We are called to "cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and of the spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord." "Wash you, make you clean." "That ye put off the old man, and be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." "Sanctify yourselves." "Work out your own salvation." "Give all diligence." I saw from these and other passages of the Word, that the whole responsibility came back on me again. Have I done my part? Have I complied with His conditions? Have I given myself fully to Him? The work of sacrifice, of self-denial, of complete surrender, of entire consecration, of yielding up all confidence in working, was fully before my mind. Aaron and his sons were sanctified when they were "set apart," devoted, or consecrated to the priesthood. The Sabbath day was sanctified when it was set apart for God. The furniture of the tabernacle was made holy, or sanctified, when separated to holy purposes or surrendered to God's service. The vessels of the temple became holy, were made such, when set apart to temple service. The lamb became the Lord's, in the sense of a sacrifice, not when it was caught, or confined in a place of safety, but when it was bound to the altar of God; then and not till then did it become holy.

I could not believe that I was accepted of Him, while I was in doubt as to the completeness and sincerity of my act of consecration. I must first make the surrender on

my part, and bind myself in solemn covenant to Him, before I could trust Him for acceptance, and for the bestowment of that blessing I desired. The self-examinations, heart-searchings, and reasonings of my mind just here, lasted for some time. I saw that to pray sincerely and in faith, that God would cleanse and renew, I must be conscious that the vessel I wanted him to purify and fill was not to be used in the secular and the worldly. It must be dedicated to His honor and His glory. This question spread out before me in all its proportions, as a life question, as connected, indeed, with eternal life. A complete, entire, unreserved, unconditional devotement of self to God is necessary before the exercise of that faith that purifies. The "old man" must be crucified, nailed upon the cross, and put to death, before the "new man" will come in, and wash, and cleanse, and refit, and refurnish, and ornament the temple of the heart with all the lovely virtues and graces of the Holy Spirit. It is painful to fasten the old nature on the rugged wood. It requires a very firm resolution. Human nature cries out for sympathy, and sometimes resolution fails, and the work of nailing him up is not half done. Often we take him down and administer cordials and revive his dying energies, and Satan and the carnal heart triumphs, then we gather up our resolution, and muster courage for another conflict, and succeed with the "old man" as before. There must be an unwavering determination to please God, such an invincible purpose as will lead us to nail the old man on the cross, and go and nail him more firmly if need be. The question often came to my mind, can I crucify self and all that pertains to the carnal mind? Can I bear the reproach, for it is sure to come, that such a sacrifice will bring upon me? Can I witness for Christ and his power to save from all sin? I am sorry to say that at first my courage failed me, and I shrank from the duty, but the

Lord helped me, and I came from the closet saying, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." I had there on my knees counted the cost. I reviewed the whole question in all its forms, with all its conditions and consequences, and I said, "O, God, my heart is filled," I am thine. With some emotion and trembling of heart, I took my pen and wrote,

"Lord, in the strength of grace, with a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days, I consecrate to thee."

I am thine, thine for ever, fully, freely, for ever thine, through Jesus Christ my Lord, Amen. While recording the words of this covenant or consecration, my head and mind acted out its full import. I gave myself, I trusted, and I shouted his praise from a full and a pure heart. The double cure was effected, the water and the blood applied, and I, even I, was made whole. I have no language to express my feelings of gratitude. I think I had an experience of what Bunyan meant by the Slough of Despond. I know I was wounded by the bowmen of the enemy, and often discouraged by the lions in the way; but now, I triumphed so in Beulah, my sun went not down, the songs of Zion ever cheered me, the perfume from the garden delighted my spiritual senses, "it was heaven below." I had gone up into Canaan, and my inheritance was the valley of Sharon, and the mountains of Carmel and Tabor. I then began to grow in grace, to understand in some humble way the glorious privilege of living by faith upon the promise of God. There is a luxury divine in trusting Jesus. Oh, what a melting of heart—what a subduing of the will—what an emptying of self, and what a communication of the divine fullness. It was love filling and flooding my whole heart, refining my nature, and giving me complete victory over self, sin and Satan, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

TESTIMONY.

REV. F. G. HIBBARD, D. D.

METHODIST.



TWICE within now nearly forty years of my Christian life have I been brought, through infinite mercy, to the experience and evidence of perfect love. The ancient command may not be inappropriate to me: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee those forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no." (Deut. viii. 2). But I can speak only of a few points.

CONVICTION THE FIRST TIME.

A definite, deep, and abiding conviction of the necessity of this work preceded my seeking it. The circumstance that awakened this conviction, accompanied as it was with an awful apprehension of losing my hold on God, and at last losing my soul also without it, was the timidity and dread I felt in doing all my duty. The duties which I felt I could not perform were, 1. A regular habit of confessing Christ in social meetings; 2. Vocal prayer in social meetings; 3. Family prayer in my father's family in his absence. Hitherto my mother had kept up

this duty, in my father's absence. I felt I ought to perform it. I was a convert of five months' old. My secret duties were regular; class and church attendance irrefragable; my life religious, and my conscience tender. But I had strength only occasionally to speak for Jesus a few words in a social meeting, and thought I absolutely could not pray vocally in the hearing of any person. No one will ever suffer more than I did for two months, till I was driven to the brink of despair. I was young, and untaught in these ways; yet the Spirit told me that nothing but a complete surrender of my all, to be governed wholly and without reserve by the will of God, at all times, on all occasions, in all places and conditions, would ever meet the wants of my soul. I had made many promises; greatly increased my faithfulness in all duties, except those public ones, in hopes to grow into spiritual strength sufficient to lift these crosses also; had promised the Lord, if he would give me the blessing I sought, so as to assure me that I had strength adequate, I would then go forward in duty; had set apart weeks of prayer, fasting, watching, and special labor, for the longed-for grace. But all availed not; my heart seemed more barren, dark and distant from God than ever; and I grew thoroughly alarmed at what I justly considered my wretched and perilous state. The thoughts of my social religious duties haunted me like spectres of Sheol. I saw our older brethren pray and speak in social meetings without any embarrassment, as though they enjoyed it; and I deemed them the happiest and most honored of men. I thought perhaps, by the time I was as old as they, I should be able to do the same.

THE VOW AT LAST.

My distress of mind so increased, though I was leading a life of daily prayer and self-denial, and special pleading for holiness, that I felt at length the controversy must be

decided. I dropped my work one day, went alone to one of my places of prayer in the barn, and fell before God with something of the shuddering as though I was going to be immolated as a sacrifice, and, with feelings I can never describe, pronounced the vow which I had so long dreaded, in about the following words: "O Lord! I here end my controversy with Thee; I give Thee my all. From this moment, henceforth, I consent, and solemnly engage, to do all Thy known will, at all times, in all places, under all circumstances, according to my best ability, through thy grace, without any exception, reservation or delay, at whatever cost to myself, even though it should take my life." I continued in prayer and weeping for some time before the throne. I confessed my sin of fearfulness and timidity, and threw myself, as I never did before, into the arms of God. I felt instant strength, peace, light, and comfort. A mountainous burden rolled from my heart, and I lighted up like a vessel relieved of her too-heavy load. I had done my duty, and I felt that God accepted me. My faith rallied, and I was wonderfully stronger. I had not expected the blessing I so much desired, and my mind did not once recur to the possibility that I might even then have already tasted it. I had only engaged to do all the known will of God in every instance, and to seek for the sanctifying grace till I found it, if it were to my life's end. The dividing-line between me and the world was now clearly drawn, the unmistakable landmarks set up; and I was sustained by a consciousness that I was the Lord's.

In this frame I returned to my employment with a feeling of satisfaction to which I had been altogether a stranger for months. Soon, however, the thought flashed across my mind, "What have you done? Your vow was premature and rash. You knew that you never could perform the duties to which you are now irrevocably pledged. You have left no proviso, no condition, no possibility of modify-

ing your course according to circumstances; and next Sunday you will be called upon to speak and pray before a congregation. You will fail, and your awful vow will be broken. You have added sin to your past course. That, at least, was prudent; this is presumptuous and impracticable." Instantly I felt sinking into deep waters, and a horror of great darkness came over me. The temptation seemed truthful. It had all my past bitter experience to corroborate it, and I had no faith to contradict it. I dropped my work, and returned to the same place of prayer, and falling before God, wept out a prayer and confession: "O Lord! I am wretched and helpless and ignorant, and totally in the power of the Tempter. Lord, I intended only to fulfill my duty in making the vow. I cannot tell whether those awful doubts are the temptations of Satan, or the truthful suggestions of Thy Spirit. I am fixed in my purpose to do all Thy will. If these suggestions are from Thee and I have been rash in my vow, oh! forgive me, and pity my ignorance; but if they are temptations, and if I have done only my duty, come to me, strengthen me, teach me, help me to keep my vow, and I will abide in it, though it cost me my life." My prayer was uttered from the depths, like one sinking for the last time in deep waters. To me all was real as eternity. I think I could have gone to the stake for Christ, even without spiritual comfort, if I had been assured of His will. My vow was made with a full expectation of losing my good name; of being counted a fool for Christ's sake; of being baffled and defeated, and put to shame, in my attempts to do my duty, but with an unalterable purpose to do all the known will of God. Had I done the will of God in making the vow? Was I now in the line of duty? I had scarcely ended my prayer of agony when the answer came. My soul was filled with peace, light and joy. God gave me "wherewith to answer him that reproached me; for I

trusted in His word" (Ps. cxix. 42). My way was plain. The Tempter left me. I was never again attacked at that point. Up to that time, I had expected to be baffled in my attempts to pray in public; to be a trial to my brethren, and a jeer to my unconverted youthful friends, and, perhaps, a dishonor to the common cause, on account of my weakness. But now my anxiety on these points was gone. My faith in God became so settled and strong, that I seemed to "rejoice as a strong man to run a race." I longed for opportunity to speak for Jesus. It is strange, but I never from that hour felt any embarrassment from lack of words or self-possession in performing my social duties. Satan had kept me bound; but Christ now set me free. The fear of man was gone. I believe I then received the blessing I sought; but as my faith was not directed to that point, and as I had it fixed in my mind that I was only entering the way as a seeker of sanctifying grace, it never once occurred to me that this might possibly be the thing I sought.

THE WITNESS.

Three weeks passed in daily, hourly seeking by all the means which I knew, or had reason to believe, were acceptable to God. My ideal of sanctification was that of a lad brought up, indeed, in the Christian faith and forms, with some elemental experience of the Spirit's operations, but unable to grasp questions and doctrines theologically, living in a retired and humble sphere, and intent only upon glorifying God in that sphere, without one thought or aspiration beyond. I could derive little aid from human conversations. People did not explain things then as they do now. It was not a Sunday-school age, and the adult mind had not come down to the capacities of babes. And besides I now see that my thoughts dwelt in a region and were occupied with things far beyond my knowledge of words to express, or adequately to understand if others should

express them. A few helped me. One old Christian lady helped me much. Most did not seem to comprehend me. But the Lord understood me; "and He alone did lead me, and there was no strange god with me" (Deut. xxxii. 12). He enabled me to keep my vow. I *did* glory in the cross. My peace, faith, hope, love, and purpose of mind, never for a moment wavered, though my emotional experience was not always alike. My great trial arose from the delay and absence, as I supposed, of that grace which I needed so much in order to glorify God. At the end of three weeks, I was alone in the field one beautiful day of early spring. The clear sky, the glorious sun, the happy birds, and all nature, "quick, and springing into life," were but the symbols of my soul's experience. It was a glorious day within and without. I can never forget that day. I shall never enjoy a happier till I walk the fields of paradise. As I returned homeward, while the declining sun was dipping low in the west, my soul full of delightful meditation, the thought came to me so distinctly, "This is a glorious day," that I answered, "Yes, it is."—"You have been greatly blessed to-day."—"Yes," I replied, with praise to God. "This is what you have been seeking for."—"No," I quickly responded: "I have not yet attained."—"Why not? what is it that you have been asking?" This "Why not?" was the first occasion of directing my mind to a review of the nature and evidences of that blessing I was seeking; and, for the first time in my life, I seemed to pause, and have courage to institute the question, "Is this, indeed, the answer of my prayer?" It took some courage to admit the possibility, so far as to put it upon the ground of an open question. "What is it that you want?" seemed to be asked me. "I want victory over all known sin." "Have you not got it?"—"Yes," I replied. "What else?"—"I want power to perform all the known will of God." "Have you not got it?"—"Yes, praise God."

“What else do you want?”—“I want to love God with all my heart and soul.” “Do you not?”—“Yes, glory to God!” These and such like questions and answers continued to run through my mind with amazing distinctness; I giving my answers audibly, as if replying to an audible voice, each answer increasing my faith, and my clearer perceptions of the nature and evidences of the work which I had desired, until the final question came, “Well, have you not, then, received the blessing you have asked?” and my bursting heart answered, “Yes, I have. Blessed be God, my prayers are answered; I will not doubt!” And never from that hour have I doubted for one moment the reality of the work there attested. That was the “beginning of years” to my soul. It was the great Passover act, wherein the “blood of sprinkling” procured a deliverance which eternity alone can adequately commemorate. I afterwards saw why my crosses lay so heavily on a given class of duties, and why it became necessary to lead me in so new paths, through so great conflicts (to me they were great), to so great victory, marking each step with tears and agonies and blessing. About a year after this, I was called to my ministerial life, and it was this intermediate year of special experience and activity in my boyhood home which I afterward saw God had chosen in anticipation of my great work.

LOST THE CLEAR WITNESS

I fear incautious people are sometimes made sceptical on this doctrine of perfect love by hearing it so often confessed that the witness of it has been lost. But is it not at least as often the fact in the case of justification? So that it argues nothing against the reality of the work that the witness is afterward lost, but only against the watchfulness and fidelity of our hearts. Blessed beyond expression was the period—about a year and a half—which immediately

followed this consecration. It may awaken surprise when I say that the loss of the evidence was occasioned by studying theology. But let me explain. When my call to preach was confirmed, and it became settled that that was to be my life-work, I immediately addressed myself to the task of special preparation by study. I had every thing to learn; and a year of preparatory study, before joining conference, was consecrated to severe mental labor in the legitimate sphere of theology. Fields of thought opened before me in all directions, new, indispensable, enchanting. The physical effect of my intemperate study was a severe fit of sickness, while my mind became suddenly enlarged with truths which I had not time to digest or classify. My intellectual thirst was intensified, my ambition aroused, my heart oppressed with the view of my incompetency for the ministry, and my resolute purpose was formed to conquer or die; and I thought, if I could not conquer, I had better die, and be out of the way. History, theology, metaphysics, biography, sacred literature, for several years, were gorged, not masticated. Strange that I did not see the snare! It was not in the fact or the objects of study, but in my method, and in the unconscious rising of an ambition, which I afterward saw was not wholly sanctified. And then it never entered my mind that any danger to my spiritual life could lie in the path of theological studies. But by being drawn off into themes, which to me, at that time, were subjects of intellectual rather than spiritual and practical interest; by studying theology too much as a science and as a profession, and not enough for spiritual food, and immediate, practical use,—my soul first became sensibly less fruitful of spiritual things, the fervor of my devotions abated by degrees, the ardor of my love became often chilled by criticism, and a sense of barrenness and want gradually succeeded to my former joy in the fullness of God. It was not condemnation; I had no thought of

departing from the old paths; my vow of consecration was still held as sacred as ever; but, in spite of all, there was an absence, and my soul often mourned, saying. "Whither is my Beloved gone?" The loss of the evidence was the work of years,—years which had their alternations of glowing sunshine and gloom, triumphant faith and joy, and despondent mourning. I could say, like Solomon, "They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept." (Cant. i. 6).

THE WITNESS REGAINED.

I cannot follow the details of life, either in providential dispensations or spiritual exercises. I will only say, that the soul having once tasted the fullness of divine love, can never be satisfied with anything less; nor will the conscience operate by any rule of duty below that standard. Satisfaction is a stranger to that breast which lives in a consciousness of having lost the higher life and nearer walk with God, and the perfect resting of faith which characterized former and happier days.

In the spring of 1843, I was brought back. Oh the faithful love of Jesus! He will never leave or forsake us. A growing dissatisfaction with myself had shadowed and embittered my ministerial life for several years, until my distress of mind became insupportable. Intellectually, I had never been better prepared to preach; but, spiritually, I seemed never so illy prepared. Week after week, and month after month, for several years, afforded little alleviation from the habitual despondency and discouragement of my heart. I looked on my right and left, for some possible apology for leaving the ministry; but the "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" hung over me, and I saw no escape. I sometimes asked myself, "Are not the Methodist doctrines and discipline too rigid, and the people too difficult to satisfy? But my conscience and my education always

negated the inquiry. I opened my mind fully to one only; an aged and venerable father in the gospel, whom I dearly loved. But what can words of human sympathy and advice do for one who is pining and perishing for the living word and power of God? I must be newly consecrated to God. The old covenant must be recalled and renewed. Nothing but the baptism of the Holy Ghost would meet my case. Alas! who can describe the difficulty of a soul fettered and enfeebled with unbelief and timidity in coming directly to God? At length, God came near in judgment, and took a loved child, an only son. The sword entered into my soul. I knew it was of the Lord: I saw the divine intention, and I determined to submit, and seek a full consecration to God. I cannot describe the conflict of that last month of wrestling before the word of deliverance came. My beloved wife, herself seeking earnestly for the sanctifying spirit, now saw the method God was taking to wean us from the world and to cleanse us from our idols, bent over the dying couch of the little sufferer, and exclaimed, "O my God! is the way so narrow, so *very* narrow?" There was no complaining; but there was great searching of heart. Suffice it to say, we sought and found together. The blessing came at last: while at our evening family prayers, the usual service was prolonged into a season of wrestling, and our little all was replaced upon the altar. I felt the glorious restoration then; but the full witness did not come till the next morning prayer-meeting at the church.

THE CONFESSION.

It was the month of March. We were having a series of meetings, embracing a six-o'clock morning prayer-meeting. I was kneeling within the altar, full of blessed thoughts and aspirations, when the duty was presented, then and there, of confessing Christ in His new work in my soul.

Strange that I had not foreseen this! stranger still that it should seem such a trial and cross! For a moment, I thought I could not. It even seemed premature and imprudent. Yet there stood the cross before me: it was *mine* to bear, and I could not deny it. But objections arose so forcibly, what could I do? I said, "Lord, it will not be believed, and I shall only dishonor myself and the cause." I said, "Lord, let me wait till I go to a new appointment, then strangers will believe me, and I will come out and make the profession." I said, "Lord, if I profess the blessing, I shall be expected to preach it; and I have not for many years been able to preach it, except in a doctrinal way; and, if my cold manner of preaching it contradicts my profession, it will only injure the cause which I attempt to advocate." I said, "Lord, if I have indeed been restored, let my altered life, my spirit, my preaching show it, and let this be my testimony." I said, "Lord, it is a time of great disputation in the churches on this doctrine: many good people disbelieve it, and I shall be set down as fanatical, and thus lose the little influence I now have." I said, "Lord, let me wait, and see if I can live it." Within the space of perhaps ten minutes, these thoughts passed through my mind with great solemnity and great distinctness. It was a moment of struggle to me, as real as life and death. I at length perceived that I was reasoning with the Tempter. I saw I was pleading for a discretionary power to do, or not to do, my Master's will. Already my faith was losing its firm hold on Christ. I came to myself, and instantly resolved to obey at any cost. I placed back the offering of my all, which I found myself half unconsciously resuming. The vow again passed my lips; my calmness and confidence returned; and I waited for the moment, now a moment of blessed privilege, to tell what the Lord had done for my soul. I distinctly remember, that, in replacing my all upon the altar, the last item of

the inventory was my good name. I did now consent to become "a fool for Christ's sake." We rose from prayer, and I fully declared what God had wrought. The work was done. The Tempter assailed me no more on this point. My soul was full of peace and joy unspeakable. My cross thenceforward became my delight; my ministerial duties assumed altogether a new aspect; I loved my work. God gave me new power to testify of his grace; and with some variations of enjoyment; yet I trust in the integrity of my covenant, by the grace of God, I remain until this day. In this grace I hope to end my ministry and my life; and this alone sweetens all toil, and smooths all rough paths.

Thus have I touched upon some points of the past; and the task has been at once a blessing and a trial,—a blessing, in that it recalls some of the most precious memories of my life, and revives with primitive freshness, the hallowed vows which to-day I delight to re-affirm; a trial, in that it forces me to speak of my poor self. Yet it is not of me, but of Christ, that I would speak.

" Oh ! let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in Thy sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all."

TESTIMONY.

REV. ELIHU GUNN.

BAPTIST.



I HAVE been the subject of deep religious impressions from the period of my earliest recollections. God gave me a pious and devoted mother, who taught me very early my lost condition as a sinner, and my need of pardoning mercy through the blood of Jesus. My mother, however, died when I was nine years old ; and her loss was to me irreparable. Eternity only can reveal how much I suffered from the want of some one to guide my young feet into the way of life, and holiness, and peace.

My convictions, although frequent and often powerful uniformly wore away without producing any lasting fruit until I was about twenty-one years old. At that time during the prevalence of a powerful revival of religion, I obtained a hope in Jesus, although it was but a weak and trembling one. This occurred on February 10th, 1839 ; though I did not make a public profession of religion until nearly a year after. It is no wonder, that, living in disobedience to God, I soon fell into doubts, and, for many months, was often in darkness.

It seems now strange, indeed, that I could have been

so ignorant of the way of salvation by faith in a crucified, but living Jesus. After uniting with the Church, however, I enjoyed, perhaps, about the usual Christian experience for many months; sometimes rejoicing in Jesus, and walking in the light of his countenance; and then again plunged in darkness, doubting my adoption, and groaning under the lashes of an accusing conscience.

About two years after my conversion I became interested in the subject of entire sanctification, chiefly through individuals and publications that fell in my way from Oberlin, Ohio. Almost from the very first I had felt, at times, most painfully conscious that there must be some state of spiritual attainment and enjoyment far superior to any thing which I had experienced. My soul went forth in ardent longings for a heart "from sin set free," and a conscience purified in the blood of Jesus; but I had always been taught that such a thing was not possible in this life, and I believed it.

When, however, I became enlightened on the subject, and saw, from the plain, explicit teachings of God's word, that it was my blessed privilege, and, if my privilege, then of course, my most sacred obligation and duty, to avail myself of the precious provisions of the atonement in this respect, and be cleansed by the blood of Christ from all sin, then at once my mind was placed in a position in which any real enjoyment in religion, or true and lasting peace, became impossible until the attainment should be made.

How could I be at rest, when I was slighting a precious grace which I fully believed the agonies of the dear Saviour in the garden and on the Cross had purchased for me, while I was living below such a blood-bought privilege, and dishonoring Christ, by neglecting so pious and palpable a duty? Others may be able to answer the question satisfactorily to themselves but, to this day, I never have.

Then and there began a struggle in my soul, which was often more terribly severe than any words can describe, which lasted for twenty years, and never fully ceased until my soul was basking on the shores of deliverance, in the sunshine of full salvation and perfect love.

I met with no individual who enjoyed the blessing to assist me in seeking it; but I had the Bible, and I read the works of Upham, Mahan, and others, and I sought the blessing with great earnestness. But the more I strove to be holy, the more my lusts rose and rebelled. I resolved that I would be free; and yet I could not break the chain that bound me. I resolved over and over again. I wrote my resolutions, and once I wrote them in my own blood; but it was all in vain. Alas! it was all in my own strength. I did not know how to lay hold on Jesus, and let him do for me what no mortal ever did for himself,—deliver me from my sins. I read the journals which I wrote,—the record of those dark years of sorrow and struggle,—soon after I obtained my great deliverance with blank amazement, that I could have been kept so long under the delusion of the devil. “Why did not some one tell me,” was my exclamation, “how to trust in Jesus, and be delivered?”

After many months of such fruitless struggles, I at length grew weary and discouraged, and at times nearly gave up the idea that the attainment of perfect love is possible; though I never for one moment lost the conviction, that a high and holy consecration to Jesus, a state of grace far different from any thing I had ever experienced, was eminently practicable, nay, a most solemn duty.

Thus year after year wore away. I passed through a course of study, and entered the ministry. My experience was very various. Sometimes the Saviour was very near and precious, and I rejoiced in His salvation; though more frequently I was in the dark, and almost always dissatisfied with my spiritual state and attainments. What infinite

mercy that God did not leave me to go through life in this halting, doubting, complaining, miserable way! It is of His infinite grace and mercy alone that my soul has found deliverance. To Him be all the glory forever! He laid the hand of His Providence upon me.

Different schemes of self-aggrandizement and worldly good which I had formed were frustrated in succession, and I was reduced to great extremities. From comparative wealth I was reduced to poverty. It had been a favorite scheme to fix myself and family in a position comfortable for life; but all these schemes were blasted; and now the question was presented, Will you forsake all anew for Jesus, and go again into the work of the ministry, submitting cheerfully to all its losses and crosses, and privations and toils? The struggle was severe, but God gave me grace to make the sacrifice. I gave myself to God and His Church anew with all I had or hoped to be.

I entered a new field of labor, and was more happy in the work than ever before. I formed the acquaintance here (for the first time in my life) of a number of dear brethren and sisters, who professed and enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification. I said, "Now is God's time for me. I will examine this question anew, and become fully satisfied in my own mind as to what is truth on this subject." I read "Faith and its Effects," other good books, and especially, with much earnestness and prayer, the Bible; and I conversed with dear Christian friends, whose kindness towards, and prayers for me, will ever be held in grateful remembrance. I could not remain long in doubt. I said, "This is God's truth: it cannot be gainsaid. The Scripture testimony is conclusive."

Then another decision followed in my own mind, just as clear and just as emphatic. "This blessing is for all. It is for me. By the grace of God, I will have it." I sought it with my whole heart. I sought instruction from

the word of God, from good books, and from those who enjoyed the blessing. I obtained a clearer idea than I had ever had before what the blessing is, and how it is to be obtained. I saw that I must simply present my body and spirit a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, which is my reasonable service; that I must lay my whole self on the altar, Christ, in full faith that the altar sanctifies the gift; that God, simply because He has promised to do so, accepts the offering, and performs the sanctifying work.

But to perform such an act seemed impossible. I could not exercise the faith. Often I struggled to do it; but God, who had wrought these desires in my heart, was not long in performing the work. To His name be all the glory!

Monday, June 9, 1862, memorable day in the calendar of my being, I had observed as a day of fasting and prayer. I felt happy, I felt sure of the blessing ere long, because God had promised it.

I came into my room at night, having spent the afternoon in pastoral visiting, and immediately kneeled down to pray. I seemed at once to be wrought upon by some power out of myself to make then and there that full surrender of myself to God. The whisper of unbelief was, "I cannot do it." But it was at once suggested, "It must be done some time; why not now?" And so, almost before I was aware of it, my soul was struggling in the mighty effort to make then and there a vow of consecration to God, which should include my whole being, and which should be irrevocable and eternal. I thought, I will write this vow in my journal; and I seized my pen for that purpose, when a passage of Scripture came flashing into my mind. I found it by the help of my concordance (I shall never want a concordance to find it again), and read, "Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who, of God, is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and re-

demption." I read it over and over with amazement. Can it be, I said, that I have read this over so many times, and never saw what was in it before! Why, if Jesus is all these things to me, then surely He is every thing. He is all in all; all I need, all I want; and I could have shouted His praise aloud. I felt that truly I had found what I had so long been seeking for; that my soul was clear across the Jordan, and in the Canaan of rest. Peace flowed into my soul like a river,—peace which nothing could disturb. It was indeed a glorious change. Often did I repeat to myself and others, "Praise the Lord! I am in a new world. Old things have passed away, behold, all things have become new." Preaching was a new work to me, and has been, blessed be God, ever since. So of pastoral visiting, and so of laboring to bring souls to Jesus.

It is now almost three years since these things transpired; but they are still fresh in my memory as if it were but yesterday; and, although I have often come very far short, and, sometimes, *through neglect to testify* to the great work of God in my soul, almost cast away my confidence, and been brought into much difficulty, and many buffetings of Satan, yet I have ever found Jesus faithful to all His promises; and to-day, by His grace alone, I can say that His blood cleanseth from all sin. My confidence in Him is stronger than ever. My vows are all renewed, and my sacrifice is lying upon the altar, by the grace of God, never to be removed.

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. S. INSKIP.

METHODIST.



WAS awakened and converted to God at Marshalton, Chester Co., Pa., April 2, 1832, under the ministry of Rev. Levi Scott, now one of the bishops of the M. E. Church. Although I encountered much opposition from my misguided parents, the Lord sustained and directed me. Aided by divine grace, I continued steadfast, and "witnessed a good confession" for Christ.

At length, it was impressed upon my mind, that God had called me to the work of the ministry. A field of labor being opened, I commenced my itinerant life, and consecrated myself to the service of God; and the responsible duties of my calling.

The subject of entire sanctification attracted my attention. I was profoundly interested with it at the time of my ordination, when the Bishop asked me the solemn and heart-searching question, "Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? are you groaning after it?" etc. At that moment I came very near to this great salvation. A little encouragement from any one familiar with the "deep things of God," would have been of infinite benefit

to me, and might have so modified my subsequent experience as to have greatly increased my power with God and man. Often, indeed, a similar crisis has occurred in my life, but, alas, it was allowed to pass away unimproved. In two or three instances the "land of Beulah" was clearly in view, and with the aid of a devout instructor, I am fully persuaded I could have "entered in," and possessed the "rest" provided for the soul.

Various influences combined to change my views of the doctrine, and more especially of the experience of Christian perfection. My mind, it is true, adhered to the doctrine as a peculiarity of our creed. I was supported in my adherence by a kind of denominational tenacity which led me to contend for the doctrine when I discarded the experience. The doctrine I found in all our standard authorities, and knowing it as a "specialty" among our Methodistic ideas, I was constrained to protect and advocate it on all suitable occasions. Notwithstanding this, I became exceedingly hostile to a profession of the experience. My hostility assumed a more reprehensible form than doubt or skepticism. It became, in fact, a deep seated and unyielding prejudice, and sometimes developed in the most uncharitable criticisms upon those who professed the blessing, and the methods which they adopted to promulgate it. The remembrance of this fact is often occasion of great humiliation before God and my brethren. I am aware I did it "ignorantly and in unbelief." Still the error was a very grievous one, and, in a certain sense, was "without excuse." I ought to have known better and done differently. But God has graciously forgiven me.

For nearly two years prior to the time when it pleased God to bestow this grace upon me I had been living a more devout life than at any former period of my history. My personal religious interests had been more prominently in view, and excited a larger measure of attention and effort

than usual. This was not, however, with any special reference to the attainment of the definite blessing of purity. I sought after a "closer walk with God," and frequently was conscious of extraordinary power in the pulpit, and divine fellowship in the closet. My whole experience during this period was of the most improving and satisfactory character. I was under the control of the sentiment expressed in the line, "Nearer my God to Thee—nearer to Thee." Yet the idea of seeking entire sanctification I think did not enter my mind. I mean that I did not distinctly and specifically have it in view, nor was it with me a well defined object of endeavor or hope.

At the Sing Sing Camp Meeting, August 19, 1864, my wife sought and found this "perfect rest." Prior to leaving home she had been impressed she would receive this blessing. She was present at most of the meetings in which the subject of holiness was presented as a "specialty," and also attended and took part in all the usual services of the hour. Her entire time was given, and all the energies of her nature were aroused and drawn toward this momentous theme. On the morning of the last day of the meeting the Lord heard and answered her cry. The question came up, would you be willing to acknowledge this blessing to your husband and others? She made an affirmative response, and "looking unto Jesus" by faith, she felt the "all cleansing blood" applied, and rejoiced in the assurance that she was made "every whit whole." In an instant the great transaction was done.

The intelligence soon reached me. I cannot say I was surprised. Yet I was afflicted and mortified. To the individual who communicated the fact, I expressed myself in terms of the most decided disapprobation. This, however, only increased my embarrassment and difficulty. I could scarcely sometimes tell how I felt, nor what I should do. In the meantime my wife, wherever she went, continued to

tell the "wondrous story," and testified that Christ had become to her "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." Upon returning home, she embraced the earliest opportunity to give her testimony to the church. This produced quite a sensation, and a number of persons came forward to the altar, earnestly seeking a "clean heart." The impression wrought in my own mind was such as led me to call on God for a larger measure of the influence of the Comforter, that I might be a more efficient laborer in the vine-yard. I was wonderfully quickened. My whole soul was stirred within me. Yet even at this moment I had not definitely determined to seek the blessing of holiness. The effect of my wife's testimony and spirit was such, however, as to command my attention and confidence. I could not but be persuaded that her experience was in harmony with the teachings of the Father, and if I should attain to it my usefulness and enjoyment would be greatly increased.

Matters continued in this indefinite state until the ensuing Sabbath morning, when I was led to preach on these words, "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us," etc. In pressing home upon the consciences of the people this admonition, I was led to speak with great earnestness, and endeavored to urge them to immediate and decisive action. My appeals were unusually pointed and direct. The interest of the hour became more and more intensified as the train of thought I was pursuing developed. A culminating crisis was soon reached, and in the most vehement manner I cried out, "Brethren lay aside every weight. Do this now. You *can* do it now, and, therefore, you *should*. It is your privilege, and, therefore, it is your duty at this moment to make a consecration of your all to God, and declare you will henceforth be wholly and forever the

Lord's. I endeavored to make this point very clear, and repeated with increased earnestness, "Let us NOW lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us." I dwelt upon this, and as I continued to urge the admonition, a voice within said, "Do this yourself." I paused a moment, and the voice repeated, "Do this yourself, and do it now."

Of course, in the circumstances, I could consistently do but one thing, and that was to obey. My mind was clearly persuaded of the correctness of the views I had presented, and advised my people to adopt. Hence it was proper that I should lead in their practical observances; and with so marked and startling a call, I could not hesitate. Therefore I proceeded thus: "Come, brethren, follow your pastor! I am determined to lay aside every weight! I call heaven and earth to witness that I now declare *I will be henceforth wholly and forever the Lord's.*" Seeing that I had thus given myself in an "everlasting covenant" to the Lord, and had, so far as I could, come out and separated myself unto God, my faith gathered strength, and "looking unto Jesus," I exclaimed with a rapture perfectly unutterable, "I AM, O LORD, WHOLLY AND FOREVER THINE." In this act of commingled consecration and faith, the wondrous work was done, and I was at once divinely assured of its consummation. The bliss—the peace—the triumph of that hour will never be forgotten. Then, indeed, I felt the joy of the Lord was my strength. A new phase of spiritual life seemed to be revealed unto me, and I went forward in the path of duty with alacrity and vigor, such as I had never known before.

The effect upon my congregation was truly amazing. Up to this time there had been no marked indication of any revival interest among the people. But in the evening of the day referred to, the altar was filled with penitents, and *eight* souls were happily converted to God. The work

went on with wondrous success and power. Over *three hundred* were converted, and a large number were sanctified wholly. All the interests of the Church were invigorated, and refreshing showers of mercy and salvation descended upon the congregation for many weeks and months in succession. A special meeting for the promotion of holiness was held weekly in the parsonage, and scores there found the way of faith and purity. Such meetings have been a source of much profit to my soul ever since.

Prior to entering into this experience I had not read any of the recent works on the subject. My mind, indeed, had become so embittered with prejudice that I was disinclined to read anything upon the question. Therefore I was not devoted to, or embarrassed by any particular theory. In this whole matter I was evidently led and taught by the Spirit. It is, however, rather singular that in the consecration and faith which I practiced, I should have employed almost the identical phraseology used by Mrs. Palmer in her work entitled, "The Way of Holiness." Immediately after I obtained the blessing I became a subscriber to the "Guide to Holiness," and purchased the entire list of Mrs. Palmer's publications, together with numerous other works upon the "higher life," all of which I read with a delight I cannot describe. The Bible also appeared like a new book, and was so illuminated and precious that it seemed I had discovered a new and great treasure. The "promises" all appeared to be more clearly mine than ever before. In short, a complete and wonderful revolution was accomplished in me, and I felt I had verily come into a land of corn, and wine, and oil, favored with God's peculiar smile.

The results in my work as a minister were glorious. It made labor very pleasant—and especially those departments of labor which previously had been so burdensome.

I became enamored, indeed, with my work, looking upon it as being done *for Christ*. I had certainly always labored to promote His glory and the success of His Kingdom. This thought made every task so easy, and turned every cross into a blessing. I was no longer my own, but reckoning myself "dead unto sin," I lived a "life of faith," and went on my way rejoicing in my Master, whose "yoke" I proved to be "easy," and his "burden light." Duty became a pleasure, and my soul, filled with light and love, delighted to do the Master's will.

Three years have passed away since this transpired. I remain through God's help "steadfast in the faith." If possible I am more assured than ever that the doctrine of holiness is true, and its experience is the great want of the Church everywhere. In some instances I have been severely tried and tempted. Yet the Lord has graciously aided me to endure "as seeing Him who is invisible." The enemy has occasionally "thrust sore at me." The conflict, sometimes, has been, indeed, terrible. Yet I have been kept—safely and sweetly "kept by the power of God through faith." I so love my work as a Christian minister, that one life time appears to be too short in which to prosecute it. I could wish my days were months, and the months years, that I might have further opportunity to do something to promote the common salvation.

All doubt and skepticism have been removed by this "full assurance," and religion is a blissful reality. My belief of its truth has become a settled satisfactory knowledge. I now know that Christ is able to "save to the uttermost all them who come unto God through Him," and that the Gospel is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Christ reveals himself as my present, perfect, constant, and Almighty Saviour. It is much easier to preach, to pray, to visit the sick, and to comfort the dying, than formerly. I am much blessed in

leading souls to the fountain, and pointing them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. This always appeared to me a great honor, but now my heart leaps with joy at the thought that God has committed to me a "dispensation of the Gospel," and I may now say to the world, "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." The Scriptures not only establish my creed, but they also answer to my experience. I am still "pressing on," and daily "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord." To Him be all honor and praise.

"O, that the world might taste and see
 The riches of His grace ;
 The arms of love that compass me
 Would all mankind embrace.


" His only righteousness I show,
 His saving truth proclaim ;
 'Tis all my business here below
 To cry, behold the Lamb !

" Happy, if with my latest breath,
 I may but gasp His name,
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
 Behold ! behold the Lamb."

TESTIMONY.

REV. LEWIS R. DUNN.

METHODIST.

N reviewing my past life, I discover no period in which I have not been the subject of deep religious impressions. My father died when I was not yet three years of age, and, consequently, my education and training devolved entirely upon my mother. She was a woman of deep piety—of much prayer, and faithfully did she discharge her duty to me.

She was a member of the Reformed Dutch Church, and mildly, but firmly insisted on my regular attendance upon the services of the Church and Sabbath School. Through the influence of my mother's brother, who had been converted and joined the Methodist Church, I was induced for some time to attend the Sabbath School of the Halsey Street M. E. Church, Newark, N. J. Here my religious impressions and convictions were deepened, and I often purposed to serve the Lord. It was not, however, until I had reached my fifteenth year that I sought and found Christ. My sense of pardon, through the witness of the Spirit, was so clear and satisfactory, that I never after had a doubt of my adoption with God. At the first opportunity I connected myself with the Methodist Church, and

commenced working in the vineyard of the Lord. My early labors were crowned with success, and I had the satisfaction of seeing one after another of my companions brought to Christ.

With my conversion there came a call to the ministry, for which I at once began to prepare—not only by a diligent study of the word of God, and of various branches of knowledge, but, also, by going out into the neighborhoods round about the city where I dwelt, holding religious meetings, and urging sinners to come to Christ.

When I was in my seventeenth year I began to preach as a helper on the Flemington Circuit—and for a portion of the three years following I was employed on this, the Haverstraw and Middletown Circuits, under the Presiding Elder.

At the age of nineteen I joined the New Jersey Conference; since that period I have been (with the exception of one year, when I was laid aside on account of failing health,) actively engaged in the great work of the Gospel ministry. My ministerial life has been full of labor, and not, thank God, without success. I always contended for, and strove to enjoy vital godliness—and many, many seasons of refreshing did I realize. My delight was to labor in the service of God, and to see His cause and Kingdom prosper. Hence I built and repaired, and remodeled a number of churches; labored hard in ordinary and extraordinary services; visited the people, as faithfully as I could, as a pastor; and, I think, I can say truthfully, shunned no work which I thought would honor my Master. Yet, in all this, I fear there was very much of selfishness mingled, and almost a morbid sensitiveness to my reputation and ministerial position and standing. And too often I indulged in “foolish talking and jesting,” which I found to my mortification and sorrow, were not only “not convenient,” but exceedingly injurious to my religious character and ministerial usefulness.

At a very early period of my religious experience, my mind was exercised, especially by the teachings and drawings of the Holy Spirit, on the subject of Christian holiness, perfect love. In fact, I distinctly remember that only a few weeks after my conversion my heart was sweetly drawn towards this subject. But it at once was presented to my mind, there are Brother A. and Sister B., old members of the Church, and they do not profess to enjoy this blessing, and it would be preposterous for you to seek after it, or to try to enjoy it. This settled the question in my mind, and without seeking holiness definitely, I aimed to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." In my early ministry, again I was led to feel the need of the fullness of the blessing. But about this time the views of some of my intimate friends (generally then known as the "Hodgsonian theory") were pressed upon my attention. I thought that I had found in them a happy solution of all my difficulties, and, to my mind, the theory was truly beautiful. But, alas! when I came to test it, not only by the word of God and our Wesleyan theology, but, also, by my own experience, and the general experience of the Church of God (so far as I was acquainted with it), I found that it was utterly without foundation, and that beautiful as it had appeared to me, my religious convictions of truth and duty would not allow me to entertain it.

I was, then, on this question for a long period out at sea. Sometimes I doubted strongly whether any one could attain to Christian holiness in this world. Then, I thought, that a few persons of a refined spiritual nature, with pleasant surroundings and favoring influences might, perhaps, enjoy the blessing. And yet, again, I often thought that if ever I attained to this state, it would be through a process of severe affliction. Sometimes when my mind has been greatly exercised on the subject, I have even wished

that God's afflictive hand might be laid upon me, and that I might pass through the fiery furnace that I might thus be refined. One thing which always tended to keep this question before my mind was this: that in nearly every charge where I labored there was always some one or more who consistently professed this blessing, and whose lives re-published the testimony of their lips. I always esteemed, respected, and almost venerated them. But, yet, I comforted myself with the thought that their circumstances differed from mine, and that if I ever enjoyed the blessing at all, it would most likely be towards the close of my life. Thus more than a score of years of my history and ministry passed away. About two years ago, during and after my return from my summer's vacation, the question was ever present with me, "How can I be more useful?"

I was satisfied that, at the farthest, probably not more than fifteen or twenty years of active ministry remained to me, and the question was urged upon my heart by the Holy Spirit, "How can I make the most of those years?"

Of two things I was well convinced: First, That I could not labor any harder in the ministry and pastorate than I had done; and, secondly, that I could not study more hours or with greater intensity to prepare for the pulpit than I had done. What then remained? What did I yet lack? The answer came, "*A deeper consecration to God—the full baptism of the Spirit.*" That consecration I resolved to make, but with a determination to say nothing about it, and only to let my life declare it. A little subsequent to this I arranged with Brother Inskip and wife to come and labor for two weeks in my charge. They came, and his manner of presenting this subject disarmed me of my prejudices, and led me on in the path I had before chosen. About a week after he had come with us, I was gently led by the Spirit fully to consecrate

myself to Christ, and to believe that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me, even me, from all sin. But this was not until after a very severe struggle. The question came to my mind, "What, will you make a profession of this blessing?" "Suppose that by so doing you are isolated from your brethren, and you are sent to a small and out-of-the-way appointment, what then?" I replied, "I can be happy anywhere and under any circumstances, if Christ is with me, and I will act up to my convictions of duty." I simply "believed," and I "entered into rest." The evidence of the power of the cleansing blood and of the sanctifying Spirit was just as clear to my mind and heart as was that of justifying and regenerating grace. And when I had obtained the blessing, it was the easiest thing in the world for me to speak of it. In fact, I could not keep still. But I felt just like a little child in this new stage or degree of Christian experience. I felt that I had everything to learn, and was willing and anxious to sit at the feet of Christ's saints, and learn of them.

Since that blessed period, the 15th of January, 1866, I have endeavored to live near to Christ, and I have enjoyed very much of sweet communion with Him. And, although, deeply conscious of many imperfections, short-comings, and of occasional lapses, yet I am certain that through grace I have been raised to a plane of religious experience which I have never known or enjoyed before. At the same time my soul lies humbled in the dust before Him. I am nothing; but Christ is everything. At times the sense of my unworthiness, my weaknesses, and my vileness is almost overwhelming; but then my faith cordially and heartily accepts of Christ as *my* wisdom, *my* righteousness, *my* sanctification, and *my* redemption. Here I rest. Jesus' blood cleanses me. The Holy Spirit sanctifies me, and is carrying forward His work in me. All is well.

TESTIMONY.

REV. W. H. WILLIAMS.

PRESBYTERIAN.



AM constrained by the love of Christ and for the commendation of his rich grace, to give my humble testimony to the wondrous power and fullness of his free salvation.

Baptized and educated in the Associate Reformed Church, I was early and diligently instructed not only in the words, but also in the great truths of the Shorter Catechism. By my faithful pastor, and especially by my most affectionate godly mother, and a Christian father, I was often led in private, as well as in the family, to the throne of grace, and was most earnestly and tenderly reminded that the vows of God were upon me—that I could not, must not cast them off.

When about thirteen years of age I accepted with awe and trembling the sacred TOKEN which was to admit me to a seat at the table of the Lord. Since that solemn, never-to-be-forgotten hour, amid multiplied and grievous backslidings and repentings, I have been seeking and often struggling, honestly, I trust, but most unsuccessfully, after a higher, better life. The record of these experiences,

though sometimes joyful, I have occasionally reviewed with such pungent grief and shame, that I have been tempted to destroy at once a history of my inward life, so full of misery and guilt, of resolutions the most strong and earnest, made only to be violated or forgotten. While I cannot forget these painful wanderings and inconsistencies, I delight rather to make mention of the loving-kindness of a covenant God, which has followed me during all the vicissitudes of the past, and brought me into my present blessed experience of liberty and peace.

When a youth of but fifteen, I was providentially led, and generously received into the family of that godly man, the late Divie Bethune. By his heavenly conversation and fervent prayers, and the judicious counsels of his excellent wife, my languid soul was often quickened, and by the blessing of God upon these and other pious influences, my feet effectually preserved from falling into the follies and vices so prevalent around me. In that truly Christian family I was not unfrequently favored with the society of eminent, intelligent Christians, invited to share its hospitalities. Among these I shall never forget the Rev. Dr. Ward, that devoted missionary to India, whose earnest prayers and spiritual converse greatly roused and profited me; nor the resistless power of a timely and gentle rebuke from the lips of that faithful man, afterward the Rev. Dr. Cutler, of Brooklyn, who, on one occasion, solemnly and tenderly addressed me in these words: "William! I fear your heart has become TOO COLD." I went to my room in anguish of mind, entreating pardon and grace from God, and forgiveness from my friend and room-mate, because in the too eager pursuit of mere human learning and of college honors, I had so failed to commend to his heart and conscience the power and truth of the precious Gospel.

While a member of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, I was often urged and attracted by the thrilling

appeals of that earnest and holy man, Dr. Archibald Alexander, and by the conversation and prayers of James Brainerd Taylor, whose very countenance seemed to shine by reason of the joy and fervor of his soul. Since then, I have been privileged to mingle in precious converse and sympathy with many whom I have loved and honored, and almost envied, as consistent witnesses of the doctrine of a full, a present salvation. My heart has often been greatly rejoiced and strengthened by the perusal of various admirable books and publications on the same subject, and by labors in revivals of religion, with which God has occasionally blessed the churches under my care.

Last spring, my attention was directed to a most convincing article in the April number of your magazine—the reply of a minister to his Presbytery—urging so powerfully, and with so much of Scriptural argument, the present privilege and duty of entire sanctification, that I was left utterly without excuse. In accordance with an earnest and long-cherished desire, I was permitted in May last to attend, with a beloved son, who was in a similar state of mind, one of your blessed Tuesday afternoon meetings. Of the fervent prayers, the experience and exhortations to which I there listened, and of the earnest spiritual suggestions and counsels afterward received from Mrs. Laukford, I shall ever cherish a most lively and grateful remembrance. I seemed to be brought to the very gate of the heavenly kingdom. But, alas! perhaps from fear of reproach, or from want of entire consecration to my blessed Master, I did not enter.

On my return to my Western home, I enjoyed the privilege of spending a Sabbath at Oberlin, and of listening to the preaching of one who accomplished and endured so much as a witness and expounder of the precious Scripture doctrine of entire sanctification. Unexpectedly invited and urged to be a guest in the happy family

of President Finney, I was blessed even beyond my largest expectations, in the very free spiritual intercourse enjoyed with himself and his gifted and godly wife, now rejoicing in the presence of that Redeemer whom she so eminently loved and served. When I left that mansion of peace and love, I thought my mind and my heart were fixed on God wholly and forever; but I did not trust fully and solely in the promised present power and grace of Jesus Christ. I dared not profess that the full salvation which I had so long believed and so earnestly desired was truly mine.

Early in September last, I went with my wife, who had fully sympathized with me in aspirations and efforts for entire sanctification, to Mount Pleasant, Iowa, to avail ourselves of the counsel and aid of brethren, who both enjoyed and professed this great blessing. Spending a Sabbath there, I heard a precious discourse in the morning from a Baptist brother, on the words, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light;" clearly illustrating and strongly urging the unreserved abandonment of self, the world and sin, and entire consecration and obedience to God. The afternoon we spent most delightfully and profitably in conference and prayer with Bishop Hamline and lady, and other Christian friends, and enjoyed the blessedness of commemorating with them the dying love of our common Lord. My desires and purposes in reference to the experience of entire holiness were greatly strengthened. But I seemed still to hear and to utter the cry, "Lo! here is Christ, or lo! there," or to say anxiously, yet excusingly, "Who shall ascend up to heaven? that is, to bring Christ down from above, or who shall descend into the deep?" etc. I did not attend to that blessed Voice which saith: "The Word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart." "If thou shalt CONFESS WITH THY MOUTH the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." I was

doubtless still inclined to go "about to establish my own righteousness," and therefore did "not submit myself to the righteousness of God"—to God's simple and effectual method of sanctification, as truly as of justification, only by faith in Jesus.

Two weeks since, I was suddenly assaulted by the temptations of Satan in a very unusual manner. For days I was fearfully tormented with evil thoughts and imaginations, which seemed to be cast like fiery darts into the very depths of my soul. I read the blessed Book of God, I prayed and agonized; but to little purpose. Early one morning, in my daily reading of the New Testament, my eye and my heart were happily fastened upon the simple story of the leper, vile and unclean, who came and worshiped Christ, saying: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Matt. viii. : 2, 3. The words seemed to be at once revealed and applied by the blessed Spirit as the full and fervent utterance of my whole soul. When I read the wondrous manifestation of the grace and power of Christ, "And Jesus put forth his hand and touched him, saying, 'I will; be thou clean,'" my heart was touched as by that hand of power and love. Filled with gushing, overwhelming tenderness and gratitude, I rejoiced in the blessed assurance that the experience of the poor polluted leper was mine: "And IMMEDIATELY his leprosy was cleansed."

On the last Sabbath—our day of communion—I was constrained, in an exhortation to my people at the close of the services, to refer, though with some, I fear, too much hesitation, to my own experience of the rich grace and power of Jesus. I could not refuse to testify to them that I beheld and recognized the mighty arm of my Redeemer extended to me from heaven; I heard His voice of love saying, "I will help thee, yea, I will strengthen thee, yea, I will uphold thee, by the right hand of my righteousness." I

have, since then, joyfully embraced proper occasions to confess to my brethren in the ministry, and others, the full power and grace of Jesus Christ to redeem from all iniquity—to deliver and keep me from this present evil world. With a humble, thankful heart, I acknowledge that Christ is made of God unto me, in my own daily cheerful experience, “sanctification and redemption,” as truly as he is my “wisdom and righteousness.” I well know that, like Peter, I may often, and, perhaps suddenly, be surrounded with boisterous winds and dark waters; but, I believe, that He who so kindly and so promptly stretched forth His hand, and caught His fearful disciple, is ever able and willing to hold me up, to keep me from falling, and to present me, weak and guilty as I am, faultless before His throne.

In my boyhood I took the Lord Jesus Christ to be my Prophet to instruct me, and my Priest to make atonement for my sins; but in the blessed hour of my late deliverance, I joyfully accepted Him as my KING, to execute in me this blessed office, “in subduing me to Himself, in ruling and defending me, and in restraining, and conquering all His and my enemies.”

Many years since I prepared a sermon on those precious, yet solemn words, Gal. ii. 20, “I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless, I live,” etc. But the discourse so utterly rebuked and condemned me, presenting an experience so far in advance of my own, that I laid it aside. I dared not preach it. With a humble, watchful, thankful heart, I propose, by the grace of God, to preach this as my next discourse to my people, and to strive by the aid of the blessed Spirit to quicken and elevate them to the attainment of this, the appropriate experience of all who are fully Christ’s.

TESTIMONY.

PRESIDENT R. ALLYN, D. D.

METHODIST



THE stars are seen at their inconceivably remote distances because they are bright. Place bodies a thousand times as large as they, yet opaque, a hundred times as near, and no amount of reflected light could make them visible. Only the bright things can be seen from afar. And is it not exactly so in our natural, and in our spiritual lives? Not every day do we realize this truth. Some great sorrow comes to smite us; and we feel the wound, and think, "Oh! this will never heal." Some dark woe burns into the mind, and leaves a blackened cavern in the soul; and we say, "Oh, the sadness of looking into that pit forever." A ray of joy falls into the heart, and we think but little of it, yet tremble lest its light shall be dim and forgotten. But a very little space of the journey of life carries us beyond the sight of the scar which that quickly healed wound left, and far out of the view of that dismal dark which made us shudder; while with surprise and renewed delight we still see the steady glow of that burning joy. And as years bear us farther and farther away, that light seems to follow with equal pace, and rise as it pursues, till it shines an unfolding and fixed star in the heaven of our past experience and our future hope.

Such are three points in my early Christian experience, to which memory often turns, around which it will linger. I do not argue from these that I am a Christian, or that I am perfect in love. I only remember them as times when I was greatly blessed; when I laid myself on the altar wholly, and was accepted; and never has the sacrifice been withdrawn. In many ways I may have been "busy here and there;" and neglecting to watch the angel with whom I then wrestled, and over whom, Jacob-like, I then prevailed, may have departed for a season; yet the altar has never been robbed of its burden,—

"All my soul's and body's power,
All my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods and all my hours,
All I think, or know, or feel."

Let me relate some of the circumstances attending these three points of my life. They may profit some soul, and reveal to some heart a clearer view of "the way of faith."

My conversion was in March, 1835. It occurred in a corner of a lot on my father's farm, where I, a boy, had been set to work; and it seemed to cover the earth with "a light above the brightness of the sun," which was then shining. During that summer, the question of my duty in life often came up, was pondered, and adjourned to "a more convenient season." Spiritual darkness gradually crept over my soul; and when October came, and I was about to begin my winter's teaching in an adjoining town, the gloom could be felt in all my soul.

One Monday morning, between three and four o'clock, I arose, put my school-master's books and ferule, inkstand and quills in my handkerchief, as many a New England boy, without shame, had done before me, and took my way on foot across the fields and woods for my Winter's work. The question came to me louder than ever:

“What will you do for your life-work? Will you follow Me?” Oh, how dark it was in my soul! The shades of night, just before break of day, were nothing to this. Stars were in the sky; but I stumbled, and tried to hasten. That question—would it not settle itself? Could it not be delayed? Thus burdened and blundering, I stepped over the foot of the hill that descended to the north of my father’s house, and entered a forest full of great rocks, with here and there an open space of ground, having on its edges sapling white oaks among the rocks. As the gray of dawn began to fade to whiteness, my own inner darkness increased. Coming, at length, to a high rock, close to which stood a young oak, whose brown leaves I now hear whistling in the cool breeze of that frosty October dawn, I thought of Jacob going from his home, and finding God at Bethel. Something said distinctly, “Why not settle your question here and now?” Said I, “O, Lord, I will!” Laying down my bundle, I knelt at once with a great *load of darkness* on my soul, and with the sweet eye of the morning star shining over my right shoulder. It was the last thing I saw as I fell on my knees, and lifted my eyes toward heaven.

I prayed. I laid myself and all on the altar of sacrifice. I promised to do any thing as a life-work, if only duty was made plain. I said I would give to God’s cause one-tenth of all I should earn or receive; and would always honor my God, and keep His commandments. I prayed I know not how long; but my darkness vanished; and such a light filled my soul that I thought of “the light of God.” I knew my duty then: my way was shining clear before me. I opened my eyes; and there, blazing over the distant hill-top, was the glorious sun, to me, then, an emblem!—of the Sun of Righteousness. Since that day I have had no doubt as to duty.

The next point was also in October, and in 1838. I

was a sophomore in the old Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn. I had a room-mate,—Jennison, of most precious memory. He and I, with a few more, had walked out to a camp-meeting in Bolton, Conn. There Sister Ransom had exhorted, and, in fact, inspired us to seek after “perfect love.” Jennison soon found the faith that he sought; not so with me. We returned, and the little “band” to which we both belonged, Savage and Campbell—both also in heaven with Jennison,—among the number, began in earnest to seek this nobler blessing. How we prayed and fasted, and read! and, finally, talked with the sainted Dr. Fisk about it. Receiving encouragement from him, though not all the light we wanted, we still continued to struggle for the blessing of clean hearts. One evening, after our studies for the next day were prepared, Savage and I, contrary to college regulations, walked out of the city, northward, beyond the ferry; and, at length, across the bridge over the creek, that, coming from the west, there falls into the Connecticut. Our conversation was wholly on this one desire and purpose of our hearts,—to be renewed in righteousness and true holiness. Said he, “Oh, that I could find Him here and now!”—“Well,” said I, “let us bow down, and in prayer consecrate ourselves and all to Him.”—“Agreed,” said he; and beneath the open sky, in which the full hunter’s moon was shining, we gave our souls and bodies to Jesus. We struggled in prayer, first one, and then the other, till neither of us seemed able to find another word with which to urge our petitions. Arising from our knees, we saw the moon in her brightness, and her sheen on the waters, and talked of its beauty, and God’s care over us, and of Jesus’ love, and goodness, and grace, we knew not how long. Oh, how precious did He seem, and how near! When we entered the east door of that old college, there was that morning star which shone over my shoulder when I knelt


beside the little oak on the hill in Bozrah; and I thought how straight had been my road from that place to the river-side, where my soul had been so filled with peace three years before.

It was but a few days later when Brothers Savage, Jennison, and I were talking and praying in our room in the college. We began to speak of the witness to the possession of the blessing of a clean heart. I cannot now remember any words of the conversation. The substance of it was, that we concluded to repeat over promises, and inquire why we could not, through grace, claim them specially at that moment. Jennison said this was what he understood to be "the way of faith." In a little time, it came to me to repeat a promise. I said, "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask any thing according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." I had scarcely finished, when Savage said, "Why, we know we have asked according to His will; is not that fact itself, known, the very witness of His presence to accept?"—"To be sure it is," said Jennison. But my heart was too full to allow me to speak. Jesus seemed to be there in that old college-room, and to fill it with more than light and joy and peace. After some time partly spent in silence, and partly in song and praise, it occurred to me to say, "Why, Brother Savage, don't you remember how, down by the river the other night, we both of us seemed to be walking with some unseen presence? Was not that Jesus?"—"Oh, yes!" said he, "how our hearts burned within us there! He *was* there." And how many times since then has Jesus walked with me, sometimes in fire, sometimes in light, and many a time in darkness, but always in power and glory, and always in answer to a definite prayer, in obedience to a definite faith!

TESTIMONY.

REV. ALFRED COOKMAN.

METHODIST.

N thus supplying my experience, will not the reader join with me to ask, in the name of Jesus, that these few sentences may prove a means of instruction and blessing to scores and hundreds?

I cannot review my past life, and fail to make mention of my precious parents. Few have been more favored in this respect. My honored father, whom God's Providence has buried in the deep sea, and my devoted mother, who still lingers on the shores of time to bless us with her counsels and example, were both faithful in the domestic sphere. As the best evidence of their influence and labors, five sons and an only daughter, the entire circle, are a united family in Christ, and rejoice in the hope and prospect of rejoining our glorified father, and so constituting an undivided household in heaven. Oh, the luxury of an experience where the hearts of a large family are intimately bound to one another, and then all closely united to Jesus! Let Christian parents be stimulated and encouraged to labor for so desirable a result.

When just turned ten years of age, I realized clearly and satisfactorily the converting grace of God. Oh! I shall never forget the 12th of February, 1838,—the birthday of my eternal life. Connecting myself immediately with the Church of my fathers, I laid it down as a rule, or principle, *always to attend my class meeting*. To a rigid observance of this rule during my boyhood and youth, I gratefully attribute the fact that I have always retained my place in the Church of God.

May I commend a similar purpose and principle to Methodists everywhere? for I am sure that their observation will illustrate the suggestion, that one, who regularly attends the class-meeting, very rarely makes shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

At the age of eighteen, I took up the silver trumpet that had fallen from the hand of my faithful father, and began to preach, in my humble way, the everlasting Gospel. Quitting, about this time, one of the happiest of homes to enter the itinerant work, my excellent mother remarked, just upon the threshold of my departure, "My son, if you would be supremely happy, or extensively useful in your ministry, you must be an entirely sanctified servant of Jesus." It was a cursory suggestion, perhaps forgotten almost as soon as expressed; nevertheless, applied by the Divine Spirit, it made the profoundest impression upon my mind and heart.

Oh, the value of single sentences which any one may utter in the ordinary intercourse of life! Sermons and exhortations are frequently forgotten; while the wish or counsel, simply and concisely expressed, will abide, to lead the soul into the clearer light. Let this fact, which will find an illustration in very many experiences, serve to stimulate and encourage even the feeblest to speak for Jesus. My mother's passing but pointed remark, followed me like a good angel, as I moved to and fro in my first

sphere of itinerant duty; viz., Attleborough Circuit, Philadelphia Conference. Frequently I felt to yield myself to God, and pray for the grace of entire sanctification; but then the experience would lift itself in my view as a mountain of glory, and I would say, "It is not for me." I could not possibly scale that shining summit; and, if I might, my besetments and trials are such, I could not successfully maintain so lofty a position.

While thus exercised in mind, Bishop Hamline, accompanied by his devoted and useful wife, came to Newtown, one of the principal appointments on the circuit, that he might dedicate a neat church, which we had been erecting, for the worship of God. Remaining about a week, he not only preached again and again, and always with the unction of the Holy One, but took occasion to converse with me pointedly respecting my religious experience. His gentle and yet dignified bearing, devotional spirit, beautiful Christian example, unctuous manner, divinely-illuminated face, apostolic labors, and fatherly counsels, made the profoundest impression on my mind and heart. I heard him as one sent from God; and certainly he was. His influence, so hallowed and blessed, has not only remained with me ever since, but even seems to increase as I pass along in my sublunary pilgrimage. Oh, how I praise God for the life and labors of the beloved Bishop Hamline!

One week-day afternoon, after a most delightful discourse, he urged us to seize the opportunity, and do what we had often desired, resolved, and promised to do; viz., as believers, yield ourselves to God as those who were alive from the dead, and from that hour trust constantly in Jesus as our Saviour from all sin. I said, "I will; with the help of the Almighty Spirit, I will." Kneeling by myself, I brought an entire consecration to the altar; *i. e.*, Christ.

But some one will say, "Had you not dedicated your

self to God at the time of your conversion?" I answer, Yes; but with this difference: then I brought to the Lord Jesus powers dead in trespasses and sins; now I would consecrate powers permeated with the new life of regeneration. I would present myself "a living sacrifice." Then I gave myself away; but now, with the increased illumination of the Spirit, I felt that my surrender was more intelligent, specific, and careful,—it was my hands, my feet, my senses, my attributes of mind and heart, my hours, my energies, my reputation, my kindred, my worldly substance, my every thing. Then I was anxious respecting pardon; but now my desire and faith compassed something more; I wanted the conscious presence of the Sanctifier in my heart.

Carefully consecrating every thing, I covenanted with my own heart and with my heavenly Father that this entire, but unworthy offering should remain upon the altar, and that henceforth I would please God by believing that the altar (Christ) sanctifieth the gift. Do you ask what was the immediate effect? I answer, Peace,—a broad, deep, full, satisfying, and sacred peace. This proceeded not only from the testimony of a good conscience before God, but likewise from the presence and operation of the Spirit in my heart. Still I could not say that I was entirely sanctified, except as I had sanctified or set apart myself unto God.

The following day, finding Bishop and Mrs. Hamline, I ventured to tell them of my consecration and faith in Jesus; and, in the confession, realized increasing light and strength. A little while after, it was proposed by Mrs. Hamline that we spend a season in prayer. Prostrated before God, one and another prayed; and, while thus engaged, God for Christ's sake gave me the Holy Spirit as I had never received it before, so that I was constrained to conclude and confess,—

“ 'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,
 With full salvation bless;
 Redemption through thy blood I have,
 And spotless love and peace.”

The great work of sanctification that I had so often prayed and hoped for was wrought in me,—even in me. I could not doubt it. The evidence in my case was as direct and indubitable as the witness of sonship received at the time of my adoption into the family of heaven. Oh, it was glorious, divinely glorious!

Need I say that the experience of sanctification inaugurated a new epoch in my religious life? Oh, what blessed rest in Jesus! what an abiding experience of purity through the blood of the Lamb! what a conscious union and constant communion with God! what increased power to do or suffer the will of my Father in heaven! what delight in the Master's service! what fear to grieve the infinitely Holy Spirit! what love for, and desire to be with, the entirely sanctified! what joy in religious conversation! what confidence in prayer! what illumination in the perusal of the sacred Word! what increased unction in the performance of public duties!

ANOTHER PAGE OF PERSONAL TESTIMONY.

Oh, that I could conclude just here these allusions to personal experience with the simple *addendum*, that my life to the present has answered to the description of “endless progression, steadied by endless peace!” Fidelity to truth, however, with a solicitude that others may profit by my errors, constrains me to add another page of personal testimony.

Have you never known a sky full of sunshine, the promise of a beautiful day, subsequently obscured by lowering clouds? Have you never known a jewel, of incalculable value to its owner, lost through culpable careless

ness? Alas, that so bright a morning in my spiritual history should not have shone more and more unto the perfect day; that I should, under any circumstances, have carelessly parted with this pearl of personal experience!

Eight weeks transpired; weeks of light, strength, love, and blessing. Conference came on. I found myself in the midst of beloved brethren. Forgetting how easily the infinitely Holy Spirit might be grieved, I allowed myself to drift into the spirit of the hour, and after an indulgence in foolish joking and story-telling, realized that I had suffered serious loss. To my next field of labor I proceeded with consciously diminished spiritual power.

Perhaps to satisfy my conscience, I began to favor the arguments of those who insisted that sanctification as a work of the Holy Spirit could not involve an experience distinct from regeneration. Oh, how many precious years I wasted in quibbling and debating respecting theological differences, not seeing that I was antagonizing a doctrine that must be "spiritually discerned," and the tendency of which is manifestly to bring people nearer to God!

Meanwhile I had foolishly fallen into the habit of using tobacco; an indulgence which, besides the palatable gratification, seemed to minister to both my nervous and social natures. Years elapsed. When I would confront the obligation of entire consecration, the sacrifice of my foolish habit would be presented as a test of obedience. I would consent. Light, strength, and blessing were the result. Afterward temptation would be presented. I would listen to suggestions like these: "This is one of the good things of God." "Your religion does not require a course of asceticism." "This indulgence is not specially forbidden on the New Testament page." "Some good people whom you know are addicted to this practice." Thus seeking to quiet an uneasy conscience, I would drift back into the old habit again. After a while, I began to see that the indul-

gence at best was doubtful for me, and that I was giving my carnality rather than my Christian experience the benefit of the doubt. It could not really harm me to give it up, while to persist in the practice was costing me too much in my religious enjoyments.

I found that, after all my objections to sanctification as a distinct work of grace, there was, nevertheless, a conscious lack in my own religious experience. It was not strong, round, full, or abiding. I frequently asked myself, "What is that I need and desire in comparison with what I have and profess?" I looked at the three steps insisted upon by the friends of holiness,—viz., 1. Entire consecration; 2. Acceptance of Jesus moment by moment as a perfect Saviour; 3. A meek, but definite confession of the grace received,—and I said, "These are scriptural and reasonable duties." The remembrance of my experience in Newtown supplied an overwhelming confirmation of all this, and at the same time a powerful stimulus in the direction of duty.

"What then?" I said, "I will cast aside all pre-conceived theories, doubtful indulgences, culpable unbelief, and retrace my steps."

Alas, that I should have wandered from the light at all, and afterwards wasted so many years in vacillating between self and God! Can I ever forgive myself? Oh, what a bitter, bitter memory! The acknowledgment that I here make, constrained by candor and a concern for others, is among the greatest humiliations of my life. If I had the ear of those who have entered into the clearer light of Christian purity, I would beseech, entreat, supplicate, and charge them, with a brother's interest and earnestness, that they be warned by my folly. Oh! let such consent to die, if it were possible, a hundred deaths, before they willfully depart from the path of holiness; for, if they retrace their steps, there will still be the remem-

brance of original purity tarnished, and that will prove a drop of bitterness in the cup of their sweetest comfort.

HOME AGAIN.

Eternal praise to my long-suffering Lord! Nearly ten years have elapsed since, as the pastor of Greene Street Church, in the city of Philadelphia, I again dedicated my all carefully and fully to God; the consecration, of course, including the doubtful indulgence. I said, "I will try and abstain *for Christ's sake*. I would do any thing for His sake; and, certainly, I can consent to this self-denial that Jesus may be glorified." Again I accepted Christ as my Saviour from all sin; realized the witness of the sanctifying Spirit; and since then I have been walking "in the light as God is in the light," have fellowship with the saints, and humbly testify that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin."

"As ye have, therefore, received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him;" that is, as I understand, continually repeat those exercises or duties you performed when you accepted Christ as your all-sufficient Saviour. I received him in a spirit of entire consecration, implicit faith, and humble confession. The constant repetition of these three steps enables me to "walk in him." I cannot afford, even for a single moment, to remove my offering, to fail in looking unto Jesus, or to part with the Spirit of confession.

A CLOSING WORD.

Thus I have honestly unfolded some personal experiences in connection with the doctrine and grace of sanctification. The recital humbles me in the dust as it calls up the memory of years of vacillating and unsatisfactory religious life; but it also fills me with the profoundest gratitude for that abounding mercy which not only bore with

me, but brought me to see again my privilege in the Gospel, and now, for more than ten years, has been preserving me in the experience, and blessing me in the profession of this great grace. Precious reader, I now offer you this testimony; but, remember, before it meets your eye it has been carefully placed upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift, and an earnest prayer offered that it may be blessed to your spiritual profit.

As you lay down this humble article, will you not for your own sake, and for the Church's sake, and for the world's sake, and especially for Christ's sake, resolve to be entirely and eternally the Lord's? May God help and bless you!

'My *heart* believes, my *tongue* shall tell,
 And far and near my faith profess,
 My soul in rapturous strains shall swell,
 The fame of Jesus' faithfulness.

"He saves His people from their sin,
 He saves me now,—O bless His name!
 He sets His kingdom up within—
 And shall I not His praise proclaim?

"Glory and honor, praise and might,
 Salvation through the wide world ring!
 Let all in heaven and earth unite,
 In praise to Christ, the Lord my King!

TESTIMONY.

REV. WILLIAM DAY.

METHODIST.



MY seventeenth birthday was to me the period of religious resolve. The decision was full and earnest. Being previously much devoted to sinful society and worldly amusements, I now renounced them all and gave myself up to work for Jesus, looking to the Church to direct my efforts, and resolving to be obedient to each indication of duty. I was at once employed as Tract distributor, Sunday-school teacher and exhorter, and spent much time in visiting the sick and dying. Being "slow to believe," my experience for some months was quite indistinct, but improving by gradual development, rather than marked by any sudden transition from darkness to light. Indeed, religion appeared to me as a work to be performed, rather than as an experience to be enjoyed. That beautiful promise from the Proverbs was especially impressed upon my youthful mind, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths!"

Clearly, as the result of this divine guidance, I found myself, in the year 1850, in the ministry of the M. E. Church. Between the doctrines of the Church and my

own views there was entire harmony. I was especially delighted with the Wesleyan theory of Christian perfection, and in theory heartily embraced it.

In preaching on the subject, one Sabbath morning, I was met at the steps of the pulpit by a stranger, with the interrogations, "Please, sir, permit me to inquire, does your experience accord with your preaching? Do you enjoy the grace you have offered to us this morning?" It was with painful confusion I was compelled to confess a discrepancy which ought not to have existed.

Soon after this it was my great privilege to be pastor of the family of one of our beloved Bishops. The clear exemplification of holiness which I witnessed in that Christian household gave intensity to my desires for full salvation, and led me to seek it as the great want of my soul, and the highest necessity in my ministry. In much prayer and self-denial I waited for the Heavenly baptism. And, one day, while going from Morristown, N. J., to Bernardsville, alone, at mid-day, I felt a peculiar nearness to Jesus, and looking up into the bright heavens I said, "Blessed Saviour, I do want to be *entirely Thine*; I cannot make this heart of mine any better; *I now give it to Thee to be made pure, it is Thine now*—mould it according to Thine own will!"

The offering was accepted, and my soul filled in a wonderful manner with peace, light, love and power!

The Christian life now, to my mind, assumed the high and inspiring aspect of communion, walking with God. And with new lustre did such passages as the following shine, "But 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." Holiness, as an attainable blessing, appeared as the grand central truth of the Bible, around which all the precepts and promises revolved in beautiful harmony.

But I had not yet learned the necessity of a distinct profession of this grace.

Occupying new positions of still greater responsibilities, having committed to my charge several hundreds of members annually, some of whom panting for the light and encouragement on this subject, it was my duty, as a Methodist pastor to give, the question, "How can I meet my obligation in this particular?" became one of profound interest. Nor was it free from embarrassments. I could not—I dared not be silent, and yet reasons, such as occur to almost every brother in our ministry, strongly discouraged the profession of it. So I resolved to try to diffuse the *spirit* of holiness, in a general way—but not to encourage the profession. To meet more fully these obligations I also held a meeting on each Saturday evening for the promotion of holiness. In these meetings I read, talked, sang and prayed about entire sanctification *as a blessing which might be obtained*, and encouraged aspirations for it.

And, sometimes impelled by the holy Power which came upon me, rising superior to my prejudices against professing, I would say to those assembled, "I do feel all given up to God, and am filled with His Spirit!" etc.

These meetings were signally accompanied with the presence and blessing of Christ. Hallowed seasons! never to be forgotten!

But the reaping was according to the sowing, though continued for some five or six years in the city of Newark and Jersey City, not one person that I am aware of was led into the clear light of "perfect love!"

All this time I believe I had some experience of the blessing—at least was near enough to it to feel its power, and to be attracted and inspired by its glory. And often did I wish that God would raise up more Fletchers and Bramwells who would boldly declare this great salvation,

and in the light of whose examples might be seen the living "beauty of holiness." Being deeply sensible of my own mental and physical weaknesses, and not knowing but that these were still more perceptible to others, and less understood, I feared that my testimony, if given, would hinder rather than advance the great cause of holiness.

During the past year, from various causes, I had been less active in promoting this blessed experience. Doubts of the expediency of professing such a state of grace increased even to expressed opposition, in more than one instance. Severely criticising the spirit and life of some, making such profession, I feared that the sacred standard of entire sanctification was being lowered—and decided that the best and wisest course for earnest Christians was, to make the consecration to God, be obedient to the revealings of the divine Will, and thus look for the gradual development of sanctification in the heart and life.

But I was not at rest. These reasonings were outside of my proper sphere, and within the chilly regions of speculation.

About two months since I was profoundly convinced that if I would fulfill my Heaven-appointed mission, *I must become more definite in this matter—I must become a witness for full salvation*—then the power for which I sighed should be mine. And laying aside all prejudices, ceasing all criticisms on the lives of professors (deeply regretting that they had ever been indulged in), I vowed before Christ in solemn covenant, that if He would bestow His mighty grace on one so unworthy, and help me to keep it, I would be a witness of it at all times when His praise or the good of souls required it. *Then* did He uncover to me a glory I had not seen, and fill me with a peace deeper and sweeter than I had ever conceived.

I could no longer doubt the propriety, or even the necessity of giving testimony. The difficulty was to avoid

making this blessing my constant theme. My poor heart seemed thrilled and melted with the hallowing flames of perfect love. Salvation in glorious floods rolled through my adoring wondering soul. I felt a tender sweetness of spirit toward every living being, and wanted to tell every friend I had ever known, "how great things the Lord had done for me." Intensely did I desire to draw my people into the same light and liberty. Blessed be God, some of them were soon with me rejoicing in the same grace, among them my own precious wife. Glory be to the Holy Trinity!

The rapture of emotion has of necessity, in some measure, subsided, returning at intervals, (generally when testimony is given); faith, too, has had to be tried—but it abides firm in the all-cleansing blood—and its blessed peace and strength remain, and I trust will ever remain.

Entire sanctification now appears in my mind a distinct work of the Holy Spirit, standing out most prominently as a pillar of living light, diffusing its heavenly influences through every chamber of my soul. The witness is also as clear, and far more powerful than was the witness of pardon or regeneration. "The Spirit" is imparted that I "might know the things that are freely given to us of God."

And with it is the deep conviction, that if this blessing be retained in all its light and power, there must be distinct and unwavering testimony.

In writing these deep and most sacred exercises of my nature for publication, I almost tremble at the serious responsibility involved, from which I would constitutionally shrink—but if they will, in the least, minister to the praise of redeeming grace, excite the aspiration, or strengthen the confidence of others—the result will more than justify the responsibility assumed in the name of Jesus.

Henceforth be it my highest ambition to be a faithful, consistent witness, to full salvation through the blood of the Lamb!

TESTIMONY.

PROF. T. C. UPHAM, D. D.

CONGREGATIONALIST.



IN the Spring of 1815, in connection with a remarkable revival, which took place in Dartmouth College, I suppose that I experienced religion. About three years afterwards, I made a profession of religion in the Congregational Church. Accordingly, I have been a public professor of religion ever since that time. During the greater part of that long period, I believe that I have striven earnestly for high religious attainments. For various reasons, however, and particularly the discouraging influence of the prevalent doctrine that personal sanctification cannot fully take place till death, I did not permanently attain the object of my desires. Sometimes, it is true, I advanced much, and then again was thrown back—living what may be called the common Christian life of sinning and repenting, of alternate walking with God and devotedness to the world. This method of living was highly unsatisfactory to me, as it has often been to others. It seemed exceedingly dangerous to risk my soul in eternity in such a state as this. In this state of mind I was led, early in the summer of 1839, by a series of special providences, which it is here unneces-

sary to detail, to examine the subject of personal holiness *as a matter of personal realization*. I examined the subject, as I thought, prayerfully, candidly, and faithfully—looking at the various objections as well as the multiplied evidences—and came, ultimately, to the undoubting conclusion that God required me to be holy, that he had made provision for it, and that it was both my duty and my privilege to be so. The establishment of my belief in this great doctrine was followed by a number of pleasing and important results.

1. As soon as I had become established in the belief of present holiness, I felt a great increase of *obligation to be holy*. Many secret excuses for sin, which had formerly paralyzed my efforts, now lost their power. The logic in the case was very simple. God requires me to be holy now, and as he can require nothing unreasonable, I am under obligation to be holy now. I could not turn to the right hand nor to the left. I knew instinctively and most certainly that God did not and could not require impossibilities. I considered his command as involving an implied promise to help me to fulfil it. I felt, moreover, that every moment's delay was adding transgression to transgression, and was exceedingly offensive in the sight of God. Accordingly, within a very few days after rejecting the common doctrine, that sanctification is fully attainable only in the article of death, and receiving the doctrine of the possibility and duty of present holiness, I consecrated myself to God, body and spirit, deliberately, voluntarily, and for ever. I had communicated my purpose to no human being. There was nothing said; nothing written. It was a simple volition; a calm and unchangeable resolution of mind; a purpose silently but irrevocably made, and such as any Christian is capable of making. But simple as it was, I regard it as a crisis in my moral being which has, perhaps, affected my eternal destiny. I acknowledge that

I took this important step in comparative darkness ; that is to say, clouds were round about me, and I went by faith rather than by sight ; but I had an unwavering confidence in God, that he would in his own time and way carry me through and give me the victory. This important decision was made in the summer of 1839, and about the middle of July. Two almost immediate and marked results followed this act of consecration. The one was an immediate removal of that sense of condemnation which had followed me for many years, and had filled my mind with sorrow. The other result, which also almost immediately followed, was a great increased value and love of the Bible. It required no great effort of reasoning to perceive that, in doing the whole will of God, which had become the fixed purpose of my life, *I must take the Bible for my guide*. As I opened and read its pages from day to day, its great truths disclosed themselves to my mind with an impressiveness and beauty unknown before. And this result, independently of the aid implied in the biblical promise that those who do the will of God shall understand his communication, was what might have naturally and reasonably been expected. Before this time, reading every where my own condemnation, I had insensibly but voluntarily closed my eyes to the doctrine of present holiness, which shines forth so brightly and continually from the sacred pages. But now I found holiness every where, and I felt that I began to love it.

2. I now proceed to mention some other changes of mind which I soon passed through. In December of this year, 1839, I visited the city of New York on business, which brought me into communication with certain persons who belonged to the Methodist denomination. I was providentially led to form an acquaintance with other pious Methodists, and was exceedingly happy in attending a number of meetings which had exclusive reference to the

doctrine of holiness and to personal holy experience. In these meetings I took the liberty, although comparatively a stranger, to profess myself a believer in the doctrine of holiness and a seeker after it. And I found myself greatly encouraged and aided by the judicious remarks, the prayers and the sympathies of a number of beloved Christian friends. As I now perceive, the great difficulty at this time in the way of my victorious progress was my ignorance of the important principle, that SANCTIFICATION, as well as justification, is by FAITH. By consecrating myself to God, I had put myself into a favorable condition to exercise faith; but I had never understood and felt the imperative necessity of this exercise, viz., of FAITH as a *sanctifying* instrumentality. My Methodist friends, to whom this view was familiar, gave me, in the spirit of Christian kindness, much instruction and assistance here, for which I desire to be grateful to them. I found that I must give up the system, already too long cherished, of walking by signs, and manifestations, and sensible experiences, and must commit every thing, in light and in darkness, in joy and in sorrow, into the hands of God. Realizing, accordingly, that I must have greater faith in God as the fulfiller of his *promises*, and as the pledged and everlasting portion of those who put their trust in him, and aided by the kindness and supplications of Christian friends, I in some degree (and perhaps I may say in a very considerable degree) gained the victory. I shall ever recollect the time. It was early on Friday morning, the 27th of December. The evening previous had been spent in deeply interesting conversation and in prayer on the subject of holiness, and with particular reference to myself. Soon after I awoke in the morning, I found that my mind, without having experienced any very remarkable manifestations or ecstasies, had, nevertheless, undergone a great moral revolution. I was removed from the condition of a

SERVANT, and adopted into that of a SON. I believed and felt, in a sense which I had never experienced before, that my sins were all blotted out, were *wholly* forgiven; and that Christ was not only the Savior of mankind in general, but *my* Christ, *my* Savior in particular, and that God was *my* Father. As I have observed, I had no ecstasy, but great and abiding peace and consolation.

3. I mark here another step in the progress of this important contest. Under the influence of the feelings which I have just described, I consecrated myself anew to God in a more specific and solemn manner. I now made a written record of my consecration, which I had not done before. But while it seemed to me that I sincerely endeavored to give up all, I was unable as yet, in consequence probably of some lingering remains of unbelief, or because God, in his wise sovereignty, was pleased to try a little longer the faith which he had given me, to speak confidently of my SANCTIFICATION. I would take the liberty to say here, that I do not consider CONSECRATION and SANCTIFICATION the same thing. Consecration is the incipient, the prerequisite act. It is the laying of ourselves upon the altar; but it is not till God has accepted the sacrifice, and wrought upon us by the consuming and restoring work of the Holy Spirit, that we can be said to be sanctified. It is true that the one may immediately and almost simultaneously follow the other; and this will be the case where faith in God is perfect. But this was not the case with me. But I was now, however, by the grace of God, in a position where I had new strength, and could plead the promises with much greater confidence than formerly. God had given me great blessings, such as a new sense of forgiveness, increased love, a clear evidence of adoption and sonship, closer and deeper communion with himself, but I felt there was something remaining to be experienced.

In this state of mind, not having fully attained the

object of my expectations and wishes, but still greatly in advance of my former Christian experience, and with a fixed determination to persevere, I left the city of New York about the middle of January, 1840. Immediately after my arrival at my residence in the State of Maine, I united with some Methodist brethren in establishing a meeting similar to those which had benefitted me so much in New York, for the purpose of promoting personal godliness, and which was designed to be open to persons of all denominations of Christians. This meeting was very encouraging to me and others. Nevertheless, I was not able for about two weeks to profess the personal experience and realization of the great blessing of holiness as it seemed to be experienced and realized in others. The principal difficulty, as I daily examined my heart to see how the case stood between my soul and God, seemed to be a consciousness, while other evils were greatly or entirely removed, of the remains of SELFISHNESS. Indeed, at this particular time, the selfish principle, or rather the principle of self-love, in its inordinate and unholy exercise, seemed to be stimulated to unwonted activity. The remains of every form of internal opposition to God appeared to be centred in one point and to be prosecuted in one aspect. I do not know that I was ever more troubled, during so short a space of time, with feelings of this nature. I do not mean to say that I was more selfish at this time than ever before; by no means. But the existence and horrible nature of this state of mind were more fully brought to view. I took this encouragement, however, that God was perhaps now showing me, as he often does when he is about to bless with entire holiness of heart, the very root of evil. And I was sincerely desirous to see it and to know it, that it might be slain in his presence. The good hand of the Lord was pleased to sustain my faith in this sharp contest. My continual prayer to God was that He would enable me

to love Him with all my heart. I knew not fully what the nature of perfect love was; but my prayer was that this love, whatever might be its nature and its inward manifestations, might in God's time and way be realized within me. And in the answer to this prayer, whenever it should be given, I confidently foresaw the termination of this internal conflict. For selfishness can never exist in union with perfect love.

On Sabbath evening, the 2d of February, I was greatly afflicted in mind; tossed to and fro as in a tempest; and it seemed to me that I could not easily stand where I was, but must either advance or retreat. But God's grace was sufficient. My faith remained unshaken; and, on Monday morning, I thought I could say with great calmness and assurance, Thou hast given me the victory. I was never able before that time to say with sincerity and confidence, that I loved my heavenly Father with all my soul and with all my strength. But, aided by divine grace, I have been enabled to use this language, which involves, as I understand it, the true idea of Christian perfection or holiness, both then and ever since. There was no intellectual excitement, no very marked joy, when I reached this great rock of practical salvation. The soul seemed to have gathered strength from the storm which it had passed through on the previous night; and, aided by a power from on high, it leaped forward, as it were by a bound, to the great and decisive mark. I was distinctly conscious when I reached it. The selfish exercises which had recently, and, as it were, by a concentrated and spasmodic effort, troubled me so much, seemed to be at once removed; and I believed, and had reason to believe, that my heart, presumptuous as it may appear to some to say it, was now purified by the Holy Spirit, and made right with God. I was thus, if I was not mistaken in my feelings, no longer an offering to the world, but SANCTIFIED UNTO THE LORD;

given to Him to be His, and no longer my own ; redeemed by a mighty power, and filled with the blessing of "perfect love."

4. The enemy might now be said to be cast out of the interior of the castle. Nevertheless, he has never ceased his hostility. He has laid his snares and presented his temptations. It would be presumption to assert positively that I had never in any case, nor for any length of time, yielded to his power. But I can testify abundantly to the goodness of God's grace, that he has heard the voice of my prayer, and in a wonderful manner preserved me. Certain it is that my spiritual life has been a new life. There is calm sunshine upon the soul. The praise of God is continually upon my lips.

I have continually what seems to me to be the WITNESS of the Holy Spirit ; that is to say, I have a firm and abiding conviction that I am wholly the Lord's ; which does not seem to be introduced into the mind by reasoning, nor by any methods whatever of forced and self-made reflection, and which I can ascribe only to the Spirit of God. It is a sort of interior voice, which speaks silently but effectively to the soul, and bids me be of good cheer. At times, especially on the 14th of February, 1840, I experienced some remarkable operations on my mind, which made a profound and lasting impression. Language would be but a feeble instrument in detailing them, and I will not attempt it. Indeed I do not know but I must say with the Apostle, "whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell." But in view of what I then experienced and have experienced at other times, I cannot help saying with the Apostle, "God hath also sealed us, and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts."

I could speak of many remarkable deliverances and supports in time of mental trial. God has ever been with me, in time of trouble, a "faithful God." But these and many other things which have called forth the deep grati-

tude of my heart, I am compelled to omit. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that almost from the very moment of my obtaining the victory over those selfish feelings which have been spoken of, I was distinctly conscious of a new but powerful and delightful attraction towards the Divine mind. This, I believe, is a common form of interior experience among those who have enjoyed the blessing of sanctification. I perceived and felt very distinctly that there was a central existence, full of all glory, towards which the Spirit was tending. I could realize the meaning of the Psalmist, "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." I felt like an imprisoned bird, when the string is cut that bound it to the earth, and which soars upwards and spreads its wings to the skies. So conscious have I been that inordinate self-love has been the great cause of the separation between my soul and God, that the very idea of self as distinct from God is almost painful to me. When self is destroyed, the divine union, which sanctified hearts only know, takes place. If I know any thing, I know most certainly that the true resting place of my soul is and must be in the infinite mind; that it is not and cannot be any where else. Perhaps no part of the Scriptures, during the more recent periods of my experience, has more affected me, than the prayer of the Saviour for his disciples, "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be ONE IN US." It is difficult for me to conceive of any heaven but God's presence; of any hell but his absence. I realize that the cup of my happiness is full, whatever may be my personal trials and sorrows, whenever and wherever my heavenly Father is glorified in me. Accordingly it is my earnest and constant prayer, that my will may be wholly and for ever lost in the will of God, and that I may never know self any more, except as the instrument of divine glory.

TESTIMONY.

REV. S. MILLER, D. D.

METHODIST.



DURING the summer and autumn of 1844, emigration began to push vigorously towards the central portion of Wisconsin. The Rock-river Valley had already become the theme of conversation, and the object of interest to the settlers. Each wave of population bore its eager burden still farther on; until early in July, among others, we found our resting-place at Wanpun. Having made our selection to embrace as much prairie, woodland, and water-power as we could well encompass, our first duty was to prepare a shanty as a dwelling-place; and our next, to provide means of subsistence. In connection with opening of farms, we soon entered upon the erection of a saw-mill; and a competence blessed our household. Religion consecrated her altar in the "shanty," as the close of the first day saw it completed, and the shades of evening mantled the unpretending evidence of the march of civilization. A walk of twenty miles to attend a quarterly meeting at Fond du Lac secured the attendance of a regular itinerant—Rev. Joseph Lewis, at Wanpun—to organize a class. The class consisted at first of six members,—Rev. Silas Miller, a local deacon at that time; his wife, Eunice; his daughter,

Mrs. Malvina F. Hilyar, and her husband, Henry L.; the second son, Ezekiel T. Miller, who was made class-leader; and the present writer, a younger son, then an exhorter. With the increase of settlements, there came an increasing demand for ministerial labor. Until early in the summer of 1845, these calls became so pressing, that they largely embarrassed our business arrangements. A consultation was held; and it was finally decided that the writer, being then twenty-two years old and single, could leave home better than the father. It was then believed to be only a temporary provision, until men could be obtained from abroad. But how little do we know of the future! A few weeks were spent at Brothertown among the Brothertown people, in the absence of the missionary; and, at the close of the summer, I returned to Fond du Lac, in which charge Wanpun was included, and was licensed to preach, and recommended to Conference.

My first charge was called Green-lake Mission, and included Ceresca (now Ripon) and Wanpun. When I inquired of the presiding elder, Rev. William H. Sampson, as to the boundaries of my charge, he said, "Fix a point in the centre of Lake Harican, and strike a line to the north star, and another to the Rocky Mountains, and you will have your eastern and southern boundaries." To these two appointments others were added, until in due time the charge numbered twenty-four. The spirit of revival came down among the people, and many were added from month to month; until, at the close of the year, the Lord possessed the land.

But I took my pen more especially at the present moment to refer to an item of personal experience, which has already been to my mind like Jacob's Bethel.

My large circuit, when fully organized, required long journeyings, which I mostly performed on horseback in summer, and sometimes in cutter during the winter.

Sometimes my ride on the Sabbath would be forty miles long, and afford the pleasure of preaching four times. On one of these excursions, I became very much exercised on the subject of Christian holiness. I had previously given the subject special thought ; but now it seemed to assume an importance with which I had never clothed it before. Not only did the teachings of our standards bear an unusual clearness, but my heart began to realize an impressiveness I had not felt before, to the same extent.

I preached on the subject at my morning appointment ; and as I swept over the prairie some ten miles, in the face of a driving snow-storm, to my noonday appointment, I resolved to preach on the same subject again. I did so, and with much better satisfaction to myself. Twelve miles more of storm, and I was again before a congregation to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ ; and I am free to say, I had become so full of my theme, it seemed to me that this alone could be my subject ; and hence, though changing my text, I discoursed on gospel purity, showing that experimental religion presents itself to the conception of the mind under three clearly-defined ideas,—justification, regeneration, and sanctification. The drift of thought ran on this wise : By justification, in this connection, we mean simply the pardon of sin ; and the man who finds this grace stands as fully accepted before the law, through Christ, as though he had never sinned. By regeneration, we mean that radical change of man's moral and spiritual condition which subjects all the faculties and powers of the soul to the control of the Divine Spirit.

The work wrought in the heart by the Spirit includes not only the entire subjugation of the "man of sin," but the introduction of the spiritual reign of Christ. This change is so radical, that it may well be said, "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new." These states of grace, wrought at the same moment, we

ordinarily call conversion; and they are attested to the heart by the witness of the Spirit. If the subject of them shall "go on unto perfection," the Spirit will lead him "into all truth." The justified person need not backslide in order to have a sense of his need of sanctification. Nay, he must not backslide if he would have either a clear conception of the great blessing, or even a drawing towards it. If he should be faithful to the grace already received, the Spirit will enlighten him, and lead to the discovery of new fields, as the astronomer rests his calculations on the worlds already discovered when he peers into the unexplored regions beyond. The increase of spiritual illumination will reveal conditions, both as to himself and the economy of grace, of which he had no adequate conception before.

The moral perception, thus quickened by the Spirit, will furnish painful revelations as to himself. He will discover that there linger still some remains of the carnal mind. Pride, the love of the world, selfishness, self-will, and sometimes even anger or other evil passions, will begin to stir in the heart. The revelation will awaken alarm; and often the temptation will follow that he is not a Christian at all, or these motions of sin would not be realized. But there need be no alarm. The evidence of conversion is not wanting; yet there needs to be an additional work to secure entire freedom from sin. This additional work is sanctification. The old carnal nature is not entirely renovated and made pure. Though the tree is cut down, the roots show their remaining vitality by sending up the shoots around the old stump. The "mightier" than the "strong man armed" must come, and pluck up by the roots. When the evil principle is thus plucked out and destroyed, the blessed Christ holds the heart without a rival; the graces of the Spirit now become planted in the garden of the Lord, where neither brier, thorn, or thistle grows.

Do any ask, "Is this perfection?" We answer, Yes. not that absolute perfection which admits of no growth or expansion, for none but the Infinite can know such a perfection; but such a state as casts out sin, the evil principle which has retarded the growth of the soul, and has now planted in the genial soil, all the seeds of righteousness. So far from being opposed to growth, such perfection intensifies the agencies of growth. A sanctified soul will grow faster than any other, inasmuch as such soul is relieved of all hinderance, and also enjoys in richer measure all the conditions and agencies of growth. The sermon closed with an exhortation to "go on unto perfection."

At the close of the service, a good sister referred in very earnest terms to the discourse, and was especially grateful for the ministry of a man who evidently understood so much about the deep things of God. Instantly the thought passed my mind, "Ah, yes! but there must, after all, be a great difference between merely understanding the theory, and knowing 'the deep things of God' in the heart." This thought troubled me. It came back again and again, and often resolved itself into the other question: "How can you teach others what you do not know yourself?"

The hasty supper was eaten, and I was away, as I had ten miles to my evening appointment across the prairie. The snow was still falling moderately, but borne on a driving wind, which was rendering the going heavy and the path invisible. As my noble horse headed towards home, my next appointment, he seemed to go with the wind; but, for a time, I seemed scarcely to heed him, as my thoughts were busy. The question came with still increasing force, "How can you preach to others what you do not know yourself?" At length I resolved; and, scarcely stopping to measure the movement, or estimate the consequences, I was on my knees by the side of the

cutter, engaged in prayer. My first conscious thought of my surroundings was awakened by the wrestling of my horse as my right hand held him firmly by the lines. Then came the suggestion, "This is a very unpropitious time to settle a matter of this importance. With a fractious horse by the rein, a terrible storm sweeping over the bare prairie, filling the already blind snow-path, you had better defer the matter for the present." My reply was, "It is time this matter were settled, and I propose to settle it now."

"But the snow-path is nearly filled; and you will lose your way, and perish." I still replied, "It is time this matter were settled, and I propose to settle it now."—"But it is getting dark, and your congregation will be waiting for you. You had better go on and fill your appointment, and then attend to this matter." The Lord helped me to reply again with still greater emphasis, "*It is time this matter were settled; and God helping, it shall be settled now.*" Instantly the light broke, and I was able "to reckon myself dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ my Lord." Feeling assured I had learned by happy experience the power of the blood to cleanse from all sin, I was found in due time at my appointment, preaching from the text, "He is able to save to the utter most all who come unto God by him."

TESTIMONY.

REV. A. D. MERRILL.

METHODIST.



IN the year 1820, I was suddenly and powerfully awakened to a sense of guilt and sin, and that day, at seven o'clock in the evening, I was as powerfully regenerated; my evidence of acceptance was without a doubt. I was careful to obey every impulse of duty, and in a few months became deeply impressed, that I must surrender the balance of my life to the work of the Gospel Ministry. These impressions ultimately ripened into a satisfactory conviction of positive duty. I went about the town of my residence visiting the sick and dying, and several sick and appointed unto death were happily converted to God, and died in great peace.

I was invited, at length, to hold a religious meeting on the Sabbath, and to take a text. I moved forward at every opening door that was presented, without my own agency, and from this beginning was constantly prompt to preach, and acquiesced in all that I could. As I looked forward to a life of toil in the great and sacred calling, I was constantly thrown upon myself to investigate the motives which impelled me to action. And the more severe the scrutiny, the more vividly were developed the remains of depravity. My pride of heart was discovered

by the opposite effects resulting from a discharge of religious duties. If greatly assisted I was exalted, if otherwise I was severely mortified. This, with various other discoveries of inbred corruption produced painful and deep searchings of heart. These views, together with the sacredness of the calling before me, wrought powerfully upon my mind. I was in actual distress of spirit, and thus brought into a state of "Hungering and thirsting after Righteousness." I saw God to be *holy*, Heaven to be holy, angels to be holy, the spirits of just men to be holy, and that I must be so myself, or never secure a lot and part with those holy ones. And O, how much I needed this grace in order to understand myself, and to preach a holy Gospel.

And especially did I need this, as I was so very deficient in all the outward and literary qualifications for the Gospel ministry.

The idea seemed preposterous for me to engage in reforming others, without being fully reformed myself. About this time I went to Boston and spent a Sabbath in the city, heard good and excellent preaching. But, what interested me most was, to be permitted to attend a general Band meeting, at the Broomfield Street Church. I could not have been introduced into a more welcome, though to me new scene—the influence of that meeting was greatly encouraging to my panting and longing heart. Such manifest depths of devotion, such simplicity of spirit, and strength of confidence in God, I had, up to that hour, been a stranger to.

I soon after was induced by my presiding elder to attend a Camp Meeting about to be held at Sandwich, N. H. ; this was the first instance of my attendance upon such an occasion. At first the scene was novel, and I was too much under the influence of curiosity. But, after a day or two, I heard a sermon on the subject of *Purity of*

heart, which was as balm to my longing spirit. I wept, I sighed. I panted after God, as the heart panteth after the cooling water-brook. I felt most perfectly subdued in heart, and the presence of God was so manifest, that I did not wish to move or speak, lest I should disturb that awful sense of God's renovating presence and power to save from all sin. Under this gracious and overwhelming influence the Saviour was presented to the eye of faith, suspended upon the cross; He looked upon me and smiled, that instant I yielded my soul, body and spirit up to Him, to live, to die, to obey, to suffer, or to reign with Him for ever. Christ was my only hope, my righteousness, my all and in all. With that smile I felt a renovating influence pervading soul and body, and thus felt cleansed from all unrighteousness, the assurance then given that I was wholly the Lord's surpasses all description, language is too poor to set it forth, and with the poet I could exclaim!

"The promise stands forever sure,
And we shall in Thine image shine,
Partakers of a nature pure,
Holy, angelical, divine,
In spirit join'd to Thee, the Son,
As Thou art with the Father, one."

My will was lost in His when the Blood of the Lamb was applied to my heart. I could say and feel, to live, to die, to suffer, to reign, despised or respected, poor or supplied, I could leave all to His Sovereign sway to choose and to command. I could never adopt such language before, and yet it was so reasonable, so perfectly proper to place my entire being, destiny, whatever I had or was, or ever should be, at the supreme disposal of unerring wisdom and superlative goodness. O, the union with the infinite Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—the altogether lovely—a heaven below to go to Heaven in. I felt as

docile as a lamb; my peace was steady, my hope full of immortality.

From this blessed epoch, preaching, praying, believing was easy, the burden was light. Nothing so pleasant, so desirable as to abide in Christ as the branch is in the vine. Moreover, from this period my usefulness became greatly augmented, and great was the gathering of the people unto our blessed Redeemer.

This Divine Power has been my constant attendant for forty-five years; it has given character to my whole subsequent history, and bless God it does not forsake me in old age. An incident occurred as soon as this grace was mine; I asked my blessed Saviour what He had for me to do at that Camp Meeting? I felt instantly directed to a neighboring tent, where there was something to be done. I went, and on reaching the place there were two persons there. I at first felt a check, and thought my impression was from the enemy. But I resolved to know if it was from the Spirit of the Lord, or from the evil spirit. So I asked the two (they were both young ladies) whether they enjoyed religion? I found them under awakenings, so I collected in a few Christians to join me in prayer for their salvation. I took the case of one of them to the Lord in faith, and in less than a moment I became so convinced of her freedom from guilt, that I exclaimed at the top of my voice, the work is done! the work is done! She broke forth in shouts of praise to God for delivering grace.

Instantly, the other asked imploringly, can you beg for me in faith? Yes, I replied. We bowed, and in precisely the same manner of the first, she came out praising God. After this short but thorough work I listened with great delight to their developments of experience; they were both school teachers. I never saw them before then, nor have I ever since.

TESTIMONY.

REV. HENRY BELDEN.

CONGREGATIONALIST.



WHEN I was converted, I had a very bright and satisfactory experience. So powerful were my exercises, and so great and thorough the change, both outward and inward, that I never could indulge in doubt as to the reality of the gracious work. I knew that I had passed from death unto life, by all the various evidences which usually mark that change. But my course was unsteady, with frequent alternations of light and darkness, of faith and unbelief, of joy and depression.

After joining the Church, and enjoying its privileges for, perhaps, three months, I went away from home to a distant town, to commence my preparatory studies for the ministry. Here, removed from home, Church, and pastoral influences, and surrounded by those who had much of the form, but little of the power of godliness, I began to lose my first love to Christ. Gradually I fell into a state of heart-backsliding.

In this state I remained shorn of my spiritual strength, under a sense of condemnation, and in darkness, for about seven or eight years. I retained my membership in the Church, continued my studies, with the ministry in view,

and in some measure kept up outward observances. I was often distressed about my condition, and deeply sensible of my backslidings; and occasionally I made spasmodic efforts to break away from my bondage and darkness, and get back to Christ. But I did not succeed, and I was quickly discouraged. It seems to me that my experience was precisely that delineated in the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. I longed for deliverance, but knew not how to get it. I have since learned how any backslider may quickly escape and regain his first love, but then I knew not the steps to take.

In the Providence of God I became deeply afflicted, and was carried through an humbling process of trial for several months. Having a deep sympathy for the enslaved and oppressed free colored people in our land, I devoted myself, for a time, in making efforts to arouse the public mind in relation to their wrongs. In this I met an opposition, which everywhere covered me with obloquy and contempt. This and other trials made me feel the need of the Saviour's presence and help. I began to think of Christ as a sympathizing Saviour, as the High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. The declaration that He "was in all points tempted like as we are," was soothing and precious to my troubled spirit. About this time I became earnestly engaged in a revival of religion. My soul became burdened with unutterable desires for the salvation of sinners. I began, also, to study the Scriptures, which before I had greatly neglected. I was now restored from my wanderings, and was living a life of earnest prayer. Sometimes I would rise in the night to pray for souls.

One day, after a special season of fasting and searching my own heart and life, and renouncing all that I saw to be contrary to the will of God, I was striving to prevail in prayer, when the Saviour was revealed to me in such a

wonderful manner that I was enraptured, and filled with a heavenly ecstasy, which continued for about a week, and though the brightness of it was then obscured by a severe temptation, yet the effects and the savor of it, has remained through all the following years. That vision of Jesus had given my soul a heavenly relish, which impelled me to seek after God.

The summer and fall which followed, bore witness to frequent days of fasting and prayer, with much searching the Scriptures. On a day specially set apart to seek the Lord, I was led to search my whole life from my earliest recollections, humbling myself with penitential confessions to God, and promising him that I would make confessions and restitution to others, as far as possible, where I had injured them. I then covenanted to be wholly the Lord's, and to be faithful in all things. This solemn season of confession and consecration occupied about four hours, during which I lay most of the time upon my face on the floor. This consecration had an immediate and powerful effect upon my life. I was filled with zeal, and labored earnestly for the welfare of souls. But I was not entirely at rest. I did not know the way of faith.

My consecration was entire to the full extent of all the light I had. My recollection is perfectly clear upon this matter. I had given myself fully, and without reserve to the Lord. I was wonderfully helped by the Holy Spirit, who gave me a clear discernment, and enabled me to make very thorough work of it. I not only made a general and comprehensive consecration of all to God, but I particularized all that I could think of. I prayed for light to see if there were any thing more, until I felt clearly conscious that every thing was laid on the altar.

This was nearly four years before I received the blessing of entire sanctification. I did not then believe there was any such state. My soul panted after God, and I

sought Him at times with much earnestness, but I had no spiritual state before my mind as a definite object of pursuit. I labored much, and was permitted to see several revivals of religion. During this time, however, I was brought gradually to understand that it was the privilege of Christians to be sanctified wholly, and that their whole spirit and soul and body might be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I now had a definite object before me. I was assured that this blessed state was to be obtained by faith. I tried to have faith for it. As an illustration of my efforts, I will describe one of my attempts. I was on the haymow in my barn alone, and I was thinking of sanctification. I thought I would kneel down and pray for it. I did so; and cried very earnestly unto God for the blessing. I knew the difficulty must be that I did not believe. I was conscious that my feelings were much drawn out, and it seemed to me, while I was praying, that if I could only feel somewhat more, then perhaps my feelings would become faith. What a vain idea, and yet how common, that faith consists in feelings. I knew no better then, and I tried to feel as much as I could. At length, thinking possibly I might have succeeded, I paused and looked into myself; but all was vague and uncertain. I needed further instruction. After a time God gave it to me.

In company with some others, I went to Newark, to attend a convention on the subject of sanctification. On the way there, a sister, giving me an account of her experience, said that, when she sought and obtained the blessing of sanctification, she consecrated herself to God, and believed that He received her, but that she did not receive the inward witness of the Spirit until seven days afterwards; yet during all that time she held on to her confidence of God's faithfulness to His promise, and then, after about seven days, the Spirit came upon her and filled her

with a joyful sense of His love. This was very helpful to me, for I had supposed the baptism of the Holy Ghost was always given instantaneously, if the offering was accepted of God. The meeting continued through the day. At the noon intermission I was conversing with a young lady who professed to have enjoyed the blessing but a short time. I put this inquiry to her, "Suppose I should believe for the blessing, how should I know that I believed?" Very properly, she answered, "Faith is its own evidence." I saw then, as I have ever since seen more clearly, that faith was a matter of consciousness, and not of reasoning, just as memory or perception is.

Among the experiences related that day, one by Rev. William Hill was especially interesting and instructive to me. Brother Hill was my intimate friend, and we had long studied and prayed over the subject together. He had received the blessing that morning in Dr. Palmer's house in New York. He related to me fully all the exercises through which he had passed the preceding twenty-four hours. He told of his child-like simplicity in seeking,—of the clear and faithful instructions given him, the full consecration, the long struggle to believe, which continued through the night, and the peaceful rest of soul which came in the morning. He scarcely needed to tell me the result. I read it in his subdued manner, his holy fervor, and in everything about him. I felt that he had outstripped me in the race, and I was glad of it, though I had started long before him.

After the meeting Brother Hill and I retired to a private house, where we resumed the conversation. He instructed and encouraged me to come to God at once. Among other things, he said, "If you cannot give yourself up to God with as much feeling as you desire, do not be discouraged on that account, but do it with what feeling you can, and God will accept the offering." He also

insisted much upon the duty of believing God's word of promise, irrespective of our own feelings. He seemed to have the most profound convictions concerning the sin of hesitating to believe God's word, and quoted with great force the passage, "He that believeth not God, hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us, eternal life, and this life is in His Son." He said he had been so deeply convicted on this point during the past night that he had written down a solemn promise to God that henceforth he would, without hesitation and without having any regard to the state of his own feelings, believe any promise of God's word which applied to him.

These admonitions were very useful to me. They gave me light where I needed it. I had been accustomed to look with more confidence to the state of my own feelings than to the declarations of God's word. Now I was convinced that I must "let God be true, and every man a liar." God's word must be believed without questioning, and without comparing it with my own feelings, or bringing it to any other test. I saw that when, by grace, I fulfilled the required conditions of a promise, it would be great sin in me to hesitate a moment in believing that the promise was fulfilled.

I was pointed to the promise, "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." It was now very clear to me that if I should, by a renewed consecration, come out and be separate unto God, and renounce the unclean thing, which is sin, that then it would be my duty immediately to believe that God received me. This would be no more than simply believing that God was as good as His word. I saw this to be the way of faith, and it

appeared eminently reasonable and just. I now saw the simple path, and I longed to enter immediately into the blessed state which I had so long sought. I said, "I am ready to give myself up and believe."

"Stop a moment," said Brother Hill, "there is one thing more. When you give yourself up to God, and begin to believe that He receives you, you must *hold* on believing, and if you are tempted to doubt whether God receives you, you must not for a moment entertain the doubt, but drive it away; and this you can do by repeating over the promises of the Scripture and clinging to them."

Such were substantially the teachings he gave me, though I may not have retained the precise form of expression. At any former period I should have regarded such instructions as leading directly to presumption and self-deception. But they were then, as they have been to me ever since, the light of true wisdom. In following them I was enabled to enter the way of holiness.

We bowed in prayer. With the simplicity of a child, I gave myself to the Lord, with all that pertained to me, for time and eternity, to be wholly His. All was laid on the altar,—time, talents, reputation, prospects, influence, wife, children, possessions, everything. I renounced all sin, and gave myself wholly to God. Then I told the Lord that I believed He received me, and that I would continue to believe in view of His promise, even if He should not give me an inward witness for a week or a month. I would believe His word alone, without any regard to my feelings. I knew I was sincere, and I knew God's promise could not fail. On rising from my knees, I said to the two brethren with me, "I have done it; the Lord is mine, and I am His."

Immediately Satan suggested a most plausible temptation. It was so subtle it seemed to be the spontaneous reasoning of my own mind. I thought, "If I have done

this with my *whole* heart, then, no doubt, God has received me. But am I sure that I have done it with my whole heart?" Had I entertained this question, I should have gone back into the wilderness. Thank God, I had been forewarned. Without giving the suggestion a moment's thought, I turned my mind toward the Scripture, and tried to drive it away. I walked back and forth in the rooms, and repeated these promises, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," and "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed, unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." The effort was successful. God gave me the victory. The temptation to doubt and question was gone; and I rested in the beginning of a life of faith wherein Christ was apprehended as a present and full Saviour.

My sensibilities were not greatly moved at first. But after two or three days the Holy Comforter filled my heart with joy, and made me to realize a very sweet sense of inward purity and uprightness. I went about my work in my parish with a peculiar delight, and with a conscious strength of faith unknown before. With the utmost simplicity, I told everywhere what the Lord had done for me, beginning with my own family and my own people, and going abroad wherever the way was opened. Fruits were abundant. Many received the blessing of sanctification, and among the first was my wife, then many of my Church, and within a few months, in my parish, not far from a hundred were converted from the world.

It would take volumes to relate my experiences since that time. For some time I walked in clear blessed light and perfect love. My sense of inward purity was very clear and sweet. My joy was often full, at times ecstatic; my faith was firm, strong, and increasing. My labors were abundant, and my success marked. After about two years,

having changed my place of residence, and being unsettled for a time, and among those who were not much interested in sanctification, I became languid, and suffered my attention to be diverted, and spoke less on the subject; and thus the fine gold became dim, and the Spirit that had "wrought in me mightily" was in a measure quenched and grieved. On one occasion, I felt that I had lost the blessing, and in prayer I acknowledged it to God. Then the tempter was permitted to assail and overwhelm my soul. My faith had ceased to hold Jesus, and what was there to save me from the adversary? I was brought into great spiritual tribulation. For about twenty hours my soul was filled during much of the time with what seemed to be the horrors of despair. I went to two of God's dear children, who prayed for me, and while they were praying, I was delivered.

From that time the fear of God was upon me as never before. For a year I had so deep and awful fear of God, that all worldly concerns seemed of little moment, and yet all along through it, I had the peace and joy of the Lord. After about a year, this solemn awe in a measure subsided, and had less influence on my sensibilities, yet I most devoutly thank the Lord that in a good degree it has remained as an abiding principle, and so to speak, a permanent safeguard.

I have had many precious manifestations of grace to my soul, which have greatly quickened and strengthened me in the knowledge of God. At one time the Lord revealed himself to me by his dear name Emanuel, "God with us" For a long season after this, I had constantly a deep and precious faith in Jesus as being with me, and manifesting himself to me, and this realization increased and continued, greatly to my comfort and strength.

My experience at that time was expressed in the following language :

“I seems to me that I realize a special growth in grace every day. Oh, how near and how dear is Jesus to me! How he opens to me the beauties and graces and glories of his own character! He quickens and energizes my soul. He is quick, often instant, to deliver me from sharp temptations, and brings me out with joy and triumph. He is my refuge. Oh, what a meaning in that word, refuge, as applied to him! Yes, I have learned how the name of the Lord is a strong tower; ‘the righteous runneth into it and is safe.’ As I go in and out, as I walk the street, as I rise up and lie down, I speak to him as a familiar Friend. My words, either spoken or in the silence of my heart, are simple, direct, confiding. His answers are loving, quick, and meeting the full demands of my faith, often exceeding abundantly above all that I ask or think.”

Several times the Holy Spirit has baptized me into the deeper and more intimate knowledge of himself, each time refining me, and purifying away more of the dross. Just at the close of the last year, while humbling myself before him in a spirit of contrition, he began to pour upon me a deeper baptism of the Holy Ghost than I had ever received before. It has continued with increase much of the time from day to day, and from week to week. I never realized so sweetly the “fellowship of the Spirit.” I have a great sense of my own nothingness, and with it a most precious confidence that I can commit all to the blessed Holy Ghost, and rely upon him for all needed grace. Self-denial was never so easy to me as it is now. Indeed, it is a pleasure. The Holy Spirit seems to make everything easy. I am saved from the past, and I am kept from prying into the future, and the present is full of peace, and often of joy. I do everything, seeking to please him, and everything I do is a pleasure. I am conscious of purity of heart and of his indwelling. To God be all the glory!

TESTIMONY.

REV. RICHARD HARGRAVE.

METHODIST.



SALVATION is the same in all ages and in all hearts. Under the impulses of devotion, the Psalmist demands, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" Many Zion travelers, on reviewing the journey of past life, feel *their* gratitude (like that of David) welling up into songs and utterances of praise "to Him who died for them and arose again." * * * *

Thus memory leads me back near forty-seven years, when first I felt the pulses of divine life thrill through my being, and "a live coal" from off the altar of God's grace touched my tongue to praise; and I said, "God hath forgiven all my iniquities." Then "the humble heard thereof, and were glad." Who expects the justified soul to live in the enjoyment of the blessing without professing it? It is just as delusive for us to expect the sanctified to live in the continuous enjoyment of that richer blessing without professing it. If it was my duty, in youthful days, to tell what the Lord had done for my soul, surely it is both my privilege and duty, in age, to tell—"in meekness and fear"—the story of richer grace and increasing love.

More than three years ago, the subject of holiness became the absorbing thought of my mind. I read much

upon the subject, and prayed in agonies of untold desire for the blessing of a clean heart. My convictions for inbred sin were deep and painful, and still increased the more I prayed. "The beauties of holiness" were all the time attracting me on to their attainment and enjoyment. I was conscious during the time that I was growing in grace, and different times I did in substance receive the blessing of a clean heart; but I did not *rest* in it, and "commit my way to the Lord."

The 9th of July, 1866, the struggles of my poor soul subsided into an implicit resting in God for full salvation. On that memorable night, I had renewed my consecration-vows before God *in* all things and *for* all things pertaining to holiness. A sense of my need of divine aid took all self-dependence out of my soul. A strange tenderness and contrition filled me. Tears flowed more sweetly than ever before in my life. I seemed to be little,—about the size of Samuel when he said, "Speak, Lord: thy servant heareth." And I was in a like state of expectancy; with Samuel, intensely looking for the blessing of a clean heart from the Lord. Suddenly faith seemed to grow massive and strong; and I said, "I will never give up my confidence in God." There was a power in that resolve more than mine: *but all my soul was in it*; and my weakness consciously joined itself to the divine strength, and an aspiration went up equal to the attainment of the blessing. Coincidentally, a current of heavenly love streamed through my whole being; like fire, it permeated soul and body. My rapture was unutterable. A weight of glory came on me, and I felt as if my physical powers would be entirely prostrated under it. I sank to the floor; and the unearthly emotions gradually merged into "the peace of God that passeth all understanding," "keeping my heart and mind through Christ Jesus." "Thanks be to God for the unspeakable gift."

Then a light rested upon the promises of God; this one especially: "That ye may be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man." "To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge." These also: "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass." "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." I looked anxiously toward results, as Moses did when imploringly he cried, "Oh, send me not up unless Thy presence go with me!" How tender the response that comes, "My presence shall go with thee, and give thee rest!" Again God says, "On all my glory there shall be a defense." Enough: this is all that my soul needs. With an unyielding grasp, my faith shall ever cling to these divine vouchers. "What am I, and what is my father's house," that, although I have lingered threescore and two years, I should find such favor in the soul-cleansing blood of Christ? "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Lord, spread *this salvation* abroad
 Till all shall acknowledge thy sway.
 And join thy salvation to laud,—
 The Life and the Truth and the Way;
 Till nations and isles of the sea
 Shall hail the millennium of peace:
 From erring idolatry free,
 Then discord and envy shall cease.

The wolf shall repose with the lamb,
 The kid by the leopard recline,
 Appeased through Emanuel's name,
 United in friendship divine:
 One song shall be carolled all round
 This earth, robed in vestals of peace;
 To Christ all the glory redound,
 While man shares the Eden of bliss.

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. H. McCARTY.

METHODIST.



FOR more than five years I have been studying the question of *entire sanctification*. I have read upon the subject much. I have conversed freely with many who profess it. I have thought of it by day and by night; and I have desired to be wholly sanctified to God,—soul, body, and spirit. At times I have been sceptical with regard to it; then, when I have taken the New Testament and examined into it, my scepticism has given way at once. Jesus taught with no ambiguous words *perfection, holiness*.

I have looked around me in the church to see if there were any whose “fruits” of that New Testament work were visible; for I did not forget that our dear Saviour said, “by their fruits ye shall know them.” I have seen many whose professions would not admit of a doubt. I have also seen some who, I thought, did not present the requisite “fruits.” I remember, too, that these latter were not the standard by which to judge of the doctrine of Christain perfection. I must set my watch by the clock that I know keeps the *true* time, and not by those I know are always out of time.

The writings of Madame Guyon and Fenelon, and of Dr. Upham, and of Mrs. Palmer and others, presented a

convincing argument, not only in a logical point of view, but what I hold to be better than logic, or which I might possibly style the higher logic; namely, *Christian experience*. All this rich experience cannot be denied; it challenges the belief of all; it is absolutely incontrovertible.

On the 1st of January, 1865, I solemnly resolved to renew my covenant with God. I said in my heart, "If there is anything I do not possess, I will have it by the grace of God." My language was continually,—

"Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there."

On watch-night I tried to preach from Psalms cxvi. 12: "What shall I render unto the Lord?" etc. God gave me considerable liberty, and the meeting was a sweet one to me. It was blessed to many others. But all the time something said to me, "Seek for more power." A voice would seem to say within me, "Is not spirituality the law of the church, as much as gravitation is of the material universe?" There was a divine impulse in my heart to seek something higher, deeper, purer.

I would reason with myself thus: I have been converted, have had the witness in my heart of acceptance with God. I am firm in my belief of and adherence to the doctrines of Christ, my Saviour. Is this not all I have any right to claim? Is this not infinitely more than I deserve? How can I presume to ask of God for anything more? I felt a sense of extreme unworthiness. Then there came to mind this and kindred passages: Rom. viii. 32, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things?" "*With him!*" Yes, through Christ *all things* shall be mine. I will, I do, claim them in

his name. Then, again, I often thought of that passage in John: "The Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." (iii. 8.) And here I stood on the edge of the pool, the angel troubling the waters, and I not stepping in with boldness. I believed, yet did not believe; I saw, but not with the clearness I desired; I loved God, and felt that I wanted to love him more. And from day to day I said to myself, "I will know all the fullness. I will dwell in the bosom of Love. I will not rest until I can drink in its power."

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know,
I *may* forever die."

I will "go on" from the "first principles of the doctrines of Christ"—justification, baptism—"unto perfection;" if I do not, I may even lose what I have. "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

For some time I felt a strange desire to go to New York. I had some business there, but none that could not have been transacted by letter. I frequently said to my wife that I had an impression on my mind that I ought to go to New York. Just then an item of business came up, in connection with the church, that required me to go there. I intended, when I went, to visit the Tuesday afternoon meeting, on the subject of holiness, thinking I might there receive the light I so much desired. I was one day too late for the meeting. After transacting my business, however, I called on Friday afternoon upon Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. In the course of my visit I told them my feelings, my desires. We seemed to become *one*; that expresses it. I felt God was in the room.

Dr. Palmer said, "Why not receive the blessing now?"

“Yes,” I said, “if there is anything for me I want it. I desire it above all things.”

There was much conversation upon the subject.

Mrs. Palmer said, “Do you not believe it to be God’s will even your sanctification?”

I said, “Yes I do; to doubt it would be wicked.”

“Then why not have faith in the promise *now*, ‘the altar sanctifies the gift’?”

“Yes,” I said, “I know it, and I have laid all on that altar, and will be the Lord’s now and forever.”

“Now, said Mrs. Palmer, “that you *have* laid all on the altar, why not say, ‘*I am the Lord’s* now and forever, —wholly his,—dead to the world, and alive to God, through our Lord Jesus Christ?”

I said it; I was moved by a divine impulse that seemed almost irresistible: “*I am the Lord’s, soul, body, mind, now and forever.*”

The feeling of my heart at that moment was like the flow of a mighty river. It was not rapturous, not exulting in its nature; it was profound. I felt lifted above the earth. The world seemed to recede from me, as when one looks through a telescope reversed, while heaven seemed to come nearer than ever before. My dear reader, I rested that moment in the bosom of love. We prayed together; we sung a hymn of praise to God. I felt, as I never felt before, *I am the Lord’s*. And after my most delightful interview with these servants of God, I started for Brooklyn, to spend the Sabbath with the dear disciples of Fleet Street Church, on exchange with Brother Hatfield. As I walked through Bowery, I felt stronger in the Lord than I ever felt before. And oh, how often I said, “*I am the Lord’s, now and forever His*”! Day and night I say it and feel it.

I cannot close this paper without saying a word to my brethren in the ministry. Dear brethren, God has called

us to save men from sin and death. We need all the gifts of the Spirit to fully qualify us for our work. Are we not guilty if we go into the battle without being fully armed? Remember, brethren, that the Holy Spirit is the only source of true ministerial power. Let us have all we can get of this. Let us preach Jesus constantly, relying on him for support and comfort. May God give us a Pentecost all over the land! Let us not spend our time in controversy about mere terms,—words. Let us consecrate ourselves to God, wholly, and receive the baptism of power. Let us remember the words of Jesus to Nicodemus: “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” Seek the gift of power, and let the Spirit write its own explanations on the heart, and we shall say with the blind man in the Scriptures (John ix. 25.), “One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, I now see.” To God be all the glory through Jesus Christ, his Son. Amen!

TESTIMONY.

REV. G. HUGHES.

METHODIST.



WAS converted to God in the days of my youth, in the city of Philadelphia, under the labors of that eminent servant of Christ, Rev. Dr. Pitman. But from my earliest recollection, my mind was piously inclined, and deeply impressed by divine things. This was attributable mainly to the fact that I was favored with pious parents; my beloved mother especially, being an eminently holy Christian. The savor of her deep devotion, and intimate communion with God, ever followed me. In my trans-Atlantic home, in the days of my early childhood, I well remember her *closet hours*, and pleadings in behalf of her children. She used to take me with her, under the shadow of the Mercy-seat, and pour out over my head her strong cries and tears in my behalf. The memory thereof is sweet and ineffaceable. Called, in the providence of God, to seek a home on the American shore, the power of that mother's holy example and ardent prayers rested upon me. And, although for a time, in this strange, far-off land, led into scenes of frivolity and sin, I was at length brought to the feet of Jesus. My experience of justifying grace was clear. I leaped over the altar, and clasped the honored instrument of my conversion around the neck, bedewing him with my tears, and

blessing him. Subsequently, however, I wandered from "the central point of bliss," but was happily restored. Shortly after this, Providence directed my steps to New York, and I became a member of the Allen Street church, and there received my license to exhort. At that time I was brought into communion with some of the most devoted servants of Christ. The Saturday evening experience meetings were to me seasons of profit and delight. While attending them, my convictions on the subject of holiness were very deep. And then, the memories of a mother's purity and devotion were lingering about my pathway. I made some effort to seek entire sanctification, but without receiving satisfactory evidence. Thence, I was called to enter the ministry, and became a member of the New Jersey Conference. For twenty years I endeavored, according to my humble ability, to prosecute the work. My labors were blessed far above my deservings. I was permitted, in my charges, to see many souls brought from darkness to light. During that period my own experience was variable,—sometimes in clear light, and then again not so clear. At times my convictions on the subject of holiness were very powerful. I saw my duty, yet did it not. Theoretically, I was orthodox, never having any fellowship with "modern divinity." I always believed *entire sanctification* to be an attainment as definite as justification,—separate and distinct therefrom, attainable in this life; attainable by simple faith, and accompanied by as distinct a witness of the Spirit. This doctrine I preached in my charges, as well as I could without having a personal experience of it; *invariably receiving tokens of special divine favor, when so discoursing*. But, in preaching it, pungent conviction seized my own soul, again and again. A voice, loud as thunder, would ask: "Why do you not seek it?" Some circumstances led me, unhappily, to entertain prejudices against those who were specially engaged in pre-

senting the subject of holiness *definitely* to the churches. I thought they made the matter too prominent; were too persistent, and, to use a common expression, "*made it a hobby.*" Satan took advantage of me at that point, and held me back from full liberty. The memory of those years of prejudice is now very painful. Would that I could obliterate the record! My prejudices were not against the doctrine itself, for I was thoroughly Wesleyan, but against the modes of operation adopted by those who made it a *specialty*. And, although at one time stationed so as easily to have enjoyed the privilege (priceless as I now feel) of attending the meetings at Dr. Palmer's, prejudice kept me away. At camp-meetings and other places, I avoided the society of those who were specially devoted to the work of holiness. So foolish, so infatuated was I on this subject. What years of enjoyment, and of ministerial power, have I lost on this account? God of mercy, for Jesus' sake, forgive my blindness and folly!

But "my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways are past finding out. Failing health compelled me to desist from the active work of the ministry. Physicians advised me to cross the Atlantic. Providence kindly opened the way, and I gladly embraced the opportunity to mingle with friends from whom I had been long separated. In being thus laid aside from public service I was deeply afflicted. The hand of the Lord was heavy upon me. I could not understand why, in the prime of life, this dispensation should be upon me. For a time, my whole efforts were directed to the recovery of health. God, however, showed me that he had other designs concerning me, even to bring me nearer to Himself,—to the realization of *full Gospel liberty*. By a train of circumstances, most wonderful in their character, I was brought to decide to be wholly the Lord's, not without a

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struggle, however (even involving a willingness to sacrifice ministerial reputation if necessary). Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were holding meetings in my native city, Manchester. I had not met them for years. They were led, providentially, I believed, to manifest a lively interest in my welfare. I resolved to go to the services, and open my mind to the reception of whatever light and influence the blessed Spirit might afford. The influence which rested upon my soul, in yielding myself unreservedly to the sway of truth, was delightful. It seemed as though from that hour I had entered upon a new world. It was no delusion—no momentary excitement—but the Divine hand, leading me gently, sweetly, step by step, into the Canaan of perfect love. I enjoyed the meetings greatly. Daily, my convictions waxed stronger and stronger; until the resolve was made not to stop short of the great gospel boon. The vow was solemnly made, at the grave-side of my dear, sainted mother; an hour never to be forgotten.

As our friends had to close their labors in Manchester, in order to enter another open door at Nottingham, I resolved to go thither, and wait upon God there, and see if He would not make it my Jerusalem. I said to my dear companion, The adversary has held me in captivity for years on this subject; I now see it and feel it. I am determined to have the victory. Let us go to Nottingham. We went; seeking quiet lodgings, resolved fully to wait upon God. We had hardly arrived at our lodgings, on Saturday evening, in the house of an humble local preacher, himself enjoying, as I found, "the gift of power," ere a remarkable spirit of quiet, heavenly satisfaction pervaded my mind. I was quite on the verge of heaven. No Saturday evening in my remembrance was ever invested with such living, divine, unutterable interest. Dr. and Mrs. P. were to open their commission on Sabbath afternoon. I went in the morning to the Wesleyan chapel, and

heard a sermon peculiarly appropriate to me, under the circumstances. My heart was melted. A voice whispered: "If the Lord shall baptize you, will you be a witness for him to-day, to the people of Nottingham?" Promptly and joyously, I returned an affirmative response. Instantly, the answering fire descended, and my soul was filled with love and joy. In the afternoon, I went to the meeting under the direction of Dr. and Mrs. P. During the whole service, I was sweetly exercised. I seemed to breathe a heavenly atmosphere—no unusual excitement, but a calm and heavenly frame, almost within speaking distance of countless angels and redeemed spirits, and overshadowed with the glorious presence of the Holy Trinity. At the close of the service, a most solemn hour, while the people were prostrate before God, I lay there at the foot of the cross, and gave myself up, in living consecration, body, soul and spirit, to "The Crucified," and received the witness of acceptance. They were singing, "Glory, glory to the Lamb!" and my freed soul replied, with an emphasis never before realized, "Glory, glory, glory to the Lamb!" My experience was not rapturous, but *unutterably peaceful*,—*a glorious rest in Jesus!* I was constrained, in the evening, to ask Dr. P. to let me witness for my master, and God blessed me in fulfilling my morning vow. Let me ask the blood-washed sons and daughters of Zion to magnify the Lord with me!

TESTIMONY.

REV. ISAAC M. SEE.

DUTCH REFORMED.



MY whole being exclaims, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

I had longed for a deeper knowledge of personal holiness. I had often read, and often preached, upon the necessity of holiness, and had even made statements, in my sermons, on the manner of its attainment, that very closely agree with statements I would now make. But the thought of taking my Lord Jesus as a present Saviour from sin was not as now received. I took him for my Saviour, and supposed that I must wait until death for disenthralment from a bondage which for years had compelled me to cry out, "O, wretched man that I am!"

From that bondage I have been some months free. The tract called "The Living Christ" was placed before me in September last. With a dear brother, I read it. During the reading of it, with full hearts, we both knelt together, and made a renewed consecration to God. On my part, and I believe on his, this was entirely unreserved. I was at that time in the use of tobacco, the grand argument for which was the condition of my throat. A few days sufficed; for, however strong the health-view of tobacco might be, I was persuaded, after all, that it was only an

idol. I accordingly renounced it, and have proved the vanity of its use as a remedy in my own case. My throat was glad of the farewell, and praised God more clearly than ever. The weed was a hateful thing, that defiled my flesh.

On Tuesday, September 26th, 1865, I attended the Tuesday meeting, and there made public my consecration to Christ in every particular; an act for which I have been glad and thankful to my God ever since. I then took Jesus indeed to be the living Christ within me, to do a work in my soul which I had long tried to do myself. He very soon had the established traders out of His temple. Sins and besetments that had tried and troubled me for years were gone, and my faith beheld him conqueror in me and for me. Oh, how near was the Lord Jesus to my soul, cleansed by his precious blood and Spirit! I could not describe the joy, the peculiar peace, the full satisfaction, flowing from the presence of Jesus with me. I could say, "Lord, now I know that there is positively not one thing withheld from thee. Take me where thou wilt; make me what thou wilt; do with me as thou wilt,—only give me thyself continually."

Since that time, I have enjoyed great liberty, and have found the liberty of sanctification by faith to be vastly different from my previous views of its nature. The word of God has been more intensely precious than ever. I have feasted on it, and grown greatly in the knowledge of it.

It may be asked, whether I had not, years before, made a consecration of myself to God. The answer is, that I did, *in general*: but in particular, in full; to have no preference of my own before God, and no desire but His will; to boast in the cross, being crucified to the world, as I now understand it,—I never made such a consecration before.

One of the most noticeable features of the blessing thus received is deliverance from a certain bondage in regard to

position. What other brethren thought and would say concerning any act or acts, has often been a question with me; and I was early warned that the rumor of my profession of the blessing of sanctification by faith, or entire sanctification, would injure my ministerial reputation. The answer is, If God has given me an especial blessing, which can be defined by its power in my heart and life; if it releases me into a wonderful liberty from sins and besetments of years,—I am certainly called upon to give to every one that asketh me the reason of the hope that is in me.

Further, if the experience of grace received agree with the experience of any others than those of my own communion, I am not to deny it, nor any name by which it is called, if that name be agreeable to the words of the Holy Spirit. Nor will I.

Sweeter than all the joys of earth is communion with all who have like precious faith. Let it, then, be published, that I do take into my soul the living Christ to be my sanctifying and satisfying portion. This life is indeed a living, moment by moment, on the Son of God; and the moments spent in the conscious presence of such a Lord make heaven upon earth.

“My all to Christ I’ve given,
 My talents, time, and voice,
 Myself, my reputation:
 The lone way is my choice.

Oh! Jesus, precious Jesus,
 My all-sufficient Friend,
 Come fold me to thy bosom,
 E’en to the journey’s end.

The cross for Christ I’ll cherish,
 It’s crucifixion bear.
 All hail reproach or sorrow,
 If Jesus leads me there!”

After more than two years have passed, it is my privilege to testify that Jesus "saves His people *from* their sins." I am of opinion that He does this for all His dear people according to their faith. They are called a "peculiar people." I find many who consider my principles peculiar. But they have been obtained at a very peculiar place. At the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, I found a wonderful change wrought. The difference between my present and former life, in this respect, is—that I now believe what the scriptures say of this fountain in full, and instead of visiting the precious place occasionally with burdens, I now stay there; and with great delight feel that Jesus continually does a work in the soul which all the efforts of every man must signally fail to do. Jesus can do in a moment what long years of man's severest discipline only seems to make impossible. "And this is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith."

It is, therefore, my firm belief, drawn from the Word of God and a very precious experience, that the Christian has but "one thing" to do, which excludes from his life everything repugnant to the gracious habit. That one thing is, "LOOKING UNTO JESUS." It most effectually kills looking to self, or looking at self, it kills every bad habit, for it puts the light of eternity upon it, and brings Himself near, before whom the contrite soul realizes that sin has no place, nor has anything a place which could be offensive to Him. I find also that as the soul looks unto Jesus it gets a strong desire, tendency, and habit, of distance from the world. Worldly company, and gains, and honors, of every grade, fade into their naked nothingness. And so, the soul is full of rest. It needs no thought for the morrow, when Jesus is its full and everlasting portion. The believer enters into rest, in Jesus Christ. In Him, "The Lord is my habitation whereunto I continually resort."

He is my Peace, my abiding Shepherd, before whom I can never want, and His "perfect love casteth out fear." My soul exults with "joy unspeakable and full of glory," that my love is from His love, that the "love of God shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto me" with other saints, is the reason, cause, and life of my love to Him and all His. He, blessed and precious Jesus, is a welcome guest to my delighted soul, and a mighty quickener of all my powers into constant, and jealous activity in His service.

I do totally disclaim any merit of my own. His merit is all my plea, and must stand for all the infirmities of my natural constitution. I further do disclaim and denounce any power to save myself from a single sin. But I do declare it as my full belief that Jesus Christ is my triumphant King to subdue within me everything which could oppose His holiness. And I declare that this is my belief concerning Jesus as "made of God unto me sanctification;" a personal, efficacious cleansing of the soul, whereby alone it is made a temple of the Holy Ghost. How can man make clean the temple of the Holy Ghost? Therefore doth my soul, with fervor, commit my cleansing unto Himself. "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. Unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

TESTIMONY.

REV. B. F. CRARY, D. D.

METHODIST.

MY conversion was a wonderful change, affecting my whole nature, and new-creating my heart. I awoke in a new world, filled with new ideas, hopes, fears, and ambitions. The work was instantaneous, overwhelming, convincing; giving me peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. This first joy remained with me for about a year without any interruption, except when I thought of the future and of my profession; and then I always thought I should be obliged to preach. Various hindrances to my plans about this time perplexed me some; but Christ was so precious, study so sweet, my heart so free of distrust, that I greatly rejoiced. My first great trial was the fear of losing my hope in Christ, and becoming an outcast. One or two backslidden Christians presented to me the horrible example of falling from grace, and created an alarm, and kind of distrust of my piety, which greatly distressed me. Then came a season of temptation beyond any thing I had before met. My hopes of this life seemed blighted; and I passed through four or five years of indecision and unhappiness. I was not always unblessed and unhappy. I had times of refreshing, when my soul would rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and then I would relapse

into unbelief, coldness, and exceeding unrest, bordering upon despair.

All this time I studied hard, and tried to convince myself that God would permit me to enter my chosen profession, and enjoy life. I pictured to myself eminent Christian lawyers, and hoped to be one myself some day. The struggle continued for weary months, until I finally and fully made up my mind to obey God, cost what it would.

I studied my profession, and exhorted the people to repent. The license to exhort was followed by a license to preach as a local preacher, and that by a recommendation to the Annual Conference. This was not presented to the Conference, on account of the great number of applications; and I hoped it would be the last of it. I applied myself more closely than ever, and began the practice of the law. In the fall of 1845, being required by my presiding elder to talk at a camp-meeting, I took for my subject the words, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

The sermon, or whatever it was, I do not remember, nor the effect of it, except the overwhelming conviction that I had not kept my own heart, and was in danger of death. I determined then to preach all the time; to give up forever my profession, and everything else if need be, even to life. I said, "I will again ask admission to the Conference, and my acceptance or rejection will be the test. On this I will stand. God help me!" I was again recommended, and received under such peculiar circumstances as to leave no doubt of the interposition of Providence. I felt it then, and believe it still, and will never cease to labor as a Methodist preacher until I die, God being my helper.

My religious experience then assumed another phase: it was that of extreme sensitiveness in reference to *doing*

all that was required by the Church, and an earnest yearning for power to do the whole will of God.

The first year of my ministry was one of incessant labor and study, and of much trouble and little fruit. The next year, I had a better time generally. The third year, I succeeded better, and had a deeper distress on account of my want of power with God and men.

I read the life of John Fletcher, and was so humiliated by the contrast of his life with my own, that I stumbled, and nearly fell. I sometimes wished myself dead, unless I could gain the victory and have *power*,—power to walk with God, power to rejoice always, power to preach without making sad failures. I prayed and read as I rode along through the woods, and often wept as I went to my appointments.

In 1849 I was conducting a revival meeting where God displayed His power and mercy in a wonderful manner. I was on the full tide of joyous success; I was freely justified; and, if ever I rode on the sky spiritually, it was then. I occasionally feared that I would relapse into doubt, and lose my hold of this haven of bliss. I had often been happy before, and I remembered how I had gone from summer to winter in one dreary hour. I fully believed in holiness of heart and life, but knew I had neither. I had not the slightest doubt of the doctrine of perfect love; but I did not exactly believe it was for me. I had freely conversed with one aged sister, who professed to enjoy the blessing of perfect love. She had given me her views; but I had not even sought the blessing. I had told her my struggles and fears. I dreaded the evil day when I should lose my hold on God. I expected the contest to last to the end of life.

One day, while pleading with sinners at the altar to believe in Jesus,—believe at once that he was *able* to save, *willing* to save, *ready now* to save, and then to believe that

"*He doth now save,*"—this good sister, who was kneeling near me, said,—

"Brother Crary, suppose you try that faith yourself." My inconsistency at once arrested me. I saw all; knew all. The gates of life were open: Jesus was ready to welcome me. Immediately I said, "Certainly: I *do* believe. I am Christ's; all Christ's. I have the *power*."

I do not know that I was any happier than often before; but I had a secret sense of invincibility and triumph, that exalted me at once above the humiliating weaknesses that had beset me.

For six years, from that hour, I could say, "God is with me: my sky is clear." Difficulties only nerved me: contest was nothing. I rejoiced in conscious strength, and knew I would have victory through Christ. I had no seasons of darkness sufficient to drive me from my stronghold. I did not feel the want of trust in my gracious Redeemer.

I tried to do the will of God; and, as far as I knew, did it. I hesitated at no cross, murmured at no trial, cared but little for obstacles, insults, or opposition. I delighted *to do* the will of God; and the harder the task, the more joy I took in performing it. I did not spare myself, but went through every labor with a joyous consciousness of power.

My security was in Christ. I trusted him. I hoped never to fall again for want of faith. I often prayed, "Thy will be done," and would have gone through flood or fire to *do* the will of God.

The question of *suffering*, patient, silent, long-continued, terrible suffering, had never come before me. I had not armed myself against it. I had health, friends, everything.

The way to suffer I had to learn, and I have learned it. One joy after another departed, one scene of gloom after another came, until I stood amid the wreck, broken. God pity and forgive me! I faltered beneath the weight;

I did not stand; I ceased to confess Christ as a full Saviour. I deeply regretted the loss of spiritual power, and the hours of despondency which darkened my soul. That I might have done better, that I ought to have endured the trial by fire, I have no doubt. If I had confessed Christ more fully, had clung to Him more tenaciously, I would have done better; but, after all, can we learn except by experience?

I once thought I was armed; so do many think of themselves: but one cannot conceive of desolation, nor provide against it. I do not mean that God cannot keep us. He can; but He does not give us strength before the trial, but only in it. Let any father or mother who now reads this try to conceive what would be the state of feeling, if a darling child should this moment be *burned* to death. One may pray for strength; but this might crush him. So this and other sorrows oppressed my heart; and the wound is still there, and the shuddering horror of the hour comes back once in a while to deepen my disgust of merely human hopes. I stumbled along through these months of fiery trial. Hell seemed only a step from me. I feared the awful temptations of Satan. The end is this: The state of melancholy and distrust has passed, and a subdued, settled feeling of rest in Jesus Christ has come, and with it a kind of longing which seems to overcome the fear and dread of death. As to loving God with all my heart, I deem it a privilege and a pleasure to say I do. Always hesitating and timid about professing any thing, I do now feel I am compelled to confess this for Jesus' sake. I yet desire to express my fullest concurrence in the doctrine of Christian perfection, and my humble trust that all I have is Christ's. Of late, I have uncommonly sweet communings with those who love God, and a peace which flows like a river, and can say, in faith, that I am willing now *to do or to suffer* the will of God.

TESTIMONY.

REV. BENJAMIN SABIN.

METHODIST.



WAS born in Thompson, Windham County, Conn., March 1st, 1790, and was early taught by pious parents to fear God, and live for eternity, but knew not that I "must be born again," until November 24th, 1807. Then, under the labors of that dear man of God, Rev. E. R. Sabin, now in heaven, I saw and felt my need of a Saviour. On the ninth day of December following I was justified by faith in Christ; the Spirit witnessing the fact to my spirit. As I tried to live to the glory of God, I soon felt the need of a deeper work of grace in my heart; for at times the remains of the carnal mind, and roots of bitterness, were springing up and troubling me, distracting my mind, and interrupting my communion with God.

I was convinced by reading the Scriptures, and the testimony of eminent Christians, that I must and might be "holy;" "perfected in love;" "dwell in Christ, and He in me." This soon became the burden of my prayer, -to be "cleansed from all sin, and filled with all the fullness of God." At times it appeared nigh, and that I was then to be "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire." I seemed to have strong hold, by faith, of the promised blessing; but hesitating to yield my whole heart there and

then, fearing I should not keep it, and adorn the holy doctrine of God my Saviour as might be expected of me, I found to my sorrow that I was far down the hill, as it were, that I had labored hard to ascend; and lost my strong hold of faith and prayer, and could only grope my way along as I had in the past, gaining and losing.

About the first of September, 1808, there was a prayer-meeting at my father's; and I saw by faith the long-sought-for blessing at hand, as I had often seen in secret devotion to God, and that now is my time to be purified from sin, and empowered to glorify God with "my soul and body, which are His." I agonized in prayer for it, and by grace resolved no more to parley, but then and there to obtain the blessing, the Lord being my helper; and, if I did not gain the victory in the meeting, I would go to the woods and pray all night, or until I found it. As soon as this was the full determination of my heart, the Lord appeared for my relief, and "glory shone around:" my soul was let into the "clear light, life, and fullness of Christ, my Lord." Under this powerful manifestation, my body was prostrated to the floor, and I cried aloud, in tears, for joy, wonder, love, and praise to God. This was "above all that I could ask or think." I could now say, when tempted, to fear or shame, "Get thee behind me Satan!" and the Enemy was vanquished at once. Here I found power through Christ to keep myself, and the Wicked One touched me not. This is the "holy ground," where we may see "the bush burn with fire, and not consumed." "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" It is now nearly sixty years since I have known and witnessed Christ's power "to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him." Here, instead of laboring hard to keep our religion, it keeps us. Oh, yes!

"To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain."

I find as I near the grave, in the seventy-seventh year of my life, the way is clear: there is "light," "clear light," beyond the river. Amen. So may it be! Amen.

I write this sketch of my experience in Christ, on Tuesday, the day for prayer-meeting, especially for "purity of heart in the blood of the Lamb," at Dr. Palmer's in New York. I have longed for the advantage of such a meeting for many years. I think it would be like the place where our Lord was transfigured before the disciples, "good for us to be here;" but, ah! I must die without the sight: nevertheless, "Thy will be done." "The Guide to Holiness," or "Christian Perfection," has ever been a blessing to me. Brother T. Merritt, its originator, and first editor, I think, was a choice fellow-laborer with me "in the kingdom and patience of Jesus," in the New England Conference, more than fifty-six years ago. Yes, yes, the doctrine, "If we walk in the light as He is in the light," &c., was well understood, experienced, and daily enjoyed by many in those days; and I trust it will be our "Urim and Thummim" to the end of time.

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. BOYNTON.

METHODIST.



WAS converted at the age of eleven, and united with the M. E. Church. Soon after my conversion I became deeply impressed with the necessity of "holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." By reading the memoirs of the most prominent among the early Methodists in the old country, together with the works of Messrs. Wesley and Fletcher on the subject, I became acquainted with the doctrine of sanctification, and in *theory* learned the power of Jesus's blood to "cleanse from all unrighteousness." At this early period of my Christian life, I became fully settled in my views of sanctification as a distinct blessing to be sought, experienced and enjoyed. The Memoir of William Bramwell, especially, which I read over and over again, convinced me that the sanctifying grace of God is an absolute pre-requisite to usefulness, both in the ministry and laity.

At the age of twenty I commenced to travel under the Presiding Elder as a Methodist itinerant preacher. And, oh! how much I suffered during that first year, from my convictions of the necessity of purity, and a consciousness that I was not all that God would have me to be. Oh! how my conscience smote me when I tried to urge believers to "go on to perfection in Christ Jesus!"

Still I had many happy seasons, and saw many souls converted, and at times was surprised to hear Christians tell what a blessing some of my feeble efforts had been to them. But to my shame be it known, that my labors had only aroused them from their slumbers, convinced them of the necessity of sanctification, but left them in the dark as to how it could be attained.

Thus it was for years. There had been, and still was, one reserve in my consecration. Immediately after my conversion I was troubled with convictions of duty relative to the ministry. The older I became, the more pungent were my convictions that at some time I must preach the Gospel, and, although, I had been constrained to give myself up to the work, and had preached for years with a good degree of success, by the grace of God, so far as the conversion of sinners was concerned, yet I had never as yet consented to devote myself wholly to God and His work unreservedly. The truth was this:—"At the age of ten I made up my mind to be a sailor. And if a person ever worked hard to accomplish any thing, I did to enter upon my cherished vocation. I left no means untried; I did all in my power; several times 'I secured a berth,' but before the vessel sailed, Providence hedged up my way, and I was still left ashore. And after I yielded to my convictions and entered the ministry, I still desired

"A life on the ocean wave
And a home on the rolling deep."

I was determined to be a Christian, and get to heaven, I loved to preach, and felt a deep anxiety to see souls saved. But, still I would think, I will preach in the conference awhile, then I will settle in some sea-port town, preach occasionally, (just enough to still my conscience), but the most of my time shall be spent in sailing, or in some way I will be identified with the shipping and com

merce of our country. Thus you see my consecration was not an unreserved one.

Things passed in this way until July, 1849. I had been absent from home several days. Returning on Saturday evening about dark, Mrs. B. met me at the gate, and exclaimed, "Oh, my husband! Elder Brakeman is dead and buried!" The shock of an earthquake could not have been more startling. He was my Presiding Elder. I loved him as I have never loved any other man, and he had been more than a father to me. He was thrown from his horse and was killed. His death made a deep impression upon my mind, and I felt at once to pray, "Oh, that his mantle might fall on me."

The next day I had three appointments, and at each of them was obliged to announce the death of their P. E., Rev. Josiah Brakeman. I was much affected, and so was all the people; and if I ever prayed in good earnest for any thing, it was during that day—that his death might be blessed to me. While on the way to my third appointment I was earnestly pleading with God to bless this heavy stroke to my good, and to make me a better and more useful man, when all at once something seemed to say, "What you need is entire sanctification." I responded, "I believe that, but how can I obtain it?" The answer came, "You might have had it long ago if you had been willing to give up your cherished pursuit, leave the world—leave all—and live and die a devoted, self-sacrificing, minister of the Lord Jesus." I then solemnly vowed that I would not rest, until I should obtain the witness that I was fully sanctified. I seemed then to lose sight in part of Brother Brakeman's death, and soon was actually groaning for full redemption. Arriving at my appointment, I felt I could do nothing but pray for myself. If the service consisted of any thing else, I don't know what, for I never had any recollection of it. I was in the struggle for three

days. Those three days are never to be forgotten. How I was tempted! Satan assailed with all his power. Sometimes the world with all its charms, its riches, honors, and pleasures were presented to me, and I was bid to choose them. Then the toils, trials, responsibilities, and sufferings of an itinerant minister's life was presented, and I was urged to shun these. Then my solemn vows would stare me in the face. Then the horrible punishment that would follow if I should not pay those vows, would pass before me. Then, again, the suggestion, you are converted, and you know it; you see sinners converted under your labors, and why not be satisfied with that, would be urged. Still at heart I felt to say, "VICTORY OR DEATH!"

At length I reached this point. I must now choose between the world and hell, Jesus and Heaven; which shall it be? Oh, how earnestly for a few moments, did I struggle, then through grace I triumphantly said with all the heart, "Give me Jesus." Oh, how the world with its beauties passed from my view; and no sooner had I loosed my hold of the world, than I felt to cry out, "I cannot rest till pure within." Till I am wholly lost in thee."

"Believe and it shall be done," was the answer. My heart responded, "I do believe with all my heart." And, Oh! what a change. I did not feel like shouting, I was in no excitement. But, O! how calm and beautiful! I then asked, "Is the work wrought? Am I wholly the Lord's, and is he mine?" The more I prayed over it the better satisfied I was, and have been ever since.

From that time until now I have never doubted my acceptance, and have never had the least desire to abandon the ministry for *any thing* and *every thing* the world can give. And, strange as it may seem to others, it is nevertheless true, that all my desires to sail on the ocean were taken away, and I now have a perfect dread and detestation of it.

After I obtained the great blessing, I saw the vast difference between preaching about a thing that we know nothing of, and preaching what we have experienced ourselves. And one strong evidence to me is the fact that never since July, 1849, have I preached or talked on the subject, or even testified that "I know the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness, but I have been blessed in so doing, and it has proved a blessing to others. Yes, the "blood of Jesus cleanseth from *all* sin." I know it. And thanks be to His name that I have ever been able to preach this truth to others, and that I am spared to place my testimony on paper.

Since the first Sabbath in November, 1866, I have been laid aside from my labors, my voice having been reduced to a mere whisper, and having suffered constantly and exceedingly with a chronic disease of the throat. It is evident that my effective work as a preacher is done. During these three months last passed I have been taking new lessons in what is called "Bearing the Cross." This has been a great trial to me, but still I can say, never in my life has Jesus been so precious as during these months of suffering and trial. Oh, what sweet abiding peace I enjoy! what a sinking out of self into God! what resignation to the will of God! The Providence that laid me aside amid my abundant labors is to me very mysterious; still I feel all the time that it is all for the best in some way, although I cannot see how. Oh, how full of hope and joy is the sweet witness, that I dwell in God, and that He dwelleth in me!

I rejoice that for nearly thirty-two years I have been able to testify that Jesus hath power on earth to forgive sins; and that for almost eighteen years I have been able to testify that His "blood cleanseth from all sin." Glory be to God for a *present, full salvation*. Kind reader, let me exhort you to *seek it, obtain it, live it*.

TESTIMONY.

REV. A. P. GRAVES.

BAPTIST.



EARLY in life, I was the subject of religious impressions. A Christian parentage blessed me, and pious friends sought to instill divine truth into my heart. From my earliest remembrance, family prayer had a most potent influence upon my mind. The effect of those early influences is deep and salutary still. The death of my father, when I was but nine years of age, placed me in a family of strangers, where, for several years, my advantages for religious training were limited.

At times, my mind was exercised about my accountability to God, and my need of salvation through the blood of Christ. At length, my soul was deeply wrought upon by the preaching of a Methodist minister of the Wesleyan connection. I professed conversion, and united with the class, and was baptized in the form of that church. For a few months, I maintained a nominal profession of religion with a degree of satisfaction, yet was conscious of a leanness. The heart was not tender: it had not been resurrected into new life. About five months from my public confession of Christ, I was seized with the deepest convictions of guilt in my soul. I felt that I was lost. I read the Bible, and prayed, but all to no purpose. The

wrath of God was abiding upon me : I was under condemnation. My profession had been an empty show : I was self-deceived.

God in infinite mercy now showed me my state of heart in sin and guilt. It was Sunday, a beautiful day of sunshine ; but all was dark to me. I felt that I was undone : but I said once more, "I will go to Jesus ; He is my only hope,

‘ I can but perish if I go ;
And I'm resolved to try.’ ”

I again fell prostrate at the feet of Jesus, and out of the bitter depths of my heart, cried,—

“ Here, Lord, I give myself away :
’Tis all that I can do.”

And just then Jesus accepted the offering, and spoke peace to my soul. The unspeakable joy I experienced no tongue can tell. I endeavored to tell to the Church, to my friends, and the world, what a Saviour I had found. The change I could not mistake. It was the pardoning love of Jesus in the soul ; and, although my pathway has been crooked and varied from that time until now, I have never, to the present moment, been left to doubt my conversion. In a few months, by yielding to temptation in an unguarded moment, I fell into a difficulty with one of the brethren of the Church, which grieved the Spirit.

My heart became sad, fainted, and wandered from Christ. I began to live prayerlessly, and to neglect religious meetings. Now began a most wretched experience, which continued nearly three years. I plunged into various schemes of wickedness, chose bad associates for my companions, and often fell into habits of profanity, intemperance, and Sabbath-breaking. But, while I inclined to give up Christ, He did not give me up. Frequently did I feel that I was wounding Christ in the house of his friends, and that I was “beaten with many stripes.”

At length, I was glad to return to my Father's house. The journey was indeed dark and tedious. Oh the bitterness, the wrestlings, and the agony of my soul in coming back to God! But, blessed be His name, He met me in the way, and threw His arms around my neck, and kissed me. And now for more than fifteen years I have taken great delight in the service of Jesus; but not until recently have I believed there was such attainments by faith and love as are proffered to every Christain who will, by simple "trust" in Jesus, receive the "sealing of the Spirit."

I said I had taken great delight in the service of Christ. Soon after I was reclaimed from my backslidings, I felt that I was called of God to preach the gospel; and such was my burning love for Jesus, and anxiety for the souls for whom He died, that I cheerfully said, "I will go." I entered a course of study preparatory to the work. Soon my soul seemed to be impressed with the idea that the inclination of the students was to give too much attention to the "letter," and too little to the "spirit;" that too little care was given to have every literary attainment consecrated and sanctified to the great life-work of winning sinners to Christ. I resolved, that, whatever acquisition in knowledge I made, all should be laid upon the altar. This blessed resolution and sweet experience I was enabled to carry out as long as I remained in study; and I have felt most deeply its influence upon my ministry. God has been pleased to crown my labors with constant showers of blessing. But how unworthy I have felt! and, most of all, a deep impression that I had not that confidence in God which it was my privilege to enjoy, and duty to exercise.

In the spring of 1865, after having enjoyed a spiritual refreshing in revivals through the winter, I was impressed as never before that there was something in Christ for me which I had never received, and that He was proffering me

the blessing. This conviction was attended with deep searchings of heart; and, the more I examined my heart, the more I saw its vileness. My soul was panting for the fullness of Christ's love.

The words of Jesus, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," came fresh to my mind. "Well," said I, "He spoke them for the sinner; and I have been giving them to the sinner these dozen years: they are not for me." But a voice continually whispered, "They are for *you*." These feelings of desire and trial to do something to satisfy my thirsting soul continued for months. At length, the words above referred to pressed my heart so much that I began to make a personal application of them. I said, "What is this idea of *rest* as presented by Jesus?" It was thus illustrated to me: Suppose I, wearied from toil, return home, and say to my friends, "I am very weary, and will retire to rest:" I professedly take my bed for this purpose, but spend the night agitated in feeling, with disquiet and tossings. Now, can I rise in the morning, and say I have had *rest*? So it seemed in my soul I had professed to be a Christian, and no doubt had possessed a *good hope* which has been as an anchor of the soul for many years, but had not *rest*.

Like Martha, I was cumbered about much serving. The waves were rippled: I did not rest by simple trust in Jesus.

I felt deeply conscious that greater heights in spiritual things were attainable; but to reach them was my difficulty. It seemed I would give all the world, did I possess it, or do anything if I could but enjoy the fullness of that peace that passeth all understanding.

I tried again and again, with heart, lips, and pen, to consecrate my all to Jesus and His service; and for months my daily cry was, "Oh for a subdued heart!"

But, with all my doing, something would frequently whisper,—

“Cast your deadly doing down,—
Down at Jesus' feet :
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.”

The labor of my hands, at this time, greatly increased. Inquiring sinners and rejoicing converts multiplied daily. Never did my ministry seem more responsible and important, and never did I feel so unfit to perform it. I dare not tell any one the state of my own heart. But oh, what trials as I felt the sad want of faith, that weighed down my soul! When I directed sinners to believe in Christ, some still voice within would say, “Why don't you *believe* yourself?” Again, and again, did I try to “cast my deadly doing down.” I wrote out a full consecration of my all to Jesus, and in solemn prayer signed it upon my knees.

I tried over and over again to examine my heart as with a “lighted candle,” but all to no purpose; and I daily found that I was “trying many things of many physicians,” and was nothing better, but rather grew worse.

“Oh!” said I, “is it so hard for a Christian to let go, and simply trust Jesus?” After spending several months in deep searchings of heart, a friend put the little tract, “The Living Christ,” into my hand. The reading of each line awakened increased interest and anxiety in the matter of believing, trusting. The way appeared plain; but to do the thing was a seeming impossibility. “Oh for a subdued heart!” was the constant language of my soul. Daily I felt that I could not go and preach to my dear people again; that it was almost wicked to stand up as a public teacher with such a hard, unbroken state of heart.

I determined to appoint a day of fasting and prayer, hoping that by this means I might obtain liberty to my captive soul. I did appoint it; but thank God, when the

time arrived I was compelled to turn it into a day of thanksgiving.

Before my soul deeply panted for the "baptism of the Spirit," I had heard through kind friends of the meeting at Dr. Palmer's, and was invited to attend. I concluded to do so before the day appointed for fasting arrived. I went. The experiences related somewhat illustrated my case. I felt interested, and measured every word. I stated my exercises of mind to the meeting, and was told to try and "trust in Jesus." I said, "I have been trying a long time to believe; but the thing is *to do it*." Again I fell upon my knees, and endeavored to give up all, and "trust," but to no purpose. Still my heart was hard and unrelenting; and again I cried, "Oh for sweet rest in Jesus!" I felt so unworthy and so rebellious, that I was tempted to conclude that I should never enjoy this blessed experience. But a voice sweetly whispered, "Jesus has promised you the blessing: trust him, accept it."

Wearied, anxious, and still unbelieving, I returned home. While on the way, something seemed to say to me in a most signal tone, "Cast thy burden on the Lord." This precious passage never appeared so to me before. It came as the healing balm. I quickly said, "I will. Lord, if it be selfishness, unholy ambition, worldly pride, the will of man, any thing, every thing, whatever may hinder my simple 'trust in Jesus,' I surrender all to thee." Still the passage was like a "bright light" before me; and I felt a consciousness that I had cast all at Jesus' feet, and that in His own way and time He would emancipate my burdened soul. I retired to rest, leaving all to Him. At an unusually early hour, I awoke. The room was silent and dark; but in an instant the darkness passed away, and a bright light filled the room. The light of life seemed to be all around me, and Jesus appeared, not altogether in the form of a person, but as filling immensity with his presence.

I never had such a view of Christ, or experienced such feelings, before. All the hardness of my heart was broken up instantly, and my soul launched out into Christ like launching a boat upon the bosom of a smooth lake. Just now that blessed Scripture, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it," appeared to me in all its fullness. I said, "I cannot surely contain this." Oh, how my soul was filled with the fullness of Christ's love! The tears freely flowed, and my pillow was wet as with the dew of the morning. Christ was "all in all." "I was filled with the Spirit," and I felt, that, after traveling a long and tedious journey over pathless wastes and through burning sands, I had now arrived at the golden gates of the city; yea, had entered and now dwelt in the bright mansions of love. All was peace.

I arose and made a record of gratitude to God for this infinite and unspeakable blessing. Immediately I found every thing changed concerning my faith in Christ, and my relations to him as a full and complete Saviour.

Never did he appear so much the unchangeable One—"the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever." "His yoke became easy and His burden light;" and, on reflection, I could hardly believe that I had lived and toiled so long without this precious blessing of "sweet rest in Jesus."

I have been led to believe, judging somewhat from appearance, as also from my own experience, that this blessing is the great want of the Church *now*; that all alike, ministers and laymen, imperatively need the baptism of the Spirit "of fire," and of power from on high, that they may convincingly and with conquering power witness for Jesus.

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. S. MITCHELL, D. D.

METHODIST.



FOR many years I have been entirely satisfied, from a most blessed experience, that the atoning blood can cleanse from all sin. It is many years since I received the gracious fullness of the Saviour's merits. I was about eighteen years old, having then been a member a little more than four years, and a class leader between two and three. I had for some time belonged to a *band*, fasted every Friday, met regularly, and enjoyed much of the divine favor, still often feeling that native defilement which I am fully convinced remains in every heart after justification. It was a season of great spiritual interest. Many were finding peace with God—many the blessing of perfect love. My own soul was constantly thirsting for entire deliverance. I went to a quarterly meeting—witnessed *much* of the power of God—felt much myself—but did not receive the witness of the removal of the native corruption of the heart. Sunday evening went to a prayer meeting in my own class; several were awakened, some converted, and one made perfect in love. My thirst after God greatly increased, but not satiated. I got into the carriage to return home, about six miles, with my brother and his wife, and a young lady who was about to spend some time

in my brother's family, with whom I was conversing relative to the meeting we had just left. I was saying to her that my soul had been greatly blessed: and while in the act of expressing my obligations of gratitude to God for His abundant blessings, I received a shock which extended throughout the system, as though a quantity of ice water had been thrown upon me. This shock was as new as unexpected, and I did not know but I was about to be summoned suddenly into the presence of God. I said to the sister by my side, I felt as never before, and did not know what would be the issue, but desired to say to her that my soul was happy in God. Immediately upon saying this, I felt another shock of divine power, which at once prostrated me helpless on the floor of the carriage. I remained helpless and nearly speechless till we arrived at my brother's house. I gained a little strength when near home, and my brother and his wife succeeded in getting me into the house, and placing me in an arm chair, where for a moment or two I feebly praised God, when I was again, by the power of God, stricken to the floor. This was about ten o'clock in the evening; and from this time till two o'clock in the morning I was lost to all below, and completely absorbed in contemplations of the divine glory. My friends who stood by me informed me that I said nothing, except at intervals of about half-an-hour I repeated the word *eternity* with great solemnity. I then felt that

"Christ was all in all to me,
And all my soul was love."

About two o'clock in the morning I regained my strength. And, being under the influence of

"The speechless awe that dares not move,"

And filled

"With all the silent heaven of love,"

I retired to my bed, but not to sleep, but to lie in the bosom of my all sufficient Saviour. I felt as if basking in the presence of God, as if bathing sweetly in the ocean of perfect love. For many weeks, night and day, whenever awake, the same indescribable peace, the same hallowed fullness, continued without abatement. Mine was a cloudless sky. It was not so much *rapture*, as the fullness of the divine favor. I realized that I "dwelt in God, and God in me." My whole soul was calm as the opening morning, and so continued without a moment's interruption for many weeks. I was young and timid, and feared to confess all my feelings and assurances.

I have given this imperfect narrative of an event which occurred nearly fifty years since, to show some of my obligations to divine grace, and to indicate that point, and that fact in my brief history, which are at the foundation of whatever of usefulness or Christian decision have marked my course. I secured an *unction* and power with God then, which I had not possessed before, and which, though my life has been too uneven, (alas! alas!) I have never, even for a day, wholly lost. My soul is now solemnly and sweetly fixed on God.

I will conclude by saying that, after an uninterrupted membership in the M. E. Church of over fifty-three years; preacher and exhorter over forty-eight years; traveling preacher over forty-four years; having come into the rest of perfect love forty-eight years last Spring, I never loved the Church so well,—nor enjoyed so constant a sense of the divine fullness,—nor delighted so much to preach Christ to saint and sinner, as able to save to the uttermost, as now.

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. MCKENDREE REILEY.

METHODIST.



THE afternoon of the Sabbath on which I joined the M. E. Church, found me alone in my chamber, engaged in prayer and meditation, and while thus employed I found *peace in believing*. The only explanation I can give of my experience at this time is this: While thinking of divine goodness in redemption, and particularly of the resurrection of Christ, I felt an influence of *love*, suddenly pervading my heart, so unlike any thing I had ever realized before, that I received it as immediately from God. I wondered, not only at the loving kindness and condescension of Him I had so insulted and grieved, but at myself for having so long remained in ignorance of a something so delightful, and perfectly within my reach. *My heart was, indeed, strangely warmed*; and its prevailing desire was to get my arms about the world, and lay it at the feet of my Redeemer.

From childhood an impression had followed me that *God would call me to the ministry*; and so strong did this impression become that, at length, I had no hope of acceptance with Him while I withheld my consent. This, I am persuaded, helped to keep me irreligious for some time.

When I was seeking pardon, the subject was readily disposed of by leaving it to the Lord. My call to the ministry was early recognized by the Church; ere I completed my probation, I was sent out in a stress of circumstances by the preachers to fill their appointments, and the close of ten months, as a professor of religion, found me a licensed local preacher.

The way into the itinerancy—mysteriously to me at the time—did not open so readily; still the fields for useful labor whitened all around me. In Autumn of the year 1841, my father fell at his post (St. Mary's Circuit, Md.), nobly battling for his Master to the last. At the instance of the Circuit, I, by a seeming sacrifice, filled out his Conference year. Returning to Virginia, I resumed my business as a teacher, and found ample opportunity, as a local preacher, to *stir up the gift that was in me*. The colored people, especially, recognized me as a preacher raised up for them. From seventy to eighty embraced religion in one season; some of whom—preachers and laymen—remain unto this day, “but some are fallen asleep.” In March, 1844, I was admitted into the Baltimore Annual Conference on trial; and have been on the effective list ever since.

My convictions on the subject of sanctification have not, throughout, been as uniform as were my early convictions for sin. On entering the ministry I received our theology entire as of the Bible. As far as I had tested it, I had demonstrated its truth, and I readily inferred in its favor where I had not experimented upon it. The advice of my seniors was, preach sanctification, whether you enjoy it or not, preach it until you do enjoy it. Acting on this advice, I frequently introduced the subject into my sermons, and, mostly, with *gracious* effect. I was, occasionally, subjected to mingled emotions of pleasure and shame, in hearing my efforts on this subject acknowledged

in the detail of religious experience; pleasure that God had thus honored me; shame that *laic* experience should be so in advance of my own.

A striking instance of this may be admissible just here. Elijah Merchant, a young man of Augusta County, Va., obtained the blessing of *perfect love*, and in professing it, acknowledged his indebtedness to a sermon of mine. The manner in which this experience was narrated—producing the mingled emotions above referred to—impressed me that God had called him to the ministry. Such being his own conviction, I procured a recommendation to the Annual Conference for him. He traveled his first year as my colleague; and was more abundant in labors than almost any other man I ever knew. He always deferred to me as his superior, yet, imperceptibly to him, his elevated style of piety always impressed me with my comparative religious insignificance. In 1852 he was selected for the California work, and soon fell a martyr to his missionary zeal.

Strange to say! about the time this young man entered upon his labors on the Pacific coast, my theory of sanctification began to undergo some modification. The late Rev. John Hersey—whose fidelity to the rigid simplicity of primitive Methodism has passed into a proverb wherever he was known—published a work on this subject, convicting the Wesleyan theory, as was supposed, of marked inconsistencies, maintaining the *oneness of conversion and sanctification*; and that *religion throughout is but a system of growth*. Though this work was early suppressed by the author, at the instance of his quarterly Conference, officially expressed—for his relation to the Church was that of a local preacher—it has been sufficiently before the public to embolden a secret skepticism, which seemed to be awaiting the favorable opportunity for development.

The subject came up for discussion before the Preachers' Meeting of Baltimore, of which I was a member, and, to my mind, at the time, the Hersey theory seemed the more ably sustained. Unfortunately—as I now see—I embraced it; and soon became intensely opposed to the *sanctification hobby*, as it was called. The natural result was, I did not preach it as clearly as I had done, and suffered corresponding loss of ministerial power. I sometimes mourned deeply the seeming decline of my usefulness, and painfully queried the reason why? I had large and attentive congregations; I tried to declare the whole counsel of God, as I understood it; still there seemed to be something lacking. I occasionally reviewed my new theory of sanctification, and, at length, was compelled to concede the following points, namely:

1. If *conversion* and *sanctification* be identical, I certainly was not converted, for I feel the *remains of the carnal mind* still lurking within; and, while I have *love*, it is not that *perfect love which casts out all tormenting fear*.

2. If *conversion* and *sanctification* be identical, it seems strange that I should not be as much favored in preaching them so, as I formerly was in presenting them after the Wesleyan theory.

3. If *conversion* and *sanctification* be the same, it seems strange that so many excellent people, the least likely to be deceived in spiritual matters, should have *believed, experienced, and taught* differently, even with their latest breath, and under the inspiration of their final and greatest triumph. {

4. And, finally, if they be identical, why do I not *grow in grace*, in believing and teaching them, as rapidly as I did when I believed and taught differently?

The result of such reflections was to bring me back to my old theory, and to some of my former enjoyments in preaching it.

In the year 1862 I was appointed Presiding Elder of the Baltimore District (E. Balti. Conf.); a post of responsibility which, I felt, demanded the improvement of my Christian graces. In essaying to act on my convictions, I felt that I was making some religious progress. In 1864, while attending the General Conference in Philadelphia, I experienced some serious premonitions of nervous prostration which, however, measurably disappeared in a few months. But toward the close of the Conference year, death laid his hand on my eldest daughter, and though she departed in peace, trusting in Jesus, the event helped to revive the evidences of my physical weakness. Shortly after the succeeding Conference, I was compelled to desist from active duty, hoping that a few weeks of rest would work wonders for my health; but my few weeks extended to nearly five months.

Meanwhile I concluded that, as I could not preach to others, I might as well address myself to the work of personal improvement in *experimental religion*. Fond of biography, especially of early Wesleyan biography, I re-read Carosso and Hester Ann Rogers. I took Mr. Fletcher's experience as given by Mrs. Rogers, and I "reckoned myself dead unto sin." I took the theory of the *Altar*, as reported from Mrs. Palmer,—for I had not then read any of her works,—and made a full *consecration* of myself to God; and I felt, at the time, that I had not sacrificed in vain; though I had not that fullness of internal evidence which I desired. On this latter account I concluded not to be hasty in my public *confession of the blessing*, but to take time for thorough self-examination by the most reliable tests; and I was the more inclined to be backward, from the fact that such a profession seemed a little too much for me. I told my wife, but no one else.

About that time I obtained the life of Bramwell, and, weak and nervous as I was, it had well nigh proved too

strong meat for me. When I compared his *devotion* and *godly might* with my own inefficiency, I became utterly discouraged. I descended to a gloomy valley, seemingly bounded only by the mount of the law. Yet, singular as it may seem, in its deepest solitudes, I could, with Peter, appeal to the searcher of hearts, and say, "Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." Assailed by the fiercest temptations, with but little bodily strength to bear up under my mental depressions, and greatly hindered by my unbelief, I said, continually, with Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

But, by degrees, I accepted the fact that there was another mount on the boundary of my valley, and that was Calvary, and by getting nearer to it, I arose gradually from my morbidness and gloom. On resuming the duties of my district, I oft alluded to my recent experiences, and in naming my *act of consecration*, would go so far as to assert, in a negative form, my belief in its acceptance; that is, I asserted that, "I would not say it had not been accepted;" and I urged others to *go and do likewise*.

One evening, after I had indulged in this train of remark, in a love feast, a brother in whom I had great confidence arose, and said, "The key note has been given out right this evening; I have lived in the enjoyment of *perfect love* for some time." At this I felt greatly encouraged. Next day, as I was reflecting on the subject, I queried, Why is not my evidence brighter? What am I waiting for? Do I ever expect to say, *well done*, to myself? No; "for by the deeds of the law, shall no man living be justified." How then, if I cannot be perfect in or of myself, am I to reach fully the blessing of perfection? Why, I must be *complete in Christ*. If then my completeness is to be in Christ, is it not as much mine to claim *now*, as it ever will be? Most assuredly. Then my heart said with a power of faith, it had not exercised before, *it is*

mine ; and, coincident with my faith, I, by the Spirit, had the *full assurance of faith*. I was exceedingly filled with love and peace ; and having to preside in a quarterly conference an evening or two afterward, when the business was concluded, I bore my positive, unqualified testimony to the power of the atoning blood, to *cleanse from all sin*. So I did all around the district, in the quarterly conferences, quarterly love feasts, from the pulpit, and in the social circle. On this elevation I stand to-day, and expect, through grace, to stand to the end.

I have, by this experience, *gained much in every way*. *Fullness* and *uniformity* appear to be the words most expressive of my present, in contrast with my past enjoyments. I am living more by faith, and less by impulse. Formerly I often obeyed the divine law from a sheer sense of duty ; now, I love the law because "it is holy, and just, and good." Formerly temptation from without found some responses from within, of which I am now happily relieved. Formerly I dreaded sudden death, desiring some little notice before *I went hence to be no more*, that I might assure myself of thorough preparation ; now I live to please God, perfectly satisfied that thus living, I cannot die wrong. In a word, I feel that I am a better man, a better preacher, better every way ; not *in or of myself*—for I never understood my own insignificance so well—but through *Him that hath loved me, and given Himself for me, and washed me in His own blood*. To the ever adorable Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be equal, and undivided, and everlasting praise. Amen.

TESTIMONY.

REV. ALEXANDER McLEAN.

METHODIST.



As a member of the Methodist Church, yet with very little religion, I found myself, early in February, 1849, entering the "Golden Gate" of San Francisco harbor, intent on demonstrating my gold-finding qualities. A few hours' experience on shore satisfied me that I should have to be a better man, or else, with many others, give up, to drift away on the swift current of sin. I rejoice that I soon resolved to seek, *in the grace of God*, security from the moral ruin into which multitudes were swept. During the first year of my residence there, Rev. William Taylor, then from the Baltimore Conference, arrived; and he has especially endeared himself to me by pressing home to my conscience, in a kind manner, the subject of perfect love.

After a while, by the voice of the Church and my own sense of duty, I gave up fair worldly prospects, and was one of two who entered the ministry of the M. E. Church at the first session of the California Conference. While I was traveling my second circuit,—which was principally in the Sierra-Nevada Mountains, and extended about two hundred and fifty miles,—amid profanity, gambling, Sabbath-breaking, robbery, and murder, I believe I enjoyed this great blessing. Constant labor and exposure brought

on sickness, which compelled me at last to give up my appointment. I had then been four years in California: so I determined to seek both health and a better qualification for the ministry in the Eastern States. Both were attained in due time. Then for seven months I took charge of the church of an invalid minister, and God crowned the endeavor with the conversion of over a hundred precious souls. Yet I hesitated to commit my all to him and the ministry. I loved to preach the gospel, but feared, when I might be disqualified through age or sickness for further ministerial service, I should find myself very dependent or impoverished. How I needed holiness then, to have saved two or three years, which were spent in occasional preaching, rather than consecutive effort and entire devotion to the Lord's work!

At last the "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" sounded so threateningly, that, by the grace of God, I was enabled to accept the attendant risks, and give myself exclusively to the work of the ministry. When once fully engaged thus, the great *need* of holiness, as a power in my life and preaching, frequently claimed my deepest regard. Indeed, I groaned after it so fervently, that more than once my faith claimed it; but, for some reason known or unknown at the time, I would not retain it more than a few weeks together.

This fluctuation *in the way of holiness*, which I had never discovered in myself in regard to any thing else, *humbled me deeply*. By inheritance from family and race, and the chidings of conscience, I believed myself pertinacious rather than vacillating. Why, then, could I not endure as seeing Him who is invisible, and follow him very closely? But I could not. I seemed to fall as frequently as a child just learning to walk. The consciousness of stability in justification only intensified the sorrow of instability in sanctification. Notwithstanding these dis-

couragements, my convictions of the truthfulness and desirability of the blessing continued. I found that in its absence there remained a recollection of the love and zeal that formerly inflamed me: of course I had strong desires to repossess it, and these influences tended to new consecrations of myself to God.

“Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take;”

for there is a residuum of good to those who inadvertently lose, but do not disown, the great salvation. A prince, though far away from courtly circles, would evince his training. Is it possible to have *so much* light, and such *intimate* converse with Jesus, without bearing princely ways and views with us even into the “wilderness state?” Oh! it is *best* not to lose it; but who refuses any other good thing whatever from a mere dread of losing it? And how well we know that God is able to keep that which we commit to His hand!

On the second day of July 1865, being Sunday, I arose early in the morning, and briefly reviewed my dozen years of fluctuation in the midst of the deepest contrition of soul. The Holy Spirit showed me then, as never before, that it was not optional with me to live in the strength of holiness, but that I must possess and keep it, *or lose my soul*. That was an alarming view, and one which I was satisfied the Holy Spirit presented. I said to myself, “This vacillation shall end.”

“When?” was my mental inquiry.

“Now.”

“Forever?”

“Forever?”

“How?”

“By immediately and without reserve giving all to God.”

I prostrated myself, and said, “Lord, thus lowly shall I be when I die; and, as then I shall be divested of *every*

thing earthly, so now DO I divest myself of every thing thou would'st not have me hold, including any thing shown me hereafter ; and now, without waiting one moment, or asking any sign of feeling, I steadfastly believe thou dost receive me." A little rill of peace came ; no more. I said, "It's done ! My wavering is o'er, and my goings are established in the Lord." I went forth to *do* for God just as though I had the most indubitable witness of full acceptance. In the absence of any special emotion, I had to walk for several days insisting that the work was done. My lips or heart were almost constantly repeating, "*I am thine : thou dost receive me.*" The light gradually increased ; my peace became like a river ; the word of God had altogether new interest ; my soul was made very happy *during* preaching, which was a new experience ; I could laugh at my previous *fear* of want in old age ; and oh, what an intensified love for all God's children ! Revelation after revelation of light and joy, peace and power, were made to me ; and I beheld in sanctification a way of wondrous growth.

Now the mistakes of the past are very apparent. I used to struggle for joy as the requisite evidence of my acceptance ; the joy gone, I sank into darkness and despondency. How the cold waves of unbelief rolled over me as I yielded up "the jewel of my trust" ! I was *off and on, off and on*, from year to year. But feeling is no longer a criterion. So, before, if I felt the least departure from God, I gave up all as gone, and fell back into justification. Then came defeats and flights, and the banner of the Lord would be sullied with earthly contact for weeks and months. Now, if I suffer a check on my onward march, it is but for a moment ; and, looking *immediately* to the Captain of my salvation, what would otherwise prove a defeat and rout, with long-continued shame, he turns into a signal victory. Then my soul is filled with joy at the Lord's

triumph over my strong foe. I see now that *a defective experience comes from a defective faith, indefiniteness is the parent of defectiveness.*

Now I labor in a different way, and with more success. In business, reading, meditation, conversation, testimony, prayer, and preaching, I saturate my mind with the thought of holiness; and then, if something demands my attention calculated to absorb my whole thought, my mind is so imbued with grace, I do not suffer from abstraction, but I work *through these things* towards the glory of God. Is not this the way we are to keep ourselves in the love of God? In public labors, I look for a definite blessing; and God has signally owned it.

Now my emotions are different and better. I do not find it necessary to pray for joy. For weeks together, each day has seemed like a bright Sabbath in June, when the birds are singing, and the mild, balmy air was fragrant with flowers, and the churchgoing bell calls you to duties that are as pleasant as pastime sports. The sweet and quiet state of my mind is so abiding, it seems the millennium morn has dawned on me. I do not know how long it may be before it comes to all; but, as Simeon rejoiced for the Messiah in his arms, so do I for the millennium in my heart! Praise the Lord, O my soul! Christ enables me to do all things to His glory; for, if I conferred with flesh and blood, this my testimony would not be so explicit of my years of moral desolation: but he has taught me to "count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." It is my sincere prayer that this experience may aid some desponding child of Jesus to so consecrate *all*, and believe for all, that henceforth he may say, "I can *do all things* through Christ which strengtheneth me."

TESTIMONY.

REV. SPENCER S. FINNEY

PRESBYTERIAN.

“Hallelujah! I believe!

Now no longer on my soul
All the debt of sin is lying—
One great Friend has paid the whole!
Ice-bound fields of legal labor
I have left with all their toil;
While the fruits of love are growing
From a new and genial soil.”



Y soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord and he heard me and delivered me from *all* my fears. “*This* poor man cried and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of *all* his troubles.”

I am called upon for my personal testimony and experience respecting “perfect love which casteth out fear.” Gladly do I confess, as a witness of Christ’s grace and faithfulness and power, that He has, by His Word and Spirit, given me to know in my happy experience, the blessed truth of “perfect love” and freedom from all fear that hath torment, as the present privilege of every soul that trusts Him fully. I had some glimpses of this fullness of salvation,

under the aspect of "full assurance of faith," soon after my conversion, which gracious favor God gave me through the personal experimental testimony of a dear saint, and through the perusal of that evangelical old work, Marshall's Gospel Mystery of Sanctification. But it was about thirteen years afterwards, when my soul was weary, very weary, in long and vain attempts to keep and sanctify myself by watchfulness and the means of grace, and when God's service seemed to become hopeless, because I knew not how to "wait on the Lord, and mount up with wings as eagles, and run and not be weary, and walk and not faint," that He revealed His fullness to me. In the valley of affliction and humiliation the Lord visited my soul. Blessed be His name for ever! "I will bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her; and I will give her her vineyards from thence; and the valley of Achor (trouble) for a door of hope."

The reading of Boardman's Higher Christian Life gave me, by the blessing of God's Spirit, the first glimpse of "full assurance of faith," as an *abiding blessing*, in its proper connection with the experience and state of entire sanctification to the Lord, in soul, spirit and body, in all things and at all times, by full consecration and full faith. This is the "adoption of sons" in its full and constant realization. This happy experience the Lord gave me a few days afterward, by the aid of dear saints, in the meeting for holiness held at Dr. Palmer's, New York; the Holy Spirit using their testimony to make His word plain, and to encourage and guide me in giving myself at once, wholly, without reserve, and for ever to Christ, and to God through Christ, a living sacrifice, and to believe on the ground of His own word that He received me in Christ "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing." No tongue can tell the rest and sweetness and peace of the soul which truly and fully, and, every


moment, embraces Christ and abides in Him, "as of God made unto us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

It was but a few days until the Lord gave me a few among my own dear people, as the sharers of my joy. When in public and private my soul made her boast in the Lord, and I told what He had done for me. And while for years the fellowship of the saints, in the meeting where first the Lord taught me the way of holiness by simple faith in Christ, was as a foretaste of heaven, the little band, whose hearts God opened to receive the truth of full salvation, in my own church, were my crown and my joy, amidst coldness, misrepresentation and opposition. In my present field God has helped me; and some of my flock, some theological students, and one or more ministers, have acknowledged the truth of entire sanctification by faith, in a living, present Saviour. Eternity alone will suffice to tell the whole story. Thanks for this and every opportunity to witness for Jesus, as a Saviour from all sin, for it is not only an important duty, but a delightful privilege to "boast in the Lord;" a *boasting* which exposes, and forever abandons self, as utterly bankrupt and vile, and receives and enjoys and rejoices in Christ as "all in all," not merely in theory and doctrine but in actual, personal experience. O for this baptism of power upon all God's people. "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen!"

TESTIMONY.

REV. DR. GEORGE C. M. ROBERTS.

METHODIST.

 I pleased Almighty God to bring me to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, when only about sixteen years of age. I do not purpose in this communication to say anything in reference to this eventful period of my life, farther than that I was united in class-meeting with a band of faithful, holy men of God, who clearly indoctrinated me by their experience in the necessity of going on to perfection. At that time there was in this (Father A. Russell's) class, George Krebs (a blind man), Quincy Maynard, John L. Rees, Job Guest, and many others who were giants in their day. Soon after, I, on account of my being attached to the Sunday School, with some others, were set off to a class meeting at night, under Quincy Maynard as the leader. Being in the enjoyment of perfect love himself, he fully explained and insisted upon its immediate enjoyment by the members of his class. I was soon brought to feel the necessity of it, and as a consequence gave up myself wholly to the Lord thus early in my Christian experience, being about eighteen years of age.

At that time all were clearly taught this doctrine on every hand, from the true Wesleyan stand-point, consequently there were very few indeed who had any misgiv

ings whatever upon it, and were saved from falling into many of the errors of the present day. After seeking this grace for some short time, I was brought to apprehend it by *naked, simple faith alone* in the all atoning merit of the precious blood of Christ. I saw then that *that* blood was shed *for me*, to save me not only from the guilt of my past offenses, but from the power and pollution of sin for the time to come. Through the mercy of God I was enabled to cast my soul on it fully, and realize its immediate efficacy in my own case. I was then and there permitted to enjoy the assurance that Christ Jesus was mine and "fully" in this sense. I continued to grow in this grace daily, and became more and more fully absorbed in Christ. I have been enabled to maintain my integrity in this grace from that to the present time.

Since I enjoyed this blessing, being called of God to the work of the ministry, I have again and again preached it in *its simplicity* to others, whenever the opportunity was afforded me, first as an itinerant Methodist Preacher, and then in the local ranks. As I have grown older in this hallowed work, I have been brought to make it almost wholly the principal topic of my ministerial labors, and am now more than ever confirmed in it, in my own personal enjoyment of it, and more than ever convinced that this should be the case with every preacher of the Gospel, if he desires to see the pleasure of the Lord prosper in his hands. Such evidently was the view of it entertained by our fathers. They always kept it before the people, without any fear of its being misunderstood and misapplied. The people were taught by them that they were to be regenerated by the power of the Holy Ghost with the design and purpose of going on to perfection of love. When converted they then felt the necessity of this deeper baptism of the Spirit, and went forward to the attainment of it. Some in a few

days after their conversion, and others at a later period of life.

I am fully convinced that, in this way, and because of the truth thus early enforced, they were able to preserve to the Church many, very many more of those who entered it, than we have been of late years. Our fathers were pre-eminently men of two books, the Bible and Hymn-book, in both of which are clearly set forth the doctrine in all its phases. They preached it, and then sang it, wherever they went as heralds of the Cross, and our people were saved generally from falling into any error on the subject. The older Methodists were, in this particular, more generally and more fully given up to God, than those of the present day, and were much less liable to be led astray by the vanities of life. They have nearly all passed away, and unless we, their children, are much more fully and entirely devoted to God, those blessed days will never return to us again. It is to be hoped that we shall see and feel the importance of it to us as a people, and that we will speedily come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. This grace is the *same* now as then, its effects are *the same*, and it is not possible to attain it but by the *same simple process of present, immediate faith in Christ.*

I thank God that it is so. Its gracious results I know and feel at the present moment. During the long continuence of my present affliction, now fifteen weeks confined to bed, I have been supported by it. In every moment of this time I have found it to be the one thing needful. Through its power I have been graciously preserved from every *anxious care*. Not one doubt or fear has arisen to darken my sky, or hide for one moment the Saviour from my eyes. At times my peace is so full, that I have felt myself to be as a mere mote floating in an ocean of light and glory. The will of God is *my* will, I desire to be governed altogether by it.

“Thy will not mine be done
My will and thine be one,”

is I think *honestly* the motto of my life, and constantly before my eyes. Nothing more do I desire and nothing less. I attribute this state altogether to the enjoyment of perfect love, which now pervades my whole being. To God be all the glory. Oh that His people would suffer the Divine Being thus to fill and rule them. I have no desire to make choice between life and death, but for my will to be entirely lost in that of God. If God in His Providence should see fit to take me to Himself, I entirely submit, and cheerfully resign myself to it. If, on the contrary, He sees fit to return me back again to life, I trust I shall employ it more fully than ever in spreading through society at large the simple tidings that *His blood cleanseth from all sin*. Death to me has no sting. The grave brings no desolation. Whilst in weakness I pen these few lines, my soul is unutterably filled with

“Glory and with God.”

I would that I had the strength more fully to enter into the details by which I was enabled first to know God in the fullness of His salvation, and by which I have been enabled to maintain that knowledge of Him increasingly for more than fifty years. I presume, however, that I have written enough to show all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, that I enjoy scripturally and indubitably the Divine assurance that “*I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens,*” whither I am bound, and where finally I shall find everlasting repose.

TESTIMONY.

REV. JOHN SCARLET.

METHODIST.



IN the evening of the 8th of January, 1833, I was powerfully convicted of sin, at hearing a sermon by the late Rev. Doctor Pitman. I continued in a wretched state of mind for about six months. My mental sufferings were intense, as I seemed to oscillate between hope and despair, in bitter anguish. The false supports afforded by Deism gave way, yet I feared I was a reprobate, predestined to destruction. In the following month of June, I attended a Camp Meeting held near the city of Newark, N. J. Near the close of it I was happily converted to God. I had a clear witness of justification by faith. My sins were all forgiven—the scarlet and double-dyed sins of infidelity.

The forgiveness of sins through faith in the love of Jesus mapped the first form of Christian religion on my heart. Forgiving mercy gave delightful impressions, while I shouted, “Glory to God,” with joy unspeakable. Yet the forgiveness of sins shaped, stamped and bounded my creed! I am thankful I prized it so highly. I love the doctrine yet. It is a precious truth, we cannot live without. But three months had not elapsed before I felt the need of something more than pardon. Remains of the carnal mind were disclosed, that forgiveness could not

reach. My needs, and gospel provisions for them were viewed from a new stand-point. Self-examinations, with faith in prayer added to scriptural searchings, gave a view of more ground to be possessed and cultivated.

Of my conversion I never had a doubt, because I would not backslide. I passed through severe temptations and trials. I conversed freely on the subject of Christian experience with the people of God. I was of child-like simplicity, and wished to hold no secret views or reserved opinions. I loved Methodist preachers, and asked them many questions. I found, on comparing notes on religious experience, that I lacked what some of them possessed,—*abiding faith, with perfect love!* I felt the *conscious need* of a blessing, not included in my past experience. I had no theory of what I needed and desired. I felt no guilt from transgression. My want, with my faults and infirmities did not make me guilty. Somehow, my nature was not yet all subdued by grace. There seemed to be something remaining within that I could not trust—a vacancy not filled! I was thankful that God would shew me my lack! I prayed that He would make known to me all my faults.

I loved the institutions and rules of the M. E. Church, and attended to all my duties as a member. I began the duty of fasting one day in the week that I might reach the fullness of my privileges in Christ. I wanted to be useful and in a safe state. I was happy, but that was not enough to fully satisfy the desire the Spirit created in me. I thirsted and hungered that I might be filled. Justification could not increase, and there was no progress in regeneration. I wanted a form of grace that I could grow in. Cleansing power and love, with knowledge of God in Christ, I sought.

One quiet day in autumn, about three months after my conversion, late in the afternoon, I wandered away alone

in deep meditation, until I reached the suburbs of the city. It was my fast-day, and as the shades of evening were deepening around me, in a lonely spot I knelt down, with a solemn vow upon my heart of consecrating my entire being to God, for time and eternity. I resolved to continue seeking until an answer would be received.

With concentrated powers and intense desires, unaccompanied with bodily exercise, I prayed for about thirty minutes, when the answer came with the witness of the Holy Ghost, and I was free and filled. God's presence was with me and in me in awful stillness. I heard nothing nor saw anything; but I felt the heart-pervading presence of Divine love. Its purifying power killed all pride, and lust, and envy. I arose and walked home as though I moved on wings, Oh, what a precious state of mind! never to be blotted from the tablet of immortal memory! It cast out all tormenting fear. It was a distinct and peculiar blessing fitting exactly my need in heart and mind, and soul. It had simple and abiding faith constantly working! It was what God in substance had for me when He gave me the longing for it, under its shadow. It started my thinking anew, giving shapings to my views on the phases, and grades experienced, of religious truths. I borrowed and read works on the subject, by Wesley and Fletcher. My light was increased.

I am old—have been preaching the Gospel for more than thirty years—but I have never doubted of my receiving sanctifying grace, or perfect love, as I have stated. The lamented Cookman and Rev. E. S. Janes (now Bishop) helped me much in my early experiences. Since then I have passed through trials, temptations, and afflictions. All my children, six in number, are gone to Heaven!—but Christ, in his sanctifying power and presence has been my support. I love every part of pure religion, but this is central to all. I can not help loving

holiness, and I must confess that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin. Faults and infirmities are the inheritance of my probationary life, yet, his words abide in me, and I abide in the Vine. I know that I am but a weak creature of the dust, but the Holy Spirit is refining my nature, and qualifying more and more for the society of saints and angels. I love the society of the holy here, and I believe all the Bible promises to do for them. This blessed theme has helped me much in my preaching, and I have rejoiced in seeing some precious fruit. While my life lingers along this vale of tears I pray it may be my heart's joyful support, and after I go hence to be here no more, to have a lot forever among the sanctified.

“My consecrated soul would stay,
 On Jesus' bosom night and day,
 And drink compassion in ;
 Would live a life of faith in Thee,
 And keep the law of liberty,
 Of liberty from sin.

Love's pleasing toil shall then be rest,
 Sustained by Thee and in Thee blest—
 Shall all be wrought in God ;
 My purpose ever pure and true,
 In all I speak, or think, or do,
 Kept pure in Jesus' blood.

With white-robed hosts I'll dwell on high,
 And lofty seraphim outvie,
 In praises to the Lamb,
 The harp I'll take of singing lays,
 Reciting odes of endless praise,
 To my Redeemer's name.”

TESTIMONY.

REV. T. W. GREENE.

BAPTIST.



BLESSED be God for a free and full salvation
It is a little over a year since God granted me
such a view of my heart, that I was brought
to cry out, "Give me a baptism of the Holy
Ghost, or I can preach the Gospel no longer."

Then came the fiercest struggle of my whole life. A
terrible encounter with the unseen powers of darkness
followed. But, thanks be unto God, who giveth us the
victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ, I was enabled to
lay my soul and body, time, education, and hopes, my
will, my all, upon that Altar that sanctifieth the gift; and
believe that the offering was accepted.

O! how those past fifteen years of religious profession,
and three years of ministerial life seemed to be almost in
vain. The blessed Jesus became mine in a fuller sense
than I ever supposed possible in this life. From that hour
simple faith took hold of Him as a Saviour mighty to save,
even unto the uttermost. O, this is salvation, indeed!
What a glorious growth in Christ I might have had, if I
had received this great salvation before. I shall never cease
to praise God for this blessed deliverance.

After I was enabled to trust Jesus as my complete
Saviour, I was strongly tempted that I had nothing more
than I had enjoyed before, and that I ought not to speak
of it as anything special. So I prayed to God to give me

an experience that I could not doubt, and that the enemy even might not gainsay.

On the 8th of January, 1866, while I was conversing with the Presbyterian minister of our place on simple faith, the Holy Ghost came upon me in mighty power. I could only utter His name, by way of adoration, for a quarter of an hour (as my friend told me afterwards), though it did not seem half so long; then I fell upon the floor powerless, though not entirely unconscious; and for more than an hour I was so filled with an awful sense of the presence of the Holy Ghost, that I had to pray almost continually that I might not shrink, but to be willing to receive all that God had in store for me, though it should kill me. I could hardly bear to hear any thing spoken but the name or praises of the Third Person of the adorable Trinity.

Then came the precious Saviour and supped with me. I had never seen Him before as He appeared then. His love melted me till I wept aloud. During His visitation, also, I was lost to every thing else. Father and Holy Spirit were not thought of. Finally, came a consciousness of the Father's love. Never before did He seem so near, so full of infinite love. He became my heavenly Parent. While adoring and viewing Him every other object vanished. We communed together.

So it was; first, the Spirit, whom I had so nearly ignored all my life, whose presence nearly consumed me; then the Son, my all sufficient Saviour; and, lastly, the Father manifested Himself unto me, as He does not unto the world. My greatest wonder is, that God should have granted so much to me. How can I praise Him sufficiently! Persecution has waxed hot, and does yet; but I do not care for that, so long as I find a sure retreat beneath the wing of the Almighty. I must not now give particulars. But peace, light, and power have been granted unto me richly, from that time to this.

TESTIMONY.

REV. S. L. GRACEY.

METHODIST.



ON the first day of May, 1853, I connected myself with the Union M. E. Church of Philadelphia, and in a few months was assigned to the charge of the class which I at first entered. Sought Divine assistance and guidance, walked in the clear light of justification, felt the regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost; never had any doubts as to my conversion. The Lord blessed me in my efforts as a class-leader, and in a year or two I was urged to prepare myself for positions of greater usefulness in the Church, and in 1857 entered the Philadelphia Conference. My labors were owned of God, and during my first year of ministerial work, we rejoiced in an addition of over one hundred to the Church.—Greatly loved the work and labored with diligence and zeal, though my mind, at times, was greatly agitated on the subject of a deeper work, as described by the fathers of Methodism and professed by living witnesses. I felt that either these persons were mistaken in regard to the Spirit's operations, and the extent of the Gospel salvation in justification, or that there was a work of the Spirit, and an experience of the heart, that I had not realized in my religious life.

I became deeply interested in everything relating to

this subject—read, studied, listened, and argued much on the doctrine; prayed for direction, but all this with mind so prejudiced that I would only receive light that seemed to confirm the views I had already embraced. I had come to regard the work of regeneration as the completed work of sanctification, and that the soul was then entirely holy and filled with the Holy Ghost. The arguments so commonly urged, “in regard to God doing an imperfect work,” and many others, were constantly before my mind, and every effort was made to meet the claim constantly pressed by friends, and as I now believe, by the Holy Spirit, and by the remembrance of the solemn vows made at my ordination, that I expected to be made perfect in love in this life, and was groaning after that experience. My life was unsatisfactory; I could not confidently assert, “The blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin.” I had seasons of great joy and love, followed by days of doubt and fear. My religious life was largely emotional, hence I had nothing settled—yesterday, I was on the mountain of transfiguration; to-day, deep in the valley, with clouds and darkness surrounding.

Although I had supposed my mind fully settled on what I thought to be scriptural basis for a completed work in regeneration, yet I was not at rest. It was often suggested that I should plead with God for the blessing of heart purity and the fullness of the Spirit. The Father would persuade His rebellious child.

There were many texts from which I dared not preach, for although I could form very plausible arguments to sustain my theory, yet my heart protested; my experience could not confirm the doctrine as I argued it.

I felt within the movings of a spirit, which, though subdued and held under restraint to a great degree, was not in conformity to the Spirit of the blessed Master. I could control anger, so that it should not break forth in

violent storm—pride swelled the heart in an unconquerable, rest-disturbing ambition; self fought against the Christ-spirit of humility.

For years I felt an intense longing of heart for a higher life—a settled experience; would seek “more religion,” and God would bless me with renewed evidences of mercy and favor, and yet I was not satisfied; rest I had not. There was a point clearly defined in the experience of others that I had not attained—was not fully satisfied that I was right in my views, and certain that I was not in my experience. I was compelled to admit a higher style of religious life, in the example set by those who professed to enjoy entire sanctification as a distinct blessing from regeneration, than I beheld in those who with me maintained opposite views. Could I have that experience? the conviction came in response to the inquiry, “It is for all who are willing to receive it.” Instead of unhesitatingly and promptly following the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and making a full surrender to Jesus, I conferred with flesh and blood. What will be the effect? Very humiliating to human nature. What will my friends think before whom I have so earnestly and publicly espoused the opposite views? Then it was suggested that this doctrine was unpopular. Now my very hesitancy, for these and other reasons no more worthy, convinced me more fully that I was not-free, as I longed to be; I was in bondage to public opinion.

Then there stood in my way a needless indulgence, which I clung to tenaciously, because of its social character. I now look back with disgust to the enslavement of appetite in which I lived for years. It was more despicable than the apple of Eden, yet it came to occupy in my heart the same relation that the innocent fruit did to our first parents—a test of obedience.

I often struggled for complete freedom. When urging sinners to give all to Jesus, and the cold and backslidden in

the church to present themselves a "living sacrifice, wholly acceptable unto God," I would myself endeavor to get my offering completely on the altar of consecration, that I might be entirely the Lord's. In social and private prayer, when almost on the point of claiming the fulfillment of the promises, my innocent gratification would thrust itself in, and insist on being seen and heard. I flattered myself that I could relinquish the habit at any moment, but that it was such a little thing, that I was foolishly sensitive; besides, why should I be so punctilious, where so many better and more useful men had allowed themselves the same pleasure? Thus I always presented a "lame," imperfect sacrifice. The Holy Spirit said yield that pleasure! "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord," "from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you," &c. With this ray of light falling upon mind and heart, my prayers after holiness became like the cold patter of the winter's rain. I lived thus for years with a ghost in my closet, I was afraid to meet it.

Yet in all these years the yearnings of my heart were for rest, liberty, a death to sin and a life hid with Christ in God, but my proud stubborn will would not yield. My mountain peak and dark valley experience did not suit me; I believed there was a better way; I often sang

"I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee."

I continued in this unsettled condition until attending, with my charge, the camp-meeting at Camden, Delaware, when God led me into clearer light, and gave me deep convictions of the necessity of a greater work of the Holy Spirit in my own heart. By His assisting grace I was enabled to make a full surrender to Jesus; a consecration more specific, complete and thorough than I had ever previously known. My time, talent, reputation, friends,

pleasures, appetites—all, all! were placed on the altar of sacrifice. I desire to state most emphatically that I had at this time a sense of God's love, a consciousness of acceptance with God and frequent seasons of religious enjoyment. I brought "living powers" to Jesus, a soul alive unto God, loving and fearing him; I came to consecrate renewed powers fully to God.

Presenting myself thus to Him, I had expected the Lord would do some great thing in bestowing a baptism of unutterable joy; that was the proposed plan, on which I expected the Lord to appear. I held the offering consecrated to God—reckoned that it was all His—believed that He accepted, on the authority of His Word, and yet could not be satisfied that my soul was fully cleansed, until I had the distinct, clear witness of the blessed Spirit, that it was done.

I had an abiding conviction that the offering was made to God, and that He would give me unmistakable evidence of the work being performed. He gave me quiet; rest, peace, but not at that time a baptism of joy as I wanted. My faith apprehended Christ in His power, love and willingness, and I was enabled soon, to rejoice that the Holy Ghost was shed abroad in my heart, performing its great sanctifying work. My convictions were clear and satisfactory that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. Since then I have enjoyed uninterrupted rest and quiet, with many seasons of rapture and glorious displays of God's love and favor.

My Christian life now seems so settled, so full of love; my communion with God so blessed; my triumphs over temptation so easy: my work so interesting, and the salvation that I am permitted to preach so full and "to the uttermost," that I seem to have entered upon a new platform of belief and labor. Every day I repeat the offering, living by faith in Jesus. Here my weary heart has at last found rest.

TESTIMONY.

REV. B. S. SHARP.

METHODIST.



BEING convinced that my experience is a part of that *all* consecrated to God, I now submit it. I was converted in 1850; entered the ministry in 1857; early made myself acquainted with the doctrines of the M. E. Church; read most of our authors on "Christian Purity;" believed in sanctification as distinct from regeneration, to be obtained by faith, and enjoyed in this life, and at times earnestly sought it. It was frequently a subject of pulpit effort, and I generally had liberty in trying to preach it. A measure of sadness, sometimes of condemnation, has attended my ministry, in that I did not know the power of that grace which I thus, in all conscience, presented to the people. If it be asked why I preached this doctrine, seeing I did not enjoy it, my answer is this: "I did not dare to make the measure of my experience the measure of that Gospel which I brought my people. I could not do other than preach the whole counsel of God."

Thus I continued until coming to my present charge. Here, without a verbal profession, some of my people believed that I enjoyed sanctification. When I found such to be the case, I did not undeceive them, and for two reasons: I thought I could do them more good by allowing them to think thus; and, secondly, to preach holiness, and

not enjoy and live it, seemed to me so utterly inconsistent, that I had not moral courage to confess the whole truth. The time of the Penns-Grove Camp drew near. I debated for a time the propriety of attending the meeting. Should I go to the camp? and could I pass the ordeal? I desired, and yet feared to go. I would avail myself of the religious privilege; but then, would I not by some means be compelled to confess my spiritual condition, and thus stand exposed as a deceiver? for I could not resist the impression that I was acting a great lie. I had hoped to come into the experience of sanctification in a private manner, and would then profess it; while the previous struggles, time of its reception, etc., would be unknown.

All efforts to obtain rest of soul in this manner were fruitless. My heart became strangely hardened. Thus was I up to and during nearly all the camp-week. I went to the meeting in some sense as the lamb to slaughter. Some unseen power seemed to lead me on, and yet I dreaded to go. At the camp I avoided, as much as possible, close personal conversations, yet kept myself open to convictions.

As the meeting progressed, my wretchedness increased. So far from finding rest, my soul was tempest-tossed, until I knew not what to do. Was tempted to do a thousand things but the right! More than once I believed I ought to humble myself in the presence of my people, and publicly consecrate myself to God. This, for a time, I strongly resisted. It seemed to me less dreadful to leave the ministry, church, and state. I would fly from my conflicts and ministerial responsibilities. Two, if no other, reflections prevented this decision. One, the *woes* of Heaven would pursue me; the other, I could not escape from myself. The meeting was drawing to a close. Friday night had come. My agony increased. I was arrested with the conviction that my eternal well-being

was now pending ; the great controversy between self and God must be ended ; that henceforth I must be *wholly* the Lord's, or I would be *wholly* God's enemy.

I had attended a covenant meeting just before evening preaching, and from this solemn circle went to the stand to hear the evening sermon. Busied with my own wretched heart, I heard but little, knew but little, besides my own sad reflections. This much, however, God assisted me to do,—to resolve to do His will when clearly revealed, and at whatever cost. The sermon ended, I was put to the test. Again I was impressed with the duty of public confession and consecration, and again doubted the propriety of such a course, seeing I already was understood to enjoy that blessing. But now, willing to walk fully with God, and being distrustful of self, I sought the counsel of one whose intelligence and fervent piety I could not doubt. The memory of that brother, hour, decision, and victory, is more precious than words can express. From a private tent, and personal conference, I went into the circle ; and in the presence of God and of angels, of my brethren and others, I publicly humbled myself. Confessing all, surrendering all for time and eternity, I knelt in prayer. The struggle was not long, but severe. The searching One saw me humbled, surrendered, consecrated, trustful. The promises were applied to my mind with unwonted sweetness. I saw myself that *nothing* that I am, and God the *All* and in *all*. Oh, what views of God!—of His presence, power, holiness, mercy, love! He loved me, even me ; and so assured was I of that love, it would have been sweet to have died then and there. Oh, blessed rest of faith! My “soul dwelt at ease.” Having Christ, I had all ; and my full heart said, “Lo, I come to *do* thy will, O God!”

I have been somewhat definite ; yet the half who can tell ? I have been trying to lift up and keep up a standard ; and God, even the Lord God, is my God and Father.

TESTIMONY.

REV. E. W. PEIRCE.

METHODIST.



AM not aware that in my experience there is any thing *peculiar*; and from this circumstance it may be of value to thousands of persons whose experience has been like my own up to the eventful hour of my life.

At the age of eighteen, in my native State (New York), through the preaching of a devoted servant of God, I made a surrender of myself to Christ. For some fourteen years subsequently, seven of which as a traveling preacher, my course was a variable one. I have no doubt, if I had followed the leadings of the Spirit given to every convert, I might speedily have become possessed of full salvation; but looking to the waves of untoward circumstance, instead of looking to Him who bade me walk upon them, I fluctuated in my experience.

In the winter of 1864, then resident in Wisconsin, God set me at perfect liberty. We had just closed a delightful class-meeting, on a Tuesday night, at a private house. We were loath to depart. While conversing, incidentally the subject of entire sanctification came up. The leader of the Sunday-noon class, who was present, rather abruptly asked me, "Brother P., do you enjoy the blessing of a clean heart?" "I do not." "Then you are not

prepared to preach the Gospel." "As to that, the Lord has owned my labors, in some measure, in the conversion of sinners, the promotion of Sunday schools, the erection of churches, etc. Still, I agree with you, that, without a conscious and continual consecration of my whole self to God, I am not living up to the full measure of my duty and possible usefulness." I inwardly resolved, then and there, that, come what would, "*Holiness to the Lord*" should be my motto and experience.

Notwithstanding I had met with, and been perplexed by counterfeit professors of sanctification, and that I might have keener trials, graver responsibilities; my mind was fixed. As a means to an end, and with a view to doing others good, I appointed a prayer-meeting, each Friday night, at the parsonage, for the promotion of holiness. At the first meeting my soul was set free. As the hour of nine o'clock came on, I gave opportunity for any to retire; and then shortly remarked, that, for one, I felt that I had Satan at a disadvantage; that the house, for the time being, was my own; that the lights need not be extinguished, or the meeting dismissed, till victory came; that I was resolved to wrestle and pray till the morning's dawn, but what I would come off triumphant. In supplication, I kept such passages as these continually in my mind, "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" "If we walk in the light," etc. In an hour God gave me the desire of my heart; others also claimed Jesus as their uttermost Saviour.

From that time to the present, I have had many serious responsibilities, arduous labors, mental and physical sufferings, but a continual consciousness that *I was all the Lord's*; glorious victories; large success in doing good. God has given me clearer views of His character; He has enabled me to lay aside habits which, unconsciously to myself, abridged my usefulness. I have been continually

learning much *in the way* of holiness, as well as how to enter it.

I wish to say, that the secret of whatever success I have had in pointing souls to Christ as a complete Saviour has been owing, under God, to my insisting upon holiness as (1) a *definite object* of search; something *specific*: not simply "more religion," "more of the Holy Spirit," etc., but a specific blessing, and, therefore, that we are to have the *witness* of the fact given to us of God. And (2) to be expected now.

I ardently pray for the time to draw near when scriptural life-holiness shall be the accepted belief and practical experience in every denominational branch of the Christian Church.

"High on the raging billows borne,
Or sweetly wafted o'er the deep,
Alike to us the calm or storm,
If Israel's guard our watch shall keep.

And when the ransomed of the Lord
With singing unto Zion come,
And every harp, from every chord,
Shall shout the pilgrim's welcome home ;

When far beyond the billow's roar,
The hidden rock, the treacherous sand,
We furl our sails, and hail the shore,
The verdant shore, of Zion's land,—

Oh ! then we'll sing of dangers past,
Of toils that made our bliss complete,
That brought our crowns and palms at last
As trophies at the Saviour's feet."

TESTIMONY.

REV. H. B. ELLIOT.

PRESBYTERIAN.



HE exclamation of a friend, "May God bless you in your struggles after the higher life," often recurred to me, but I did not understand their full meaning as I now do, nor did I imagine that the "higher life" might be attained without a struggle. I only knew that I was thoroughly dissatisfied with the lower life, in which I had found only conflicts and defeats with little sense of divine fellowship, and that I was passing through fiery providential trials, from which I longed to escape by death. He whose name is "Wonderful," "the Counsellor," has led me marvelously in a way that I knew not.

I was invited, about three months ago, by a stranger whom I met on a steamboat, to the Tuesday afternoon meeting for Holiness. I had not before learned even of its existence, and the intimations then given me of its character would usually have excited my prejudices. But I went, hoping to find there the power of God, and to feel that power somehow lifting my weary soul out of the depths. The personal narratives given deeply interested me, and I was conscious of a divine presence. When those desiring the "full salvation" were requested to rise, I immediately did so. Yet all was vague. I was not accustomed to the

phrases used, and but dimly understood their meaning; but what the speakers seemed in substance to possess, I was sure I wanted. That week I obtained books and tracts (not controversial but experimental,) and read eagerly. I prayed much, and came to a clearer apprehension of what I needed. I earnestly made a more complete dedication of myself to God than I had ever attempted, ready to sacrifice position, prospects, human favor, every thing which had fostered self in the heart, and really believed that He accepted it, so that I had actually become in an absolute, unreserved sense, his consecrated servant. A very solemn conception of my new state and relation came over me, subduing my whole being into a sort of stillness. The world seemed full of God, and my future life stretched out before me as an exclusively godly life, in which self was to have no place. I tried to keep close to Him, watched against every thing external or unspiritual, and prayed almost incessantly. I often rode in the city cars with my eyes closed, praying, and walked the streets looking definitely at nothing, praying. There was not much liberty in all this. I was a received and favored servant rather than child. The tendency was to asceticism. But it was a good discipline to such a creature of the senses as I, and my impression is, that I shall always need much of the same habit.

I went to the next meeting, stated in simplicity how far I had attained, and asked prayer that I might be led further. I very soon saw another point, namely, that not only must I be self-dedicated to God and accepted by Him for Christ's sake, but the Lord Jesus himself must and would do for me (using my faculties in it) the work of keeping my heart and directing me in the paths of holiness and usefulness. I therefore committed it entirely to His charge, and trusted Him to do it, while I went about, undertaking every known duty, relying only on Him for

guidance and success. This seemed liberty, and I now moved as an adopted child of the Father in the companionship of His well-beloved Son. The result was a quiet peace and confidence, with clear views of truth and great assistance in preaching.

There was also a further result of vital importance: I have always had strong temptations to evil and an active propenseness to it, against which I have wrestled during the twenty-one years of my Christian life. In the long conflict I had gained nothing, except to partly stand my ground, and avoid being vanquished and ruined. I now found that, without effort on my own part, I was lifted out of the sphere of those evils, and my heart was rectified concerning them. What had been pressing sources of temptation were so no longer, and I was conscious of no proclivities toward the wrong. All that yet appears required of me is to exercise a calm vigilance, and when enticements are presented, quietly say, "No," and turn immediately away; Jesus does the rest, and I am safe; though if I yield or relax my trust in Him a moment, I begin to shake. All that seem to me evil in the movements of my mind are certain superficial and minor impulses, or rather, disturbances of spirit, occasionally, but as I perceive no inclination of the will or the affections towards them, but a steady purpose and desire against them, I am disposed to consider them infirmities rather than sins, and partly attributable to bodily chronic disease and weakness, or the long habitudes of temperament. When I can get into more regular circumstances, I hope that these also will pass away, or by prayer and watching be subdued. My wife's distressing sickness (physically distressing, for spiritually she has had joy "like a well of water springing up within her," and Jesus has claimed her also as all His own) has broken up my arrangements of time, and allowed me few opportunities for quiet meditation, through the last two

months, besides exhausting my nervous energy. Perhaps this was intended to test my faith. When I can be more alone with God and the Bible, I look for more marked improvement in the matters to which I have referred.

This (omitting many details) is about as far as I have gone. It is a very gentle experience, very like the dealing of that gentle Jesus who does not cry aloud in the streets nor break bruised reeds. In my condition of brain he may have seen that I could not bear more exciting treatment. Of ardent love-emotions, abounding joy, or the sensible POWER of the Holy Ghost, I do not yet know much, nor of those vivid exercises of the faith-faculty which so exalt some souls. As I am able to endure them they may be granted me, and I am willing to wait patiently for them.

In regard to the DOCTRINE of entire sanctification, as I now understand it, (not as it is currently misrepresented in my own, and some other denominations,) I cordially believe it.

Indeed, it has become a more settled fact of consciousness, has simplified itself more to my conceptions, and more fully HARMONIZES WITH MY DOCTRINAL OPINIONS. I am especially rejoiced at this. No portion of what I have hitherto held as the cardinal or the logical points of theology have been invalidated by it. On the contrary, they are all made clearer, and my belief in them is strengthened. Such an experience seems to me the only legitimate result of every feature of the evangelical scheme. It is what was designed in the Atonement, in the grace of justification, in the work of the Spirit, in the revelation of the Gospel, in the organization of the Church, in the individual call to the kingdom. It carries them all out, and COMPLEMENTS them honorably to God, while without it they all fall short of an issue worthy of Him, and prove certainly a present failure—a failure to be remedied only by a forced removal of the subjects of them to a more favorable sphere. I can not

believe that on the very field where the infinite Lord has made His glorious experiment of redemption before the universe, He is satisfied to have it appear invariably incomplete, or that such a removal is necessary to its completeness. I think from the common sentiment that God's only resort is, at the instant of death, by some irresistible grace, to accomplish what he tried in vain to do during life, in each instance under the amazing agencies which the Gospel presents. Does this exalt Him in our estimate? Are we bound to accept such a sentiment? Not with the Bible full of commands, exhortations, invitations, promises, and prayers to the contrary; not with the ample arrangements of this new dispensation and the unmeasured influences of the Holy Ghost to the contrary. I believe that in vastly more cases than with our limited observation we have supposed, Jesus has already verified His name by "saving His people from their sins," and that in the blessed age to come, through generation after generation, "His people shall be all holy." If that age is to be a millennium of a year for a day, according to prophetic style, as some interpreters credibly teach—three hundred and sixty-five thousand years—how gloriously will He prove the perfectness of His work before the eyes of praising angels and men, the inhabitants of all spheres, "glorified in His saints, and admired in all them which believe in that day!" I remember with humiliation as a Christian man and a teacher of sacred things, my past blindness to this view, and look with wonder on brethren around me yet blind. The whole Gospel lies before me now like a smiling landscape beneath a noon sun, while hitherto I have seen only discordant patches of it through fog-breaks.

As to personal experience I have a precious sense of ENTIRENESS in devotion to God and union with Him, though the dwarfing and disabling effect of the past life makes the growth and exercise of each particular grace a

gradual, fluctuating, difficult process, for the Lord deals with us as free agents, and according to the constituted laws of the mind. A chronic invalid may be entirely healed, absolutely sound again, and yet for a time the action of his faculties be irregular and feeble. A vessel may be entirely emptied of that which is vile, and occupied only with what is pure, while the bruised, cracked, soiled condition, the effect of former ill-usage, may require the gradual work of the skillful potter to repair. I am conscious of deliverance from that mixed, diseased state in which motives were conflicting, affections disordered, purposes contradictory. There is a oneness of direction which seems to me now as natural as I thought the former chaos was. Certainly it is the normal Christian condition. In other respects, there is variation. Enjoyment, freedom, fullness, prayerfulness, spiritual insight, are not always the same even throughout a day. But the sanctified relation (wholly the Lord's and kept by him, as such, apart from self-seeking and worldliness) is unchanging, only confirmed by trials. And I have had trials—trials in my church and among Christian and ministerial friends; frowns, complaints, opposition to truth, lack of sympathy and co-operation. Yet with these our Lord has gathered around me delightful supports, new friends, new witnesses to the truth, new trophies of grace.

Some speak of hesitation in accepting testimony of sanctification, because some appear to contradict it by inconsistencies, and at the same time are not so fearful of accepting testimony of a "justified state," which is required to be more definite in the Methodist church than in ours. Certainly "many deceivers have gone abroad, and many are deceived." "Satan appears as an angel of light to deceive, if it were possible, the very elect." But do we not find great numbers also who profess justification, equally contradicting that by a life of alienation from

Christ, who only justifies? Why, then, should we rely upon testimony concerning one state and not upon that of the other? Is not the fact simply this: that we must receive *all* human testimony with the caveat of possible mistake, and go rather to the scripture of unerring counsel? "The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple." "Let God be true, though every man were a liar." If we believe that His word represents a present state in which "the whole spirit and soul and body may be preserved blameless," why not on the basis of that faith seek it confidently for ourselves? It is in precisely that connection we have the promise: "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." With as much positiveness as we call the sinner to believe unto justification, we may call the Christian to believe unto sanctification. Moreover, a clear experience upon the former point, I think, lays a pressing obligation to attain to the latter. Has Jesus revealed himself to one so vividly, given him such joy in his love, such evidence of willingness to meet an humble, dependent soul, so fully proved himself his "righteousness," and *ought* not such an one to go directly on, fulfilling Jesus' own requirement, to make Him also his sanctification? Does he not sin against his acknowledged Justifier if he refuses to allow Him to become his Sanctifier?

Sometimes, perhaps, those who so rejoice in Christ in the former relation, if they are also truly walking in Him and thoroughly devoted to Him, have really received Him in the latter, and have passed into a higher condition of fellowship than they recognize for themselves, needing only to understand their own case, to be able clearly to declare it. The fact that they still condemn themselves for imperfections is no proof that it is not so. I have left much unsaid which it would give me pleasure to mention for the Master's praise.

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. W. HORNE.

METHODIST.



As a minister of the M. E. Church, I intelligently and conscientiously held to its distinguishing doctrine of perfect love, or entire sanctification ; and, as occasion seemed to require, discoursed on the holy theme, under the light of the Word, the Spirit of God, and the authorities of our Church, but without the invaluable aid of a personal experience of the blessed verity.

About three years ago I went to the Camp-meeting at Sing Sing, deeply feeling the imperative need of a far larger measure of purity, and power, and peace, than I ever enjoyed, though, beyond all doubt, I had been walking within the circle of the divine favor.

At that sacred place, among my beloved and trusted associates, and in the sweet meetings for the promotion of holiness, which I attended, I heard one and another speak, with meekness, but grateful confidence, of the present and abiding enjoyment of that great grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby they were enabled to live a life of faith "when sin had been all destroyed." I knew that my Saviour was no respecter of persons ; that the riches of grace which He freely bestowed upon some of His disciples, He would as freely bestow upon others, yea, and upon all,

if they were as willing and ready to receive; and, so, I asked myself: Are you willing to forsake all for Christ's sake? to become singular, perhaps, for His sake? to follow Him *wheresoever* He may lead? And I thought my heart answered, Yes, Lord, I am willing as Thou wilt help. I then set myself to the work of renewed and entire consecration; to the seeking after increased moral ability, when I felt there was weakness, and saw there were hindrances to be removed; and to the hastening out of "that blessed hope of the glorious appearing of the great God, and of our Saviour Jesus Christ," in the realm of my own soul, as my Saviour even to the uttermost.

It was not long before "showers of refreshing" fell from the presence of the Lord. "Refining fire," indeed, "went through my heart, 'illuminated my soul,' scattered its 'life through every part,'" and, I then fondly believed, sanctified me wholly unto God.

In some of the smaller meetings, where a handful of congenial souls were gathered for prayer and narration of religious experiences, looking to deep, immediate, mutual improvement, I felt as though fervid waves of divine influence struck and passed through my entire being, leaving a delightful consciousness of moral refinement and elevation.

It became my practice, at night, after my family had retired, to throw open my study window, and kneeling down beside it, with my face lifted up towards the pure sky and the burning stars, as though they were the eye-beams of God, the searcher of hearts, there to wrestle for hours, that God's Spirit would help me into a conscious and entire surrender of my whole will and being, with every thing in any way attached thereto into His hands, for evermore, unto whom I intellectually acknowledged, I absolutely belonged. And blessed be His holy name forever. He did help me into this consciousness. There did come over me the feeling that I was all the Lord's. I could

see that the consecration of myself and my all to God was now complete. That as Elijah's sacrifice was all surrounded by the trench and the water, and separated from the contiguous land, so my whole spirit was now separated from every unholy attachment, and had gone clean over into the blessed presence of God. The struggle for perfect freedom, from in-lurking corruption, I felt to be over, and my soul rested sweetly, completely in Jesus.

Ever since I have been graciously enabled to keep my consecration entirely unto the Lord. Ever and anon, I look into my soul to see if all its faculties and powers consent, unhesitatingly, to God's sovereignty and ownership, and find that they do; and then I look away to Jesus, to be sure that He continues to accept and keep almightily what He has enabled me to offer, and find that He does; and so my soul is preserved in perfect peace.

Experience has taught me, that entire sanctification is not the whole of Christian perfection, but rather only the negative side of it; and many occasions are offered for maturity in Christian character and conduct. Instead of resting satisfied, for a moment, in any present attainments, I feel constantly stimulated to do "this one thing," forget the things which are behind; reach towards those which are before; and "press towards the mark for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus." I am sure it is true, that there has been a growth of grace in me as never before. The region of religious experience and attainment opens up wondrously before me. The visions of purity and the promises of God beckon me on from grace to grace. In this land of Beulah, I find flowery spiritual valleys, with fountains of living water; hill sides, balmy with the breath of the Lord, and fragrant with His presence; mountain tops from which, indeed, are caught bright glimpses of the glory dwelling in Emanuel's land; while every where, along the pilgrim's path, are met blessed

companions, who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and are traveling to the "Holy city, the New Jerusalem, descending from God out of Heaven."

I find, resulting from this higher and holier religious enjoyment, into which it has pleased God to call *me*, "who am less than the least of all saints," 1. A sweeter, profounder, uninterrupted peace of soul; 2. An increasing ability to love the Lord Jesus Christ for what He is in Himself—His spotless, moral beauty: 3. An increasing longing for the salvation of sinners and sanctification of believers with corresponding effort; 4. An increasing readiness in preparing to lead the services of the sanctuary, with relish for the discharge of all my religious duties, and boldness and power in declaring "the counsel of God;" 5. An increasing, delightful consciousness of inward purity. My whole soul feels filled as with "a soft, white light," which seems to bathe it, and is so pleasantly reflected on all outward objects, and I have the growing assurance that

"I shall summer high in bliss,
Upon the hills of God."

No stranger am I, in these times, to the consciousness of perfect harmony with the whole unfallen, unstained, or renewed, and restored universe, whether physical or moral. I often seem to touch it, at every point; sink down into it, mingle with it, and do feel

"I cannot half express
Yet would not all conceal."

In these blissful moments I freely anticipate "what shall be" in the heirship of God, and joint-heirship with Christ, when "all things" shall be ours:—"Paul, Apollos, Cephas, the world, life, death, things present, things to come," all shall be ours, for we are Christ's, and Christ is God's! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

TESTIMONY.

REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

METHODIST.



I AM now trying to preach the gospel of the Son of God, and am very thankful for the privilege. I was converted in January, 1852, and began to preach about a year afterward. My conversion was very satisfactory, not a doubt being left upon my mind; and, though I have been tempted to doubt many things since, the enemy has never tempted me that I was not converted.

From my earliest religious experience, I believed in the doctrine of entire sanctification; it seemed most reasonable, and during four years as a local preacher, and for half a year as an itinerant, before I enjoyed it, I preached the doctrine of holiness, occasionally at least; and as I look over the skeletons of those sermons, I discover no departure from Wesley in theology, though I do not know that they produced much fruit.

All this time I enjoyed daily the witness of the Spirit that I was a child of God, and tried to keep myself "unspotted from the world." I had many *precious* seasons, and, I think, always felt that the enjoyments of religion were an ample compensation for all that I had lost in giving up the world; but I did not enjoy the blessing of

perfect love. I was much interested about it at times, but would allow other religious questions to push it aside.

At a camp-meeting at Titusville, N. J., in August, 1847, I was, on Tuesday evening about six o'clock, suddenly awakened again to the vast importance of being entirely holy. In company with another minister of this (N. J.) Conference, I knelt in a secluded spot in the grove, and prayed for a *pure* heart. This prayer was on my lips and in my heart:—

“Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art :
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.”

I believed in Jesus ; and, in about half an hour, I felt that the work was done. I preached the next morning, and remember now, and shall ever remember, the *sweet*, unspeakable peace that filled my soul. I went home full of it. I remember, when I went to look after my horse, I spoke to him in my usual way, and immediately asked myself, “Is that the *tone* of *perfect love*?” It seemed to me that perfect love should not only dwell in the heart, but be heard in the voice, be seen in the look, soften every gesture, and beautify every act. He who is in the enjoyment of the highest order of holiness held out to man, should oftener speak in the persuasive tone of love, than in the commanding voice of justice. It is now nearly ten years since I received this grace. I have had to *watch* and *pray* much to retain it, and watch as much as pray ; but Jesus’s blood has been all-availing the last ten years, and will to the end.

It is apparent to me that I might easily get sour. In this age of pride and worldly display in the Church, and no less in the pulpit than in the pew ; but I *must* not. Perfect love keeps sweet to sweeten others. I feel, too,

that I might easily *drift* with the Church in the worldly current. To the insidious fallacies about *refinements* in church architecture, refinement in the dress of Christians, refinement in preaching, &c., I might easily yield, especially when urged from *such high places*, in the name of progress; but I *must* not. Perfect love lives only in the bosom of simplicity; for, according to the example of Christ and the apostles, true religion is *severe* in simplicity.

The precious Saviour blesses me in preaching this doctrine. I find many, very many, who hear this pure gospel "gladly," and are rising up to stand as monuments of Jesus' power to save from all sin. And yet I find that every new success in the blessed work imposes the necessity of a fresh baptism of holy fire to keep me down in my place at the foot of the cross.

I am content to go through life in an humble pathway, if I may enjoy this perfect peace. Will the faithful pray that I may be kept in this blessed state, and that God will help me lead many others into this pleasant pathway? There is to be a great "review" ere long, and I have a desire to lead a white-robed band before the CAPTAIN of our salvation.

Rise! clothed in strength, assert thy right,
 Thou of the first born sons of light,
 Christ is thy strength, and in His might
 Go forth and His salvation see!

O! great shall thy rejoicings be;
 Ceaseless, thy boasts of victory,
 Till thou thy King in glory see,
 Through whom thou wast omnipotent.

REV. R. H. CRANE.

METHODIST.



MY early religious training was in the Baptist Church. The doctrine of Christian perfection was first presented to my notice, clothed in derision. After my conversion, and reception in the M. E. Church, for four years my progress was, after the fashion of the Israelites, going round and round the mountain, rather than going up to possess the good land,—sinning and repenting alternately. At the close of a series of meetings held on Augusta charge, Detroit Conference, by that veteran of the Cross, Rev. K. Klumph, in his admonitions he exhorted them to “resolve, by the grace of God, that they had committed the last sin they ever would commit.” There was a novelty in the expression that arrested my attention.

I retired to meditate. Is sin *necessary* to our earthly existence? I surveyed Calvary, and dared not limit the Holy One of Israel. Hitherto I had looked out upon the beauty of my King; now by the same light I explored the caverns of my own soul. I saw the alarming discrepancy between my experience, and God’s demands. I locked my closet-door to fast and pray, determined to make thorough work of exterminating inbred foes. I did not pause to ask, “Have others preceded me? and can they

guide me?" I seized prayer as my sword, declared war, and rushed into the contest. My strokes but aroused my legion foes: they darkened the air; they wounded me on every side.

For weary hours I struggled on, sometimes almost unarmed, sometimes almost ready to admit that *my* sins were stronger than mercy. I thought of the derided terms, "Christian perfection," "entire sanctification," "holiness," &c.; and now began to pray for these blessings, entirely ignorant of what they implied; consequently, not knowing what to expect, should the Lord answer my prayers. At last I sank down in despair, conscious that my weapon, prayer, in which I had trusted, but rebounded and wounded me at every thrust. I reasoned, "The way is dark; I cannot see through: my foes are powerful; I cannot overcome them. Jesus is the sinner's friend: I'll cease my vain struggling; I'll tell Him that I would slay all my foes, but cannot; I'll rest the case in His hands."

A few moments elapsed; when Jesus, at whose feet I was sitting, rose, and came into my soul. It seemed as though heaven was compressed, and thrust into my expanding, bursting heart. Then my entire being seemed to be filled with, and surrounded by, not merely the love of Jesus, of which I had previously tasted, but His very presence.

Some time was passed before I connected this visitation with my struggles. I reasoned, "Yes, this is entire sanctification; or, if it is not, I do not care for it. I have a complete Saviour: there can be nothing more in the universe. Yes, this is holiness; for I am *wholly* lost in Jesus."

There is no sin in me now; for Jesus is in every part. I am wholly His. A few hours ago, had one asked me, "What is Christian perfection?" I could not have given an intelligent reply. Now I know it is Jesus; more of Jesus; Jesus filling us with His Spirit, possessing us wholly.

TESTIMONY.

REV. W. S. TITUS.

METHODIST.



TO the praise of Jesus I will give a short testimony of the *manner* in which I received "the gift of power by faith." I believe I have received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. A brief survey of God's dealings with me from the first, may be necessary to a full view of the manner in which I have been led into this inestimable blessing. Dedicated prayerfully to God, and to the work of the ministry in infancy, by a devoted Christian mother, who fled away, in great triumph, to her home above, on a Sabbath morning, before I was three years old, I was left to grow up almost wholly without religious training. I was powerfully awakened at the age of eighteen, while attending a series of evening meetings, held by the various evangelical denominations in a country school-house. Repeatedly I went to the altar with many tears and cries for salvation, but never felt the deep turpitude of my sins till I had prayed many times in secret; then, while laboring in a field alone, God met me, and gave me such horrible views of my sins, that I was seized with the most wretched despair. While crying on my knees for mercy, in that lonely field, and feeling that God could not forgive so great a sinner, I thought of Jesus Christ as a Saviour, and suddenly my great burden of soul was

gone and I arose and rejoiced greatly in God. The whole world seemed full of His glory, especially the sun, shining in meridian splendor, seemed an image of my God. In looking back on my terrible agonies and anguish, I have often felt I had a foretaste of the cup of the damned. I prayed for powerful convictions of sin, and God sent an overwhelming flood upon me. I *would* all could see sin as I saw it. God forgave me, but I have never been able to forgive myself. The remembrance of my sins are still most grievous unto me. For two years I doubted my conversion, on account of my former great wickedness. With much prayer these doubts were made to disappear, while I was a student in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary.

A few years afterwards I was led, to believe in the doctrine of entire sanctification, while listening to a local preacher. I then sought most earnestly and successfully for this work in my heart, as a qualification for usefulness and heaven. I was a licentiate in the Baptist Church, and supplying two small churches at this time, when God sanctified my soul. The work seemed *clear* in its fruits, the change as great, or greater than at conversion, though I was a living Christian before. I felt I had a new Bible, new power in preaching—and I must have a home with the heavenly believers of this doctrine. My Baptist brethren opposed my preaching the doctrine, regarding me as fanatical. I joined the M. E. Church, and for nearly two years enjoyed this higher life. A deliberately written *form of entire consecration*, often used, was of great assistance in my efforts to reckon myself *all the Lord's*. I afterwards spent a part of two years at Union College, and nearly three in Union Theological Seminary, New York. Relying in a good degree for my support on my own exertions, I was always hurried, and often neglected the thorough care of my soul, while strenuously seeking to

store my mind with knowledge. The last year's course in college, and the first in the seminary, were crowded into one year. While in the seminary I was enabled to regain the lost witness of my entire acceptance, through the precious personal influence of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. I felt then willing to do *any work* God had for me, even the hardest, and offered myself to our Mission Board for the foreign field. Was accepted for China, but was providentially hindered from entering on a work my heart was much set upon. For some years subsequently I enjoyed only a part of the time this fullness. The greatest hindrance and cause of doubt, was a reluctance to its profession. While at Lowville, my last charge, a weekly meeting at the parsonage, for the promotion of entire holiness, greatly strengthened me. At the Rodman Camp-Meeting, in August, 1866, the witness of entire holiness was very clearly renewed to me, and great liberty in preaching it afterwards. Still I shrank from a full confession in public. A little band of lovers of entire holiness, on the adjacent Martinsburgh charge, were a great blessing to me, and I hope I was also a blessing to them. A few on my own charge seemed in love with this blessed doctrine. I came to Wolcott, my present charge, longing to be wholly lost in the will of God. I was greatly troubled in view of my lack of that baptism of *power* which I knew the Holy Spirit alone could confer. I had for a few months attentively read Wesley's sermons for my own spiritual good. My soul grew desperate; I felt I could hardly live longer without a great baptism of fire and power.

On the 25th of August, having started for the Hannibal Camp-Meeting, I was prostrated with erysipelas, in a malignant form, but my soul still agonized for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. On the morning of the 31st of August, while many others, and the people at the Hannibal Camp-Meeting, also, were engaged in special prayer for me, the

long desired *baptism of the Spirit* came sensibly upon me, in such an overwhelming manner that it seems I never can doubt again. My wife, engaged at work in another room, felt the same influence at the time. This was especially a baptism of love. My *fears* were gone, my soul exulted in perfect triumph. My physical sufferings increased, life was despaired of, will was made, presents given, and my funeral and burial arrangements were completed. For days reason fled from its throne—but not my confidence in the Saviour. When reason came again and health revived, my recovery seemed to me and to others to be miraculous. I thought my tribulations and loss of flesh were that God might give me all things new. The promises of the Gospel now fed and feasted me. Our hymns, especially the 538th and 498th, were all the time wafting my soul heavenward. I felt conscious of being sealed by the Holy Ghost, and of possessing an earnest of my heavenly inheritance. I loved all God's people with indescribable delight. I felt all ambition—but to be useful—was gone. My spirit of hurrying, too, was gone. I now ceased that self-tormenting scrutiny into motives, that looking back on the imperfections of my labors, had been such a snare to me; all anxiety about the future, all-over anxiety about even the cause of God, and felt that I *continually gave all, and received all*. My *peace became as the river*, and so it continued. After having suffered awhile, God has wonderfully established, strengthened, and settled me. I no longer *hoped* I was wholly sanctified, I knew it; I know it still. Bless the Lord! The blood of Jesus, that cleanseth perfectly; the baptism of the Spirit, that confers power over all evil, and causeth us to glory in tribulations, I know has come upon me, and I shall boldly declare it. I have lost too much to keep silence longer. The whole work of Christ, all the offices of the Spirit, yea the whole realm of truth has a new and ineffable charm to me. I

now see *Pentecost* to be God's pattern of blessing. I felt and believed God was no respecter of persons, the *power* that came on Benjamin Abbott, William Tennant, Mrs. President Edwards, and so many of our fathers of Methodism, was for me, and now I know this in my own heart, to the everlasting praise of a most gracious God. Now I feel *all contentment, all peace, all love, all humility*. Am ready to do *anything, be anything, live long or for a few days, labor anywhere*, and bear all manner of reproach, if only I may remain a habitation of God through the Spirit.

I suffered during my illness, what seemed as many deaths, but I can never be grateful enough for all this, as it cast me entirely on God. I yearned much for others to feel the same baptism, and it seemed to me that many ministers, especially, were coming into this full liberty of the Gospel. The effect of this baptism on my soul I can never fully describe. Bunyan's Beulah was now mine. The sunlight seemed like molten gold, every flower and leaf, and song of birds, yea, all objects around me, were full of the glory of God. Payson's river of pleasure, on which his departing spirit seemed to float, was mine—that river of peace I still enjoy. My doubts and fears have fled away. Difficult spiritual problems are now solved. A glorious revolution has been wrought in my feeling in regard to life's great aims. I must now live only to declare Christ's power to save, to save now and save to the uttermost. All the Christian graces have been anew tested in a fiery manner; still I have the victory. I am all the Lord's, and only desire to be more and more filled with all the fullness of God. "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of *power* and of *love*, and of a *sound mind*." May this *power, love*, and soundness, speedily be obtained by our whole Zion, a fit qualification for her world-wide mission in this gainsaying, skeptical age.

TESTIMONY.

REV. CYRUS BROOKS, D. D.

METHODIST.



MY oldest brother, long since glorified, was mainly instrumental in bringing me into the Christian fold, when I was twenty years of age. At the very outset, my attention was directed to the subject of Christian perfection, and thenceforward I felt an intense desire for its experience. Two years afterwards I was thrust out into the itinerant ministry, when I felt the need of it, if possible, more than ever. And during my first six months in the ministry I was enabled "to believe and enter in." Yet I had not learned to live by faith alone; and when, after a time, I was called to traverse one of those barren tracts, so common in my pilgrimage, faith, unsustained by feeling, gave way. I lost first the witness of the blessing, and then the blessing itself.

Ever afterwards I mourned the loss with great bitterness, but did not, for many years, set myself resolutely to recover my ground. Often, when preaching on the subject, my heart would glow with something so like the old fire, that for a little time it would seem as if I was again in possession of my lost treasure. Seldom did I reprove sinners for neglecting Christ, or encourage the penitent to trust Him *now* for salvation, without feeling that my reproofs and exhortations were as applicable to myself as

those to whom they were directed. Sometimes, however, my discouragement was so great, that I almost doubted the reality of such an experience.

My thirteenth year in the ministry commenced very much as those preceding had done. But soon afterwards, near the close of 1845, I read, in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, a stirring appeal on the subject of holiness in the ministry. To me it was a word in season. I read it, thought upon it, and the Holy Spirit applied it. I was deeply convicted—convicted that my experience was sadly defective; that I was suffering heavy loss in consequence, loss which I could by no means afford; that I was defrauding the Church, and Christ, the head of the Church, by neglecting an essential qualification for my work; and that, in this neglect, I was utterly inexcusable.

The resolution was at once formed, that, by God's help, I would be guilty of this criminal neglect no longer. I knelt right down before God, and sought pardon for the past, and then solemnly presented myself "a living sacrifice unto God, through Jesus Christ." It was one of the most solemn transactions of my life. I realized its full import, and entered into it in view of all its consequences. I felt that, though no human eye saw me, no human ear heard, no human hand registered the vows uttered, yet there were eyes that saw, ears that heard, and a hand that recorded. And in view of all, the vow of consecration was deliberately, voluntarily, resolutely taken.

Yet it was not done without a struggle. There was strong and persistent opposition to it, on the part of the "flesh," to say nothing of other forces. There was a disposition to make some exceptions in the consecration; to spare some little idols; avoid some crosses, some self-denials. There was a disposition to insert some conditions; not such as God offers, and to which I was authorized to hold Him, but such as I might suggest. There was also a

disposition to make a consecration of limited duration; not final, not perpetual, not irrevocable. Almost any thing would be accepted that did not at once, and forever, cut off all "provision for the flesh."

Some of these suggestions assumed definite form, though they were mostly presented in so covert a manner as not to attract attention at the time. But they were strongly urged, nevertheless, and some of them would have been successfully urged, had not

"Jesus, Himself, the stronger show'd,
And claimed me for His own."

With a strength of purpose which, I am sure, was from Him who "giveth more grace,"—overcoming grace, I made the consecration—made it without reservation, without condition, without limitation. I made it in humble reliance upon His grace to help me, His mercy to pardon my failures, and His blood to cleanse me.

And now, having placed myself in His hands, I humbly, reverently, yet resolutely, held Him to His promise. The act of consecration is, sometimes, described as an abandonment of one's self into the hands of God. But I cannot so regard it. I am sure that I did not *abandon*, but *intrusted* myself to Him. He had graciously given His promise to save, and that promise was a condition precedent in the whole transaction. As to the mode of treatment, the surrender was unconditional, but God had condescended to obligate Himself as to the result. And pleading His promise, I said, "I am Thine, save me."

I had intrusted myself to Him to be saved from all sin, and that He would thus save me, I had no doubt. And I felt entirely confident that He would finish the work just as soon as I was ready for it. I rejoiced in the glorious *hope* of perfect love; though not, as yet, in the actual possession of it. "I waited patiently for the Lord,"

using, diligently, all available helps; hourly expecting deliverance, yet willing that He should choose His own time, and employ His own methods. And it pleased Him so to deal with me, that every stage of my progress, every phase of my experience, was marked with the utmost distinctness.

I now went immediately to my people, and told them what was done. In the pulpit, in the social meeting, in private, and wherever I had suitable opportunity, I confessed my great want; preached Christ, a present Saviour from all sin, and urged the Church to come with me, and prove His great salvation. The effect was very soon manifest in an earnest hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Several experienced the blessing before I did, and became my teachers. An extensive revival broke out, many sinners were converted, and a goodly company raised up to testify that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

In the meantime I was passing through a most fearful spiritual conflict, or series of conflicts. It may be that my former failures, and still more my inveterate unbelief, rendered necessary a somewhat unusual severity of treatment. It sometimes seemed as if the powers of darkness were all let loose upon me, "sworn to destroy." Yet the great struggle was against the foe within. All the latent evils of my nature—evils that I had supposed long since subdued, if not utterly destroyed, seemed to start all at once into full activity. I had prayed the Lord to give me a sight of my own heart, that I might know the extent and malignity of the disease, but had no idea the prayer was to be answered in this way.

Instead of looking in upon my heart, and seeing inbred sin, as I would look upon a disgusting ulcer, objectively, I felt sin—felt it in the form of sinful impulses, tending to develop into sinful tempers, words, and acts. And it was

often with the utmost difficulty that I could check this tendency—that I could so control these impulses as to avoid actual sin. And this continued almost to the very last. However it may be in the experience of others, certain it is, that, in my case, the “*old man*.” did not waste imperceptibly away, nor die exhausted and worn out by lingering disease. It was a violent death—a crucifixion—and the death struggle was terrible indeed.

Yet during all this time I was enabled to “both hope, and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.” Not for one moment did I draw back from the engagement, nor regret the step I had taken. In seasons of deepest distress I would not for worlds, it seems to me, have been placed back where I was before. “The vow was past beyond repeal”—beyond all desire for its repeal. I had counted the cost, and knew it to be comparatively trifling. I felt all the time delightfully assured that whatever the cost, the transaction was wholly in my own interest, that every thing I might suffer was to my own advantage.

Never but once, I believe, did I feel even a momentary discouragement. And that was but for a moment, otherwise it seems to me I could not have endured it. Through long and weary weeks I had borne the buffetings of Satan, and the agonizing struggles of inbred sin, but now I was to endure a trial still more severe. This was the final trial to which my faith was to be subjected, and by which it was to be freed from all remaining alloy. It was a crisis, too, a most important crisis, in the then pending struggle.

It came thus: I was praying, and the Spirit seemed helping my infirmities, making intercession in me with groanings that could not be uttered. “My longing heart was all on fire to be dissolved in love.” I really thought “the long expected hour” had come, and that God was about to “bless me with His perfect love.” With eager

expectancy I reached out to receive the blessing—but it was gone! The tide of feeling instantly subsided, the spirit of prayer left me, and I felt as if being driven back to wander again in the wilderness. I looked wistfully over to the Canaan of my hopes, which, it seemed, I was not permitted to enter.

The anguish of that moment no language can describe. There was a feeling of blank, utter discouragement. Several times before, in my past experience, I had come up to this point, and right here had always failed. And now must I fail here again? Was this a point beyond which I could not, must not go? Must I drag out the miserable remainder of life burdened and polluted with sin? Was there none to “deliver me from the body of this death?” It was not the temporary disappointment of my hopes—that I had often borne, and could bear it again. It was not that I feared possible apostacy and ruin—that did not enter my mind. There was no fear of punishment. But, *sin!* I do not think I ever loathed it so before. And must I harbor it in my heart? Must its polluting presence be with me everywhere—in all I do, or say, or think, or feel? Must I carry it with me to the very close of life? In an agony, I cried out, “Must it be? Oh, God, *must it be?*”

In that instant I received strength to say resolutely, *No.* It need not be, and, God helping me, it shall not be. God’s word is out, His truth is pledged, and I will trust Him, I will believe. Henceforth it shall make no difference with my faith whether my feelings are encouraging or discouraging. I will believe, not because *I feel*, but because *GOD speaks*. I saw plainly that He would have me trust His word, without additional security—that He would have all the sand cleared away, and leave only the rock for me to build upon. The trial had accomplished its mission.

This was the last severe trial to which I was subjected.

But I had one more preparatory lesson to learn, one that proves of great value to me whenever I have to wait, as is often the case, for an answer to prayer. But I hardly know how to characterize it. Perhaps Paul meant it, or something like it, in the exhortation, "pray without ceasing." It is not to bring one's petition *repeatedly*, but to have it *continuously* before the King. It is to present it to Him once for all, never to be withdrawn, not for one moment, though He may be often reminded of it, His attention called to it, as an unanswered prayer, and, until answered, as involving an unfulfilled promise. As I now look back upon past experience, I see that I had often prayed, and with great earnestness, but not receiving an answer, had given up the suit for that time. In this way, though I did not intend it, the petition was actually withdrawn for the present, to be presented again with the hope of better success at some future time. Of course God cannot be expected to answer prayers that are not before Him.

On the occasion of which I am about to speak, I had been praying for the blessing of a clean heart, and was about to cease, as I had done so often. But just then a new light shone upon me. It did not startle me as new, indeed I did not think of the light, but only the truth which it revealed, and the revelation seemed made to the heart rather than the intellect. I *felt* that I need not withdraw my request, but might leave it before God to plead on, so to speak, "without ceasing." I acted upon the suggestion at once, and said, as I had not before,

"Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause ;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross."

There was an immediate and entire change in the

character of my experience. Yet the change came so without "observation," that it did not seem sudden. I seemed to be elevated to a higher plane, yet so gently that I knew it not until it was done—to be in permanent communication with the "throne of grace," without knowing when the connection was formed. The tumult had ceased, and an indescribable calm had taken possession of my soul. The painful sense of inward pollution, that had so long oppressed me was gone, and I could discover nothing within contrary to perfect love. Those about me observed the change, and understood its significance. To me it was wonderful, yet it seemed negative rather than positive. The house seemed empty and swept, but not garnished. I could give no clear account of my spiritual status. In the absence of the direct, positive witness of the Spirit, I did not dare to say I was saved from all sin; and yet I did not dare to say it was not so. It was not properly a state of doubt, hardly of suspense, but rather of calm, trustful waiting for further light. It was as when the weary, tempest-tossed mariner finds shelter in some safe, quiet harbor, and before he has quite satisfied himself that it is *the* harbor of his hopes. I needed rest, and for the present, at least, had found it.

For a day or two afterwards I was aware of an experience, which I know not how otherwise to describe, than as a gradual filling up. It seemed as though my heart had been emptied of sin, and was filling up with righteousness. My rest was unbroken. I was called to a neighboring town to assist for the next two days in a protracted meeting. Here, in preaching, and in the social meetings, I was greatly blessed. I spoke freely of my experience, and felt all the time that I was gaining higher ground. The view, at times, opened out before me so glorious, so vast, that I could hardly refrain from crying out, "O, the ocean! O, the ocean!" It seemed that nothing but the boundless and

fathomless ocean could convey any fitting idea of the vastness and fullness of blessing that was presented before me

The light continued to increase, so that before reaching home I felt delightfully assured that the work of entire sanctification was wrought. I felt, too, that, for my own sake, for my brethren's sake, and, above all, for Christ's sake, I must not delay telling "how great things God had done for me." Accordingly, I determined to speak of it in the social meeting that was held at night. I was not aware of any excitement, but my heart was full, actually overflowing with praise. In this spirit I went to the meeting. But when the time came for me to speak, my feelings had changed. The witness of the Spirit seemed to be withdrawn, I was without joy, almost without feeling. But the witness *had been* clear, and was as yet uncontradicted, and I felt that I must not hesitate to give God the glory for what he had wrought.

I felt that this, too, was a crisis, and to falter here was to lose the ground already gained. Looking upward for light to see the path of duty, and for grace to walk in it, I proceeded to testify, that the blood of Jesus Christ *had* cleansed me from all sin; and gathering strength as I proceeded, I testified that it did at that moment cleanse me from all sin. As I made this declaration, the witness, which had been obscured, was restored, and with indescribable clearness. I seemed to have passed beyond the confines of belief, into the region of actual knowledge. The evidence, which was clear before, was perfectly overwhelming now. I could no more doubt the work than I could doubt my own existence. At the same time I found myself almost sinking under a weight of glory. I was overwhelmed with a flood of glory. It possessed every power of my soul. It filled my whole being. The Lord whom I sought had suddenly come to His temple, and His glory filled the house.

All that I had suffered in reaching this point of experience now seemed as nothing. That for which I had agonized through those long and weary weeks, was gained at last. I had awaked with my Saviour's likeness, and was satisfied.

In reviewing the testimony of this able witness, the editor can scarcely forbear adding a few words, by way of helping others, who have, alike with this devoted minister, struggled for months amid the alternations of hope and fear. If he had sooner rested on the bare declaration, "I WILL RECEIVE YOU," how much sooner he might have entered into *rest*! God's Word is its own evidence. He that *believeth hath the witness in himself*. Our brother says, "When the time came for me to speak, my *feelings* were changed." But it was well for himself and the cause of holiness, that in this instance, he did not make his *feelings* the criterion for his *faith*. Had his *faith* changed with his feelings, he would have given in a wavering testimony. But acting on the principle that "God's Word is its own evidence," he was true to the Divine order. With the *heart* he believed, and therefore with the mouth he confessed. And how gloriously did God honor his faith and show him His salvation. Be it ever remembered that it is not a profession of *feeling*, but an unwavering *profession* of faith, that God requires. "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering: for He is faithful that hath promised."

TESTIMONY.

REV. WILLIAM WARNER CLARK.

METHODIST.



WAS born in the township of London, Canada West, on the sixteenth day of March, 1838. I was *born again* of the Holy Ghost in the same township, on the twenty-third day of September, 1854. Oh, the rapture of that moment! I praised God aloud. I feared not the charge of enthusiasm, for I *knew* that I was a child of God and an heir of Heaven. Not a doubt obscured my vision. My evidence of sonship was clear as a sunbeam. O, the bliss, the *joy*, the RAPTURE I then felt in communion with the people of God. Can I ever forget that moment? No; the recollection of it is as fresh and vivid to-day as ever. My heart warms within me when I look back to the time and place in which I was born for immortal bliss.

For several years prior to my conversion, even in the indecision and perplexities of irreligion, my thoughts were directed to the *pulpit* as the arena in which my life should be spent. My highest ambition was to make an *efficient Methodist preacher*. And now that the Holy Spirit had changed my heart, giving me a new name and a new nature, the path of duty was clearly revealed. The preaching of the Gospel was the undertaking to which every holy influence called me. Conscious of this, I

placed myself in the way to obtain an education that might, to some extent, qualify me for the work ; after which I offered myself for the itineracy, and received my first appointment in August 1856. I now felt myself fully committed to the work of saving souls. I was pledged, not only to God, but to my fellow-men, to preach "The unsearchable riches of Christ." But O, my youth ! my inexperience ! my weakness ! How deeply I felt the *need* of something which I did not possess. About this time Arthur's "Tongue of Fire" fell into my hand, the perusal of which led me to cry out—

" 'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone "

I felt that I could not *consistently* exhort sinners to love God, while a part of my own affections were withheld from Him ; that it was as really my duty to love God with *all* the heart, as it was the duty of my neighbor to love Him at all. O, how I longed for "the richer baptism."

" My longing heart was all on fire
To be dissolved in love."

Sometimes I fancied I could almost claim the blessing ; then again darkness obscured my vision. In this fluctuating state of mind I continued for three years, coming sometimes up to the very borders of the land

" Where fear and sin, and guilt expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

In this perplexed state of mind I attended three Camp-Meetings in the month of September, 1859. At the last of the three, held in London township, (the place of my nativity,) my soul was in such an agony that I could neither preach nor pray with any liberty. There hung over me a dark and leaden blackness which seemed as if it

would crush me into the earth. I longed to go with the penitents to the altar of prayer, and seek the blessing of "perfect love;" but the thought that I was a minister, and might, by such an act, bring reproach on the cause of Christ, deterred me. I expressed my desires and fears to Sister R——, whose prompt and wise answer decided my course: "*Brother,*" said she, "*you will never hurt God's cause by getting right yourself!*" I also expressed to her the fear that I could not keep the blessing. In this instance her answer was equally wise and heaven-directed: "*You have no right to expect grace to keep what you have not got. Seek the blessing, and along with it God will give the grace to keep it. YOU NEED THIS BLESSING TO KEEP YOU.*" Precious words of encouragement! I went to the altar of prayer, and "with strong crying and tears," besought God to cleanse my heart from *all* sin, and *fill* it with love divine. O, what a struggle! My heart was hard as a rock, but my determination was strong. Around me gathered a number of my ministerial brethren, who longed to see me enter into rest. Their prayers were ardent, earnest; their faith was strong, bold. The consecration was made. All the powers of mind and body were deliberately and voluntarily handed over to God. Then came the promise, "*We that believe do enter into rest.*" My struggling soul grasped it. I stood then on "*promise ground;*" and as Sister R—— was repeating in prayer the words, "*The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,*" I cried out, *IT DOES CLEANSE!* and in a moment my soul was happy.

I had not the shadow of a doubt of my entire sanctification. O, how I *realized* the presence of the Triune God of Holiness. Blessed, hallowed hour! Victory was mine *through the blood of the Lamb*. This was on the evening of Saturday, September 17th, 1859. The next morning I was asked to preach, and I took for my text, "*The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray*

God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." O, how sweet was duty then. How light the cross. The words leaped as fire from my lips into the hearts of the congregation; one, and another, and another caught the flame, and soon the whole encampment was on fire for God. O, what a scene! Never can I forget it.

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

I returned to my circuit, and established a *select meeting* for seekers of holiness. God gave me favor in the eyes of the people. One after another sought and found "the gift of power." Soon the circuit was in a revival flame. Many were the living witnesses which God raised up to testify that "the blood of Jesus Christ *cleanseth from all sin.*" I felt myself possessed of the necessary "pioneer experience" to lead the followers of Christ out into a large place. Every difficulty which arose in the minds of anxious inquirers after *full salvation*, God seemed to give wisdom and power to solve. For months I continued in this happy frame of mind. My soul seemed to float in an ocean of infinite purity and love. All my ransomed powers flowed sweetly in the channel of the Divine requirements. My own will was lost in God's will. I seemed borne onward in the discharge of duty like the sparless bark before the sweeping storm. The light fell around me with wondrous splendor. God was glorified by a pure flame of love, which is the essential element of His own character and felicity.

But alas! the darkness came again. I had not learned the secret of living by faith; and as soon as the first outburst of joy, which accompanied the witness of full salvation was over, I *doubted*. O, THAT AWFUL DOUBT! It brought with it gloom and sadness. Still I did not entirely

lose my evidence, nor relapse into my former state of fear and despondency. No, God was with me in the valley, and occasionally I enjoyed glimpses of "the full assurance of faith." In this state I continued to live, until God, in his inscrutable providence, put me into the furnace of affliction. As I drew near the gates of death, and heard my case pronounced very critical, my thoughts turned inward. I examined carefully the state of my heart. The evidence of my acceptance with God was clear; I knew that I was His child, but the evidence of "heart-purity" was not clear. I lifted my heart to God in earnest supplication. I doubted not His ability and willingness to cleanse that moment. Then came the promise, "*The Lord is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.*" Blessed assurance! Thrice blessed portion! My soul cried out, "It is enough; 'this is all my salvation and all my desire.'" The next day my disease had increased so rapidly that I felt I could not bear up much longer. I looked to God for grace to sustain me in the final struggle. Then came the promise clear as light; distinct as if uttered by some unseen visitant, "*I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.*" From that moment my disease took a turn for the better; I slowly recovered; and now I am able to go forth "and declare the works of the Lord."

My sojourn in the "Border Land" greatly enriched and invigorated my religious experience. I now possess an unwavering confidence in the divinity of our holy religion. I have tested its power to sustain in the solemn prospect of death. And I now believe that He who hath called me with this holy calling, will preserve me blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherever I go I am determined, by God's help, to preach a *free and full salvation*—A SALVATION FOR EVERY SINNER, AND A SALVATION FROM EVERY SIN

TESTIMONY.

REV. JOHN H. STEWART.

METHODIST.



FORTY-THREE years ago, last December, God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins. Twenty-seven years since, I commenced preaching the gospel. I labored more than fifteen years in great weakness, and had some success in my efforts to lead souls to Christ: yet how to lead these on in the divine life, was exceedingly difficult to me.

I knew the gospel proclaimed a free and full salvation. And I tried to preach the whole gospel. Often while thus doing, it would come back to me, "Get saved yourself, then you can save those that hear you." Then I would begin to search my heart, and always found an unwillingness to deny self fully, take the cross daily, and follow Christ.

In the summer of 1846, while preaching from the words, "*Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect,*" in the midst of my discourse, the power of God rested down upon me. I fell prostrate on the floor, and then and there offered a sacrifice acceptable to God, and by faith received the virtue of the atonement; cleansing my heart from all sin, and filling me with love, perfect love to God and man. I arose, and praised God for sanctifying grace. Now selfishness seemed annihilated. I could glory in the cross. And, just so far as I have observed these first principles, I have walked in the light.

Eighteen years have passed away since I obtained the witness of perfect love. I am now sick, and laid aside from labor, yet am holding sweet communion with Jesus, my Saviour. I have no anxiety about worldly things, and am permitted to see God within and all around me. I reckon myself dead, and my life *hid with Christ in God.*

O blessed Christ! I hear Thy loving voice,
Its tender accents make my soul rejoice,
Soft and more sweet than summer breezes be;
 Bidding me walk with Thee—
 Alone with Thee.

And now I come! I come! My spirit flies
To meet Thee here, and the bright bending skies
Are canopied above me, while unfettered, free,
 I walk and talk with Thee—
 Alone with Thee.

The way is bright with footprints saints have trod,
From vale to summit, pressing on to God;
And all the shining track unfolds to me
 While close I cling to Thee—
 Alone with Thee.

I stand on heights, and airs celéstial blow,
In valleys green, where whitest lilies grow,
While all the land shows fair and bright to me;
 For I am still with Thee—
 Alone with Thee.

O'er roughest paths my toilsome way I press,
But joy absorbs all pain and weariness:
For nearer still Thy shining form I see,
 And it is rest to be—
 Alone with Thee.

Somewhere beyond the hills of beauty rise
The glorious sun—crowned peaks of Paradise,
King of that lovely land,—What bliss to be,
 In fellowship with Thee—
 Alone with Thee!

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. R. DANIELS.

METHODIST.



FROM being a pleasure-loving, Sabbath-breaking, gambling, swearing, drinking, skeptical sinner, the grace of God made me a rejoicing heir of heaven, and by the witness of His Spirit with my spirit, assured me of my adoption into His family.

Glory be to God! Of this radical and most satisfactory change, this new creation, I never have had, and I think I never can have doubt. I desire it should be borne in mind, I had a clear conversion.

After conversion I had a soul filled with a burning desire to lead others to a knowledge of the truth. I joined the Church on probation, in March, 1856, and was received into full membership in September of the same year. I received an exhorter's license on November 23, 1856, and was licensed as a local preacher on the 8th of July, 1859. On the 7th of April, 1860, I was admitted on trial in the Newark Conference, and in the name of the Lord Jesus, have tried to do what I could to bring sinners to the cross.

The Lord favored me with some success, and sinners were converted. At Somerville, N. J., in 1861-2, a great many were saved: but during 1862, I became greatly prejudiced against Mrs. Paluer and her method of pro-

moting the work of scriptural holiness; I did not agree with her in advocating the obtaining of the blessing of purity as a second blessing, distinct from the blessing of regeneration. In fact, my notions of the subject became much confused, and my prejudices deepened.

In the Spring of 1863 I was sent to Perth Amboy, and before leaving the Conference, was informed, very much to my dissatisfaction, that there were several Palmerites on my charge, and it would be well for me to be somewhat careful, and avoid offending such in my ministrations. I found several precious souls walking in the clear light of full salvation.

Never were two years spent more pleasantly with any people, than were my two years with the Church at Perth Amboy. Prosperity was given; and yet I was greatly troubled. My members gave me no rest; I preached to sinners, and prayed for sinners; yet these sanctified members would persist in praying for the entire sanctification of their pastor. Though these prayers were not answered during my stay upon that charge, yet, I must confess, I began to seriously reflect whether I might not be in error, and was not falling short of my privilege in the Gospel, and failing to measure up to the requirements of this great standard.

At my next appointment I was not so troubled by the sanctified;—but One that is greater, the blessed Holy Ghost, led me into a thorough examination of myself. I now saw, that, though I enjoyed a sense of God's favor, there was need of a more thorough work; there were in me the remains of self-will, and pride; there were needless self indulgences; the use of tobacco now, as never before, appeared to me as sin. By the grace of God I was humbled, and a deeper work of grace wrought in me; but still my old prejudices were clinging to me concerning the subject of holiness.

In February, 1866, I heard that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were laboring in the Central M. E. Church, Newark, N. J. Having a desire to hear them for myself, I went to Newark for that purpose, and attended meetings on the 14th and 15th of February,—and to the praise of God, I must confess, my prejudices were all removed, and I returned to my charge a seeker for this precious gift of power. I think it was about this time that Rev. Henry Belden, (Congregational minister), moved upon my charge, occupied a house immediately in front of the parsonage, and kindly took part in our weekly prayer-meeting, and frequently worshiped with my congregation. Oh! how much I now felt my need of a thorough work, and I sought it the more earnestly.

At last, on Sunday, July 29, 1866, after more than four months hungering and thirsting for full redemption, I preached from Dan. v. 27, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." I urged upon my people the importance of coming up to the Bible standard in our religious experience, and the language of the text fell back upon my soul with tremendous power, "*Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.*"

I could endure it no longer; I must, at any sacrifice, however great, have this whole matter settled. Accordingly, the next morning I started for the Pennsgrove Camp-meeting, giving no reasons to my family for doing this, though they knew that for years I had strongly objected to meetings of that character. I reached the camp-ground on Monday evening.

And, now, I wish it to be distinctly understood I was *not a backslider*. I rejoiced in God; the witness of the Spirit to my adoption was perfectly satisfactory; I was saved from my sins; I wanted the enduing "with power from on high." I attended meetings in those tents where the subject of holiness was made a speciality. I sought the

blessing very earnestly ; I bowed at those places prepared for seekers ; I thought I made an entire consecration of myself to God ; I *said*, "My all to Christ I've given,"—but I had no sense of any experience different from what I had enjoyed before. So matters continued till Wednesday. throughout the morning of this day I was unspeakably happy, but after dinner I went into the Sharptown tent, and I now felt in my heart the old opposition to a distinct profession of this precious grace. Could I go back to my charge, and speak of this in the public congregation ? Could I speak of it to my wife ? I thought not. I rose to speak of my difficulties in that tent ; I saw the folly of my cowardice, and standing there, in addition to my other consecration, I surrendered my *will*, and at three o'clock, as the trumpet was blown for afternoon preaching, on the 1st of August, 1866, I entered upon such an experience as I had never realized before. Others may speak of it as they choose, but I must humbly confess to the glory of the Master, that then and there, I was "wholly sanctified throughout, soul, body, and spirit." Hallelujah ! it appears to me that, since that hour, though frequently sorely tried, I have continually grown in grace, and rejoiced in the great salvation.

After the Pennsgrove meeting, I was permitted to attend the Centenary Camp-meeting at Barnsboro, N. J., after which I returned to my charge, and my first Sabbath at home, after receiving the blessing of purity, was a day never to be forgotten. I entered the pulpit with a deep sense of God's presence with me ; almost overwhelmed. But now I was tried in a peculiar manner ; Brother Belden was present, three brethren from leading churches in Newark were there, and it was suggested to me that I had better defer all allusion to this great matter till another time. Oh no ! I could not do this ; the grace of God had not been received in vain. I spoke, and the power

of God rested upon the congregation; six or eight of my people testified to the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse from all sin, and at least fifty stood up, and there declared their desire for full salvation; this was on the 19th of August—and very soon after, on the 4th of September, a glorious revival broke out on my charge, which lasted till conference, (twenty-three weeks), during which time about one hundred and fifty persons sought the Lord, over ninety of them joined the churches upon the charge, and some entered into the glorious rest of perfect love.

I was now sent to my present field of labors, Belvedere, N. J., and from conference till now, God has favored this charge with a most remarkable, powerful, and glorious revival of religion. From conference till the Vineland meeting the work was confined chiefly to the membership, —though there were in that time several accessions to the Church by probation.

Bless God for Vineland Camp-meeting! The bower of prayer;—especially the meeting in front of the stand after Brother Gorham's sermon, a time never to be forgotten;—my soul was baptized again and again with the Holy Ghost and the powers from on High. Hallelujah!

From Vineland to Morristown meeting; and here it was my privilege to work for, and witness glorious triumphs on the side of full redemption. The work of sanctification and pardon went on simultaneously.

From Morristown to Belvedere: wave after wave of power now rolled in upon my soul, and also upon my congregation, till the morning of September 8th, when the Spirit was given in a wonderful manner. That night two persons came forward for prayers; and from that time till the present, (more than fourteen weeks), the work has gone on; nearly two hundred and fifty persons have knelt at the communion rail as penitents, over two hundred have been converted, and of these, one hundred and sixty-five

are now connected with the Church. The work has included among its subjects, some of the leading men of the place; a judge, a lawyer, an editor, a former tavern-keeper, some that were moral, and many that were very profane; fifty-two are heads of families, and in some instances whole families have been converted.

To God be all the glory, both now and forever! and may the thousands of our Israel soon be set all on fire with the love of God, perfectly shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them!

O, when I saw the blood,
And looked at Him who shed it,
My right was seen to peace with God,
And I with transport read it.
And found myself to Him brought nigh,
And victory became my cry.

My joy is in the blood,
The news of which hath told me
That spotless as the Lamb of God
My Father can behold me.
And all my boast is in His name,
Through whom this full salvation came.

My hope is in the blood.
Of being soon in glory,
And learning with the saved of God
The fullness of that story,
Which made by blood-washed spirit cry,
And shout aloud for victory.

TESTIMONY.

REV. B. W. GORHAM.

METHODIST.



IN the summer of 1844, a Camp Meeting was held near the village where I was pastor, in Oneida County, New York. The presiding elder was absent, and a great amount of care fell on me as the consequence.

As the meeting progressed, from day to day, some little good seemed to be achieved ; but my own hands were so tied, and my attention so absorbed with the cares incident to it, that I experienced a growing depression of spirit.

The Sabbath was a day of special perplexity and mental distress, There were many rude and disorderly persons on the ground, and there seemed an utter want of spiritual power in the ministry and the church, to control the boisterous elements. A determined and almost desperate effort of the committee of order, resulted, however, in driving the evil-minded ones from the place, and restoring complete quiet.

When this was accomplished, and I found myself relieved of the anxiety and care that had weighed so heavily upon me, I began to feel great pain of heart at the reflection that, much as I had toiled to make the meeting a success, my own soul had scarce received a crumb of grace, through all its services, and this was the last night.

I longed then to be alone with God, and pour out all my sorrows before Him.

In a remote part of the ground was a small tent, in which were a number of persons, engaged in prayer meeting. I stole quietly in and bowed myself down in prayer. It was my aim to be unnoticed, for I felt that no one of the company could apprehend my feelings of inward desolation, or at all appreciate my depth of self-loathing and yearning after God.

I remained kneeling, I suppose, two or three hours, and my exercises were throughout much as if there were a dialogue being held between my soul and Jesus. As I began to utter myself to God, in prayer, I found a sad delight in telling him my weaknesses, and failures, and sins, and in recognizing the utterness of my native pollution, wretchedness, and helplessness. But in this process of self-loathing and contrition, I had been almost unconsciously drawing nigh to God, and I soon came to be sensible of the drawings of God's Spirit, in a marked degree.

Then began a process of distinct and heart-felt surrender, by which I gave up in detail the objects I held dear. They seemed to present themselves to me one by one, or in classes, and I saw that God required me to hand them forth to Him, and divest myself of all feeling of right or ownership in them, acknowledging, from the depth of my spirit, God sole proprietor of all. Meantime, all my habits of life, all my modes of thought, and all my motives, passed in review, under the blazing light that was in my soul; and there was felt, and in the course of the evening expressed the utmost readiness and depth of desire to shape my whole future life upon the pattern of self-denial and cross-bearing fidelity which the Holy Spirit seemed to present before me.

Thus one point after another was settled; and, at every

“Yes,” my soul drew consciously nearer and nearer to God; till presently, I found I had nothing more to surrender. I felt a degree of regret that I could give no more, and searched all about in quest of another offering, but in vain, and I exclaimed, with some disappointment, “Is this all?” I had seen the time when I thought I could I’ll afford to surrender all *my great interests* into the hands of God; but now that the offering had been laid on the altar, I was astonished at the smallness of the gift. “Will God regard it?” thought I, “that God before whom Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering?”

But now, what more was to be done? I was fully conscious that all my being was rendered up to God, a living sacrifice; but where were the striking emotional experiences that, in the case of so many of my elder brethren, had constituted, as I had always inferred from their manner of relating it, the one essential fact of their experience of full salvation? Nothing of all that—absolutely nothing appeared in my own case. After a little I said, “What next?” and I waited, looking steadfastly to Jesus, that I might receive divine light in the manner God should appoint.

While thus waiting, this scripture came to my thought and I repeated it: “I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.” “Do I not thus present myself a sacrifice to God?” I asked, and at once replied, “I know I do.” “If then,” said I, further soliloquizing, “it is acceptable, will it not be accepted?” I was consciously strengthened by the word of God, thus applied, to hold on in my waiting and inquiring attitude.

Next came this, “Then shall ye seek me, and ye shall find me when ye search for me with all your heart.” I

asked, "Do I not search for God with all my heart?" and answered, "I know I do. No part of my heart is laggard in this search, and no truant affection wanders toward a counter object." "*Ye shall find me,*" seemed now to bring me additional strength to trust and wait before God.

Finally came this, "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." I asked myself again the test question, "Do I thus come out from the world, and from whatever there is of the world in the Church, to stand alone with Christ and in Christ?" "Yes, I know I do." But God says in the text, "I will receive you." "Does He receive me or does He not?" I saw I must answer in my heart one way or the other. I said, "I am, indeed, unworthy that God should do this great thing for me; but then, He cannot be inconsistent with Himself; He commanded me thus to give myself to Him; He gave me the desire to do it, the light to do it, and the power to do it. So He has wrought in me to will and to do of His own good pleasure in this whole matter. Will He then refuse to receive me? No, He cannot deny Himself." Then I began to say very quietly and solemnly, "*Thou dost receive me!*" I repeated the words many times, simply to honor God's faithfulness, and not at all with the view to note what result, if any, might come to my emotional nature. As I thus continued to say, "Thou dost receive me," I became conscious of an increase of strength to assert the gracious truth; but beyond that there was no emotional change. I arose at length, and went to my rest, still repeating, "Thou dost receive me."

Just there, so far as emotion was concerned, I remained for several weeks. I had no ecstatic joy; none of the raptures of which I had heard so much. I found that I

had the *fact* of salvation—not yet the joy. A sense of weakness, not wholly depressing, continually abode with me ; but from the hour—the moment, when I dared to say, “Thou dost receive me,” I was completely saved.

After about two weeks, during which the Lord taught me many valuable lessons touching the exceeding worth of purity above joy, so that I came to prize and covet only that ; then He was pleased, and has been pleased, from time to time, ever since, to bestow on His unworthy servant most blissful and enrapturing tokens of His love.

From the date of the experiences here briefly told, to the present hour, my interest has been deep and constant in the spread of the doctrine and experience of holiness in the earth. The flame that was then kindled, burns now in my soul, and I know that, whatever there has been in my life or ministry of power to honor God and save souls, is to be attributed to the work wrought that night in my soul, and to the repeated baptisms of love and power with which God has been pleased to crown my life in the years that have followed.

See yon *rock* amidst the ocean,
 How the billows storm and rage!
 Fearless of their mad commotion,
Firm it stands from age to age.

Tempest after tempest rages,
 All their fury is in vain :
 Still it stands,—“The Rock of Ages,”
 ROCK OF AGES, *to remain.*

TESTIMONY.

REV. SWANTON RANKS

METHODIST.



WENTY-FIVE years ago the seventeenth day of last February, God forgave my sins; and, applied the direct witness of the Spirit. See Rom. viii. 16. My mouth was filled with His praise. Though retaining the witness of the Spirit, yet being convinced by the word of God (see 1 John i. 9), the reading of "The Guide," and Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection, that a higher state, or the *special* blessing of Christian perfection was required, I was enabled by grace to make a special consecration for this *particular thing*. This was but a short time after conversion. About seven months had now elapsed; and I found my way to a Camp-Meeting, seeking, and resolved there to seek it, with all my heart. The meeting had progressed to Thursday evening; when the sad thought crossed my mind that the meeting might close, and I still continue without the blessing of perfect love. Could I go out into the world destitute of that of which God was willing *now* to give? No. Self-desperate (but guided, as I see now, by the Spirit), I fell upon my knees for the last time to decide this question; truly resolved to remain there, and die there, unless I should be "cleansed from all unrighteousness." It was an eventful moment. After praying for it with all my soul, I

waited, perhaps, five minutes. Then such a peace as passeth all understanding! Then such a wave of light and glory succeeded it! O, what joy! My cup was now full. I shouted, "Glory to God!" rose, and stood upon my trembling limbs,—trembling under the weight of glory. Opening my eyes, I saw the faces of those present as the faces of angels. Then, as never before, did the word of God appear as the word of God.

With astonishment to myself, and perhaps many others, soon I was called of God to preach. After a long struggle I went out and spent fifteen years in the regular itinerant work. Some two years since, refusing what seemed to me a "starvation circuit," I asked a supernumerary relation in the Maine Conference. Soon I began to feel I was in the wrong place; and after another year in a local relation, and encumbering myself with earthly things, I resolved to become disencumbered as soon as possible, and return to the regular work. At times, during the two years, it appeared that my misery was complete; but by a reconsecration, and faith perpetuated every hour, I received the witness of a clean heart. But two years of *such* suffering as this poor heart passed through *at times*, God grant that no one reading this may ever know! I am floating upon His providences, and intend fully to be directed by His Spirit henceforth: and of late, though living by a perpetuated consecration and faith, and preaching at every opportunity, it seems that the last and dearest blessing must go; namely, a good name or reputation,—dearer to me than silver or gold. And I have questioned whether or not the worldly prospects of some men must not be crushed in order to their usefulness.

And this morning, while meditating upon my bed, the Spirit suggested the question, "Are you willing that your all—good name, influence, church relation, and ministerial standing—forever go, if God permit?" My soul respon-

ded, "Yes, Lord; for Thou wast 'despised and rejected of men.'" "He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed." Yes, it is enough that the servant be as his master. The test was severe, and applied about half an hour, when I responded, "Lord, if I may be a block thrust under the lever, by which the Church may be elevated, and more souls converted, though *I* be crushed in the process, Amen!" Then such a conscious sense of the presence of God, and His love filling my heart, resulted, as led me to glorify God with a loud voice. Glory be to God! I love Him with all my heart *just now*, and, I hope, with a heart of larger capacity than twenty-five years ago. Now it was a *special* blessing at conversion. It was a *distinct special* blessing at that camp-meeting. It is a *special* and higher blessing this morning, I think; though they are all of the same family and from the same *Father*. Glory to the Lamb forever!

Shut up in God! O wonderful love,
 That takes a worthless worm like me,
 Exposed to sin and Satan's power,
 And hides me in divinity.

Shut up in God! O blessed peace!
 Now let the tempter do his worst,
 He cannot harm me in the least,
 Unless he touch my Saviour first.

TESTIMONY.

REV. L. M. EDMONDS.

METHODIST.



FEEL that it is my duty to add my mite to the testimony of that *great* and growing army who are walking in the "King's highway of holiness."

I was powerfully converted to God in February of 1863, at a protracted meeting held on the "Page-Brook" Circuit, Wyoming Conference, conducted by Brother Enes Puffer. After a very *brief*, but *severe* struggle, while alone in the secret place with God, I dedicated myself as never before to Him, and inwardly resolved that I would never rise from my knees until I *knew* that God had, for Christ's sake, forgiven my sins. I believed, when I made the first effort to go to the altar of prayer, that God would save me.

After I had arrived at this decision, God's Spirit came, and broke my heart all in pieces, showed me my life-work, forgave my sins, and filled my soul with love and peace. I commenced at once to testify in reference to what God had done for me, and to bear my cross always and everywhere; and, as a result, I grew up into Christ from the hour of my conversion.

I do not know that, at that time, a single member of that society professed to be "saved from all sin;" and, up

to that time, I knew but little in reference to Methodism, and less in reference to this specific blessing. But God very soon, by His Spirit, convicted my heart that I needed to be entirely sanctified; and I straightway began to pray for it in a general way, not expecting to attain it for a long time, say ten or twenty years hence; and then I expected to grow into it. Up to this time I had never heard a sermon preached on the subject, and had never heard any relate experience, or make a profession of it. Thus I continued to live for about five months, when I was persuaded (much against my wishes or preferences) to attend a camp-meeting held within the bounds of the Wyoming Conference. I there heard, for the first time, this doctrine set forth explicitly from the pulpit. At the close of one of the sermons, Rev. B. W. Gorham urged upon believers the duty of entering into this "more perfect way," and invited all who would seek it then, as a distinct blessing, to present themselves at the altar for prayers. Among others I went to the altar, feeling my need, but not expecting to receive it then.

I continued to seek it in a *general* way until Friday, when my agony became more intolerable than when I was seeking pardon. This state of things continued until evening, when I went into a small tent, where one or two others, in about the same condition, were seeking the same blessing. There I was taught "the way of faith" by those who were "*walking* in the light;" and, while on my knees before God, there, in that little tent, "*wrestling*" with God for a clean heart, He showed me again my *life-work*, and blasted all my pre-conceived earthly plans. I then and there made an entire surrender of all my plans and idols, and by faith took Christ to be my full Saviour and my fortress forever; then the blessing came, not in the way I had imagined, but with that "silent awe that dares not move;" and Jesus was so near, so precious, and so

mighty to save! The evidence to my heart was so definite, so tangible, and so conclusive, that Satan has never attacked me on that point.

It is about twelve and a half years since, and I have been enabled by divine grace to walk in the *light* most of the time since, with the exception of a few weeks, when I was debating the question of duty in reference to entering the "regular work" of the ministry. But I praise God that the clear light now shines, and my evidence is brighter, and my "salvation is nearer than when I believed."

Ye ransomed ones of God,
 Who bear the blood-stained banners,
 And lead the hosts of God's elect
 With song and glad hosannas.
 Ye who are panoplied,
 And girt with mighty power:
 Who valiantly have fought and stood
 Till this decisive hour.

Sing, for the word goes forth,
 "Advance, victorious legions!
 The marshalled might of God's elect
 Shall conquer sin's dark regions,
 Till every land shall shine
 With God's own peace and beauty,
 And every soul become a shrine
 Of holy love and duty."

O, all ye blood bought throng
 Who bear God's shining banners,
 O, all who sing redemption's song,
 And follow with hosannas!
 Exultant lift your voice,
 Sing loud the wonderful story,
 Till earth subdued shall learn the strain,
 And hail the King of Glory!

TESTIMONY.

REV. DAVID NASH.

METHODIST.



THROUGH the merciful providence of God, I was blessed with a pious mother, who not only in infancy and childhood taught me the fear of the Lord, but from the hour of my birth, consecrated me, her youngest child, to the Lord, and to the Christian ministry.

Frequent and powerful were the strivings of the Holy Spirit with my young and tender heart while a Sabbath-school scholar, and when but a child, was brought under greater concern about religion, through a visit to my native village, and to my father's house, of the late Rev. John Smith, the great revivalist. Shortly after his transient visit, a great revival commenced in the circuit. I sought the Lord earnestly about four weeks, and at a cottage prayer meeting, was happily converted.

Being then in the fourteenth year of my age, my joy, on receiving the evidence of God's pardoning love, arose almost to ecstasy. I shouted aloud the praises of God and could truly say, "O Lord, I will praise Thee, though thou wast angry with me: thine anger is turned away and Thou comfortest me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid." I thank God for the clearness with which He then manifested His love to me, so young and

inexperienced, it has saved me from many doubts which otherwise I might have had as to the fact of my adoption into the family of God. I was at once received on probation in the Wesleyan Methodist Society, in Sandhurst, Kent county, England

Soon after my conversion, my mind became greatly exercised about working for God, and the impression forced itself upon my heart that after a few more year's experience, I should be called "to preach the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." The superintendent of the Sunday-school in the village, often prevailed upon me to exhort in the school, and when in my seventeenth year, the superintendent of the Circuit, the Rev. Joseph Wilson, asked me to accompany him to Mountfield. He preached in the morning of the Sabbath, and announced that he would leave me to address them in the afternoon. It was a very humble sanctuary, in one of the most rural parts of the County of Sussex. Soon after I began to speak, in the name of the Lord, I became deeply convinced of the necessity of a *deeper work of grace in my heart*. From the writings of Mr. Wesley, with which I became familiar, I saw clearly there was a greater salvation to be attained, and about this time Providence favored me with the friendship and society of a few deeply devoted Christians, one of whom presented me with the life of the Rev. W. Bramwell. I became athirst for full salvation, and perceived clearly from Mr. Bramwell's life and letters, that the way to its attainment was by simple faith, in the all-atoning, all-cleansing blood of the Lamb. To the best of my knowledge, I had consecrated my body with all its members, and my soul with all its powers, to the Lord, for time and eternity; but I could not be satisfied with this. I perceived that heart-purity, or the cleansing of the soul from *all sin*; was distinct from, though combined with relative consecration, and that it consisted in a greater work

wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit of God, by which is produced a moral and spiritual meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light.

While seeking this purity of heart, I used to arise about four o'clock in the morning, and taking Bramwell's life with me, retired to a very secluded spot in Engley Wood, near the town of Cranbrook, Kent, and spent about two hours in reading and earnest prayer, before commencing the labors of the day. I became in a greater agony for this crowning blessing of the Gospel, than I did when I sought the forgiveness of sins, until one Saturday evening, having concluded the labors of the week, I went into the house of a good old local preacher, whose name was Henry Gurr, and found there three Christian friends. We soon went to prayer—got into a holy agony; the overwhelming power of the Spirit came down, and I was enabled to cast my soul, by simple, childlike faith, into the "Fountain that is opened for sin and uncleanness." O how mightily we wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant. But blessed be God, the heart-renewing love was given. Every doubt was removed, and the word of God, spoken by the Prophet Zephaniah, being powerfully applied to the mind, confirmed the blessing—"The Lord hath taken away thy judgement. He hath cast out thine enemy. The King of Israel, even the Lord is in the midst of thee, thou shalt not see evil any more." Oh! this seemed a love sufficient to overwhelm the saints in light. I could do nothing, but, in the spirit of rapturous awe, give glory to God. After this, I felt a heavenly calm within. "The work of righteousness was peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." The struggling between nature and grace, between the flesh and the spirit had ended, and I was kept in peace through Jesus' name, supported by His smile; felt emptied of sin and self, and realized what our poet meant in the following lines:

“ All the struggle then is o'er
 And wars and fighting cease ;
 Israel then shall sin no more,
 But dwell in perfect peace.
 All his enemies are gone ;
 Sin in him shall have no part ;
 Israel then shall dwell alone
 With Jesus in his heart.”

After receiving this deep work of grace, my desires increased for usefulness, and felt it a *privilege* as well as a *duty* to labor for God and for the salvation of souls. Could enter into the feelings of the Psalmist, when he said, “ Rivers of water run down mine eyes because men keep not Thy law.” Providence opened various doors of usefulness. Upon removing to Beekley, in the Rye Circuit, England, I became the leader of a large class. The Lord gave me many souls. The class had to be divided repeatedly, on account of its numbers. We had in these meetings many seasons of sanctifying power. I was also placed, on the local preacher's plan, in three different circuits, namely, Rye, Sandhurst, and Tenterden. These were days of incessant, but happy toil. Business required my personal attention during the week. Many of the Sabbath appointments were from ten to sixteen miles from my residence, and for some years these journeys had to be performed on foot. But these were halcyon days. The men in my employ became converted, and often the shop resounded with the songs of Zion. Two apprentices and one journeyman became preachers of the Gospel, and frequently we discussed points of theology and Christian experience. Well might Paul say, “ God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, that no flesh should glory in His presence,” for by so feeble an instrument He often saved from ten to fifteen souls at a Sabbath service.

When the Rev. Thomas Collins was appointed to the

Sandhurst Circuit, in 1832, he came in the fullness of the Gospel of Christ—offered the full salvation of God to every society. The membership in nearly every place began to hunger and thirst for perfect righteousness. The Lord poured out His Holy Spirit in a remarkable manner. Hundreds of souls were soon converted, and the revival spread to all the adjacent circuits. He was a most intimate friend, and though he was in the itinerant ranks and I in the local, yet we labored shoulder to shoulder in this blessed work, and God gave us a day of special power.

Soon after, I became a subject of the saving grace of God, while walking with the superintendent of the circuit, the Rev. William Kaye, a faithful man of God, who said to me, "David, there is one passage of Scripture which I hope you will adhere to all through life: 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths,'" and praised be the Lord, this has been my guiding star thus far through the pilgrimage of life, and in the year 1850, it appeared to direct me to these United States, and after much deliberation and prayer, I closed up my business, and amidst the tears and affections of a large circle of friends and relatives, bade adieu to the beloved land of my fathers, to tell my fellow-sinners here of a Saviour's dying love, and to offer to fellow-believers the precious pearl of perfect love. God has been with us; He has prepared our way. Upon landing in this country of my adoption, I was immediately employed by Rev. Heman Bangs on the New Haven District; joined the New York East Conference in 1851; was ordained deacon at the Conference in New York in 1853, by Bishop Waugh; elected to elder's orders at the Conference in Danbury in 1855, and ordained by Bishop Janes. Revivals to a greater or less extent have been witnessed in every place where I have been called to labor.

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. W. HOOVER.

METHODIST.



IN putting on record my humble testimony to the power of redeeming grace, I would state that I was converted to God in my eighteenth year. Shortly after which I felt impressed with the importance of a deeper work of grace, which I sought with diligence and earnestness. Having, however, no very definite idea of what that work comprehended, and hearing nothing on the subject, I failed to realize the desire of my heart, though I was favored with many seasons of precious communion with God.

I seemed to settle down in the belief that, while it might be the privilege of comparatively few, to enter into a state of entire sanctification in early life, I could not, however, recognize it as mine; yet there were times when I doubted the correctness of this position. When assuming the vows of the ministerial office, and often, in preaching the Gospel, I felt the need of a baptism of power on my soul, but failed to recognize it as a present privilege.

I sometimes would meet with those who, by the purity of their lives and sweetness of their experience, led me to believe in the superiority of their attainments, and

awakened the desire within me, that I might be able to ascend to a higher plane of enjoyment.

As years passed on, the lively emotion of joy which attended my early experience disappeared, except at distant intervals. The light of my justification seemed to be waning, so that often I could only see men as trees walking.

My ministry was not entirely fruitless, but my inner spiritual life was by no means satisfactory.

I felt the need of inward cleansing, by a conviction as distinct and strongly marked as when first converted to God. But whether this was my present privilege, or whether I must wait until some indefinite period in the future, were questions of no ordinary interest. That it was indeed my present privilege, was the conclusion which I finally reached, by the following process :

It is the Spirit alone which has led me to see and feel the necessity of this work. This is presumptive evidence that I may receive it. When God gives a sinner to feel the necessity of pardon, that itself is proof of His willingness to pardon. So, also, in relation to the higher attainments of the divine life, when the Holy Spirit inspires the prayer for a clean heart, this may be regarded as evidence that He means to answer that prayer and bestow the favor.

Again, I read the command, "Be ye holy!" "Be ye perfect." "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." I read the promise; "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean." "Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

I read the prayer of Jesus, "Sanctify them through thy truth;" and that of the Apostle, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly."

I see no reason why the things here commanded, promised and prayed for, may not be obtained now. I surely need it now; there is nothing in the Scripture opposed to, but much in favor of, present salvation. "Behold, now is the accepted time." I, therefore, reach the conclusion that it is my present privilege.

About this time the works of Mrs. Palmer were read with great interest, in which I saw almost a life picture of my own religious state, and became inspired with a hope of exercising that faith which is the shorter way to full salvation. I, therefore, resolved, by the grace of God assisting me, to be sanctified wholly, and henceforth to glorify God in my body and spirit which are His; and accordingly consecrated myself up to the measure of light I then had, to His service, for time and eternity. This was done with but a small measure of faith, and was frequently repeated without realizing the results I expected to reach; and yet, I felt a growing interest in the subject of heart purity. The terms, "sanctification," "perfection," and "holiness," were no longer objectionable; but, on the contrary, they seemed to embody the very substance and power of the Gospel, and often, in reading the blessed word, I found myself lingering over them, and endeavoring to extract from them the sweetness of spiritual life. The word HOLINESS, especially, seemed vested with an interest I cannot describe. I wrote it in large letters on paper, and placed it before me in my study, that when I raised my eyes I might look upon its beauty, and be admonished by the lesson it suggested.

Failing to realize the answer to my prayer, after repeated acts of consecration, I was led into deep heart-searchings before God, to find the difficulty. I soon became impressed that it was my duty to acknowledge, before my people, where I stood, in relation to the work of holiness.

This, however, I felt unwilling to do; it seemed extremely humiliating to confess that I had so long been living below my privilege, and that I was now definitely seeking purity of heart. This I refused to do, for several weeks, but finding that this was the cross God laid upon me, to humble my pride, I finally concluded to bear it, and availed myself of the first opportunity, making a clean breast of the exercises through which I had been passing for months, and requested to be remembered in their prayers. A great load was at once lifted from my mind, and I soon became willing, not only to sit at the feet of Jesus, but to receive instruction in the way to holiness, from His humblest disciples; and yet I could not appropriate the blood which cleanseth.

The act of faith, which brings full salvation, seemed exceedingly difficult, but with the increasing light of the Spirit on my mind, and with earnest and imploring entreaty for the grace of God to assist me, as under His own immediate eye and the witnessing hosts of Heaven, I gave myself, my family, my property, my time, talents and reputation, in a perpetual covenant, to be the Lord's for ever, as I had not done before. Every power and energy of my being, as described by the poet, seemed to have been enlisted in this act.

“My heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
My flesh lies panting, Lord for Thee;
And every limb and every joint
Stretches for perfect purity.”

With the sacrifice thus placed on the altar, I endeavored to trust for its acceptance; but the power of the enemy withstood me at every effort to believe the promise, “I will receive you.” Instead of sinking down into the simplicity of a little child, and trusting in the cleansing blood now, *right now*, I looked for some great thing to be

done, but I found I had done my utmost, and I felt sure that Jesus must do the rest. In this attitude, with all on the divine altar, I seemed to sink down into proportions so small that it appeared as though all my former self was gone, and all that remained was the consciousness that I was the same person, and with this little all of me that seemed left, resting on Jesus, I said, apparently approaching Him,

Just as I am, thou dost receive,
 Dost welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe—
 O, Lamb of God, I come.

“Just as I am, thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be thine, yea thine alone—
 O, Lamb of God, I come.”

At this point I entered the Canaan of perfect love, though the transition was so gentle, that I was unable to fix the precise time.

I had expected that God would cleanse me by striking His hand “over the place,” and with considerable pomp and demonstration, I should be exalted to the third Heavens; but there was no great emotion or ecstatic rapture, I simply sunk into nothing at the feet of Jesus. The great difficulties which for many months environed me were strangely removed out of the way, and a deep peace settled down on my soul, rendering it as perfectly calm and tranquil as a day without a cloud. The evidence of the work wrought within did not seem to come by a direct witness, so much as examining into the ground of my faith, and the fruits of the Spirit in my heart and life. I felt satisfied, however, that the work was done.

Blessed be God—“He that doeth my will shall know of the doctrine.” Since then I can say with the Apostle

Paul, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who hath loved me, and given Himself for me."

At times, like Abraham, I have been called to go out into a "strange land," a land of dark and mysterious providences, but faith has been to me, the "evidence of things not seen," in many instances, until the objects of divine providence have been accomplished.

I have found, in uttering a direct testimony to the power of Jesus' blood to save from all sin, a great benefit to my religious life, and in my pastoral work, I have often been greatly quickened and blessed in urging this attainment on believers. There is, indeed, no subject so dear and precious to my heart, as the great theme of present and full salvation.

In preaching the word, I often find myself drawn into this subject, when it was not my intention to allude to it. There is, indeed, no subject so dear and precious to my heart, as the great theme of present and full salvation. And I never preach specifically on this subject without having a good time, and approaching nearer to the blessed Christ.

Since my return from the Vineland Camp-meeting, I have witnessed, in my charge, the sanctification of about seventy souls, and about the same number of conversions.

And now, after thirteen years experience of this grace, I will say to the glory of God, I realize that the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more to the perfect day. I have never had clearer light or brighter skies, than I have enjoyed for months past.

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry, in death—
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

TESTIMONY.

REV. P. C. BENNET.

METHODIST.



THOUGH I was not favored in early childhood with pious parents, yet serious religious impressions attended me from a period as far back as memory extends. These would at times intensify into pungent convictions of sin and terrible apprehensions of God's displeasure. Thus I continued, sometimes praying in secret, and unsuccessfully resolving to "do better," until sixteen years of age, when I was enabled to decide the question, and yield my heart to Jesus.

Soon my mind was called to the subject of Christian holiness. Much of the interest awakened in my heart on this subject is due to the instructions of my class leader, and of my faithful pastor, the now sainted Ninde.

I also derived great confirmation from reading, at a certain time, the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and Dr. A. Clarke's comments thereon. After that reading I think I never doubted the attainableness of purity of heart.

At times, thenceforward, I earnestly sought this blessing. The language of my heart often was,

"Oh that with all Thy saints I might
By sweet experience prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of perfect love."

After I entered upon my life-work, the Christian ministry, the importance of enjoying the "fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ," was frequently and deeply impressed upon my mind. I clearly saw it was my duty to instruct the people in this, as well as other Bible doctrines. I tried to do so; but, alas! my sermons on this subject were little else than doctrinal. O how they lacked that light and life, that fire and power which actual experience, only, can inspire.

I never heard of a soul that was awakened to seek this glorious fullness under my preaching in those days. Still, as then, so now I believe I did my duty as far as I went. I had no right to do otherwise than preach a full salvation.

My reason taught me that if the Gospel is an antidote to sin at all, it is an antidote to *all sin*—that if Christ can save men from sin to any extent He can "save them to the uttermost." Any other view made the mediation of Christ so meager and inadequate that I could not entertain it for a moment. Still, strange enough, my faith traveled little beyond this for eight years.

During the session of the Black River Conference, of which I was then a member, in 1846, I became deeply impressed with the importance of personal holiness. This impression increased as I proceeded to my work. Nor did it wear away as formerly. During a Camp-meeting in August, near Fulton, New York, my mind was greatly exercised thereon. On Saturday, I returned, not satisfied that the *precious pearl* was yet mine, though greatly encouraged and strengthened in the search for it. At tea, my dear wife, who had not enjoyed the privileges of the Camp-meeting, but who, for a long time, had known my earnest struggles for full redemption, inquired if I had attained this great object of my desire. I replied, "I do not know that I have, but I never felt so fully the Lord's as now." At this point my feelings became uncontrollable.

I left the table, repaired to my study, fell on my knees, wept, prayed, *tried* to take hold on Christ by faith, as my Saviour from all sin, but all apparently in vain. My wife, knowing that I had been absent all the week, suggested perhaps I had better compose my mind, and make some preparations for my Sabbath services. But it seemed to me impossible to turn my thoughts in that direction. The language of my heart was, "How can I ever again preach the gospel of purity, till that purity is experimentally mine?" Night came on—a dark and stormy one. All was commotion within and without. At this point I thought of a brother near by, who with me, at the Camp-meeting, was a seeker after this priceless treasure, and who, as I supposed, had found it. I proceeded at once to his residence, confident that he could tell me just how to grasp the prize; But what was my surprise and grief to learn, that we both were in about the same condition. We wept and prayed together, but seemed unable to help each other. I returned, and spent much of the night in earnest pleadings for a clean heart. Sabbath morning came, and the hour of public service. "What shall I do? The people expect me to lead their devotions, but I have no preparation made!" Yet even this thought did not divert my heart from the all-absorbing theme.

Proceeding to the church, and commencing the services, I read Psalms, li. 10: "Create in me a clean heart O God, and renew a right spirit within me." I could think of no other text that I dared venture to read, for present use. It was safe to employ this, for it expressed so fully the desire of my heart. I commenced to speak, but in spite of all effort to suppress the rising tide, my emotions overpowered me. I succeeded in merely telling the people that my tears were not caused by a sense of guilt, for never did I feel a clearer assurance of acceptance with God; but that I saw such a distance between myself and Him—

such a glorious fullness in the provisions of grace, that I could not rest till *in experience* it was mine.

I proceeded to my next appointment, for I had three that day, in as many different places, and announced as my text, Hebrew, xii. 14: "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." I explained the nature of the holiness mentioned in the text, with a good degree of liberty, and I think with clearness, for theoretically I was correct, but when I attempted to tell *how* to "follow"—pursue it, I was again conquered by emotion, and compelled to confess that *experimentally* I knew not the way. I assured the people of my earnest desire on this subject, and that when I obtained it, I would, to the best of my ability, tell them all about it.

Still engrossed with this great theme, I hastened to my next appointment, and addressed the people from Rom. vi. 22: "Now being made free from sin," &c. The discourse ended—for this time I maintained the mastery of my feelings—and the labors of the day ended, I was yet in deep agony of spirit for the fullness of salvation.

No change occurred in my experience for several days, but the matter, which at times for years had engaged my attention, was settled without any provisos. The solemn vow was passed; I was fully consecrated to the Lord. The old man was nailed to the cross, and there he was to hang until entirely dead. So much was gained over all former periods. There was not the slightest wavering of purpose. But *how to believe* so as to receive the desired blessing I knew not. I seemed to think, that I must exercise a different kind of faith from that by which I was justified. I would read the Bible, the Christian Manual, a work of great value, fall on my knees, try to believe, and fail as often of success; *fail because I tried so hard*.

At length, my mind was directed to a brother M. several miles distant, who had been for years a witness of

perfect love. I felt a strong impression to seek instruction from him. Yielding to this impression, I hastened to him and stated my business. He at once left his work, and proceeded with me to the house of Brother W. The object of my coming being explained, we engaged in prayer. After we arose, Brother M. said, "Now, Brother B. tell us what have been your exercises of mind for the last few days?" This I did as well as I could, and was remarking, that during all that long, severe struggle, I felt not the slightest sense of condemnation—that the expression, "hunger and thirst after righteousness," described my feelings the best of anything I could think of. Brother M., interrupting, said, "See, Brother B. you say hunger and thirst after righteousness, expressed your feelings the best of anything you can think of; now why did you not think of the latter part of that verse?" Quick as thought, my heart fastened upon it, and the promise, "for they shall be filled," seemed to be made especially for me.

I cannot remember that it had occurred to me at all, during the period of earnest inquiry and prayer just described. But now it appeared so *real*, so *tangible*, so entirely *mine*, that without hesitancy, and without effort, I seemed to lean upon it, to swing out upon it, as it were, and receive the fullness.

O the unspeakable joy that then filled my heart. Such a ravishing view of my Saviour, of the glorious provisions of His grace, and of their manifestation to me, was overpowering.

"O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God."

When I became able to speak, I found myself on a

bed, with Brother M. at my side, and extending to him my hand, I said with unwavering assurance, "Brother M., I'VE GOT IT!" Precious hour! Precious spot! *More* precious Saviour! I could not doubt—I had no desire to doubt. Jesus had promised; I trusted that promise. I had asked, and had received—*something*. I felt sure that He had given me just what I had asked for. I knew He had not given me "a serpent" when I asked "a fish." And then, too, I saw how simple was the whole process. *It was only to believe*, just as when I felt the pardoning love of my Saviour. I saw it was the same kind of faith, only exercised for a different object. *Then* I felt an awful sense of *guilt*, and desired *pardon*. Faith, renunciation of self, and trust in Christ alone, brought the pardon I sought. *Now*, I felt a lack of *purity*, and my faith took hold of my Saviour as ready to impart *that*. I saw, too, that my efforts to believe failed, because, though unconsciously, I was really trying to work myself up into the embrace of my Saviour, instead of resting—trusting in Him without effort. The consecration of myself, of all I was, of all I had, and of all I hoped to be, or to have; in short, *of my whole being*, was made without the slightest reserve. Of this I had the clearest testimony of consciousness. Still, I seemed to cling to this very sacrifice *after it was on the altar*, as a means of bringing my heart into the desired union with Jesus. But when I left this—left it where it belonged—*on the altar of God*, and leaned alone on the promise of my Saviour, the assurance of acceptance was given, and unutterable rapture filled my soul.

Then it seemed to me so strange that I had lived so long without this fullness; and that such multitudes in the church, and even in the ministry of a church that from the first had made this a prominent doctrine, and all of whose ordained ministers had solemnly declared that they expected to be made perfect in love in this life, and were

“groaning after it.” I say it seemed so strange that so many were content to live without it.

With a full heart, and a heavenly influence diffused all through my being, I began to tell my brethren what the Lord had done for me, and the way in which He had led me. In so doing I was greatly strengthened. O what a privilege it was to be able, through grace, to testify from *experience* that “the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.” Instead of treating the subject merely as a *doctrine*, it was to me such a heartfelt reality that it seemed a wonder that all could not see and embrace it at once as an experience.

More than twenty-one years have passed since that glorious event, and amid the varied experiences of this period I have not wavered in belief as to the reality of the work then wrought, nor yet as to the importance of urging this experience as the “central idea of Christianity.” And I wish to add, for the admonition of those who have just entered the rest of perfect love, that an attempt to be ambiguous in my testimony on this subject, when it was proper to speak out plainly, has always tended to obscure my spiritual vision, and to diminish the ardor of my devotion. I am more and more persuaded that whatever degree of light God kindles within us, must be reflected upon others *in word* as well as in action, as a means of feeding the sacred flame. Such, I understand, to be the teaching of our Lord, and such has been one of the lessons of my experience.

TESTIMONY.

REV. F. EMERSON JUDD, A. M.

EPISCOPALIAN.



HAVING determined *in every respect* to be “crucified with Christ,” nothing of mine, which my long-suffering Saviour may use for the advancement of His cause, shall, with my knowledge, be withheld. Many providential circumstances, having combined to strengthen a long resisted conviction, that this testimony ought to be given, nay, could not be kept back without grieving the Holy Spirit, I send it, trusting that a story so humiliating to the sinner, will not fail to magnify the marvelous grace of the patient and loving Saviour.

The fifteenth verse of the eighty-eighth Psalm, as it is translated in the Psalter of our Book of Common Prayer, has to me a deep significance; for I can truly say, “Even from my youth up, thy terrors have I suffered with a troubled mind.” As far back as I can remember, death and the judgment were much in my thoughts, bringing before my childish imagination vivid and frightful pictures. But my first realization, that any power could banish these terrors, was by the death-bed of a dear cousin, who departed in triumph, testifying to all around her, of the power of Jesus to save unto the uttermost, and uttering with her dying breath St. Stephen’s prayer, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.” I was then about seventeen years of

age, and from that time, although having no clear knowledge of the right way, *tried* to be a Christian. It is true that I had but little faith, and none of those who cared for my temporal welfare, manifested any concern for my soul. Still I felt that I must have some hope to drive away the terror of death, and so I said my prayers conscientiously, went to church, and what I knew of the commandments, namely the letter, endeavored to keep.

This life continued until I had entered on my twenty-second year, when my eyes were opened, and I saw the precious Saviour; oh, how plainly. A Wesleyan Methodist minister, whom I knew by reputation to be most earnest and faithful in doing his Master's work, came to the place where I resided, for the purpose of doing what he could to awaken an interest in heavenly things, among a large, careless and ungodly people. I asked him to make my house his home. He did so, and consequently I attended his services as often as convenient. An evening discourse, the particular subject of which I cannot now recall, induced a train of thought, which constrained me, after the sermon was ended, and any member of the congregation was at liberty to speak, to rise and declare my determination to be no longer a merely nominal, but also a practical follower of Jesus. I had been striving to keep the law, but I had not learned of Jesus the way to do so acceptably. I then resolved to become in truth an *obedient* pupil of the Divine Teacher, and although there was not a thought of what is called "conversion," for I had little acquaintance with religious phraseology, I became conscious that a great change was wrought within. A joy, hitherto quite unknown, filled my heart, and often during the night, I found myself uttering words of loving praise and thanksgiving unto my reconciled Father and His well-beloved Son—my God and my Saviour.

I give this early experience thus fully, because I wish

to testify clearly regarding another subsequent experience, which might otherwise be looked upon as my first experimental acquaintance with the truth as it is in Jesus.

Very soon after this great change in my inner life, I became impressed with the necessity, if I would retain my peace, of entering the Gospel ministry—in fact, believing with St. Paul, that “woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.” On Trinity Sunday, 1850, I was ordained, and went immediately to my appointed field of labor. For five years I wrought diligently, shrinking from no exertion, either physical or mental, which the Lord’s work seemed to me to require; yet, though in many respects blessed, I realized vividly that my *heart* devotion, fell far short of the Gospel requirement.

It was not till the fall of 1855, that I caught a satisfactory view of the “more excellent way,” and a very dear brother in the ministry, of our own denomination, was made instrumental by the Holy Spirit, in enabling me to secure an abundant entrance into its “pleasantness” and “peace.” After having for some months observed this brother’s consistent, happy walk, (as his home was but a mile distant from mine, and we frequently met,) I spent by invitation, several days in his family, in order to secure the rest, and release from care, needful to restore my impaired health. While with him, I watched closely his habits and conversation, and became convinced that his religion differed widely from mine—*so widely*, that I was even tempted to question whether I had really been a Christian at all. As my visit drew near its close, I felt that I must learn his secret, and one morning, as he sat by the fireside, the heavenly peace resting on his spirit, was so evident in his countenance, that I almost involuntarily placed my hand upon his shoulder, and said:

“My brother, are you *always* happy? I mean, “Is your peace towards God *never* disturbed.” After a few

moments thought, as if seeking to make sure of giving a right testimony, he replied :

“I think I can say, my brother, that I am always happy in *the Lord*, always at peace towards God.”

“You must tell me how it is,” I exclaimed, for I am *not* always happy—sometimes I *love* to pray and do the Lord’s work, and sometimes I do not. It is my desire to be altogether Christ’s, for I have no hope but in Him ; and yet, though I have prayed and struggled, it seems to me with all the earnestness of which I am capable, I am often troubled, and sometimes even cold and careless—now, you have something which I have not, and you *must* tell me what it is. He answered,

“My brother,” all I can say is, *Believe that ye receive these things, and ye shall have them.*”

Through these words, familiar indeed, but never before so illumined by the Holy Spirit—a bright light entered my soul. “Yes,” I exclaimed, “I *will* believe, and act as if I believed. All change is in me alone ; Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.” Then these promises became living truths to my soul. “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee,” and, “They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.”

In the comfort of that unwavering trust, my beloved Lord enabled me to walk, during the four succeeding years of great physical suffering, and many grievous trials. But nothing reached the life “hid with Christ in God,” and, in spite of all, the “perfect peace” was kept unbroken. In the latter part of this period, it was my great privilege to enjoy intimate Christian communion with the sainted Bishop Hamline, and his heavenly-minded wife. How precious and profitable this privilege was, I have no words to express. From them I first learned to look upon my

experience as identified with that which the Methodists call "Christian perfection," "entire sanctification," and "perfect love," but though compelled to acknowledge these terms scriptural, I was unwilling to use them in connection with myself, since I felt that they were, by many persons, so sadly misapplied and misunderstood—neither did I sufficiently realize the necessity of "confession with the mouth," as well as of faith in the heart. I speak of these two characteristics of my experience at that time, because, through them, Satan succeeded in luring me from my blessed refuge in the safety of the "full salvation."

In the winter of 1860 I was called to a new field of labor, in which I found none professing the happy experience, and permitting myself to question the *expediency* of my making so singular a profession, where it would be inevitably misunderstood, I soon lost the power to make it—so I did what I before deemed impossible, I entered again upon the struggling, dissatisfied life, and, strange inconsistency! continued the unhappy strife for six weary—*weary* years. At last the conflict became unendurable, and I felt that I must return to my rest, or miserably perish. Though the way before had proved so direct, yet I could not again find it. I resigned every position which I thought could stand in the way of perfect freedom, to follow the Lord's guidance, and made, it seemed to me, every sacrifice in my power—still my spiritual condition was, apparently, in no wise bettered. It is true that, after each surrender, I was, for a little while, cheered by the Lord's presence, and comforted by the Holy Ghost—but soon the darkness returned—so slow was I to learn the *inevitable* duty of *confession*. But, at last, the moment of decision came, I realized that I must stand forth to the world *altogether* Christ's, or be rejected by the Lord *forever*.

I wrote to my well-trying friend and patient sister, Mrs. Hamline, acknowledging all my guilty backslidings, and

entreating her prayers. I sealed the letter; threw myself on my knees in an agony of supplication, and, lo! the blessing came! I realized, that again my heart was whole with my precious Saviour, and I covenanted with Him to testify plainly as to His all-sufficient power, in *any way* or *any place* which the Holy Ghost should point out. It has proved a precious covenant, and wonderfully have I been blessed in keeping it. Never before has the way opened for me to work so successfully for, or rather with, my ever-present Lord. Truly, His love passeth knowledge, and He can, indeed, strengthen with "all might," making us to know the "love that passeth knowledge," and filling us, O wonder of wonders! "with all the fullness of God."

I have now thus given the leading facts of an experience which the Holy Ghost may use for conveying unto others, as well as the writer, a deep practical conviction of this too little regarded portion of the word of God. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and *with the mouth, confession is made* UNTO SALVATION."

Fain I would the truth proclaim,
That makes me free, indeed,
Glorify my Saviour's name!
And all its virtues spread.

Jesus all our wants relieves!
Jesus! mighty to redeem,
Saves,—and to the utmost saves
All those that come to Him.

TESTIMONY.

REV. SOCRATES TOWNSEND.

METHODIST.



FIRST tasted that the Lord is gracious at a Camp-meeting in my native county, Cape May, New Jersey, in 1834, being then in my nineteenth year. It was a most gracious change. I had indeed passed from death unto life. I cheerfully bore my cross, and desired to know all the will of God.

There was but little teaching at that time in regard to holiness, as a distinct work of grace. Yet, after the first seasons of joy had passed away, on comparing my attainments with the word of God, of which I had become a careful reader, I saw there was much land yet to be possessed. My experience was too fluctuating, and strong desires for worldly gain, and worldly pleasures, would arise. I was also much troubled with impatience, and a tendency to sinful anger, to pride, and unholy ambition. About this time I read Mr. Wesley's sermons, which were made a great blessing to me. His sermons on "Sin in Believers," on "Perfection," and the "Scripture way of Salvation," were peculiarly suited to my case. I also read the memoirs of Bramwell, Carvosso, Storer, Smith, and Hester Ann Rogers.

I now saw clearly what I needed. My inmost soul cried out for *purity*; for *perfect love*, and I determined to

seek it with all my heart. This was about two years after my conversion. Having raised this standard, I grew rapidly in grace. I was indeed "*going on to perfection*," and had I enjoyed more outward helps, should soon have entered the Canaan of perfect love. But of all my Christian friends, only two instructed me particularly in regard to this higher life. Still I pressed on. At one time it was suggested, "if you obtain this blessing, it will be your duty to confess it, and there is not one in all the church where you worship, that professes it, and you will be considered forward, and besides you may lose it, and bring disgrace on the cause." But I resisted this by saying, "I will try to please God, and leave the event with Him."

After a time I was enabled to believe, *I shall obtain it*,—then, I shall obtain it *soon*. One evening, in secret prayer, I was pressing earnestly for God to cleanse me now. The Spirit said, "You are struggling all this time as if to persuade God to be willing—He is willing *now*, and has been all the while. Are you ready to receive it, and to glorify God with it?" I said, "Yea, Lord, I am ready—ready now." Then something whispered, "You are ready, and God is ready; what hinders?" I said, "Nothing hinders, I have the things I ask for; God does this moment save, with full salvation bless." In that moment my heart was filled with love—an indescribable comfort came into my soul, and an entire sinking into the will of God, with a clear assurance, "This is perfect love, this is purity of heart." Then I could say for the first time in my life, now I love God with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength.

I was soon after licensed to exhort, and in the Spring of 1839, was called out by the Presiding Elder to preach the glorious gospel. I was admitted to the New Jersey Conference in 1840. As I entered the ministry, I was

fully satisfied of three important points. 1st. That I was converted to God. 2d. That my heart was purified by grace; and 3d. That I was called to this great work. But I soon found that unexpected trials awaited me. I had promised God on my knees not to hide the light which He had kindled in my soul, but to preach a free, full, and present salvation from all sin.

Some received this as glad tidings of great joy, but others doubted, and some really opposed the work. My brethren in the ministry, too, embarrassed me in many cases. True, some encouraged me, and all treated me kindly, yet many much older than myself, doubted the propriety of making this theme so prominent, and thought it a great pity that I had espoused it so fully. I defended it as best I could from Scripture, from Mr. Wesley's works, and the Methodist writers generally, showing that it was the peculiar calling of the Methodists to spread scriptural holiness over these lands.

But, though greatly blessed in preaching, and witnessing frequent and powerful revivals of religion, yet, in these first years, I was painfully beset by the great adversary. He did not fail to accuse me of presumption in holding up so high a standard, higher than any one could live up to,—that I was grieving my older brethren, that it would be a hindrance to me in the Conference all my days, and that I never should hold out in this way. I arose often long before day to wrestle with God for strength to overcome these temptations, and in some instances, so severe were the temptations, that I arose at midnight, to pray for victory over the dark hosts of hell.

During the second year of my ministry, after being beset for several days with these temptations, I retired far into the grove and poured out my soul before God. After about an hour's struggle, I obtained complete victory—every cloud was withdrawn. I saw clearly that it was my

duty to go on as at the beginning, and that God *would be with me*, and give me great success. I arose, walked to and fro, and praised the Lord. Then, remembering that Satan would most likely return again, I determined to set up a mark, as a *witness* against him. I took my knife and made *a broad mark in the side of a small tree!* From that time to the present, I have not been so beset with these peculiar temptations. Whenever they are presented, I refer the adversary to the mark on the tree, and he shrinks back.

Becoming established in this grace, I went on happily in my work, witnessing at times great outpourings of the Spirit, and seeing considerable numbers enter into this blessed experience; at other times, too much affected by the discouragements in the way. But for the last few years, I have been wonderfully encouraged in the cause. Quite a large number of my brethren in the ministry have entered into this rest, and nearly all encourage it. Some of them go through the churches like flaming heralds, and at the Camp-meetings they push the battle to the gates. Hundreds, and even thousands, have proved that Jesus saves to the uttermost. Indeed, the flame seems to be spreading everywhere. Though laid aside for a season from the active work, yet I rejoice that I have lived to see these days. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men.

“Jesus! I love Thy charming name,
 ’Tis music in my ear,
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That Heaven and earth might hear.
 * * * * *
 I’d carve my passion on the bark,
 And every fruitful tree
 Should droop and bear some mystic mark,
 That Jesus bled for me.”

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. N. STOCKTON.

METHODIST.



IN 1843, I was appointed class-leader by the Rev. D. D. Lore, and the following year licensed to exhort. I exercised in the capacity of an exhorter and class-leader until the 12th of December, 1846, when there came another still heavier cross; I was licensed to preach the glorious Gospel of Christ.

In the year 1852, twenty years after my conversion to God, I was led into a more extended field of labor. I was called upon by the Rev. John K. Shaw, who sent me to Englishtown Circuit, New Jersey Conference, as a supply, where I labored pleasantly and successfully during the year. About one hundred souls were converted to God and joined the church. In the spring of 1853, I attended the New Jersey Annual Conference, for the first time, which was held at Bridgeton, Bishop Morris presiding. It was a precious feast to me. I was received on trial the 19th day of April, and appointed to Middlesex Mission at that Conference. It was a hard field, but I was strong and vigorous, able to labor. I went to work in faith. God greatly blessed me, and the people. During the year, one hundred and twenty souls were converted, many of them advanced in life, several over seventy years of age. The following spring I was reappointed to the same field.

I have now reached a period in my religious experience of great interest. I have passed over my early religious life, and approached a time when my mind was fully awakened to the necessity of a clean heart. I refer to the morning when I stood before Bishop Waugh, to be addressed before the Conference, previous to being ordained for the solemn work of the ministry. O what a day! O what an address! and during that address, the Bishop put the following searching questions to the class, which fully aroused me to the important qualification for the work of the ministry, and I have heard these same questions put to every candidate for the ministry, previous to being ordained. O Lord help every minister to remember the answers given to these questions. I have always been a reader and believer of Methodist theology and discipline, which contains the theory of Bible holiness, and I don't understand how it is that Methodist preachers and people can ignore holiness of heart and life, and call it a "new light." To do so, it seems to me such persons must cut out about one-third of the hymns in our hymn book, deface the discipline, and mutilate the Bible on almost every page. Such a Christian would have a sad looking set of tools to work with in the Lord's vineyard. But it was not so with me, I wanted all the best helps I could get, and when the Bishop asked me, "Have you faith in Christ?" I could answer positively in the affirmative. And when he put the next question, "Are you going on to perfection?" I had no difficulty, as I supposed we were to grow on and on, until we reached it, just as some are now contending for a "growth into it," and then came the third question, "Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?"—this did not puzzle me, as I supposed the Lord would finish the work before death. But when the following question came, "*Are you groaning after it?*" I confess I was confounded. I did not know

what to reply. I was afraid to say no, and I was not prepared to say yes. The good Bishop's eyes were upon us, and God's eye was looking at us; a definite answer seemed to be required; my mind had to work quickly, and I think I began at that very moment to groan, and I said yes, *faintly*, and I groaned on and on, but groaning did not bring the blessing. I prayed for it, I wept for it, I read for it, I consecrated for it, but did not obtain it. I heard no one talk about it, I heard no one preach it. Thus I worked along in my own poor crippled way, until August of that same year, when I resolved to attend a Camp-meeting to be held at Titusville. I said nothing to my wife or any one else, but I resolved in my own mind to go to that meeting, in order to seek the blessing of "perfect love."

As I had now reached a point when I must have it, I could not do any longer without it. Everything seemed dry and unsatisfactory. I had reached a point of *necessity*. The Spirit brought me just there, and since I have experienced the blessing, I have seen many others led by the Holy Spirit in the same way.

I had that intense thirst for the blessing that I cannot describe. No sense of guilt or condemnation, such as I had for pardon many years before, but an intense desire for "heart purity," "perfect love," "holiness," or "entire sanctification," so much so, that it was an immediate necessity. I could not go home without it, I could not preach without it. But I did not obtain it by groaning after it, neither by desiring, thirsting, hungering, praying, tears, or consecration. I was led to go into a tent where a few brethren and sisters were holding a prayer-meeting. I deliberately took up a small Bible, and turned, almost without thinking, to the 36th chapter of Ezekiel, 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th verses. I laid my finger on those precious promises, and said, I want all in the tent who are *willing* to consecrate themselves this moment, entirely to

the Lord, and believe these promises as I would read them to kneel. I kept my finger on them as we all knelt down on the straw. I commenced reading and believing. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and keep my judgments and do them. And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers, and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God."

I not only read it, but I believed it, and I sang it, for it was at that meeting where I first sang the chorus, which is now sung all over the land to that good old hymn, "Come thou fount of every blessing," &c., with the chorus,

"I will sprinkle you with water,
I will cleanse you from all sin,
Sanctify and make you Holy:
I will come and dwell within."

We sang heartily and believed it. The Lord has blessed hundreds while singing that promise. I don't know how many received the blessing of "perfect love," in that meeting, but I do know, that while claiming that sweet promise, my soul entered into *perfect rest*.

It did not come as I expected it would, with overwhelming power, but a sweet calm, resting down on Christ—fully satisfied. The struggle was over. I had the witness that I was all the Lord's. I had not been seeking properly before that time. I was trying to get happy, instead of resting down on God's promise, but as soon as I rested my all on God's Word, something said "That is it, the blood now cleanses." O what a perfect satisfaction I had with

Jesus. I returned to my work with new life, new power, new gifts for usefulness. Truly it was the gift of power *received by Faith*. O how light and easy everything seemed to move with me. The Bible was illuminated—I had heard of such Bibles for sale, but I never saw one before—prayer was easy, preaching was easy, visiting was easy, talking to sinners was easy—everything was just right. “I lived by faith,” which is the only way to live.

I was not so emotional as some are, and yet it has pleased the Lord, at times, to fill me with the Spirit. I have had much more of the Spirit’s manifestations since, than when I first received the blessing of a clean heart. I believe the heart must be cleansed by faith in the blood of Christ, before the baptism of the Spirit and power is given. I often hear our good brethren pray most earnestly for the baptism, when they have made but little sacrifice or consecration, and not bound their offering on God’s altar, nor appropriated the promises. Now, if we understand the promise by which God gives the baptism—or the gift of power—all the tithes must be brought into the storehouse *first*.

O, if all the Church would do this, including the ministry, what a baptism would fall upon us; the Pentecost would be repeated. That is what the entire Church did on that day when the promise of the Father came. Over twelve years have passed away since I received the blessing of “perfect love,” during which time I have not been exempt from trials and temptations, but I have been enabled to say, “The will of the Lord be done.” “Faith and its Effects” have been of great service to me, and I have been wonderfully blessed, in helping others into the fountain of full salvation.

It is my greatest pleasure to do good. I find it exceedingly profitable to the Church, and my own soul, to hold special meetings, one night in the week in my charge, for

the promotion of Christian holiness, notwithstanding the outcry against specialties. They are good for me and my people. Those of my members who oppose them, cannot stay away from them long, and finally they experience the blessing of "perfect love," and then they like those meetings in which holiness is taught the most. So, also, in preaching on the subject, some of our fastidious brethren think we are doing harm in preaching Holiness *definitely*, but when they experience it for themselves, they wonder how we can get along without preaching it, and how people can live without it. Many of the members of the church I am now serving have obtained this blessing—the most of my official board—and others are now earnestly seeking. Praise the Lord! When I came to this charge, there was not a single professor of the blessing of "perfect love." To God be all the glory for his wonderful work.

Thy power and saving truth to show,
 A warfare at Thy charge I go,
 Strong in the Lord and in Thy might,
 Gladly take up the hallowed cross,
 And suffering all things for Thy cause,
 Beneath thy bloody banner fight.

A spectacle to fiends and men,
 To all their fierce or cool disdain,
 With calmest pity I submit;
 Determined nought to know beside
 My Jesus and Him crucified,
 I tread the world beneath my feet.

O God! let all my life declare,
 How happy all Thy servants are,
 How far above all earthly things;
 How pure when washed in Jesus' blood;
 How intimately one with God,
 A heaven-born race of priests and kings.

TESTIMONY.

REV. G. M. PIERCE.

METHODIST.



At the age of eighteen, in my native village, in Central New York, I gave myself to the Saviour. At once, my attention was called, by my class-leader, to the work of entire sanctification. Just then arose an unhappy controversy concerning this doctrine. This controversy created in me a disrelish for the entire subject. I practically resolved to *think no more about it*; at least, until the "doctors could agree."

While pursuing the studies of my college course, I had concluded to embrace the law, as my profession for life. Hence, on graduating, I soon entered on the study of law, which I pursued until I secured my certificate of admission to the bar. God, however, overruled my plans; and in obedience to His will, at the age of twenty-one, I entered on the regular work of a Methodist itinerant.

For five years, I gave myself, as far as I knew, unreservedly to the work of God. I ever found acceptance with the people. In fact, success appeared to be sent of God in all departments of ministerial labor, save in one; viz., the salvation of souls. In this I had but limited success. I often lamented my lack of "revival power." At times, I became quite discouraged in view of my limited success in this work.

At the end of five years of labor in the regular work, I was led (as I firmly believe), in the providence of God, to enter on the work of a teacher in one of the academies within the bounds of our conference. My *great* motive was, increased qualification to be secured thus, for subsequent ministerial efficiency. I have sometimes thought that my comparatively limited success in the work of saving souls *may* have had *some* influence in the matter. I remained teaching four years. During this time, I preached frequently; and was iustrumental, under God, in the salvation of a number of souls. The Lord gave me success in teaching.

After four years of experience as an instructor, in answer to what I believed was a call of God, I re-engaged in my former work. During the first four months of my labors on my charge, my experience, personal and ministerial, was not unlike that of former years. We had a church enterprise which engaged our attention, and which God conducted to a successful issue.

From the commencement of my ministerial experience, through a period of nine and a half years, faint glimmerings of something better, and deeper, and sweeter, and more complete in Christian experience than I was possessed of, would occasionally appear; but they were only transient, because unwelcome and unheeded, from my prejudice against the whole subject of so-called "heart-purity."

In the fall succeeding the time just referred to, I attended the Camp-meeting of our district. My charge had no tent. I was led, in the providence of God, to make my home, during most of the meeting, at a tent where personal holiness was the great theme. It was urged upon me by friends: I acquiesced in their views, but did not fully give myself up to the work. I returned from the meeting, thinking *more* and more *favorably* on the subject than ever before.

On my return, I felt resolved to go to work for the salvation of souls in right good earnest. I worked hard, but yet with only limited success. There was evidently weakness somewhere. I felt all along, during the remainder of the conference year, that I ought to be able to "reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord;" yet my mind was befogged. I had conviction; resolved again and again to be altogether the Lord's; prayed often, "Lord, sanctify me, soul and body;" yet no light. I promised, when God would give the needed light, I would walk in it.

I had felt, at the close of the conference year, that, in view of my limited success in "winning souls," it would be better for the charge to have a man of more "revival power" sent them the next year. Still, it appearing to be the general wish of the charge, no change was made. During the summer, my convictions for a deeper work of grace in my heart was increased. I felt that a revival was needed, and resolved that I would not be in the way, and told the Lord I was willing to be any thing, or do any thing for the furtherance of this object. How often I wished I could "drop in," even but for a few moments, at "23 St. Mark's Place," for advice and counsel concerning "the higher life!" I still covenanted with God, that when He sent the light, that I might see my way clear, I would walk in the light. I was sincere in this declaration; yet it may be that the covenant, or contract, was the more readily made, that thus I might, *for the time being*, satisfy my conscience for neglect of doing the work then, and still retain my justification.

This year I resolved that we, as a people, should be well represented at the Camp-meeting. We had a goodly number present at the whole meeting. I there learned to account for my convictions on the subject of entire sanctification, since we last met on the camp-ground. Friends

had been wrestling with God during the entire year, that fullness of liberty might be mine. Holiness was the great theme at the Camp-meeting. It was preached from the stand, and was the constant subject of conversation among the more devout. My own convictions on the subject were very strong: still I procrastinated. I purchased the work on "Perfect Love," by Rev. J. A. Wood. I commenced its perusal, and endeavored to satisfy my mind for delay with the thought, "After I read the book, and see my way clearly, I will act." I still renewed my covenant solemnly with God, that, when the light came, I would walk in it.

On Friday morning, Rev. Henry Belden, of Brooklyn, preached. His theme was holiness. Its presentation was clear and happy. Darkness and fog were dispelled, in a great measure, from my mind. This sermon was followed by one from Rev. J. A. Wood, on the same subject. Before he had concluded, the last vestige of darkness was gone, and I had no longer even the flimsiest pretext for further delay. Those two sermons were of remarkable clearness and power. Hundreds, to their dying day, will thank God for them.

I now had received what I had long sought, and on which I had based my promise to God, that, when I should receive such as this, I would yield. But, strange to say, I still refused to act. I then had reason to believe that I had all along made the promise, conditioned thus, too much as a soother of my conscience for delay. At the close of the prayer meeting, after the preaching before mentioned, all, preachers and people, who were willing to covenant at that time to wrestle with God to secure full salvation before the Camp-meeting broke up, were invited to manifest it by the uplifted hand. I was unwilling to make the covenant then. I was also unwilling to let the people, especially those of my charge, know that I would not make

the consecration. I dared not assume such a responsibility. I therefore sat down behind the seekers on the stand, and, at the close of the meeting, retired to my tent, restless and unhappy, and conscious that I had violated my pledge to God.

At once a prayer meeting was called for in our tent. About the middle of the meeting I could no longer pray or speak, but, under the convicting and melting power of God, could only sob like a child. My pride was mortified, myself humbled, to be thus exercised in the presence of my people. After this trial in the crucible for more than an hour, with my pride humbled, myself extremely broken down, I could only say, "Lord, only this; and what is thy will?" It seemed at once as if God, by His Spirit's impress, thus addressed me: "My will is your entire sanctification. You promised me, that, when the light came, you would walk in it. The light has been afforded; and yet you are ungratefully and criminally allowing your pride of heart; your prejudices and imperfect professors of heart-purity, and your fear, lest, if the fullness of the Spirit should be poured upon you, you should be obliged to be exercised in some way that would not be acceptable to the carnal mind, and you should not be popular,—you are allowing all this to make you a perjurer in my sight; for you are thus, in the violation of your solemn pledge, lying, not unto man, but unto God."

Oh, what a view God then gave me of my folly, ingratitude, and sinfulness, in thus treating my Saviour, when desirous of bestowing a most blessed boon upon me! I was enabled to yield, after quickly and yet thoroughly weighing the matter. I freely gave up all,—pride, prejudice, regard for man's applause or worldly popularity as a preacher,—and simply, by faith in His word, took Jesus as my Saviour from all sin. At once was presented to me, as a cross that must be borne, "You must go out to the prayer-meeting before the stand, and make your confession

and consecration known to preachers and people, without a moment's hesitation." I responded, "Christ helping me, I will." This was one of the most trying requirements of my ministerial life. The cross was heavy, and a burden was removed from my heart; and, during the rest of the meeting, I felt like a prisoner at liberty. How many times since have I blessed God that *He held me to the work at that time!*

I had no evidence direct from the Spirit, while on the camp-ground, that God had saved me wholly, nor did I have for several days afterward; though the consecration was full, and the faith unwavering. Still the people of my charge remarked that there was evidently a great change in the spirit of my preaching, on the Sabbath after my return. The direct Spirit evidence soon fully came; though I cannot say at what particular moment, or in what special mode, except that it seemed to come, like the morning light, *gradually*. The words which would best express my feelings when deliverance fully came, and which are the best index to my constant Christian standing, since that full deliverance, are **ABIDING IN CHRIST**.

I now, as my life, realize an unrestricted intimacy with the Saviour, a consciousness that whatever is not to the glory of God is distasteful to my heart, the worth of the soul, and the sanctification of the gospel. The privilege of the true believer is a life of faith, limited solely by the word of God; which life is one of constant reliance on God, and expectation of fruit from Him. This has been my experience in preaching, in the various means of social grace, and in my visiting from house to house; while in the constant panting within for all the fullness of God, and in the unceasing burning of soul for the salvation of others, to which the Lord is abundantly responding, I realize that the spirit of Christ is fully mine.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

TESTIMONY.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

METHODIST.



NEVER hear a person speak with grateful emotions of a Christian parentage, without feelings of virtuous envy, for the home circumstances of my early life were not favorable to the development of Christian character. My parents were unconverted. In my father's shop, where I was early placed to work, the men were usually very intemperate and profane. But during these years, I was the subject of constant and definite religious conviction. My earliest recollections are associated with prayer and penitence, with a fear of wrong doing, and dread of the Divine displeasure. I was early taken by my father's apprentice to the Wesleyan Sabbath-school, in England. There my sensitive nature was deeply impressed by the pious, unpaid labors of some of the best minds in the town, as Sabbath-school teachers. Their singleness of purpose, devotion and zeal, fixed in my confidence the truth, that Christianity was God's plan of saving men. My confidence secured, I read its Bible and literature with unusual avidity.

The Sabbath-school library, my only resource, was not, as now, filled with a semi-religious literature, especially prepared and diluted to accommodate the tastes of the young, but contained the best religious works of England and America. I cared but little for company, less for sinful pleasure. My convictions increased, but my heart repelled the necessity to which I was fast coming, of a public and permanent Christian life. To accommodate this rebellion of the heart, I sought infidel books and lectures,

of which there were many. The patience of God continued; He did not heed my spurning; He did not leave me to the way I would have chosen. I still remained in the Sabbath-school, and in my sixteenth year I was sweetly drawn to the cross.

On Good Friday of 1841, the controversy was settled; but I did not obtain pardon till the following June, though I sought it with tears, prayers, and fasting. But then it was so graciously bestowed—so definitely attested, that I have never doubted its genuineness. I am thus particular in the detail of my conversion and its previous conditions, that none may charge my subsequent experience to an extravagant enthusiasm, or doubt its reality. God gave me from that hour an unspeakable peace and rest in His dear Son. I knew not one hour's abatement of fellowship with God until He sanctified me wholly. My purpose and consecration were at that time so severely tested, by those of my own household, that now, after the lapse of nearly twenty-seven years, I dream nearly every night that I am a youth again, and subject to those terrible ordeals. But I was anchored, and the Rock held me. I was "strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness."

I now "hid the Word in my heart," and read with increasing delight the lives of Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, Carvosso, and especially of Mrs. Rogers. With their experience and soul hunger I was in deep sympathy; was instructed and impressed by their intelligent appreciation of the gospel design. Looking through their eyes, that design became transparent to me—the *entire sanctification of every power to God*. I wondered that no one preached on this subject, that but few spoke of it. I looked to my seniors for counsel, but they were silent. My class-leader was a good man, but groping in the twilight. There was not a leader in the church, or minister in the neighborhood,

who professed the blessing of heart purity. I was, therefore, much alone with God and my books. I did not undervalue my justification, nor lose the witness of adoption, yet was so hungry for righteousness, and so eager to obtain all the fullness of God—often pleading,

“I cannot rest till pure within.”

The bliss of Divine communion increased each day, so did my longings for purity. I seemed to be lured by a charm to which I readily yielded; resistance was all gone. The fiery trial continued, but to live or die, I was equally willing, if God would make me holy. As my day so was my strength. I had but little to consecrate, except my future life, and whatever talents or influence God might bestow; but the consecration was made. Not in detail—detail involved hesitation; the process was too slow for one who felt that all was the Lord's. Bought by blood, attracted by love, I was impatient that I could not leap upon the altar. I fretted only at the poverty of my gift, the slowness of my faith, and the littleness of my love; but I loved Him.

There had been no pause in my religious life, from which I was now to be recovered by seeking perfect love. I had been “led by the Spirit.” My lack of teachers, had been measurably compensated by a fond devotion to the class of books I have indicated, so that my efforts after full salvation were grounded in deep conviction. I saw that the lowest point of safety for me was holiness of heart. It was not a matter of choice to be this, or some thing else, in the religious life, but this, or religious coldness and loss of the dear communion, I prized more than life. This, or the certainty of backsliding; this, or the loss of power; this, or defeat by the antagonisms around me.

I saw that less than holiness of heart, was less than obedience, and disobedience was sin. That only as I “walked in the light, could I have fellowship with God.”

In my closet, with the promises in my hand, the remnant of my own works abandoned,—no longer looking at my feelings, or waiting for ecstasy, or asking the solution of difficulties, I trusted for completeness in Christ. Not in a mixture of Him and myself, but in Him alone. At that moment He saved me fully. I rose, not only free, but full. I had never been full before. I was “satisfied;” my Langer allayed. A broad, deep, divine rest was mine; a sense of inward cleanness and power. It was deeper than ecstasy, broader than my nature, the exact complement for my wants. I was young, my nature intense, my future uncertain, my immediate surroundings unfriendly, but this perfect grace met all my necessities;—my cup ran over.

During a ministry of varied successes and trials, extending through twenty years, Jesus has been, is now, my perfect Saviour. My experience has not been an effort, but a luxury. I have seen the doctrine assailed; its professors suspected and shunned; the indiscretions of some charged upon all; the subject avoided in the pulpit, or so generalized that our people had become indifferent or dissatisfied; the sharp distinctions of piety had become so impalpable that men doubted the superior excellence of the Christian life, and the sincerity of the Christian belief and profession; the Church was so secularized that she was not known as “the bride, the Lamb’s wife;” the world, which hated the Master, no longer hated the Church, because it was so much like it. In such a state of things I have seen this doctrine applied with uniform results of stability, joy and power, the conversion of souls and the comfort of believers. So manifest has been its power within my own observation, in both lands, and so divine its influence over my own life, that henceforth, as heretofore, concerning it, “my heart is fixed.” My banner, shield and breast-plate bear but one inscription—“**HOLINESS TO THE LORD.**” I have consecrated, the Lord has sanctified.

TESTIMONY.

REV. A. M. STEELE.

METHODIST.



FROM the very first of my religious awakenings, I had a desire to be holy. This may not, and probably does not, accord with the experience of others: nevertheless, it is my own. I remember, when but a little boy, being in attendance at a Camp-meeting where the power of God was evidently manifested; and, as I beheld others falling like dead men, under the outpouring of the Divine Spirit, I earnestly coveted such a blessing for myself. I longed to have some one converse with me, and lead me as a little child to the Saviour of sinners; one of which I felt I was, even then. But no one spoke a word to me on the subject of my soul's salvation; supposing, doubtless, that I was too young to realize any thing about the truth of God.

I grew up in sin. The family altar, the Sabbath-school, the social meetings to which I was often led, the faithful preaching of the Word of God,—none of these saved me from being a very wicked boy. It was my nature to be sinful. I loved to transgress law. So far as I have any recollection of the matter, I went astray as soon as I was born,

When I was about eleven years old, God took my eldest sister, at about thirteen years of age, to himself. She was

the first one I ever saw launch out over the dark river : and I am glad she was ; for death has seemed much like a kind friend to me ever since. Her triumphant exit fastened the truth in my soul,—“ God’s children die well.”

But after a little, except at intervals, these serious impressions left me ; and, at the age of sixteen, I was a hardened and impenitent sinner. One young man, my most intimate associate, went to the State Penitentiary, convicted of high crime ; with whom my association had been providentially broken off only a little while before. While he went to prison, God sent me into the mining district of Lake Superior. While there, away from my companions in sin, my conviction of guilt took a deep hold upon my heart. It was a dreadfully bitter cup I drank of, until one night in December, while bowed at my mother’s side in the log-cabin of a copper-miner, a flood of joy overwhelmed me. I praised, I shouted, I laughed, I cried aloud for joy. There seemed to be no bottom to the depth of that well which had sprung up within me. My happiness continued for weeks. It did seem to me at times that the angels could know no higher rapture than filled my heart as I sung,—

“ But now I am happy in Him,
December’s as pleasant as May.”

I had great freedom and great comfort in offering salvation through Christ to all I could meet.

Soon after my conversion, I left home again for school. Here, amid the excitements of earnest study, and an unguarded ambition to be first in my class, religion soon became a secondary matter. And thus it continued until the winter of 1855 and 1856, when, while teaching, and I was feeling the necessity of a better qualification for my responsibilities, Mrs. Palmer’s “ Way of Holiness ” fell into my hands. It brought me the clearest light I had ever

found on the subject that had always, whenever I turned my thoughts towards it, taken so deep a hold upon me. A revival broke out in an adjoining district; and, during its progress, I entered the way of holiness. God saved me; and I was able to declare all that He had done for my poor soul, even before those who did not believe the truth.

But that divine blessing went away. At the time, I did not know how. I desired, above all things, to retain it. But praying nor fasting nor groaning could hold it. *I lacked faith.* After the blessing was gone, I drifted loosely for years; I entered the traveling connection; I took the solemn vows of the sacred office; I was examined especially upon this point by devout and godly men; I studied and prayed and preached: but, if I went either way, it was backwards, from God. None were awakened, none converted, under my labors. I feared I had mistaken my calling. In this state of mind, I attended our district Camp-meeting, held near Quincy, where I was laboring in the summer of 1865. My condition at this time really alarmed me. I felt that I was not even in a *justified state.* My convictions for holiness, at the same time, were never so deep, so clear, so distressing; nor did the way ever seem so *dark*, so *concealed.* All I could do was to sit down, and

“Sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.”

The powers of darkness were let loose upon me. In spite of myself, my thoughts, at times, were blasphemous. I felt that I must curse God and die. But, oh! how could I die with the memory of those blessed days upon me? Oh, to be damned, when once I had been so completely saved!—to go to perdition in holy orders! A good brother, filled with the Holy Ghost, was giving instruction

to several inquiring ones just as I entered a tent of prayer. The Spirit signified that his words were for me by applying them at once to my heart. I felt that my hour had come. He told us of the consecration we must make. I understood that perfectly well, nor was I long in bringing all to the altar. Then he began to speak about *faith*. How many enter not in because of unbelief, even after they have brought their all to the borders of the promised land! My great struggle was for *faith*. Could I believe God would trust *me* with that great blessing again? Presently faith came. Oh, the blissful assurance! Blessed be God! how my soul mounted up! *how it sunk down too!* When I returned to myself, I found the house swept and garnished. I felt so clean in my heart! The Purifier had passed through me; and He left it written in the chambers of my full soul, "*I will; be thou clean.*"

It is a wonder God saved me; and oh, the treachery of this poor doubting soul! I lost the blessing even then, again. I know where I lost it this time. I went home from the camp-ground one night. My wife and little ones were safely in their beds. I never loved them before as I did then. "Now," said the Spirit, "before you sleep, do tell the companion of your joys what God has done for you on the camp-ground." Oh! how could I have halted at so plain a duty? But I stopped, and said, "Thou knowest, Lord, my good wife is not of this way of thinking. She does not believe in this thing at all. Would it not be better for me first to convince her of the *reality* of this state of grace *by my life*? I will confess it in the class-room; I will preach it in the pulpit; I will live it at home, and in a very little while she will acknowledge and embrace it." Just as if I knew better than God! But even then the blessed Spirit bore with me. It revealed my error; but I lost the blessing. Winter came. Revival efforts commenced. I went home from meeting, where God had been

blessing the people, one night, and found my companion weeping. I soon learned the cause of her trouble. "Oh, husband!" said she, "how unfaithful to God I am living! Will you pray for me?" We prayed, and the Lord blessed her. She had heard my witness before the congregation, and was deeply convicted for the blessing of holiness. Could I have borne the cross then, and told her all the Lord had done for me, and urged her to a full consecration to God, how blessed would it have been for us both! At the Coldwater Camp-meeting last July, I had to go over the same ground again. God again set me at liberty and at rest. I cannot ask to have my own way now: God knows best. If the blessed Spirit impresses me with a sense of duty, I must not stop to parley. I am becoming established. Sinners are being converted; and, bless God! His dear children are being renewed in love. May it never be that I shall again grieve Him by doubting His grace! *Thus the long deferred hope of my life is deferred no longer. My sick heart is made well in Jesus.*

This perfect love — 'tis perfect, perfect bliss.

All is well! All is well!

Oh, what a happy, happiness is this!

All is well! All is well!

My Jesus whispers, thou are mine,

And all in me, my child is thine,

Oh, these are transports all divine!

All is well! All is well!

Rise!—Rise my soul, and onward, onward still.

All is well! All is well!

God, will with all,—with all His fullness fill.

All is well! All is well!

Stronger than death, His love to thee,

And thou to all eternity

A monument of grace shalt be,

All is well! All is well!

TESTIMONY.

REV. C. O. COOK.

METHODIST.



WHEN twelve years of age God for Christ's sake spoke peace to my soul. I need not say I had much with which to contend, for I was surrounded by a class of young men who ridiculed religion and spiritual things—whose hearts had never felt or experienced the healing and heavenly influence imparted by grace divine, and in whose souls the “Sun of Righteousness” had never risen.

My experience was wavering, I had never heard a sermon preached on “Christian Holiness,” consequently, was almost entirely ignorant as regards this blessing, but I endeavored to serve God according to the light I had.

Thus time passed on. I had always been impressed with the idea that I was called to the ministry, but waving my convictions, I plunged into the business-cares of the world; but there was no rest for me, until in my nineteenth year I received license to exhort. In this capacity I served the Church some time; finally, was licensed to preach, and then recommended to the East Baltimore Conference, which was then convened in Danville, Pa. I attended the session of Conference, which proved a great blessing to my soul.

I was received into the traveling connection, and was

appointed to Hancock Circuit. This, the first year of my ministry, was marked with great success. God was with me; yet up to this time I had never spoken on the theme of "Perfect Love." The following spring I was appointed to Frostburg, Ct., and while traveling this circuit, having been thrown into the company of some who enjoyed this "blessing," I became very much exercised on the subject. I greatly felt my need of it. I knew there were heights and breadths, and lengths and depths in the love of Jesus to which I had not attained.

It so happened that, while in this state of mind, I was called to Baltimore. There I heard of Dr. Roberts' meetings, which I determined to attend the following Sabbath. I did so, and while there I heard the young and old tell how they had received this blessing; but the experience of one young man arrested me very forcibly—the substance of which was this: "Before he had received this grace, his experience was wavering. At one time, he said, he was on Pisgah's top, and then again down in the valley." This had been my experience exactly; but he went on to say, "As soon as he felt the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus his experience became even, and that

"Jesus, all the day long,
Was his joy and his song."

This was what I needed. An invitation was then given to those persons who desired the blessing, to present themselves at the altar. I went forward, and while in that attitude, a good brother came to me and told me what was necessary in order to receive the blessing. (That I felt my need of it was clearly evinced by presenting myself at the altar.) 1st. A full consecration of all and every thing. 2d. Faith to believe my sacrifice was accepted.

I then asked myself, "Are you willing to give up every thing?" I said, "Yes, Lord, every thing—all is Thine,"

“Then cannot you believe He accepts”—“Yes, Lord, I said, “I do believe.” Oh, what a flood of peace flowed into my soul. O, glory be to God! it was truly a joy unspeakable, and full of glory. The blood of Jesus I felt did cleanse me from all sin. From that time I commenced preaching on the subject, and every time I preached it, I gained more strength. I enjoyed uninterrupted communion with Jesus for some time; but, after a while the sin of unbelief took possession of my heart, and I fell back into my previous state of despondency.

The following spring I was sent to Westminster, Ct. While traveling that circuit I met with many who enjoyed this blessing. I again became deeply exercised on the subject (though I had never entirely lost sight of it). After leading class on Sabbath morning, at one of the appointments on the circuit, a brother said to me, “Bro. Cook, meet me at a throne of grace, every evening between sunset and dark, from this time until you come around again, and make the attainment of this blessing the subject of prayer.” It was Wednesday preceding my next appointment that I was riding to church, to attend my protracted meetings. I lifted up my heart to God in prayer, and accompanying the prayer was an earnest living faith, the sacrifice having previously been made, and Jesus was mine. I felt Him mine; the trees, the stars, every thing seemed to shout forth the praise of the Redeemer, and I shouted, Glory to God. Jesus was to me, all, and in all—and since that time, “Jesus, all the day long, has been my joy and my song.” Precious Saviour, blessed Jesus; His blood cleanses from all sin, and gives me victory.

TESTIMONY.

REV. A. B. SMITH.

METHODIST.



IN 1859 I was rescued by the hand of Jesus from the horrible pit and miry clay of infidelity, and felt called at once to preach the Gospel of Christ. Without stopping to mend my net, I proceeded at once to obey the call.

In 1860 I joined the N. W. Wisconsin Conference. In 1863 I was stationed at Hudson City, where I became acquainted with a devoted sister, Mrs. S. L. Coon, who, at once, introduced the subject of holiness, asking me—"if I felt that the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all unrighteousness." To which I replied, "I did not." She then said, "How can you preach a whole Saviour until you are wholly saved." These words pierced my heart like a dagger, and I, at once, felt the need of being wholly saved or sanctified to God. But, being unwilling to comply with the conditions necessary to the reception of the blessing, or, in other words, to slay my Isaacs, and cast away my idols and garment of self-righteousness, I continued to grovel in darkness, attempting to score and hew to the line. I received in this condition most of the chips in my own face. I continued, however, to labor against wind and tide by moonlight, until the hand of affliction was laid heavily upon me, and all hopes of my life was despaired of. In the meantime, my faithful Sister C. was praying for my recovery. (I shall ever believe that it was in answer to that faithful prayer I was restored.) She came to my bed-side, saying, "Dear brother, how can we give you up? O! yield, and live." I then began to examine

myself. I was deeply wrought upon by the Divine Spirit. I began to cry, "Lord, save, or I perish." But Satan was not to be turned from his stronghold so easily. He, at once, spread before me the riches and honors of earth, saying, "all this I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down, and worship me." I heeded him not, but cried unto God to save me from all unrighteousness, and after three days and nights of painful struggle, I did what I should have done in so many minutes, I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and was made every whit whole. Glory, glory to the Lamb. I now promised my blessed Saviour, if I was ever permitted to come before my congregation again, I would there confess that His blood cleansed me from all sin. From that moment I began to recover, and to the surprise of my hearers, I was soon permitted to appear before them again. Now came the trying hour, I was in the presence of some persons I knew were opposed to this doctrine. I did not want to offend them; they were my dear friends, my supporters, the pillars in the Church. I began to think how I could let the people know what Jesus had done for me, in such a way as not to give offence to any. My soul was full of glory and of God. Hallelujah! I felt like shouting, but I thought that would not sound well in such a fashionable congregation, so I grieved the Spirit, but rose to tell what Jesus had done, and fearing man more than God, I threw a vail over the face of my Saviour, lest His glory would dazzle the eyes of some of my friends. In a moment, a vail of thick darkness enveloped my soul, and I was left almost speechless before the people. On dismissing my congregation, I retired to my study, I fell upon my knees, and wept; imploring salvation, but not receiving, I soon became discouraged, and gave over the struggle. In that condition I continued to preach, until August 16, 1867. My health being impaired, I sought a more Southern clime.

June 1, 1867, I left the Northwest for the State of Maryland, where I have been laboring since July 1, 1867. August 11, I attended a camp-meeting, at Laytonsville. At night, preached from Matthew v. 8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." While preaching I was deeply convicted again for the blessing. I was so deeply wrought upon, that I could not remain upon the ground. On Tuesday morning I left for my home, fully resolved never to preach again, until the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all sin. I continued in agonizing prayer until Friday night. Just before retiring, I was enabled to make a full consecration of all to God. I felt a sweet peace come over my soul, filled with glory and with God, and, in the language of the poet, I could say,

"I, too, with Thee, shall walk in white;
 With all Thy saints shall prove;
 The length, and depth, and breadth, and height,
 Of everlasting love."

The same day I returned to the camp-ground; listened to a discourse from Brother J. W. Hoover of Washington, D. C., which was truly a feast to my soul. I was invited to close by exhortation. I gladly accepted, as it gave me an opportunity to tell what Jesus had done for my soul. I told them I felt the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all sin. While thus confessing the blessing, a shower of divine grace descended upon my heart, spreading its influence over the congregation, whose hearts melted into tenderness, and their eyes into tears. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord, oh, my soul! was the language of many hearts. At night I preached from the following, "Oh, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Isaiah lxxvii. 18. From that time to this my peace has been as a river. To God be all the glory!

TESTIMONY.

REV. DAVID GAY.

METHODIST.



IN the year 1855 I was led to the Saviour, and received the forgiveness of sins. The instruments in my conversion were my Sabbath-school teacher and my devoted father.

The year following I was led to discover that I needed a greater blessing than I had as yet obtained. I longed to be made *perfect* in love. I was brought more forcibly to see my need of a deeper work of grace from the hearing of a sermon preached by Rev. N. E. Cobleigh, D. D., the former editor of "Zion's Herald." I shall always believe that I did, at that time, experience the blessing of sanctification; but it was soon lost, and nearly forgotten. Since then my life has been very wavering. I have never entirely backslidden, nor have I ever felt a disposition to give up the struggle against "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" but there have been "fightings without, and fears within;" temptations strong, which have often overcome; and my life to me, at least, was a standing proof that the roots of sin remained within me. Oh, how many, many times have I panted for the "living streams,"—for something which I had not!

When I was first converted, I felt it a duty to proclaim

Christ in the capacity of a minister of the Gospel. Having emigrated to Illinois, I promised God, among strangers, to serve Him more faithfully. At the age of seventeen, I began to exhort; about six months afterward I was licensed to preach; and, in six months more, became a member of the Illinois Conference, in the bounds of which I still labor. Sometimes during my ministry I have had much success, and witnessed many conversions to Christ; but I have always felt, even in the midst of revival, that I needed greatly to have inscribed on my banner, "Holiness to the Lord." During the past two years, my mind has been more exercised on this subject than ever before; and I resolved never to rest satisfied short of its attainment.

I then sent for "The Guide," and read works on holiness more than ever before. At one time last year, I established weekly meetings especially for the consideration of this subject. They were very interesting for a while, but failed, for the want of a leader,—one who could teach experimentally. Having obtained Mrs. Palmer's little work on "Entire Devotion," I sat down to peruse its pages, praying that God might make it a blessing to my soul. When I came to the "Covenant," I paused, resolved not to cease pleading, until the blessing was obtained. Thank God, he heard my prayer. It was proposed immediately to my mind, "Why not now believe? Have you not doubted long enough?" I said, "Lord, I will believe." Then again it was suggested, "Do you consecrate *all* to God?" I could not but answer, and understandingly too, "Yea, Lord, *all*." "Do you now believe God has accepted the sacrifice?" was again suggested. I said, "Lord, Thou hast promised to accept: how can I disbelieve Thy word? for Thou never didst deceive me." Again the Spirit prompted, "Will you believe without the sensible emotions being given?" "Yea, Lord," I cried; "I take Thee at Thy word: Thou hast said Thou wilt accept. I do believe

I am accepted, and leave it to Thy own good pleasure when to give the evidence." Oh, then, what a sweet peace came over my soul! I realized that God had accepted me, and that all was well, whether any other evidence was given or not. God was not long in giving me the *full* assurance that I was entirely His. I sat down to copy the "Covenant" in my diary; resolved to make it my own as far as it conformed to my circumstances. When I was writing these to me ever-memorable words,—“My body I lay upon Thy altar, O Lord! that it may be a temple of the Holy Spirit to dwell in; from henceforth I rely upon Thy promise, that Thou wilt live and walk in me; believing as I now surrender myself,”—God broke in, like a flood, upon my soul, and heavenly joy rested down upon me. Glory be to God!

“Oh, happy *bond* that sealed my vows
To Him who merits all my love!”

God blesses me daily. It is now over seven weeks since I was made the recipient of this great blessing. I can truly say, not a cloud doth arise between me and my God. The devil tempts me sorely; but I have no disposition to yield; his darts lie harmless at my feet. May God keep me in such perfect peace! and He will so long as my mind is stayed on Him. Oh, that my dear people here in this fold might receive the like precious gift!

TESTIMONY.

REV. R. W. HAWKINS.

METHODIST.



THE influence of the Holy Spirit, and the conviction that I was called to preach the Gospel, are among the earliest recollections of my life. Receiving the truth from my parents in infancy, I had a consciousness of acceptance with God during all the years of my childhood, except at short intervals, when convinced of sin, and reproved by the Spirit; which, being followed by repentance and faith, restored me to favor again.

At the age of thirteen, I made a public profession of religion, by uniting with the Church, and, from that time, until my seventeenth year, maintained a Christian character before the world, but was sometimes under condemnation, from departures both in spirit and in practice. I always desired to be released from the work of the ministry; but, being then more urgently pressed in spirit, I vowed, that, when the fullness of time should come, I would obey the call. About the same time, I began to go into society, and, during the following year, gradually yielded to temptation, withdrew from the Church, and for two years indulged in the follies and vices of the world. The Spirit appeared to be so entirely withdrawn, that, while I sinned against light and knowledge, it was without

remorse. In considering this, it became evident that I should never again be moved by the Holy Ghost, until from a *conviction of duty only*, I returned to do my first works over. I began, at once, by coming out from the world, and being separate, and touching not the unclean thing, believing the promise, "I will receive you;" but, for two years subsequently, I found neither delight in the things of God, nor communion with Him. For many months, I endured the most terrible spiritual conflicts of my life, being so frequently overcome that I loathed myself in dust and ashes; but God, who is rich in mercy, had compassion upon me, and rebuked the adversary.

On one occasion, while enjoying sweet communion with Him, the thought arose, Why might not this be my continual experience? I had no previous knowledge of a higher state of grace, or the name by which it was called; yet I longed for purity of heart with an intense longing. Then came an almost overwhelming revelation of my deep depravity. Compared with past experience, I saw, as with microscopic vision, the exceeding sinfulness of sin. I could not contemplate my greater sins; and what had once been considered *trifles* appeared in their true light. These *trifles* were the *idols* which prevented a perfect consummation; but one by one they fell, till the sacrifice was complete. In reading "Faith and its Effects," the declaration, "Whatever is not of faith is sin," was so presented, that I began to believe. Simultaneously a little ray of bright light descended from above, and rested upon me; and I felt the witness of the Spirit that I had believed unto the saving of the soul. I continued to read; and the thought was suggested, that so simple an occurrence would soon pass away, and be forgotten; but my faith failed not, and I was enabled to witness a good confession before many witnesses.

My vow to preach the Gospel had ever been held

sacred; the fullness of time had come, and having obtained help of God, I continue to this day. Greater conflicts came with greater power, and my faith was tried "as gold tried with fire," "as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times."

Having lived for a season, without the slightest cause of condemnation, I began to rest with satisfaction in the fact that, touching the law, I was blameless; and when it was difficult to judge whether the spirit had yielded, in any degree, to temptation, the tendency was to establish my own righteousness; but the Spirit taught me to say, with Paul, when speaking of his own righteousness, "Those things which were gain to me, them I counted loss, that I might win Christ and be found of Him; not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, *the righteousness which is of God by faith.*" What an apprehension of the fullness of the atonement followed! what a joy in realizing that we are *accepted* in the "*Beloved!*"

In connection with this, another truth was developed, contained in the sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of Romans, that during the term of his natural life, and in whatever state of grace, the Christian has a *redeemed spirit* dwelling in a body impaired by the fall. The *spirit* is changed when converted, and perfected when sanctified; but the *body* remains the same, and the law in our members still warreth against the soul. Though the conflict ceases at death, because of separation from the body, yet it will not be *changed* until "the day of redemption," when "this *mortal* shall put on *immortality.*" In this fact, we find our susceptibility to temptation, and liability to fall, the necessity of "walking in the spirit, that we may not fulfill the lusts of the flesh," of "crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts," of "bringing the body under, and keeping it in subjection." It is from this cause, also, that "we,

who have received the first fruits of the Spirit, even we groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption; to wit, the *redemption* of the *body*;" and it is in this sense "we are saved by hope."

The knowledge of these great truths reconciled many difficulties which had arisen in my own mind, as well as in the minds of others; but it led me to despair of being able *always* to "walk in the Spirit," and "to *keep the body in subjection*," unto the coming of the Lord Jesus, without a direct scriptural assurance that this is *possible*. Such an assurance is given in Romans eighth and fourteenth, "But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also *quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you*." It is also written in Romans sixth and fourteenth, "Sin shall have *no dominion* over you; for ye are not under the *law*, but under *grace*." And again it is written, 1 Thess. v. 23, 24, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and *body* be preserved *blameless* unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it."

With these "precious promises," the last question is answered, the last shadow vanisheth away; and I, this day, "join myself unto the Lord in a *perpetual covenant* that shall not be forgotten," presenting my *body* "a *living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable to God, which is my reasonable service;" "For I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, against that day."

TESTIMONY.

REV. DR. A. HILL.

METHODIST.



At a camp-meeting, held at Northport, L. I., A. D. 1850, I was deeply under the power of the Holy Spirit. The past and the future were before me. My mind was marvelously illumined. I saw my position—I saw what was duty, and what it would cost to do that duty, and this occasioned a wonderful struggle. *Duty*—stern, inexorable duty, stood before me, like the angel of the Lord before the dumb beast of the old prophet. And there was no more head-way in that direction, until I should yield to its high and imperious claims. On the other hand, I thought of my position, social, religious, and professional. Schemes of cherished ambition were before me. The loss of social status—the opinions of men—the humiliation—the crucifixion.

I hesitated—I struggled—I wept—I prayed. The word of God was ringing in my ears, “If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him.” New light, more effulgent than I had ever had before, was now shining upon my spirit; and, now, to recede, was to lose, even my evidence of justification. I was conscious that I could not retain my sense of adoption before God, unless I moved forward whither the pillar of fire would lead me.

But, still my timid nature stood palsied before the conviction, that, if I went forward, it would become my duty to preach, and this was the point of crucifixion. To do this was seeming death, to all my cherished plans, and I shrunk back from it, as from a frightful spectre. And,

thus, my agonized spirit vibrated between these conflicting emotions. Those, only, who have passed through similar experiences, can imagine the fierceness of such a conflict. In this state of unrest I continued for some hours, while a voice seemed to be speaking to me interrogatively, "Will you?"—"will you?" Subsequently, while this struggle was pending, and before I could achieve a decision, my good friends, Dr. and Mrs. P——, whose sympathies were deeply enlisted in my behalf, were frequently present, affording me most valuable aid and assistance. But with a spiritual perception, which greatly astonished me at the time, Sister P—— seemed to comprehend the whole matter, and without any utterance on my part, as to the real difficulty in the case, she seemed to perceive it, and to my great astonishment, suggested her conviction, that I was contending against my duty to preach the Gospel. This seemed to me the more remarkable, as I was an entire stranger to her, and she could not have known my previous history. Was it not an illustration of the words, "For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

That it was a time of great spiritual illumination with me, is true, beyond all question. For I felt that "the Spirit of the Lord God was upon me." Visions of God were open before me—and I saw, what subsequent experience has verified, as, in a dark and cloudy night, a man sees the whole landscape before him in the light of a vivid flash of electricity. My soul was stirred to its profoundest depths. I was passing through agonizing throes preparatory to an entire crucifixion to the world, flesh and sin. And blessed be the Lord God of Israel, I was subsequently ushered into a new world, of light and beauty.

It was a memorable crisis in my religious history—a new era was opening upon me. And I felt assured that my destiny, for the future, was swinging upon this strongly

marked pivotal period of my life. I was to come forth from this furnace purged of the "old leaven," and enter upon a new, and more glorious phase of spiritual life, or lapse back under the displeasure of God, with the midnight of darkness upon my soul. And, thus, for hours I swung between these startling alternations, unable to decide the case, or resolve the question, "Will you yield, and preach the Gospel?"

After hours of fruitless struggling and most painful indecision, as if in marvelous condescension to my weakness, the blessed Christ seemed to speak to me thus, "Twenty-one years ago, you gave yourself to me, and I have kept you. Now, will you not consecrate yourself, in a higher sense, to be forever, and unconditionally, the Lord's; and I will keep you unto life eternal?" I recognized the voice of the Beloved—my soul melted—my opposition gave way—tremblingly, and with a full heart, I responded, "*Yes, Lord. I must have Thee at all hazards.*" And the great conflict was over.

In all this I saw no form—but I *knew* that Jesus spoke to me. I felt that my commission was from Him, and that in due time, the Church would conform its action to these requirements, and such has been the fact. I arose from this agony with these words impressed upon my mind, "Henceforth reckon ye yourselves to be dead, indeed, unto sin, but alive unto God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." No joyous transport followed this struggle as an immediate result—no absolute conviction filled my soul, that I had experienced the work of entire sanctification, save only in the sense of entire consecration. But I began to "reckon myself *dead*, indeed, unto sin, and *alive* unto God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." And thus, to "know Him, and the power of His resurrection, being made conformable unto His death."

That such is the work of holiness, I have no doubt.

The work of the Spirit upon individuals must needs be somewhat peculiar, as it does not destroy *individuality*. I am not, therefore, disposed to doubt that this was a genuine work of holiness, because I was not carried away with unspeakable transports. My spirit was wonderfully chastened—love—divine, heavenly love, sweet, pure, God-like, —seemed gradually to sweep my whole being.

Since that period, "*purity*" has been invested with a new and delightful significance. It has been to me, also, an *endowment of power*. Of this, I have been as conscious, as of anything pertaining to my spiritual life. It has been "a place of broad rivers and streams,"—a "wealthy place,"—an enlargement of soul,—an expansion of all the moral powers—a clearer perception of God's wonderful revelation to mankind, and a deeper sympathy with Christ in His matchless mission of love to our lost and fallen race. A shrinking back from the touch of sin, and a real love of holiness has marked and characterized this experience. It seems more emphatically, the implantation in the heart of "the Spirit of Truth." Affording an instinctive appreciation of truth, wherever and however presented. And an ardent love for the truth, *because it is truth*.

Holiness brings the soul into *light*—clear, beautiful, heavenly light, in which many dark shadows are chased away, and to the advancing one "it shineth more and more to the perfect day." It is not all transport, but it is *peace*, serene and heaven-born. It is not exemption from trial, sore, and sometimes perplexing, but it is power to overcome "through the blood of the Lamb." It is the "sufficient grace." I have not always retained a clear and satisfactory evidence of "entire sanctification," since the memorable period referred to, but in the main I have been marvelously sustained by the power of the indwelling Spirit. And still I am pressing forward, with a good hope, under the conscious smiles of my adorable Master.

TESTIMONY.

REV. R. N. SILSBEE.

METHODIST.



THROUGH the forbearance and loving-kindness of a compassionate Saviour, I have at length entered upon a new era, having ended my course of wandering in the wilderness of unbelief, where I journeyed forty years. I was told by friends that it was *unbelief* that was preventing me from obtaining the blessing of holiness, and I now freely acknowledge that they were assuredly correct. Oh, how much I have lost by being fettered by that sin all the way in my pilgrimage, though sometimes in sight of the promised land! But thanks be to God, who giveth the victory, He has enabled me to *believe*. I do believe the sure *word of God*; and, in believing, a blessing—a blessing whose value eternity alone can reveal—has been granted me.

Over forty years ago, the regenerating grace of God came to my benighted heart; and, through its illuminating light, I was enabled to see the goodness and justice of God, and to bless His name for the great and glorious plan of salvation; and, while dwelling on it, I became exceedingly happy. I did not at once suppose it was the blessed religion, which I had been seeking for with a sorrowful heart for many weeks, and that the life I should live, should be through *faith* on the Son of God.

The subtle adversary of my soul took advantage of the change that had come over me, by saying that I had lost my conviction, and consequently there was now no hope in my case. I at once turned my attention from God to myself, and found my conviction was gone, and readily admitted the suggestion that there was no hope in my case. With all my heart I began to pray for a return of conviction, and continued to pray for it, until I became filled with doubts and unbelief; and I was given to feel, that Deut. xxxii. 20, expressed my condition: "I will hide my face from them; I will see what their end shall be; for they are a very forward generation,—children in whom is no faith;"

Now, like David, I want to say, "Come near, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." Glory be to His holy name, notwithstanding all my frowardness, and want of faith, the Lord, according to His abundant mercy, on the 14th day of last March, opened a door of faith, and enabled me to be obedient to *faith*, and I have received grace for obedience, and am bound to give thanks always unto God, because He has chosen me to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit, and *belief* of the truth. Glory, glory for the blessed word of truth which has made me free, free indeed! Bless the Lord! Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time henceforth and forevermore! for He has so enlightened my mind as to enable me to see the mountain of *unbelief* that has been between Him and my soul.

"The Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron because you believed me not, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel: therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them." How could I enter into the promised land whilst filled with *unbelief*? I read in the Bible, "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." I felt the need of it, and that I must have it; and

besought God to impart it unto me. I would consecrate and consecrate and re-consecrate, but would not *believe*. I durst not believe, lest I should believe short of the blessing, and thereby fail of obtaining the promised grace.

Precious passages of Scripture would, from time to time, be powerfully impressed upon my mind by the Holy Spirit; but I was afraid to accept them as mine. At length the passage came, "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straightened until it be accomplished!" That I felt was most assuredly mine, and accepted it at once. And whilst I was going to God with it in my behalf, the passage loomed up before me, that Christ did not many mighty works in Capernaum because of their *unbelief*. I pondered in my mind, "*Because of unbelief,*" Christ did not many works; and inquired, Is it even so that Christ does not sanctify me because of unbelief? Then I said, O fool, and slow of heart to believe! and marveled because of my unbelief, and upbraided myself with it, and concluded I would no longer stagger through unbelief, but believe, and ask God to help my unbelief, and compassionate the case of one whom Satan had bound these many years with an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God, so that I could not enter into His rest. If I would not *believe*, surely I should not be established. Christ came a light into the world, that whosoever *believeth* on Him shall not abide in darkness, but have the light of life.

Then the words came with power to my heart, that, whilst I had the light, I must believe in the light, that I might be a child of light. I DID *believe*. Thanks be unto God for His enlightening Spirit! Then again the word came with power and sweetness, "Unto you who *believe*, Christ is precious." Yes, I replied, He is precious, supremely precious, and a Saviour especially unto them that *believe*, and "the end of the law for righteousness to

every one that *believeth*." "I had fainted unless I had believed to see the salvation of God." And "I am not ashamed; for I know in whom I have *believed*, and am persuaded He is able to keep that which I committed to His trust."

Having, therefore, boldness to enter into the holiest through the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, His flesh, I am asking that I may ever draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of *faith*, having my heart sprinkled from an evil conscience, and my body washed with pure water, and to be "sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise;" and that I may be nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine, whereunto I have attained; and that the God of hope may fill me with all joy and peace in *believing*, that I may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.

I am not my own, but the Lord's; and my soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. By the help of the Lord, I intend to hold fast a good profession of my faith without wavering; for He is faithful who has promised. I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that *believeth*: for therein is the righteousness of God revealed from *faith* to *faith*; as it is written, "The just shall live by faith." May I be obedient to the *faith*, established in the *faith*, and, like Stephen and Barnabas, be full of faith and the Holy Ghost! May I be able to comfort them who are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith I am comforted of God! for, as the sufferings abounded in me, so my consolation aboundeth by Christ, who delivered me from my great and sore trouble, and doth deliver; in whom I trust He will yet deliver me.

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. MILLER.

METHODIST.



MY parents were very strict with regard to family government. I was required to go to school and to church and to Sabbath-school. From my earliest recollection the FAMILY ALTAR WAS never permitted to go down, HERE I received my first convictions of sin, and desired to be a Christian, and even resolved I would be, when old enough. I attended protracted meetings from time to time, and would feel the power of the truths preached; WISHED SOME ONE WOULD NOTICE ME and INVITE me to seek religion; but none seemed to observe me, although the great deep of my heart was broken up, and my eyes were a "fountain of tears." I lived unsaved until the nineteenth year of my age, when, under the labors of Rev. W. R. Irvine, I was awakened and converted to God. Very soon I was urged to seek purity of heart, consequently saw and felt the need of having the remains of the carnal mind, all in-being sin, taken out of my heart. I sought and obtained the blessing. For some time lived a holy life. Unfortunately for me I fell from this state, and thus dishonored the cause of Christ. Like thousands of others I was considered a member in good standing, held local preacher's license, and had traveled for some months under the elder. When I saw my condition I was very far from God.

A camp-meeting was held in the place where I was boarding, which I attended. The light shone upon my heart; I saw my state, and had no rest in my mind until I resolved to get right. I sought an opportunity to make my confession, and when this was done, I felt God smiled approbation, and I was justified by faith. I again saw if I would retain the favor of God I must seek purity; I resolved never to eat, drink, or sleep until I was fully saved. It pleased God to cut the work short, and again my heart was washed by the "blood of Jesus."

For two years I have been preaching in connection with His Church. I would not boast, but I have to-day a better understanding concerning the way and plan of salvation than ever. Light shines, and Jesus gives me grace to walk in it. For two years I have enjoyed this blessing, have had a clear witness that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin. HALLELUJAH! I am trying to preach, EXPLICITLY, the doctrine of holiness, as taught in the Bible, and by our standard authors.* God blesses me in presenting the truth as it is in Jesus. I take the whole Bible; the promises are all mine. Hallelujah! God helps me to prosecute an aggressive war against the enemy of all unrighteousness. Souls are being converted and sanctified, and I have resolved in Jesus' name never to leave a circuit without fruit.

* Says Wesley: "YOU CAN NEVER SPEAK TOO STRONGLY OR EXPLICITLY UPON the head of Christian perfection. If you speak only FAINTLY and INDIRECTLY, none will be offended and none profited. But, if you speak out, although SOME WILL PROBABLY BE ANGRY, YET OTHERS WILL SOON FIND THE POWER OF GOD unto salvation."

TESTIMONY.

REV. F. S. MINTZER.

METHODIST.



BELIEVING that in more than one sense it is true, that there is that which scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that which withholdeth more than is meat, and it tendeth to poverty ; I write my Christian experience.

I was converted in the year 1842, when I was but seventeen years of age. Soon after, I felt called to preach, but refused—positively—persistently—*refused*, for many years, to obey the call. My natural *timidity*, together with my PRIDE prevented me from obeying God in this direction.

None of my family or relations of any kind, save an uncle, whom I never saw but once—were Methodists. All of my old associates, neighbors and friends, were in sympathy, or association, with *other* branches of the Christian Church. I had given my name to the M. E. Church, lived a tolerably consistent life, and to “come out” and separate myself from the world more fully—aye—to be a Methodist Preacher, seemed to be a duty which, I had not the gracious disposition, or a sufficient amount of grace to perform. What now ! in the midst of my rebellion against God, I was afflicted. (“Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power.”) In my affliction I consented to do my duty. And soon after, in the Providence of God, I was licensed to preach. I felt now, greatly, my want of fitness for the work assigned me by the Church. And the cry, Oh, my leanness ! oh, my unworthiness ! oh, for power ! power ! was constantly on my lips.

At this juncture of my religious experience—while an old friend and sister in Christ, in a public prayer-meeting,

was pleading with God for the blessing of a clean heart, or "Perfect Love," the Spirit of God convinced me that I ought not to rest satisfied *short of this blessing*. Indeed, that was what I *needed*. I wept, prayed, and "*fasted often,*" until at length, in answer to the *prayer of faith*, the blessing came to my heart—gentle as the morning light—peaceful as a dove. My mind became as calm as a "summer evening;" and I could exclaim!—

"'Tis done! thou dost this moment save
With full salvation bless,
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

Soon after, in a love-feast, while the congregation were singing,

"Am I a soldier of the cross, &c.,"

I was induced to arise, and for the first time to make profession of the blessing received. I did so amid the shouts of my brethren and sisters in Christ. That was about twenty years ago, and the way has been growing brighter ever since. I can say truly, "His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are *peace*."

TESTIMONY.

REV. C. J. RICHMAN.

METHODIST.



OBTAINED religion Aug. 23, 1823; and was as happy, I think, as any one could be without being wholly sanctified. I was on the mount continually, happy day and night. It was my whole soul's intent to do the will of God, to bear the cross,

to exhort sinners, and tell of the loving-kindness of God to all as I had opportunity.

“Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;”

and, oh, how I longed for all His salvation to see!

But, after a while, I found I had got some fighting to do, as well as shouting. I had many conflicts with the enemy. He would often tell me, “You have no religion.” My faith would sometimes waver a little; but I would pray the more earnestly. I believed it was my privilege to know always that I was in favor with God, to have an abiding witness of my acceptance. I was convinced the great blessing of perfect love was attainable.

I lived in this state about two years, when I attended a Camp-meeting near Blackwood Town, where I was powerfully convinced that I must be cleansed from all sin. This became the burden of my prayer, and for six weeks I prayed almost day and night that God would cleanse me and make me holy. I never doubted one moment but what the blessing was in store for me; for God has said, “Be ye holy,” and He will never withhold grace to do what He requires of us.

I prayed on. The more I prayed, the brighter it looked. The stronger my faith, the happier I became, until at length I was convinced that God had cleansed me from all sin. My soul was let into the clear light, life, and fullness of Christ my Lord, Glory to God! forty-one years I have been drinking at the fountain-head. I have enjoyed a fullness of Christ continually. As a local preacher, I have been striving to work for God according to my ability, until my lungs are worn out. I am broken down, old, and feeble; but it's all glory. Oh, how it does rejoice my heart to know that holiness is spreading. May it, like a flood-tide, roll on, and roll on, until the world shall be filled with the glory of God!

TESTIMONY.

REV. G. H. BLAKESLEE.

METHODIST.



THE language of Mr. Payson is the language of *my* heart: "Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been, since eight o'clock, A. M., yesterday, 'a happy inhabitant.' The celestial city is full in my view: its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached; and now He fills the whole hemisphere of my soul. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to *my* wants. I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion."

I now know and feel the blood applied that purifies my heart. Just at the close of family prayer, the streams of salvation began to pour into my soul, filling me to the brim. I went to church under the influence of this mighty baptism, and preached. A young married lady was saved during the services, met in class and joined the church. I gave my testimony for God in the class-meeting, and returned home. Soon after two, P. M., while reclining on the sofa, the flood-gates were again let loose upon me; and for the most of the time, till five, P. M., it seemed that my soul would burst. I never before felt the *force* of that Scripture, "*Pressed down, shaken together, and running over.*" Such filling and enlargement, enlargement and filling, I never realized previous to this. I thought of the time when Fletcher was so filled that he said, "Lord, stay Thy hand." I think this is the anointing that *will abide*. My brethren in the ministry must not delay getting this baptism

I cannot find words to express what God has done and is doing for me. I feel very little like shouting: the current is too broad and deep for that. Oh! this sinking into God's will, this *pressure* of grace, is beyond everything I had hoped for. It seems that God is *crowding* salvation into my soul, and by this process expanding it. I feel something of that "awe that dares not move, and all the silent heaven of love." I cannot doubt longer. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth *me* from all sin." I must tell what God has done for me. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and the pen writes, and I will make no apology for the strain in which I have written.

TESTIMONY.

REV. D. N. MULLER.

METHODIST.



LN August, 1852, by faith I looked out of darkness and guilt, and claimed Christ as a Saviour. In August, 1865, by faith I looked out of adoption and childhood, and claimed Jesus as a Sanctifier.

Consciousness of weakness; unutterable longings for deliverance from the bonds of slavish habits and unbelief; yearning for the Will of God to be done in and through me, led my soul, by the inspiration of the Spirit, to lay all upon the altar—and with hearty will and all-embracing faith, find full salvation in Jesus' blood. My heart says:

"'Tis done, Thou do'st this moment save
 With full salvation bless,
 Redemption through Thy blood I have,
 And spotless love and peace."

TESTIMONY.

REV. THOMAS J. CROWDER.

METHODIST.



SHORT time before I was thirteen years old, I was converted to God. I had a clear witness of my acceptance, and could sing, "How happy are they who their Saviour obey," etc. Though young in years, I was able, through grace, to hold fast for some time, and proved that "His yoke was easy and His burden light." By and by I grew careless and indifferent, and fell into sin, and lost all but good desires to do right. I never was willing to let go entirely, and the church still bore with me. I finally settled down in life, and was privileged to attend a meeting where God manifested Himself in great power, and I was restored to my former position, and soon after licensed to preach.

I now felt the necessity of a holy life, but blindly supposed that we gradually grew into perfect Christians, and when we had accomplished that end, God would say, "Enough, come up higher." Thus I lived, struggling to keep my head above water; rendering this service of my soul through fear of punishment, and exhorting others to do the same, not knowing that the "Way was so delightful." Four years of political excitement and bloody conflict, well nigh destroyed all my hopes for heaven. By practice, at least, I was saying, that loyalty to my government was sufficient for the time. I did not neglect the form, but the power was lost in my zeal for the cause in which we were engaged.

I was unhappy, and knew not where to go for relief,

until it pleased God to "lead me in a way I knew not," and at once I was a seeker of holiness, for the first time in my life. I wrote it to my friends; I told it in the love-feast, and by thus committing myself, I was able to hold on until I was instructed in the way, for I was ignorant, never having heard a sermon preached on the subject; neither had I cared to read about it. The Lord showed me that it was not only desirable, but *necessary*. I turned with a heavy heart away from the burial of our beloved President, to seek the Highway of Holiness. The enemy tried very hard to get me to give it up, but I felt that I was *perishing* for the *bread of life*. I made the consecration complete, except tobacco. That I felt I *must*, but could not give up.

I prayed over it, and finally, on my knees before God, I wrote the solemn vow, that from that date (May 7th, 1865,) I would never, in any form, take it again. My mind was then relieved, and the next evening, while bowing at the altar, *light came*. *Glory to God!* I was washed and made a "new creature in Jesus Christ." Everything new; new desires, new hopes, new aims. *Glory to Jesus!* I am still in the Highway; I have the witness within myself. Tobacco has not troubled me; even the desire to take it is gone; and in addition to being rid of the filthy practice, I save twenty-five dollars per annum for the Lord. Let him that uses tobacco go and do likewise, and bring the money saved to the Lord, and there will be meat in his house; and then see if He will not pour out such a blessing as "there will not be room to contain." Jesus saves me every day, and when temptations come, He helps me, and I am happy in God.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die,

TESTIMONY.

REV. A. MILLIKEN.

METHODIST.



WHILE reading the Bible on my knees, the chapter for the day was Exodus the twenty-ninth. When I came to the thirty-seventh verse, my attention became unusually arrested: especially did the words, "And it shall be an altar *most holy*: whatsoever TOUCHETH the ALTAR *shall be holy*," enter my heart, and with them a *power* I do not remember to have felt before, when trying to believe "the altar sanctifieth the gift." I saw, and I still see, a peculiar force in the words, "*toucheth the altar.*"

Many a time, during these years past, I have consecrated my *whole being* to the Lord, and felt very happy in doing so *for a time*; but then my heart would grow cold again, and would relapse into doubt, and fear, and sin. I now see that the fault has been, not in the imperfection of my consecration, but in the imperfection, or rather *misdirection*, of my faith; looking more to myself, my *feelings*, &c., than to the *virtue* of the "altar." Now I *see*, I *feel*, praise the Lord! the "*altar*," not my feelings, but the altar sanctifieth the gift. Yes, the *altar*, *Jesus Christ*, He is now my sanctification, my all-in-all. Hallelujah, hallelujah! I believe, I feel, His precious blood "cleanseth from all sin."

Twelve years ago, on my way to see my friends in Ireland, I called on the author of the Way of Holiness, and she told me to look for and hold this great "*salvation by faith*;" but never, never did I see or feel the scriptural propriety of her kind instructions as I now do. Praise

the Lord that He has spared me through all my wanderings, up and down, to see this glad day, when Jesus does take *all* my sin and fear away, by believing His word. "The altar sanctifieth the gift,"—the poor, unworthy gift. I feel as if I could fill this whole sheet, and many more, by writing this blessed word of the Lord, "The altar sanctifieth the gift." Glory forever to the Lord for this *simple way*, this short way, this glorious way, of salvation! Surely *all may come*; for the merit of Jesus, the blood of Jesus, can save all, can cleanse all.

TESTIMONY.

REV. E. OWEN.

METHODIST.



AM thirty-eight years old, and have labored in the itinerant ranks fourteen years. My preaching was commenced when in the enjoyment of FULL SALVATION. I continued in this state for some years. For a few years last past, I have lived much of the time short of this perfect grace, and at times very short of it. Sometime since, I consecrated my all to God once more. He accepted the offering. GLORY TO HIS NAME! From that time all has been peaceful and happy within. God has guided me in all matters, in a way to astonish me. His hand appears in all that concerns me. His whole guidance can be understood only by those who enjoy "like precious faith." My heart, my life, and my preaching, have undergone a material change. Station E——— has a new preacher! This being my second year on the charge, it has troubled me to find something new, and interesting for the pulpit, until God brought me into this "*large place*." Plenty of texts and sermons are now

at hand. Indeed, every text to me seems like a sermon of itself. No language can describe my enjoyment for the six weeks past. My faith is unwavering. I can now endure "as seeing Him who is invisible."

An attempt to describe the particular guidings of Providence, would doubtless subject me to the ridicule of some well-meaning people. I will not attempt it. "Acknowledging God in all my ways," I *know* He "directs my steps." It is no longer a mere theory with me, that "All things work together for good to them that love God." With the apostle I can say, I "*know*" this to be so. This is *living in earnest*. "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!" Amen.



TESTIMONY.

REV. W. G. BROWNING.

METHODIST.



ATTENDED the camp-meeting for Newburg District, at Warwick. Here I fell in with a dear brother in the ministry, whom I knew for years past had professed to enjoy the blessing of holiness, and whose course I had been led to observe somewhat closely. I found this was still his theme, and my heart began to hunger and thirst for full redemption in the blood of the Lamb. We had some meetings on this subject, and were led into great heart-searchings. In one of these meetings I was brought to see that I was so far consecrated to Christ as to be willing to be *any thing* for Him, —to go *any where* (*i. e.*, somewhere),—to occupy any *prominent* position, or to discharge any *great* duty. But whether I was willing to be *nothing* for Christ, was the question presented to me for solution; whether, if He so

willed and ordered, I was willing to be under the feet of my brethren, and kept out of sight,—

“Little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone.”

Here I saw I had stumbled, and the question needed some consideration.

After looking the whole ground over, I said, “Yes, Lord.” I resolved to feel my way *very carefully*; and I purposed having a long talk with the brother referred to, for his advice and instruction. But, oh! the mercy of God in Christ Jesus! before such an opportunity was afforded, and while in a meeting in the old New York Committee tent, on Friday evening, September 1, 1865, I was brought suddenly to see, that all my struggles and delays availed nothing, and that my only hope was the merits of Christ appropriated by faith. I was enabled, without any particular emotion or joyous feeling at the time, to cast myself unreservedly upon Christ, and take Him as my present and complete Saviour from all sin. The first sensation was that of unspeakable relief, and my first testimony in public was that I had entered into the rest of faith.

And now I dare not attempt any thing like a full account of what has followed this simple act of faith in Jesus, and the constant trust that I have continued to exercise since. I have had victory after victory over Satan, and have risen already into an atmosphere heretofore almost entirely unknown to me. God has favored me with some manifestations, that have, for the time, been almost overpowering, and led me to doubt whether I was in the body or out of the body. I have had seasons of great trial also, and called to live solely by faith; but these have been followed by still more glorious victories, and my soul is now rejoicing in the sweet consciousness that *the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness.*

I think I have come to see *as never before*, that the

strength of the soul, at all times, and in every circumstance, consists in its constant and *persistent* trust in Christ. I have but to look to Jesus, and live. The effect is seen all around me; and I think that I have accomplished really more for God, since I received the gift of power, than in many years before. To Him be all the glory!

TESTIMONY.

REV. G. NEWTON.

METHODIST.



PROFESSED the blessing of holiness, preached it, endeavored to live it, but had lost the clear witness of the Spirit of its present possession; still I would confess it, and testify to its truth, but I felt in my soul a want of unction that I believe should always attend the possession of this grace, and does, as light to the sun, and, if not obstructed, will make its power known. Late, one night, after retiring from a protracted meeting, in which the conflict was even, and the enemy, at most, only kept at bay, in reviewing, and endeavoring to analyze the effort of the evening, the Spirit of God led me to see that my dimness of light was not sufficient, and others were in the dark on my account. I was led again to approach the mercy-seat with a cold, naked faith, perceiving that I was to be saved by faith, and not by my works, even of good desires, wishes, or resolutions; and, if by faith, now was just as appropriate a time as any other would be. And, without feeling or emotion of any kind, I mentally took the stand. I am now the Lord's, letting go of all the past, of neglects, unfaithfulness, etc. I was enabled to stand upon this truth, "Jesus saves me, for I trust Him to save me;" and from that time my witness returned. "To any who have lost the witness, go thou and do likewise."

TESTIMONY.

REV. B. G. PADDOCK.

METHODIST.



SOON after my union with the M. E. Church, in the year 1804, I heard the doctrine of holiness, or entire sanctification, preached. I examined the Holy Bible for its proof. I soon commenced seeking this higher and holy state. I honestly believed it attainable in this life, if ever, as I reasoned, "We must have it to enter the kingdom of God above, as no unholy thing can enter there; and there is no work in the grave. If death and the grave are to do it, then universal salvation must follow, as all must die; then the grave. Hence, if it be ever attainable, it is now attainable."

I sought it with prayers and tears for weeks and months. So distressed was my anxious soul for this salvation at times, sleep departed from me. Finally I resolved to retire to the grove, and on my knees continued to wrestle with the Holy one, in the name of our prevailing Advocate, till he should send down his great salvation. I continued in prayer till it appeared to the soul's eye the blessing was coming down from the Father of lights as a globe, brighter than the sun, or as burnished gold. It seemed as large as the hemisphere: but, as it descended, it grew less and less in its appearance; and I thought God was condensing it, that I might grasp and embrace the whole. Oh, how my youthful heart beat! It came nearer and nearer! But, oh! just as I was laying hold of the greatly-desired prize, the thought rushed into my mind, "You are too young, too inexperienced, too unworthy, for

strength of the soul, at all times, and in every circumstance, consists in its constant and *persistent* trust in Christ. I have but to look to Jesus, and live. The effect is seen all around me; and I think that I have accomplished really more for God, since I received the gift of power, than in many years before. To Him be all the glory!

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so great a blessing. It is for older and more experienced Christians." And, thus reasoning, the golden opportunity, the golden globe of light and love disappeared. I sank to the dust in gloom, fear, and doubt. For a long time, if I thought about seeking this great blessing, a check would come over my feelings: "You might have enjoyed it; you gave away to the enemy, to unbelief!" I believed it attainable and absolutely all-important.

I preached the holy doctrine, and sometimes as though I enjoyed it; as my faith was so firm in its truth, that it was easy and pleasant to preach it. I always felt the more happy in preaching it, than in enforcing most other Bible doctrines. After some years thus spent, I greatly desired the abiding witness of its enjoyment. Thanks to God, again he enabled me to commence the struggle for this blessing; and again it descended as a globe of light above the brightness of the sun, and I was taken up into its centre: the earth and sublunary things vanished, and I appeared as light as vanity, and God was all in all; and the elementary globe, in the centre of which I seemed to be moving, was represented to me as the Deity. As God is love, and as I was basking in this globe of love, I cried, "I am in God; and He, by His Spirit, dwells in me. Hallelujah! Glory to the Lamb!"

Soon after this glorious manifestation, in which state I was as happy as I could be in the earthly tabernacle, I met a Christian brother, who, I supposed, knew and enjoyed it. From the fullness of my heart, and childlike simplicity, I cried in great earnestness, "Dear brother, God has sanctified my soul; He has made me holy." He made no reply, and seemed surprised. This threw a check on the fervor of my buoyant feelings. I soon gave way to the unwise thought, "It may prove a stumbling-block to others; I will try to live in its enjoyment: let my life speak for it,—preach it as attainable, as a Bible doc-

trine." For scores of years, I have enjoyed more or less of this soul-transforming blessing.

Recently I have been confined to my bed by illness. Glory to my Jesus, my soul has dwelt on Pisgah's mount! On death's brink I have cast the eye of faith: beyond the vale, all was bright and glorious. I shall go safe when called for, if my faith fail not.

TESTIMONY.

REV. C. B. FORD.

METHODIST.



TEN years ago I attended the Reading Camp-meeting, and sought God earnestly, but did not seem to get that especial blessing for which I went. The last night had come, and a good sister said to me, "I have staid on the ground longer than I would, to hear your testimony that God had saved you from all sin." Immediately after that I went into a little prayer-meeting, and told the friends, in a very calm manner, that I was earnestly seeking, but had no evidence of Divine acceptance. A thought came,—“I love this Saviour;” and “I love Him with all my heart;” and something said, “Get up and say that:” but it was suggested, “Don’t say that; for that would be professing sanctification.” But two sat beside me that I loved; and I thought, I can say to these, “I believe I do love the Lord with all my heart;” and, as I said it, God wonderfully blessed me, and I fell helpless under the great power of God.

Before this, I had accounted for various unusual religious manifestations on natural principles; that, as some persons of a nervous temperament were overcome at the sight of unexpected friends, so those who were religiously affected had weak nerves, and the joy of the Lord

easily affected them. Of others, I thought it was a species of catalepsy. But, since the time of my own prostration, I have not believed that such demonstrations were other than the power of God. I went on in the service of the Lord, and He kept me in perfect peace. But, after a while,—I have to confess it,—I let go my hold, I scarcely know how; but I did, and lost the power and blessedness of that intimate communion which I had with God, though I had lived in the enjoyment of it for two or three years. Since then, I have lived in a tolerable state of grace, but more recently concluded I ought to be living nearer to God. I had resolved to put myself in a position where I could do more for Jesus; and whether my sermons were studied as well or not, I meant to pray more. This I have done; and, with a good brother minister of the Reformed Dutch Church, I have often gone to God, and God has been with us in power; and to-day I reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. N. SHORT.

METHODIST.



WHEN twelve years old, God, for the sake of His Son, forgave my sins; but, alas! I hung my harp upon the willow, and wandered by the chilling streams of Babylon, until my nineteenth year, when the arms of my Father again encompassed His child.

Five years have now passed; and oh, how often has my soul longed for that fullness which is found only in the Godhead! At times I had a foretaste of heaven; and

then those dark clouds of unbelief would rob me of all my joy. I sighed for help, but, alas! it was in vain: for I knew not how to approach the mercy-seat, and return with an answered prayer.

At times, I felt peace within; and, for a year and a half, I have preached, in feebleness, the gospel of my Master. God blessed my labors by giving me souls for my hire, which encouraged me to hope and pray on; which I did until the month of October, 1865, at which time I read, for the first time, the "Guide to Holiness." Now was my soul more dissatisfied than ever, for I tried to preach holiness: and how could I? as I knew nothing about it. I read the way pointed out in the "Guide," again and again, and then would approach the mercy-seat and try to believe; but it seemed in vain; for I did not ask that the work might be done *just now*. The nineteenth of November dawned, and was so very rainy, that I did not go to my appointments. My soul was sad. I repaired to my closet; and, while going, the thought occurred to me, that I might feel the sanctifying power of Jesus' blood *just now* if I would believe. By faith I beheld that altar all dripping with hallowed blood. I asked to be cleansed *just now*. I felt the waves of that purple flood as they washed over my soul; and, receiving the spirit of holiness, I cried, "Abba, Father!" The Spirit now bore witness with my spirit that I was wholly the Lord's.

That aching void within my soul is now filled with God; and I can say, "He is mine, and I am His." Oh, how simple the way!—to ask in faith, and believe that He answers prayer, and accepts the sacrifice of a broken heart. The work of the Lord now prospers in my hands. Twenty-five have, within a few weeks, sought and found pardon in Jesus' blood. The work is going on among the people and in my own heart.

TESTIMONY.

REV. H. NEFF.

METHODIST.



ABOUT three weeks after I was converted, I felt the necessity of holiness. I read the *Memoirs of Mrs. Rogers and Carvosso*, and the *Path of Life*, and these books confirmed me in the belief that it was my privilege to be made free from sin. I prayed earnestly for heart purity, for about one week, when I was able to lay all on the altar, and believe that the offering was accepted. God then gave me such a view of himself and of the power of the gospel, as I never had before. I was overwhelmed with the divine glory. I did not shout aloud, but felt

“The silent awe that dares not move,”

while the fire of God seemed to be penetrating my being. I felt lifted above the world, above the cares and sorrows of life: peace and joy filled my soul. I felt a power which I never felt before—power to sing and pray, and work for God. I remained in this state of mind for many months, during which time I was much exercised on the subject of preaching the gospel. I resisted this conviction of duty, when almost imperceptibly the witness of holiness was lost. Sometime after this I entered the ministry. Years of affliction and trials came, during which God often blessed me, and showed me the light of His countenance. I passed through powerful revivals, and saw many sinners converted to God. But in the midst of all this I was conscious of a want of holiness. About three years ago I was able to consecrate anew. God met me again in a powerful manner. Since then I have been trying to live holiness and preach entire sanctification as a distinct blessing.

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. HUGHES.

METHODIST.



AFTER being for some time deeply exercised on the subject of Holiness, I one evening took the "Way of Holiness," which had that day fallen into my hands, and went to a retired room, when it occurred to me that I might and ought to stay up and make known my request to God, at least till midnight. Nature was averse; but I had no sooner made up my mind to this course than I received new power to seek God. Satan harassed me every now and then with evil thoughts. I solemnly besought God to aid me, and pleaded that, as He had given the desire, it must be His intention to bestow the blessing. I acted on the suggestion of Mrs. Palmer, to lay the sacrifice on the altar, and I had a new and affecting view of the Christian altar covered with the blood of the divine victim. On this altar I placed myself, and besought God to take possession of the offering. I *confessed* and *felt* that I was a sinner, worthy of being that moment in the flames of hell, but pleaded "the precious blood."

I besought God to give me some clear and indubitable manifestation, that there might be no further doubt on my mind. I expressed myself somewhat as follows,—“Lord, thou knowest that I shall have to testify for thee, and cannot do so confidently if there be a doubt on the mind as to the possession of the blessing. Thou knowest my naturally doubtful frame of mind. Give me such an inward witness that I shall not be able to doubt or mistake.” I said a great deal more to the Lord, and I thank God He gave me “to seek Him with my *whole heart*.” I felt fully con

scious of this; and the more I prayed the more I was drawn out in prayer. Again and again I laid myself on the altar and appealed to God to take possession of the offering. I was thus engaged when the Holy Ghost came upon me in a gloriously indescribable manner.

Words fail to convey to another mind what I then experienced. My frame trembled; the glory surrounded me. It was not simply like a manifestation of God to the soul, but as if God were visibly present in His glory, and as if the divine light penetrated the physical as well as the moral nature. Not a doubt remained. The Lord suddenly came to His temple. Now I can write most confidently and truthfully, that the visitation was such, that it drove away all possible doubt, as to the communication of the grace which I sought. To doubt was impossible. God, the Holy One, had come and possessed me. I trembled exceedingly, and for some time I could only ceaselessly exclaim, Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory! and the exclamation seemed to be involuntary, as if it proceeded from the Spirit within me, more than from myself. This was near the midnight hour.

I remember also, before this ever-memorable visitation, praying that God would apply some portion of His own word to my mind, and these words came with power,—“Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.” And I said, “What word, Lord?” and the answer was, “I will; be thou clean.”

I began to plead for poor sinners, and I hope that God will soon save amongst us by scores and hundreds. But of this I have no inward assurance, only my cry is, “Lord, increase my faith.” This memorable fact took place in a few days after I arrived at Trowbridge, when appointed by the Conference to labor in the Bradford Wilt Circuit.

TESTIMONY.

REV. CHARLES H. S. BISHOP.

METHODIST.



HAD the inestimable privilege of being blessed with pious parents, who taught me to walk in the paths of piety and peace. Left early to the care of a dear mother (she has been now many years in glory), I was taught to fear God, to love His word and His messengers, to reverence His Sabbaths, to look upon religion as the one thing needful. I loved to hear those who spoke of Jesus, and to sing His praises. Oh how often did my young heart swell with desire of becoming one day a missionary—that seemed to me the post “*par excellence!*”—Oh that I could preach Jesus when I became a man!

In the month of October, 1847, on a Lord's day evening, after a searching sermon, I was found, heart broken and almost in despair, at the communion rail, earnestly seeking deliverance. There I wept and prayed—there I tried to believe. The meeting closed, and I left the chapel still bearing the load of unpardoned sins. But praise God, while on the way home, lifting my heart to God in earnest mental prayer, my burden fell off, my chains were broken, I felt I was free—Jesus was my Saviour. The spot where this happened will be ever graven upon my memory. It is hallowed ground. There God spoke peace to my soul. Praise His name! With the assurance of salvation, my old conviction and desires respecting preaching returned with redoubled energy and distinctness. After much hesitation and doubt as to my fitness for the work (of the

call I never had the least doubt), I offered myself as a local preacher and was accepted.

But to be fully set apart to this glorious work was my ambition and earnest conviction. Praise the Lord, He undertook for me, and after enabling me to surmount obstacles and difficulties, He opened my way. I was accepted by the Conference and sent as a probationer to the place I now occupy in the Lord's vineyard, as a missionary at Jeremie, St. Domingo.

I began my labors here with a single eye to the honor and glory of God, desiring nothing but to please God and save souls. I endeavored sincerely to do the Lord's work to the best of my ability. But little success seemed to reward my toil, and I was driven to look within. I saw the need of being holy; I read and prayed: I strove to believe. It was the 14th of December, 1851, encouraged by reading Mrs. Fletcher's life, I laid myself wholly upon the altar, and received the assurance that God had truly accepted me. I did not confess Jesus before men, and therefore lost the blessed assurance. Oh, had I been wise, my peace might have flowed as a river. I hid my treasure, and I lost it. Since that time, as often as I have laid myself on the altar, I have received the assurance of sanctification, but I have as often lost it, by hiding it from God's people.

The closing services of the last, and the introductory ones of the present year, have been seasons of blessing to my soul. Writing in my journal on January 9th, I could say I believe I have that perfect love which casteth out fear. Still I did not profess it openly. Need I tell you by this means I was shorn of my strength? A few months ago we received several back numbers of the "Guide to Holiness." Bless God for that precious collection of testimonies to the cleansing efficacy of Jesus' blood! I love its pages. The papers on holiness are clear and con-

vincing; but the best part, to my taste, are those simple and encouraging experiences of God's sanctified ones. Since reading them, I have been afresh stirred up to claim a clean heart as mine, and, blessed be God, he has anew given me the testimony of His Spirit to the fact. Oh, what abounding grace to me, unworthy, unfaithful me!


Last Sabbath afternoon I was reading the "Guide," and happened to light upon an experience which in some points resembled mine, especially in having obtained often, and as often lost the witness, through unwillingness to confess it openly. There and then I determined to lose no time, but to state fully and simply what great things God had done for me. This Satan would rather not hear, and many were his insinuations with the design of frightening me from the performance of what I felt was a duty.

I looked upon the affair as involving my present and eternal salvation, and by God's grace, plainly and humbly related my experience in the chapel, instead of preaching. I do not repent having done so, I believe I never shall. Praise the Lord. I am now committed to the doctrine. I mean to witness for Christ on all suitable occasions. This I see is the only means of retaining the assurance of the blessing. I do now feel that I am wholly and unreservedly the Lord's; I have given myself fully to Him, and that for ever, and I am assured that He has accepted, and doth now accept me. Glory to His holy name, He has saved me, even such a rebel *as me!* I bless God that I enjoy a heavenly settled peace; I have a calm and simple trust in Jesus as my complete Saviour; He is my all in all. I love Him, and all my desire is to live to show forth His praise.

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. A. WOOD.

METHODIST.

OD often showed me the importance and necessity of holiness as clear as a sunbeam. I seldom studied the Bible without conviction of my fault in not coming up to the scriptural standard of salvation. I often commenced seeking the blessing, but at no time made much progress, for as I read and prayed, some duty was seen to present itself, which I was unwilling to perform, and so I passed into indifference.

While studying for the ministry with the Rev. William Hill of Cambridgeport, Vt., I was frequently led to see my need of purity. Brother Hill was an able Presbyterian minister, and for a number of years was pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Newburgh, N. Y. He became convicted for entire sanctification, through reading the scriptures, and obtained the blessing, while on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer's, in New York city, where he attended the meeting for the promotion of holiness held at their house. He lived it, professed it, and preached it. A few years since he died in holy triumph at Bristol, Conn., in the thirty-seventh year of his age. The society and influence of this holy man were a great blessing to me. More than a hundred times, I presume, have I bowed in prayer with him in his study and held sweet communion with God. Those seasons of devotion still linger in my memory as among the most precious hours of my early ministry.

By being so often convicted of my need of perfect love,

and failing to obtain it, I, after awhile, like many others, became a little sceptical in regard to the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification as a *distinct* blessing subsequent to regeneration. I had no clear or definite idea in regard to the blessing of perfect love, but came to think of it, and teach it, as only a deeper work of grace, or a little more religion. I taught, as many do, a gradual growth into holiness, or *modern gradualism*. I threw the whole matter into the world of indefiniteness, and of vague generalities. I expected to grow into holiness somehow, somewhere, and at some time, but knew not how, nor where, nor when. I urged believers to seek a deeper work of grace; and to get more religion, but seldom said to them, "Be ye holy," "This is the will of God, even your *sanctification*," or seek "perfect love."

I became somewhat prejudiced even against the Bible terms, "*sanctification*," "*holiness*," "perfection," and disliked very much to hear persons use them in speaking of their experience. I was opposed to the profession of holiness as a distinct blessing from regeneration. I became prejudiced against the special advocates of holiness; and at Camp-meetings and other places I felt disposed to discourage direct efforts for its promotion.

During a number of years this was my state of mind—and here let me record that while hundreds of sinners were converted, in connection with my feeble ministry, I do not recollect a single case of a believer being entirely sanctified under my labors, during the first nine years of my ministry. Let me add, during this time I was grieved from year to year, by seeing what might astonish hell, and fill heaven with lamentations—company after company of young converts walking into backslidden and unsanctified churches, first to wonder, then for a while to be grieved, but finally to add another layer to the backslidden stratification.

In May I was appointed to the Court Street Church, Binghampton. I went there much prejudiced against the professors of holiness in that church. I soon found in my pastoral visitations that where those persons lived who professed the blessing of holiness, there I felt most of the divine power and influence. I realized a liberty in prayer and an access to God in those families which I did not elsewhere. The more I became acquainted with them, the more I was convicted of my remaining depravity and need of being cleansed in the blood of Jesus.

Through the entire summer of 1858, I was seeking the blessing, but kept the matter to myself. During this time none of the professors of holiness said anything to me on the subject, but as I have since learned, were praying for me night and day. God only knew the severe struggles I had that long summer, during many hours of which I lay on my face, in my study, begging Jesus to cleanse my poor unsanctified heart; and yet I was unwilling to make a public avowal of my feeling, or to ask the prayers of God's people for my sanctification.

In September of that year, the Binghampton District Camp-meeting was held. About eighty of my charge went with me to the meeting. During six days of the meeting, the sanctification of my soul was before my mind constantly, and yet I neither urged others to seek it, nor intimated to any one my convictions and struggles on the subject. The result was, six days of such deep humiliation, severe distress and hard conflict, as I had never before endured.

A number of the members of my charge had once enjoyed the blessing and lost it. Some who professed to enjoy it were becoming silent on the subject. The Lord was evidently displeased with us, and so shut us up, that our prayer meetings in our large tent literally ran out. The brethren and sisters became tried with themselves and

each other. Some of them were tempted to strike their tents and go home.

On the last evening of the meeting, a faithful member of the church came to me weeping, a few minutes before preaching, and said, "Brother Wood, there is no use in trying to dodge the question. You know your duty and might as well commence seeking holiness first as last. If you will lead the way and define your position as a seeker of entire sanctification, you will find that many of the members of your charge will follow you."

The Lord had so humbled me, that I was willing to do almost anything to obtain relief. After a few moment's reflection, I replied: "Immediately after preaching, I will appoint a meeting in this tent on the subject of holiness, and will ask the prayers of the church for my soul." Glory to God! the Rubicon was passed. In an instant I felt a giving way in my heart, so sensible and powerful, that it appeared rather physical than spiritual. In a moment after, I felt an indescribable sweetness permeating my entire being. It was a sweetness as real and as sensible to my soul as ever the sweetest honey was to my taste. I immediately walked up into the preacher's stand. The Presiding Elder requested me to exhort after his sermon. I replied, "I will, if the Lord will help." Just as he gave out his text, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter"—Eccl. xii. 13, the baptism of fire and power fell on me. For me to describe what I then realized, is utterly impossible. It was such as I need not attempt to portray to those who have felt it, and such as I need not attempt to describe to those who have never realized it. The most of which I was conscious, was that Jesus had me in His arms, and that the heaven of heavens was streaming through and through my soul, in such beams of light and overwhelming love and glory, as can never be uttered. *The half can never be told!* Glory! Glory! O it was a

most memorable era in the history of my probation, a glorious epoch in my religious experience, *Never, never*, to be forgotten. Jesus, then and there, sweetly, completely, and most powerfully, sanctified my soul and body to Himself. He *melted, cleansed, filled*, my unworthy soul with holy, sin-consuming power.

I had always been prejudiced against persons losing their strength. Consequently, as might have been expected, when the Holy Ghost came upon me, as I was surrounded by about thirty ministers, it was God's order to take control of both soul and body, and swallow me up in the great depths of His presence and power.

After about three hours, I gained strength to walk to the tent, and we commenced a meeting for the promotion of holiness. I told the brethren and sisters my purpose to ask their prayers as a seeker of holiness, and that Jesus had forstalled my design by accepting my offering the moment I consented to stand up for holiness and was willing to do anything to obtain it. Our meeting continued all night, and such a night I never experienced before. A large number of my leading members commenced seeking holiness; and about every half-hour during that whole night, the glorious power of God came down in streams as sweet as heaven. At times it was unspeakable and almost unendurable,—*a weight of glory*. Never will those present forget that night of sanctifying and refining power.

What I received at the time Jesus sanctified my soul, was only a drop in the bucket, compared to what it has since pleased Him to impart. Since that hour, the deep and solid communion my soul has had with God, and the rich, deep baptisms of love and power, have been unspeakable and full of glory.

TESTIMONY.

REV. M. P. GADDIS.

METHODIST.



WAS deeply impressed and clearly convinced :
1. Of the absolute necessity of holiness of heart, "without which none shall see the Lord." 2. The certainty of the attainment of a higher state of religious enjoyment ; it being the "will of God, even my sanctification." 3. The simple manner of obtaining it—by faith in the blood of Jesus Christ. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins." Without a moment's delay I resolved then and there, fully to trust the Lord ; unwavering faith apprehended the efficiency of the blood of Christ to "cleanse from all sin." My anxious and burdened soul cried out with vehemence, impatient to be free,

"Oh kill me in this rebel sin,
And reign in triumph o'er my willing heart."

In a moment I felt my heart melt like wax before the fire, and my eyes suffused in tears of joy. I then rose from my seat and walked about the room, exclaiming in an audible voice, "I am the Lord's! I am the Lord's!" I then fell upon my knees, and made an offering of soul and body to God, in the following simple manner: "Here Lord, I bring to thee my poor, weakly body, and sin-polluted soul ; take me, Jesus, just as I am." At that moment the Holy Ghost pressed home, with power, the following interrogation: "Do you give up all?" Bringing to my recollection a "form of surrender," mentioned in *Livy*, where Egenicus had inquired, "Are you the ambassadors sent by the people of Callatia, that you may yield up yourselves and the Callatine people?" It was answered

“We are.” And was again asked, “Are the Callatine people in their own power?” It was answered, “They are.” It was further inquired, “Do you deliver up your selves, the people of Callatia, your city, your fields, your waters, your bounds, your temples, your utensils—all things that are yours, both divine and human, into mine and the people of Rome’s power?” They say, “We deliver up all.” And he answered, “So I receive you.” After repeating these words several times, I said, “Now, O my God, I would in like manner deliver up all, my soul and body; all, all—no longer mine, but thine, to all eternity. Wilt Thou now receive me?” The Holy Spirit then immediately whispered in my heart, in sweetest accents, “Yes, I now receive you.” I instantly rose up from my prostrate position on the floor, and exclaimed with emphasis, “I am the Lord’s forever! I am the Lord’s forever! I am the Lord’s forever!”

I then concluded I would go up stairs and make a record of this most solemn transaction between God and my soul, in my journal, calling to my recollection the striking words of the prophet, “One shall say, I am the Lord’s; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.”

On entering my bedroom, I found that brother C. had retired to rest, wondering in his own mind, as he afterward informed me, what should have detained me so long. My only reply was, that “my poor soul was inexpressibly happy.” He then remarked, “I think, brother Gaddis, you had better come to bed soon, as the room is cold, and you will injure your health by sitting up so late, when so much indisposed.” I then very deliberately unlocked the book-case, and took out my journal, determined, by the help of God, not to give sleep to my eyes, nor slumber to my eyelids till I should make the long-promised dedication

of myself to God, in writing. The tempter now assaulted me in a powerful manner, for the first time during the whole transaction, and suggested that I had better defer it till the morning, and, as I could not recollect the day of the month, the covenant would not be binding. I listened but for a moment, and then replied, "Get behind me, Satan, for thou art an offense unto me." Blessed be God, Satan was bruised under my feet, and I was left in quiet possession of the victory, so unexpectedly obtained. I then, with much deliberation, inquired of brother C. for the correct time, and after having been assured that I was right, I made the following record, without a single moment's premeditation:

"Half-past ten o'clock on this, the evening of the fifth day of December, year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty nine—I dedicate my soul and body anew, a living sacrifice unto God: and reckon myself indeed dead to sin and alive to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, from this time henceforth and forever, living or dying to be the Lord's.

"My life and blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent." "Amen!

MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

After the signing of this solemn covenant, I hastened to bed. I felt that I had accomplished at last what I had so long most ardently desired. I also felt an inward satisfaction which I had never experienced before. I could not sleep. My mind was impressed in a way and manner unknown before. After some time had elapsed, I remarked to brother C. that I was dying, but that I was not alarmed. He then remarked, that from the moment I entered the room and told him I was so happy, his own emotions had been very peculiar. I recollect that he wept as he talked of the state of his feelings. For a little season

my frail body seemed to sink, and I was as cold apparently as if the vital spark had fled; but, on a sudden, the power of the Most High overshadowed me; my whole frame shook as if I had been seized with a severe fit of the ague. This feeling was of but short continuance; the Holy Ghost resuscitated my feeble frame, and filled my soul unutterably full of glory and of God. My physical powers were strengthened in a most wonderful manner, and I shouted aloud for joy upon my bed. For a short time I was perfectly overwhelmed with a sense of the power and majesty of Jehovah. At times it seemed to me as if the frail casket would break, and my disinthralled spirit

“Return on swiftest wing,”

to mingle with the “blood-washed,” before the throne. I cried out in the fullness of my soul, “O, yes, it is done! I am my Lord’s and he is mine—for ever, for ever, for evermore! Brother C. the ‘record’ is at last made—the great transaction is finished—I am now the Lord’s, and he is mine! Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time henceforth and for ever. Amen and amen.” I then thought of a dream which the Rev. Bishop Hamline had concerning me, a few nights previous, that seemed to have made a deep impression on his own heart. He stated that in his dream “he saw me die suddenly while standing in the altar at Wesley Chapel.” Referring to his dream in my ecstasy, I exclaimed, “O yes, brother H., I am indeed dying—yea, I am now dead—but I am dying unto sin. Glory, hallelujah! Amen. I now reckon myself dead unto sin, but alive unto God. The dead praise Him not, but the living shall praise Him as I do this day.

‘I’ll praise my Maker while I’ve breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall my nobler powers employ,
In that eternal world of joy.’”

TESTIMONY.

REV. DR. HUNTINGTON

CONGREGATIONALIST.



MY mind had been in a condition of bewilderment. Like a vessel in a fog, I could not ascertain my position, or satisfy myself that my course was either right or safe. I felt that I was not living that life of faith and obedience which the scriptures clearly require.

But how to reach that elevated position of *divinely* wrought holiness, I knew not. That I was not right was as clear as a sunbeam, but how to get so, I knew not. I read everything that came to hand on the subject, and corresponded with several individuals whom I supposed capable of assisting me, but all apparently to little purpose. Not that all of this was really labor lost, but it seemed at the time that I was gaining nothing.

I was ignorant, and the Lord was leading me in a way I knew not. But I was in the hands of a kind and skillful Physician, who gave His remedies adapted to my wants rather than my *tastes*. I now see that what the Lord does to save us from sin, is just the thing calculated to effect the object aimed at. He did not leave me to my own way; neither did He trust me with my own management. He undertook for me, and the way I have been led has *proved itself to be right*.

But I must now tell where I am, and what has been done for me. And here I must proceed cautiously: we have doubtless a right to tell *all* that the Lord really does

in us and for us. In the first place, I will say, that I can now understand fully the idea of having a BIBLE EXPERIENCE. The Lord has taught me by the WORD. This is a new field for me, but the most glorious of any experience I ever had. When I first read the views of the author of "Faith and its Effects," I did not see the *power* of the thing. But the Lord took that very course with me, and I was amazed at the result!

It does seem to me now that I obtain a clearer knowledge of more *Scripture* in one day than during a month formerly. And then what conviction of the TRUTH! I cannot describe it; but those who have experienced it alone can know. The prophet says, "All thy children shall be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

And now how inestimably precious is the Bible! Let him that hath a dream tell it, but I prefer this method of instruction. The Word of God is my meditation day and night. I can lean on nothing else with confidence now. How full of meaning is every passage of Holy Writ. It meets my *every* want, answers *all* my difficulties, solves *all* my perplexities! I do indeed find it "profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction and instruction in righteousness," so that I am thereby thoroughly furnished for every good work. If I ask the Lord for instruction on any point, I am sure to get my answer by reference to the Word, and that in most instances *before* I rise from prayer. I do not wonder that the natural man understandeth *not* the things of the Spirit, for they are spiritually discerned. My heart says, "Praise the Lord!" and those who read these lines will say so too.

Another experience I will mention called the "REST OF FAITH." The term expresses the idea as I now apprehend it. My experience verifies the scripture declaration: "We who believe, DO enter into *rest*." This rest is truly ceasing

from our own work. For it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure. My labors, and toils, and struggles are over, and my soul *rests in God*. I am given up into His hands as His instrument to be used by Him for the accomplishment of His purposes. I am no longer my own, but His by purchase, and to be used wholly in His service.

As to the extent of holiness, I see no end. It is just as illimitable as the source from whence it proceeds. The term, when used as expressive of a state into which mortals, through the blood of the everlasting covenant may enter, implies a life hidden in God. Without Christ we can do nothing. Through Christ, who strengtheneth us, we can do anything that He would have us do.

When John was asked who he was, he replied, "I am a VOICE." God was using him to point out a Saviour. 'This is my will, to be a VOICE, and have the Spirit of the living God furnish the matter and manner. What an idea does the Scripture present in the declaration, "Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost!" "I will *dwell* in them and *walk* in them." And are we indeed thus called to be the *representatives* of God on earth! Has the great God no better way of manifesting Himself than to take our bodies and act out Himself in *us*? Surely professed Christians do not realize the fact. I do not wonder that the Holy Spirit leaves so many, for they do no honor to the Being they represent. Most surely Christians are called to exhibit before the world an indwelling God, for the Triune Deity takes up His *abode* with the disciple who loves Him and *keeps His words*.

My all-absorbing desire is to be *literally lost in God*. To have no wish or aim apart from the will of God. To keep ALL, body, soul, and spirit, at the service of God. This is my idea of SCRIPTURAL SANCTIFICATION.

TESTIMONY.

REV. J. TILLET.

METHODIST.



FEEL an inextinguishable desire to communicate a knowledge of the unspeakable blessing which I have received. In 1846 I read "The Way of Holiness." It was the first book, aside from the Bible, that gave me tangible views of the great doctrine of entire sanctification. In this I saw the blessing standing out before me in a substantial, practical form. I commenced seeking it in earnest, and I now see was on the eve of embracing it, but my faith staggered, and the precious gift seemed to take a position at a distance from me. Still my determination was to direct my desires and efforts toward it long as life endured, spurred on by the fear that should I fail to attain it, my soul would be lost.

Still I failed in bringing it to the point that I would sell all for this pearl of great price, and while lingering thus from month to month, I was often the object of painful doubts as to whether I was really justified before God. It is true I preached the doctrine with all the power I had, my arguments and appeals on the subject all the time lashing me with terrible effect.

In this state of things, a ministerial friend sent me by mail, "Faith and its Effects." This, by the blessing of God, was made my Joshua to guide and urge me into the promised land of perfect love. I commenced reading the book one evening, and resumed it again the next evening,

with no settled plan of seeking the blessing which the book described. I read to the sixteenth section, when I became alarmed in view of the danger and awful consequences of delay. Immediately I kneeled down with a fixed purpose to make an effort, and extend it as far as my ability should reach. That moment I could say,

“Already springing hope I feel,
God will destroy the powers of hell.”

I commenced making an entire consecration. The first object that presented itself was the best beloved of my heart. After an earnest effort I succeeded in getting her on the altar. Next came my *library*, which had often been a snare to me. This, also, was given up. Other objects were then presented, all of which were laid upon the altar,—till, at last, came my own *will*.

Then passed before me various circumstances where I had resisted the will of God, for the gratification of my own will. Among other things, through almost my whole Christian course, I had indulged a shrinking from continuing long in prayer, as my Saviour did, when He spent the whole night in prayer for me and a lost world. But I now *consciously* gave up my will on this and every point without reservation.

The Holy Spirit then impressed upon my mind the vast importance and duty of believing the offering thus given to God through Christ, accepted and sanctified. Glory be to God!—grace was given, and the great bar was past! Next the Holy Spirit brought before me the duty of believing that God would keep by His power that which I had now committed Him, on condition that I would continue, by faith, to keep the offering in His hands.

The exercise of this glorious faith through the stupendous mercy of God became a *conscious* reality. The solemn engagement was then made and ratified between God and

my soul, that His Spirit would lead me, and that I, assisted by His grace, should follow on, till time with me should be no more. And now I am kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. "Satan cometh, and hath nothing in me." Still he is permitted to tempt, but not overcome. I had a terrible struggle with the adversary recently. I had been praying for a greater fullness and clearer light. I commenced my evening devotions at a very early hour. The unutterable breathings of my soul were for light! *light!* the words of my Saviour meanwhile sounding in my ear, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

The tempter not questioning my sanctification, suggested that my request was within the limits of the promises, and that if I did not realize what I was praying for my sanctification would die out. I was greatly distressed at the thought. An agony ensued, calling into requisition every power of mind, soul, and body. The roaring of the fiend during this conflict was at its height when these words came as from more than angel lips, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him." In a moment the battle was turned to the gate, and the enemy left me in the calm confidence of triumphant, unshaken faith. Though the descriptions that some have given of this precious state of holiness is glowing, yet I can truly say the half has not been told

And shall I slight my Father's love,
 Or basely fear His gifts to own?
 Unmindful of His favors prove?
 Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
 Refuse His righteousness to impart,
 By hiding it within my heart?

TESTIMONY

REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

PRESBYTERIAN.



WHAT did I need? Not the witness of my personal acceptance; that I had gained before, and had never fully lost, though I had held it with tremulous, loosening grasp, as a mariner overboard in the ice-waves of the pole, clings to a floating berg. I wanted the proof of my call to the ministry; that only could fix me. I had been taught that reason, Providence, and such outward signs, enough proved a man's call; and that anything inward was vanity, yea, fanaticism. But now I said: "Lord, if there truly be such a thing as an inward call, a clear, positive witness of my fitness for the ministry, and Thy purpose for me in it, give it to me; for without such assurance I shall never abide."

Two weeks of prayer brought it. O! it came, blessed be God, clear, strong, full, unmistakable. The Spirit witnessed thus: "Yes, you were born for this, created, fore-ordained for it, and in this work you are henceforth to live and die; so that no authorship, professorship, or teachership,—nothing whatever,—shall allure." "Ah, then," I said, "I shall stand now sure, firm, fixed, never wavering. The problem is solved, doubt is all gone, and my work is settled."

How the future's path then glowed! How life then charmed! How toil became pastime! Two years have passed since then, and daily, hourly,—even amid trials, hatreds, curses, and afflictions,—this pillar of fire by night goes before me, brightening at each step. But this was only the opening eyelid of the morn. Full-orbed glory

was yet to come. One ray but wakened the breath for more and many. Christ, too much to me as to others, had been one far off, over the sea, a proprietor or principal for whom I was steward and agent, and to whom I sent back my account, imperfect indeed, but true; for which I received the recompensing commission. That was not sufficient. Ah! I wanted Him to come to me, or myself to go to Him, and be united in a life-partnership, in an eternal fellowship. All through the winter's remnant and the summer's fullness, the prayer for this divine realization was offered. One more specialty was added to it, and sought amid other things. I had bid souls to God because He was great and worthy; because His service was their duty and mine; because, if it was not given, they and I should be lost. If loss came, then it was just and right. But oh, there was not in my soul tender compassion, ardent, burning love for the poor, sinking sinner. I wanted this, for it was needed. So my prayer was: "Lord, give me an unction for souls,—the baptism of the Holy Ghost, that I may compassionate the lost and win them to Christ."

Alas! it seemed as if these two prayers, daily, hourly going up to God in clouds of importunity, would never be answered. But the delay was only to accumulate the blessing. One day, in the first autumn month, the Methodist brother having charge here, came to me. He told how that at camp-meeting, just closed, God was present; how that the Spirit had come with his brethren as with a cloud into the sanctuary; how that his faith foresaw, nay, that present sight even declared a great work of God. He told me that if I and my people wished to be blessed, "it would be well to follow where God led, dropping all distinctions, and working together in Christian fellowship." I listened doubtfully, shrugged my shoulders and shut up my heart. Candidly I told him that I did not like his

sect, its shouts and groans, its methods and teachings; and that neither I nor my people could labor well with him and his. Like Abraham, but without the old saint's largeness of heart, I bid him, like Lot, go his way and I would go mine. This was not like Christ; but, as Paul did, I sinned ignorantly in unbelief, and God had mercy on me.

My brother begged me to come and see. I went. I saw young men, but a little while ago thoughtless and hardened, now bowing there at God's feet, and I said,—“This is a divine work; only the Spirit could thus humble.” So at once I laid all my bigotry, my prejudices, my conventionalisms, and my sectarianism, in one black bundle at Christ's feet, and pledged myself to my brother in my Master's name, to help him as the Lord should will. My own people were not alive. Alas! they did not at first hear my own or their Master's voice; and I went on alone and unapproved. Sabbath night came, when my Methodist brother asked me to preach for him. I consented, there not being service with us. God gave me the right text: “Rejoice, O young man, etc.” While I spoke, the veil was lifted, time fled away, and eternity with its judgment appeared. Oh God! I saw poor souls, precious beyond myriads of worlds, sweeping up thither without hope. My heart broke, it melted, it ran, so much did the power of truth and love flow together within, that I was like an over-freighted bark, nigh to sinking. Therefore, I cried out for God to stay His hand, for it seemed more than I could bear and live. It *was* stayed, but to my grief; for, though that night many souls were pricked and wounded, and though I went home peaceful at first, the light within was veiled, the chains around were renewed.

The evening before Sabbath came. Meantime I had peace again. Then we met,—disciples, young and old, to tell of Jesus' love. It was a pleasant, cheerful meeting; no excitement whatever there, but a sweet, pervading

breath of joy. At its close, souls were called to the altar. Then a neighboring Congregational brother spoke, telling of his own experience. His word was powerful. As he exhorted, I stood beside the pastor, and my eye ranged over the souls yet unborn, many of whom I had warned, and prayed over in love. These, and others of my own flock, dead in sin, came to my thought. Alas! how dreadfully gleamed their guilt,—how luridly flashed their sins on my soul. The terror of their doom in unbelief blackened on my view. What if they should be lost! What a death must be theirs forever! At that moment a strange sensation filled me. My heart began, as it were, to collapse, and shrivel far within, like a parchment-roll in the flame. What spiritual agony was that! I turned to the pastor and said, "My brother, I am dying." "You are not sick or faint?" he asked. "Oh no," I answered; "my soul is sorrowful, even unto death; I shall fall." "No matter," he replied; "let go of yourself." I fell; instantly his arms embraced me.

Then it seemed (I say it *seemed*, not because it was not reality, for it was, deep and intense; but because figures only, and those but faint, can express what imagination did *not do*,) it seemed as if a heart ten thousand times greater than my own, was projected into it, till it filled, swelled, and burst. Then came arms, as if Infinite and Omnipotent, passing up through my soul, and reaching towards those and other souls, with wide sweep gathering them up and bringing them into me, to press them through my soul, till, like a travailing woman, I writhed and groaned and cried. Then a deep, majestic current came sweeping on, and surging me high up over the eternal shores, where the Judgment throne was fixed. And then rose the Sinai of eternity, where blackness and darkness rolled in massive clouds, fighting the soul of sin. There Holiness, Justice, and Truth reigned over the guilty.

“Before Jehovah’s awful throne,” souls swept, receiving their doom. My soul was tortured with grief for them, as through that gloom a voice of divine wrath spoke in spiritual tones, “Tell them,—tell those unbelieving souls that here, if they come in sin, I will say to them, ‘Because I called and ye refused, I stretched out my hand, and ye regarded not,’ therefore your fear and desolation shall come as a whirlwind.” I told them so. Some believed, some feared, while others mocked.

All this time personal consciousness of place and circumstances remained. Neither air nor water I wanted; for I was not faint, nor sick in body,—only in soul. At last the calm came, when prayer began. Then faith lived; then peace flowed. Souls, yet unborn, in fact, were seen passing through birth. Troubles, fears, anxieties, doubts, cares, were all sunk in an ocean of love, and I was borne along in an ark of faith on the upper wave. They lifted me up, for I was weak of frame, though strong of soul. I spoke to them of unbelief; of the sin against the Holy Ghost, which I then saw; of the judgment to come; of the celestial home; of the eternal hell. Ah, it was the place of God’s presence there,—the ante-chamber of the great future. Souls trembled and wondered. They took me home, a wonder to many, not less a wonder to myself. It was all a new and strange thing to me, for I had never seen an instance of the so-called “power,” which this was, although I had never doubted its reality. After sweet and tender prayer, I laid down to rest. Almost instantly, like a tired babe embraced in love, I dropped into a slumber, such as never before since childhood I have ever known for its sweetness and fullness. Long before dawn it ceased. Waking as by a touch, the Divine Spirit communed with my soul; bade me in clear, unmistakable language, what to do.

Among many things that Sabbath night, I was to

preach, at God's bidding, on the words, "Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends." It must be in the church where I had been the evening previous. Though I had not been invited, my brother on being told of it, recognized the divine direction. God promised to show me Christ's love as I had never before known it. That morning, on rising, strength came into my frame. Oh, how like a giant's members mine seemed. It was Elijah's power,—or rather, like it. Never before had I felt so strong in body, never, likewise, so clear in mind, so bold of soul. Thus did I go to the sanctuary. My text was this: "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth when ye shall see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out." God aided me in speech. He seemed to give me the spirit of one of the old prophets. I cried aloud and spared not, telling my people of their sins, seeing them at the judgment seat, and alarmed in soul at their danger. Night came, and with it a crowd to the church where I had engaged to preach. Not to hear my poor speech, but drawn thither by the Unseen. I told them of Christ's love; for it came to me then as a present reality, an intense conception, almost like a pictured vision. Ah, such love, so marvelous, so infinite! But, alas! the guilt so terrible of its rejection,—the baseness so damning of its despal! This made that love a terror to the soul of sin. Yes, this was the new light in which God showed to me Christ's love. It did not melt, but smote; it did not comfort, but condemn. Nevertheless, it saved.

Now, then, came the power of the tempter. Next day, complaints, censures, revilings, sunk like spears and arrows into the already wounded heart. They called the preacher wild and fanatical. Only a few spoke words of kindness. One chiefly, and most tenderly of all, was the brother who stood to receive the smitten. I said to him in

anguish, "My brother, they pierce, they crucify me, even my own people." "No matter," he replied; "so it was with the Lord." At my request, we went into his empty church, and sat down in the pulpit. We agreed to a mutual consecration, and together knelt in prayer. At the very outset God took my soul into His hands, and bore me up to the presence of ineffable glory. Through this, the Spirit of His Son, with a clearness and definiteness of tone that spake with power, in my heart and through my lips, asked me for each and every one of my life's cherished treasures. I plead with God. I reasoned with Him at every step, to let me keep but one gift. No: all or none! I yielded all, and He took all. Oh, in that hour I felt like an outcast seaman, left on a desert island in mid-ocean. Inwardly I suffered the loss of all things more keenly than if outwardly they had been in reality taken away; for then I had still retained the affection and anticipation of them. But now all ties of life seemed broken, all interests of time lost, all joys of earth quenched. In that hour I saw before me in the world only tribulations, sneers, censures, oppositions; but in Christ, I beheld inwardly, truth, love, and divine glory as mine. That was the "sealing of the Spirit." Under that process, a fiery ordeal indeed, I cried like a babe torn from its mother's heart. All hopes, all ambitions, all interests, all affections, every thing of life, then stripped off; passed completely into God's hands. That was the "inward crucifixion," "the circumcision of the heart." The will of self fell into the will of God, as a rain-drop or snow-flake falls into the sea, and becomes a part of its current. Thus began the union of the human soul with the divine nature. What were the results of all this? Let others speak of those external to myself. Nothing do I see to glory in or commend. Only of that which is within can I tell, and that imperfectly. At first I felt as if a besieged city, overcome and prostrate, lay in

my life, amid ruins; as if a dissected frame were mine, yet intensely alive and sensitive to every touch of evil, every word of error. One thing was still needed after that burning,—the anointing of love, the oil of God, to soothe the seared humanity. Physically, the extremities of my frame were still endued with what seemed super-human strength, yet at the centre, in the heart's place, all was vacancy and weakness, as if a sword had there divided me in twain. Intellectually, thought was quick and intensified, conceptions of truth were clear and strong, speech was fuller and truer; only the old habitudes of mind hampered the utterance. The former poetic and ornate sentences, which gave pleasure to the earthly taste, with just enough truth in them to save from damnation, were gone to ashes, burned up as hay, wood, and stubble. In their place, plain speech, simple thought, yea, even sometimes common-place expression entered, displeasing to minds who think that popularity and success with ministers depend upon beauty and not upon truth. Preaching became and now is attractive, glorious. The Sabbaths come not often and nigh enough. Study and prayer, and converse on religious themes, are an intense delight, unceasingly. The interests of earth excite but little; it is child's play to talk of or attend to them. Time is a shortened duration, in which all the energies must be enlisted to the utmost. Oh, it is a glory thus to live! I never knew before what that term "glory" meant. It has been like the flashings of a rocket-wheel, expiring in the moment that it shines. Now it is the pathway of suns, the sweep of comets through my soul's firmament. Night and day God *realizes* himself to my soul. Spiritually, this life is indeed beyond description; truly, its peace passes understanding; its joy is unspeakable.

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