

to the States some years ago. I had been a local preacher in the Wesleyan Conference at home. I soon was received on probation into the Michigan Conference and in four years received full nomination. After serving a couple of charges I was sent to what was regarded as a good strong church in a beautiful country town. The church building and parsonage were all that could be desired; the congregation was good and finances prosperous. But before I went to that charge I was warned by some of my ministerial brethren that the only drawback to that church was a band of people, called the "holiness people," who were so religious that they did not fit well into the church programme.

"I resolved that I would soon straighten them out. I went with my heart full of prejudice against them, and showed that prejudice by preaching against those who thought themselves perfect. I had studied Methodist history, theology and hymnology and could see that Methodism once gave emphasis to the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification, but in spite of that the profession of that grace was abhorrent to me.

"The leader of the band in that church was an intelligent and prosperous farmer, who lived just outside the town. He was a man of fine personality and gracious spirit, but it was against him I directed a good deal of my preaching. But I couldn't seem to phase him. He would shake my hand warmly after the service, look me straight in the eye and say, "God bless you, pastor." He and that little band were always at the prayer meeting, and seemed to really enjoy their religion. They didn't pray at me but for me and for all the church. They gave their tithes, but would not attend church services.

"After some weeks I found a religious paper coming to the parsonage. I opened it and found it to be The Christian Witness and Advocate of Bible Holiness. That was enough for me. I thought at once, 'Those fanatics' are sending me that paper. I let them pile up and would not read them. But all the time God was dealing with my soul. I had to conclude that if there were any real Christians in my church they were those holiness people, whom all the worldlings in church despised, and whom I was trying to put down. I found that I was losing all joy out of my life, and at times felt so dissatisfied and discouraged. I felt it would be blessed to enjoy what these folks talked about.

"Finally, my wife was taken severely ill with a malady that lasted several weeks. But before this that band showed me great kindness. That farmer right after I had given him a severe blast that I thought might knock him out, would come to the parsonage with a fine piece of meat, a hearty "God bless you, pastor," or he would run me in a load of hay. He was hitting me harder than I could hit him, and those good women came into the parsonage so full of kindly helpfulness to minister to my sick wife, I was put under pungent conviction. I could see I was wrong in my spirit, my theology and that my ministry was a failure. At times I would prostrate myself on my study floor and call upon God. God showed me that I must be sanctified, but what a price to pay! But finally I became desperate. The question was, are you willing to suffer for this experience? Will you put your church on the altar? Will you confess it and preach it whatever the cost? Look at that banker, the most prominent man in the church, and the best off financially. If you go this way he will

rebel! But I kept saying yes to God. I felt that God had forgiven me but I longed for the fulness. One Saturday night while I groaned in prayer and kept saying yes, yes, to God. The Holy Ghost came. I believed and felt the cleansing sanctifying flame.

"Sunday morning when I went into the pulpit, some of those holiness folks felt that something had happened to their pastor. After the opening hymn and the apostle's creed and I began to pray, they knew that something had happened. I resolved to make a clean breast of the whole matter. When it came time to preach I took no text, but told the large audience present I had a confession to make. I told them how I had come to this church prejudiced against holiness and especially those who professed it. They all knew how I had preached against the profession of holiness of heart. But I had to confess that instead of conquering these holiness people, God has used them to conquer me. They had shown such a beautiful spirit they had put me to shame. I saw that they had just what I needed, and asked them for forgiveness and the forgiveness of all for failing to preach the full gospel.

"While I was talking some of those good people burst into tears, others rejoiced. I rejoiced with them. But oh the scowls upon so many faces, that banker's especially!

"My going with the holiness people created quite a sensation in that little town. Before next Sunday I had received sixteen requests for a transfer of members to a Calvinistic, eternal security church.

"But God blessed abundantly. Souls came to the altar and a revival was on. Before this year was over I had received many more into membership than had withdrawn. My salary was increased. I belong to the Holiness Association of Michigan, and Grand Rapids Camp Meeting is a grand holiness centre. With my family I have been back to my old home in England. I had the privilege of preaching holiness in the church of my boyhood days. I am now going back to press the battle for the Lord."

My soul was greatly blessed by this brother's testimony. True, it costs a preacher more to get wholly sanctified than it does a layman. But what will the end be of those preachers who love popularity and their livelihood more than they love that holiness without which no man can see the Lord? God have mercy on those who deny the truth, ignore the truth or compromise the truth.

I may tell you later of a proud D. D., pastor of a big Methodist Church, whom I met on that trip, and who when I spoke of holiness, assailed the experience and those who profess it with great venom.

CORRESPONDENCE

Hartland, N. B.

Dear Highway Readers:

"Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it." Psa. 127:1.

In 1946 when Rev. A. D. Cann suggested that a house be built here on the parsonage grounds for our occupancy, it seemed to us merely a "day dream" and we gave no thought to it at all, but as the people on this circuit responded so heartily and sincerely to his proposition, donating generously by gifts of money and lumber, we began to wonder what the Lord in His great love was going to do. The above words of the Psalmist came to us and have been with us ever since.

Today as we move around the cheerful, bright, convenient house that has been granted us to live in we can surely say, "Behold what God hath wrought."

We should like, through The Highway, to thank each one who has helped to bring it into existence. We realize that Brother Cann was the instrument chosen for its beginning, yet the response from our people has been so wonderful we cannot express in words the gratitude of our hearts to our Heavenly Father and His children. May the blessing of the Lord be upon you all and upon the Missionary Home, we pray.

It has meant much responsibility, expense and work to the people here. Some were carrying heavy loads of their own, yet they took on this extra burden so willingly and we do appreciate that greatly. You have all helped to lessen the burden by your generous contributions and good-will. We know it has all been done in love and it is wonderful. We feel unworthy of it, but so very, very grateful.

The house is delightful to live in and to say we are enjoying it expresses it very mildly. It is wonderfully restful, and we do praise the Lord and thank you all daily.

We have loved and been happy in every place we have lived since we came from Africa and we thank God for the fellowship of His people. To Mr. and Mrs. Elias Crabb who supplied a home for us the past year we owe grateful thanks. Their kindnesses were many and may the Lord bless them. Mr. Crabb was the builder of the new house and it shows forth his splendid workmanship.

The Brown Bros. of Lower Brighton took a deep interest in forming a plan which has produced such a convenient house.

To Mr. Charles Shaw thanks is due for a change in location, providing a fine site for the building and all are very grateful to the Town Board for their kindly co-operation in this matter.

We began life in the new home on Oct. 23rd—a happy day. Some of the church ladies arranged for a pleasant "At Home" on October 30th and the kind ladies of the community surprised and delighted us with a beautiful table lamp. The Hartland Circuit church folk and friends at Grey's Mills and elsewhere have sent some lovely things for the home, and a very nice organ from the Marysville Church is most welcome, with other kind gifts as well, and an elderly lady of Hartland most kindly donated furniture for a bed-room.

For all these kindnesses and blessings we would try to express our heartfelt thanks, and we humbly say, God bless you every one, and may we ever live in the sweet will of God which is "the home of our souls." The beautiful words of this song come to us:

"Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy compassions they fail not,
As Thou hast been, Thou forever will be."

Yours most gratefully,
HELEN AND ALICE STERRITT

Grafton, N. H.

Dear Friends:

A few lines from us at this time. Wife is in very bad condition, a constant sufferer. She has been helpless in bed for five years. We will celebrate our 55th wedding anniversary the 22nd of December and God has blessed us with eight children, four boys and four girls, eight.

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