



“You will know them by their fruits.” Mt. 7:16

## C. B. JERNIGAN

(Methodist)

C. B. Jernigan, who later rose among the giants of Holiness preachers, was carrying a plow on his shoulders, praying and weeping when the fire fell and God sanctified him. He lost his plow and the carnal mind at the same time, but he got the blessing of a sanctified heart! He wrote:

These meetings were always attended by old-time power, and there would sometimes be a hundred people converted in one campmeeting. Often they would fall off their seats like dead men and lie for hours, to come through shouting in the old-time way.

At one of these meetings the writer, then a nine year old boy, was gloriously converted, and the next Sunday united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, where he held his membership until he was sanctified, and then was compelled to leave it on account of his preaching holiness...

A great revival meeting was held in the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Greenville, Texas, where the writer and his wife held their church membership. This meeting was conducted by Rev. E. G. Kilgore. The whole town was stirred and many people found the Lord. At the close of this revival there were several prayermeetings started in different parts of the town, and put in charge of laymen.

There were no holiness people in Greenville, Texas at that time, but Rev. E. C. DeJernett moved there that spring, and made preparations to begin the Greenville holiness campmeeting that summer, although he at that time did not preach the doctrine of entire sanctification very clearly; but he attended these prayermeetings and aided in them by exhortation and testimony. Mrs. D. A. Hill of Tyler, Texas, came to Greenville that summer to visit some of her people and, hearing of this live prayermeeting, she attended the first one that she could get to, and gave a clear, definite testimony to the experience of entire sanctification as a second work of grace; telling of her consecration, and how the blessing came, then she began to shout and to praise God for what she had received. Her face shone with the glory, and her voice gave no uncertain sound. This stirred the people and especially the leader [apparently C. B. Jernigan], who had never heard such a story before, but his very heart longed for the blessing, the very thing that he had been ignorantly seeking for years. Could it be possible that there was such an experience for humanity?

He went away from that meeting determined to put God to the test, as Sister Hill had told them. He went home to tell his wife of the good news that he had heard. He did not attend church that night at his own church, just six doors from his home. He had been a regular attendant there, but had never been told that God had such a “balm” for the sin-sick soul. He could not sleep that night, but rolled and tossed on his bed. He ate no breakfast the next morning. Old-time conviction had seized him. He must be wholly sanctified!

He arose early the next morning and assisted his wife in getting breakfast as usual, while the hired man fed the team, but his whole mind was absorbed in the one thought: “That testimony--I must have the blessing!”

He turned to his wife and said, “I believe old Dr. Wright is a hypocrite.”

“Why?” she asked.

“He keeps talking about people whom he knows who are sanctified; and I want him to ‘put up or shut up’--get the blessing and tell me how; or quit talking about it.”

“Why,” his wife replied, “didn’t Sister Hill tell you how to get it?”

This ran through him like a dagger, and he left the room weeping, saying, “I’ll have the blessing today or die alone in the woods.”

About this time the breakfast bell rang, he went into the dining room and sat down at the table and returned thanks, but could not eat a bite; excused himself and left the room.

Soon the hired man came down to the barn where he had gone, and they were off to the woods three miles away, where they were to work that day on a lease in some new ground that they were plowing. The hired man started the plow, and he went to work chopping wood. The plow did not give satisfaction and he was called, and told that they could get Mr. Tally’s plow at his home a half mile away.

*He started at once for the plow with his head bowed while he prayed to God to be sanctified. On his return with the plow on his shoulder praying and weeping as he went, the “fire fell” and he was gloriously sanctified. He lost his plow, but got the blessing, and from that day has had little use for a plow. He told the Lord that if He would hitch the Holy Ghost to the gospel plow, that he would take off the back-band, put the clevis in the top notch, and ride the beam, and plow a furrow that all hell could not cover up.*

“Immediately he conferred not with flesh and blood,” but began at once to hunt some one to preach to. He saw the hired man struggling with the plow, and ran to him, telling him about his new-found experience, while he stood trembling but would not kneel for the blessing in the field, but promptly asked, “Where is the plow?”

From that day forward his theme has been the baptism with the Holy Ghost and Fire that sanctifies. The farm was left behind and the call to evangelize Hunt county, Texas was answered, and there was only one town in that county that he did not assist in holding a meeting in, beside dozens of schoolhouses and he saw hundreds of his own neighbors and friends sweep into the kingdom.

Sources: Rev. L. S. Boardman and “Pioneer Days”

## MRS. JONNIE JERNIGAN

(Wife of C. B. Jernigan)

From childhood’s days, I have always felt the call of God on me to preach his everlasting gospel and to work among the low and the fallen of earth; but, being born a woman and in a Methodist family, I was taught that it was masculine and unladylike for a woman to preach. So I tried to crush the call of God that was on me, and hide it from the world; but, as the days went by, that strange longing often became almost unbearable, -for me to tell the lost world of a Christ that can save; but, as I was a girl, and timid, I kept all this hid away in my childish heart.

While in school, I met a girl who was a Catholic, and who became my playmate, who often told me of the Sisters of Charity who spent their lives in waiting on the sick and looking after the poor. This stirred me all over, and I decided at once to take the veil as soon as I got grown, if mama would let me, -- as this seemed to be my calling. Soon after this, the same girl put into my hands a book relating the stories of self-sacrifice and suffering of Catholic nuns and Sisters of Charity, in the awful scourges of cholera and yellow fever that had so lately swept through our fair land. As I read these stories of devotion, I

said, "Surely, these are God's chosen people." I decided to give my heart to God and obey the call that had gotten such a hold on me. So I went and told mother about the book, but was promptly informed that Catholicism was a delusion and a snare to catch silly women, and to shun them as I would a viper.

This broke my girlish heart, and I went off to my playhouse to cry. I was discouraged; my heart was bleeding; life looked dark to me then. The Methodists, my father's people, had no place for a preacher who happened to be born a woman; and to become a Catholic would disgrace my family name, of which I was proud. So I went away to meditate and cry. I tried to crush this call of God, until my heart was steeped in pride. Although I was raised in a poor family, I was proud-hearted and tried to dress in the very latest style.

I became a milliner as soon as I was old enough to learn to blend colors, and worked in a fashionable millinery and dress-making establishment. In this position, I always took special pride in my work, and I always tried to please my customers. Often, as some well pleased customer would walk away with a well fitting dress, I would look at her and wish that I could polish her poor soul and make it shine as I had done her body.

This state of things kept me from giving my heart to God until I was grown. Shortly after I was converted, I read a romantic story of a woman missionary in some foreign field, who had done some deeds of daring for God. This awakened that same old struggle in my heart against the call of God to preach his gospel. As I read this story of the missionary, I said, "How strange it is that the Methodists (my people) will let a woman preach in China, but will not at all tolerate it in America!" Then I said, "I will preach to the lost and the low if I have to go to China to do it." I wondered why they would give such grand missionary rallies for a returned missionary, who is a woman preacher in a foreign field, and not allow her pulpits at home.

When I gave my heart to God, the call became more keenly felt than before, and life seemed to me to be one long, bitter blank, and my heart was filled with a longing that nothing could satisfy, and life seemed a failure to me, and its struggles and trials set in that almost wrecked my life, until one glad day I met the idol of my heart, who became my husband. Strange to say, I found myself married to a man who, like Jonah, was running from the same call that I was under, with the delusion that he was soon to take a course of lectures in a medical college and be turned out to be a full-fledged M. D.

Like most unsanctified people, I at once began to look away down the road and see myself a doctor's wife. Then, I said, I'll get rich and drive a span of high-stepping bays to a carriage, and help husband at the sick-bed, and look after the poor, and that will settle this call to the ministry, and then I will be happy. But, alas, God swept one prospect after another away, and no money was ever accumulated with which my husband could complete his education.

One afternoon in August, 1895, as I was sweeping the yard, husband came in with his face all aglow from his work, with a brand new experience that he called entire sanctification. His face shone with the love of God, till I knew that something out of the ordinary had happened to him. And among the first things that he said, was, "Wife, I promised God that I would preach and I am now ready to go at it."

I said, down in my heart: "There it is; all my prospect of being a fashionable doctor's wife is gone, and I will be troubled with that call to be a woman preacher again."

I turned away with a heavy heart, and for two weeks I fasted and prayed and struggled with that awful pride in my heart, until I was almost too weak to walk. Then, I yielded to God and said, "Here am I: send me," and in an instant the Holy Ghost came and sanctified me wholly.

Since then, I have wanted to tell the lost world of Jesus my Savior. I wanted to go to the low and the outcast, to those that no one else cared for, and tell them of a Savior that died for them. I wanted to tell the harlot of the Magdalene who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears of penitence, and in return he

washed her and made her every whit whole, and commissioned her to preach the first sermon of the resurrection. I wanted to go into the hovels of poverty and tell them of the Man of Sorrows, who had no place to lay his head, nor money to pay his tax, who was born in a stable and cradled in an ox trough, who through his poverty made many rich. I wanted to tell the brokenhearted of the Man of Sorrows, who was acquainted with grief, and of his promise to give them garments of praise for a spirit of heaviness. I wanted to tell the poor nameless children of earth, of one who made himself of no reputation and was the friend of publicans and sinners. O, glory to God! How my heart burns, as I write these lines, to go and carry this gospel of peace to the despised and neglected of earth!

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