

LETTER TO CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY

I thought others might be blessed by reading an account of my own infilling, which occurred over a year ago, in this wise. God saved me a long time ago when a young man, following a seafaring life, by means of a tract put into my hands, which led me to accept Jesus Christ as my Savior. Two years afterwards I left sailing and entered a college and was subsequently ordained a minister of the gospel in Canada. After preaching a number of years I received a great uplift in my spiritual life by learning that I was a member of Christ's body and that, being vitally connected with Him, I had eternal life and would never perish. This to me was a great help in understanding the Scriptures and in preaching the doctrines of grace.

Some years after that I had a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit. Over twenty years ago, I learned the truth of Divine healing as taught in the Word of God, and myself was healed of a serious trouble which threatened at that time to hurry me to the grave. I began to proclaim it as a practical experience within the reach of all Christians, as it was contained in the atonement of Jesus Christ. This led me to resign my pastorate of a Congregational church and to give myself up to preaching the Lord as the Healer of His people's body as well as the Savior of the soul. My attention was first called to this truth by reading your little book, "The Prayer of Faith."

About two years ago, when the Lord was marvelously working in Los Angeles, my heart was drawn out in sympathy with the movement, as I had in my library a book containing an account of a

similar work in Scotland in the home of two brothers named McDonald, in the year 1830, and continued for several years afterwards. There came into my soul a hungering for the full baptism with the Holy Ghost. The Lord graciously convicted me of the fact that I was not living so close to Him as I had once done. This led to a heart-searching on my part. Several things in my life came up before me wherein I had failed. A day of fasting and prayer was set, which I observed with deep contrition of heart and confession of sin.

Shortly afterwards the Lord began to manifest Himself to me in a remarkable way. I began to shake a good deal, and when kneeling at the rail in my mission one afternoon at the close of a meeting God gave me a view of Calvary. It appeared to me as if a great sea of glory was coming right towards me as I knelt in prayer and praise and confession of unworthiness. Before it reached me a black cloud, or curtain, dropped between the sea and myself. There was presented to my vision the bleeding body of my Lord as it had come down from the cross. A voice came forth from the tomb, saying, "John Salmon, your sins brought your Savior to this ignominious death." "My sins," thought I, with an overwhelming sense of my own unfaithfulness to my blessed Lord. It just seemed to me that I could lie down beside that bleeding body of the One who gave His life for me, for it was all so real to me at that time.

A few days later, Mrs. Murray, a missionary from Palestine, whom the Lord had baptized with the Holy Ghost, was holding meetings at the same place along that line. Another vision was given me of

Christ, not now, in the tomb, but in the glory. A curtain appeared at my left hand. It was gently drawn aside, and there my precious Lord stood with a crown of gold on His head and in His two hands He held a basin. On His person was a priestly robe. He moved towards me. My wonder was what was in the basin, which He carried so carefully. When He came close to me He poured its contents on my head. The moment it touched me I shook with great force and trembled all over. But there was no weight upon me; but a substance resembling a fleecy white cloud covered me all over. The chief thought in my mind at that time was about the condescension of my Lord to pour this unction of glory on, my head. My mouth was filled with praise and thanksgiving to Him that loved me and gave Himself for me, and now had given me such a wonderful manifestation of Himself with this sacred anointing.

Three weeks after this I was at the Christian and Missionary Alliance Convention in Beulah Park, Cleveland, Ohio. We had an all night of prayer while there, which I attended. Thus far I had not spoken in tongues. But during that night of prayer, towards morning, as I was kneeling, a power came upon me and straightened me up at once. In this attitude I continued for a length of time with one note of praise. "Glory to Jesus." That was all I could say. I eventually got down on the straw, which covered the ground of the tabernacle. There I remained, conscious all the time, while a number of brethren sang and prayed till 6 o'clock in the morning. Then a few utterances in a tongue unknown to me were given me. Sometimes after this I asked the Lord what was the difference between what I received in my own mission in Toronto and that which I had now received. He graciously replied, "The former was your enduement; the latter I authenticated it."

These experiences occurred in July and August 1907. Now more than a year has passed away since then and the outcome has been blessed to me. (1) My body has been greatly strengthened. The Divine life seemed to have come into my physical being, so that I am able to go about my duties as a pastor with delight, being now in the seventy-eighth year of my age. (2) In my soul I have felt a clearness of mind and memory to a remarkable degree. (3) And in my spirit a degree of worshipfulness that I never had hitherto. My morning hours are taken up chiefly with adoration and praise to my Blessed Redeemer who died for me. Praise His blessed name. This baptism is another step further on to fit one for greater usefulness in our Master's service. And there is still more to follow.

Your brother in Christ,
John Salmon Toronto, November 3, 1908

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