

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication  
Copyright 1994 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and  
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with  
the restrictions stated in the B4Ucopy.txt file on this CD.

\* \* \* \* \*

HOW THEY ENTERED CANAAN  
(A Collection of Holiness Experience Accounts)  
Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

### ACCOUNT #008

\* \* \* \* \*

[It seems to me that this testimony may reveal that its author was first genuinely saved or restored, and then brought into the experience of Perfect Love, all perhaps without realizing that two works of grace were divinely performed, and not simply the one work of heart cleansing. -- DVM]

Being one of the many, who have been profited by your views of Christian Perfection, I feel it a duty and privilege now, as life is fast receding, and the opportunity will soon be forever past, to express the gratitude my heart feels for that precious little book, [Mahan's Christian Perfection.] It came at a time, when, awakened by the Spirit of God, my soul felt its bondage, and was vainly striving, by the force of renewed resolutions, to escape from "the horrible pit." I felt that every such effort plunged me deeper and deeper in "the miry clay." Many times, under such circumstances, have I sunk down despairing of deliverance from sin here; yet resolving that I would do as well as I could, till death should set me free. Blessed be the name of the Lord! I was not at this time left to hug my chains in hopeless sadness. For your views of the plan of salvation encouraged me to look for brighter days. I read it again and again, with deeper, and still deeper interest, and resolved, if the way were so easy, I would know the blessedness of perfect love. I sought it by prayer and supplication, but it seemed to flee from me, and, on searching for the reason, I found I had not entirely surrendered my own will, but was marking out the way for the Lord to work. Nor was I heartily ready to welcome the reproach of a sanctified state. I thought within myself, I had better die than live, dishonoring my God, as I had for years past. With this feeling, I entered my closet, and falling down before God, determined not to leave the spot until conscious, in my soul, that I had consecrated all, and had yielded every point. Holding in my hand the promise, "I will make you whiter than snow," I had scarcely commenced speaking, ere my mouth was stopped, ["before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."] The burden of sin, like a mountain weight, had rolled from off my soul, and "the peace of God that truly passeth all understanding," flowed in upon me. It was not joy, but peace. So sure I felt of my acceptance, such a witness that my soul was cleansed, so sweet was the peace of God, that it was

beyond the power of language to express my feelings. So completely was my will lost in the will of God, that I seemed scarcely conscious of my own individuality. In this state of mind, with a continual longing after the souls of my brethren, so intense that I could have laid down my life for them, I remained for three days, during which time; however, I had a most severe conflict with the tempter. He came upon me in this form: "You don't believe -- this is not faith -- you are forcing all this -- there is no religion in it." Many a time had I formerly yielded to such suggestions, not knowing whence they came, and had given up my faith; but, this time, "thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory," I knew the enemy's voice, and for nearly an hour, in close contact, was obliged to face his fiery darts. I could do nothing but walk the room, repelling his suggestions, by constantly affirming, "I do believe, I do, I do believe." The tempter at length fled, leaving me in peace. The third day morning, my thoughts turned upon myself; when it occurred to me, I had not that fullness of joy, which others have received, and which the Savior evidently intended for us, when he said, "that your joy may be full." The thought arose in my mind, I had received according to my faith, and if I would receive more, I must exercise more faith. My heart cried out, "Lord, I will, I do believe." The words were scarcely uttered, when a sense of the infinite love of Christ seemed to pervade the universe. Wave after wave rolled upon me, until I could only cry out, glory! glory! And what, thought I, is this that overwhelms me. It seemed like light, and its essence love. Here, language fails me.

Source: "The Blessing of Perfect Love"  
by D. S. King

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END