

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 #009

\* \* \* \* \*

As you wished me to relate something of the Lord's doings with me, I cannot deny your reasonable request, while I shrink at the thought that you, or any other one should for a moment imagine, that I have merited such great kindness. God has done the work, and done it in such a manner as effectually to exclude all boasting, save in "his glorious grace." Not infrequently have I been constrained to cry, why all this grace to me! Had he done so for almost any other one, I might have been able to find some reason sufficient to satisfy my own mind, in regard to the course He has taken; but that He should do so much for me, seemed at times almost unaccountable, were it not that He loves "to choose the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and base things, and things that are not, to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh might glory in his presence."

My Christian experience (if I may be allowed to call it so,) for about eight years after my conversion, is graphically described in the latter part of the 7th chapter of Romans. I felt the galling yoke, and was conscious that I was a slave to sin, but knew not where to find deliverance, and could only say, "O wretched man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death." To will was present with me, but how to perform, I could never find. During this time I had seasons of repenting and breaking down before the Lord and days of fasting and prayer and making resolutions. After writing down my resolutions, and calling God to witness that I meant to keep them, I would subscribe my name to them. But they were all no better than spider's webs. The first breath of temptation severed them and carried me before it. All this only tended to plunge me deeper in the mire. Broken vows were upon me, and how could I appear before the Lord and enjoy communion with Him? I would have written a stronger resolution and signed it with my blood if there had remained the least hope that I should keep it. The thing was in my mind but I dared not execute it lest I should incur greater guilt

Not infrequently after having discharged what are commonly called the duties of religion, have I asked myself, "Does the love of Christ constrain me to the performance of these duties?" I would gladly have answered in the affirmative, but could not. I did not feel that I was thus

constrained. The next inquiry was, "Has the gospel done all for me that it can do?" If it has, it has not met my necessities, nor has it realized my expectations. The Bible, if I understand it, teaches me to expect vastly more than I have ever received.

In this state of mind I was thrown into a place where I soon perceived that a few had received that which I had been inquiring after. I was refreshed by the preaching of the word. But the more I strove to attain the blessing I sought, and get nearer to God, the harder my heart appeared to grow. This alarmed me. Still I knew not what to do, for the more I strove the more I sinned. One evening, before retiring to rest, I knelt as usual to pray, but I felt that I had nothing to say before the Lord. I laid open my heart before Him, told him my state, and asked help, but not long. In an instant, as it were, my heart melted like wax, and my eyes overflowed. The view I received of God's boundless love completely overcame me. If He had frowned upon me, or sent me to hell, I thought I could have borne it. But the view of his willingness to forgive, I could not bear, and I fell prostrate at his feet. I saw He could freely forgive all, but how could I forgive myself.

Soon after, I felt that the power of sin was not destroyed. It had, to be sure, received a deadly wound, but there was danger that the wound would be healed, and it might yet live. My fears were not without foundation. Frequently, when on my knees, I have been afraid to rise and leave my room lest I should fall into sin. And as I feared so it was. To resolve against it I could not, for I was convinced that resolutions had enslaved my soul. Thus I went on during the following winter, tossed about by every blast of temptation, so that by spring I found I was going back "by a perpetual backsliding," but had no power to resist the tide of influence that was bearing me away. This passage was constantly present to my mind, and strikingly described my state, "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." In this state of mind I knew I could not, nor would I preach the gospel. To preach about Christ, I could not. The Church I knew was dying under such preaching; if I ever preach at all, I will preach Christ. I will speak what I know, and testify what I have experienced, of the power of the gospel. I felt myself sinking in a "horrible pit of miry clay," but knew not how to extricate myself. In my distress I called upon the Lord and besought Him for his name's sake to save or I perished. I confessed my great guilt, told him I was ignorant and blind, and knew not where to look or what to do. The promise was suddenly brought to my mind, "I will lead the blind by a way they know not, and in paths that they have not known, I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them and not forsake them."

I clenched it like a drowning man, and would not let it go. This is the word of God who cannot lie. But the adversary quickly suggested, "True, it is the word of God, but made to people in other ages." But, replied I, were not the things which are written, written for our edification, on whom the ends of the world are come? Has not God given us the Bible as a whole, and not a part of it merely? If we are not to take the whole, why has He not told us so? I will hold on to this promise and prove it.

The sins of my life, were brought fully before me, and black was the catalogue they presented. My apprehensions of sin were of such a nature, as to annihilate the fear of hell in me. Nothing was so dreadful as the thought of sinning against such an infinitely glorious being as I then saw God to be.

I felt it would be a privilege, even in hell, to stand up in vindication of God's righteousness, and could not forbear begging of God to send me there, if he could there keep me from sin. The language of Job was frequently in my mouth, "My soul chooses strangling and death rather than life" in sin. During all this time I had no fear of punishment, but a deep abhorrence of sin. It had indeed become exceeding sinful, and all my cry was to be delivered from it.

I told the Lord that if He would only deliver me from sin, He might do with me just what He pleased. If He would give that knowledge of Himself and of Jesus Christ which is eternal life, He might withhold from me whatever the world held dear, and call me to suffer whatever He pleased. I felt that I could willingly "count all things but loss and dung for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ." My inmost soul cried, Lord, give me thyself. Reveal thyself in me. Nothing less would satisfy the cravings of my soul.

But how can I be delivered from sin? Can one so vile be cleansed? "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow: though red like crimson, they shall be as wool," was the answer.

How shall I be secured in obedience, was the next inquiry, so that I shall not forget and forsake the Lord? The answer was, "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts: and will be their God; and they shall be my people." My difficulties were thus brought up and answered one by one. I had before thought that I had difficulties peculiar to myself; but the Lord gave me to understand that if I had peculiar difficulties, He had likewise peculiar grace exactly adapted to meet them.

I felt that I could, and did rest my whole soul upon the promises He had thus given me, and I could take Jesus as my Savior from all sin. Having thus cast all my burden upon Him, I felt the peace of God which passeth all understanding, take possession of my heart. And now after such a sinking into the ocean of God's infinite love, that I was constrained to cry out, "Perfect love hath cast out fear," and I had received the Spirit of adoption, how could I forbear to cry Father! Father!

My mind has remained substantially in the same state for more than two years. At times I have not felt the same intense emotions, but the peace has flowed on, and faith has been constantly strengthening. But my emotions have frequently been so great as to deprive me of the power of utterance, and my soul seemed ready to rend the body and fly to Jesus. I have frequently had seasons of great temptation, but God has been true to his promise, and opened up a way of escape. At times I have longed "to depart and to be with Christ;" not that I was tired of earth, or unwilling to serve Him here and suffer for his sake. I could look abroad on all the works of God, and feel that "all is very good." When thinking of the goodness of God I have often been affected to tears, and in view of his goodness could not but exclaim, "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee," and with a heavy heart added, neither have the Church. In view of the condition of the Church and the world, my soul has cried, how long, O Lord! how long? I could honestly appeal to God that I would willingly pour out my blood for their sake.

I would tell you a great deal more did time permit. I love to speak of the goodness of God. He has done the work, and to his name be all the glory.

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

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END