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

Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

ACCOUNT #010

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I designed to write you a long letter, but shall not be able, owing to a great pressure of domestic cares.

To you I owe much under God for leading me by a way which I knew not. Your very kind and instructive letter was duly received, and proved a great blessing to me. I give you many thanks, under God, for all the instruction I have received from you. I know, dear brother, you will rejoice and praise God with me, when I tell you that I am truly blessed of the Lord. "My soul doth magnify the name of the Lord," and my heart is filled with praise, for behold, "God is my salvation." Yes, I can now trust and not be afraid; and with joy "do I draw water out of the wells of salvation," for "the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song." Amazing grace! and love -- how boundless! The night of affliction was long and truly dreadful, but the day is glorious beyond all description. I yet hear the howling of the angry tempest, the billows rage and roll hard by, but they break at my feet -- they cannot harm me, for I am in the "port of Peace." Sweet haven of rest -- it shall be a rest to my soul, "and here will I dwell forever, for I have desired it."

During the last two or three years, a series of afflictions, temporal calamities, &c., have followed in quick succession. How to "cast my burdens on the Lord," and "possess my soul in patience," I did not know. I resorted to various methods to enable me to do so, but all in vain. I wearied myself with doing, doing, doing -- "ever learning, but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth." "My days were consumed like smoke, and my bones were burned as a heath. I was as a pelican of the wilderness, or as an owl of the desert -- as a sparrow alone upon the house-top." In Sept. 1838, my dear husband died. I waited on him during his sickness -- stood by his bedside and received his last token of friendship -- closed his eyes in death, and all with an parent composure, and, as I thought, with resignation. But when he was gone, my soul was broken up. I then studied my Bible with renewed diligence, and set my face to seeking after the Lord, and with one of old, determined that let others do as they may, as for me I would serve the Lord. That year was one of breaking up and of healing to some extent. I think I received far greater blessings, and

had more communion with God that year than ever before. Still my feet were not established. I was often brought into condemnation. There was something wanting. I longed to be filled. My soul panted for deliverance. I cried, "Lord, search me and try me, and lead me in the way that is everlasting." I fully believed that victory was for me through the grace of Christ, and determined never to give over the search till that victory was mine. At that time I heard considerable said about the evil tendencies of the doctrine of Christian Perfection, or Sanctification, as taught at Oberlin. I did not read their publications, but from what I heard, I became very much alarmed, and my mind was now constantly harassed in every effort I put forth after the blessing I was seeking. In short, I can now see that I was seeking after holiness of heart, but careful not to have it tinged with perfection. And here, dear brother, you found me last fall, strongly prejudiced against that truth.

The first interview I had with you, my mind was very much changed. I began to read my Bible with double diligence. Whenever I heard you preach, I read and compared. The truth weighed me down -- the Spirit strove with me. But there was the temptation -- if I give myself up to the leadings of the Spirit, I might become a perfectionist, and so bring disgrace upon the Church. I was often roused from a quiet sleep in the greatest distress of mind conceivable, by the simple suggestion of the word perfection. Although I could now see that my mind had been greatly abused in relation to the doctrine as taught by the brethren at Oberlin, yet I had so long associated extravagances with the terms Perfection and Sanctification, that it seemed impossible to separate the one from the other. In short, I can now see that I was a dupe to these artifices of the devil, and by these he easily held me in bondage to sin. And here I remained, as you know, in this dreadful condition during most of your labors with us.

In the spring, (the first Sabbath after you left in consequence of ill health,) the Lord, by a remarkable providence, as it seemed to me, sent President Mahan to this place. I heard him preach on the Sabbath. This, thought I, is indeed the doctrine the Apostles preached -- the spirit that testified of Jesus. I listened for a time with great interest to the gracious words. The Spirit seemed to present the truth, and I could almost reach and take the blessing. But in a moment the suggestion returned -- the Church -- what will become of the Church? Here again I let my fears prevail. I grieved the gentle Spirit and fell into the dark, and was carried away under the dominion of the tempter, and here I remained for some weeks longing for deliverance. I had wearied self out, and could do nothing more.

At length the Savior's load was put upon me. I followed him into the garden -- I heard his groans -- I saw him ascend the hill of Calvary bearing his cross, forsaken. With the iniquities of the world upon him I heard him exclaim, "It is finished!" He was a sinless sufferer. An awful moment it was. The face of nature was veiled in the deepest mourning. This view served greatly to strengthen me through the coming night of trial. Here a flood of temptations rushed in upon me. Sins long since forgotten, and as I had supposed, repented of; were set in order before me, and seemed like mountains. Deprived of the sensible presence of God, I was left in despair. There was no respite, no relief for weeks. I was indeed shut up and could not come forth. I raised my voice in supplication to Heaven, "Oh, how long, how long!" At length the Lord had mercy upon me, and gave me a brief day of rest. These moments I improved with the full expectation of renewing the conflict, and with the settled determination never to give over till victory was mine. And now I was again thrown into the furnace of affliction. I shall attempt no description other than what is

mentioned in the 88th Psalm. I sought solitude and the darkness of night to pour out my soul in prayer to God that He would strengthen me, and put underneath me his Almighty arm. My mental sufferings at this time were inconceivably awful. The Lord put a seal on my lips. While I kept silence, and as the fire that burnt within was consuming me, there seemed like the whisperings of the Spirit within "When thou art sufficiently tried thou shalt come forth purified as the gold and the silver." At length the storm subsided, the billows receded, till all was quiet as the chamber of death. My load, however, yet remained with me, but I soon felt my heart begin to relent and run like wax before the fire, for my vision was now filled with Jesus in his glorified state stand near by. I opened my hymn book and read

"Oh, that my load of sin were gone!
Oh, that I could at last submit!
At Jesus' feet to lay me down --
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

Rest for my soul I long to find --
Savior, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart."

There seemed to be such a charm in the meek and lowly mind of Jesus, that I could not help but raise my eyes to heaven, and as I repeated the verse my heart went out with an intense longing that this blessing might rest on me. My request was granted. I instantly felt myself sinking infinitely low at his feet, willing to be anything or suffer anything for Jesus' sake. But I did not even now feel that I was complete in Christ. I read the next verse:

"Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee."

And my eyes were opened to behold the full day -- the brightness of the glory of God. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." That blessed moment God spake, and it was done. I knew that I was delivered from all condemnation -- that my heart was now circumcised to keep the law, because the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus had made me free from the law of sin and death, "that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." My soul was filled with unutterable glory, adoration, and praise. The whole face of nature seemed most delightful, everywhere smiling and silently chanting the praise of its Creator.

I now looked around for my sins -- they had long been my companions -- but they were nowhere to be found. Jesus had borne them all away. Oh, what a salvation! I am a wonder to myself. But it is all of grace, grace, grace.

My soul goes out by day and by night in heart-breaking longings for the entire sanctification of the whole Church of Christ on earth. God will hasten it in its time. But my Savior hath wrought

in me, and constrains me to proclaim to all around, a full redemption from all sin by the free and sovereign grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "And his name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." But I see I am protracting my letter to a much greater length than I designed when I commenced, so I will close by saying that I continue to go from strength to strength, and from victory to victory. I find it matters not whether my cares and trials are few or many. The promise covers the whole -- "My grace shall be sufficient."

Dear brother, I know that you will and do adore with me this God of love. I have no fears now but the fear of offending so kind a Father, so good a God, so great a Savior.

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

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THE END