

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 #024

* * * * *

I have at length made up my mind to comply with your request, which was, to write my Christian experience. You will find it, as I told you, to be so simple in its nature, that it is better calculated for the eyes of children, than young men and fathers.

I was early taught the principles of religion; my father and mother were pious and devoted members of the M. E. Church. Their house, from my earliest recollection, was both a chapel and home for the ministers of Christ, and for as many as were disposed to listen to the word of life. When I did not love these welcome messengers, I cannot tell. When first I believed and loved the Lord Jesus, I cannot say. The first time I kneeled before him in prayer, and felt his love in my heart, I cannot say. But this one thing I remember distinctly, upon one quarterly meeting, about forty persons stayed at my father's house. (As we lived nearly four miles from church, my father always craved the privilege of taking a sufficient number home with him to have a prayer meeting, independent of the one at the church.) During the prayer meeting in the evening, the Holy Spirit came down in a powerful manner, and while it sat as a refining fire upon the hearts of all the believers, some prayed, while others shouted aloud the high praise of God. As I sat near one that was partaking largely of the teeming shower, I became very anxious and curious to know how she obtained so much. I drew very near to her, put my face close to hers, and found she was praying and receiving at the same time the things she asked for. I then and there resolved to pray as nearly like her as I could, till like her I should be filled with the divine presence. I was then ten years of age; and from that period to the present, which has been twenty-seven years, I have endeavored to lead a praying life, and have every day since had a continual hungering and thirsting after God and his righteousness. I did not that evening receive what I called religion; it was not until some months afterward, at a campmeeting, when the light broke into my path so clearly that I ventured to make a public profession of my faith, and joined the church. From that period until eighteen years had passed by, I continued earnestly seeking the blessing of perfect love. I searched for it as for hid treasures, and my constant cry was, O how shall I understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. I never doubted but that my former sins were blotted out, and the assurance

was all the while given me that when I died I should go to heaven. I was seldom under condemnation for actual transgression against a known law, and was as seldom in heaviness; so that I could rejoice in the Lord. It was always my object and delight to render a perfect obedience to God in the discharge of duty. Though I did, with others, feel a great tremor in my system under the cross. I was ever groaning to be freed from inbred sin, and generally felt its weight the greatest when with all my heart I was striving to break from its power, and was crying with the poet, "Every limb and every joint stretches for perfect purity." Sanctification at this time was seldom preached upon or talked about, consequently I had

not the simple, happy theory of faith to aid me, but was all the while, (as I see now,) seeking it by works; and verily thought, when I had gotten my thoughts, words and actions, so rightly organized that I did not offend with my tongue, I should then enjoy perfect love. Praise God, he did not break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax, till the same omnipotent voice and power which said, "Let there be light, and there was light," spoke to my inmost soul and said, "Arise, Arise! thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee." The little leaven which was hidden in my heart, I knew not when, where, or how, had at length leavened the whole lump, and brought forth a new creation in my soul. Here was a change radical and glorious -- complete regeneration, entire sanctification, perfect love, an ocean deep and wide, a place of broad rivers and streams. Here was paradise restored; my very flesh and bones seemed imbued with a spirit which was unearthly. I believe that, had I waked up in the eternal world, the change would not have been much greater or more astonishing to my vision than what I then realized. The Son of Man came to put an end to sin at a time when I did not expect him; it was while praying in secret by my bedside, before retiring to rest. The unutterable bliss I then felt continued, without the slightest interruption, for twenty-four hours, during which time I had no temptation, not even an idle thought passed through my mind, but I reclined on my Savior's bosom, feeling all was safe and secure as the infant in its mother's arms; when, lo! the serpent came, and, like Eve, I listened, believed in him, and fell.

Reader, take care how you listen to the enemy of your soul! It was while praying in the same place where I received the blessing the night before, that the powerful assault was made at my soul. It was this: one wandering thought only; what that thought was I do not now remember, or should I ever have thought of it again, if he had not made up a lie from it. He told me no one ever had idle, wandering thoughts while they enjoyed this blessing, and of course I had sinned. Believing this, it brought darkness equal to that of the sun being put out in the twinkling of an eye at noonday. The darkness, the gloom, the horror, and the disappointment I then felt, was as great as the heaven of love which preceded it, and both were exceeding abundant, above all I ever realized before. The most of the night, with many others after it, I spent in agonizing prayer, till at length the angel of mercy appeared, crying, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, for a moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. My God will still supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus; not by any works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy

Ghost." These precious truths sank deep in my poor heart, and I felt that my spirit was being melted by them like wax before the fire. The Sun of righteousness arose again in my soul, bright as the summer's noontide ray, and from that period to the present, it has never withdrawn its shining, so but that it has been as a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, leading and guiding me to the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." But O, with what slow and trembling steps have I followed this light; how many times have I had to cry, my leanness, my leanness, so slow of heart to believe, and hard to understand the difference between temptation and sin, and that

sin did not consist in being tempted, but in yielding to temptation; and not until six months past have I been able so to abide in Christ, as to hold fast the profession of my faith without wavering, and reckoning myself dead unto sin and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord. I believe had I followed the teachings of the Spirit more fully, instead of taking for my doctrine the commandments of men, I might now have been a giant in the cause, whereas I am but a poor groveling dwarf. I was advised by those in whom I placed the strictest confidence, to say as little about perfect love as possible, unless it was to those who enjoyed it, (as it would be casting pearls before swine,) and as I seldom met with those who enjoyed the blessing, I did of course say but little about it in public or private. Sometimes in my Christian zeal, the flame of love would rise so high that all around could see the light. This was a great trial to my mind, because I had given my brethren and the world reason to believe that I intended to make a public profession of the blessing. This I did not intend to do, as I had learned, as I supposed, that it would not tend to the glory of God. My chalice of joy at length ran over so often, that my trial became a burden too intolerable to be borne, and I had either to make a public profession of my faith, and no longer keep back a part of the price, or give up the ground, with all its pleasant fruits, into the hands of my enemy. Here was war; to give up what I had for so many years learned by the aid of the Holy Spirit, and what I had been gathering, cherishing and cultivating, I could not; and to make a public profession of entire sanctification I dare not, as I thought it would be impossible for me ever to come up to the standard of holy living which was requisite for all who took upon them this profession. At length I resolved in the strength of the Lord on perfect obedience: to uncover the light and no longer to smother it; to bind myself with all I had upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift, and believe that he who had ordered and accepted the same, was able, also, to establish and keep me from evil, and preserve me blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. No sooner had I put this resolution

into practice, than trials, temptations, doubts and fears all fled like chaff before the wind, and it was as easy to believe the promises and obey the commandments of the Lord, as to breathe the air or eat my food! I now saw more fully than ever before, that to obey was better than sacrifice, and that God never imparts the spirit of his grace to be put under a BUSHEL. My heart soon appeared like a garden of choice fruit, sealed to all but God. Before, it was like a city without walls, or a garden without gates, without anything to keep off the enemy. Now, there were both walls and gates; yea, more, the firm lock and key of faith and good works were applied, wherewith I have been able so far to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and to keep the enemy of all righteousness on the outside of the walls. Here may he ever remain, and there will he remain, so long as Faithful keeps the gate. Praise the Lord, he has given me the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. O may I ever offer unto him the sacrifice of praise, and may I be found under the shadow of his wings. He is my all and in all. I feel to rejoice ever more, to pray without ceasing, and in everything to give thanks, and do daily taste of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come. I know the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. I believe, and do continually enter into rest. I believe that I abide in Christ, for I have the things I ask. I believe that I love God and his children, for his commands are not grievous, but joyous. I believe I am walking in the highway cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in. I find no lions in the way, or any ravenous beasts therein; praise the Lord. Nor do I see any gloomy vale of death at the end of the way, but the strait gate is there, and over it is written, Eternal life. No frightful ghost is pictured there: no smoke of endless torment rises there: but Jesus, with outstretched arms and bleeding hands, is there: the cross, all stained with hallowed blood, is there; angels in their chariots of love are waiting there, to escort me to the paradise of God.

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

* * * * *

THE END