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

Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

**ACCOUNT #029**

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My childhood was marked with developments of sorrow and depression, combined with sensibility. At the age of seven years, I was the subject of deep religious impressions, and was frequently under the most pungent convictions for sin, until I entered my nineteenth year; about that time I was reading Milton's Paradise Lost, and Hervey's Meditations: these works had a tendency to convince me more thoroughly, of the necessity of the atonement, and to deepen my religious impressions, which had then amounted to an anguish of soul. I was very careful to conceal the state of my mind from every individual -- a strange timidity which accompanied all my religious experience. In the deepest mental affliction, I repaired to a distant place on the farm, and while on my knees in prayer, was powerfully and gloriously converted to God. I rose triumphant, but fell prostrate: the praises of my Redeemer flowed freely from my lips, comforting passages of Scripture occurred to my mind, with force and joy: my happiness continued inexpressible; for three days and nights, Satan scarcely dared to tempt me.

Three years since the Life of Carvooso was put into my hands by my class-leader; I read it carefully, and found that it was my privilege to make higher attainments in the divine life than I had yet known. I earnestly besought the Lord to deepen his work of grace in my heart, and gradually lost all relish for every thing that was not of a holy character. I grew more fervent and importunate in prayer, and felt sensible of an increase of faith. A close investigation of the Scriptures had a tendency to confirm me in this holy faith. I plainly saw that the sacred pages were richly fraught with promises of sanctifying grace, and frequently advocated and enforced the doctrine.

On the first day of last October, (a memorable day to me,) while sitting in company with two of my sisters, and expounding the Word of God on that subject, the Spirit of the Lord descended upon me with so much power and glory, that I do not think I could have lived, if he had not in a measure withdrawn it. I was filled with all the fullness of God, and I could only exclaim, "I am sanctified, I am sanctified." I seemed to be bathing in an ocean of perfect love; my life was hid with Christ in God, who had cleansed me from all sin, by the application of his more than

precious blood. It is in vain I attempt to describe what I experienced on that occasion; language is far too weak, my words sink down under the weight of the meaning I wish to convey. Since then I have enjoyed that peace which passeth all understanding. My joys have been pure and abundant. I seem to have lived all my life in comparative darkness, with only an occasional ray of light; but now my sun shines night and day; the Scriptures are an inconceivable rich mine, which grows brighter and more precious, as I advance; and in the midst of these sanctifying joys, I am often assailed by temptations and trials of a formidable character; but glory to God, they are made my richest blessings; I have a sweet and abiding assurance, that Christ is my indwelling Savior; I am indeed a new creature. "Old things have passed away, and all things are created anew in Christ Jesus."

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

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THE END