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

Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

ACCOUNT #031

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One morning about ten o'clock, a dear brother came into my room, and after talking with me for an hour or two, left me with a feeling similar to nothing which I ever experienced, save that which I felt in the hour of conversion. I saw again the beauty of God in Christ, and trusted in him fully, not as then, for the salvation of my soul, but for its sanctification. I knew that I might look to the Lord Jesus as my friend, who would come to my help in time of emergency, and I felt a great reposing of my soul in his keeping to save it from the penalty of the law, but this had been all. The work of overcoming sin in the soul, and of thus preparing it for heaven, I thought Christ had committed to me, and I had been accustomed to look forward to life, as one unbroken series of straggles in the effort to accomplish the task. At death I thought Christ would finish what I had left undone; but until then I must do better myself, and "work out my own salvation." I use this language still, but in a different sense from what I formerly gave to it. My friend convinced me that the work which I was undertaking was useless. I was endeavoring to perform that which was comprised in the office of Christ. Sanctification, he assured me, was as truly the work of Christ as salvation. It startled me, though joyfully, and at first I could not believe it. He insisted that Jesus had bought with his blood the privilege of fitting his soul for heave, as truly as he had that of eventually saving it from hell. He quoted the passage in which Christ is declared to be not only our wisdom, but our sanctification and redemption -- other passages in which Christ is described as working in us the good pleasure of the Lord, &c., and assured me that in the case of salvation, my part was only to trust in him for that which I desired. While he conversed, the character of Christ had been expanding and unfolding, till it seemed most beautiful. Still I felt that I was not confiding in him, and asked my friend how I should do so. Then, said he, you are making a work of trusting, and are fancying that until you do something you call trusting, Christ will not receive you. Simply look to Christ and rejoice in him, leaving with him your soul, that he may sanctify it, just as you would leave it with him to be saved, or just as you would confide to me any business which you knew I was fully competent and willing to perform, ceasing from all anxiety concerning it. I saw that he had exposed the true nature of the difficulty, and as I saw this snare of Satan, I felt as I never felt before, the utter hopelessness of ever escaping, unaided, from nets so refined, and so cunningly

laid. It seemed as though he had thrown a fine invisible silver wire around my soul, and thus, unperceived, was detaining me from Christ, while I sought first to put forth the effort of trusting. The moment I perceived the difficulty, I rested calmly upon Christ, my anxiety fled, and sweet tranquillity stole over my soul. I seemed resting on his bosom, and there, panting, exhausted, scarcely daring to breathe, lest I should fall again, I lay, feeling that he bore me in his arms. This was the thought which filled me with calm delight. I need no longer struggle with difficulties, external or internal, for Christ will go with me and bear me over them in his arms, as the mother bears her child over obstructions which it cannot surmount. For a few days before and after this, I noted upon a little paper a sort of outline of my feelings, and by quoting from it, perhaps I can produce a more distinct conception of the transition, than by a description from memory. "Friday. -- Brother S____ led the morning meeting -- exhorted the brethren to state their feelings. W____ spoke of new views of Christ -fullness of his love. Those who were willing for two weeks to talk and pray daily with one Christian, rise while singing the last hymn." ' Saturday. -- W____ spoke of seeing Christ IN THE BIBLE, between us and God -- blessed views. "Sunday. -- Dr. B____ led. Talked of cold professors. Christ will pew them out of his mouth. Jesus knocks even for them. Like the sleeping disciples, 'not pray one hour?' and the Savior half apologizing for them; and now comes and would enter. Dr. ____ wept -- great feelings. (Several of the students seemed converted over -- glorious views of Jesus." "Monday. -- Brother G____ spoke; has seen Christ as never before -- difference between looking at the image of the sun in the water, and the sun -- at the brazen serpent, or at the image in the mirror -- no healing. Following the image of the mirror we go from Christ. Now he is rejoicing in Christ. Bro. E____ also is rejoicing in Christ as never before. Christ is the 'light of the world.' I felt we cannot shine of ourselves. Christ is the sun -- we must open the door and windows of the heart, let him shine in, and through us light will go forth. Wished for it -- though I have felt it not -- rejoice that others have. B____ says, you have Christ, rejoice in him, think not of views. But I must see Christ before I can rejoice in him. Felt a desire to live in Christ, that I might speak for him earnestly, fearlessly, knowing what I affirm, then every service, and all labor will be like the flying of a bird -- easy. Prayer for this knowledge -- appears like twilight -- I see Jesus, but not enough -- rejoice in him as good and lovely, but his face looks not at me." " Tuesday. -- Brother B____ led -- he said, think of a being blind, but knowing that beautiful objects are around him -- deaf, knowing that delicious sounds may be heard -- no taste, yet knowing that exquisite things may be tasted -- that was my state a few hours ago. Now it is not so. I speak to you from the land of Beulah. I know now what is meant by joy unspeakable and full of glory. After meeting, prayed with E____. He told me his feelings -- seeing God in Christ while reading the first chapter of John -- glorious Savior -- loved him. To me still there are clouds. Christ seemed beautiful, but thin silver clouds are around him. Seemed to see the life of Christ in the Bible, like a stream of silver -- beautiful.

"At eleven B____ came in -- told him T____ wanted those views -- felt I could not serve Christ effectually without them. He said I must desire Christ in himself want none else in heaven or on earth -- leave myself with him, forgetting myself, trust in him lovingly. He is all love. He could make me useful -- give me visions of glory -- or if best, leave me in the dark without usefulness. Trust him, he will do best. Determined I would. Saw him in prayer like a sun of love -- rested in his arms, and felt a calm, sweet peace, which lasted all day."

"Wednesday. -- Pleasant morning devotions. I led the morning meeting -- spoke of Christ as our pearl and 'hidden treasure' -- rejoice in him -- not leave in the earth, or only look into the lid of the casket, but take out the pearl, admire -- love -- rejoice -- use treasure enough for all wants. Talked with B____; so full he can scarcely speak. Bible full of Christ. All new -- Christ 'the door,' 'way,' not, he says, through Christ into heaven, out at the other side, but door into God himself. What he did on earth not extraordinary, but a specimen of himself, as a piece of cloth, specimen of the whole willing to suffer all over again for us. We to fill up the remainder of his sufferings,' by shedding out his love over the earth -- as now he, bodily, cannot. Knelt and did not pray, but praised God with him. B____ says there are but three or four words in the language worth anything -- Jesus, love, glory -- says he wanted to die; feels he could not long live under such visions -- they came while thinking how good Christ had been to brother W____ He says, in heaven he shall want to get off in some corner alone, and there sit and look at Christ. 'Wouldn't you have him look at you also?' 'No matter, if I can only see him.' The Bible is so full, he can only read a few verses at a time. In looking for a text, he stopped at a hundred others, he says, as a boy on an errand sees insects and beautiful flowers on the way, till he stops and forgets his errand. At noon I had a vision of God, in his greatness, too infinite for us to know him, so he compressed himself into our body -- came among us doing good -- not because he loved the blind, &c simply, but to show us how full of love he is to us -- as if going among animalcules, as an animalcule, doing them good, to let them know, as they could not else, how much he loved them; and now in heaven he is the same mountain of love. As I thought of God thus, he seemed a great stream of glory pouring down on the earth, and through the life of Christ gloriously lovely.

"Now I rejoice in Christ as my sanctification -- new views thought before must do this myself. But Jesus will bear it, and carry me in his arms through life, as the child led by its mother -- he will catch it if it begins to fall. He is morally omnipotent, and will contrive means to give me every needed feeling -- send a friend to talk with me -- sermon -- passages in Bible -- train of thoughts -- and make all right."

"Thursday. -- Waked with sweet views of Christ. After meeting, talked with an impenitent friend -- thought he knew all -- told him he did not -- he was blind -- I saw beauties he could not -- knew he did not love God as lover his betrothed -- and looked forward to an interview thus delightfully. I did. If this be fiction, imagination, it is better than reality. The sunshine seemed coarse compared with the light of God's love in the soul. I lie like an infant in the arms of Christ, O, how sweetly, and pray that the light may not be let in by him -- dear him -- too fast. O, that this may never cease."

"Saturday. -- In meeting thought of the love of God to follow us in indifference, and love us in coldness. Felt indifference the worst of sins -- saw myself vile -- Christ lovely -- feared lest the evil spirit should turn me away from Christ -- felt powerless to resist -- thought of Christ as stronger than the strongest man -- in darkness his arm of love would follow me under the clouds I had brought between -- hold me up and bring me back. Felt as if I was lying in his arms. Feared this view rendered him more kind than the truth -- remembered, 'though mother forget her child, yet will not I forget thee' -- read, 'Spirit bears witness with our spirit that we are born of God.' Children -- felt that this Image even, was less than the truth. O, infinite love. Fiction, fancy, fail utterly by the side of the reality, and this is to be for ever. O, that I may be kept from looking away. Saw that sanctification is looking at Christ and being transformed into his image. During the past

week, many students have trusted in Christ. Had a view of God's fullness, glorious love, that was sweet beyond expression; prayed for its continuance -- felt that he would keep me, and give me those visions of himself all along through life. O that I may see him in his glory. I desire nothing else."

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

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