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

Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

ACCOUNT #032

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I experienced a change of heart when about eight years of age, but as I grew up I mingled with young people of the world, and lost what I had formerly enjoyed. But I could not be happy; the Spirit of the Lord strove with me, and continued to strive, but I continued to resist. Praised be his name that he did not cut me down, but that he bore with me, ungrateful as I was. O, it was love, wondrous love. He was not willing that I should perish; nor is he willing that any should perish, but that all should be saved. Glory be to his name. I continued in this state until the latter part of the year 1837, when I was led to reflect more seriously on my condition before God. I was circumstanced in life most happily; my husband and most of my friends were pious. I dreaded an eternal separation from them in another world. O, what would I have given then to have felt, as some have, deep sorrow for sin. But I could not weep for my sins. I only wept at the thought of being separated from friends that I dearly loved.

I would often say to my husband, "We shall have to be separated; you enjoy religion and will go to heaven, but I never expect to experience religion, because I cannot feel conviction for sin." I have kept awake sometimes half the night praying for conviction. I thought I would go and see the minister and tell him how I felt. I accordingly went on Monday, February 26th. He gave me much encouragement, and prayed with me; but still I could not shed a tear. He advised me to use all the means of grace, and if I had an opportunity, to present myself at the altar for the prayers of the people of God. I shrunk from the idea of going to the altar with such a hard heart. But as I had gone to him for advice, I resolved I would do all he told me. I sought in the use of all the means public or private until the Sabbath following, being nearly one week, but felt no better. I retired to my room, threw myself on my knees, and said, what more can I do; I have done all that I knew, and here I am, even worse if possible than I was a week ago. Must I give it up after all. I answered, no, I will seek the Lord till I die, and if I perish, I will perish calling on him for mercy. It was suggested, you have done everything but come to Christ. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Then I saw that I had been trusting in the means instead of looking through the means to Christ. I said, Lord, I come to thee, I give myself to thee just as I am; thou dost receive

me, thou didst die for me, thou art my Savior, thou canst not deny thyself. "Him that cometh;" it is thy word, I rest upon it, and if I am lost, I will be lost trusting in thee. O what a sweet peace filled my soul. I went to church; everything appeared new and lovely. O what a love I felt for the people of God.

My peace and joy continued to increase. Then I saw as I had never seen, what a sinner I had been. How ungrateful, and I wondered that God could have mercy on one so unworthy. I abhorred myself in the sight of God. O, how I adored the riches of his grace. I saw in Christ such a willingness to save all that come unto him, that I was constrained to cry out with the poet:

"Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sand upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid
For all a full atonement made."

I immediately began to tell what the Lord had done for me. I wanted to tell it to all the world, and have them all know Jesus, and I was sure that they would love him too. On Monday morning I went to see my dear mother. It was the hour for dining. I began to relate what the Lord had done for me. The hour passed. I was not aware of the length of time I had been speaking, until recalled by my mother to partake of the food before me. I had not thought of my dinner, and found they were ready to be dismissed from the table. I then remembered I had not eaten anything since Sunday noon, but I felt no hunger. The Bible was to me a new book, and the hymns I had so repeatedly read and sung all appeared new. I would say to my husband, what a beautiful hymn; have you ever read it? He would reply, "Yes, and you have read it too, and sung it many times."

On Tuesday I attended a meeting designed especially to converse on the subject of holiness. I listened with much interest to the testimonies given in, and felt an earnest desire to obtain the great blessing I heard so many speaking of. I thought, this is what I want to keep me. I felt a hungering and thirsting after righteousness. My soul panted to be filled with all the fullness of God. I had such a grateful sense of his goodness to me, that I wanted to love and serve him with all my heart. I said to sister P____, on leaving, I want to be wholly the Lord's. She told me, young as I was in experience, it was the will of God, even my sanctification, and it was my privilege now to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ my Lord. I returned home, retired to my room, poured out my soul before God, plead the promises, and prayed that I might be sanctified wholly, soul, body and spirit; that he would cleanse the thoughts of my heart, that I might serve him in righteousness and true holiness all the days of my life. I looked in the word of God, and found that I was not asking too much. It was the doctrine of the Bible. Holiness to the Lord seemed written in every page. I continued thus pleading with the Lord for some time, and during the night my soul went out in aspirations after God.

The next morning I again kneeled before the Lord, still pleading the promises; and feeling a delightful sense of gratitude towards God, I commenced singing,

"My God I am thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine;
In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,

And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of his name."

And while repeating the words, "My Jesus to know and feel his blood flow," these words were sweetly spoken to my heart, "Daughter, all that I have is thine, and thou art mine." I felt at that moment the sweet assurance that God accepted me wholly; that all my unrighteousness was covered with the atoning blood; that Jesus was my complete Savior; nor have I ever since, for one moment, doubted it.

Having heard some speak of the benefit of testifying to the work of grace thus wrought in the soul, I immediately sent for my companion, to tell him of the blessing I had received. And although the snow was falling fast, I hastened to see my sister, to tell her that I had found full salvation through faith in Jesus. I wanted all to help me praise the Lord, and I found my faith strengthened every time I spoke of it. But I thought, how shall I profess this before the church; they will think me presumptuous. One so lately justified, only four days, when there are so many who have been members of the church for years, and have not professed to have received this blessing. I shall perhaps wound their feelings, grieve them; or perhaps they may not receive my testimony. These words were applied with power to my heart, "What is that to thee, follow thou me." I was enabled to leave myself in the hands of the Lord, and to bear testimony of his power to save to the uttermost. I felt my soul strengthened and established in so doing.

But I find that I have not always been faithful in the discharge of this duty; too often I have had cause to humble myself before the Lord, on account of my unfaithfulness and slowness to believe the promises of God. Yet notwithstanding all my unworthiness, Jesus receives me, pardons me, forgives me, washes me in the atoning blood. I find that I cannot live but by momentarily trusting in him as a present Savior. I feel that every moment I need the merit of his death, and that every moment by faith I have the merit of his death, and that because he lives I live also. O what a Savior! His name is Jesus; he saves his people from their sins. I praise him not only for a full and a free salvation, but for a present salvation.

I realize an increasing sweetness in this name. It is the name high over all. My soul loves it, and is enabled sweetly to rest in him. I fear nothing while trusting in him. I do not expect to be exempt from trials and temptations in this life, but I can sweetly rest in that promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God," and my heart is thus made to rejoice, even while passing through the fire. I feel an increasing desire to be more like God. I see such beauty and so much loveliness in him, that I want to be like him. I have not always rapturous joy, but a constant peace, and a sweet assurance that Jesus is my Savior. I have no anxious fears in reference to the future. I am enabled to leave all with the Lord for time and for eternity. Death is a subject of delightful contemplation, and I sometimes find myself desiring to depart, and be with Christ; not from a desire to be freed from trials merely, but to see Jesus as he is, and to praise him as I ought. But while he permits me to live, I want to glorify him in my body and spirit, which are his, and to lay up treasure in heaven. Of myself I am perfect weakness; I can do nothing; but through Christ strengthening me, I can do all things. He is my strength and my righteousness; in him will I trust and not be afraid. O, what wondrous condescension to look upon one so undeserving and so unworthy. I am often led to exclaim with the poet:

"'Tis mercy all immense and free,

For O, my God, it found out me."

I ever want to lie low at his feet, and to sink into nothing before him. I am nothing, but Christ is all and in all. He is the portion of my soul, and with him I am satisfied.

My heart rejoices that the work of holiness is reviving, and that many new witnesses are being raised up to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness. I pray that it may continue to revive and spread until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ.

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

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THE END