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

Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

ACCOUNT #034

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I professedly gave my heart to God and united with the Church about the year 1832. I then thought that I should always love God. But being instructed that I could not always stay there, but must get down into the valley of darkness and humiliation, and also that "evidence of my acceptance was proportioned to my fears of self-deception," I did not aim to rise above my standard. If I could, by my labors and prayers, enjoy that elevation and depression of feeling, together with sincere doubts and fears of self-deception, that is, keep above apathy and carnal security, I was doing well -- quite devoted. One winter while I was teaching, I recollect attending preaching one evening, and hearing the preacher say, that he knew he loved God. It was the first time I ever heard that expression from man. It struck me: I pondered it in my mind, and deeply pitied the man, for the Bible says, "the heart is deceitful; who can know it;" supposing "it" to mean "heart," and not its wickedness. I lived along by my old standard. For some reason my friends urged me to study for the ministry, and I verily thought that I could do more good in that way than any other. I believe that was my object. I commenced study, and entered college at Oberlin the second year after it was founded. I lived along by my old rule, undulating, not from sin to holiness, but from deep feeling to apathy, now up, now down, yet ever conscious of reigning sin; now carried away by temptation, and then deeply repenting and weeping; and thus I kept alive an evidence of acceptance with God. I continued halting and doubting, until the great revival, about the second or third year of college, when I thought I would get my soul right. I got much broken down, and humbled, as I thought. The subject of confession of sin was a prominent feature of the revival. My own sins stared me in the face in battle array. It was a hard point -- but better than to go to hell -- my mind was wrought up to desperation. I confessed all my sins, and felt quite relieved, and as I thought, had great peace with God. But what was the result? Why, just as might have been expected. I felt that it was confession or damnation; true it might be, but I mistook confession for Christ; and again, I mistook that apathy resulting from the cessation of the great conflict between the will and conscience, for the peace and embrace of a risen Savior. During the winds of excitement, the India rubber chord that bound me to earth had been so stretched that I could not see it, and I verily supposed it was broken. But when the winds began to die away and

the excitement to subside, I found the chord began to contract, and I was again moving towards rocks. I had not "weighed anchor" and put forth out into the ocean of God's eternal love. Fear, and a strong sense of duty, moved my confessions and prayers, and not love for it, because of thirst, and deep abhorrence of sin. I, however, felt much stronger than at any time before. I believe that it was my will to do the will of God and serve him. But I had not yet learned that I must repent with no expectation of ever returning to sin, and that Christ had power on earth to save from sin, as well as to forgive it. Consequently, I did not expect to be saved from sin, only to keep up open hostilities against sin, and such a spirit of submission as to secure the blessing of pardon when I did sin. And this I did by striving against sin before yielding, and then confession and great weeping after. And thus I walked for months. Oftentimes I had great and deep seasons of weeping and sorrowing, and then lived upon the strength of this till the waves of temptation rose again, and then I would strain and struggle, and finally yield, and then return again to weeping, and so on, doing penance.

I generally calculated during term time, to accumulate such a stock of good feeling and religion, (so called,) as to last me during vacation. But it always failed for want of Christ. My conscience being much better than my theology, and more correct, and about this time, having the idea developed in my mind of salvation by Christ, my sense of condemnation was greatly increased. The strokes of my conscience formerly had been much mitigated by the fact, that I had supposed God required only penitence for sin and not salvation from it. "I was almost alive without the gospel, but when that came, sin revived, and I died." This salvation was just what I wanted. I believe I not only saw and approved, and desired the salvation, but chose it, if possible to me. But I had no moral energy or faith to arise and take the thing. I had so long been overcome; my passions and appetites, the world, the flesh, and the devil, had so long and so thoroughly been developed, that the feeble volitions of my will, were but dams of sand. I could stem the current of small temptations. But these were not all. The enemy knew that there were too many objects towards which my sensibility was strongly developed, and with which it was too strongly correlated to permit me to go off victorious. And when the enemy summoned his forces, what could I do? Conscious of defeats, without a helper, I was disarmed, and seemed like a tender rush in the midst of the mad surges of the tempest-lashed ocean. I could not now, as before, get some relief by penitence and weeping in prayer before God, for I knew that proffered grace stood at the door, and that my defeat was my sin. O, cursed unbelief! It seemed to me that God would be, and was, heartily sick of my confessing and praying, and then sinning, and then confessing -- expecting to go away and do the same. O, it really seemed to me that when he saw me coming he would turn away with loathing, and I dreaded to go. I resolved against sin, and stood sometimes days and weeks, but oftentimes, washed out with the surge, would yield. This encouraged the foe. I resolved again and again, and as often suffered defeat, until I thought I might as well yield first as last, and save battle. Finding no comfort nor confidence in prayer and confession, though Jesus stood at the door, I was discouraged, and gave up prayer, save now and then for conscience' sake -- got far from God, and gave myself up to enjoy popular sins, such as ambition and levity. But still I kept the ministry in view. And why, you ask. I will tell you. I have a good old widowed mother, who gave me up to God. I told her that as she was alone I would go home and take care of her, (and I thought she really needed me,) but she said no, for I am old, and must soon go, and you are young and can do much good in the world. I knew that it would break her heart for me to abandon the ministry. O, I have often thought, if I had Jesus as well developed as she had,

and he had as much power over my affections as he had over hers! Sometimes I was in such distress in view of the ministry, that I almost wished my mother in heaven, that I might turn to another profession O, had she left these mortal scenes to range the fields of glory, it had been death to my soul. I gave myself up to ambition. I thought I would preach, but would get into some retired place, where they knew but little of the theory of religion, and then teach them with much zeal, knowing only the baptism of John, and leave it for others to teach them the way of God more perfectly. I would get their heads right, and leave it for others to get their hearts right. But thanks to God, I feel now that I can help those much now "who have believed through grace." Still I thought, as near as I could learn, that my religion had been as good as the mass, for I could repent and confess, weep and rejoice in the absence of the enemy as well as any, and desired better days, but still my affections were on earth. One thing much troubled me. Ambition ruled and gave me no peace so long as there was one question that I professed to know and could not answer. And I well knew that I could not tell a poor sinner the way to Christ, nor a Christian how to stand by faith; and this the minister professes to know. I had by this time lost all confidence in prayer; the heavens were brass over my head. I believed and I knew the same was true of others. I thought any one might in their own mind create a Deity of such attributes and powers as suited his own imagination, and locate him some where in space, and then rasp up his feelings in prayer to this imaginary being; but his responses would be no better than those of Pythoness over the vapory orifice of the Delphian oracle. My sins pleaded with trumpet tongue for gratification.

Skepticism seized me as if by magic. I began to doubt eternal realities -- doubt my own senses; reasoning that objects and subjects are continually varying -- sin has changed the fair form of nature, jaundiced our vision -- how do I know -- are these men? or are they not? O, my God, the cold chills of death, as if issuing from the deep caverns of despair, would run lengthwise of my soul, and leave in their wake a shoal of sorrows. Often would my whole being cry out, O, is there any truth! is there any rock, "any sure support against despair!" I had been advancing to this stage for two or three years, and was now in my second year in theology. No being knew my soul but God. I hid it from man by excess of levity. During the winter of this year I taught school. My misery increased, and my desire to know if there was any truth, increased more and more. I knew I was not prepared to do the work of a minister. I knew that I did not "know these things." I could not tell the poor sinner what to do to be saved, except to repent, and that any sinner could tell. All was dark. During the winter while teaching, I made my home with one of the order of Disciples. His house being near the school house and center, the preachers of that order made his house their home, and lodged with me. My mind being in that state entirely unsatisfied with my own views, I began to inquire of the ministers as they came, into their views of the gospel, and of the conditions of salvation, having concluded previously that if I liked their views best, I would adopt the system and go to preaching. After rigid and long inquiry, I found that on their system, I could tell the sinner what to do to be saved, and he could do it as well himself as he could fit for college. I was almost persuaded to enter upon it, and should, had it not been for one thing. I knew the system was not true. I could not teach falsely in matters of eternal moment. I found no relief, and returned to the institution in the spring. That I was in a bad state, which no one knew, and no tongue could describe, I was sensible. My heart was as hard as a rock. My besetting sins, ambition, skepticism, each made me an easy prey. I saw their chains; I seemed lost, except now and then, as it were a convulsion of nature, in which there would be a deep groan, for some truth, some rock. O, for deliverance. Then I settled down again, devoting, as before, my whole soul to my studies, a prisoner in chains. Deliverance from the power of sin I never expected. I did not see how my

chains were to be broken. That I should be damned I had fearful forebodings, and often, certain expectation. My only hope was, that the Bible was not true; for if that was true, how could I be saved? for the Bible said, that to whom I yield myself servant to obey, his servant I was, and I well knew that I was a servant of sin and hell. I knelt and prayed, but still I knew I was under the dominion of sin. Whether there really was a God, or where he was, I did not know. What to do I did not know. And yet I knew the whole theory of religion, for I had studied this long and hard, that I might teach it. I did not say anything to any one, for two reasons; I did not wish any one to know my feelings or state. I knew that no man could do for me what I wanted done.

I did not resort to or feel satisfied with my past religion, for it did not save me. I once was respectably alive without the gospel, while submitting my will to God, and maintaining a warfare against sin, and at the same time overcome by the tempter. But now, I was, in spite of all, chained and sinking. I embraced and comforted myself with all the doctrines and decrees of God and the Bible, if they were true. I labored to mount astride the doctrine of "saints' perseverance," for I verily thought that I had given God my heart, and had been willing to do his will, only I had so long sinned and formed such habits, and so depraved and developed my sensibility in the ways of sin, that I must not expect to have those chains broken, and my sensibility and conscience converted, but give God my heart and maintain a good warfare till I die, and then a crown would await me. But wind and tide were so against me -- truth and wisdom law and gospel spread out their claims so broad, that in spite of my full belief in it, I could not hold on. I could find an ample seat, supported by truth and conduct, on the car of sinners' perseverance, baggage and all, but not in the saints', for I found, if I would go, my baggage could not, and there was no separation, no help. Well, thought I, I am as good as the most; what of that. Suppose all are lost, it would not save me. Well, then, "I will give God my heart, and do the best I can;" but alas! I saw it plain and knew it well, I must be saved or I should perish, and what better am I for God to have my heart, while the devil has my soul and body. O, for help, for deliverance. But it is not for me. I can't have it -- it's not possible. I've sinned so long against such light and all truth, that there is no truth left for me. And then if the Bible is true, there are but a few Christians. I know of a few whom I believe are Christians, favorites of Heaven -- really consecrated but it is not for me. I can't have it. O, I would give the world if I knew I was a Christian. For about a month these were my exercises at intervals of study, for I did not at all abate that. Then the subject came home with more power, and, unwilling to let matters of so much moment rest, I looked up anew. I could not live so. Going into the ministry to preach a Christ I did not know -- a religion I had not experienced -- a gospel by hearsay! And then, my own soul, where I had positively some point or points to fix, upon which I determined to act as true:

1. There is evidence to believe there is a God.
2. There is full evidence that the Bible is true.
3. That the salvation and power of grace described in the gospel are what I need.
4. That God can save me as well as any one. This was a hard point.
5. That God can, if he is such a God as the Bible says, so save and reveal himself as that I shall know it.
6. I will find God, or I'll die; for if I have got to go to hell, the sooner the better.

This was serious business, but I started. I did not relinquish a single study, nor omit a duty of the institution for that, mainly, perhaps, for concealment, for I wanted no one to know my state. I wanted nothing of man. I started for, and wanted to find God. I don't think my studies retarded or lessened my deliverance, but rather served to regulate my judgment under the deep feelings of my soul, and temptations, and impulses. I

discharged every duty, as a student, hastily, and every spare moment possible, I employed in deep searching and earnest prayer for deliverance.

Some who read my soul in my countenance, said, believe; I said, I do believe, and have believed, but still I do not find God. All was dark as midnight, but God can lead me out. My great cry and prayer was for God to show me by his Spirit, what was in the way of finding God. I determined, at any cost, to give up whatever God showed me was necessary. I gave up this sin -- abandoned that -- got on my horse and rode off to confess and settle another; and soon it seemed that God was about to try me on each one separately. He would not take any more confessing in general, for he could not believe me, I had resolved, and promised, and failed so much.

I searched and prayed; it grew thicker and hotter. What was before me I did not know. I could but be damned. I pressed my case. O, for God! O, for deliverance! O, for mercy, for truth! I would believe, but how could I? O, cursed unbelief! In this state of horror and darkness, I was much pressed one Sabbath evening to submit, believe in Christ, and give up, but all was dark, I had so often tried and tried in vain. I put it off. On the next morning, (I shrink to describe the remainder of the contest, for the description may seem extravagant, but I tell you the description is far, far short of the reality,) I awoke about dawn. I lay a few minutes; my mind was very clear, and seemed in a blank state. At that moment, (one memorable in my life,) the thought that I had rejected Christ struck my soul, like the loudest peal of Sinai's thunders, and instantly with it, "you are lost," "you are going to hell:" and, in fact, I was going. I seemed dying; my extremities grew cold, my blood stopped, my breath grew short -- I could not shed a tear, such was my agony -- my memory kindled like a furnace, and the deep agony of my soul increased in proportion to my vision of my state of guilt and my certain doom; my reason developed by hard study, reached into eternity, and affirmed an eternity beyond. At first I thought I would jump and shriek to my utmost, and then I thought I should wake all the students, and they would only pronounce it just; and their frowns, added to the frowns of God, would be insupportable. I stopped and thought and put it down, (gesturing) -- I've not rejected thee, I've not rejected thee." I know thy grace is sufficient, and instantly a ray of hope broke in upon my soul. After I came out of this state, I sat up in bed perhaps five minutes, the sweat rolling from my body, and my agony such that I could not have lived half an hour -- it seemed unearthly -- and I verily believe was a taste of the second death; and then I arose and put on one or two garments. But, O, the trepidation; I trembled like an aspen leaf. (O Hell! O how few know its meaning; and an eternal hell. O, poor sinner, I don't wonder at the blood in the garden.) But still all was dark; no God. O, I should die if I did not find God. I searched and lifted up my whole soul for God. I had to husband all my powers to keep the thought away that I did not and would not reject Christ, and this fall into the same state of despair as that morning. O, I would not be there again for the world. The world was but a pin's head; but O, I did not know where to find God. I continued in this state almost a week, until the next Sabbath evening (about 9 o'clock, March 14, 1841,) when, on my knees before God, pouring out my whole soul for God, in a moment the thought struck me forcibly, -- you cannot be saved on your own prayers and efforts. What this was for, I don't know, unless to try me to see if I was fully prepared to receive Christ. I acknowledged it at once. It was the last point. The salvation came; yes, salvation came. Jesus was presented right before me, between me and God. O, I jumped with all my might; the Savior caught me:-- O, I thought I should die, I was so ad. My heart was breaking; I thought it would all flow out like water. I just lay and wept, how long I don't know. I looked beyond and over Christ, and saw a smiling God. O, the love of Christ. I have found Jesus.

Yes, I found Jesus -- Immanuel. I seemed to have no consciousness of believing or submitting, or of any resolution, but, I went. As soon as Jesus revealed himself, I knew it was he, and I went, and I never shall forget that blessed place, and that happy hour, or moment, when first I saw my Lord. What love, what joy, what a Savior, the half never was, and never can be told. But, 'low had longed far the coming of God

And sought him by prayer and searching his word.

With watching and fasting my soul was oppressed,
Nor would I give over till Jesus had blessed.
The tokens of mercy at length did appear,
According to promise, he answered my prayer;
And glory was opened in floods on my soul,
Salvation from Jesus did mightily roll."

The Lord seemed intent on proving me on every point of sin and skepticism; and so clear and considerate, (as I prayed him to do,) did he lead me, that I was as sensible when the last point was given up, as when the last garment is off. And then for a moment, I hung naked, when Jesus passed that way, and I felt his pity move; I looked O, what a smile! What love! I rushed to his open arms -- he bade me welcome, and clasped me to his bosom. My sins seemed all gone and dead for ever. O, my Jesus, what a Savior wert thou in that hour to my soul! I wept as if my very soul would gush out. Not a word was uttered; it seemed like a mockery to use words to give utterance to such emotions. The language of my heart would have been, O,

"I love thee, I love thee; and that thou dost know;
But bow much I do love thee, I never can show."

While thus clasped in the arms of Jesus, I seemed to lift up my eye, and thus I saw God the Father, smiling and reconciled. O, my soul cried out, Abba, Father!

I marked out no path -- offered no terms of reconciliation, but took the Bible alone, for there was no particular interest at the time more than usual, and settled down upon the truth, that God could and would deliver, and that I should find him, when "I sought with all the heart." Thank the good Lord, not a word failed of all that had been spoken. The Lord truly led me by a way that I knew not. The path was fearful and rugged indeed. But I well knew that it was salvation or sin -- pardon or perdition -- deliverance or damnation. During the whole course of my last search after God, I had enjoyed a ray of light and hope, except that morning to which allusion has been made. Then for a few moments, the last ray disappeared. Then, O -- O -- my soul! what a moment was that, when

"First I felt damnation sure, and heard hell close;
And heard Jehovah and his love retire."

Then Despair locked its massy chains, and left no ray of hope! My sins seemed to spring up in dense hosts as from thousand points of ambush, and rush upon me, each one with trumpet tongue

crying aloud for justice to smite me. Coupled with this, the burning, awful frown of God! The deep agony of my inmost soul, no tongue can tell! All agonies of body are joy in the comparison.

I have often inquired within myself, can it be possible that those brethren and sisters, who count sin a little thing, indulging in it with little or no compunction, trilling with the frowns and feelings of God towards sin, can it be possible that they have ever seen sin as it is, and God's hatred of it in any measure? Can it be possible that they ever knew Christ; or ever once tasted his love? Surely if they have, they must be of that class who have not so much as heard "whether there be any Holy Ghost."

I could not wish anyone to see or feel what saw and felt, except the love of Christ. And that, O, that all might know! But it does seem that if God saves, he will first lead the soul to see that sin is exceeding sinful, that the soul is in imminent peril, and that Jesus is our all.

When I had found Christ, my soul was in a state entirely opposite to that on the morning before spoken of. Then, despair with no ray of hope or safety. Now, salvation with safety. I had really turned a summersault.

I do not mean by all this, that there was any physical vision or change, although the visions and the change were as clear and sensible as any change could be, such power and life and reality did the truth possess in the hands of the Spirit.

The Lord seemed to try me on every point, and confute me on every one. I had not for a long time had any confidence in prayer, and yet, in prayer the Lord brought deliverance. I saw and felt, just as plainly as I wanted to feel, that Jesus was the Christ, my salvation, and had just as much love as was good for me. Thank God. Whether I was ever converted before or not I don't know. But one thing I do know, "that whereas I was blind, now I see." I verily thought that I was as good as many, and it does seem that my will was to serve God and do his will. But what would have become of me had I died in my sins and skepticism is hard to tell. On what principle of God's government I could have been saved who can tell! If I had been saved, I think it must have been by some "fire."

I knew that if I had been converted, it would be madness for me to trust "the decrees" for salvation, for as I was, either God or I must break the decrees, or I could never see heaven.

I think there are at least two different stages of Christian experience, spoken of in the Bible; one in which the will only is changed, the other changes the sensibility also.

In the first state, the individual apprehends his state as a sinner, the guilt of sin, his danger, the righteous claims of both law and gospel, and yields his heart, and submits his will, to these claims and the service of God, and the sweet peace of pardon flows. But his sensibility, its appetites, affections, passions, long and strongly developed towards their respective objects, still plead for gratification, but are held in check by the will and heart, under the influence of the new master. In the second stage, some persons, conscious of their deficiency, and danger, and oft repeated victory of the sensibility, have applied, with irresistible longings of soul, to Christ to perfect the work, break the power of sin, and remove the enemy from the camp, and Jesus has

heard their prayer, (thank the good Lord,) has come down -- entered in; overthrown the tables, poured out the changers' money, broken up the deep foundations of the whole man, and rendered the sensibility of the soul tremblingly alive to the interest and love of Christ. Now there is a rest throughout all the land; the soul is as a well watered garden, and its whole being, spontaneously, (when Christ has come in,) sets towards God and immortality. Thank God! And O, may Almighty God grant, that the number may increase a thousand fold! When Zion learns the love and the strength of her Captain -- his boundless resources to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. O, the love of Christ, who can sin, and grieve it! To name his love; to speak of Christ, sets my soul all on fire. I feel that I have passed the second stage. I have, bless God, passed the "straits," and with Jesus in my soul,

"I am rapidly sailing with strong gales of love,
And soon shall strike soundings on the fair coast above,
Make the high lands of Zion, and enter the road,
And anchor for ever in the Kingdom of God.

I have spoken of Christ in the soul. I mean, just so, "Christ in us the hope of glory." "Come in and sup with us." "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." Now faith is not Christ. It is one thing to have faith in us, and quite another thing to have Christ in us. The Apostle speaks of the thing done, and the condition. Faith, belief, is the condition, and, to receive Christ is the thing done. But it costs a struggle, not to receive Christ, but, to renounce the world -- give up self -- empty out self at any sacrifice, and make room for Jesus.

Before I found the Lord, I used to pray as if God were at a distance. But after I found him, I did not want to speak or whisper loud, for it seemed that that was praying to Jesus out of my soul and far away, when he was really in me. Often hushed in silence, I have given up myself to deep, sweet, and overflowing communion with Christ in my soul.

"What precious hours I then enjoyed;
How sweet their memory (and their practice) still."

Such have often been most rich and precious seasons to my soul.

After I found Jesus, one point much troubled me. That is, to believe I was pardoned. It was too much. This came up as a distinct point. I believe God is able and is willing. But I pardoned! My sins all gone! my unbelief -- my pollution -- my mockery -- my broken vows -- my guilt -- my skepticism -- my all, all gone! O, I can't believe it, I must suffer! What! have love for all this! put it all on Christ's a count? O, it's too much! At that moment the answer came. "I promised to do it. I came for that; won't you honor me by suffering me to take all your guilt away, and give you in return my love?," I instantly said, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," and it was as the letting in of mighty waters.

Another point was to be settled. How shall I be saved against the wiles and temptations of the world. I had found God. My soul was pardoned and delivered. But how shall I stand? Grace to pardon and deliver is not grace to keep. I went and told Jesus. He kindly gave me his blessed promise," There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful,

who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." I went forth equipped.

At one time afterwards, being afraid that when I went out and mingled with others, I should fall into levity, some sin that would grieve my blessed Savior, which I had rather die than do, I went to the Lord and asked him for grace for such an amount as would (so to speak,) last me turn my return. I pleaded with God for such a stock before hand, as would ensure my safety. Ignorant of the way God kept his children, for I was literally an infant, I sought by fervent prayer for what I supposed necessary to keep me, for that was what I longed for. In the midst of my fervency, at once, like a gentle whisper, it came. "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." In my state of mind, longing for present supplies for the future, I looked on the bare promise as not sufficient, and cast it aside, and looked up to God for the supply. I and no sooner done this, than (I don't know how else to express it,) the promise was thrown back upon my soul, with tremendous power, and Jesus seemed to say, Won't you believe me? I trembled and cringed down, saying, Lord, it is enough, thy word is sufficient. I never opened my mouth any in on that point. I can truly say, I have never found the promise fail, but just the thing, grace at the time -- in temptation, and not here it nor after it. From that day to this, thank God! it has been my sure support. O, how changed! From these sins and others, I had never expected to be delivered.

At one time while seated at my table studying, at once, one of my old sins, one from which I feared the most, came up with marshal power. I thought at first I certainly was gone -- I seemed surrounded with the enemy, (I cannot describe it better than to say, the atmosphere seemed to be full of little devils.) But in the midst of their furious onset upon me, at once, I dropped on my knees, my soul fled to Jesus. I told him, "I was gone, if he did not help; I would not stir a step, I could not, I had tried a thousand times and always fell, and now I had taken him to do it, he had promised to, and he must: O Lord come." (Afterwards I was shocked at my boldness.) And O, I never shall forget it -- in a moment Jesus came, took the enemy and set him at a distance; "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." And from that day to this, I can truly say, I have never feared the power of the enemy on that point. His power was broken, and through infinite grace has been ever since kept down. I marked this because I had before supposed the enemy's power could never be effectually broken, not even by Jesus himself.

I don't know where to stop; I have already transcended my limits, for I did not intend to fill this sheet. Time and room fail me, to speak of the visions, of the deliverances, of the preservations of his grace and dying love. Truly, if any one ought to love God, I ought, and a thousand times have I thanked God that I love Him and his Son. For if it had not been for his grace, my soul "had been as Sodom, and like unto Gomorrah." To the praise and glory of his grace, there has not been a day, and save one time when I mistook temptation for sin, I don't know an hour, since I found my Lord, in which I have not enjoyed sweet, sweet communion with Jesus, or the light of his countenance. I have not at all times indulged in the enjoyment as I might, but have been led many times to fast spiritually as to myself, and save my strength for others, for as every one knows who is acquainted with the deep love of Christ, there is nothing like the cross to prostrate the system.

That I have ever fallen has not been owing to any want or deficiency of his grace, or to a want of confidence in his promise and power, but to the willingness of my antagonist, and the want of a proper watchfulness on my part when I have come into new circumstances. But when I get out

of his power I set up a "stake." I don't know that I have ever fallen into my old sins, for once, except as I was decoyed by "Satan transforming himself into an angel of light." But as soon as I see the "cloven foot," with deep sorrow I turn at once to Christ. To be away from Christ is to be in hell. The last time, which like the rest was very short, the Lord chastised me so sharply, and showed me such love, that I don't expect Satan will ever catch me there again.

A cloud over the Savior's countenance is as perceptible as a cloud over the noonday sun. I can truly say that no one has or ever had since my espousal the power over my affections that the Savior has. Some seem by their conduct to think that religion consists in refraining for Christ's sake from self-indulgence. But I think it consists in doing just what we want to do for Christ's sake. O, how blessed the promise and the possession of a new heart! Having a new heart, we have nothing to do but just what we want to do, and that to all eternity. O, the promise of as much love as we can contain, the deep fountain within us springing up for ever more into everlasting life! And then to augment the joy, another is to have all the glory!

But when we look at the church, we see awful reason to fear that many have never passed beyond a state of deep conviction. Some have got so far perhaps as to be sick of sin, but don't receive Christ. Others evidently are in the first stage, (above:) some in despair not expecting deliverance. O, may God grant that their hearts may be inspired with hope to come to Christ and find rest, rest to their souls. Others are looking, hoping, longing for Jesus, floating on the surface; and O, may God let them down a thousand furlongs. Then will they no more talk about and all around religion, and Jesus, -- but will talk religion, -- talk love -- talk Jesus.

I long, long, to have Christ known and received. It verily seems that every sermon I preach, must melt almost every heart down at the Savior's feet; but, "O fools and slow of heart to believe," and receive Christ. One great, and perhaps the great reason is, they do not feel their need of him, they ask, but ask amiss, -- not half in earnest. I am sure, that, unless a student or minister gets a firm hold of Christ, when you come to throw a cold, worldly, selfish church, as many are, upon his soul, it will certainly draw him away from Christ. I well know that, if it had not been for the grace of Christ and his love and power, in my inmost soul, I could not have withstood the opposition, temptations -- abuses -- neglect -- poverty -- losses and crosses, incident to the gospel ministry. But the servant is not above his Master. And I find that they, the church and the world, treat me a great deal better than they treat Christ. O, what will become of Zion and the poor sinner! May God speed the time to favor Zion, when a nation shall be born in a day. The more I learn of Christ and his blessed gospel, the more I love it, and love to proclaim it. But I must stop "in medias res," having named a few things respecting the dealings of the blessed God with my soul, sufficient to show that can save" mightily, -- and that the anointing abideth;" and that for this, everything must be given up, with an undying longing of soul for this blessing in any way that it pleaseth the Father to give it.

Thus I have given my simple tale of God's grace and undying love, my Exodus from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of light, peace and love, with a little description of my fare in each kingdom contiguous to the transition point. Many of the richest visitations of love and power, I have purposely omitted, perhaps unwisely, but I think not. My warmest prayers go with it. O may it honor Christ and do good. Please pardon all episodes and ejaculations, however exiguous or perchance exotic. I write much from memory, but such have been my Egypt, Exodus and Canaan,

that time cannot erase the remembrance of them. The Lord bless and grant support to your soul and body amid all your labors.

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

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THE END