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

Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

ACCOUNT #038

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I have for a long time felt it my duty to make known what the Lord has done for my soul, and have endeavored to, as far as I could reach the ear, by the word of mouth; but believing it may encourage some, I trust many, to come to the fountain, from whence such fullness flows, I will endeavor to give a brief narration of the dealings of the Lord with me, the few past years of my life.

When about nineteen, I was brought to seek the Savior, and to find him to the joy of my soul. He, for his own name's sake, spoke peace to my troubled spirit, and I have no doubt still, but my sins were then forgiven.

I had much light and joy, and of course great peace for a time, but the sun that had risen in my moral horizon did not remain long without clouds and darkness; and when it shined afterward, it was only at intervals, to be succeeded by deeper darkness. I think the first reason why I did not follow on to know the Lord from that time, was, that I began to measure myself by my teachers, and those whom I thought worthy of imitation. I thought I must not take a course that differed very much from what they thought to be right. Here I left the Bible, and the teachings of the Spirit in part, and did not see and understand as I have since, what I was doing. But I was without excuse, for I had the law, and the testimony, yea more, the teachings of the Spirit to guide me in the way of life. Yet notwithstanding these, I stumbled on the dark mountains of unbelief, and became an easy prey to the tempter; and thus I lived for a number of years, sinning and repenting. Sometimes light shone on my pathway, and then again darkness that might be felt surrounded me, and all my resolutions were like ropes of sand, toward holding me in the pathway of obedience. I was often led to cry out, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" despairing of deliverance until death, and sometimes almost longing for death, as a release from unbelief and sin. I found it truly a life of hard bondage, the spirit warring against the flesh, and the flesh against the spirit, each ruling in turn. Yet the Lord in mercy kept me from open on breaking sins. From the time that Jesus first spoke peace to my soul, I felt deeply, that Christians ought not to live and practice as the world;

that they should be a peculiar people, zealous of good works, and not zealous to follow the customs, manners, fashions and vanities of this world, which if we love, the Savior has said the love of the Father is not in us. Many times have I tried to find some one, who could point out to me the way into liberty. But instead of finding help, I was driven farther off than before, by their laboring to convince me that I must not be singular so as to become a subject of remark, for it would do injury to the cause I much desired to honor. If it had been said that I should not be singular for the sake of being singular, but that it was right to differ from all, who differed from the Bible I think I should have found my way into the liberty of the gospel, much sooner than I did. I can look back now, and see that the Lord in mercy was urging the blessing of "the liberty wherewith Christ maketh his people free," upon my acceptance, by every consideration that could be brought to bear upon my mind. At length, becoming more and more weary of bonds and fetters, I began to inquire in earnest, if liberty was to be enjoyed in this life, and what were the privileges and duties of the disciple of Jesus. I learned from my Bible that the Lord was not a hard master; that he required nothing of his creatures that he would not enable them to perform; that Jesus was represented to be a present help in every time of need to all who put their trust in him. I did not know at that time, that there was an individual on the earth; that lived by the Bible; but I saw from it that there were those who had "walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless;" and if it was their privilege, I understood that it was mine, and I would enjoy it or perish seeking. Such was my ignorance of the meaning of the blessed Bible, that I did not understand what the baptism of the Holy Ghost was, or what Jesus meant when he told his disciples to "tarry at Jerusalem until they received the promise of the Father," or any other like passage, that shone out upon almost every page of the Bible. But my heart fastened upon this -- I want a pure heart, or in other words, I want that which will qualify me to do the will of God on earth. I had ceased to be anxious about present enjoyment, or that my soul might be saved in heaven at last, although this had very much occupied my thoughts previous to this time, during the ten years of my professed discipleship. All these and similar considerations were lost sight of; while the glory of God, and the good of dying men swallowed up every other desire. I commenced my salt at the mercy seat, feeling that it was the will of the Lord, and for his glory, that I should have a pure heart, and clean hands, to do the work he had given me to do; for I felt that he was saying to me, "Go preach the gospel to every creature," in your life and conversation; just as much as though I had been a minister called to preach from the pulpit. I then felt that in weighing the matter and counting the cost, I was doing business for eternity, taking a stand from which I was never to recede, putting on the harness, never to lay it off till death removed me to a higher sphere of service in heaven. About that time I began to pray -- "Lord, show me my duty, and in the strength I can and I will do it." I soon, in the strength of Israel's God, took a long leap out of self, into the cleft side of Jesus, where that fountain is open that washes away sin and all uncleanness, and every stain that sin has made upon the soul. I found the Lord true to his promise, "Ye shall find me, when ye shall search for me with all our heart." I found it even so.

My only grief is, that I did not thus seek him much sooner, that I might not have lived so long to no purpose in this world that lies in wickedness. As soon as I was brought to believe that it was my privilege to enjoy uninterrupted communion with -- my Savior, and not only so, but that I was grieving the Spirit while I was walking in darkness, and dishonoring God every time I spoke of doubts and difficulties, as though the Lord was not able and willing to supply the wants of his children, and to supply them abundantly -- from this time, I say, my tongue was silenced in regard

to complaining of the scantiness with which my wants were supplied. I saw it was my own fault. It was, and is still the greatest wonder to my mind, that the Lord should spare my unprofitable life so long; that he did not cut me off as an unprofitable servant, and appoint me my portion with the fearful, the unbelieving and the hypocrite. I feel truly that it is because he is God, and not man, that I still live to recount his mercies.

At the time I began to be in earnest, and honest before the Lord, not making provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof, light began to break in upon my mind as an overflowing stream. My heart seemed like a measure filled, pressed down, heaped up, shaken together, and still running over. It seemed to me that the Lord caused just as much of his goodness to pass before me, as this mortal frame could endure and live. From that time, until this, which is about five years, there has been a constant increase, so that what the Lord permits me to enjoy at the present, compared with that period, is an ocean compared with the small drop of the bucket. I find as my heart is enlarged, so it is filled, and from that time to this, I can truly say, my wants have all been abundantly supplied. In Christ I find all my wants met. He is all in all to me, working in me both to will and to do, of his own good pleasure, so that it is not I that do it, but the grace of God that dwelleth in me.

Now the inquiry may arise in some minds -- How did you get this blessing? I would answer, simply h faith in Christ, which gift he is waiting to bestow on all who are willing to receive it.

In regard to the professed people of God, I feel as though, in the strength of the Lord, I would lay hold of them with holy violence, and pull them out of the fire, hating the very garments spotted with the flesh; and I understand this is to be done by living out the principles of the gospel, fully, and perseveringly before them. From the time that my fetters were loosed, my prayer has been, day and night, that Zion might arise, her light come, and the glory of the Lord rise upon her; and such are my feelings sometimes, that I can only groan before the Lord, that deliverance may come in some way; for it seems to me that the professed church is dragging the world to perdition by her ungodly influence. I feel that I am not alone in this, but that there are those, scattered over the earth, who are offering the same prayer, and living for the same end, and the Lord grant that the number may be rapidly increased, until Jerusalem is made a praise in the earth, instead of the hissing and byword of the enemy; until her light goes forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth. (Will this ever be? Yes it will be, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Therefore we can trust and not be afraid, while the Captain of our salvation leads the way.) I can now truly say, that my sun does not go down, nor my moon withdraw itself, the days of my mourning are ended, and a new, and never ending song, is put into my mouth, even praise to our God.

When I see the gospel feast prepared at such infinite expense, without money, and without price to any and all, my heart sinks within me, because so few can be persuaded to come and eat and drink abundantly, and be made every whit whole. I am glad that the Lord does not get weary with our continual coming to make our wants known by prayer and supplication. He has told us to pray till he rain righteousness upon us. I find Jesus a constant companion all the day long and in the night watches, opening up before my mind, the meaning of the word, until I am lost in wonder, love and praise. When I think the transforming influence of the blessed gospel on the heart, especially on one so hard, stubborn and rebellious as mine has been, I am overwhelmed. It sometimes seems

to me that I drew back, in opposition to the truth, until the fatal charm was in mercy broken, and then my heart drew in the opposite direction, and ever since the language of my heart is, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do, that thy name may be glorified and souls saved? The world now cannot crowd itself into the mind in any way. Its honors, its pleasures, its wealth, are no longer objects to be desired. I now know something what it is to live above the world while we live in it, using it as not abusing it, knowing that the fashion thereof passeth away. Everything aside from the glory of God, and the salvation of man is as a dead carcass without life or interest; but the name of Christ and holiness, carries a thrill of joy through the whole soul unspeakable and full of glory. If such is the sweetness of the stream, what must the fountain be?

This is a very brief and imperfect sketch, a mere outline of the mercies that the Lord has heaped upon unworthy me. To him be all the glory forever.

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

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THE END