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

Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

ACCOUNT #045

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I have long felt it a duty I owed to my Father in heaven, and to you as instruments in his hands, to give in my testimony to a dying world to his goodness and wonderful condescension to me, and what he has done for my soul. He sought me, and although I was so wayward and refractory, he led me at length to the green pastures and still waters of his infinite love, to enjoy that which is unspeakable and fill' of glory. Oh, how much does every famishing child of Adam need just such a Savior. Why, oh, why will they not come up and accept of him in all his fullness, instead of limiting the Holy One of Israel, and saying by precept, and much more by example, Can God spread such a table in the wilderness? I would call upon my soul and all that is within me, to confess that I feel sure that he can, and more than that, he will, if we will only ask, expecting to receive. He has indeed led me along by a way I knew not of; and I bless his name for all his dealings towards me. My way was at first almost Egyptian darkness in comparison to the light I feel I now have shining upon my soul. I can compare it to nothing but the situation in which the children of Israel were placed, when they were commanded to make bricks without straw. I saw the command, "Strive to be perfect," but my Christian brothers and sisters, (not many of them,) ever thought of believing that we could obey this command, or that it was attainable; I reasoned thus with myself. How can it be possible that a God, all could lay any commands upon us, that he knew it was impossible to perform. But I am rather anticipating my story.

About six years since, I trust I was translated from the kingdom of darkness, into that of God's dear Son. It was, indeed, a wonderful change. Nothing troubled me so much, as a belief that I should ever grow cold -- that lever should get lukewarm in this blessed cause. I looked upon such a person as the most inexcusable being upon earth, and one that brought the greatest reproach upon the cause of Christ, and it pained me to the heart to see them thus dragging upon the chariot wheels of salvation. When I entreated them to arise and take up their crowns which they had cast to the ground, they paid but little heed to what I said, and would add, that, as a matter of course, I should not always feel as I did then. How little did I believe their predictions would come to pass! It was

even so! But mark well the "my Father" used to bring his prodigal back to his house. Oh, how unsearchable are his works, and his ways past finding out. Truly

"He moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

I had an idol that stood between me and my God. A dear, kind, affectionate husband, whose every wish and desire seemed to be to make me happy. Before I met with this change,

"Our hearts, our hopes, our aims were one,
Our comforts and our cares."

That he felt the change very sensibly I need not tell you. He looked upon me with grief rather than in anger, and would act as if I was lost to him for ever. Oh, how often I have left him alone to attend our prayer meeting, exclaiming, Father, have I not left all. If he had opposed me, I should have been upon my guard, but he did not. He won me from the path of duty by his forbearance and indulgence. I forgot my duty to God in my affection for him, and instead of persevering in trying to have him come up to me, I left my work, and went down to him. Oh, that I could raise my voice so loud as to be heard by every wife that they would avoid the rock upon which I almost made shipwreck of my faith. And certainly it is a source of wonder, love and praise, that the Almighty did not at that time leave me, as he did one of his servants of old, and say, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." I remained in a cold, stupid state about two years, alternately sinning and repenting. My conscience condemned me all the time. I lived some distance from the church, where we attended worship, and, as a general thing, I found some good excuse (as I then thought) for remaining at home on the Sabbath with my husband, his health being very poor. Thus I lived till July, 1844. On the fourth of that month, we attended a celebration together, and he took a very active part in the exercises. We returned home, and in about a week from that time he was snatched from me by the relentless hand of death. In vain would it be for me to describe my feelings. He was sick only four days, a raving maniac most of the time. I could not even ask for his life, for the jewel I most prized was irrecoverably gone and only the casket was left, and that in a most enfeebled state.

Only one night had he any reason. Towards morning he called me to his bedside and told me he had found the Savior precious to his soul; then, with a look of affection, he said, "This will all work together for good, and on will find it so." These were the last intelligible words he ever uttered. I was completely prostrated upon a bed of sickness and was not permitted to follow him to his last resting place, and could find no comfort in anything. All I felt I could say of every earthly thing was, "Miserable comforters are ye all." All this time the Lord was waiting to be gracious, and would whisper amid the howling of the tempest, "Be not afraid, it is I." He was walking on the billows with me, and his arms were reached out to save me from sinking in the deep waters. At length his voice reached my ear, and my heart, in accents more deep and thrilling than ever before, stirred my soul. It was the voice of "Perfect Love," -- unchangeable, and undying -- thanks be to the Lord, brought down to my poor, weak, feeble capacities; and I can say that I greatly rejoiced in spirit, and could say from my heart, I thank thee, O Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. I thank Him, and He does

raise up men after his own heart to distribute the heavenly manna to hungry, starving souls. Yes, and that it does suit our every case and supply our every want.

"'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest."

I feel convinced that those who do not come up and accept of the Savior in all his fullness, are guilty of the sin of unbelief. The Evangelist was sent me by a very dear friend, and has been for two years, and my heart responds, "ever more give me this bread." It has indeed been an unspeakable blessing to me, and I feel that it is a blessing from the Giver of every good and perfect gift that I am thus permitted to address you, my dear brethren and sisters, and wish you God speed in this great and glorious work. May we count it all joy if we are called to suffer in this cause. If you are driven from one city, flee to another. If God be for us, who can be against us? Let us cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, and bless the Lord that he has laid help upon one that is mighty even to the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan. Yes, our weapons are not carnal, but mighty through God to the entire demolition of Satan's kingdom.

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

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THE END