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

Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

ACCOUNT #065

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The consecrated life to which God has called me takes in all used and unused powers. My pen I have given to Jesus, and my hand. Oh! that these lines "may be a blessing" to some weary friend, longing for the soft hand of Jesus to be placed on their heart, bidding it to cheer up, as he says, "I have overcome the world."

In early life I gave my heart to God, and joined the church. I lived as many do now; loved to go to church, attended to all my duties -- in short, professed religion. Years rolled on; my father was taken from me, singing, as he went, the praises of Jesus. Then life, real, earnest life commenced. God has taken many ways to bring this will, this life, into subjection to his will. Death took away loved ones, adversity took others. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness." I need not say more. I need not tell how many were the ways taken by God to bring me where he wanted me to be, through severe discipline; but, looking back upon it all, I can say I would not alter one line of life's history. He knoweth best. "He doeth all things well."

Three years ago, after being a Christian for ten years, I was conscious of a deep hunger of soul -- a hunger that no earthly love could satisfy. I was thirsty, and earth's springs were dry. Coming to God, and asking sincerely and believingly for the bread whereof if a man eat he will hunger no more, and the water whereof if a man drink he will thirst no more, I heard, coming from the lips of Christ himself: "Come unto me, O weary one; come to me."

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad."

To condense much in a little space, I took Jesus for what I wanted. I wanted, first, the consciousness of a clean heart. I waited at the cross, where the blood flows, and, when it had

washed me clean, the blessed Holy Spirit moved in and took up his abode; and now my heart was a home for Jesus. Oh! what condescension in him to come thus to dwell with fallen man!

"The mountain foxes have their hole,
The sky-birds have their nest;
But, save in thy surrendered soul,
He has not where to rest."

So I bid the "Man of sorrows" welcome. I took Jesus for purity, for rest, for love, and he took me for his own. He appeared to me and said: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Three blessed years have passed -- years of usefulness and happiness; for "holiness, usefulness, and happiness are inseparable." Life is real, full of meaning; but life is blessed when given to God, for he gives eternal life back. Oh! who will be so foolish as to miss this holy life? May none who read this be mistaken in God's will. "Be ye holy."

My life-work is teaching school -- "teaching school for Jesus," I like to say; teaching poor children. It is blessed work; the giver gets so much more than she gives. Work is good; work makes me hungry, and, coming to Him, I get fed; work makes me tired, and, coming to God, I get rested. I feel the sublimity of service; glad to do some little thing for struggling humanity. Was not this our Saviour's life-work, to help somebody? "Follow thou me." I desire to do so. Oh! for the "mind that was in Christ." "Occupy till I come." When he calls, may we answer, and in the service on high dwell forever with him who died to secure heaven for us.

Source: "Experiences of the Higher Christian Life in the Baptist Denomination" by John Q. Adams, New York: Sheldon & Company, 500 Broadway. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1870

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