

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1994 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with
the restrictions stated in the B4Ucopy.txt file on this CD.

* * * * *

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

Vol. II -- Unnamed Accounts

ACCOUNT #080

PILGRIM STRANGER

* * * * *

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

Bro. King:-- While reading in the last number of the "Guide," the following passage made a forcible impression upon my mind: "The enemy has met me with the suggestion that I had better not write -- it would do no good." The reason is this: I have long had it in my mind to write a portion of my experience, but hitherto have not, from the impression that "it would do no good." The following lines you are at liberty to publish or not, as you think best.

I embraced religion at the age of sixteen years. Of my life previous to that event, I must only say, it was one of continual transgression. I was indeed the "chief of sinners," and often did I experience the truth of Holy Writ, "The way of the transgressor is hard." Often did I promise to give myself to the Lord, and many an almost sleepless night I passed, but no sooner did the opportunity present itself; than I plunged deeper, if possible, into the pool of iniquity, than before. Thus life passed on, till, in the August of 1845, I attended a camp-meeting at , and there, for the first time in my life, I resolved to seek earnestly for religion, and never give up the struggle until I obtained it. My resolution. was firm, but little did I anticipate the mighty conflict which was to take place ere the victory was gained. During several days, I was in a state of the most intense mental excitement; but at last, when every energy of both body and mind was exhausted, I gave up all, and felt that I was a new creature in Christ Jesus." Yes, glory to his name I could then testify to the world that whereas "I was blind, now I see." This was good, but something better was in store. I was then an unbeliever in the doctrine of Christian perfection, and considered its professors as proud assumers of something they did not and never could possess in this world. But a few weeks, however, passed, before I was brought, by a succession of circumstances I could but deem providential, to change my views upon the subject. I saw that it was attainable, and at once resolved to possess it. When I gave my heart to God, I supposed the work well-nigh done; but

when I found that I was not "cleansed from all unrighteousness," and that the blessing of holiness was attainable, I considered my covenant vows remained unfulfilled, so long as I had an unsanctified heart. My cry then was, "Give me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." While I was "yet speaking," he answered me -- a flood of light and glory burst in upon my soul; my tongue was loosed, and I could exclaim, "Praise God, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise his holy name." Yes, and even now, as my thoughts recur to that event, I give glory to God for having wrought so great salvation.

From that time to the present, with but a single exception of a short season of darkness, resulting from unfaithfulness, the Sun of Righteousness has steadily beamed upon my path, and I could adopt the language of the sweet singer of Israel, "Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." True, I have had temptations, but when the enemy thrust sore at me, this promise, "My grace shall be sufficient for you," has been my "strong tower" and "city of refuge," and though the storms beat, mid the floods came, yet by the hand of faith I could take hold on the "Rock which is higher than I," and safely sheltered beneath the "Ark of the Covenant," in his strength bid defiance to all the powers of hell, and come off more than conqueror, exclaiming) "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Affliction's waters, too, have rolled deep and strong, and ever and anon, as their fearful surges break against my little bark, and for a moment threaten to sunder the "three-fold cord" of confidence in God, that "still, small voice" whispers in my ear, "Peace, be still;" the agitated spirit resting upon the promise, "These light afflictions which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" grasping that "anchor" which is "sure and steadfast," and with the assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God," enjoys that peace which "floweth as a river," and experiences that "joy which is unutterable and full of glory."

Glory be to God it is indeed a "more excellent way," the "highway cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in." Holiness is a subject which I like -- a theme on which my heart delights to dwell. I love to urge it in private, I love to proclaim it from the sacred desk. When I see the poor Christian buffeted by enemies within and without, I love to point him to the land flowing with "milk and honey;" I love to proclaim to him liberty from inbred corruption. Holiness of heart "How sweet the sound 'tis music in our ears." O that ministers would raise its highest notes, that Christians would bear its richest fruits -- then should we see the kingdom of God spreading, the banner of the cross unfurled and planted where now the proud crescent waves, and heathen orgies are repeated. How bright, how lovely the prospect which opens before the Christian it is emphatically a "rest."

A rest where all the soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where grief and fear and sin expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

That we may all enjoy this rest, is the prayer of a
Pilgrim Stranger.

* * * * *

Source: "Guide to Holiness Articles" Volume 14 (From July, 1848 to January, 1849) Part 3 --
Edited by Dexter S. King

* * * * *

THE END