

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication
Copyright 1999 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.

* * * * *

OFT-QUOTED LINES FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE

By Duane V. Maxey

'Twas worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.

* * * * *

Digital Edition 11/29/99
By Holiness Data Ministry

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION

The data in this file was searched out and gathered using "Search & Replace," my registered version of one of two excellent Search programs that are distributed on our CD. It is hoped that this compilation will accomplish at least the first two of these 3 things: (1) Lay before the reader some excellent Holiness Testimony and Teaching; (2) Demonstrate the results of using the Search & Replace program to quickly gather material on a given subject from throughout the HDM Library; and (3) Encourage someone who has the information to send me the name of the author of the oft-quoted lines shown above.

20 individuals whose writings are in the HDM Library use the above lines 22 times. It seems quite apparent that the lines were oft-quoted by both Early Methodists and Holiness people, and I thought Charles Wesley might have written them. However, I found nothing in our Library attributing them to him. Indeed, I found nothing attributing the lines to anyone, period. Thus, to me at least, they are "Oft-Quoted Lines From An Unknown Source." If one of my readers can tell me who wrote them, please do. I even did online searches in the endeavor to discover the author, but drew a blank.

In the HDM Library, the lines were most of the time used by sanctified individuals to express the painful awareness of spiritual double-mindedness and a divided love existing in the heart prior to obtaining the experience of Perfect Love. Sometimes the opening phrase is quoted in the present tense: "'Tis worse than death..." and sometimes it is quoted in the past tense: "'Twas worse than death." The opening phrase, as given in one of John Wesley's publications, is in the

past tense, and since that quotation is the earliest dated quotation of the lines that I found, I suspect that the opening phrase was originally written in the past tense.

Below, I will present the 22 quotations of the lines by 20 individuals that are found in the HDM Library, along with varying amounts of their contexts. The earliest quotation of the lines that I found was that of Jane Cooper, who quoted them in 1761, and the latest date that I found connected with a quotation of the lines is 1912 -- the date in which Helen E. Bingham's biography of "Holy Ann" Preston was copyrighted or published. So, here we have oft-quoted lines used by Holiness Witnesses during 3 centuries, but lines which, to me at least, are from an unknown source. Again, if you can send me indisputable evidence of who originated the lines, please do so. If I definitely learn the name of the author, I will update this publication with that information, and give it a new title.

The Table of Contents below lists the 20 individuals whose quotation of the lines appear in this document. I have placed them in alphabetical order by the names of the writers. -- DVM

* * * * *

CONTENTS

- 01 -- Sheridan Baker
- 02 -- Harmon A. Baldwin
- 03 -- William Warner Clark
- 04 -- Jane Cooper
- 05 -- Randolph Sinks Foster
- 06 -- William Green
- 07 -- William McKendree
- 08 -- Phoebe Palmer
- 09 -- John Paul
- 10 -- Holy Ann Preston
- 11 -- John Wesley Redfield
- 12 -- George Whitefield Ridout
- 13 -- Hester Ann Rogers

14 -- Unnamed Witness (A)

15 -- Unnamed Witness (B)

16 -- Unnamed Witness (C)

17 -- Thomas Walsh

18 -- William Watters

19 -- Robert A. West

20 -- C. W. Wilson

* * * * *

01 -- SHERIDAN BAKER

Sheridan Baker's life spanned the years 1824-1890. His quotation of the oft-quoted lines is found in his book, "The Hidden Manna," hdm0317, and he simply attributes the lines to "the poet":

It is a fatal mistake to suppose that believers, in the early stage of Christian life, may habitually commit some bosom sin.

"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for His seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." Whosoever, therefore, does habitually what he knows he ought not to do is a sinner, like other sinners, no matter what he may pretend. He either never was converted, or he has backslidden, -- he has lost the "seed" or life of God from his soul.

It is, however, a matter of general, if not universal experience, that in this regenerated and happy state there is something yet in the nature which sympathizes with some forms of sin, a something which has to be watched and kept under by the power of the new life. There is some relish yet for the fashions of the world, some love for its glitter and show, some disposition to, yield to its influence and charms, some tendencies to resent injuries and indulge envy, some feeling of self-gratulation and pride, and other evils against which the new life is set, and which it keeps repressed. These are the movings of existing carnality, or of heart depravity not reached or eliminated in regeneration. In these facts is discovered the nature of regeneration, not as taught by some theorists, but, more certainly correct, by the facts of experience; for regeneration can be nothing more or less than what, in fact, does take place in conversion. Notice next, in the light of experimental facts,

2. The nature of entire sanctification. -- The first thing experienced in the distinct work of holiness is a painful sense of spiritual defilement, and a longing to get clear of it. When the conviction is for sins committed, and greater fidelity in outward Christian duty, the want then is conversion, or reclamation from a backslidden state, or a stirring from a state of lukewarmness. But, in a state of clear justification, the first thing experienced by the believer in entire

sanctification is a painful conviction of impurity, and intense yearnings for purity. He feels with the poet,

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

* * * * *

02 -- HARMON A BALDWIN

H. A Baldwin's quotation of the lines is found in his 1907 book, "Lessons For Seekers of Holiness," hdm0729. More precisely, the lines are found in Chapter 14 of that book, entitled: "Abandonment or Consecration":

In order to understand properly the requirements of God at this juncture it will be well to find out three things: (1) The condition of the seeking soul. (2) the nature of the experience he is seeking, and (3) the relation to God he now sustains and will sustain when cleansed from all sin.

First, the contract made with God by the seeker for pardon is complete, so far as the will and voluntary conditions are concerned. Its only lack is in the fact that the heart is unclean, the nature of sin causing involuntary movements contrary to the love of God. These involuntary movements or elements in the soul cause undue attachments to legitimate objects, as well as sinful leanings toward wrong objects. To illustrate: Conjugal love in itself is always right, but in the unclean soul there is a selfish or sensual element that vitiates it. Right affections never interfere with the pure love of God, but this sinful element of the soul causes the man involuntarily to place his wife either in some sense in the place that belongs to God, or to hold her in less esteem than he ought. The same principle is applicable to other matters. This is the real condition of the seeking soul.

The second point necessary to settle is the nature of the experience for which the soul struggles. The answer to this inquiry is involved negatively in the foregoing paragraph. He seeks entire conformity to the nature of God; or, rather, he seeks in its fullness the nature which God designs him to possess. He is already "set apart," but he sees an element in his heart that pollutes the sacrifice. Over this he mourns, and from this he seeks deliverance. He cries,

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

When he gains the goal for which he strives his heart will be all love, with no admixture of inordinate affection; a heart so clean that it naturally and without effort is as it should be; a heart which, so far as it rightly understands, loves no object either more or less than it should; which is centered in God, and moves not for one moment from that center. This is the experience he seeks, and which God will give him if he perseveres.

* * * * *

03 -- WILLIAM WARNER CLARK

William Warner Clark's use of the oft-quoted lines is found in hdm1099, "How They Entered Canaan." It is part of his holiness testimony that I took from "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer:

I was born in the township of London, Canada West, on the sixteenth day of March, 1838. I was born again of the Holy Ghost in the same township, on the twenty-third of September, 1854. Oh, the rapture of that moment! I praised God aloud. I feared not the charge of enthusiasm, for I knew that I was a child of God and an heir of Heaven. Not a doubt obscured my vision. My evidence of sonship was clear as a sunbeam. O, the bliss, the joy, the RAPTURE I then felt in communion with the people of God. Can I ever forget that moment? No; the recollection of it is as fresh and vivid today as ever. My heart warms within me when I look back to the time and place in which I was born for immortal bliss.

For several years prior to my conversion, even in the indecision and perplexities of irreligion, my thoughts were dedicated to the pulpit as the arena in which my life should be spent. My highest ambition was to make an efficient Methodist preacher. And now that the Holy Spirit had changed my heart, giving me a new name and a new nature, the path of duty was clearly revealed. The preaching of the Gospel was the undertaking to which every holy influence called me. Conscious of this, I placed myself in the way to obtain an education that might, to some extent, qualify me for the work; after which I offered myself for the itineracy, and received my first appointment in August 1856. I now felt myself fully committed to the work of saving souls. I was pledged, not only to God, but to my fellow-men to preach "The unsearchable riches of Christ." But O, my youth! My inexperience! My weakness! How deeply I felt the need of something which I did not possess. About this time Arthur's "Tongue of Fire" fell into my hand, the perusal of which led me to cry out--

"Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

I felt that I could not consistently exhort sinners to love God, while a part of my own affections were withheld from Him; that it was as really my duty of my neighbor to love Him at all. O, how I longed for "the richer baptism."

"My longing heart was all on fire
To be dissolved in love."

Sometimes I fancied I could almost claim the blessing; then again darkness obscured my vision. In this fluctuating state of mind I continued for three years, coming sometimes up to the very borders of the land.

"Where fear and sin, and guilt expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

In this perplexed state of mind I attended three Camp Meetings in the month of September, 1859. At the last of the three, held in London township, (the place of my nativity) my soul was in such agony that I could neither preach nor pray with liberty. There hung over me a dark and leaden blackness which seemed as if it would crush me into the earth. I longed to go with the penitents to the altar of prayer, and seek the blessing of "perfect love;" but the thought that I was a minister, and might, but such an act, bring reproach on the cause of Christ, deterred me. I expressed my desires and fears to Sister R -- , whose prompt and wise answer decided my course: "Brother," said she, "you will never hurt God's cause by getting right yourself!" I also expressed to her the fear that I could not keep the blessing. In this instance her answer was equally wise and heaven-directed: "You have no right to expect grace to keep what you have not got. Seek the blessing, and along with it God will give the grace to keep it. YOU NEED THIS BLESSING TO KEEP YOU."

Precious word of encouragement! I went to the altar of prayer, and "with strong crying and tears," besought God to cleanse my heart from all sin, and fill it with love divine. O, what a struggle! My heart was as hard as a rock, but my determination was strong. Around me gathered a number of my ministerial brethren, who longed to see me enter into rest. Their prayers were ardent, earnest; their faith as strong, bold. The consecration was made. All the powers of mind and body were deliberately and voluntarily handed over to God. Then came the promise, "We that believe do enter into rest." My struggling soul grasped it. I stood then on "promised ground;" and as Sister R-- was repeating in prayer the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," I cried out, IT DOES CLEANSE! and in a moment my soul was happy.

I had not the shadow of a doubt of my entire sanctification. O, how I realized the presence of the Triune God of Holiness. Blessed, hallowed hour! Victory was mine through the blood of the Lamb. This was on the evening of Saturday, September 17th, 1859. The next morning I was asked to preach, and I took for my text, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be presented blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." O, how sweet was duty then. How light the cross. The words leaped as fire from my lips into the hearts of the congregation; one, and another, and another caught the flame, and soon the whole encampment was on fire for God. O, what a scene! Never can I forget it.

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

I returned to my circuit, and established a select meeting for seekers of holiness. God gave me in the eyes of the people. One after another sought and found "the gift of power." Soon the circuit was in a revival flame. Many were the living witness which God raised up to testify that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." I felt myself possessed of the necessary "pioneer experience" to lead the followers of Christ out into a large place. Every difficulty which arose in the minds of anxious inquirers after full salvation, God seemed to give wisdom and power to solve. For months I continued in the happy frame of mind. My soul seemed to float in an ocean of infinite purity and love. All my ransomed powers flowed sweetly in the channel of the Divine requirements. My own will was lost in God's will. I seemed borne onward in the discharge of duty like sparless bark before the sweeping storm. The light fell around me with wondrous splendor. God was glorified by a pure flame of love, which is the essential element of His character and felicity.

But alas! the darkness came again. I had not learned the secret of living by faith: and as soon as the first outburst of joy, which accompanied the witness of full salvation was over, I doubted. O, THAT AWFUL DOUBT! It brought with its gloom and sadness. Still I did not entirely lose my evidence, nor relapse into my former state of fear and despondency. No, God was with me in the valley, and occasionally I enjoyed glimpses of "the full assurance of faith." In this state I continued to live, until God, in his inscrutable providence, put me into the furnace of affliction. As I drew near the gates of death, and heard my ease pronounced very critical, my thoughts turned inward. I examined carefully my state of my heart. The evidence of my acceptance with God was clear; I knew that I was His child, but the evidence of "heart-purity" was not clear. I lifted my heart to God in earnest supplication. I doubted not His ability and willingness to cleanse that moment. Then came the promise, "The Lord is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." Blessed assurance! Thrice blessed portion! My soul cried out, "It is enough; 'this is all my salvation and all my desire.'"

The next day my disease had increased so rapidly that I felt I could not bear up much longer. I looked to God for grace to sustain me in the final struggle. Then came the promise clear as light; distinct as if uttered by some unseen visitant, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." From that moment my disease took a turn for the better; I slowly recovered; and now I am able to go forth "And declare the works of the Lord."

My sojourn in the "Border Land" greatly enriched and invigorated my religious experience. I now possess an unwavering confidence in the divinity of our holy religion. I have tested its power to sustain in the solemn prospect of death. And I now believe that He who hath called me with this holy calling, will preserve me blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherever I go I am determined, by God's help, to preach a free and full salvation -- A SALVATION FOR EVERY SINNER, AND A SALVATION FROM EVERY SIN.

* * * * *

04 -- JANE COOPER

In John Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," hdm0173, he quotes from the May 2, 1761 holiness testimony of Jane Cooper, in which testimony the lines are found:

24. In the latter end of this year, God called to himself that burning and shining light, Jane Cooper. As she was both a living and a dying witness of Christian perfection, it will not be at all foreign to the subject to add a short account of her death; with one of her own letters, containing a plain and artless relation of the manner wherein it pleased God to work that great change in her soul:--

"May 2, 1761.

"I believe while memory remains in me, gratitude will continue. From the time you preached on Gal. 5:5, I saw clearly the true state of my soul. That sermon described my heart, and what it wanted to be; namely, truly happy. You read Mr. M---'s letter, and it described the religion

which I desired. From that time the prize appeared in view, and I was enabled to follow hard after it. I was kept watching unto prayer, sometimes in much distress, at other times in patient expectation of the blessing. For some days before you left London, my soul was stayed on a promise I had applied to me in prayer: 'The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple.' I believed he would, and that he would sit there as a refiner's fire. The Tuesday after you went, I thought I could not sleep, unless he fulfilled his word that night. I never knew as I did then the force of these words: 'Be still, and know that I am God.' I became nothing before Him, and enjoyed perfect calmness in my soul. I knew not whether he had destroyed my sin; but I desired to know, that I might praise Him. Yet I soon found the return of unbelief, and groaned, being burdened. On Wednesday I went to London, and sought the Lord without ceasing. I promised, if he would save me from sin, I would praise him. I could part with all things, so I might win Christ. But I found all these pleas to be nothing worth; and that if He saved me, it must be freely, for his own name's sake. On Thursday I was so much tempted, that I thought of destroying myself, or never conversing more with the people of God: And yet I had no doubt of his pardoning love; but, --

'Twas worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.

On Friday my distress was deepened. I endeavoured to pray, and could not. I went to Mrs. D., who prayed for me, and told me it was the death of nature. I opened the Bible, on, 'The fearful and unbelieving shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.' I could not bear it. I opened again, on Mark 16:6, 7: 'Be not affrighted; ye seek Jesus of Nazareth. Go your way; tell his disciples he goeth before you into Galilee; there ye shall see him.' I was encouraged, and enabled to pray, believing I should see Jesus at home. I returned that night, and found Mrs. G. She prayed for me; and the Predestinarian had no plea, but, 'Lord, thou art no respecter of persons.' He proved he was not, by blessing me. I was in a moment enabled to lay hold on Jesus Christ, and found salvation by simple faith. He assured me, the Lord, the King, was in the midst of me, and that I should see evil no more. I now blessed Him who had visited and redeemed me, and was become my 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' I saw Jesus altogether lovely; and knew he was mine in all his offices. And, glory be to Him, He now reigns in my heart without a rival. I find no will but his. I feel no pride; nor any affection but what is placed on Him. I know it is by faith I stand; and that watching unto prayer must be the guard of faith. I am happy in God this moment, and I believe for the next. I have often read the chapter you mention, (1 Cor. 13.,) and compared my heart and life with it. In so doing, I feel my shortcomings, and the need I have of the atoning blood. Yet I dare not say, I do not feel a measure of the love there described, though I am not all I shall be. I desire to be lost in that 'love which passeth knowledge.' I see 'the just shall live by faith;' and unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given. If I were an archangel, I should veil my face before him, and let silence speak his praise!"

* * * * *

05 -- RANDOLPH SINKS FOSTER

In his 1851 book, "Christian Purity," hdm0497, Randolph Sinks Foster quotes the lines in the following context:

Do you daily exhibit, in the family, in the social circle, in your business, everywhere, those tempers which should adorn the Christian character? What is your influence? Is it, so far as it is under your control, always decidedly and undividedly for Christ?

And upon this point let us add, that this discovery of your destitution of holiness and sense of want should be accompanied with the deepest contrition and self-abasement -- penitence for having so long lived beneath privilege, below duty. If the work of forgiveness is preceded by godly sorrow as well as confiding faith, so also is the greater and still more glorious work of holiness; a sorrow, it may be, not attended with the same bitterness, and doubt, and fear, which usually attend initial repentance, but possessing quite as much, aye more, of grief and self-abnegation. And what more can be necessary to gain this penitence than a discovery of facts? Surely, when we see ourselves our hearts will melt within us. We shall see, nay, we shall feel, 'Tis worse than death our God to love, and not our God alone.

* * * * *

06 -- WILLIAM GREEN

William Green's use of the oft-quoted lines is found in hdm1174, "How They Entered Canaan." The lines are part of his holiness testimony that I took originally from "The Experience of Several Eminent Methodist Preachers with an account of their Call to and Success in the Ministry in a series of letters written by themselves to the Rev. John Wesley" J. Collard, Printer, New York 1837.

I was born in London, September 22, 1739. My mother, being pregnant with me, heard the first sermon which Mr. Wesley preached at the Foundry. Soon after, she found peace with God, and walked worthy of the Gospel to the day of her death, having been a member of the society upward of thirty years.

I had the first part of my education at the Foundry school, so that I was early instructed in the principles of religion. But I was no better than if I had not been instructed at all; for God was not in all my thoughts. Between thirteen and fourteen I was put apprentice to a man who had some degree of the fear of God. For about three years he was able to manage me; but afterward I neither regarded the threatenings of my master, nor the counsel of an affectionate mother, but ran on in my own ways.

When my apprenticeship was out, I was for ten years a faithful servant of the devil. But for the last two years, I was very far from being a willing captive; one hour praying against sin, the next falling into it. I could truly say, "The good that would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do."

About July, 1770, a person lent me one of Mr. Wesley's journals. I read it with prayers and tears; seeing much beauty in being persecuted for righteousness' sake. Soon after, I read Bishop Taylor's Rules for Holy Living and Dying: one passage struck me much: "A true lover of God is more grieved on account of an impure dream than one who does not love him is on account of a gross outward sin." And it put me upon praying earnestly, that God would give me his love. In

August following, Mr. Wesley coming to town, I went with eagerness to hear him. His text was, "My son, give me thy heart."

But he shot over my head; I understood nothing about it. However, I went in the evening to Moorfields, and heard Mr. Murlin preach. And there it pleased God to touch my heart. I went directly home greatly affected: so that my wife, though a serious woman, could not imagine what was the matter with me.

But these impressions wore off, and I still continued a slave to gaming, my besetting sin. However, I continued to hear on Sundays, and was much pleased with what I heard. And after a time, my dear mother, by much persuasion, prevailed upon me too meet in a class.

From this time my chains began to fall off. I think I had not met above three times, before all my outward sins left me, and I shook off all my old companions. I was now a close attendant on all the means of grace. I clearly saw that I was a fallen spirit; and I as clearly saw that religion was to restore me to that image of God from which I fell. It was now the fear of God took place in my soul.

But in this I was greatly mistaken. I thought myself a good believer; whereas I was then as ignorant of the nature of faith as I am now of Greek. Soon after, I heard Mr. Wesley preach on, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I listened very attentively, but still could not find out what faith was.

The same evening I went to Mr. Maxfield's chapel. He was preaching upon the same text. He said, "Faith is a Divine conviction, that Christ died for me." But I found I could no more give myself this conviction, than I could make a world. It was now the Holy Ghost convinced me of sin, because I believed not in Jesus.

I went home in deep heaviness, and told my wife I was an unbeliever, and that if I died as I was, I should go to hell. I was utterly slain by these words, "He that believeth not shall be damned." For want of this conviction of unbelief, how many thousands stop short of saving faith!

But though I was so fully convinced of sin, I was far from being discouraged, that I was all hope, knowing that if all the sins of the world were upon me, the mercies of God infinitely surpassed them all.

About Christmas I went to hear the letters read, one of which gave an account of a wonderful work among the children at Kingswood, some of whom were determined not to eat or sleep till they knew their sins were forgiven. I went home full of the spirit of mourning, and yet big with earnest expectation.

The next day my sorrow was so great, that I could do no work; till upon praying with a friend, the cloud began to disperse, and light broke into my soul. But I was determined not to be satisfied with any thing short of an assurance of pardon. In this situation of mind I went to bed.

About two o'clock the next morning, December 30, 1770, I was awakened by a full sense of the love of God. The skies poured down righteousness into my soul, and I could loudly say, --

For me I now believe he died!
He made my every crime his own.

I was now happy in God; his Spirit bearing witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. But about three days after, I was sorely tempted; and a thought striking my mind that I was to be a preacher, this put me upon many reasonings, which strengthened the temptation. I believe the thought was from God: yet for six weeks I was greatly perplexed.

However, I never lost, for one moment, the sense of my acceptance. Yea, and I knew the work of the Spirit was going on, and felt the blessedness of enduring temptation. Being at Spitalfields on Sunday, I was greatly strengthened while those words were singing, --

Even now the Lord doth pour
His blessings from above,
A kindly gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love:
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.

My faith was strengthened, my peace flowed as a river, and I had a clearer view of a crucified Saviour. About this time a hymn book of Mr. Charles Wesley's fell into my hands, which speaks largely and particularly concerning entire sanctification. I read it with attention, and comparing it with the Scripture, a fair prospect opened to my view. At the same time I saw my vast distance from it, in a manner I never did before. And yet I wanted to see it more, and could not bow my knee, but words to this purpose flowed from my lips, --

Show me, as my soul can bear
The depth of inbred sin:
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within.

My prayer was answered: I had a surprising view of the total sinfulness of my heart. I knew this discovery was from God. I believed it possible to be saved from all sin before death. I believed it possible to be thus saved in a moment: and I believed that moment was near. So that I could cheerfully sing, --

The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view:
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

In this state of mind I went to Spitalfields chapel. Mr. Wesley's text was, "Now is the day of salvation." He addressed himself chiefly to believers. I found I was one to whom this word of salvation was sent. An inexpressible hunger and thirst for full salvation took place in my soul.

And I thought, surely I shall be filled therewith. But the question is, When? The answer was, If thou canst believe, now is the day of salvation. And I was as clearly convinced of unbelief, as I was before my justification. God told me his time was now. Unbelief told me it was not now. O the wickedness of a heart that is but partially renewed in the image of God!

As I formerly that I only wanted faith in order to be justified, so now I felt that I only wanted faith in order to be sanctified. But I knew every one that asketh receiveth. I therefore gave myself to prayer, nothing doubting but God would answer. For two days I prayed continually. I prayed in my shop: I prayed in the street: I prayed rising up: I prayed lying down. The Lord heard and answered me. At the end of two days, it seemed my strength failed me, and I could only say, "Lord, I will believe: help thou my unbelief!" I was enabled to bring the words to the present moment. I felt that faith which bringeth salvation, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. In that moment I was as clearly saved from sin as ever I was justified. And this blessing was bestowed upon me only eight weeks after the former.

Surely when God gives any blessing, it is his will that we should keep it. But I did not keep this long. I fancied, because I had much love, I had much knowledge, and that therefore few could teach me. I forgot that I had need every moment of the intercession of Christ. And I tied my own meaning on several texts of Scripture, which exposed me to a flood of enthusiasm. This brought on some loving opposition from my brethren, which was not always received in the spirit of meekness. And I sunk lower and lower, till I had no longer any pretense to perfect love.

But notwithstanding my great unfaithfulness, God did not wholly withdraw himself from me. I still retained a sense of acceptance, which indeed I have not lost an hour since I first received it. But... My natural tempers again prevailed, and I could not keep myself from idols. I was barely kept from outward sin. And this, I knew, was not by my own strength.

Toward the latter end of the year 1774, it pleased God to stir me up anew. I was deeply convinced of my fall. I again felt foolish desires, the fear of man, and various other evils in my heart. And I could truly say --

'Tis worse than death my God to love
And not my God alone!

...Yet in the midst of all I poured out my soul to God in much prayer. In the midst of all a thought sprung up, "I will go to the Tabernacle." I went, being still in the spirit of prayer. Mr. Joss preached from part of the fourth chapter to the Romans. Although I could not agree with him, that "all believers are staggerers," yet his preaching so much below my experience was sanctified to me. I looked to God, and the spirit of supplication was poured into my soul. I was athirst for God, I opened my mouth wide, and indeed he filled it. He spoke to my heart, "I will cleanse thee from all thy filthiness and from all thine idols." These words passed my mind several times, before I attended to them.

At length I started and thought, surely this is the voice of God to my soul. I determined to hold the promise fast, though Satan endeavoured to tear it from me. This was about the middle of the sermon, the latter part of which was made very useful to me, the Spirit of God applying it in another sense than the preacher intended it. I went home, praying all the way, my whole attention being fixed upon --

The sure prophetic word of grace,
That glimmer'd through my nature's night.

I then felt unspeakable happiness in my deliverance. But a query came. "How will it be tomorrow?" It was answered in my heart, "Tomorrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant." The next morning I rose to the preaching with ease, which before seemed an impossibility.

In the course of a day there are not wanting in a family many little trying circumstances. Some temptations also to pride, to anger, and to self-will, presented themselves. But in all things I was more than conqueror. The fear of man was likewise removed; so that I could reprove, warn, and exhort every one. Meantime the promises flowed into my heart without obstruction. I easily perceived the change was universal, and felt that I was "cleansed from all my idols, and from all my filthiness."

And I seemed to have light equal to my love; so that in one week I had a clearer insight into the life of faith, than I had had for several years ... I have a constant witness of the work wrought in my heart by the Spirit of holiness. I have received in this world a hundredfold: and I know that when my earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

* * * * *

07 -- WILLIAM MCKENDREE

William McKendree, first American-born bishop of the M. E. Church, quoted the lines in relating an experience that came to him shortly after he was saved. It is the closest thing to a testimony to entire sanctification that I have found for him. What he describes certainly sounds like it was the time of his entire sanctification. His description of that experience and quotation of the lines is found in hdm0563, "Life and Times of William McKendree," by Robert Paine, published during or near the year 1869. Later in the same book, McKendree quotes the lines in his Christmas Sermon delivered at Nashville, Tennessee, December 25, 1833. This second passage seems quite confirmatory of the persuasion that the first passage I present below describes the time of his entire sanctification. I present both passages respectively:

Not long after I had confidence in my acceptance with God, Mr. Gibson preached us a sermon on sanctification, and I felt its weight. When Mr. Easter came, he enforced the same doctrines. This led me more minutely to examine the emotions of my heart. I found remaining corruption, embraced the doctrine of sanctification, and diligently sought the blessing it holds

forth. The more I sought the blessing of sanctification, the more I felt the need of it and the more important did that blessing appear. In its pursuit, my soul grew in grace and in the faith that overcomes the world. But there was an aching void which made me cry:

'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.

One morning I walked into the field, and while I was musing such an overwhelming power of the Divine Being overshadowed me as I had never experienced before. Unable to stand, I sunk to the ground, more than filled with transport. My cup ran over, and I shouted aloud.

* * *

[From McKendree's Sermon in Nashville, Tennessee, December 25, 1833:] Conformably to the designs of the gospel, Jesus graciously saves the penitent sinner from the practice of sin; but the believer, the regenerate soul, is saved not only from the practice, but also from the guilt and love of sin. In the language of St. Paul: "He is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." (2 Cor. 5:17) His spiritual senses are waked up; he now views things in the light of revelation. Sin and folly, which he formerly loved, now are objects of aversion and hateful unto him. But his aversion to God and revelation is now changed into love and admiration. Though regenerated and born again, he is not free from the remains of the carnal mind, for when he is tempted by the world, the lusts of the flesh, or the pride of life, he perceives something within which would join with the temptation and involve him in sin; but that indwelling grace by which he perceives the snare prompts him to resist the temptation and pray for deliverance, and he is thereby preserved from contracting guilt and overcomes the temptation; but he is left to mourn on account of the remaining propensity to evil and sin.

"Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

He rejoices in the victory obtained over the temptation, but the apprehension of falling some day or other, as by the hand of Saul, causes much solicitude. He feels temptation to sin and finds there is something within which would unite with the temptation; hence he concludes that this something within, which would unite with the temptation, is of itself sinful. To such, the doctrine of perfect love which casteth out all fear is of the deepest interest. He therefore makes known all his wants, this in particular, unto Jesus, and prays in faith for deliverance from this troublesome inmate. He now perceives the difference between the passions and the quality of the passions. The passions of the soul remain unchanged in their nature, but the superadded propensities to sin are destroyed and the passions are inflamed with love to God, who hath done so great things for him; and now being made free from sin in a sense far exceeding his former experience, he has his fruit unto holiness in a more refined and extended degree than before. As the soul, when converted and born again, undergoes no change in its physical nature, but in its dispositions relative to sin or holiness the passions when purified by the power of grace undergo no change as passions of the soul, as such they are the gifts of God and are given for wise purposes; but the passions are cleansed from sinful propensities and prepared to enjoy God more perfectly.

* * * * *

08 -- PHOEBE PALMER

Two quotations of the lines by Phoebe Palmer are found in our Library: (a) A quotation of them in "Forty Witnesses," hdm0401 -- being part of her personal testimony describing her state before her entire sanctification; and (b) A quotation of them in her book, "Entire Devotion to God," hdm0734. This book was published in 1847, and shows that the oft-quoted lines continued to be quoted among Methodists more than 115 years beyond the time of Jane Cooper's quotation of them, and also shows that the quotation crossed the Atlantic. Phoebe Palmer's quotation of the lines is found in the 8th paragraph of her sketch of Charlotte Grant, which sketch is of one who was such a worthy example that I have included the entire sketch.

I present first the Palmer quotation the oft-quoted lines found in "Forty Witnesses," and second the quotation of them found in "Entire Devotion to God."

Phoebe Palmer was born in New York City, December 18, 1807. She gave herself to the Saviour in childhood. She always had great conscientiousness profound admiration of goodness, a longing for a higher life, and a wish to honor Christ that tempted her to envy the martyr's crown. After a great struggle in 1837 she experienced "perfect love." The following extracts from her diary, as found in her Life and Letters, will faintly reveal the struggles and growth of her Christian character:

November 24, 1827. -- O, what a lack in my religious experience! I am so often fearful and unbelieving. I shrink from crosses and often bring condemnation upon my soul. I approve of the things that are excellent, but am wanting in courage, faith, and fervor. If the flames that consumed the martyrs were before me, and the command given that I should pass through them, it seems to me that I would at once leap through the fire, and yet, strange to say, my timid nature too often shrinks when duty is presented. Too painfully do I know the meaning of the poet:

" 'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

* * *

Sister CHARLOTTE GRANT experienced religion about nine years since. At the time of her conversion she was kneeling as an humble seeker at the altar of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Allen Street. Her conversion was clear, and its fruits were early manifested in her love to Christ, and earnest desire for the Salvation of souls. As she received Christ Jesus the Lord, so was she enabled to walk in Him. Her course being steadily onward and upward, she gained rapid accessions in light and knowledge. From the first point in her religious career, she appeared to cultivate great tenderness of conscience. "If we would have a tender conscience, we must treat conscience tenderly." From this persuasion she acted.

The writer never remembers to have seen Charlotte indulge in frivolity of conversation or manner. Her spirit was prayerful and tender from the time of her conversion. She seemed desirous

to know her duty only that she might do it. She possessed an excellent understanding and a sweet docility of spirit; and perhaps if one grace shone more conspicuous than another, it was her humility.

When perplexities arose in her mind, she went to those who were older in experience than herself, and unburdened her spirit. An occasion of this sort occurred early in her religious career, which the writer loves to remember. She had been reproved (perhaps not with as much tenderness as should have been used toward a lamb of the fold) for an article of adornment which she wore. Her heart was not set on vanity, but, being young in religious experience, she had not yet duly considered the scriptural admonition, "Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." She was told that if she would exert a commanding persuasiveness in inducing her young friends to come out from the world and be separate, she must, by her outward appearance, as well as by her words, show that she had herself come out, and manifest her separation by renouncing whatever might stand in the way of her usefulness.

From this time she laid aside every weight, and daring to be singular for Christ's sake, God singled her out as an eminent example of Christian excellence, and has made the savour of her name as ointment poured forth. Let no Bible Christian say that there is nothing in dress. The Bible forbids conformity to the world as truly as it does any other sin. For want of compliance with the self-sacrificing principles of the Bible in this matter, many have made shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. Could the voice of the lovely and beloved Charlotte speak from the unseen world, how would it reverberate to the inmost heart of every worldly-minded professor! -- "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God."

As the Israelites, by undeviating progression and obedience, would have speedily been brought up to the borders of the promised land, so will God's people, if obediently walking in Christ, as they have received Him, be speedily brought into possession of --

"The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness."

And thus it was with Charlotte The church intrusted her to the care of a Class-Leader, whose ultimate and most earnest aim was to present every member of her charge perfect in Christ Jesus. In nine months after Charlotte had been brought out of spiritual Egypt, she was brought into a state of pure blessedness --

"A rest where all her soul's desire
Was fix'd on things above."

From this time she truly and eminently adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things. She lived a life of faith in the Son of God. God gave her strong faith, and strongly did He test it. Few have had more thorough tests, and few have endured more valiantly. She was indeed strong in faith, giving glory to God. We speak thus confidently, because we know that our faithful God never tries grace that He has not given. Never will He suffer His confiding children to be tempted above that which they are able to bear. The measure of trial bespeaks the measure of

grace. Those who knew Charlotte most intimately, best knew how truly the trial of her faith developed to the praise of God the grace He had given her. She was long and variously tried by reverses in estate and in health, and by the withholding of objects of long-cherished desire; yet in all she in patience possessed her soul, judging Him faithful who had promised. In all she was trustful and happy, breathing forth love, peace, and purity, and shedding hallowing influences in the various circles in which she moved.

Though she beheld many around her, who, professing to have put on Christ, seemed endeavoring almost unconsciously to ascertain the extent to which they might be like the world, and yet bear the name of Christ, Charlotte felt it to be her privilege, as well as her duty, to cherish an aim wholly unlike this. Hers was not the unworthy endeavor to ascertain the nearest point of dangerous proximity to which she might get to the world, and yet not wholly displace Christ from the throne of her affections. No! she did not, with many young professors, insult her Saviour thus. She, through grace, looking away from earthly preferment, resolved at every hazard that the prince of this world should not have dominion over her, or even retain a foothold in her heart. "No compromise!" said her divinely inspired soul. "What concord hath Christ with Belial?"

Thus scripturally instructed, she did not attempt to engage in the inglorious endeavor to reconcile Christ and the world. She was therefore saved from the sad strife which induces so many professors to chant in sorrow --

"Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

Hers was not the repulsiveness of the religious recluse. Her heart was expansive, and, filled with the love of Christ, she exerted a sweetly constraining influence on those who came within her circle. And this circle was not circumscribed; for such was the attractiveness of her piety, that she gathered around her many friends. And where is one of whom it may be more truly said? --

"None knew her but to love."

And yet more eminently was she in the house as a candle upon a candlestick, which giveth light to all. If, as a member of the church militant, and as one in the social circle, the force of her enlightened and fervent piety was felt, how much more was it felt in the domestic circle! What a chord do we touch, when we speak of the influence of home piety in the case of the beloved Charlotte! If it were only at home that we looked, we would, in the confidence of strong faith, say, Charlotte will not have a starless crown. One has already been gathered from the home circle, who, from the time of Charlotte's conversion, was with her an object of much prayerful solicitude. He stood at the head of the loved family group, and had been more than a brother. Who can portray in words the fervor and the absorption of her desires for the Salvation of this dear brother-in-law? He took knowledge of this; her ceaseless and winning exhibitions of the beauty of holiness in all the minutiae of Christian life captivated his heart; and, in his own familiar way, he would exclaim, "Look at our Lotty: there's a Christian for you!"

So intent was she on his Salvation, that she became willing that this dear brother, with his family, might be saved in any way, so that her prayers for their Salvation might be answered. The Lord has indeed taken His own way to answer the prayers of the beloved Charlotte. Bereavements of various sorts have been dispensed. The light of their dwelling has been put out, their treasures have been taken to Heaven, in order that their hearts might be there also. The prayers of the affectionate and self-sacrificing Charlotte are, we trust, being answered; she seemed herself to have been a victim to the bringing about of her desires. But, whether in prosperity or adversity, her faith was unyielding, and she steadily affirmed, "He doeth all things well." Yes, as a candle upon a candlestick, she gave light to all in the house; and every member of the beloved household who now so deeply mourn their loss, will to all eternity remember her precious counsels, her pious life.

She will never be forgotten by the little circle who met with her in the classroom. She was a growing Christian, and her experience was ever new and varied. Her Class-Leader, who took her when but a lamb of the fold, enjoyed unmingled satisfaction in beholding her growth in grace.

She was eminently a Bible Christian. On one occasion, she said to a friend, "Dear sister S., when I read the memoirs of very eminent and useful Christians, I sometimes feel discouraged, and I think I cannot come up to that; but when I take the Word of God, and read the requirements, and then turn to the promises, I find that I can. Oh, I can, through grace, meet them all!" The disease by which her earthly tabernacle was taken down, was long in progress. Patience had its perfect work; and, as far as we may know from outward manifestations, she exhibited, to the praise of grace, that she was perfect and entire, wanting nothing. The prayer of the poet seemed to be indeed answered in her experience. She possessed --

"A heart where Christ alone might dwell;
All praise, all meekness, and all love."

Though for months almost sleepless nights and wearisome days were appointed, her incessant cough and pain affording but a short respite at a time, and her extreme debility and difficult respiration rendering her physically a constant sufferer, yet she was cheerful, and endeavored to diffuse happiness on all around. Her sufferings were so obvious, and her being was so made up of tenderness and love toward others, that to be with her and not to feel deeply was impossible. It was on this account, doubtless, that she so frequently requested to be left alone; desiring that Christ alone, her infinite Sympathizer, and her divine Helper, should be the witness of her sufferings. So keenly had her own heart suffered in sympathy with others, that she did not desire that others should, on her behalf, drink more deeply of the bitter cup than was needful. On seeing another weep, she said, "Do not weep, but rejoice." She would often reiterate, "Satisfied! satisfied! thankful! happy! happy!" She possessed a living realization that Christ was ever present with her and mighty to save, and would often exultingly exclaim, "He saves me! He saves me to the uttermost!" Her rest was in the will of God:

"All her desires seem'd lost in one:
'Father, Thy only will be done.'"

We will not say that she did not at times, when in severe physical suffering, feel that it would be "better to depart and be with Christ;" but she ever, on these occasions, gave prominence to the will of God. "I do not murmur," she would add; "the will of the Lord be done, not mine."

Her heart seemed as an ever-gushing fountain, sending forth streams of gratitude to God and man. Every little attention or favor dictated by the love of her assiduous friends, would be made a fresh occasion for expressions of gratitude. However small in earthly estimation these tokens might be, none were deemed too small for a special recognition. When she could not speak, she would lift her eyes upward, which heavenly eloquence expressed more than words could utter to the Divine Giver, while every gesture seemed to say --

"O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But Thou canst read it there."

Yet while she ascribed all the glory to God, she was not wanting in expressions of gratitude to the beloved ones whom God commissioned to minister to her, but she received them and thanked them as messengers sent to dispense gifts to her from her Heavenly Father, and she would look upward and say, "He knoweth all my wants."

She was very desirous, as she was receding from earth, to say much more to the individual members of her sister's family in regard to the Salvation of their souls; but finding her inability, she said to her endeared sister Jane, "Sister, you must do it for me." She then exhorted her beloved sister to faithfulness in maintaining prayer in her family, and also admonished her to think far more about their heavenly inheritance than their worldly interests. Will each of the dear ones who were objects of so much prayerful interest to the beloved Charlotte meet her in Heaven?

A short time before she departed, the Class-Leader visited her, to whose care she had been committed when a youthful disciple, and during a large portion of her career as a Christian. She had often attempted to express the grateful emotions of her affectionate heart to this beloved friend, but tears had as often prevented her giving utterance to those emotions of grateful love. But now she seemed too much like a spirit from the other world to be hindered by these out-gushings of nature. She drew her Class-Leader down to her, and, holding the face of her friend between her fevered hands, she spoke such words of burning love as may never be forgotten: "My dearest, dearest earthly friend, how I have loved you! The Lord only knows how I have loved you; how you have led me on, and borne with my infirmities! how patiently have you endured! and how I have loved you, I have often wished to tell, but have not been able." The beloved Charlotte was tearless now; for she was too near Heaven, and her tears had ceased to flow. But her loved friend, the Class-Leader, wept and wept as though she would weep her life away; yet still the now almost sainted Charlotte continued to gaze, unmoved by emotion, in the face of her Class-Leader, which she still held between her emaciated hands.

At length her Class-Leader, amid her flowing tears, exclaimed, "Charlotte, dear, several of the friends dearest to my heart have gone to Heaven, but they seem nearer and dearer than ever. 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him!' 'Are they not all ministering

spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of Salvation?' Death makes no change, except to disembody the spirit. It does not change the affections. I do not feel that you will love me less after you have passed through the veil of outward things than you love me now."

"Love you less! love you less! No! long as eternal ages roll, I shall love you more and more. I shall be a star, a star in your crown, in your crown!" Who can portray the affecting interest, the grief, the bliss of that eventful moment, to the heart of that Class-Leader?

Ever since has this Class-Leader felt that if she had lived but for the one purpose of being used in the hand of God in leading this one member of her flock in the way of holiness, she would have had ample compensation for being detained on earth threescore years and ten. In allusion to the absorbing zeal her Class-Leader had manifested in the promotion of holiness, she said, "Talk more than ever on this subject; you cannot talk too much. Labor while you may. Never did I see and feel the importance of it as now! Work while you can; 'for the night cometh, when no man can work.' The night is come with me, I cannot work; the grave, the grave cannot praise Him; but the living, they shall praise Him. Oh, talk, talk about holiness while you can! 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord!' Oh, the importance of testimony on this subject! Had I my life to live over again, I would more than ever tell about that Blood that cleanseth from all sin."

On the day of her release she intimated to her kind physician that she had something to communicate. He bent his ear closely, when she sweetly said, "Kiss me." He obeyed her dying request, when she whispered, "Satisfied! satisfied!"

"The chariot of Israel and the horsemen!" The parting hour came! It was preceded by more relief from physical suffering than she had for days or weeks enjoyed. A heavenly calmness rested upon those features where Christ had long since stamped His image, and she only now waited the summons, "Child, come home!" As she drew nearer the heavenly city, her face gathered brightness, and she most evidently recognized the heavenly visitants who had come to convey her to her long-sought rest:

"Angels now were hov'ring round her,"

and faith already seemed lost in open vision.

There were those who had passed on before who promised to meet her, and now she doubtless beheld them. As object after object, undiscovered by those whose eyes were still holden, met her vision, she started with a look of joyous recognition, till the waiting ones could almost hear "the whispering angels say, 'Sister, spirit, come away!'"

A short pause, and the silver cord was loosened, and the lovely and much-loved Charlotte

"Clapp'd the glad wing, and soar'd away,
To mingle with the blaze of day!"

* * * * *

09 -- JOHN PAUL

John Paul's quotation of the lines is taken from his sermon, "Wrestling Jacob," which is part of the book entitled: "Pentecostal Pulpit," hdm0142:

Jacob could not get his blessing as long as he had other desires equally as great as the desire for the blessing, even though the other desires were legitimate. When you are seeking forgiveness of sin, or the sanctification of your soul, you must come to that extreme point where you would rather have the work of grace than anything else under heaven. If a million dollars would suit you better than the forgiveness of your sins, you could not be forgiven. If the presidency of the United States would suit you as well as the inheritance of sanctification, you are not a qualified candidate for holiness. The poet had the scriptural idea when he said,

"'Tis worse than death my Lord to love,
And not my Lord alone."

We see from this sentiment, and also from the sentiment that was evidently in the heart of Jacob that night, that the desire for God's blessing must be stronger than death before we reach the climax of prevailing prayer. Physical comfort must be no consideration. We must be willing to resort to any inconvenience and suffer any degree of humiliation in order to get the blessing. The blessing is yours when the conditions are met, and you come to where you cannot do without it any longer. If there lurks in your heart an idea that you could manage to content yourself without the blessing, you cannot have the blessing.

* * * * *

10 -- HOLY ANN PRESTON

Helen E. Bingham's 1912 book, "An Irish Saint, The Life Story of Ann Preston, Known also as 'Holy Ann'" -- hdm0016 -- contain a quotation of the oft-quoted lines, and Bingham says that the lines were: "the old ditty that ran:" -- a rather quaint description of the lines, not lending anything to their dignity, but obviously nothing derogatory was intended:

After some five years' residence in this place Ann's circumstances were greatly changed by the unexpected death of Mrs. Reid. With this Ann became the general housekeeper and had sole charge of the children. The Christian life of the home at that period was not such as to commend Christ to those who knew anything about it. Dr. Reid was regular in his observance of family worship, and was class leader at the church. Ann, too, professed to be a Christian, but anyone who had seen her in one of the terrible outbreaks of her temper would have questioned the reality of it. It is true the children were annoying. Sometimes when Ann had finished scrubbing her floors they would track right in with their muddy shoes, in spite of her protests, and this was more than she could stand, and anything but an exhibition of Christian graces followed. Dr. Reid did not always help her in spiritual things; in fact, he sometimes tried her sorely. Ann was expected to look after the horse and buggy, and she had to attend to the robes. The doctor was very particular that these should be brought out at the last minute from the stove, so that they would be nice and warm for his

journey. One day he saw Ann coming back to the house, having fixed the robes in the cutter some time before he expected to start. Evidently annoyed, he pulled Ann's hair as she went past him. Instantly Ann's temper blazed up and snatching a big stick of wood that lay in the pathway, she threw it at him with all the force at her command. Fortunately it missed its mark. Evidently neither of them was very much edified by what followed for not a word passed between them for the next two weeks, and at family prayer Ann used to put her fingers in her ears to keep out the sound of her master's voice. We do not wonder that at the class meeting Ann was diffident about getting up and giving her experience before Dr. Reid, who led her class and whose duty it was to give the young Christians fatherly advice and Christian counsel after they had narrated their experience. We cannot wonder that Ann was aggravated when the doctor used to conclude her narration by quoting an old Methodist hymn that ran thus:

"Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above
And follow Christ, your head, to heaven."

In spite of these untoward happenings, Ann did not give up the struggle to do that which was right, but she describes her life at this period as truly awful, sinning and repenting. She knew nothing of abiding rest. She used to often quote, when referring to this time, the old ditty that ran:

"Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

However, through her struggles a kind hand was guiding her on to a place where she should not only enjoy greater blessing, but bear sweeter fruit.

* * * * *

11 -- JOHN WESLEY REDFIELD

John Wesley Redfield's use of the oft-quoted lines is recorded in the 1902 book, "The Life of John Wesley Redfield," hdm0163. More precisely, the lines are found in Chapter 11, and deal with Redfield's discontent before his sanctification. I have included with the context from Chapter 11 a portion of Chapter 14 describing his entry into Spiritual Canaan:

Mr. Redfield had now passed one winter in active service for God and humanity. Many had been converted. An efficient antislavery society had been organized, and nearly fifty fugitives from bondage had been assisted in their efforts to reach Canada. He now determined to return to Lockport, N. Y., the scene of some of his severest conflicts, and where he consented to accept a license to preach the gospel. On his return, he was urged to take the place of a preacher who had made himself unacceptable by his antislavery views. He accepted the position, but soon was equally as unacceptable as his predecessor, and for the same reason. He gave up the charge and returned to his bachelor's quarters. He now despaired of doing his duty acceptably to God, and satisfactorily to himself. The summer was spent in studying into the works and ways of God as

seen in nature. He gave up the idea of going into the work as a traveling preacher. He thought to content himself with preaching occasionally, but giving his time mainly to business. When he did preach he refused to receive pay for his services. The hand of disease had fastened upon him, but still he endeavored to keep his conscience free from condemnation, by visiting and praying with the people, and exhorting sinners to seek Christ. In this he saw some success, but so little was he satisfied with his labors, that he was in great distress of mind.

He was under conviction for and began to seek the experience of entire sanctification.

He says: "I thought that experience would empower me to do my duties with greater success and satisfaction. In my ignorance of the true way, I wept and mourned before God, and wished to meet with some one who could instruct me. I finally became desperate, and resolved to make a business of seeking it. I began with a day of fasting and prayer. This was followed with a watch-night. I resolved never to close my eyes or leave my knees until I could claim the blessing; but nature sank under the burden, and I fell to the floor and went to sleep. When morning came, I awoke to find myself exhausted and on the floor. When I remembered the vows and resolutions I had made the night before, and how poorly I had kept my promise, I blamed myself for faithlessness, and in tears asked God if I must live another day in this condition. Can I be no more like thee than this? I could say from the depths of my heart:

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

"Again I fasted and kept watch-night. I resolved not to move until I either died or gained the great pearl; but being still more exhausted, I again sank to the floor and went to sleep, and awoke the next morning to upbraid myself for my broken vows. All these struggles only proved to me how useless were human plans and will-power to gain what I afterward learned must be obtained by faith alone. By the Holy Spirit I was led to make a thorough search of self and find to what extent my will was in harmony with God's will. Now my mind was brought to face the great question with me. I said to myself, how can I think of preaching after my troubles with that unfortunate being who has blasted every hope of my life! I cannot attempt to regulate public opinion by a narration of my sorrows! I shall be misunderstood, and my misfortune will be the foundation of a large amount of slander, which will hedge up my way. "No, Lord," I said, "I cannot go. I might once have gone without impediment, but that day has passed forever. I will do the best I can in a private way, but to devote myself to the work of the ministry is impossible until I have an honorable discharge from the woman who has embittered my life."...

... "I now began to see and feel my need of entire sanctification. I had perverted views of what constituted that state of grace, and of the way to seek it, but I resolved to set about seeking it as best I knew. I inquired of a number of persons who professed to know something of the experience, what I must do to obtain it. Their instructions did not help me in the least; and all I had done to this time furnished me with no evidence that I had made any appreciable advance toward it. My resolve now was to make a business of seeking it, and to be desperate in the effort...

..."I then saw the way of faith as never before, and I said to myself, "I have tried everything else but faith; I will now go out and make an experiment." So I went out back of the encampment

and stood reviewing my consecration to be certain that all was thoroughly devoted to God in an everlasting covenant. In a moment there appeared to me that image of Christ crucified; but I saw only his humanity. I seemed to be standing upon the edge of a fathomless gulf, and Christ stood upon the opposite side. The distance seemed too far for me to leap it, yet it was the thing for me to do. I must trust that crucified Christ to save me from ruin. It seemed to me that if I should make the effort and it prove a failure, I must from that moment bid adieu to all hopes of the world of blessedness, and abandon the profession of religion forever. I saw that everything I hoped, feared and desired was now, with all that I expected in the world to come, all, all to be staked on a single act, to be lost or won forever. I was intensely aroused by the thought of hazarding every hope of heaven like that, and I offered this prayer, "O Lord, thou knowest all hearts, and that I want to do thy will. I have tried honestly to know all, and to do all I could to get right, and thou knowest that I stand ready to do or to suffer anything imposed upon me by which to secure the great blessing of perfect love. I have tried everything but this single and apparently inefficient and hopeless act of faith, which looks to my reason more like presumption than like an act that can do me good; and now, O God, seeing no other untried way, I will make the venture, and if it fails, on thee must rest the responsibility. If I am lost for believing in Christ, I cannot help it."

"I seemed now to open converse with the Holy Ghost, and asked, "How shall I believe? with my head or with my heart?"

"The answer came, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

"I now made the leap, as distinctly as if it had been in body, and in the same moment found myself in the arms of Jesus, who held me safely. I felt that I could risk a world in his hands; for I saw that "in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily."

"Oh, how changed did all things seem in that glorious moment! " Surely," said I, 'this must be heaven, or like it, for it comes up to my highest ideal of that place."

* * * * *

12 -- GEORGE WHITEFIELD RIDOUT

In hdm0146, "The Beauty of Holiness," G. W. Ridout quotes the lines in connection with his admonition concerning the type of faith necessary to obtain a genuine experience of heart holiness:

"An error has gained considerable prevalence, and has wrought not a little evil, in relation to this very subject -- the faith which brings the sanctifying grace."

It has been indiscreetly said, "We are to believe the work is done, and it will be done." Persons seeking the blessing have been told that they must believe they are sanctified, and they will be sanctified. What a misfortune that so great, so dangerous an error should be taught in connection with so important a subject! What a manifest absurdity! Making our sanctification to depend upon the belief of an untruth; namely, a belief that it is now wrought, in order that it may be

wrought! This is a great delusion. It is not the doctrine of the Bible. It is not, and never was, the doctrine of any branch of the Church. Some sincere and honest Christians have fallen into this delusion without perceiving its absurdity; and it has gained considerable currency. We trust it will no more find place in the language of the friends of this glorious doctrine.

The stages of faith immediately at the point of entire sanctification, and just before, and right after it, may thus be described. And let it be remembered, that when this exercise of faith takes place, it is not a mere intellectual calculation; it occurs when the soul is travailing for sanctifying power; when it is groaning for deliverance from distressing sinfulness; when it is giving up all to Christ; when it is feeling that "it is worse than death its God to love, and not its God alone;" when it is purposing to claim and obtain holiness, at all hazards. This is the state of the soul: it is now agonizing at God's altar; it is pleading for salvation, looking at the promises; the Holy Spirit is helping, imparting, illuminating, and strengthening the faltering faith. Now comes the moment when sanctification is about to be imparted. Now the soul believes it will be done; taking firmer hold of the promises, and looking steadfastly upon the atoning sacrifice, it believes it is being done; the refining fire touches it, "as the coal Isaiah's lips;" it yields, it trusts -- the work is done; and now the soul, sanctified, believes it is done, and rejoices in the rest of faith. The belief that it will be done, that it is being done, is the trust which brings the blessing; the belief that it is done follows after. They are each distinct, though all may occur in the interval of a moment." -- Bishop Foster.

* * * * *

13 -- HESTER ANN ROGERS (1756-1794)

On February 22, 1776, Hester Ann Rogers entered into perfect freedom from inbred sin -- about 4 months prior to the date when our Colonies declared their independence from England on July 4, 1776. The latter fought for political freedom, the former entered upon a much better and greater freedom in 1776.

Hester Ann Rogers' use of the oft-quoted lines is found in hdm0629, "An Account of the Experience of Hester Ann Rogers, and Her Funeral Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Coke, To which are Added Her Spiritual Letters," published in 1856. Her quotation of the lines is part of her description of how she was sanctified wholly.

I was now freed from my happy toil, about eight months after I undertook it; namely, in August, 1775. But it was then nearly too late; my health had received such a wound, as it did not recover in many years.

Outward opposition now began to abate; and many of my opposers were at peace with me. And now also the Lord began to reveal in my heart that sin was not all destroyed: for though I had constant victory over it, yet I felt the remains of anger, pride, self-will, and unbelief often rising, which occasioned a degree of heaviness and sorrow. At first I was much amazed to feel such things, and often tempted to think I had lost a measure of grace: yet when I looked to my Lord, or whenever I approached him in secret, he shed his precious love abroad, and bore witness also with my spirit, that I was still his child. Yea, and at this time I received many remarkable answers

to prayer, many proofs of his undoubted love and goodness to my soul; and I ever felt I would rather die than offend him; so that I was a mystery to myself! I resolved, however, to use more self-denial of all kinds, and, whatever it cost me with respect to health or life, more fasting and prayer: for I hoped by these means to mortify and starve the evil tempers and propensities of my nature, till they should exist no more; and if my body expired in the combat, I thought I was certain of endless life. I met with some also who told me, nothing but death would end this strife! that this is the Christian's warfare, which cannot end but with the life of the body. After some time I began to believe these miserable comforters, and of consequence, longed for nothing so much as to die; yea, I was impatient to be gone, that I might be freed from sin; for I truly felt, and more so every day,

"'Twas worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

...I had a deeper sense of my impurity than ever; and though by grace I was restrained from giving way outwardly, yet I felt such inward impatience, pride, fretfulness, and, in short, every ill temper, that at times I could truly say, I was weary and heavy laden.

I here transcribe a brief extract from my journal, kept at the time, as it will most clearly describe the language of my heart.

Thursday, January 18th, 1776, I was much comforted by a manifest answer to prayer. Afterward, reading three of Mr. Fletcher's Letters to his Parishioners was a great blessing. Yet in the evening I found many wanderings, and much deadness; I felt dissatisfied with myself, and all around me, and knew not why. It might in some measure be owing to the indisposition of my body, but I fear it was more owing to the evil of my corrupt heart. O when shall I be holy?...

On the morning of February 22, I awoke poorly in body, and felt a strange hardness on my heart, and a great backwardness to private prayer. Satan told me if I prayed, it would be only solemn mockery; for my body would so weigh down my soul, that while my words flew up, my thoughts would remain below, and I should obtain no blessing. But I cried, "Lord, help me," and fell instantly on my knees; for a few moments my ideas were all distraction; but the mighty God spoke to the troubled ocean, "Peace, be still!" and there followed a great calm throughout my soul. My companionship was now opened with my beloved, and various promises presented to my believing view. I thought, shall I now ask small blessings only of my God? Lord, cried I, make this the moment of my full salvation! Baptize me now with the Holy Ghost, and the fire of pure love. Now make me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Now enter thy temple, and cast out sin for ever. Now, cleanse the thoughts, desires, and propensities of my heart, and let me perfectly love thee. But here Satan raised all his force of temptations to oppose me; suggesting to me, I had not been long enough justified; I had more to suffer first, &c. And my views not being yet clear in the nature of this blessing, gave the enemy an advantage. For I thought when fully saved from sin, I could suffer no more; feel no more pain; make no more mistakes; my judgment and memory would be perfect, and I should feel temptation no more! Therefore this suggestion, that I had to suffer much first, had the more plausibility. But in that moment I received light from above, and cried, "Lord, till my heart is renewed, I cannot suffer as I ought: give me perfect love, and I can then bear all things!" "But," said Satan, "if this blessing were given, thou wouldst soon lose it again, in such

and such trials which lie before thee: get past those trials first, and then come for this blessing." But I cried, "Lord, I cannot stand those trials without it. O purify my heart, that I may be able to stand in the trying hour! If I face my subtle enemies, while I have a traitor within, ever ready to betray me into their hands, how shall I be able to stand?" But if that "strong man armed, be cast out with all his armor," how much more able shall I be to contend with my outward enemies? Many other temptations were presented: but I cried so much the more, "Lord, save me!" And the Lord gave me that promise, "I will circumcise thy heart, and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," &c. I said, "Lord, thou art faithful, and this is thy word; I cast my whole soul upon thy promise: make known thy faithfulness, by performing it on my heart. Circumcise it now, fill it now with thy pure love; sanctify every faculty of my soul; I offer all to thee, I give thee all my powers, I take thee, Almighty Jesus, for my wisdom, my righteousness, my sanctification." Now "cleanse me from all my filthiness and from all my idols; take away the heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh." I come empty to be filled; deny me not. It would be for thy own glory to save me now; for how much better could I serve thee! It is true. I have no plea but thy mercy! the blood of Jesus, thy promise, and my own great need. O save me fully, by an act of free grace! Thou hast said, "He that believeth shall be saved:" I now take thee at thy word: I do by faith cast my self on thy promise. I venture my soul on thy veracity; thou canst not deny! Being purchased by thy blood, thy justice is engaged: being promised without money and without price, thy truth is bound: thus every attribute of my God secures it to me.

Ah! why did I ever doubt his willingness, when he gave Jesus! Gave him to "destroy the works of the devil; -- to make an end of sin!" The hindrance was in me, not him. He desired to make me holy, but unbelief hid it from my eyes; accursed sin! But now, Lord, I do believe; this moment thou dost save. Yea, Lord, my soul is delivered of her burden. I am emptied of all; I am at thy feet, a helpless, worthless worm: but I take hold of thee as my fullness! Every thing that I want, thou art; Thou art wisdom, strength, love, holiness: yes, and thou art mine! I am conquered and subdued by love. Thy love sinks me into nothing; it overflows my soul. O, my Jesus, thou art all in all! In thee I behold and feel all the fullness of the Godhead mine. I am now one with God; the communion is open; sin, inbred sin, no longer hinders the close communion, and God is all my own!

O the depth of solid peace my soul now felt. But not so much rapturous joy as at justification. It was

"The sacred awe, which dares not move
And all the silent heaven of love!"

* * * * *

14 -- UNNAMED WITNESS (A)

The following quotation of the lines appears in an anonymous holiness testimony in hdm0290, "The Blessing of Perfect Love," as Experience #47. The book was edited by Dexter S. King and was published in 1847:

In taking a retrospective view of the past, my soul is filled with gratitude and praise to my heavenly Father, for his abundant goodness and tender mercy, which have followed me all my days. I was in early life the subject of my serious impressions, but continued to resist the strivings of the Holy Spirit until nearly thirteen years of age; about which time, during a revival of religion, I became deeply convinced of the necessity of the pardoning grace of God, by hearing a sermon from that text of Scripture which declares that "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." I felt that I had, all my life, been disobeying the righteous command of God, and grieving his holy Spirit; that I was a guilty sinner, already condemned, and every moment exposed to the wrath of a holy and righteous God. I found no rest until I was enabled to cast my wearied soul entirely upon the mercy of him who shed his precious blood even for the chief of sinners. It has been about eleven years since God for Christ's sake forgave my sins. I was for some length of time happy in the Lord; I felt that my sins were all forgiven, my name written in the Lamb's book of life; but I soon found that there were remaining corruptions in my heart. I felt that I had a heart prone to wander from the Lord. My days were spent in doubting and hoping, in sinning and repenting. In this miserable way I lived on for nearly ten years, sometimes reviving, then again being slain. I tried to serve the Lord, but it was with a divided heart, -- I made very little if any progress in the way to heaven. I was taught by older Christians, that there was no better inheritance for Christians while here below, and that death only would free them from this state of bondage. I often resolved to set out anew to serve the Lord, and serve him with all my power, but I as often found my resolutions vain, -- I felt that I was led captive by Satan, at his will. I became sick of living at such a poor dying rate. I felt, it was worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone. I realized that I was not prepared to live or die.

About two years since I commenced reading the "Guide to Christian Perfection." I began to search the Bible with a desire to know the truth and the whole truth. I became convinced that it was the will of God, even our sanctification; that the blood of Jesus was sufficient to cleanse from all unrighteousness. I resolved to seek for holiness of heart for full conformity to the divine requirements.

In the summer of 1841, I became acquainted with several persons who were enjoying full salvation; and I have great reason to praise God for the assistance I received through their prayers and conversation. It had now become the burden of my prayers that God would sanctify me wholly -- that he would "create in me a clean heart, and renew within me a right spirit."

The December following, I had the privilege of attending a protracted meeting... [The writer found the experience during that meeting. I will conclude this with his or her following words -- DVM:] Sabbath morning came. My soul was in perfect peace. I enjoyed that perfect love which casteth out all fear.

* * * * *

15 -- UNNAMED WITNESS (B)

The following quotation of the lines appears in an anonymous holiness testimony in hdm0290, "The Blessing of Perfect Love," as Experience #48. The book was edited by Dexter S. King and was published in 1847:

Having read the Guide with much interest and comfort, I shall be happy if I can add anything to its pages in favor of the blessed doctrine it teaches; hoping that some desponding, doubting soul, may be encouraged to believe and fearlessly plunge the cleansing fountain.

By the grace of God, I was induced in the morning of my days, to attend to the strivings of the Spirit. I sought and soon found the pearl of great price; and, for a considerable length of time, enjoyed the light of the reconciled countenance of my heavenly Father. This peaceful frame, however, did not always last; for experience taught me that my foes were not all destroyed. Unbelief, my most powerful enemy, often brought me into captivity. Years passed and found me still wandering in the wilderness of unbelief; frequently traveling over the same ground and making but little advancement. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of the promised land, and desired greatly to partake of its precious fruit; but, like the distrustful Israelites, I feared I should never be able to possess it, because my enemies were strong and powerful. Thus I passed eight years of my religious cause; although I endeavored to live consistently with my religious profession. At this time, I was made to feel deeply,

"T was worse than death, my God to love,
And not my God alone."

Happy would it have been for me, had I then relied with persevering faith upon the never falling promises of God. Then might I have brought forth everything which I felt opposed to the reign of the Savior in my heart, and had it slain at the foot of the cross. But this was too much for my weak faith to expect at the time. I saw the promised land afar off; and resolved to leave no means untried which would give me the victory over my spiritual foes, and bring me nearer to the land of promise...

[The writer goes on to describe his or her entry into the experience of holiness with the following words -- DVM:]

My simple faith laid hold on every promise. I asked and received, and felt indeed that I was in God, and his glory surrounded me. The veil was removed, and the way into the holy of holies was now made clear, by the blood of Christ. I felt that I stood upon its threshold. I drank at its pure fountain, and partook of its precious fruits. I saw before me an extended field, which was mine to explore. Very contrary to what I had anticipated, I had no ecstasy or even joy. A calm peace pervaded my whole soul, so sacred, that I feared to move or speak, lest I should disturb the sweet communion which I enjoyed with Deity.

* * * * *

16 -- UNNAMED WITNESS (C)

Beneath the latter is part of another anonymous testimony to holiness in which are found the oft-quoted lines. It was taken from the Guide to Holiness, edited by Dexter S. King, and is found in hdm0535:

I continued looking for it [entire sanctification] until the fall of the year 1839, (nearly one year after I experienced the justifying grace of God,) when I felt that it was

"Worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

I was advised, in making the consecration of all my interests to God, to take them separately, and one by one lay them on the altar. I did so, and felt that I did it with full purpose of heart, trusting in the grace of God to sustain me, having counted the cost.

At this crisis a passage of Holy Writ was presented to my mind: "Believe that ye have the things ye ask for, and ye shall have them." Here was a difficulty: I could not take God at his word, and believe without feeling that the work was done. I then asked the Lord to show me, if there was anything which was not given up. He did condescend, by his Spirit, to show me the hindering cause; but although I earnestly sought the blessing, I shrunk from the sacrifice, and remained till the next evening in a state of darkness that might indeed be felt.

I then determined, in the strength of grace, that though it were dear as a right hand or a right eye, it should be cut off. I bowed before the Lord, and deliberately said, "Here, Lord, I break the last tie to earth. Take me, with all my soul's and body's powers, for time and eternity. Mold me according to thy will, and make me what thou wouldst have me be."

I now felt a consciousness that all was given up. The same passage was again presented, and now the way of faith was easy. I said, "It is the word of the Lord, and though I never have any other witness, I will believe that I have the things which I ask for; and now I reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God. And here, by faith, I hang on Christ, as my Savior from all sin."

I now praised the Lord that I was wholly his. I arose with a peace of mind unknown to me before. It was the peace of God which passeth all understanding. On opening the Bible my eyes were directed to the 60th chapter of Isaiah, and the first verse: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." The Spirit applied the word with power to my heart, and I felt that it was now my duty to show forth this glory by a well-ordered life and a godly conversation.

* * * * *

17 -- THOMAS WALSH (1730-1759)

In hdm0377, "Lives of Early Methodist Preachers," Volume 3, by Thomas Jackson is found an instance where Thomas Walsh used those lines. As does the quotation of the lines by Jane Cooper, the quotation of the lines by Thomas Walsh shows that whoever wrote them, they were written no later than the early part of the 18th Century:

When, at any time, he met any of his Christian acquaintance in the street, or only just called at their houses passing by, which was frequently the case, he had always something to say by way of a watchword, which he left upon their minds. Such as, "Well, let us hold out a little longer! -- Are we pressing forward? -- Let us hold fast faith, and a good conscience. -- Are we watching now unto prayer, and pressing after perfect love?" and to this purpose. I well remember one instance of the good effects of this, which a person mentioned to me since his death. "I shall never forget," says he, "a word which Mr. Walsh, taking me by the hand one day, spoke to me in my shop: 'Tis worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone.' " It was like a nail in a sure place, and left a useful impression upon the person's mind ever after. The gravity and earnestness with which he delivered these kinds of little mementos to his friends, carried them, by God's help, to the heart, and left them there. So that I have heard several of his sayings, in this way, called to remembrance since his decease, by several of his acquaintance.

A certain person meeting a brother, one day, who seemed to do what he was about negligently, "Brother," said he, "that which you are about, for whom do you do it?" The brother answered, that he did it "for the love of God." "Certainly," replied he, "if you did it for the love of God, you are highly to blame. The sin is not so great, though it is not commendable, to be a little slack in serving men; but to serve God negligently is intolerable."

This was far from being the case with him. He did whatsoever he did for God with all his might, spending his very life in every action, even as though he should merit heaven thereby; and yet, at the same time, heartily despising and rating himself as an unprofitable servant.

* * * * *

18 -- WILLIAM WATTERS

William Watters was the first American-born Methodist Circuit-Rider. His use of the oft-quoted lines is found in hdm0778, "The Autobiography of William Watters," an 1806 publication. The lines are part of his description of how he was sanctified wholly:

I knew that I was, in Christ, saved from the power and guilt of sin, but not from its remains. I was several times thus wrought on very powerfully, and was in an agony of soul and body to be wholly the Lord's, above all things desiring to be a Christian indeed, in whom there is no guile. I saw an unspeakable fullness and willingness in Christ, to save to the utmost all that came to God through him; yet often after long and earnest wrestling as in an agony, I have, though very reluctantly risen without obtaining the mind that was in Christ. Many were my inward conflicts, and earnest were my struggles after all the depth of love. I felt that the least spiritual blessing that I enjoyed, was infinitely more than I deserved, and was encouraged to believe that the will of God, was my utmost salvation from all sin, and the precious promises of the Gospel were in my view, all yea and amen, to the believing soul. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples." Holiness and the fruits thereof were the desire of my longing, panting, thirsty soul; and although I knew that if I obtained but the lowest seat in Heaven, and was saved even as by fire, it would be a mercy of mercies; yet could I feelingly, and from my heart, say:

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,

"And not my God alone."

On that day four weeks [later], I had been peculiarly stirred up to seek the Lord to deepen his work in my heart, and at the same place as brother D____d was speaking to the class, just after I had been preaching. Many were groaning for a deeper work of grace, while our heart melted before the Lord as wax before the fire, and the Spirit and the bride said, come, O! come, and accomplish thy gracious promises in our souls. Come and destroy the man of sin, and make us complete in thy image.

He spoke to each one in particular, and earnestly pressed them to look up by faith, and to look up now just as they were. When he concluded I went to prayer, but my voice was soon lost in the earnest cries of those around. I was in an agony, and my heart ready to burst asunder with longing after the blessing, expecting every moment to hear the kind release: Go in peace, and sin no more. My cry was incessant -- Father glorify thy name -- pour out thy Spirit. I felt a deep and awful sense of the Divine presence, and a calm within that words cannot describe. I was in my own eyes less than the least of all God's people, and knew that all was of grace; but dare not confidently conclude that my soul was fully renewed in love.

Before I closed my eyes for sleep, I felt greater confidence that the Lord had graciously deepened his work, and a distinct witness that I was his. The holy fire, the Heavenly flame instead of sinking or decreasing as it frequently had done after great refreshments, now arose higher and higher. My heart was enlarged for the salvation of sinners, but more especially for the Children of God, that they might be kept from the evil in the world, and be made perfect in Christ Jesus.

* * * * *

19 -- ROBERT A. WEST

In hdm0395, "Sketches of Wesleyan Preachers," by Robert A. West, we find his use of the oft-quoted lines. He uses the lines differently from any of the others -- in effect saying that one who is already sanctified wholly is so singularly in love with Christ that the very thought of loving another Master is "worse than death." And this application he makes to the subject of his sketch, John Smith:

It was in the year 1828 that the writer of this first heard him preach. He was then in the height of his popularity and usefulness, and in comparative health and vigor. He preached on the morning and evening of the Sabbath day, and held a public prayer meeting in the afternoon. He had, by the way, attended the "band meeting" on the previous evening, and the people had had a foretaste of what they might expect. That Sabbath was a day not to be forgotten in a man's lifetime. I was much impressed with a peculiarity which is noticed by Mr. Treffry in his Memoir -- the deep reverence and feeling with which he repeated the Lord's Prayer -- in which respect how many ministers of religion would do well to imitate his example, and do equal honor to Him who gave that form to his disciples! Among the English Wesleyans preachers this prayer is invariably repeated at the close of the first prayer in each service, probably thinking that as the Son of God framed the prayer, it is likely to be more comprehensive than any words of mere man's device -- that it may possibly embrace something which they have omitted -- that it is no more antiquated

than the gospel which they labor to promulgate -- and that if Christ has not commanded its use, it yet is but due to our all-prevalent Intercessor and High Priest, that as often as possible our supplications should be summed up in the words of the prayer he has bequeathed us. From the lips of Mr. Smith it was not a mere form of prayer -- it was prayer itself. The whole congregation seemed suddenly to have discovered a new meaning in those supplications, and as the preacher's voice trembled with emotion it seemed as though he had laid hold of the divine strength, and was bringing God down to earth; responses increased in fervor in all directions, and when he came to the closing ascription -- "for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever" -- the people were overwhelmed by the manifestation of the divine presence, and, for several seconds after the "Amen" was pronounced, suppressed murmurings of holy joy lingered on hundreds of lips, while tears of inexpressible delight suffused the eyes of others who felt

"The speechless awe which dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

The subject of Mr. Smith's discourse was personal holiness -- entire sanctification of heart. No man could speak more experimentally of this great doctrine, which is universally held by the English Methodist preachers, and is made prominent in their preaching. With our present subject it was a favorite theme, especially in his morning discourses, and was set forth with a clearness of exposition, and an accumulation of experimental and Scriptural evidence, which left without excuse anyone not entered into this perfect rest of the soul. He himself lived in that high frame of spiritual-mindedness, attained but by very few, in which he could employ, with perfect truth, the strong language of the poet, --

"'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone."

* * * * *

20 -- C. W. WILSON

C. W. Wilson quoted the lines in Message 11 of "Christian Perfection," which was part of the book, "The Double Cure, or Echoes From National Camp Meetings," hdm0302, published in 1887:

We do teach perfection in the realm of our affections and intentions. We know what an imperfect affection is; its insufficiency, its fitfulness, its clamorings for a somewhat to fill the aching void, lust for the world struggling to supplant love to God, and fitful visits from the heavenly Guest; seasons of fervor, followed by seasons of declension, sometimes regretting our pledge of love that we may court the world; repentings, relentings and renewals, with a feeling that we are not entitled to a love to which we have been untrue; confidence mixed with fear, longingly but shamefully looking into the face of Him whom we have grieved, and wondering if He loves us still. Whatever else we do, or do not see, we feel

"It is worse than death,
my God, to love,

And not my God alone."

And we cry for

"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine."

We have not only a feeling that we ought, but that we can, love God perfectly, that we can be perfect in our devotion to Him, and be His -- His only forever. Nothing lacking in my consecration. Nothing lacking in my faith. Nothing lacking in my love -- I thus fulfill all law, and am perfect, spiritually.

* * * * *

THE END