



*"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16*

## BENJAMIN SABIN

(Methodist)

I was born in Thompson, Windham County, Conn., March 1<sup>st</sup>, 1790, and was early taught by pious parents to fear God, and live for eternity, but knew not that I "must be born again, until November 24<sup>th</sup>, 1807. Then, under the labor of that dear man of God, Rev. E. R. Sabin, now in heaven, I saw and felt my need of Saviour. On the ninth day of December following, I was justified by faith in Christ; the Spirit witnessing the fact to my spirit. As I tried to live to the glory of God, I soon felt the need of a deeper work of grace in my heart; for at times the remains of the carnal mind, and roots of bitterness, were springing up and troubling, me, directing my mind, and interrupting my communion with God.

I was convinced by reading the Scripture, and the testimony of eminent Christian, that I must and might be "holy;" "perfected in love;" "dwell in Christ, and He in me." This soon became the burden of my prayer, to be "cleansed from all sin, and filled with all the fullness of God." At times it appeared nigh, and that I was then to be "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with Fire." I seemed to have strong hold, by faith of the promised blessing; but hesitating to yield my whole heart there and then, fearing I should not keep it, and adorn the Holy doctrine of God my Saviour as might be expected of me, I found to my sorrow that I was far down the hill, as it were, that I had labored hard to ascend; and lost my strong hold of faith and prayer, and could only grope my way along as I had in the past, gaining and losing.

About the first of September, 1808, there was a prayer-meeting at my father's; and I saw by faith the long-sought-for blessing at hand, as I had often seen in secret devotion to God, and that now is my time to be purified from sin, and empowered to glorify God with "my soul and body, which are His." I agonized in prayer for it, and by grace resolved no more to parley, but then and there to obtain the blessing, the Lord being my helper; and, if I did not gain the victory in the meeting, I would go to the woods and pray all night, or until I found it. *As soon as this was the full determination of my heart, the Lord appeared for my relief, and "glory shone around:" my soul was let into the "clear light, life, and fullness of Christ, my Lord." Under this powerful manifestation, my body was prostrated to the floor, and I cried aloud, in tears, for joy, wonder, love, and praise to God. This was "above all that I could ask or think" I could now say, then tempted, to fear or shame, "Get thee behind me Satan!" and the Enemy was vanquished at once. Here I found power through Christ to keep myself, and the Wicked One touched me not. This is the "holy ground," where we may see "the bush burn with fire, and not consumed." "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" It is now nearly sixty year since I have know and witnessed Christ's power "to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him." Here, instead of laboring, hard to keep our religion, it keep us. Oh, yes!*

*"To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain."*

*I find as I near the grave, in the seventeenth year of my life, the way is clear: there is "light" "clear light," beyond the river. Amen. So may it be! Amen.*

I write this sketch of my experience in Christ, on Tuesday, the day for prayer-meeting, especially for

“purity of heart in the blood of the Lamb,” at Dr. Palmer’s in New York. I have longed for the advantage of such a meeting for many year I think it would be like the place where our Lord as transfigured before the disciples, “good for us to be here;” but, ah! I must die without the sight: nevertheless, “Thy will be done.” “The Guide to Holiness,” or “Christian Perfection,” has ever been a blessing to me. Brother T. Merritt, its originator, and first editor, I think, as a choice fellow-laborer with me “in the kingdom and patience of Jesus,” in the New England Conference, more than fifty years ago. Yes, yes, the doctrine, “If we walk in the light as He is in the light” &c., was well understood, experienced, and daily enjoyed by many in those days; and I trust it will be our “Urim and Thummim” to the end of time.

“Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I’ll sing Thy power to save,  
on this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.”

Source: “Pioneer Experiences” by Phoebe Palmer



## VERDIE SALEE

Miss Lula Dillbeck was converted in Fannin county, Texas, in 1903, and a few months later was gloriously sanctified in a meeting held by Rev. J. A. Selcer, and immediately began preaching, but opposition to women preachers was so strong that she feared to push on, being naturally a timid girl, yet in her teens, but assisted her brother in revival work for some time before doing much active preaching. In August, 1905, she went with her brother, W. D. Dillbeck, for a meeting at Hennepin, Okla. Here Miss Verdie Sallee, who was at that time a member of the Baptist church, was sanctified, and called into the Master’s work, as song evangelist...

When Miss Sallee was sanctified her pastor *had her arraigned for heresy*, and after a church trial she was expelled from the church, but some months after he came to her and begged her pardon, telling her at the same time that he had sinned against God for turning her out of the church, and that in trying her for heresy he had sinned against light, for he knew better all the time. But now, a miserable backslider and away from God, he begged her to pray for him and often he was at their altars seeking restoration, but until this day he remains a miserable backslider. The church that took action against her was soon disorganized and its people scattered.

Source: “Pioneer Days In The Holiness Movement In The Southwest” by C. B. Jernigan



## ASA EVERETTE SANNER

(Nazarene)

Missouri, located in the heart of America, is truly a state of beauty. One becomes intrigued with its Ozark hills and many lakes, vast forests, and thriving cities. This land of fascination is also the birthplace of several outstanding Nazarene churchmen, namely, Rev. R. F. Heinlein, Rev. F. A. Welsh, Dr. D. I. Vanderpool, Dr. G. B. Williamson, and Dr. A. E. Sanner.

The subject of this chapter, Asa Everette Sanner, was born on a farm in Macon County just before the turn of the twentieth century. His parents were of good American stock and conducted a godly household. Early in young Sanner’s life the family settled at College Mound, Missouri, the home of

McGee Holiness College. It was here while in his mid-teens that some Christian boy friends prayed every night for three months for “A. E.” This brought about Sanner’s conversion and one year later he was definitely sanctified. At sixteen years of age he answered the divine call and began preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Upon graduation from McGee Holiness College, where he had attended with D. I. Vanderpool and G. B. Williamson, Sanner launched forth in the field of pioneer evangelism. While laboring in a campaign at Bethel, a community twelve miles from Yuma, Colorado, Sanner heard about the Church of the Nazarene. The workers and converts of the Bethel revival called Rev. C. B. Widmeyer, Nazarene district superintendent from Colorado Springs, to the community church. Without hesitation Brother Widmeyer organized the Bethel Church, and that is where Sanner came into the Nazarene movement – a most wonderful decision.

Source: “Our Pioneer Nazarenes” by C. T. Corbett



## JOHN SCARLET

(Methodist)

On the evening, of the 8<sup>th</sup> of January, 1833, I was powerfully convicted of sin, at hearing, a sermon by the late Rev. Doctor Pitman. I continued in a wretched state of mind for about six months. My mental sufferings were intense, as I seemed to oscillate between hope and despair, in bitter anguish. The false supports afforded by Deism gave away, yet I feared I was reprobate, predestined to destruction. In the following month of June, I attended a Camp Meeting held near the city of Newark, N. J. Near the close of it. I was happily converted to God. I had a clear witness of justification by faith -my sins were all forgiven – the scarlet and double-dyed sins of infidelity.

The forgiveness of sins through faith in the love of Jesus mapped the first form of Christian religion on my heart. Forgiving mercy gave delightful impressions, while I shouted, “Glory to God,” with joy unspeakable. Yet the forgiveness of sins shaped, stamped and bounded my creed! I am thankful I prized it so highly. I love the doctrine yet. It is a precious truth, we cannot live without. Yet three months had not elapsed before I felt the need of something more than pardon. Remains of the carnal mind were disclosed, that forgiveness could not reach. My needs, and gospel provisions for them were viewed from a new stand-point. Self-examinations, with faith in prayer added to scriptural searching, gave a view of more ground to be possessed and cultivated.

Of my conversion I never had a doubt, because I would not backslide. I passed through severe temptations and trials. I conversed freely on the subject of Christian experience with the people of God. I was of child-like simplicity, and wished to hold no secret views or reserved opinions. I loved Methodist our preachers, and asked them many questions. I found, on comparing notes on religious experience, that I lacked what some of them possessed, -- abiding faith, with perfect love! I felt the conscious need of a blessing, not included in my past experience. I had no theory of what I needed and desired. I felt no guilt from transgression. My want, with my faults and infirmities did not make me guilty. Somehow, my nature was not yet all subdued by grace. There seemed to be something remaining, within that I could not trust--a vacancy not filled! I was thankful that God would shew me my lack! I prayed that He would make known to me all my faults.

I loved the institutions and rules of the Church, and attended to all my duties as a member. I began the duty of fasting one day in the week that I might reach the fullness of my privileges in Christ. I wanted to be useful and in a safe state. I was happy, but that was not enough to fully satisfy the desire the Spirit

created in me. I thirsted and hungered that I might be filled. Justification could not increase, and there was no progress in regeneration. I wanted a form of grace that I could grow in. Cleansing power and love, with knowledge of God in Christ, I sought.

One quiet day in autumn, about three months after my conversion, late in the afternoon, I wandered away alone in deep meditation, until I reached the suburbs of the city. It was my fast-day, and as the shades of evening were deepening around me, in a lonely spot I knelt down, with a solemn vow upon my heart of consecrating, my entire being to God, for time and eternity. I resolved to continue seeking until an answer would be received.

With concentrated powers and intense desire, unaccompanied with bodily exercise, I prayed for about thirty minutes, when the answer came with the witness of the Holy Ghost and Fire, and I was free and filled. God's presence was with me and in me in an awful stillness. I heard nothing nor saw anything; but I felt the heart-pervading presence of Divine love. Its purifying power killed all pride and lust and envy. I arose and walked home as though I moved on wings, Oh, what a precious state of mind! Never to be blotted from the tablet of immortal memory! It cast out all tormenting fear. It was a distinct and peculiar blessing fitting exactly my need in heart and mind, and soul. It had simple and abiding faith constantly working! It was what God in substance had for me when He gave me the longing for it, under its shadow. It started my thinking anew, giving shape to my views on the heights of religious truth. I borrowed and read works on the subject, by Wesley and Fletcher. My light was increased.

I am now old and have been preaching the Gospel for more than thirty years – but I have never doubted of my receiving sanctifying grace, or perfect love, as I stated. The lamented Cookman and Rev. E. S. Janes (now Bishop) helped me much in my early experience. Since then I have passed through trial, temptations, and afflictions. All my children, six in number, are gone to Heaven! -- but Christ, in his sanctifying power and presence has been my support. I love every part of pure religion, but this is central to all. I cannot help loving holiness, and I must confess that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin. Fault and infirmities are the inheritance of my probationary (earthly) life, yet, His words abide in me, and I abide in the Vine. I know that I am but a weak creature of the dust, but the Holy Spirit is refining my nature, and qualifying me more and more for the society of saints and angels. I love the society of the holy here, and I believe all the Bible promises concerning them. This blessed theme has helped me much in my preaching, and I have rejoiced in seeing some precious fruit. While my life lingers along in this vale of tears, I pray it may be my heart's joyful support, and after I go hence to be here no more, to have a portion forever among the sanctified.

“My consecrated soul would stay,  
On Jesus' bosom night and day,  
And drink compassion in;  
Would live a life of faith in Thee,  
And keep the law of liberty,  
Of liberty from sin.

Love's pleasing toil shall then be rest,  
Sustained by Thee and in Thee blest –  
Shall all be wrought in God;  
My purpose ever pure and true,  
In all I speak, or think, or do,  
Kept pure in Jesus' blood.

With white-robed hosts I'll dwell on high,  
And lofty seraphim outvie,  
In praises to the Lamb,

The harp I'll take of singing lays,  
Reciting odes of endless praise,  
To my Redeemer's name."

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" Edited by Phoebe Palmer



## JAMES E. SCHOOLFIELD

We now give the experience of one who is well and most favorably known in the Virginias and Carolinas and elsewhere, as one of the most unselfish, earnest, spiritual, and successful lay evangelists in all our land: James E. Schoolfield, of Danville, Va. We are sure that the thousands whom he has led to Christ or helped to a better life will be glad to look into his inner experiences which are the secret of his wonderful success. Mr. Schoolfield says:

"I was converted in 1869, at the age of nineteen. I know about the time, but never could locate the exact day or place; I do know the fact, however. I enjoyed religion for a year or two, but then began to lose, and finally lost my consciousness of acceptance, and became absorbed in business, making Christianity a secondary consideration. I never lost my respectability or churchianity, but did lose my spirituality. I was moral, honest, upright, a steward in the church, and was considered by the community and the church as a consistent and exemplary Christian. And I was, as far as morality, etc., are concerned.

I was awakened to my real condition in 1885 (February, I think). I saw I was trying to do an impossible thing, viz., hold on to the Lord and the world at the same time. Here commenced the real struggle of my life, which continued, unknown to anyone, for several months. But God gave me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "The joy of God's salvation" was not only restored, but in a much larger degree than ever before. I know definitely the time and place, and there can be no mistake about it in my own mind. And in the next few days I had several unmistakable effusions of the Spirit.

"A meeting commenced in my church. I tried to work (do personal work) for the first time in my life. I also testified in public for the first time. I would go to different unconverted persons I knew. I knew that they believed in me – had confidence in me – but somehow I was conscious that I had no power. I was distressed about it, and one night, feeling thoroughly discouraged, *I quit work. I went and sat down on the chancel cushion in the old Main Street Church, Danville, Va., and there buried my face in my hands and commenced to pray, about after this fashion: 'Lord, there is something I need, something I lack. I don't know what; but whatever it is give it to me. I am willing to do anything,' etc. The meeting closed for the night. I went home in the same frame of mind and immediately retired, and there, continuing the prayer, I felt that the Spirit was silently stealing over me and filling my whole being with his glorious presence. I was gloriously conscious of the divine presence filling my soul. I immediately told my dear wife about it, and, so far as I can recall, I slept but little that night – was perfectly quiet, but oh, so happy!*

*From that moment my life revolutionized, and if I had not had, only a few days or weeks before, such positive, unmistakable evidence of my acceptance, conversion, and restoration, I would have doubted whether I had ever been converted before.* I know THIS WAS NOT CONVERSION. [Nor was it restoration.] To me it has always been a distinct baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire – a different and more decided work than conversion or the renewal had been, before alluded to. You may wish to know what I call it. I answer: To me it was and always has been a distinct baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire. What reference it has to salvation I don't know. I do know it was a powerful spiritual uplift, and



It may be asked, whether I had not, years before, made consecration of myself to God. The answer is, that I did, in general: but in particular, in full; to have no preference of my own before God, and no desire but His will; to boast in the cross, being crucified to the world, as I now understand it, -- I never made such a consecration before.

One of the most noticeable features of the blessing thus received is deliverance from a certain bondage in regard to position. What other brethren thought and would say concerning, any act or acts, has often been a question with me; and I was early warned that the rumor of my profession of the blessing of sanctification by faith, or entire sanctification, would injure my ministerial reputation. The answer is, If God has given me an especial blessing, which can be defined by its power in my heart and life; if it releases me into a wonderful liberty from sins and besetments of years, -- I am certainly called upon to give to every one that asketh me the reason of the hope that is in me.

Further, if the experience of grace received agree with the experience of any others than those of my own communion I am not to deny it, nor my name by which it is called, if that name be agreeable to the words of the Holy Spirit. Nor will I.

Sweeter than all the joys of earth is communion with who have like precious faith. Let it, then, be published, that I do take into my soul the living Christ to be my sanctifying, and satisfying portion. This life is indeed living, moment by moment, on the Son of God; and the moments spent in the conscious presence of such a Lord make heaven upon earth.

“My all to Christ I’ve given  
My talents, time, and voice,  
Myself, my reputation:  
The lone way is my choice

Oh! Jesus, precious Jesus,  
My all-sufficient Friend,  
Come fold me to thy bosom,  
E’en to the journey’s end.

The Cross for Christ I’ll cherish,  
It’s crucifixion bear.  
All hail reproach or sorrow,  
If Jesus leads me there!”

After more than two years have passed, it is my privilege to testify that Jesus “saves His people from their sins.” I am of opinion that He does this for all dear people according to their faith. They are called “peculiar people.” I find many who consider my principles peculiar. But they have been obtained at a very peculiar place. At the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, I found a wonderful change wrought. The difference between my present and former life, in this respect, is – that I now believe what the scriptures say of this fountain in full, and instead of visiting the precious place occasionally with burdens, I now stay there, and with great delight feel that Jesus continually does a work in the soul which all the efforts of every man must signally fail to do. Jesus can do in a moment what long years of man’s severest discipline only seems to make impossible.” And this is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith.”

It, therefore, my firm belief, drawn from the word of God and a very precious experience, that the Christian has but “one thing” to do, which excludes from his life everything repugnant to the gracious habit. That one thing is, “LOOKING UNTO JESUS.” It most effectually kills looking to self, or looking at self, it kills every bad habit, for it puts the light of eternity upon it, and bring Himself near, before whom the contrite soul realizes that sin has no place, nor has anything a place which could be offensive to Him. I find also that as the soul looks unto Jesus it gets a strong desire, tendency, and

habit, of distance from the world. Worldly company, and gains, and honor, of every grade, fade into their naked nothingness. And so, the soul is full of rest. It needs no thought for the morrow, when Jesus is its full and everlasting portion. The believer enters into rest, in Jesus Christ. In Him, “The Lord is my habitation whereunto I continually resort.” He is my peace, my abiding Shepherd, before whom I can never want, and His “perfect love casteth out fear.” My soul exults with “joy unspeakable and full of glory,” that my love is from His love, that the “love of God shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto me” with other saints, is the reason, cause, and life of my love to Him and all His. He, blessed and precious Jesus, is a welcome guest to my delighted soul, and a mighty quickener of all my powers into constant, and jealous activity in His service.

I do totally disclaim any merit of my own. His merit is all my plea, and must stand for all the infirmities of my natural constitution. I further do disclaim and denounce my power to save myself from a single sin. But I do declare it to my full belief that Jesus Christ is my triumphant King to subdue within me everything, which could oppose His holiness. And I declare that this is my belief concerning Jesus as “made of God unto me sanctification;” a personal, efficacious cleansing, of the soul, whereby alone it is made a temple of the Holy Ghost. How can man make clean the temple of the Holy Ghost? Therefore doth my soul, with fervor, commit my cleansing unto Himself. “Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. Unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.”



## GEORGE SHADFORD

(One of Wesley’s Missionaries To America)

George Shadford was one John Wesley’s early missionaries to America, became a friend and worker with Francis Asbury, and he was a powerful witness to, and advocate of, entire sanctification. One writer describes Shadford’s Christian experience and character thus:

*“For nearly fifty four years, Mr. Shadford had enjoyed a sense of the Divine favor, His conduct and conversation sufficiently showed forth the truth of his profession. For many years he had professed to enjoy that perfect love which excludes all slavish fear and if Christian tempers and a holy walk are proofs of it, his claims were legitimate. Maintaining an humble dependence upon the merits of the Redeemer, he steered clear of both Pharasaism and Antinomianism: his faith worked by love. Truly happy himself, there was nothing forbidding in his countenance, sour in his manners, or severe in his observations. His company was always agreeable, and his conversation profitable. If there was any thing stern in his behavior, it was assumed; to silence false or malicious talk and religious gossips. In short, he was a man of prayer, and a man of God.”*

To a great extent, George Shadford was God’s channel for bringing Holy Ghost revival to America just before, and as, the Revolutionary War was began – and, in the following description of that revival by another writer, bear in mind that Shadford was one of the “Preachers of Methodism” to whom reference is made:

*“Such was the success which the militant Preachers of Methodism pushed forward their conquests amid the tumults of the Revolutionary War. This Great Revival was as remarkable, in some respects more remarkable, than the Great Awakening under Edwards, in New England. It was more durable. I have had occasion to cite frequently the report which Jarratt made of it to Rankin for Wesley. He says, ‘One of the doctrines, as you know, which we particularly insist upon, is that of a present salvation; a salvation not only from the guilt and power, but also from the root of sin; a cleansing from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, that we may perfect holiness in the fear of God; a going on to perfection, which we*

*sometimes define by loving God with all our hearts.* Several who had believed were deeply sensible of their want of this. And I have been present when they believed that God answered this prayer, and bestowed this blessing upon them. We have sundry witnesses of this perfect love who are above all suspicion.”

Whether the episode in the following quotation occurred before, or after, Shadford’s mission to America, I am not sure, but it shows that his father also received The Second Work of Grace:

‘When his father was taken ill of his last sickness, Mr. Shadford was preaching in Yorkshire. When he came near home, a friend told him that his father lay dying. As soon as the good old man saw him, he was much affected; for he greatly longed to see him before he died. He said, ‘Son, I am glad to see thee; but I am going to leave thee; I am going to God; I am going to heaven.’ Mr. Shadford said, ‘Father, are you sure of it?’ ‘Yes, (said he,) ‘I am sure of it. I know that my Redeemer liveth. Upward of four years ago, the Lord pardoned all my sins; and half a year ago he gave me that perfect love that casts out all fear. At present, I feel a heaven within me. Surely this heaven below must lead to heaven above.’ ‘When (saith Mr. Shadford) I saw he was departing, I kneeled down by him, and with fervent prayer commended his soul to God; and I praise His holy name that he died in the full assurance of faith.’”

George Shadford’s successful advocacy of entire sanctification stretched from before his mission to America, through his ministry following his return to England, and until his death:

“He had, till the end of his life, more than a hundred persons under his care as a Class Leader. At an inspection of them by Jabez Bunting it was found that “more than ninety were clear in their Christian experience, and many of them were living in the enjoyment of the perfect love of God.”

“This old soldier of the cross, worn out with infirmities and labors in both hemispheres, had at last a triumphant end. When informed by his physician that his disease would be fatal, he broke out in rapture, exclaiming, ‘Glory to God!’ While he lay in view of an eternal world, and was asked if all was clear before him, he replied, ‘I bless God it is;’ and added, ‘Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!’ Two friends, who were anxious for his recovery, called upon him, and when they inquired how he was, he replied, ‘I am going to my Father’s house, and find religion to be an angel in death.’ His last words were, ‘I’ll praise! I’ll praise! I’ll praise!’ He fell asleep on the 11<sup>th</sup> of March, 1816, in the 78<sup>th</sup> year of age.”

Source: Written and Compiled by Duane V. Maxey from various sources in The HDM Library



## B. S. SHARPE

(Methodist)

I was converted in 1850; entered the ministry in 1857; early made myself acquainted with the doctrines of the M. E. Church; read most of our authors on “Christian Purity;” believed in sanctification as distinct from regeneration, to be obtained by faith, and enjoyed in this life. At times I earnestly sought it. It was frequently subject of pulpit effort, and I generally had liberty in trying to preach it. A measure of sadness, sometimes of condemnation, has attended my ministry, in that I did not know the power of that grace which I presented to the people. If it be asked why I preached this doctrine, seeing I did not enjoy it my answer is this: “I did not dare to make the measure of my experience the measure of that Gospel which I brought my people. I could not do other than preach the whole counsel of God.”

Thus I continued until coming to my present ministerial position. Here, without my saying so, some of my people just assumed that I enjoyed Sanctification. When I found such to be the case, I did not

undeceive them, and for two reasons: I thought I could do them more good by allowing them to think thus; and, secondly, to preach holiness, and not enjoy and live it, seemed to me so utterly inconsistent, *that I lacked the moral courage to confess the whole truth.* The time of the Penns-Grove Camp drew near. I debated for a time the propriety of attending the meeting. Should I go to the camp? And could I pass the ordeal? I desired, and yet feared to go. I would avail myself of the religious privilege; but then, would I not by some means be compelled to confess my spiritual condition, *and thus stand exposed as a deceiver? For I could not resist the impression that I was acting a great lie.* I had hoped to come into the experience of sanctification in a private manner, and would then profess it; while the previous struggles, time of its reception, etc, would be unknown.

All my efforts to obtain rest of soul in this manner were fruitless. My heart became strangely hardened. Thus was I up to and during nearly all the camp-week. *I went to the meeting in some sense as the lamb to slaughter.* Some unseen power seemed to lead me on, and yet I dreaded to go. At the camp I avoided, as much as possible, close personal conversations, yet kept myself open to convictions.

As the meeting progressed, my wretchedness increased. Instead of finding rest, my soul was tempest-tossed, until I knew not what to do. Was tempted to do a thousand things except the right thing! More than once I believed I ought to humble myself in the presence of my people, and publicly consecrate myself to God. This, for a time, I strongly resisted. It seemed to me less dreadful to leave the ministry, church, and state. I would flee from my conflicts and ministerial responsibilities. Two reflections prevented this decision. One, the woes of Heaven would pursue me. Two, I could not escape from myself. The meeting was drawing to a close. Friday night had come. My agony increased. I was convicted that my eternal well-being was now hanging in the balance; the great controversy between myself and God must be ended; that henceforth I must be wholly the Lord's, or I would be wholly God's enemy.

I had attended a covenant meeting just before evening preaching, and from this solemn circle went to the stand to hear the evening sermon. Busied with my own wretched heart, I heard but little, knew but little, besides my own sad reflections. This much, however, God assisted me to do, -- to resolve to do His will when clearly revealed, -whatever the cost. The sermon ended, I was put to the test. Again I was impressed with the duty of public confession and consecration, and again doubted the propriety of such a course, seeing I already was understood to enjoy that blessing. But now, willing to walk fully with God, and being distrustful of myself, I sought the counsel of one whose intelligence and fervent piety I could not doubt. The memory of that brother, hour, decision, and victory, is more precious than words can express. From a private tent, and personal conference, I went into the circle; and in the presence of God and of angels, of my brethren and others, I publicly humbled myself.

Then, confessing all, surrendering all for time and eternity, I knelt in prayer. *The struggle was not long, but severe. The searching One saw me humbled, surrendered, consecrated, trustful. The promises were applied to my mind with unwonted sweetness. I saw that I was nothing, and God was the All in all. Oh, what views of God! -- of His presence power, holiness, mercy, love! He loved me, even me; and so assured was I of that love, it would have been sweet to have died then and there. Oh, blessed rest of faith! My "soul dwelt at ease."* Having Christ, I had all; and my full heart said, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God!"

I have been somewhat definite; yet the half who can tell? I have been trying to lift up and keep up a standard; and God even the Lord God, is my God and Father.

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



## GEORGE SHARPE

1865 – 1948

(Founder of the Nazarene Church in the British Isles, 1915)

In the year 1898 I was sent by the Bishop to be pastor of the Church in Chateaugay, New York State. It was a fine structure with a pipe organ, the seats were circular and roomy, the windows were small and filled with coloured glass, and a beautiful toned bell called the people to worship ... It was the second year of my ministry when the Board and the Church had planned special services. These were to be conducted by L. Milton Williams who was then a major in the Salvation Army. He was a mighty man of God. He drove the people to their knees and also to their Bibles. In a short ministry of less than two weeks the country for twenty miles around was under deep conviction. In every afternoon meeting the subject was holiness. Every evening there was more on the same subject. The hymns, the prayers, the sermons, all breathed and pulsated with this glorious truth. There were officials seeking the blessing. There were preachers seeking the experience.

My own beloved wife prostrated herself before God until she rejoiced in the fulness of the blessing. But what of the preacher himself? From the commencement of my ministry there was a goodly company who rejoiced in the experience of holiness. They were the finest group of saints I had ever known. Their chief business since I became their pastor was to pray for me that I might enter into Canaan. How they loved me and how they supported my ministry was unique and wonderfully revealed the grace of holiness. Now, the pressure of truth and the Holy Ghost were upon me. The price I had to pay was the loss of popularity amongst my brethren, the District Superintendents and the Bishops, for many of them soft-pedalled holiness and also were against fanatical preachers of holiness. It might mean a ministry in little rough Churches in the woods.

An afternoon service was finished and I was left alone. I had to face the call of God to holiness now. Dare I reject this glorious experience? Dare I say no to the entreaties of the Holy Ghost? Dare I disappoint my blessed Saviour and my heavenly Father? My heart said “No” and I dropped on my knees at the organ bench. *There I prayed and made my consecration. I can now repeat the formula of that afternoon, “O Lord, I give Thee all. My spirit, soul and body, my time, my talents, my friends, all I have and all I ever will have, all I know and all I ever will know, to be anything and to go anywhere for Thee. Amen.”*

*There was no reservation and as a result the prayer of faith followed and God sanctified me then. There was no ecstatic joy, no shout of victory, but I believed the work was done. The night meeting came on. The Church was full. Chairs had to be placed in the aisles. The preacher preached with great unction and power. He came to the altar call and for the first time there was no response by the seekers. There seemed to be a hardness in the service.*

*I arose and said to Bro. Williams, “Let me speak now.” He answered, “Go ahead, Bro. Sharpe.” In the space of a few minutes I rehearsed to them certain things relating to my pastorate in their midst. A past revival, their help in the ministry and work of the Church and most of all their prayers on my behalf. I knew that many of them had prayed that the Lord might sanctify me wholly and then I said, “All this leads me to tell you that this afternoon in the prayer room yonder I met God while I knelt at the organ stool. God answered my prayer and here I testify that He sanctifies me now.”*

*Then suddenly the Holy Ghost and Fire came and filled my cleansed temple. Praise God. He witnessed that the work was done. Just as suddenly the glory of the Lord came upon the people. Seekers flocked to the altar. The triumph of the Holy Ghost was complete. The preacher of the occasion is in heaven. The writer is still here, but we shall meet again in the glory land.*

Source: “This Is My Story” by George Sharpe



## SOLOMON BENJAMIN SHAW

I was converted and saved September, 1876. My change from the power of Satan to God was very clear. In a few days after my conversion, I felt my need of power or more religion. I did not know anything about the doctrine of holiness, *but God granted me the desire of my heart. I was baptized with the Holy Spirit and Fire.*

*I then felt called to devote all my time in working for the Master and the salvation of souls. God honored my efforts, and from that day to this I have never held a meeting without seeing the fruit of my labor. Within the last four years of my divine life, I have been permitted to see thousands saved...God has always given me the victory and I shall walk in every ray of light until God calls me home.*

I have recently held revival meetings in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of this city. God has wrought mightily from the first, and many have been saved, prodigals have come home, and believers sanctified.

Source: "Guide to Holiness" Edited by Phoebe Palmer



## E. E. SHELHAMER

(Free Methodist)

Now, this further testimony from the experience of Rev. E. E. Shelhamer, very clearly and forcibly, reveals the fact that human efforts of consecration and the divine crucifixion of carnal self *are not the same thing*. One may consecrate endlessly and still not have the carnal nature eradicated else one could sanctify himself merely by making a consecration. Consecration will make crucifixion possible by getting one's consent and making one willing to receive the death blow to the carnal pollution within the heart.

Here is Rev. Shelhamer's testimony to his sanctification:

I well remember my own experience when I was but a boy preacher. I awoke to the fact that though I had a measure of success in soul-winning, I had doubts at certain times whether all my unholy tempers were gone. When I told it to my brethren, they tried to sooth my fears by saying it was temptation, or infirmities. They said I had set the standard too high. During those six years, I professed to have received the blessing [of holiness] a number of times. But I see now, that my advisors side-tracked me. They meant well, but instead of teaching me that holiness of heart was an experience, an inward crucifixion, they held, as many do today, that it was merely a great blessing. I was instructed to make a complete consecration, lay all on the altar and believe the altar sanctified the gift. But this was not my trouble – lack of consecration and abandonment to God. No! I was fully given up to God and delighted to do His will. I was not after a mere blessing -I wanted purity. My good brethren diverted me from my trouble within, to a blessing and more activity without.

Finally, I heard a mighty man of God tell his experience – how he had preached and professed holiness for twenty-five years without it. But when the Holy Ghost revealed to him his depravity – the depth of his own pride, self-will and hell (as Wesley taught), he cried out "LET ME DIE! LET ME DIE!" He said he was three days confessing and deploring carnality, when suddenly the refining fire of God purified him through and through. When I heard this, immediately I said, "*This is the Bible route – the death-route!*" And so, the Holy Ghost took me through step by step until I came to the end of myself,

when the death stroke was given and the clear witness received that the precious Blood did NOW cleanse from all sin. O praise His Name! ( See his outstanding book, "Death Route Holiness" on the "Ichabod" page of this website)

Source: "Bible Holiness" By E. E. Shelhamer



## J. N. SHORT

(Methodist)

When twelve years old, God, for the sake of His Son, forgave my sins; but, alas! I hung, my harp upon the willow, and wandered by the chilling streams of Babylon, until my nineteenth year, when the arms of my Father again encompassed His child.

Five years have now passed; and oh, how often has my soul longed for that fullness which is found only in the Godhead! At times I had a foretaste of heaven; and then those dark clouds of unbelief would rob me of all my joy. I sighed for help, but, alas! It was in vain: for I knew not how to approach the mercy-seat, and return with an answered prayer.

At times, I felt peace within; and, for a year and a half, I have preached, in feebleness, the gospel of my Master. God blessed my labors by giving me souls, which encouraged me to hope and pray on; which I did until the month of October, 1865, at which time I read, for the first time, the "Guide to Holiness," Now my soul was more dissatisfied than ever, for I tried to preach holiness: but how could I? as I knew nothing about it. I read the way pointed out in the "Guide," again and again and then would approach the mercy-seat and try to believe; but it seemed in vain; *for I did not ask that the work might be done just now.* ("just now" is how it phrased in Palmer's writing in the Guide.) The nineteenth of November dawned, and was so very rainy, that I did not go to my appointment. *My soul was sad. I retreated to my room; and, while going, the thought occurred to me, that I might feel the sanctifying power of Jesus' blood just now if I would believe. By faith I beheld that altar all dripping with hallowed blood. I asked to be cleansed just now. I felt the waves of that purple blood as they washed over my soul; and, receiving the spirit of holiness, I cried, "Abba, Father!" The spirit now bore witness with my spirit that I was wholly the Lord's.*

*That aching void within my soul is now filled with God; and I can say, "He is mine, and I am His." Oh, how simple the way! -- to ask in faith, and believe that He answers prayer, and accepts the sacrifice of a broken heart. The work of the Lord now prospers in my hand. Twenty-five have, within a few weeks, sought and found pardon in Jesus' blood. The work is going on among the people and in my own heart.*

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



## CHESTER EUGENE SHUMAKE

That the Bible teaches purity of heart as a necessity for entrance into heaven is readily admitted, but the how to obtain this pureness of heart has often been overlooked. Often the wisdom of theology has been busily engaged in trying to explain the inner spiritual struggle of the regenerated, and trying to (Calvinistically) justify it upon the grounds that it must continue as long as life endures, and that real deliverance cannot be had until death.

I shall never cease to praise God that one day I heard that this inner struggle could be removed and that

we could serve God with “a pure heart fervently.” *Even as a sinner I could not get much interested in a message that offered pardon from all my past sins, at the same time offering me no hope that the sin problem could be settled. I not only wanted to be forgiven of the past, I wanted a present deliverance from the presence and power of sin. I heard such a message one day and it gave me great hope. Soon I found Christ in pardon, and a few nights later I came to God in complete consecration and was wholly sanctified.*

*Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin!  
I am so glad I have entered in;  
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean.  
Glory to His name.*

Source: “Holiness In Action” by Chester Eugene Shumake



## A. B. SMITH

(Methodist)

In 1859 as rescued by the hand of Jesus from the horrible pit and miry clay of infidelity, and I felt called at once to preach the Gospel of Christ. Without stopping to mend my net, I proceeded at once to obey the call.

In 1860 I joined the N. W. Wisconsin Conference. In 1863 I was stationed at Hudson City, where I became acquainted with a devoted sister, Mrs. S. L. Coon, who, at once, introduced the subject of holiness, asking me “if I felt that the blood of Jesus cleaned me from all unrighteousness.” To which I replied. “I did not.” She then said, “How can you preach a whole Saviour until you are wholly saved?” These words pierced my heart like a dagger, and I, at once, felt the need of being wholly saved or sanctified to God. But, being unwilling to comply with the conditions necessary to the reception of the blessing, or, in other words, to slay my Isaacs, and cast away my idols and garment of self-righteousness, I continued to grovel in darkness, attempting to score and hew to the line. I received in this condition most of the chips in my own face. I continued, however, to labor against wind and tide by moonlight, until the hand of affliction laid heavily upon me, and all hopes of my life was despaired of. In the meantime, my faithful Sister C. was praying for my recovery. (I shall ever believe that it was in answer to that faithful prayer I was restored.) She came to my bed-side, saying, “Dear brother, how can we give you up? O! Yield, and live. I then began to examine myself. I was deeply wrought upon by the Divine Spirit. I began to cry, “Lord, save, or I perish.” But Satan was not to be turned from his stronghold so easily. He, at once, spread before me the riches and honors of earth, saying, “all this I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down, and worship me.” I heeded him not, but cried unto God to save me from all unrighteousness, and after three days and nights of painful struggle, I did what I should have done in so many minutes, I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and was made every whit whole. Glory, glory to the Lamb. I now promised my blessed Saviour, if I was ever permitted to come before my congregation again, I would there confess that His blood cleansed me from all sin. From that moment I began to recover, and to the surprise of my hearers, I was soon permitted to appear before them again. Now came the trying hour, I was in the presence of some persons I knew were opposed to this doctrine. I did not want to offend them; they were my dear friend, my supporters, the pillars in the Church. I began to think how I could let the people know what Jesus had done for me, in such a way as not to give offense to any. My soul was full of glory and of God. Hallelujah! I felt like shouting, but I thought that would not sound well in such a fashionable congregation so I grieved the Spirit, but rose to tell what Jesus had done, and fearing man more than God, I threw a veil over the face of my Saviour, lest His glory would dazzle the eyes of some of my friends. In a moment, a veil of thick darkness

enveloped my soul, and I as left almost speechless before the people. On dismissing, my congregation, I retired to my study, I fell upon my knees and wept; imploring salvation, but not receiving, I soon became discouraged, and gave over the struggle. In that condition I continued to preach, until August 16, 1867. My health being impaired, I sought a more Southern clime.

June 1, 1867, I left the Northwest for the State of Maryland, where I have been laboring since July 1, 1867. August 11, I attended a camp-meeting, at Laytonsville. At night, preached from Matthew v. 8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." While preaching I was deeply convicted again for the blessing. I was so deeply wrought upon, that I could not remain upon the ground. On Tuesday morning I left for my home, fully resolved never to preach again, until the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all sin. I continued in agonizing prayer until Friday night. Just before retiring, I was enabled to make a full consecration of all to God. I felt a sweet peace come over my soul, filled with glory and with God, and, in the language of the poet, I could say,

"I, too, with Thee, shall walk in white;  
With all Thy saints shall prove;  
The length, and depth, and breadth, and heighth,  
Of everlasting love."

The same day I returned to the camp ground; listened to a discourse from Brother J. W. Hoover of Washington D. C., which was truly a feast to my soul. I was invited to close by exhortation I gladly accepted, as it gave me an opportunity to tell what Jesus had done for my soul. I told them I felt the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all sin. While thus confessing the blessing, a shower of divine grace descended upon my heart, spreading it's influence over the congregation, whose hearts melted into tenderness, and their eyes into tears. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord, oh, my soul! Was the language of many hearts. At night I preached from the following, "Oh, that thou hast hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the wave of the sea." Isaiah 67:18. From that time to this my peace has been as a river. To God be all the glory

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



## JOHN P. RAGSDALE

(Wesleyan)

[At the time this testimony was written, John P. Ragsdale was the dean of academic affairs at United Wesleyan College.]

Ach, man! Look at the red-head Yank. Wearing blue jeans, no less! Within seconds I and the boy who had hurled these taunts in my direction were locked in a dusty battle on the Mt. Frere schoolyard in the Transkei South Africa.

Very quickly the principal stepped in, and in his office I witnessed my first "caning," as six whistling cuts of the malacca cane left their stinging marks on the appropriate place. Being the new boy, I was only warned – this time. Later as the days turned into weeks and months, I was a regular recipient of canings as my temper flared and flared again.

Years earlier I had accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour but had experienced repeated failings, confessions, restitutions, and assorted spiritual ups and downs through childhood and early teens. Again and again I would seek the second blessing which would once and for all get rid of my uncontrollable temper. "Take it away, Lord. Cleanse me of this horrible passion," I would pray.

A touring evangelist from the United States came to the mission field and preached on sanctification.

His testimony sounded so much like my experience, but he said, “I reached that point when I prayed for the Holy Spirit to root out my sinful nature and from that point until now I have never felt a stirring of anger or a loss of temper!”

My mother, who had, I imagine, felt anger with me when I got my deserved lickings, was convicted to the point where she asked for prayer. I could not see why she had anything to pray for, so I became angry again – with the preacher this time. But then I felt convicted of my own anger and again prayed for deliverance, with little result.

Finally, I was led to study carefully what the Word said about anger. “Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.” “Be angry, and sin not.” Examples from the lives of Bible characters came to mind. Christ cleansed the Temple (not gently) and denounced the Pharisees. Paul condemned the Judaizers.

I came to realize that the work of the Holy Spirit in sanctification was not to remove personality, humanity, and character, but to infuse it with love and direct its expression according to the will of God. I had equated temper with the carnal nature, rather than recognizing that the carnal nature was controlling my temper. Whereas I had begun to wonder if my Dutch Reformed friends were right when they judged that I just wasn’t chosen to be a Christian, I saw hope for victory.

My prayer changed as did its result. Now the temper that had once been unruly, misdirected, and selfish became controlled, was motivated by a sense of righteousness and justice, and rather than rearing up in defense of self was channeled into a constructive witness. Although the change I experienced was immediate, I discovered there were still many areas of growth and improvement in the management of my God-given personality and character. His work was done in my heart and surrender was complete; but daily there was and is, reaffirmation to living His day as it should be lived and a recognition of His work in expressing the holy life in word and deed.

What a release and freedom in the Spirit there is when we see Him transforming what we are into the image of His dear Son, rather than discarding what we are to begin from scratch. In practical terms, there is a holy anger which He controls, surrendered to His will.

Perhaps this shared experience will help another avoid the spiritual struggle through which I suffered and receive from His Spirit that peace which passeth understanding – a peace with oneself and with God.

Source: “And They Shall Prophesy”

Compiled by George E. Failing



## ELIZABETH RAYNER

(Methodist)

Elizabeth Rayner, wife of Rev. John Rayner of Piqua, Ohio, was born in Newark, England, in 1795, of pious parents. She was left motherless at the age of three years. Her mother taught her infant lips to pray. She was converted when only six years old, and was taken into church-fellowship at the age of thirteen. In her twentieth year she first commenced speaking, but not until after her marriage was her name regularly enrolled on the “Local Preacher’s Plan.” In company with her husband, she joined the Primitive Methodists, because they encouraged the women of their church to preach the gospel. She was popular, and so zealous that she would carry a child in her arms several miles rather than fail in filling her appointment to preach to sinners. After her emigration to this country, in 1820, she exercised

herself in the public ministrations of the word. When settled at Piqua, Ohio, she still preached in the country churches.

She was always deeply interested in the work of the church, and, as I well know, in times of revival labored earnestly and successfully at the mourners' bench with seekers of religion. But it was in times of spiritual dearth and coldness in the church that she exerted herself with greater earnestness and zeal. Her faithful and appropriate words of exhortation in the prayer-meeting, the love-feast, and the classroom were often blessed to many Souls. And also in her own house, where some like-minded with herself met for prayer, she dropped words of cheer or warning-always intent, everywhere, on doing something for Christ.

And she did not neglect her own household. Seven of her children were converted at home, in answer to her unceasing prayers in the wild woods of Mercer County, Ohio, in a log-cabin, before even Methodist itinerants had found their way into the settlement. A very remarkable fact I wish here to record is that two of her children were happily converted to God at what Mother Rayner called "the little bed-time prayer-meeting."

Her son says: "I think it was in 1833 that my mother experienced the blessing of a clean heart; or, if not the first time, it was a renewal of the all-cleansing blood. I remember it well. I was home helping her with the work. The struggle was so great that she could not conceal the inward agony of spirit from her children. But the joy that followed was greater still, her soul was full of glory and of Christ. And she lived in that blessed light and comfort the balance of her earthly pilgrimage."

She was a firm believer in divine providence – that God does hear and answer prayer. In many instances he interposed to the supply of food and clothing in cases of extreme necessity, and by means the most unexpected.

In the latter part of her life her regard for God's law touching the sanctity of the Sabbath was severely tested. Her husband had engaged to keep a toll-gate on a pike coming into Piqua; and although the directors gave orders to collect toll on the Sabbath, she never did it. She would go out when people stopped, and tell them they did not take toll on the Sabbath; and more than that, she did not think it was right to do so. Her faith and trust in God triumphed over cupidity.

About two years before she died she had a slight paralytic stroke, which considerably affected her mind. Her bright days after that were fewer; and she sometimes gave way to doubt. Her son said: "Father died about a year before her; and I could but think of that passage where it says, 'Behold, an angel strengthened him.' She sat by his bed with his hand in hers, and seemed to hand him over to the angels. She had a wonderful regard for father; and after they were separated she would arrange their chairs, as night closed, as they used to be in the evening, and sit in sweet remembrance of former years." The suddenness of her departure precluded the possibility of leaving a dying testimony.

"Sudden came the mortal foe--  
Soon the parting pang was past;  
Sainted spirit, gladly go  
To thy heaven, gained at last.

Firmly on the field of strife,  
She the conflict long maintained--  
Struggled hard for endless life--  
Now the victory is gained."

Source: "Saintly Women And Death-Bed Triumphs" by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis



## WILLIAM REDDY

(Methodist)

It is a delicate and difficult thing to speak or to write of one's own personal experience and not to have self crop out. Our Lord said, "He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory, but he that seeketh his glory that sent him, the same is true and no unrighteousness is in him." Can I do this in endeavoring to "declare what the Lord has done for my soul"? May the Holy Spirit give me a "single eye," that I may magnify the grace that "hath saved me, and called me with a holy calling."

I was born in what is now Ledyard township, Cayuga County, N.Y., September 28, 1813. I was at different times, in early life, somewhat convicted of the need of salvation, and made some feeble and abortive attempts to seek the Lord. I was induced to attend a Methodist revival meeting and found myself bracing against the influence of the meeting. But after having declined to go to the altar on the solicitation of the Congregationalist minister, who had known my former failure, I at last decided to yield, and in going I said, "I will never leave that altar till I am saved, if there is salvation for me." I struggled and wrestled, but when I gave up my struggles and sank down in self-despair, saying, "If I perish, I perish" I then found rest and a degree of peace.

I felt that I had crossed the line and was, by choice and surrender, "on the Lord's side," but without much emotion, and without a divine and intelligent assurance of pardon. But I was settled in my choice and purpose. I was tempted, before I reached my home, that I was not converted. And I could only answer, "I do not feel as I expected. I would not dare to say that I am certain that I am converted; but I shall never go back. My choice is made. If I am not converted I shall not rest until I know for certain that I am."

Though I immediately gave my name to the church, and met in class and attended to secret prayer and all religious duties, yet it was some months later before I was blessed in secret prayer as to banish all doubts. I was nineteen years old at this time.

I was unacquainted with Methodist literature, but I was hungry to know the truth. I procured books and read with avidity whatever pertained to the new life upon which I had entered. I devoured all the literature I could. I found the doctrine and the experience of perfect love inculcated and exemplified. It was a revelation to me, so unlike the doctrine of the necessary indwelling of original sin, and the impossibility of living without "committing sin," in which, from childhood, I had been taught.

I determined to test its truth, first by a careful study of the Scriptures. This being settled affirmatively, I then resolved to test it by experience, if possible to me, and I had learned that God is no respecter of persons. Then followed a prolonged struggle for more than nine months. I sought "with strong crying and tears" in; my closet and in my barn, sometimes till midnight.

The memoir of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers was the instrument of my deliverance. I was then a class leader, and I had been to meet my class and had taken the little memoir with me to read to my Class some of her spiritual letters, in order to stir up the class to seek with me this great salvation.

O how my soul hungered and thirsted for this blessing! I could truly say, "'Tis more than death my God to love, and not my God alone."

Returning to my home, my (Presbyterian) mother having retired, I lighted a candle and sat down on the carpet in front of the stove, and opened up a page containing a quotation from Mr. Fletcher, in which he illustrated the text, "Reckon ye yourselves also to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." He showed that as when we reckon with a creditor or with our host, and have paid all, we reckon ourselves free, "so now reckon with God--Jesus has paid all, paid for thee, hath purchased thy pardon, thy holiness, and it is now God's command, 'reckon thyself dead indeed unto sin

and alive unto God.’

“O begin” (said he) “to reckon now, and believe, believe, and continue to believe; for it is retained as it is received, by faith alone.” The view thus opened revealed to my eye the atonement--its provision for me, its freeness and its fullness and that my believing was simply crediting the truth of salvation as already wrought out in Christ. My believing made nothing new; but what was “true in Him before” became “true in me.”

I began simply to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ my Saviour. The words of St. John then had a meaning which I had not previously seen: “Which thing is true in him and in you, because the darkness is past and the true light now shineth.”

This was the immediate effect I seemed to myself to be reduced to a cipher, and Christ filled the whole horizon of my vision! O how serene and peaceful I felt!

“Of my Saviour possessed, I was perfectly blessed,  
As if filled with the fullness of love.”

In this peaceful frame I retired to rest, reckoning myself dead indeed unto Sin. The thought was suggested, “This will all pass off with the sleep on the night”; but I still reckoned, rested and rejoiced. (This occurred in 1835.) In the next morning I continued the reckoning, and was free.

The next day after my deliverance, while absorbed in spiritual communings, the suggestion came to me, “Are you willing to confess what the Lord has done for you?” This was a startling thought. I dropped my eye to look at the suggestion, and immediately it was whispered, “If you confess this blessing you will be called a ‘Perfectionist,’” and at once the odium and the reproach which attached to others because of wild and fanatical doctrines then regnant in the land seemed impending over me. Then, further, it was suggested: “You will enjoy this but a little while, and then, if you have made the confession and lost the blessing, it will bring dishonor upon the blessed doctrine.”

Without realizing that these last suggestions came from the enemy, I yielded, and determined to be silent and endeavor to live it for a season first; and in an instant I found I had lost the blessing. I then saw the snare in which I had been taken. I had shrunk from “the reproach of the cross,” and I had distrusted the keeping power of my Deliverer.

O, the sad reaction which came over me; self-reproach, loss of the keen relish, loss of confidence, and loss of a sense of the presence of Jesus, which so delightfully I had enjoyed. From being an heir I was a bankrupt. But I resolved at once to recover my forfeited inheritance in Christ.

But I was hampered; yet I continued faithful in duty, and sometimes was enabled in secret to trust and claim the blessing. But when in public I was afraid to confess it. I rounded my corners in my testimony, and then would sink again. This fluctuation continued about four years. Meantime I preached the doctrine, and others thought that I professed the blessing; but there was a little reserve and evasion.

At last, one day, in my secret struggling, I said: “O Lord, what does hinder me?” And I was reminded of my distrust and shrinking in regard to confession. I saw it and said, “If I live to preach next Sabbath I will confess Jesus as my full Saviour, whatever may be my feelings.” Sabbath came, and I preached Christ as a full Saviour. In class meeting came the test, and I ventured out further in my testimony than I had ever done before, and I was correspondingly blest.

One brother, an exhorter, afterward a traveling preacher, received the blessing in class meeting that day. At my afternoon appointment I ventured still further, and was more explicit, and was still more fully blest. In the evening service, in class, I heard sung for the first time, “I’ve given all for Christ, He’s my all,” etc., and it went through me as a lightning streak, and my whole being responded, “I’ve given all for Christ, He’s my all.”

Three things I must record in justice to the facts of my later experience.

1. The advantage which Satan gained over me in the first instance has furnished a sort of fulcrum on which he has rested his lever in his subsequent assaults and devices toward me, and too successfully has he “hindered me” at the same point. It has cost me great struggles to rise above the influence and to assert my liberty. Hence my “interior life” has fluctuated, and been obscured at various times. The stem has been broken, but the root has never been killed. I have always been in sympathy with the theme and with those who are identified with it. The more explicit I have been in my teaching the clearer has been my own experience and the more successful I have been.

2. Whatever of success God has been pleased to bestow on my labor and teaching I owe to that early initiation into the “interior of the kingdom,” and my adherence to the truth touching “the deep things of God.”

3. I am humbled in view of frequent lapses in spirit and temper, though graciously restored and still abiding in Christ. When I have contracted a stain upon my white robe I have found no safety or relief except by an immediate resort to the cleansing fountain of atoning blood, and there to wash the stain away.

Mr. Fletcher’s experience in losing it several times before he was established in it has helped me in my recovery. I know the power of Jesus to cleanse from all sin, and to “save to the uttermost.” I know the Holy Ghost as a sanctifier, comforter and guide.

My life has been one of delightful labor, of severe and repeated trials and bereavements. These words of St. Peter have been instructive, inspiring, and assuring to me: “But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect” that is, “stablish, strengthen, settle you” -- “establish you unblameable in holiness before God unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

William Reddy, SYRACUSE, N. Y., July 6, 1887.

Source: “Forty Witnesses” by S. Olin Garrison



## HULDA A. (MRS. SETH C.) REES

Hulda Rees was born October 15, 1855 on a farm, three miles southwest of the town of Lynn, Indiana. At one time, the farm included about four hundred acres. Over this delightful, fertile farm she roamed a happy, carefree girl. Naturally fond of outdoor life and scenes, she was permitted to indulge her fancy and was the almost invariable companion of her brother and father as they worked on the farm. Her parents were Nathan W. and Malinda Johnson, members of the Society of Friends. The Johnsons, as a family, had come from North Carolina to Indiana early in the century, and were thus a part of the great movement of Friends who sought new homes and fortunes in the Mississippi Valley.

The companions of Hulda’s childhood remember her as a remarkably cheerful and vivacious girl, ever overrunning with merriment, and always a leading spirit among the circle of her friends.

Even the days of her childhood were not without tokens of the character of her future life and work. Her sisters recall distinctly child-sermons which, in innocent fun, she preached to her playmates, and she frequently conducted play-meetings with great zest and keen enjoyment. But there were more serious glimmers in her youth. Although of bright and merry temperament, she was at the same time capable of the deepest religious feeling. Even as a child, the Spirit of God made profound impressions upon her spiritual nature.

Jonathan Johnson, her grandfather, a man of rare insight and of more than ordinary devotion, firmly believed and said that "Hulda would be a minister, and, if faithful, would accomplish much good." When in her tenth year, she arose in a meeting and gave in a testimony. This was the more remarkable because, at that time, children rarely took any part in the meetings of the Quakers.

At the age of eleven she attended the public funeral of her grandmother; and although the silence of the occasion was profound, she knelt by the open coffin and offered vocal prayer. Thus, as a child, she felt and frequently obeyed the promptings of the Holy Spirit.

At the age of sixteen she was truly converted. The great revival was sweeping over the meetings of Western Friends. The services, in many cases, were Pentecostal in power and depth. A God-honored preacher came to Cherry Grove Meeting, the Johnsons' home meeting, and began services in harvest-time. The people came in throngs. The evangelist preached in his characteristic, but always effective, way.

Hulda Johnson, in company with a number of her girl friends, attended the meetings. For days she felt no conviction whatsoever. She sat well forward in the meeting, undisturbed by the Knox-like declarations of God's servant.

One day, while he was preaching, the mind of the evangelist was moved to pray for her. He poured forth his scathing message, his heart meanwhile ascending to God for the thoughtless girl before him. Suddenly, as she afterward related, she was seized with profound conviction, and dropped her head upon the back of the seat before her.

The preacher stopped speaking, and then, after a moment, cried out in gratitude, "Thank God, her head is down!" Instantly, pride asserting itself, she raised her head and sat perfectly erect in her place throughout the remainder of the service. She told herself that she had been insulted. She determined never to enter the meeting house again. Her parents might entreat and persuade. But she would not cross the threshold of the building again.

The moment the meeting "broke up" she started for the door; but the preacher, divinely impressed that a soul was in peril, passed out another door, and met her in the yard. He grasped her by the hand, exhorted her to seek the Lord, dropped upon his knees and began to pray. When he had ceased a Christian young woman, deeply interested in the salvation of the proud girl, also prayed. God heard his servants, and by the time opportunity came, Hulda Johnson, thoroughly penitent, kneeling upon the grass in the old meeting house yard, cried to the Lord, and was clearly converted.

Immediately after her conversion she began to preach; but, although she was frequently blessed and often enjoyed manifestations from the Lord, her Christian life was more or less vacillating for three years, the memory of which gave her great pain in after-life.

But the spiritual shadows were soon dispelled forever. She was fully reclaimed in a series of meetings held at Cherry Grove in December, 1875. From this on her course was one of unwavering fidelity to her Lord. The monthly meeting, of which she was a member, recognizing her earnestness and appreciating the gift which God had bestowed upon her, soon recorded her a minister. In December, 1876, she was married to Seth C. Rees, also a minister in the Society of Friends.

From the time of their marriage, Hulda and her husband were constantly associated together in the work of the ministry. It is not often that God endows a woman both with a love of home and the gift of preaching. She was extremely domestic in her makeup and naturally shrank from public work of any kind; but the call God was more to her than anything else in the world, and she almost invariably accompanied her husband in all his labors.

In 1877 there were meetings held at Greenwood, Halley, and Poplar Run Indiana. God graciously

poured out His Spirit, and many were converted and reclaimed.

But to Hulda Rees the work was not easy. In the first place, she was excessively timid and feared the people to whom she ministered. She has been heard to say that, at this time in her life, when sitting in the pulpit, waiting for the time to come to preach, she often closed her eyes, simply to avoid seeing the congregation. Then the cares of home, and her responsibility as the wife of a minister, and as a preacher herself weighed upon her.

About this time a dream came to her which made her very hungry for a better experience. In her dream it seemed to her that she was a child again, at the old home perfectly happy and free from care. She was sitting in her favorite seat, in the willow tree, near the spring-house. She could hear the bees humming in the sweet locust flowers, and the birds were singing with their old-time beauty. She looked up and saw her mother standing in the door at the house, and she said to herself, contentedly, "By and by, when I get hungry, I will go to the house and mother will give me something to eat."

There were no cares or responsibilities to oppress her. She need take no thought for anything. The dream passed, and she sighed when she remembered that it was merely a dream. Then it seemed as if the Lord spoke directly to her:

"Wouldn't you like to be as free from care as when you were a little girl?"

"Yes, Lord, could I?" she said, wistfully.

"Would you be willing to be childlike and happy and contented, and just be my little girl and do errands for me?"

"Oh, I would be so delighted!" Thus the Lord led her along to seek sanctification.

Other things revealed to her the extreme need of her soul; Sometimes the feeling that she could not measure up to the expectations of the people well-nigh crushed her. On one occasion she was expected to preach at a First-day morning meeting, at Westfield, Ind. A large anticipative audience came together. She arose, took her text, and in ten minutes had said all that she could possibly think of to say. She sat down feeling, as she said afterward, "like a fool."

It was a great humiliation to her. She felt extremely mortified. She determined that she would never preach again. She "had not done herself justice," and "wished that she was not recorded a minister." Suddenly she found herself, naturally enough, in great darkness. God convicted her deeply for her lack of humility and her want of deafness to the opinions of other people.

She began to seek holiness. A series of meetings was in progress. One night she remained home in order to be alone and pray. She locked the door of her room and faced the Lord. As she prayed, God gave her such a revelation of her own heart that she arose from her knees, went out of the room, and closed the door, unable to endure the sight.

But she could not rest, and finally, after a long struggle, she made a complete and entire consecration of herself to God, and was SANCTIFIED wholly.

With her new experience came the usual concomitant, persecution. She no longer feared congregations, but preached "in the power of the Spirit." Consequently, it was said that she was "not so humble as before." Some thought that she "was not so modest and womanly;" but God, on the other hand, began to honor her with souls, and used her in His work as never before. Her ministry gained in effectiveness and force by her sanctification.

Source: "Hulda: The Pentecostal Prophetess"

by Byron J. Rees



## PAUL S. REES

(Covenant Church)

Paul S. Rees, the son of Seth Rees, served as pastor of the First Covenant Church of Minneapolis, Minnesota. He was as a prolific writer whose contributions to literature which have been read and appreciated by holiness people everywhere.

A merciful Providence gave me birth in a home of fervent piety. I learned the external pattern of the Christian life from my infancy. Memory does not go back to a time when I did not say prayers and was not, after a fashion, a believer.

Yet at the age of seventeen, I was awakened to the realization that I had simply taken over the forms, phrases, ideals, conventions and habits of Christianity. But no flame had been lighted within! I had not been “born again.” The issue was frankly faced. Matters came to a head after a sleepless night. Some restitution would have to be made. Would I make it? I would. Kneeling at my bedside, on a Monday morning, I made my confession to God. I then passed beyond an intellectual acceptance of Christ as the Saviour (which had been mine all along) to an eager, restful trust in Him as the Giver of life, forgiveness, and peace.

The impartation of new life and the assurance of peace with God came to me with penetrating and powerful effect. Mine was no longer a borrowed Christianity; it was something that possessed me, a vitality within, a mighty motivation that I had so desperately needed.

What happened four days later, so far as the time element is concerned, was almost certainly due to the kind of theology on which I had been reared. My father was a convinced and convincing preacher of what A. J. Gordon has called “The Twofold Life,” or what John Wesley, long before, referred to as “the second blessing, properly so called.” In my mind was the thought that I would soon make my way to the public altar in our church and claim my “inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith.”

That I had peace with God was beyond all doubt. It was literally delicious. But there were several matters on which I wanted to be equally sure. There was, I well knew, a dispositional trait of deceit that must be blasted away. There was the question of a deep and unqualified readiness to enter the ministry if that proved to be God’s will for me.

God knew that I was dead in earnest. He knew that I wanted to go “all out” in a life of devotion to Christ. He knew that my mind was now occupied – four days after my conversion hour – with thoughts of what I was going to do and say when, in the near future, I should kneel at an altar of consecration. What happened then was inexpressibly quiet but indescribably real. The Inner Voice said, “Why not now?” To which, in a moment, my voice replied, half aloud, “Yes, Lord, now!” What took place in that instant had its human and its divine side. On my side it was an invitation to the Holy Spirit to take over completely and continuously in my life; on His side it was, in my view, a stroke of death to the least and last claims of self, the “crucifixion” to be maintained thereafter by my constant yieldedness to the sovereign claims of Jesus Christ.

Several things stand out as, in gratitude to God, I review the years that have followed:

1. The Holy Spirit has sustained within me a sense of unity in my life. There has been a joyous absence of conflict and strain.
2. It has been easy to love, and to do the things that love does when it is Christian: to be forgiving, unresentful, unsuspecting.



began to creep into my soul a tranquil feeling, a holy hush, a death-like stillness, a sweet, placid 'second rest,' and I knew that I was sanctified wholly. The Holy Ghost came in consciously and dispelled all my doubts, filling me with Himself. "

Immediately after his "Pentecost" God opened fields of great usefulness to this Friend minister. In pastorates in Ohio, Michigan and Rhode Island he had phenomenal success. For two years he generated the work of the Church of Emmanuel, in Providence, R. I. Since then he has given himself wholly to Pentecostal evangelism. He travels widely, and everywhere God honors the stalwart truth which he proclaims. He is President of Portsmouth Camp Meeting, a meeting which has become well known for its primitive simplicity and apostolic power. He is author of "The Ideal Pentecostal Church," a book widely circulated among God's people.

The translation of Hulda A. Rees, his wife, last June [1894] was a grievous blow to him, and one from which he has by no means recovered. But in spite of his great sorrow he has pushed on with the work of full salvation, preaching in many camps, such as Portsmouth, Merrick, National Park, Mountain Lake Park, Pitman Grove, and Ocean Grove.

Last September, [1894] in a meeting held in Cincinnati, O., for the permanent organization of the International Holiness Union, he was selected to act as President. The union was organized with a view to reaching a greater number of people with the gospel of full salvation, and it is planned to carry the work to all parts of the world.

Brother Rees is ever active in the work of the Lord, either with tongue or pen, and God is blessing him to the aid of thousands of souls. May God spare him for many years' service in His vineyard. [written by Martin Wells Knapp]

Source: "Pentecostal Messengers" by Martin Wells Knapp



## WILLIAM REEVES

(Methodist)

A little more than forty years ago, the active men in London Methodism made considerable efforts at chapel extension, and Lambeth chapel was among those erected, through their instrumentality, in the year 1808.

Churches were few, evangelical preaching rare; and the ministry of such men as Benson, Clarke, Moore, and others, was a powerful attraction, and a large congregation was soon gathered. The Lambeth society was an excellent one...

Occasional entries in the blank leaves of his [William Reeves'] class-books testify, from time to time, the trials and the triumphs of our friend's faith, and of his growth in grace. Of late years these entries became more copious, and some extracts may be made from them. In March, 1840, is the following:--

"I believe the ever-blessed Lord is carrying on his own work of grace in my poor soul, because I never felt the corruption and awful depravity of my own heart and life as I do now. Yes, indeed! It is one thing to read of it in the word of God where it is so clearly pointed out – one thing to hear of it from the pulpit and to talk about it to others – but O, how different it is when we see and feel it within by the light of the Spirit of God! Well might my beloved Saviour say, 'If I wash you not, ye have no part with me.' I bless the Lord that I ever felt his blood applied to my poor polluted heart, and still feel that I have need of its efficacious power every moment."

In another book, the same year, is written: "Glory be to Thy holy name that thou continuest to make thy

house my sweetest home on earth; but praise the Lord, O my soul, that I know my name is written in the Lamb's book of life: and if the 'earthly house of this tabernacle' were dissolved, 'I have a building of God in the heavens.' "

His experience continued to deepen. In 1843 he wrote: "confinement by sickness is a seasonable opportunity for improvement in patience and resignation; the love of God is a sweet support in pain. Glory be to Thy holy name, I feel it has opened a paradise on earth! I now feel I am 'dead indeed unto sin,' and 'my life is hid with Christ in God.' O my soul, art thou indeed lodged in such a heavenly place – the thought is overwhelming."

Father Reeves was no stranger to affliction. He blesses God for having given him power to endure, but says, in 1843: "My nights have been full of tossing to and fro until the dawning of the day; often have I been obliged, through severe pain, to get out of bed from ten to twenty times in the night and walk my chamber; and yet the blessed Lord hath given me strength to labour hard all the day for the bread that perisheth, and to meet my classes, and to enjoy the visitation of the poor and sick of the Lord's people. His grace has ever been sufficient for me."

On some of the nights of painful watching, his soul was so blessed, while relying "by faith on the precious atoning blood," that he says, "I almost fear sinking into the arms of sleep, lest I should fail to retain the bliss I now enjoy. Give Thine angels charge over me!"

In 1844 an entry runs thus: "For several weeks past my soul has been longing for a clearer testimony from the Spirit of my entire sanctification. I pleaded hard with the Lord for it, through the precious blood of Jesus; and, glory be to my heavenly Father, he very soon granted me the desire of my heart, though so unworthy, and filled my soul with 'perfect love.' Blessed be the name of the Triune God for his unspeakable love to me."

This blessing Father Reeves appears to have enjoyed at an earlier date, but his evidence of it was now, as he remarks, given to him "afresh" and "far brighter."

In 1844, while reading the Scriptures in family worship, and "meditating, by the help of the Holy Spirit, on the exceeding great and precious promises, my soul, says our friend, "was in very deed, in a large and overwhelming sense, made a partaker of the divine nature; O how was I humbled at the Saviour's feet, and my soul filled with glory and praise to the almighty God of love!"

Take extracts from another entry -- "My body being tossed with great pain so that I could not sleep all night, while I was meditating on the mercy of God and the love of Jesus at midnight, divine light rushed into my soul; and though it was all darkness without, glory be to God, it was all heavenly light within." He went on meditating about heaven, the glorious city, the New Jerusalem, and the Lamb in the midst of the throne, when he says, –

"This blessed part of the word of God was, by his Spirit, spoken to my heart in a voice loud but sweet: 'I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.' In a moment my soul was so filled with that light and life, my peace and joy became so exceeding great, the blood of atonement so sweet and precious, that it must have been a portion of heavenly joy and glory poured into my soul. I could only find vent for my happiness by crying, 'Glory, glory, glory to God and the Lamb forever and forever!' O, this was a happy night of pain! I would not have been without it for all the sleep in the world; if ever I could say in truth, it is now –

'With Thee conversing, we forget  
All time, and toil, and care;  
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art here.' "

From this time his experience is of the richest and deepest tone; and, but that religious biography has

for years past presented Christian enjoyment to the readers, till, it is feared, some of the effect of the recital is lost, a whole volume might be filled with passages nearly as rich as the above.

Father Reeves was eminently a practical man; and yet, had he indulged it, he might have exhibited much power of imagination. One of his class speaks of the aptness of his illustrations of Scripture doctrine and experience drawn from the scenes of his boyhood; and so true to nature, as at once to awaken interest and rivet attention. The following extract shows the imaginative faculty busy in sleep, and almost realizes an answer to the prayer of Charles Wesley:--

“Loose me from the chains of sense,  
Let me from the body free;  
Draw with stronger influence  
My unfetter'd soul to Thee;  
In me, Lord, thyself reveal;  
Fill me with sweet surprise;  
Let me thee, when waking, feel;  
Let me in thy image rise.”

Source: “The Life of William Reeves”

by Edward Corderoy



## C. J. RICHMAN

(Methodist)

I obtained religion Aug. 23, 1823; and was as happy, I think, as any one could be without being wholly sanctified. I was on the mount continually, happy day and night. It was my whole soul's intent to do the will of God, to bear the cross, to exhort sinners, and tell of the loving-kindness of God to all as I had opportunity.

“Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song;”

and, oh, how I longed for all His salvation to see!

But, after a while, I found I had got some fighting to do, as well as shouting. I had many conflicts with the enemy. He would often tell me, “You have no religion.” My faith would sometimes waver a little; but I would pray the more earnestly. I believed it was my privilege to know always that I was in favor with God, to have an abiding witness of my acceptance. I was convinced the great blessing of perfect love was attainable.

I lived in this state about two years, when I attended a Camp-meeting near Blackwood Town, where I was powerfully convinced that I must be cleansed from all sin. This became the burden of my prayer, and for six weeks I prayed almost day and night that God would cleanse me and make me holy. I never doubted one moment but that the blessing was in store for me; for God has said, “Be ye holy,” and He will never withhold grace to do what He requires of us.

*I prayed on. The more I prayed, the brighter it looked. The stronger my faith, the happier I became, until at length I was convinced that God had cleansed me from all sin. My soul was let into the clear light, life, and fullness of Christ my Lord, Glory to God! Forty-one years I have been drinking at the fountain-head. I have enjoyed a fullness of Christ continually. As local preacher, I have been striving to work for God according to my ability, until my lungs were worn out. Now I am broken down, old, and*

*feeble; but it's all glory. Oh, how it does rejoice my heart to know that holiness is spreading. May it, like a flood-tide, roll on, and roll on, until the world shall be filled with the glory of God!*

Source: "Pioneer Experiences" by Phoebe Palmer



## BENJAMIN TITUS (B. T.) ROBERTS

(Founder of the Free Methodist Church)

B. T. Roberts was born on a farm in western New York in July of 1823. As an unconverted young man, he chose the practice of law as his desired profession, and in 1842 he went to Little Falls, New York in pursuit of that career. His parents interceded for his salvation, and after an absence of two years he returned home, where he was converted in 1844. Of his conversion, he wrote:

"... As the light of the Spirit shone, I gave up one thing after another; but I clung to my career in Law. For three weeks I pleaded with God to convert me, but to let me have my choice in the career I would follow. Many who had power with God prayed for me; but I had to yield. Christ demanded an unconditional surrender; I made it. The joys of pardon and peace flowed into my soul. My cup was full, my happiness was unspeakable."

God's choice for Benjamin Titus Roberts was not the practice of law, but the preaching of the gospel. He answered that call, and after a time of preparation he entered the ministry of the Methodist Church. In September of 1848 he joined the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Buffalo, New York, and was appointed to the Careyville circuit. During this conference year he was married, and the next conference year he was stationed at Pike.

*The poor spiritual condition of the church at Pike was a source of discouragement to him, but it was during this time that he was sanctified wholly at the Collins camp-meeting near the end of that conference year. Of this second crisis experience, he wrote:*

*"... Two paths were distinctly marked out before me. I saw that I might be a popular preacher, gain applause, do but little good in reality, and finally lose my soul; or I might take the narrow way, declare the whole truth as it is in Jesus, meet with persecution and opposition, but see a thorough work of grace go on and gain heaven. Grace was given me to make the better choice. I deliberately gave myself anew to the Lord, to declare the whole truth as it is in Jesus, and to take the narrow way. The blessing came. The Spirit and Fire fell on me in an overwhelming degree. I received a power to labor such as I had never felt before. This consecration has never been taken back. I have many times had to humble myself before the Lord for having grieved His Spirit. I have been but an unprofitable servant. It is by grace alone that I am saved. Yet the determination is fixed to obey the Lord and take the narrow way, come what will."*

Source: "Master Workmen" by Richard R. Blews



## GEORGE C. M. ROBERTS

(Methodist)

It pleased Almighty God to bring me to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, when only about sixteen years of age. I do not purpose in this communication to say anything in reference to this eventful period of my life. Farther than that I was united in class-meeting with and of faithful, holy men

of God, who clearly indoctrinated me by their experience in the necessity of going on to perfection. At that time there was in this (Father A. Russell's) class, George Krebs (a blind man), Quincy Maynard, John L. Rees, Job Guest, and many others who were giants in their day. Soon after, I, on account of my being attached to the Sunday School, with some other, were set off to a class meeting at night, under Quincy Maynard as the leader. Being in the enjoyment of perfect love himself, he fully explained and insisted upon its immediate enjoyment by every member of his class. I as soon brought to feel the necessity of it, and as a consequence gave up myself wholly to the Lord thus early in my Christian experience, being about eighteen years of age.

*At that time all were clearly taught this doctrine on every hand, from the true Wesleyan stand-point, consequently there were very few indeed who had any misgivings whatever upon it, and were saved from falling into many of the errors of the present day. After seeking this grace for some short time, I was brought to apprehend it by naked, simple faith alone in the all atoning merit of the precious blood of Christ. I saw then that that blood was shed for me, to save me not only from the guilt of my past offenses, but from the power and pollution of sin for the time to come. Through the mercy of God I was enabled to cast my soul on it fully, and realize its immediate efficacy in my own case. I was then and there permitted to enjoy the assurance that Christ Jesus was mine and "fully" in this sense. I continued to grow in this grace daily, and became more and more fully absorbed in Christ. I have been enabled to maintain my integrity in this grace from that to the present time.*

Since I enjoyed this blessing, being called of God to the work of the ministry, I have again and again preached it in its ministry to others, whenever the opportunity was afforded me, first as an itinerant Methodist preacher, and then in the local ranks. As I have grown older in the hallowed work, I have been brought to make it almost wholly the principal topic of my ministerial labors, and am now more than ever confirmed in it, in my own personal enjoyment of it, and more than ever convinced that this should be the case with every preacher of the Gospel, if he desire to see the pleasure of the Lord prosper in his hand. Such evidently was the view of it entertained by our father. They always kept it before the people, without any fear of its being misunderstood and misapplied. The people were taught by them *that they were to be regenerated by the power of the Holy Ghost with the design and purpose of going on to perfection of love.* When converted they then felt the necessity of this deeper baptism of the Spirit and Fire, and went forward in the obtainment of it. Some in a few days after their conversion, and others at a later period of life

I am fully convinced that, in this way, and because of the truth thus early enforced, they were able to preserve to the Church many, very many more of those who entered it, than we have been of late years. Our fathers were pre-eminently men of two books, the Bible and Hymn-book, in both of which are clearly set forth the doctrine in all its phases. They preached it and then sang it, wherever they went as heralds of the Cross, and our people were saved generally from falling into any error on the subject *the older Methodists were, in this particular, more generally and more fully given up to God, than those of the present day, and were much less liable to be led astray by the vanities of life. They have nearly all passed away, and unless we, their children, are much more fully and entirely devoted to God, those blessed days will never return to us again.* It is to be hoped that we shall see and feel the importance of it to us as a people, and that we will speedily come up to the help of' the Lord against the mighty. This grace is the same now as then, its effects are the same, and it is not possible to attain it but by the same simple process of present, immediate faith in Christ.

I thank God that it is so. Its gracious results I know and feel at the present moment. During the long continuance of my present affliction, now fifteen weeks confined to bed, I have been supported by it. In every moment of this time I have found it to be the one thing needful. Through its power I have been graciously preserved from every anxious care. Not one doubt or fear has arisen to darken my sky, or hide for one moment the Saviour from my eyes. At times my peace is so full, that have felt myself to be

as a mere mote floating in an ocean of light and glory. The will of God is my will, I desire to be governed altogether by it.

“Thy will not mine be done  
My will and thine be one,”

is I think honestly the motto of my life, and constantly before my eyes. Nothing more do I desire and nothing less. I attribute this state altogether to the enjoyment of perfect love, which now pervades my whole being. To God be all the glory. OH that His people would suffer the Divine Being, thus to fill and rule them. I have no desire to make choice between life and death, but for my will to be entirely lost in that of God. If God in His Providence should see fit to take me to Himself, I entirely submit, and cheerfully resign myself to it. If, on the contrary, He sees fit to return me back again to life, I trust I shall employ it more fully than ever in spreading through society at large the simple tidings that His blood cleanseth from all sin. Death to me has no sting. The grave brings no desolation. Whilst in weakness I pen these few lines, my soul is unutterably filled with

“Glory and with God.”

I wish that I had the strength more fully to enter into the details by which I was enabled first to know God in the fullness of salvation, and by which I have been enabled to maintain that knowledge of Him increasingly for more than fifty years. I presume, however, that I have written enough to show all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, that I enjoy scripturally and indubitably the Divine assurance that “I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens,” whither I am bound, and there finally I shall find everlasting repose.

Source: “Pioneer Experiences” by Phoebe Palmer



## ROBERT ROBERTS

(Not to be confused with Robert R. Roberts)

I was in great bondage through fear of death from my infancy, and an entire stranger to the way of peace. I had no notion of salvation through a Redeemer, and knew no more of the nature and necessity of the new birth than Nicodemus did. Nor do I remember that I ever heard one gospel sermon till I was above twenty years of age: so that I have reason to add, I was at that time “without Christ, being an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, a stranger from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.” And yet I was kept from the commission of scandalous sins. I was sober by constitution, diligent in business, and very careful. And as I went to church oftener than many, I was deemed by myself, and those who knew me, to be better than others. But I was a great sinner before God, and a child of wrath; my heart was deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; and my tempers, words, and actions were abominable in His sight with whom I have to do.

The first good impression, as far as I can recollect, that was made upon my mind, was by a few words dropped by Mr. Thomas Brisco, without any seeming design of his: but God sent them home to my heart, and they were as a nail fixed in a sure place. We had been school-fellows when very young; and when I went to live in Chester, we were intimate companions till he became religious. But then I avoided him, as though he had had the plague, because he was called a Methodist. Nevertheless, I retained a secret respect for him. About two years after his conversion, being in company with him and his brother, he happened to mention some rude usage they had met with that day as they returned from the church: among other things the people cried out, “There go the sanctified Methodists!” He pitied their ignorance, and with a good deal of fervor wished that what they had said were true; adding, “If I was sanctified, I should not be long out of heaven.” He talked about death, as though he was not afraid

of it, but rather as if it were a desirable event. This struck me indeed, and made a deep impression on my soul, and convinced me that there was something in religion which I was a stranger to.

From this time I determined to have a good opinion of the Methodists, and believed them to be the servants of the living God. I began to pray, and strive against sin; I likewise resolved to join the society, but not yet. For I knew, if I went among them, I must suffer persecution. At that time the Methodists were looked upon as the worst of men, and the most horrible things were laid to their charge that could be invented. They were represented as hypocrites, blasphemers, disturbers of the peace of families and of the nation; and to associate with them was said to be the way to destroy body, soul, and substance. Others, indeed, might curse and swear, get drunk, profane the Sabbath, and starve their families, and yet be in no danger of persecution or ill-treatment of any kind; but, on the contrary, were deemed innocent creatures, in comparison of the Methodists, &c. I thought, "I cannot bear this usage where I am known, and from my relations and neighbors; but, if I live to the expiration of my apprenticeship, I will go to London, or some other place where I am not known, and then I will be a Methodist."

When I was about twenty-one years of age, Mr. Brisco invited me to hear Mr. John Hampson. I went with him, but was very much ashamed, and afraid of being seen by any that knew me. However, I was well pleased with what the preacher said, and believed him to be a messenger from God. Notwithstanding this, I did not hear another preacher for near six months; for I feared persecution. Nevertheless, I retained my good opinion of the people, and the way in which they worshipped God; and now and then I spoke a word in their favor. My desires increased, I prayed frequently, and more fervently, but was overcome by sin, although I wished to be delivered from it, and made many resolutions against it. But, alas! I was without wisdom and power, and too often was led captive by the enemy of souls. At length I took courage, and went to hear another preacher. The discourse was made useful to me, and likewise the conversation of some pious young men belonging to the society. I resolved, by Divine grace, to serve God, and save my soul. My mind became in a measure enlightened, and I was enabled to forsake my sins and sinful companions all at once. The latter was no hard task; for most of them fled from me, as soon as I was reported to be a Methodist: they were glad to get out of my way, lest I should reprove them, or cause them to be stigmatized with the same highly (criticized for wrongs committed) name.

I now desired admission into the society; and after being examined by one of the preachers, respecting the state of my mind, my motives, &c., I was favored with that privilege; for such I then looked upon it to be, and I see it in the same point of light at this day. And I hope, and believe, I shall have reason to praise God to eternity that I ever was united with that despised people, whom God had greatly blessed; and I trust He will continue to bless them for ages to come.

I now constantly attended upon all the means of grace. I went to church, and received the sacrament almost every Lord's day. Divine light broke in upon my soul with so much clarity, that I was astonished at myself, and was ready to say, "Where have I been? And what have I been doing all my life till now?" I compared myself to a man who had lived all his life in a dungeon, and was brought suddenly out of it into the full blaze of day. The Scriptures seemed new; as also the Common-Prayer Book and everything that was spiritual. And I was fully convinced that the doctrines taught by the Methodists, and those contained in the word of God and the Common Prayers of the Church of England, must stand or fall together; there being no difference between them. I also saw that the Methodists had been greatly injured by slanders and evil reports; for instead of finding them to be hypocrites, disturbers of the peace of families, enthusiasts (fanatics), &c., I found them sincere, peaceable, humble, and rational Christians; minding the things of this world in their place, and not neglecting those of the other. For these reasons my soul was firmly united to them.

And now I met with what I expected; namely, persecution from relations, friends, and neighbors; and wherever I went, some railed, and others cursed me, and said, "it would be no more sin to kill me than

to kill a mad dog.” Others pitied me, and cursed the false prophets, as they called the preachers, who had deceived me, and driven me out of my senses. Into whatever street or lane in the city I went, I met with reproach and cruel mockings. This was a great trial to me; yet, by the grace of God, I bore it; though sometimes shame made it a sufficient exercise for all the patience, resolution, and grace I had. From my first setting out to be religious, I never denied the truth; neither would I suffer its professors to be spoken against, without vindicating them to the utmost of my power. And I thank God I always found somewhat to say that would either convince or stop the mouths of gain sayers; for I have always observed that the word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, and that the enemies of the truth cannot stand before it.

I had not been long among the Methodists, before I was made sensible of my guilt, misery, and danger, and likewise of the absolute necessity of having an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ; that my sins might be forgiven, and that I might be born again; without which, I knew I could not see the kingdom of God. I sought the Lord with earnestness day and night; and even wished it had been possible for me to live without sleep, that I might have spent all my time in this employment. Indeed, I did make a very little sleep serve, though I worked hard every day. The consideration, that I had wasted so much of my short life, in a state of sin, ignorance, and rebellion against so good and merciful a God, greatly affected me, and I found it hard work to forgive the ministers I had sat under for so long a time, for not instructing me in the essential doctrines of the gospel; for I was persuaded that if I had heard the truths of the gospel laid down in a clear manner, I should have been brought to an acquaintance with the Lord some years before.

It was in the month of June, 1754, that I joined the society; and about six weeks after I experienced that peace which passeth all understanding. The love of God was shed abroad in my heart, and His Spirit did bear witness with my spirit that I was His child. And now I blessed His holy name that ever I was born. I loved Him who had first loved me; and with joy declared His goodness to my fellow travelers, and we rejoiced together.

In a few weeks after I had found peace with God I began to see and feel the depravity of my nature in a greater degree than I ever had done before. At first I was dejected and cast down; then I began to doubt that I had deceived myself in concluding that the Lord was reconciled to me; and, my comfort decreasing, by and by I entirely cast away my confidence. And now a horrible dread overwhelmed my soul; and, to increase my distress, Satan threw his fiery darts at me, which stuck fast in my mind, particularly blasphemous thoughts. For some months such thoughts crowded into my mind as are not fit to be mentioned, and which could only proceed from the prince of darkness. The enemy then suggested that I had sinned against the Holy Ghost, -- that there was no mercy for me, -- and that these thoughts were not from him, but arose from my own heart. This affected me more than anything I had ever felt: to think that I should have such thoughts against that blessed God who had been so kind to me, and whom I desired to love and honor for ever, pierced me with inexpressible anguish.

In a short time I gave up all hope of mercy and deliverance, and sunk into utter despair. I imagined that I had blasphemed against the Holy Spirit, which threw me into such inexpressible misery, that I had no rest day or night, but in the morning I was ready to say, “Would God it were evening!” and in the evening, “Would God it were morning!” I fasted, prayed, and used every means of grace constantly, and resolved to serve God as long as I lived, even if He did send me to hell when I died. I do not know that I gave way to one known sin, open or secret, when this distress came upon me, except that of unbelief. I conversed with the most experienced of the children of God I met with, but could find none who had drunk so deep of the wormwood and gall as I had done. However, they did all in their power to comfort me; they told me that God was with me, and would deliver me. I likewise read all the books I met with that were calculated to direct and help a soul in deep distress, but found few suited to my dreadful case. The books I received most benefit from were, Bolton’s “Instructions for the right

comforting of afflicted Consciences;” Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and his “Grace abounding to the chief of Sinners.” At one time I was a little comforted with the following lines:

“I never shall rise  
To my first paradise,  
Or come my Redeemer to see;  
But I feel a faint hope  
That at last He will stoop,  
And His pity shall bring Him to me.”

One day when I was at work, musing on my unhappy state, those precious words of Scripture were applied to my soul with some degree of power: “When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.” This afforded me some consolation: but it was only like the morning cloud and early dew; it soon vanished away. I often thought that both God and the whole creation were against me; and concluded, that I should have been happy had I been anything but a man; and was ready to say, “O that I had never been born!” But one Saturday evening, at a prayer-meeting, the Lord blessed me with the powerful drawings of His love, and with a dawning of hope that He would yet be gracious to me. I was as a man raised from the dead; for I had been a long time in darkness, and would, I thought, have given as many worlds, had it been in my power, as there are minutes in eternity, for the least dawning of hope. From this time till my great deliverance, I frequently found comfortable visits from on high.

My great distress continued about nine months; and the Lord was pleased to sanctify it to me. I was more abundantly sensible of the power of unbelief, and of my helplessness. *I clearly saw I must be saved by grace, or not at all. I was stripped from all self-righteousness, and every other dependence, but a crucified Saviour, and was made willing to be saved in God’s own way as a sinner; yea, as the most unworthy of all creatures. I thought I was willing to wait till my last breath, if I were but sure the Lord would then smile upon me, and show me His salvation. The Lord then graciously manifested Himself unto me, as my Lord and my God, in a powerful manner. He overturned my unbelief, and all my doubts and fears. He removed all my misery, and filled me with peace and joy through believing; so that I was as a giant refreshed with new wine; my cup ran over, and I was ready to proclaim my great Deliverer’s praise upon the house-top. I could no more doubt of the favor of God than of my own existence. And such were the impressions then made upon my mind, that I was a stranger to doubt or tormenting fear for many years after.*

Source: “The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers” by Thomas Jackson



## THOMAS P. ROBERTS

(Called “Night-Hawk Tom” by “Bulldog Charlie” Wireman)

This is the preacher, under whom Charles Little Wireman, otherwise known as Bulldog Charlie, was saved.

When I was between the ages of 8 and 9 years, there was a revival in the Baptist Church that I attended. There were only two churches in our community, the Baptist and the Methodist. They were having an old-fashioned “mourner’s bench” revival. I went to the altar and got saved and have never doubted that God came into my young tender heart that night. But I later heard a preacher say, in one of my camp-meetings at a children’s service where there was a number of them saved, that it was as easy for a child to backslide as it was for them to get saved. He said you will see that these children will come back without a profession in a few days. What he said is so, unless they have someone to encourage and teach them. Oh, how we need Godly parents and Christian influence around our children as it was with

me. Had it not been for my Godly mother encouraging me and praying for and with me, the devil might have made me doubt that I was saved that night. But, as I have already said, I never doubted it. I believe I was called to preach before I reached my teens, but I did not obey the call, hence I lost my experience. However, I never got away from the call and when I would hear a preacher preaching the gospel I would say down in my heart, how I wish I could preach like that. And though I was living a backslidden life, I wanted to get back to God. I knew if I did I would have to answer the call to preach. I felt I was not qualified and that I would never be able to preach. I lived in that condition for eight long years, and no one knows but those who have had a similar experience what a miserable life it was. I was reclaimed a number of times, but every time the call to preach was renewed and I would try to compromise with my Lord telling Him that I would teach a Sunday School Class, superintend a Sunday School, lead Prayer-meetings, anything, except preach. But I found that He was no compromiser. It was preach or backslide. I remember hearing a young preacher say while I was in school, that he did not believe anyone was ever called to preach until he had done everything possible to keep from preaching. So, for ten years I lived the up and down life. I never refused to pray when called on. I would testify whenever I had an opportunity, but would always say, "I am not where I want to be and where God wants me to be and I want the prayers of God's people." I always detested hypocrisy, I never wanted to claim something I did not have.

Awhile after we were married, my wife and I, were attending a revival in Little Rock, Kentucky; (Bourbon County). Dear, saintly S. H. Pollitt was doing the preaching, and those who have heard him know what a mighty preacher he was especially, on holiness On a Sunday morning I went to the altar seeking holiness with my head, but my heart was seeking reclamation, and God always answers the heart need and not the head. I was reclaimed, and God flooded my soul with great joy. Those about the altar thought I had been sanctified and insisted on my claiming the blessing of full salvation, but I knew I had just been reclaimed. I believed that I would know the difference between the Blessing and the Blesser. I am sure this mistake has been made by many seeking sanctification with their heads, when they needed to be saved or reclaimed, and thereby a reproach has been brought on the cause of Holiness.

The following Monday after my reclamation they were having cottage prayermeetings for the revival. Wife and I, with a number of the neighbors, attended this meeting. I opened the gate for the ladies. I closed the gate and as I started up the path to the house, *I put my hand in my pocket and touched a big twist of the "devil's chewing gum." I took that twist of tobacco out of my pocket and threw it as far as I could into a weed field, and turned my back to keep from seeing where it fell. My back has been turned on that filthy habit ever since. Thus, I was cleansing myself from the filthiness of the flesh. I had been making my consecration ever since I left the altar on Sunday and I thought when I threw the filthy weed away I surely had completed the last act that would keep me from being a joyous Christian. But when I got on my knees in that cottage prayer-meeting, there was that long-debated question: "Will you preach my Gospel?" "Anything Lord," I cried, "Only meet the need of my hungry heart." Like a lightning flash breaks through the blue, the fire fell and the glory filled not only my heart but the room where we were assembled. I think everyone in that prayer-meeting was on his feet shouting and praising God. It must have been similar to the early Church, when in the "upper room." He came and filled all the house wherein they were sitting. It was a veritable Pentecost and a great epoch in the life of this preacher.*

Source: "Highlights of My Life and Ministry" by Thomas P. Roberts



## JASPER ROBINSON

1727 – 1797

(Methodist)

In the summer of that year I heard Mr. Wesley preach, under one of whose sermons I was enabled to believe that my sins were forgiven. In the year 1763 I received a large effusion of the Holy Spirit, and seemed changed throughout the whole man. I then joined the select band, enjoyed much peace, and walked agreeable to the gospel. In 1776, after conversing with a friend, I again felt a blessed change in my heart; but, through unbelief, soon let go my hold. Some time after, at a morning preaching, it appeared as if every evil was taken out of my heart; but I soon gave way to unbelief, and became as I was before. In the year 1770 it pleased God to bless several persons at Leeds, and I received a sweet, mild, and childlike spirit; but after a while, through unbelief, my corrupt nature prevailed again.

In 1776 I set out as a travelling preacher, and was appointed for Manchester, where I preached in great weakness and fear. However, I was encouraged much from the Lord, and from many of the poorer people; but some of the rich showed great indifference toward me. I believe I was of some use there, and in general that year was in pursuit of holiness; but though I received many marks of it, I put it off, and did not believe. In 1777 I went to Epworth Circuit. Here also holiness and usefulness were my chief aim. I received many tokens for good in my own heart, and trust I was somewhat profitable to the people. In 1778 I went to Lynn; and in 1779 to Aberdeen and Inverness. Here I was supported with an uncommon degree of cheerfulness, and found Scotland a happy place for me, notwithstanding some inconveniences. In the latter end of the year, at Aberdeen, I was much tried, and much supported. In 1780 I came to Dundee, where I had a peaceful year, and was all for holiness. Yet I was tempted in an extraordinary manner, especially at Arbroath. I fasted and prayed night and day, but could get no rest. One day upon a mount, where I ran up to pray, a tremor seized me, and I thought the devil would become visible; but on a sudden I was sensible that Jesus was my Advocate, the Holy Spirit my Comforter, and God the Father my reconciler. Now again I received such comfort in my mind, that nothing was wanting but faith to make me a partaker of full sanctification.

In 1781 I was appointed for Barnard Castle; and in 1782 was sent to the Isle of Man, where I made a diary of the occurrences of the day, an extract from which here follows:

April 9, 1783. -- I have been kept without sin in my heart this day. I grow more and more confident that God has cleansed my heart from all unrighteousness. As I was riding yesterday, a thought passed through my mind, why I was not sanctified before. And it appeared it was because I would not believe; and if I would not, then it is plain I might if I would. Is not this the case with many? Instead of simply believing, they are looking out for some extraordinary thing formed in their own imagination. This, I believe, has been the case with me for twenty years past. Many times in the course of these years, God gave me reason to believe it: but instead of believing He had done it, I thought now I was in such a way that I could not well miss it; and, Naaman-like, I expected God would lay His hand very powerfully upon me, and manifest Himself in such an extraordinary manner, that my soul would be immediately swallowed up in a holy flame of love. But finding not what I expected, I soon flagged in my pursuit, and my vile corruption returned again to my heart. And though in general I had power over all sin, inward and outward, and peace with God, and still sought after a clean heart; yet I often thought that, according to His word, He was willing to give it to others, but had some particular exceptions against me.

I thought I strove more for it in every good word and good work than many others that received it; and yet the more I strove, the harder it seemed to be attained; yea, I frequently thought the more I sought God the more He withdrew from me. Upon which, I used to fall into such weakness of mind, that I

could scarce conceive anything at all of God, or of Christ. At other times, when I was earnest for purity, there would appear such a huge barrier, or such a huge something, that it was impossible for me to get any farther. Then I thought I might be contented with what I had got; and, resting here, I used to enjoy a tolerable degree of peace; though envy, lust, and dryness frequently harassed me within. But oh, how contrary to my expectation hath God dealt with me!

Two days before I received it, I was telling a brother I could not see that I had grown in grace for twenty years past; because, when I would sail forward in the divine life, there rose up always, such a sand-bank, that my poor vessel could not make any way. *But as I was reading the fore-mentioned passage, ‘ All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive’; I thought I would once more pray for sanctification, because it is God’s will, according to His word: and I thought I would depend upon Him, as I would upon the faithfulness of a friend; and should be as much disappointed in my expectation if He were not as good as His word, as if I were deceived by a man. I soon found my soul sink down into a kind of nothingness before God, and presently was persuaded that no sin remained in my heart, and that through believing I might ever keep it out. I thought, if this is the way to be sanctified, anyone that has grace may believe to be sanctified, if he will; for none can be more weak in faith than myself, and yet I have no doubt but my heart is purified...*

[The account of Jasper Robinson closes with the following comments:]

...I have heard him with much satisfaction publish the glad tidings of salvation, with such an holy fervour of soul, mixed with zeal life, and power, as I always wish those to feel who speak in the name of the Lord. His whole heart was in the work; and he was in very deed a man of one business. And at all times he discovered himself to be a faithful advocate for a present, free, and full salvation. He followed after till he attained this glorious liberty; and lived and died in the enjoyment of it.

His obituary is in the Minutes for 1798:

Jasper Robinson, ‘ an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.’ He was a travelling preacher three-and-twenty years, during which his unaffected simplicity of manners, his steady and upright conduct, his mild and gentle spirit, never failed to gain him the affectionate regard of all the pious people who knew him. His whole heart was in the work of God, and many will praise the Lord for his labours. He was remarkably patient in suffering, and entirely resigned to the will of his heavenly Father. His memory will long be precious to the people among whom he laboured. He lived and died a happy witness of the full salvation of God. He fell asleep in Jesus, December 6, 1797, aged seventy-three years.

Source: Originally from “Lives of Early Methodist Preachers” by Thomas Jackson



## HESTER ANN ROGERS

(Methodist)

She was a bright and shining light. The annals of the church contain but few whose lives glow with such seraphic ardor and holy love. “In depths of penitence, strength of faith, ardor of hope, fervor of love, intimate communion with God, constancy of joy and peace and zealous devotion to the cause of Christ, Hester Ann Rogers had but few equals.”

She was born in Macclesfield, England, Jan. 31, 1756, and was from early childhood peculiarly susceptible to divine influence and when in trouble of any kind betook herself to prayer. She says: “I was early drawn out to secret prayer. I believe God is the author of all good, of all happiness; and sin the cause of all misery and pain. If therefore I wished for anything I had not, I asked God in secret to grant it to me. And in any pain of body, or in any of my childish grief, I fled to Him for ease and

comfort; and it would be incredible to some, how often I have received manifest answers to prayer, when not more than four years old; and how my tender mind has been comforted. I never remember having gone to bed without having said my prayers except once; I was then diverted by a girl who told me many childish stories and so took up my attention that I forgot to pray until I was in bed, and then being alone I recollected what I had done and conscience greatly accused me so that I begun to tremble, lest Satan should be permitted of God to take me away body and soul which I deserved.”

When she was nine years of age her father died. Shortly before his death he called her to his bedside, and laying his hand upon her head and lifting his eyes to heaven with great solemnity said: “Unto God’s gracious mercy and protection I commit thee; the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and give thee peace, and make thee His child and faithful servant to thy life’s end.” Her subsequent life proved this prayer was literally answered.

She gradually drifted out into a sea of worldliness, such as extravagant dress, dancing, novel reading, etc., and in this state she continued for several years. Her conscience in the meanwhile lashed her sorely at times, and her heart cried out for something better. At about eighteen years of age God’s Spirit took a deep hold upon her heart. After some time spent in various efforts to become a Christian, she was induced to attend service at a Methodist chapel and there learned the way of life. After wrestling for some time with unbelief, the Spirit whispered, “only believe.” She replied, “Lord Jesus, I will, I do believe; I now venture my whole salvation on thee as God! I put my guilty soul into thy hands, Thy blood is sufficient! I cast my soul upon thee for time and eternity. Then did He appear unto my salvation. In that moment my fetters were broken, my bands were loosed and my soul set at liberty. The love of God was shed abroad in my heart; and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Now, if I had possessed 10,000 souls I could have ventured them all with my Jesus.”

“All they that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution” was as true in her case as it is in the case of every one else who lives godly. The Methodists at the time of her conversion, were like the holiness people of today, misunderstood, maligned and often hated, and on account of her adherence to them, she was sorely persecuted in her own home. Being at one time confined as a prisoner in the house for eight weeks and then for eight months; doing the work of a servant where hitherto she had been exempt from all the hardships and drudgery of such a life. These rigorous labors were too much for her constitution and it was years before she rallied therefrom.

Not long after her conversion she was taught, as all primitive Methodists, the way into the holiest. The following extracts from her journal will show how her heart panted after this grace. “I have been greatly tried inwardly and outwardly though I have had some refreshing visits of love; but I feel very many evil tempers and much self-will that would not be contradicted. Pride and unbelief greatly distressed me, my cry was this evening, ‘Create in me a clean heart, Oh God, and renew a right spirit within me.’ “

Again she says: “The Lord shows me more than ever that I must be made holy before death, and this day I can say, ‘As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so thirsteth my soul for the perfect love of God.’ Oh, may I never rest until I have received this blessing. Lord, I have in this respect trifled; I have been too easy, too lukewarm, while thy enemies had a lurking place in my heart. Oh, forgive me, and help me to be more in earnest.”

Still seeking Perfect Love, she writes: “I find while pressing after entire purity my communion with God increases and I have more power to do His will.”

The cry for holiness became so intense, she says: “I awoke several times in the night praying for sanctification. Oh, the depths of unbelief and of pride and these seem only the roots of many other evil branches. Oh my God, I feel my heart as a den of thieves. I loathe myself, but Oh I fall a leper at thy feet. I believe the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, but when I would come to the fountain I

seem all ignorant and helpless. But Lord teach me and strengthen me for thy mercies' sake.”

After such crying as recorded above, she came to the memorable 22nd day of February, and her soul was drawn out in a mighty plea for full salvation. And she exclaimed, “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 ... fill it 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 and 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 glory to save me now for how much better I could serve thee. It is true, I have no plea but thy mercy, the blood of Jesus, thy promise, and my own great need. Oh, 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 myself 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 truth is bound; thus every attribute of my God secures it to me. 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 lay in me, not Him. He desires to make me holy, but unbelief hid it from my eyes – accursed sin! But, now, Lord, I do believe this moment Thou dost save me. Yea, 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. Everything 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; and overflows my soul. I am now one with God ... Inbred sin no longer hinders the close communion, and God is all my own! I now walked in the unclouded light of his countenance, rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing and in everything giving thanks.”

Whether at the bedside of the dying, many of whom she led to Christ, or in ministering to the sorrowing, or as class-leader, she was mightily used of God. It is said that her husband, on entering into a circuit, would only give a few to her, desiring her to complete the class out of the world; and soon by her conversation and prayers and attention to every soul within her reach, would the number spring up to thirty or forty and then the believers in her class would be transplanted to other classes and she would recruit from the world again. After a life ablaze with holy fire, she died in great triumph in the 39th year of her pilgrimage. The memory of her holy life still lingers like heavenly aroma in the churches, and the results of her godly deeds are as imperishable as eternity.

Source: “Chosen Vessels” by J. O. McClurkan



We select from the Autobiography of Hester Ann Rogers the following: In describing her struggle after the blessing, she records this prayer: “Lord, cried I, make this the moment of my full salvation. Baptize me now with the Holy Ghost and fire of pure love. Now make me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Now enter the temple, and cast out sin forever. Now cleanse the thoughts, desires, and propensities of my heart, and let me love Thee perfectly.”

After receiving the blessing, she describes her experience with these words: “I now walk in the unclouded light of His countenance; ‘rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in everything giving thanks.’ I resolved, however, at first, I would not openly declare what the Lord had wrought; but it was seen in my countenance, and when asked respecting it, I durst not deny the wonders of His love. I soon found that this repeating of His good confirmed my own faith more and more. And so did the Lord bless me in declaring it; yea, and blessed others also, that I was constrained to witness to all who feared Him:

‘His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed or me.

I dared not to live above a moment at a time, and that moment by faith in the Son of God. I never felt till now the full meaning of those words, ‘In Him we live, and move, and have our being.’ And again: ‘I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and be their God; I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts.’ Glory be to my God, I felt it written, ‘It was no longer I that lived, but Christ that lived in me!’

‘Yes Christ was all in all to me,  
And all my heart was love.’ “

Source: “The Better Way” by Beverly Carradine



## JAMES ROGERS

1749 – 1807

(Methodist)

His Conversion

February 6, 1769... In that solemn moment, all the sufferings of Christ came to my mind. By the eye of faith I had as real a view of His agony on Calvary as ever I had of any object by the eye of sense. I saw His hands and His feet nailed to the cross; His head crowned with thorns; and His side pierced with the soldier’s spear; with innumerable drops of blood falling from different parts of His body, and His face all covered therewith. But oh what a look was that! Such an inexpressible degree of approbation was communicated to my soul thereby as I shall never forget. While I now recollect it, my overflowing heart and eyes almost forbid my proceeding. In that moment my burden was gone; my heart was brought out of bondage into glorious liberty; and the love which I felt or God and all mankind was inexpressibly great. I was constrained to cry, with David, ‘Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul’ I seemed as if I had never known happiness till now, and could hardly think it possible that I should learn war any more.

I now went about among my old acquaintance, with a confidence that they would all repent and be converted if they knew how ready Christ was to save them. Some I found willing to hear what I had to say; others stared at me as one quite out of my senses. However, as nothing discouraged me, if I found them unwilling to let me pray with them, I used to fall on my knees in the midst of the floor, and praise God for what He had done for me, and pray that He would let them see their wants, and give them all to experience the same blessing which I enjoyed. It pleased God to work powerfully at that time, especially among the young people, many of whom came from a considerable distance to hear the word. I and some others had great delight in accompanying them on their way home. Nor can I reflect on those seasons without singular pleasure, when we sang the praises of God as we walked along, and when we kneeled down in the fields, or on the seashore, and commended each other to the grace of God. This was in the twentieth year of my age.

His Entire Sanctification

About this time the Lord raised up several witnesses of entire sanctification, whose daily walk and conversation did honour to their profession. With some of these I often conversed, and they would frequently speak of the blessedness of this salvation from inbred sin. I did not fully understand them at first, but thought I was as happy as I could be; nor did I know that I wanted anything which I had not received. However, not many days after this, being closely tempted, I was convinced that, though the

guilt of sin was all done away, yet there were in me the remains of an evil nature; that, though I was happy in a sense of acceptance, and had power also over inward and outward sin, yet the fountain of corruption was not dried up; that I had yet a degree of the carnal mind, which is enmity against God. And had I not been told that this is consistent with a state of justification, it is probable I should have cast away my confidence, as the enemy strongly suggested that my experience was all a delusion. The attack was severe while it lasted, for I reasoned with the temptation till my soul was in an agony; but in my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He graciously heard me, and delivered me out of all my fears; so that my evidence of pardon was more distinct and clear than ever. And as I believed the report, and cordially received the testimony of the happy few who professed entire sanctification, I felt strong desires awakened in my soul for that inestimable blessing; and being daily urged by some of these to press after it, and to expect it every moment by faith alone, in a little time my thirst was such that I could not rest, whatever place or company I was in.

In reading the Scriptures I was more and more enlightened to see, and encouraged to hope for, deliverance from the root of sin. I saw there were given unto me exceeding great and precious promises that I should be made a partaker of the divine nature; and that the great end for which our Lord was manifested in the flesh was ‘to destroy the works of the devil, to make an end of sin, and to bring in everlasting righteousness.’ And I farther perceived that not only the promise of God, but His oath also, was given of old to His covenant people, ‘that they should be delivered out of the hands of their enemies, that they might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of their life.’

From the manner in which this subject is introduced in the New Testament, I was led to infer two things. First, that the enemies there meant were our sins, especially the evils of our own heart. And, secondly, that the design of God is not to defer the destruction of these till death, or even to some little time before it, but that ‘now is the accepted time’; for He here declares His will is that we should serve Him all the remaining part of our life in holiness, and without fear; which St. John, in his first Epistle, 44:18, says we cannot do until we are made first perfect in love.

Indeed, the whole Bible seemed calculated to raise my expectation of an answer to that prayer: ‘Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.’ And the more I contrasted the spirituality of the law with my own corrupt nature, the more eager were my desires.

At last I resolved neither to eat nor sleep till my desire was accomplished. I had no sooner made that resolution than I was tempted to reason upon the rashness of it. But such was the condescension of God that He indulged my importunity, and granted my request. I went with a trembling heart to the very house where it had pleased Him to shed abroad His pardoning love in my soul. That pious family no sooner learned my errand than they encouraged me to expect the blessing that hour; and exhorted me to believe on the Lord Jesus for full salvation. We then fell on our knees; and a good woman, one Mary Best, full of faith and love, wrestled and pleaded with the Lord for me.

In less than fifteen minutes my burden was removed, and I felt an entire change, accompanied with a peculiar humbling sweetness; but not that rapturous joy I always thought attended that perfect liberty.

On this account I was tempted much to reason; and it is probable the enemy would have wrested away my new shield but for the comforting interposition of my friends, who were not, like me, ignorant of Satan’s devices. They told me it was a common case that a soul might be emptied of sin, and yet not filled with love till afterwards; that the blessing of Christian perfection consisted in feeling I am nothing, and Christ is all in all. This I found true by experience, and therefore I was enabled henceforth to rejoice in a full assurance of this great salvation. In this glorious liberty I walked for at least three months; during which time, notwithstanding many fiery darts were shot at me, I could sing,

Not a cloud doth arise,

To darken the skies,  
Or hide for a moment  
My Lord from my eyes.

When I looked for those inward risings of anger, pride, and self-will, which, like dry tinder, were formerly ready to catch fire at any provocation, I found them not; but, on the contrary, I found meekness, humility, and resignation. I was so truly humbled with a sense of my own nothingness that I rejoiced to suffer reproach for the name of Christ. That natural enmity to the pure law of God being now totally removed, His commandments became more joyous than ever; and I could say, in a sense that I never could before, ‘The law of God is in my heart, even the law of love.’ I felt it the constraining principle which led me to do and suffer the whole will of God.

Source: Originally from “Lives of Early Methodist Preachers” by Thomas Jackson



## ELIZABETH ROWE

(Methodist)

Elizabeth Rowe was born in eastern Virginia, and died at the residence of her son, Rev. Reuben Rowe, January 6, 1839, in the one hundred and first year of her age. At the time of her death she was the oldest Methodist in Fayette County, Ohio, and the oldest person known in the county. She was converted, as near as we can ascertain, sixty-five years before her death. She and her husband, William Rowe, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church near the same time, when the Methodist Church was like “a handful of corn on the top of the mountains.” Then it tried men’s souls to be Methodists.

Their house became a preaching place; and for many years the church of God assembled there. By use of the means of grace, Sister Rowe was brought into a state of sanctification, or perfect love. Ten years after she became a Methodist she was left as a widow in charge of eight children. They had sold out their possessions to move to Kentucky. Mr. Rowe’s agent, hearing that he was dead, made a purchase in his own name, and cheated the widow and children out of nearly all their possessions. Sister Rowe found it necessary to tarry in her native Virginia.

With industry and care she struggled on with her family. Her son – a gentleman of truth – says he knew his mother for weeks never to take off her clothes, except on Sabbath. She would work until late, rest a little on the bed, then up and at it again. He says she never neglected family prayer. The small children had to kneel around their mother, when she would place her hands upon them and pray for them.

God took care of this pious lady, and gave her, in the early life of her children, all, or nearly all of them converted to God. Two of them became able ministers of the gospel; and a third became one of the best exhorters I ever heard. Three grandsons were traveling preachers. Her numerous descendants are nearly all in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Nearly thirty years before her death she moved to Ohio. She gave a strong testimony in every department of her life that she was a faithful and devoted servant of Jesus Christ.

Source: “Saintly Women And Death-Bed Triumphs” by Maxwell Pierson Gaddis



## C. E. ROWLEY

The “hungering and thirsting” in my heart “after righteousness” increased all the time; I longed to have God fill me with Himself! Mrs. Rowley and I heard of the great Camp Meeting to be held at Urbana,

under the auspices of The National Holiness Association, and we decided we would go, to stay from Saturday until Monday, when we must return to our work in the school; accordingly we went, taking with us Mrs. Rowley's little sister, Lillie. It was during intermission when we arrived, and I remember Bro. Hill had me come up on the platform to meet Mr. Inskip, when he introduced me as follows: "Brother Inskip, this is Brother Rowley, one of the sanctified singers from Ada." It was a wonderful meeting, to attend which was indeed the privilege of a lifetime. It was largely attended, and there was a strong force of preaching talent on the ground, but Mr. Inskip was the great leader of the occasion. People who never attended one of the early Camp Meetings of The National Association can have but a faint conception of what God can do in this dispensation of the Holy Spirit. Besides John Inskip, there were present among the preachers such men as J. A. Wood, William McDonald, W. H. Boole and B. W. Gorham, but Mr. Inskip had the general charge of all the services and the immediate conduct of all the altar services. Inskip was a man of great simplicity, and in all he did he impressed people as one who knew the Lord. Some individuals who were unwilling to accept the Wesleyan teaching of Full Salvation spoke in a very light and trifling Way, calling it "The Inskipian Doctrine." Quite small business, indeed, it seems to me, to thus use the name of John Inskip, so signally owned and blest of God in his ministry. After a season of earnest prayer around the altar, a company of men and women standing, Mr. Inskip would say, "Children, what are you doing?" They would respond, "We are trusting." "Trusting, are you? Well, I should think you would be very comfortable," he would say.

When we were ready to leave the Camp Ground, Monday morning, as I shook hands with Dr. Boole, he said, "Hold Him up!" which I understood to mean I should hold up Jesus to the people, in His sanctifying power, as I gave in my personal testimony, and I determined in my heart to do so.

Our good pastor, Bro. Smith, arranged with Rev. B. W. Gorham to come to Ada soon after the close of the Camp Meeting and hold a holiness revival meeting, which he did, but the revival set in before the evangelist arrived. Great conviction settled down upon the people, especially the young people of the school. Bro. Isaiah Reid came from his distant home in Iowa, and rendered valuable assistance.

Up to this time, some four months and a half since my conversion in April, I had lived a happy Christian life, knowing every day and every hour that my sins were forgiven and that my name was written in heaven. I had ceased my "trying to serve the Lord," or "trying to trust Him," and was actually serving Him, for the Lord had made it natural for me to do so. Thank God for the new birth! I needed no longer to look to the world for anything to satisfy my soul in the least degree; so I could sing:

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me:  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace hath set me free."

I never went to the lodge after I was converted to God – why should I? I had nothing to go for. I could heartily agree with the Psalmist when he said, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

I was very happy in the Lord all the time, but I had trouble with "the man-fearing spirit," making it rather difficult to testify.

Although very busy with my teaching, I would go hurriedly to the church from time to time, and one afternoon – perhaps one Friday – *a testimony meeting being in progress, all at once the heavenly baptism came upon me, and I arose to my feet, exclaiming: "Brethren and Sisters, I can't keep my seat any longer!" I looked across the room, where our pastor was standing, and, smiling, he said, "I guess he's got it!" I thought, "What does he mean? Haven't I testified to sanctification all the past months?" I just wondered a little as to what my pastor meant, but I knew the great longing of my hungry heart was being completely satisfied. To fully describe this event I shall never be able; it is simply*

*indescribable in the fullness of love and power, for it is “the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.”*

*The Apostle Paul said: “I am sure that, when I come unto you, I shall come in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.” Rom. 15:29. The Lord certainly gave me “joy unspeakable, and full of glory.”*

*The pure love of God which came pouring down from heaven increased continually from day to day, until about the following Wednesday, when the thought came to me, “Is the Lord going to bless me to death?” Surely, I was not afraid to die. In my first experience, in April, I was quiet, and undemonstrative; but now, I was very loud and demonstrative.*

We had a number of students rooming in our house, and it was with some difficulty that I was able to restrain my feelings, so eager was I to praise the Lord with a loud voice at a very early hour; but I kept thinking of the holy command of God, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,” so I was quiet, in order that others might get sufficient sleep. My soul was so blessedly on the wings of heavenly love that I should have been glad to turn my large elocution class, held in the chapel each morning, into a meeting of prayer and praise; but the thought came to me, “I am employed to teach the class, and I should be faithful to my trust.” I spoke to many people personally in regard to their spiritual condition, as we met on the street, as well as to my private pupils in Voice Culture. It was not long until the report got out that I had lost my mind. One day I saw, in “The Crestline Advocate,” a statement to that effect in about these words, “Prof. Rowley, who has been teaching a class in singing at Bucyrus, has lost his mind on the subject of holiness, and is now an inmate of the insane asylum at Columbus.” To be sure, it was not very pleasant, but it did not particularly disturb me. It did not seem very strange to me that the people so regarded me, for I had been simply a nominal member of the church, and “Redeeming Love” had become my theme. Several weeks after the holy baptism of fire was given me, Professor Lehr told me that he had received letters from students formerly at school, expressing their regret that “Prof. Rowley had lost his mind.” Soon after Mr. D. L. Moody received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire, as he was greatly led out for the salvation of souls in the city of Chicago, he was commonly spoken of as “That Crazy Moody.” As I am here referring to the great spiritual transformation which God wrought in my soul, *let no one imagine I am telling of some ordinary blessing of delight and joy, great as that might be*; no, to the praise of my adorable Lord, I am most happy to testify that God came in answer to the longing of my hungry heart. He came and filled me with Himself! This He did, because it was in the Divine order that I should “be filled with the Spirit,” as it is His will that all of His children should be filled with the Spirit, that they may be strong to live for Him, and bring precious souls into the Kingdom.

*I do not apologize for shouting: I give Scripture for it, as found in Isaiah 12:6, “Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.” I am sure that God filled me with His pure love and sanctified me wholly. My man-fearing spirit was gone, blessedly gone, and I had indeed “mounted up with wings as eagles.”*

Source: “Apples of Gold” by C. E. Rowley

[the Enter His Rest website](#)