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*Biographies*

**MEMORIAL PAPERS**  
**or**  
**THE RECORD OF A**  
**SPIRIT FILLED LIFE**

By

*Mary P. Keen*

*“Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without  
which no man shall see the Lord” Heb 12:14*

**Spreading Scriptural Holiness to the World**

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**THE RECORD OF A SPIRIT FILLED LIFE**

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**The Biography of Samuel Ashton Keen**  
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UNSPEAKABLY PRECIOUS TO ME  
TRIBUTE TO REV. S. A. KEEN, D.D.  
LIKE JESUS

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**INTRODUCTION**

The only apology we have to offer for these "Memorial Papers" is, that they have not appeared sooner. He whose memory they seek to honor, for twenty-seven years was the source of our greatest earthly joy and the channel of our largest spiritual blessings. That life, as lived by our side, so blessed and enriched our own that for a long while we have had it in our thought to share this blessing with others by telling its story, and, if possible reveal the secret of its blessedness and power.

Once we took up our pen with this in view; but our mind stoutly refused to do our bidding, and an interruption occurring which, at the time, we took to be providential, we reluctantly laid it down. The following months we were permitted to give more than our wonted time to the study of the Word, which, of course, resulted in a better understanding of God's dealings with His children, and a keener insight into the devices of Satan. Then it began to dawn upon us that possibly Satan had had something to do with the interruption. This drove us to our knees to ask definitely and urgently that the will of the Lord might be revealed; and when the command came, "Gird up the loins of your mind," with the reassuring words, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength," we again took up the pen, this time with the purpose not to lay it down until the work was accomplished or we were called to glory.

It has been a delightful task, with the growing conviction that it was a God-appointed task; but the difficulties in the way have been formidable, and at times it seemed were insurmountable. It was given us to perform when we were past fifty, feeble in health, and with a mind that had never been required to put forth a sustained effort. Momentous changes have come into the home and family, which have elicited a mother's most careful and prayerful consideration.

But we have not been without our encouragements. The urgent request of Brother Knapp, our publisher, to undertake the work, backed by his prayers, which never fail to reach the Throne; the cheering, helpful words from each of the children, including son-in-law and daughters-in-law; and above all, a Voice that we know and have learned to follow, ever whispering to our soul, "Fear not, I will help you," — these, with the marked providences that have attended from the first, have supplied the stimulant and encouragement which our timid disposition required.

Reverently we place this little book into the hands of Him who, we humbly trust, has guided in the preparation, and we believe it is not too much to ask that the Spirit who wrought so mightily in

and through its subject, may in its pages do that which we know he would wish above all else — point to Jesus, the Baptizer with the Holy Ghost!

**Mary P. Keen**

Delaware, Ohio

June 16, 1899

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**CHAPTER 1**

**CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH**

"And Samuel grew, and the Lord was with Him ... For the Lord revealed himself to Samuel."

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

The life of the subject of this memoir was a powerful convincing sermon upon this text. His abundant life was a faithful commentary upon the words, "He that loseth his life shall save it."

Samuel A. Keen, the youngest son of William and Sarah Keen, was born at Harrison, Ohio, May 12, 1842. The father, a godly man, died when Samuel was but fourteen years of age. Until this time he had lived a happy child-life, singularly free from care, but under wise parental restraint.

Two things the father did for him that made his memory most precious, and which he recalled in after years with ever-increasing gratitude. One was, that although their home faced the public commons, where the boys of the village gathered for their evening sports, he was never allowed beyond the doorstep after dark. The other was, that when, at the age of thirteen, the Spirit spoke conviction to his heart, it was his father who led him to the altar of prayer, where, after three successive nights of earnest seeking, the sense of pardon came into his heart, and he received the clear witness that he was a child of God.

When the business was settled after the father's death, it was found that all that remained was their little home and thirty dollars in cash. The older brothers being married, with growing families of their own, the care of the invalid mother devolved upon Samuel, and right manfully did he meet the obligation. He left school, and gave himself to the support of the family, consisting of himself, the mother, and an old auntie who kept the home and took care of the mother.

His first employment was breaking stones on the turnpike at twenty-five cents a day. We next find him in a factory, pounding pegs in the rails of bedsteads. He soon found more remunerative employment in a drugstore. But the constant handling of the pestle and mortar caused a felon upon his right hand, the scar of which he carried through life, and to which he often pointed with a smile, saying, "That felon was the means of getting me my first school, and opened up the way for my education."

Being disabled and thrown out of work, while walking in the woods one day in thoughtful, anxious mood, he met a friend, who said to him, "Why don't you study for a certificate, and teach?"

"O," he eagerly replied, "do you think it possible?" "Of course," said the friend, "and it will not take you long either." He went home, laid the matter before his mother, and they concluded to take the thirty dollars that the father had left, and which was still intact, and live on it while he gave himself to study.

At the end of three months (at the age of sixteen), he had the coveted certificate, and had been installed as a teacher in a district school at twenty-five dollars a month. Every Friday evening he walked to his home, a distance of thirteen miles. Saturday he prepared the wood for the use of the family during the coming week, and made other provision for their comfort and welfare. The Sabbaths were given to the much-prized fellowship afforded by home and Church.

Of his childhood days he writes: "I can not but thank God now that I was left poor, and compelled to work, for which I had a natural indisposition, as I think most boys have at that age ... I never thought my childhood days dark. My memory of them is pleasant. I never was hungry or cold. I never wanted any good thing. The afflictions of my parents had a tendency to subdue and chasten my naturally buoyant and intractable spirit, but never to sadden me. The necessity of being early employed in making a livelihood for myself and mother, cultivated in me a spirit of self-reliance, so that I now look upon my early surroundings as having been a great blessing to me, and as having enabled me to build up a better character than I could have done had more prosperity and less adversity environed my boyhood days."

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**CHAPTER 2**

**SOLDIER AND STUDENT**

"Endure hardness as a good soldier."

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

When the war broke out, his patriotic soul took fire, and he longed to go to the front. But filial duty seeming to sound a louder call than that of his country, he continued the care of his mother. At the second call for volunteers, however, matters had taken such shape, the brothers being able now to assist in the care of the mother, that he felt free to enlist. We quote from his personal record the following:

In August, 1862, after very careful deliberation and conscientious convictions of duty, not without incurring much self-sacrifice, I enlisted as a private soldier in the Union service ... I left home for Camp Dennison about the middle of August, 1862. Our company was mustered in as Company D, 83d Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry. We entered the field at Covington, Kentucky, in September, when General Kirby Smith was threatening Cincinnati; marched through Kentucky to Louisville; went down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers with General Sherman in his first attack on Vicksburg; and were in the final campaign against that stronghold under General U. S. Grant. Afterward, served in the Department of the Gulf; accompanied General Banks on his Red River Campaign, and disaster as well; helped to take the outer defenses of Mobile; went to Galveston, Texas, to receive the surrender of General Kirby Smith's troops at the close of the war. Here we were mustered out in August, 1865, having been in the service a little more than three years.

I was in eleven battles and skirmishes, besides the siege of Vicksburg; was in perils by land and water, in hungerings and thirstings oft but out of all the Lord brought me by His providence.

Having served eighteen months as a private soldier, very unexpectedly, he received a first lieutenant's commission.

Soon after his conversion he had felt the inward strivings of the Spirit calling him to preach the gospel, had covenanted to obey, and the Church had licensed him as an exhorter. When he received the commission referred to, he immediately formed the purpose of saving his money, and, if the Lord should spare his life, of using it to secure the education needful for his life-work. About this time his mother received her promotion from the ranks of the suffering to those of the glorified saints.

While loyally and faithfully he served his country, he was equally brave and true as a soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ. He held meetings, and labored privately with his comrades, and had the joy of seeing many converted and others established in the Christian life. So successful was he in this self-appointed, or rather God-appointed, work, that he was offered a chaplain's commission; but this he refused, on the ground that he had enlisted as a soldier to fight his country's battles; and, besides, he felt that as a fellow-soldier, sharing with his comrades all the dangers and hardships of army life, he could keep in closer touch with them, and exert over them a greater influence for good.

At the close of the war, his friends advised — nay, urged — that he enter at once into the ministry; but he felt that he needed a better equipment. His army experience was invaluable. Indeed, as he often said, he came out of the conflict a debtor to his country; for he had received a training in the endurance of hardship, in the overcoming of difficulties, and in the management of men, and had developed a decision and courage that no amount of experience in ordinary pursuits, nor even in college halls, could have supplied. He was conscious, however, of a lack of mental discipline, without which, he was sure, his ministry would be hampered, and he wanted to make the most of himself for God and man. With this high aim in view, he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, in the fall of 1865. As a student, he was conscientious, painstaking, and thorough, quickly taking rank among the first in his classes. But his love of study never betrayed him into any neglect of his religious duties. On the contrary, we find him, all through his college course, zealous and untiring in his Master's work. Besides attending the class prayer-meeting and other religious services connected with the school, every Wednesday evening found him in his Church prayer-meeting at St. Paul's. In the great revival that visited Delaware in the winter of 1866-67, the Christian students were the principal human agents, and not a few of the gems which bedeck his crown today were gathered in that revival. During his last year in college, while serving as a supply with the Rev. James Mitchell on the Stratford Circuit, a gracious outpouring of the Spirit attended their labors. In these labors abundant he continued to maintain his high rank as a student. Nor did he hold himself aloof from the social life of the college. The friendships formed there gladdened and enriched his whole life.

He graduated in the summer of 1868, and in October of the same year was united in marriage to Mary J. Palmer, of Ripley, Ohio, joined the Ohio Methodist Episcopal Conference, and received his first appointment as pastor to Main Street, Chillicothe.

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**CHAPTER 3**  
**HIS BAPTISM WITH THE HOLY GHOST**

"But tarry ... until ye be endued with power from on high."

We now come to the most important crisis of his life. We have seen from the foregoing record that, in the graces of the Spirit, fidelity to the Master, and success in soul-winning, he was at least not below the average Christian, and yet he declares, "The first quarter in my pastoral charge was one of great longing to be made free from sin in my soul." He began a protracted meeting for the revival of God's work, and while it progressed with increasing interest and attendance, there were no conversions. He began to cast about for the cause, but hear his confession in his own words:

As I heft my pulpit on Sabbath evening, January 3, 1869, disappointed and heartsore that, after days, of effort, there was no awakening, no salvation, 100 revival, walking homeward, thinking what could be the matter, I could now, after a quarter of a century, go, I think, to the very paving-stone on the sidewalk where the Holy Spirit said to me as I now know: "How can you expect sinners to act up to their convictions when you do not act up to your own?" That arrow slew me. I saw in an instant what was in the way of the revival. It was the preacher himself. I am so glad that I had been kept from laying the fault at the door of my people. My heart was broken. I then and there began to seek the best I knew.

**FULL SALVATION**

My ideas were very crude and immature on the subject, notwithstanding I was a graduate of a university, and thought I knew something about theology. I went on with my revival-work, but for a week was more concerned about myself than the meeting. I wept, I struggled, I prayed. At the close of the week, my heart seemed darker and colder than ever before. On Saturday afternoon, I went before God to ask Him to help me in some special pastoral work. I dropped on my knees, and instead of praying for What I thought I should, or for the great blessing I had been seeking, I did not pray for either. Indeed, I did not pray at all but unpremeditatedly, spontaneously, these words came to my lips, "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine," — words I had used a hundred times; but now they came with this thought: "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine," for you to do this thing for me. They were scarcely off my lips until a peace inexpressible was in my heart. I involuntarily arose from my knees. My praying was done. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did not know that was faith; but it was. It is always faith when we turn over to another to do for us what we can not do for ourselves. Nor did I recognize that the blessing was given. All that I knew was that a blessed soul-rest had come. I went about my pastoral work. My feet were light, my steps were alert, my heart was joyous. Talking and praying with the sick and aged was a luxury, as I visited from house to house. In the evening, when I came

to retire, as I knelt to pray, immediately, without intention, the same words, 'Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,' came to my lips, and I could say no more. The peace seemed even deeper. I slept very sweetly. Sabbath morning came. I arose, and again knelt in prayer but could say nothing but "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine," accompanied with a still sweeter sense of rest in my soul. Having finished my preparation to preach, about ten minutes before eleven o'clock I knelt down to ask God, not for full salvation, but to help me preach once more. My knees had no sooner touched the floor than the witness of the Spirit was given to my soul, saying, "It is done." Then I saw that for eighteen hours I had been cleansed, filled, fully saved, and had not known it. My heart bounded with joy, my naturally ardent soul burst into a flame of rapture, and my head became a fountain of tears. Jordan was passed. The Canaan toward which I had so long "cast my wistful eyes," was reached. That day sinners turned to God in great numbers. Within a few weeks, over one hundred and sixty had been converted. From that day to this, summer nor winter, has the Lord left me without blessed and pervasive revivals of religion. The 10th day of January, 1869, introduced a new era in my spiritual life.

The readers of "Praise Papers" will recall that, eleven years before, when but a mere boy, through the reading of the Word and an old copy of the Guide to Holiness, which chanced to fall in his way, he had caught a glimpse of the Canaan of perfect love, and thought he read his title clear to it in those words, "Every place whereon the soles of your feet shall tread, shall be yours," and with eager heart he started upon its conquest; but his religious teachers, to whom he went for counsel and guidance, ignorant of the way themselves, could not give him the needed help. Indeed, so misleading was their counsel that he concluded that he had not read his title aright, and so relinquished his claim, and turned back into the "wilderness of legalism."

We have seen that he was not left without some advance in the Christian life, and that God in mercy had given him no little success in soul-winning; but the same wise and merciful God who had granted this success when he formally enters upon his ministry and begins aggressive warfare against the kingdom of darkness, withholds His blessing until he should obey the command, "Tarry ye till ye be endued with power from on high." And O how glad he must be today, as he wears his crown of rejoicing! How glad are the thousands on earth and in heaven who through his gracious words, were persuaded to accept Jesus as a perfect Savior from sin! How glad are we, who, more than all others, knew and felt the power of "that radiant life" that, on that 10th day of January, 1869, when the Spirit revealed to him his privilege — nay, his obligation — to be filled with all the fullness of God, Samuel A. Keen was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. From that day until his translation, twenty-seven years, he trod this earth a conqueror. Though clothed with humility, and the beauty of that garment grew more resplendent with the passing years, he had a faith that "threshed the mountains, and beat them small, and made the hills as chaff." Satan could not erect barriers so strong or so high but the hand of that mighty faith brushed them away as "cobwebs across his path."

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**CHAPTER 4**  
**AS A PASTOR**

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine."

The small compass into which we propose to confine this record will not allow us to take up in detail the work of Dr. Keen in his various pastorates. We will simply call attention to some of the typical features of his work prior to his entering upon his special evangelism. His appointments were: Main Street, Chillicothe; Washington Court House; Wesley Chapel, Columbus; St. Paul's, Delaware; Third Avenue, Columbus; presiding elder of the Lancaster District; Second Street, Zanesville; Roberts Park, Indianapolis; Walnut Hills, Cincinnati. The first nineteen years of his ministry were spent in the Ohio Conference. For nine years he had charge of the Ohio Conference Camp-meeting, held at Lancaster, Ohio, which kindled and kept alive revival fires throughout the bounds of the whole Conference. Numbers of young ministers learned at these meetings the secrets of "pastoral evangelism," and some who are eminently successful in the mission-field received here their call and baptism. Bishop Throburn, than whom none could speak more intelligently, said that this was the most fruitful in spiritual results of all the camp-meetings in the country. Dr. Keen always took his appointments as from the Lord; and wherever sent, he could say, with humble confidence, to his people, "I am sure that, when I come unto you, I shall come in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." And although, being encompassed with infirmity, his service had its incidents of mistake and blunder, yet, at the close of each pastorate, he could with equal confidence affirm, "I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God."

While his was pre-eminently an evangelistic ministry, every department of the Church received its due attention. If, as was sometimes the case, he found the business interests of the Church well organized and in competent hands, he was only too thankful for the more time to devote to the spiritual interests. But if, as was the condition more often, he found the finances lagging, and the Church burdened with debt, he promptly put his shoulder to the wheel, and his hopefulness and courage would inspire the brethren to new efforts, which were invariably crowned with success. And this was as much a work of faith, and was done as heartily unto the Lord, as that which tended directly to the salvation of souls. Though he was progressive, and his plans of work were exceedingly flexible to suit the varied circumstances and conditions of his people, there were certain old-time methods, that proved so effective, and which he used with such increasing skill, that he was never tempted to replace them with any new inventions, however popular. Hence, in every Church, in every meeting, the "mourners' bench" or altar of prayer was the place where souls were called to repent and to seek God. In his pastoral visitations, he strictly adhered to the time-honored custom of praying with the families, and this never in a perfunctory or formal way. Somehow his large-hearted

sympathy invited their confidence, and often, at the first visit, persons would unburden their souls and confide to him their spiritual difficulties, so that, after words of counsel and encouragement, the most natural thing was to kneel with them in prayer.

Some Churches he served were young, and in their formative period. In such work he delighted. It was comparatively easy to give them the evangelistic trend, and to rally them for aggressive warfare, which was the goal of his ministerial ambition. Such a Church was Third Avenue, Columbus, situated in a new and growing part of the city. Its Official Board was composed largely of young men who had been members of Wesley Chapel, a downtown Church, which he had served a few years before. For three years there was kept up a most delightful hum of holy activities. Cottage prayer-meetings were held in the remote bounds of the membership, where souls were saved and sanctified every week. A church paper was published whose weekly visits to each family brought needful information and godly instruction. To provide wholesome entertainment and intellectual culture for the young people, a Chatauqua Circle was formed, which did most thorough and enthusiastic work. At his own expense, he kept in circulation a devotional library, which was greatly blessed to the promotion of intelligent piety among his people. A Ladies' and Pastor's Union did efficient service in visiting non-church-goers, and in getting them into the Church services and cottage prayer-meetings, where there was such holy warmth that they were almost invariably converted. I recall whole families who were thus brought to Christ, and are among the most influential and substantial members of the Church today. Old Church letters were ferreted out, and the holders were encouraged to renew their covenant. On the first Sabbath of every month a sunrise prayer-meeting was held, where always arose the Sun of righteousness with healing in His wings. While the revival fires were kept burning the year round, the special revival services held each winter witnessed marvelous demonstrations of Divine power. It was in one of these meetings that a missionary from China received the baptism with the Holy Ghost to go back, as he said, to minister to his hungry people with a courage, faith, and zeal that he had not known before.

Perhaps the reader is beginning to think that things were run at too high a pressure; but really not. Neither pastor nor people seemed burdened or overworked; for

"Beneath His easy yoke they move,  
With all their heart and strength agree,  
In the sweet labor of His love.

Jesus their toil delighted sees,  
Their industry vouchsafes to crown;  
He kindly gives the wished increase,  
And sends the promised blessing down."

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**CHAPTER 5**

**AMUSEMENTS AND REFORMS**

"Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."

The reader must not infer from the preceding chapter that Dr. Keen met with no opposition, or that all his people everywhere fell into line and marched with him to victory. Such an inference would also necessitate the conclusion that, as Mr. Wesley puts it, he either did not preach the gospel or the devil was dead. No, in every Church there were some who did not come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Even in the almost ideal Church we have just described, at the close of a winter campaign, we find this editorial in the Church paper:

**DISAPPOINTED**

Every member that is now cold and inactive in our Church is disappointed. They know they have defrauded themselves of the blessings of the recent meetings.

Every home that has not welcomed the revival influence, and has not sought its blessings, is disappointed.

Every unconverted person, in or out of the Church, who has enjoyed its opportunities without improving them in making his peace with God, is bitterly disappointed.

The Lord pity all these disappointed hearts and homes. And may you repent before God for lightly esteeming the day of Divine, merciful, visitation! Return unto the Lord at once, and retrieve your spiritual misfortunes by receiving His blessing.

Then there were some Churches he served — we are glad to say that they were the exception — where it was impossible to rally the forces in any such considerable numbers as to make the work of rescue at all measure up to the opportunities or the necessities of the perishing souls around; but in his Christian warfare, his motto was, "No armistice in the face of a foe," and never did he beat a retreat. He was always hearing in his soul, he said, a voice saying, "Go forward!" And so he lifted the standard and sounded the call, and with the few or many that rallied, a charge was made upon the powers of darkness, and always some souls were rescued.

Never was his Christlikeness more manifest than when necessity required of him reproof or rebuke. Though administered with authority, it was always with gentleness. Did worldly amusements

threaten to invade his Church, or were entertainments being carried to such excess as to sap its vitality, with fidelity he pointed out the dangers, and patiently showed a more excellent way.

In a certain city he was obliged to take a pronounced stand against certain forms of amusement that were proving demoralizing to the young and obstructive to the work. God greatly blessed his utterances, and the following winter witnessed one of the most powerful revivals that had ever blessed his ministry, so that numbers of the young people were not only delivered from these follies, but were brought into most blessed experience of heart purity. In the spring, at the close of the revival, duty called him from the city for nearly a week. When he returned, at noon on Friday, to his dismay he found bills scattered around advertising an "Old Folks Concert," to be held at his church that evening, at which "Ye pastor will be present and see that ye younger folkes doe not sparke." This was not only out of harmony with the whole tenor of his earliest and godly ministry, but he recognized in it a device of Satan to dissipate the spirit of conviction which was still abroad, and to undo the work of the winter. To hesitate or waver now would prove disastrous to souls, and would bring dishonor upon God and his Church. So, prompt and heroic was his action. The sister who had charge of the entertainment was the most influential woman in the community. When she came to the church that afternoon to superintend the completion of the stage and other arrangements, he sent for her to come to his study, and there kindly pointed out to her the mistake she was making. "And now, sister," he said, "I am sure that unwittingly you have done this; but painful as it will be to me, as Christ's representative in this community, and one to whom the care of souls is committed, to be true to my charge, I shall have to make it understood that this has gone on without my knowledge or endorsement. Neither myself nor any member of my family will be present tonight; and, if I find it necessary, I shall take further means to make known my disapproval." At that late hour there was no way of recalling the announcement, tickets having been sold. The entertainment was given; but without much spirit or enthusiasm, and fortunately with a small attendance. The snare was broken, and the Church saved from engaging further in questionable entertainments.

There is a sequel to this incident which most beautifully illustrates the truth, "Them that honor me, I will honor." The sister referred to was in attendance upon a Missionary Convention, held in our town, Delaware, Ohio, a few months after my husband's death. As soon as possible, she found her way to our home, and; after a most tender greeting, she said, "Sister Keen, won't you show me the room from which Brother Keen went to glory?" When she entered the door, she was almost overcome with emotion, so great was her grief that I had to turn comforter, and tell her of the triumphs of his last days, and remind her of the bliss upon which he had entered.

When the roller-skating craze was fast getting possession of the minds of the young people of this country, he was quick to see in it a foe to their moral and spiritual welfare, and with no uncertain sound did he give the alarm in the following utterances:

### **A NEW DEVICE**

Satan is very enterprising. Where one of his devices ceases to be effective in the destruction of souls, he supplants it by a new one, whose novelty and freshness gives it greater power. If one form of amusement cloy, he originates another, and so keeps the hearts of men in a frenzy of diversion and excitement. When he can no longer present natural and legitimate things, he will insert some

unnatural and irrational methods of amusement. So that he always manages to have some craze engaging the attention of people who are led captive by him at his will. Just now the new craze is roller-skating. It is becoming institutional. Rinks are built or arranged for it. The otherwise innocent exercise of skating is accompanied with the attachment of late hours, promiscuous company, and irrational excitement. It is sad to see intelligent and respectable people so infatuated with this popular folly as to give the patronage of themselves and families to this demoralizing amusement. Roller-skating as now carried on is as demoralizing as the dancing craze, or the theater craze, or baseball craze. The taste for all such excitement arises from a dissatisfied and unhappy state of heart, of which Satan takes advantage, and by such means seeks to appease the deeper longings of the soul. This amusement is not only spiritually death-dealing, but it is morally injurious. It will not only infatuate, but it will corrupt also. Many a young man and young lady will get their first taint in these rinks this winter. They involve risks to health, but vastly more to character. We affectionately warn our young people, and our older people, to beware of them. The best minds of the Church are lifting pen and voice against them. They do not sound the alarm too soon. Even the best secular papers are also attacking them. The skating rink is another synagogue of sin, in line with those of the theater, ballroom, etc., ever against the Church. It is a new and powerful ally to the powers of evil which oppose the advancement of religion.

Everywhere Dr. Keen went, the Lord gave him the hearts of the young people. They were the ones he could always rely upon in his revival services. They followed his leadership with joyful enthusiasm. When there was some talk of his being sent to a certain Church, one member, a sister, expressed the fear that if Dr. Keen came he would set the standard of piety so high as to discourage and possibly to drive away the young people. He was appointed, and as usual spread a rich, full, gospel feast. Some did not partake, through lack of spiritual appetite; but the young people came with hungry hearts, were fed and satisfied, and they became a most earnest, happy band of Christian workers. Their Epworth League meetings glowed with such holy fervor as to attract the older people in large numbers, sometimes filling the room to overflowing.

He was one of the organizers of the Epworth League, representing the Young People's Methodist Alliance at the Cleveland Convention, and his death made the first break in the ranks of that notable body.

He knew how to make sweet allowances for the young, attributing to a lack of experience what others might call willful perverseness. He had great skill in giving direction to their aspirations, encouraging the largest hopes and a proper confidence in their own ability. Said our own boy one day: "Papa places such confidence in us children, it really makes us think we can accomplish something."

Sometimes, in the prosecution of his work, the interests of souls seemed to make demands for gifts which he did not possess; but he did not make that an excuse for neglecting the opportunity. He rather looked upon the demand as a providential call to seek the necessary equipment. To illustrate: in his various Churches he would organize those saved, and place them under suitable leaders, where such were to be found; but he felt that he was without adaptation for the work himself. At one of his camp-meetings there was an unusually large number of children in attendance. He sought in vain for some one to bring them to the Savior. One would think that having done this he would feel that his

responsibility was met; but not so. Here were precious souls to be won, and the opportunity must not slip. He sought a retired place for prayer, laid the matter before the Lord, and claimed by faith the endowment that would equip him for this work on the promise, "My God shall supply all your need." From that hour, with ease and delight, he led the little ones to Jesus. His Sunday-school salvation services while in the pastorate, and later in the evangelistic field, became one of the most marked and fruitful features of his work.

At one place where he was holding meetings, the pastor said to him, "Brother Keen, won't you call the teachers together, and give them an address on how to get the children saved?" "O brother," he replied, "I haven't time to make addresses. We will just call the children together and get them saved." So, as was his wont, he asked the superintendent kindly to give him a few minutes at the close of the Sunday-school. The children had already received careful instruction from faithful teachers; so, in a few simple, tender words, he told them of the new heart that Jesus wanted to give them, and asked all who would like to have this new heart to come forward, while he and the teachers would pray with them. With bounding feet they pressed around the altar. With the faith so natural to childhood, they received from Jesus salvation real and precious.

His preaching was as varied as the needs of his people; but the descent of the Holy Ghost as the great promise of the Father, and the privilege of all New Testament believers — the doctrine of entire sanctification attainable now by simple faith, as taught by Fletcher and Wesley — was the central, dominant theme of his entire ministry. There never was a time, he said, after the descent of the Spirit upon his own soul, but that he would gladly have given himself to a work of special evangelism, in which he could confine his teaching and preaching wholly to this theme; but as long as the providence of God kept him in the pastorate, he gave himself, not only conscientiously, but enthusiastically, to the multiple forms of work which that calling imposed. He sought to inculcate a love for our Methodist doctrines, and loyalty to our Church institutions and connectional interests. The following editorial appeared in the Lancaster District Advocate, a paper he published while presiding elder of the Lancaster District:

## PRECEDENTS

All of our benevolent collections are regularly instituted, and have prior claims upon the liberality of our Churches. Hence no pastor should concede, and no Church should expect, that any other demand upon the liberality of the Church should take precedence of them. Church building, parsonage improvement, new organs, libraries, etc., can not justly supplant these. The "collections" are preferred claims. It is not a good excuse for diminutive "collections" that some other enterprise is on hand. It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs of new undertakings. It is shameful how snarly, old Church debts and young greedy enterprises are allowed to prey upon the old, time-honored benevolences. It is a spiritual burglary to rob Missions, Church Extension, Freedmen's Aid, etc., to cancel debts, or carry forward some new thing. The new things are all right, but let them take their order. Moreover, there is ample evidence that improvements and new appliances will succeed much better by holding loyal to the charitable institutions of the Church. The main track belongs to the benevolent collections. Never consent to slight these to secure success in anything else. Take the collections. Take them early. Then all things else shall be added unto you as Churches and pastors.

His preaching consisted mostly of positive declarations of truth; but when heresies were being sown from so high an authority and to such an extent as to threaten the spiritual life of the Church, he did not hesitate to speak out against them in bold and ringing accents. The terms "Broad" and "Narrow," which have come to hold such a conspicuous place in modern ecclesiastical vocabulary, had no place in his own. He was neither terrorized by the one nor captivated by the other. The following is an abstract of a sermon preached about the time the Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, was being tried for heresy:

## OUR PULPIT

Sermon by Pastor, Sabbath evening, October 31, 1880. Theme: "Modern Heresy." Text: "There shall be false teachers among you who privily shall bring in damnable heresies." — 2 Peter II, I.

Heresy has been concomitant to Christianity from its earliest history. It is always the outcome of the impurities of its life blood; the manifestations of the unsanctified elements of the Church. Its appearance is a sign of improved health. Its manifestations are usually contemporaneous with increased spirituality, and strong restatements of the vital truths of Christianity. The recent powerful restatements of orthodox Christianity by Joseph Cook, the evangelistic movements of Moody, and the increased spirituality produced by the "Higher Life" movements, have developed the modern heresy now rife. Modern heresy has taken to itself different names, "Liberal Christianity," "Lovable Religion," etc. Denouncing dogmatism, it holds pertinaciously to a creed of denials.

1. The Bible is not of plenary authority.
2. The death of Christ was not propitiatory for sin.
3. There is no endless future punishment to the wicked.

Disdaining a prelacy and all ecclesiasticism, it nevertheless has a stalwart apostolate, with Dean Stanley for its theologian, Canon Farrar for its rhetorician, Henry Ward Beecher for its orator, Professor Swing for its philosopher, and Dr. Thomas for its martyr.

## I. THE TRAITS OF MODERN HERESY

1. Corruption of truth. Modern heresy is doctrine in either of two forms: It is doctrine having elements of truth, and therewith elements subversive of the truth; or it is doctrine having the appearance of truth, but contradictory to the vital elements of Christianity. It corrupts the truth by admixtures of error, by irrelevant interpretation and application of truth, and by fanciful statements, which are a travesty of truth. Heresy has its own literary style, poetical, vague, airy, and indefinite. It has its own dialect, its deceptive vocabulary of "fatherhood" and "brotherhood," "higher and lower life," "ideal and real."

2. Intellectual arrogance. It assumes independent thought, so ignores Scriptural authority.

3. Moral sentimentalism. It deprecates sin, but extenuates it. It extols human nature, but makes little of salvation.

## **II. THE TENDENCIES OF MODERN HERESY**

It is, like all heresy, damnable in its tendency.

1. It tends to destroy faith; it is the gateway to infidelity.
2. It tends to subvert character.
3. It tends to contravene personal salvation. It lays the ax at the very root of spiritual life.

## **III. ITS TREATMENT**

1. It should be rejected. Titus iii, 10.
2. Should prevent it by having the heart established with grace. Heb.. xiii, 9.
3. It should be removed by the outpouring of the holy Spirit. A great sweep of holy power will sweep heresy from the Church.

In the Question Drawer of his pastoral Advocate we find this:

1. What does "eternal hope" mean?

It doesn't mean anything. It is a term originated by Canon Farrar, and is a beautiful expression for the denial of future eternal punishment to the wicked. It has no warrant in the Bible. It is a very delusive and dangerous fancy. The only hope that is worth having, and the only hope that is possible, is the hope of eternal life, which maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.

On all reforms he took a pronounced stand. On the subject of temperance he had the courage of his convictions, voting with the Prohibition party almost from its organization. We seem not to be able to find his later utterances upon the subject, hence must be content to reproduce the following sketch of a sermon preached by him in 1881:

"The Next Temperance Movement." Text: "The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness." — Rom. xiii, 12.

We read in history of wars which lasted a hundred years. The war against intemperance promises to have a like duration, but it is to ultimate in the dethronement of King Alcohol. This war began quite a half century since in this land. Many who first took arms against this foe, and were its boldest champions, have passed away, but the war still goes on more vigorously than ever. The advancement of the temperance reform has been constant from the first. Even when it seemed to be in retreat, it

has harassed the foe. The hard blows of unfavorable legislation have proved just the adversity it needed to make it stronger. It is now at a stage more advanced than ever before. Its night is passed, its day has dawned. The movements of the past were good. Teetotalism, the Crusade, Murphyism, have all been well; but they have belonged to the night of its struggle. A new movement is demanded by the day which is come. What shall be next? There is but one other movement possible; that is "Legal Prohibition." This comes now in a natural order. All past movements have prepared the way. They have brought the people through the wilderness to the very border of the promised land of Total Prohibition. This movement is necessary. All others have failed to exterminate the foe, though they have not failed to develop the temperance sentiment and strength which now makes possible a more radical movement. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness. The next movement is Prohibition.

## **I. ITS PLAN**

It should have for its aim constitutional prohibition, to be followed by statutory prohibition. It would be a blunder to strike for a prohibitory law before we have constitutional prohibition. Let us put in the foundation first; then build the house of statutory law against the traffic. Then will the law rest upon an adamantine basis, and have the moral support of the people. Its object should be to disentangle the movement from political complications. The temperance men of their respective parties should see that they secure delegates at their primaries who are pledged to nominate legislators that will submit to the people of Ohio a proposition to amend the Constitution so as to authorize the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. It was the elder Cato who said in the Roman Senate, "I always vote for the destruction of Carthage." It should henceforth be the motto of every good citizen, "I always vote for the destruction of the liquor traffic." If I can vote with my party and vote for its destruction, well; but if not, then I will vote with another party, or alone; but vote I must for its destruction.

## **II. ITS OPPORTUNENESS**

There is a popular readiness for this movement.

1. There is a spirit of indignation. The contempt which the recent Legislature showed to 200,000 petitioners, and the reticence of President Garfield at the Mrs. Hayes's Memorial Presentation, have kindled an indignation that may fuse into one mighty power all temperance people.

2. There is a spirit of fearfulness among the opposition. They are uneasy. They are at their wits' end. Even the political Belshazzars, like his excellency the governor of Ohio, are trembling in their palaces.

3. There is a spirit of reform abroad. The anomalous results in the recent municipal election show that the popular love of order and moral welfare is greater than party attachments.

4. There is a spirit of faith that now is fullness of time. Our national kingdom is at peace and in prosperity. The solid South is broken, the finances are adjusted, the Indians are quiet, the Senate has so little of importance to do that it can sit in a deadlock for six weeks. Now is the time for great

moral reforms to succeed. It is not only the morning, but the high noon of opportunity for this next movement.

The apostolic injunction, "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and unto all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood," I believe, to the utmost of his ability, Dr. Keen carried out. He sought in all things to be an example to the flock. With humility, and yet with assurance, he could say to his people, "Follow me as I follow Christ." One incident, which occurred early in his ministry, made a deep and lasting impression on my mind — one which I often recall, and now relate with a deep sense of gratitude that God so taught His servant the secret of true self-denial. In a certain charge were a brother and wife who proved to be unusually congenial. After Sabbath evening service we would accompany them to their home, where we would spend an hour or so in delightful social interview. This at first looked very innocent; indeed, our brother said it was a good way to let down the pastor's overwrought nerves. But one day my husband came from his study, evidently from a season of communion with God, and said, as he sat down at my side where I was at work, "My dear, I have been thinking that spending that hour at Brother R.'s is not the most profitable way of closing the Sabbath, and I fear is not setting a proper example to our people; moreover, it is showing partiality, and you know we are commanded to be without partiality; so I think we will decline Brother R.'s invitations hereafter, explaining to him our reasons." This he did, and was rewarded with the approving smile of his Father, and a strengthening of the bond that united him with his people.

**The Biography of Samuel Ashton Keen  
MEMORIAL PAPERS**

or,

**THE RECORD OF A SPIRIT FILLED LIFE**

By

**Mary P. Keen**

**CHAPTER 6  
AS PRESIDING ELDER**

"As a prince hast thou power with God and with men."

In 1881, Dr. Keen was appointed presiding elder of the Lancaster District. He was loath to give up the pastorate; but at the end of the first round of quarterly-meetings, he makes the confession: "I have enjoyed the work so much better than I anticipated that I am heartily sorry for any reluctance that I had for the presiding eldership." Soon after entering upon this new field, he began the publication of the Lancaster District Advocate, "as a medium of intercommunication between the numerous charges of the district, as well as a monthly channel of information and appeal from the presiding elder to the pastors and people." The wisdom of this enterprise was manifest from the first, and fortunate it is for this record that all the issues of this paper have been preserved. They shall tell the story of these busy fruitful years. In one of the first issues we find this appeal

**DO IT**

Do what? Prepare the way for the Lord to revive his work among you. Don't wait for the pastor to come. At once turn into your class-meetings, build up your prayer-meetings, begin to hold cottage-meetings, from house to house — several each week. Be more frequent in your secret prayer. Make your family worship more earnest and spiritual. Visit the people, and converse with them on religion. Get filled with the Holy Spirit, and, before your pastor gets to your appointment, there will be a revival in progress, ready to his hand, which he will only have to direct. Do it! O, do it, and the month of January will blaze with revival.

In the very next number we find this timely caution on

**SPIRITUAL REPRESSION**

**"Quench not the Spirit"**

There is much more of spiritual life and spiritual power in the Church than appears to be. It is, however, so repressed that its development and efficiency are greatly impaired. The Churches are allowing an unwise fastidiousness and cold conventionality to smother and in some cases extinguish, the fires of spirituality. There is much repressed ministerial fervency in preaching, prayer, and service. The Spirit greatly moves some of us at times; but we restrain and tone down ourselves until the grand impression which our holy abandon of ourselves, our utter loss of self-consciousness, is entirely thwarted. Brethren, let go; let the Holy Spirit carry you whither He will, and you will thaw

out some icebergs. and expel some deadness, and scourge out some sinfulness in your Churches, that can never be remedied by our cold-blood ministrations. There is much repressed religious activity. There are souls in our quarterly-meetings, regular services, and protracted meetings, who are often impelled to go out and invite souls to Christ, or to join in voluntary prayer, or break out into immediate and unusual effort to do good, but who allow a worldly prudence, or fear of being thought odd, or some other unjustifiable thing, to keep down these holy promptings of the Spirit. We have held twenty-five quarterly-meetings; only in three among many of them, in which the power of God was wonderfully imminent, did any persons go out spontaneously to invite souls to Christ (and they were successful). One sister said: "I must go; I can't wait any longer." Scores have told us they felt like going, but yielded to sundry temptations; so God's work was balked, and their own souls impoverished. O that God would let loose the six thousand members of Lancaster District! What a harvest of souls February would witness for Christ! There is much repressed utterance of internal emotions, light, and experience; red-hot blessings are sealed until they burn out without moving others. One testimony from a soul aflame, uttered in the unstudied words dictated by strong inward feeling, is worth in power for God a thousand formulated, weighed and squared utterances, such as we often hear. Why keep back your Amens, if God has put them in your heart? if you feel glory in your soul, why not shout glory? Some people have as hard time to keep down their religion as others have to get it. But it is a dangerous thing; the Spirit quenched a few times will not come again to receive such despite. May God send the fire, and may we let it burn in our pulpits and our pews, and before March, Lancaster District will be in a blaze of Pentecostal glory! Take off the pressure from your lips and lives, brethren, and let us see one more old-time Methodist conflagration of power.

The foregoing appeals must have been heeded by the pastors and people; for soon after appear these words of appreciation and encouragement to push on to complete victory:

### **THE CAPSTONE**

The work of revival throughout the district has gone forward, deepening and widening all during the month of February, just as we believed it would. In many of the charges it is now at an interesting stage of development. The progress thus far attained, encouraging as it is, needs to be carried forward to maturity. March should be given to finishing up the good work. It should bring in the capstone. An unfinished revival is most likely to be an evanescent one. No revival is full grown which does not culminate in a work of full salvation, entire sanctification in the Church and among the new converts. There has been a most healthy work of this kind going on currently in the revivals which have been held, but it needs now to have a prominence greater than before. Nothing will prove so strong a ratchet to keep the work of God from running backward, and will do more to confirm and settle the new converts, than to lead them and the Church into the experience of perfect love. Paul's epistles to the Church at Thessalonica, the first of his letters to the Churches, were written to that infant Church for the express purpose of urging them on to entire sanctification. It was the apostolical and Pauline plan to get new converts sanctified and filled with the Holy Spirit immediately after they were converted. After the Evangelist Philip had turned the multitudes of Samaria to Christ, Peter and John came down from Jerusalem, and led them at once to the Higher Life; they prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Ghost, and the record says that they (the new converts) did receive the Holy Ghost. (Acts viii, 17.) Brethren, lead on the revived, reclaimed, and renewed to this fullness in Jesus, or your work will come short of the glory of God. No revival

has reached its true consummation until it has attained an intensity which gives to the Church the revivalistic set — until the spirit of revival becomes a fast color. Revival is a highly spiritualized state of the Church. It is spiritual life at a high temperature. It is a heresy that a revival should decline. It is normal that it should grow and heighten, and abnormal that it should wane. The revival spirit is as indispensable for the nourishing and strengthening of new converts as it was for their salvation. It is as necessary in sustaining prayer-meetings, class-meetings, public services, and in giving success to finance, organization, and Church enterprise, as it is for protracted-meetings and the awakening of sinners. Keep the revival power. It will be worth more to the Churches next summer than now. Keep it, and the converts will live, the means of grace will flourish, the ordinary appliances will become veritable trees of life, yielding the fruits of awakenings, conversions, sanctifications, every month of the year. O for sustained revival, sustained power, and sustained salvation throughout Lancaster District! Let the month of March be given to crystallizing into permanence the revival power that is now among us. Let us bring this capstone to crown the work of the winter with shouting. crying, Grace, grace unto it!

The report read at the District Conference sums up the work of the district for the first year:

The blessing of the Lord has carried on the work despite many adversities. The growth of the work has been healthful, though not great. The class-meeting interest has grown steadily throughout the year. The class organization has grown rapidly during the last four months, until now most of the circuits and stations have from fifteen to twenty members in a class. This is the vital thing in class interest, to have every member shepherded. The most encouraging feature now is, that the young people are attending class. Special attention has been given to the work among children. "Salvation Services" for the conversion of the children, in connection with the quarterly-meetings, have resulted in a very large number of conversions and accessions to the Church. The organization of children's classes has gone forward very rapidly. The increase in this respect has been very gratifying. Special services for the young people have been held throughout the district, and hundreds have been converted. The Sunday-school work has developed greatly in respect to thoroughness in instruction, continuation of schools during the winter, and in missionary spirit. The revival spirit was quite general, resulting in 802 conversions, 1,049 accessions, 193 reclaimed, and 116 sanctified. Two features of the revival interest are especially gratifying: 1st, That it was attended at most points with the sanctification of believers; and 2d, That the spirit of it abides. Personally, we have found the work of the district prodigious. We have held fifteen midweek quarterly-meetings. All these have been services of unusual interest. Over thirty children salvation services have been held, and twenty or more young people's meetings. Besides, held fifteen meetings in interest of Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, resulting in the organization of nine new auxiliaries, and the reorganization of four others. The Lord has been pleased to make our quarterly-meetings seasons of spiritual power. Our relations with the preachers and official members uniformly pleasant and most fraternal. My health and strength have been wonderfully sustained. My soul has been constantly refreshed from the presence of the Lord. I am rejoiced to meet with the members of this Conference in second session, and pray that the Lord may give us his especial blessing.

At the beginning of the second year, through the medium of his paper, some "notes" were sounded along the line of his district that helped to bring about improved church organization and successful revival effort in almost every charge:

## **CAMPAIGN NOTES**

Lancaster District Methodism is one of the army corps of Immanuel's hosts for the extension of Christ's kingdom, and having been providentially called to the leadership of this grand corps, before entering upon the campaign for another Conference year, we would shout along the line some suggestions which are essential to a safe, hopeful advance upon the Powers of Darkness.

### **I. ATTENTION, PASTORS!**

Organize thoroughly your work. Your Board of Trustees should organize at once. Have the stewards understand and prepare for their work. Reconstruct your classes, if they need it; have about fifteen to twenty in a class. Institute a Young People's Meeting; take care of the children. Revive your class-meetings and prayer-meetings, and Sunday-schools, where they have been suspended. Don't listen to a closing up of Sunday-schools during the winter. Have your schools under the control of a Sunday-school Board, according to the pattern in the Discipline.

Make an early tour of pastoral visitation. Get thoroughly acquainted with your people. Find out their spiritual condition. Ascertain the husbands and wives of Christian companions, and the children of Christian parents, who are not converted. Know who are backslidden or discouraged, or need pastoral help. Seek out the people who are attendants upon your congregation, but are not members. Be sure and get hold of some people who never go to Church. They are the easiest to save, if you can only throw around them the line of your personal spiritual influence. Identify yourself fully with your people socially; get into sympathy with every member of your Church. Have grace enough to love those whom you don't like.

Put every member to work; give each something to do. Do nothing you can get a member to do. Show your people that you expect them to do the singing, the praying, the giving, the planning, and the working, and they will do it. Your success will consist, not in the amount you do, but the amount you get your people to do. You are a leader and inspirer of the host. Seek at once the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Former anointings will not meet present necessities. If you presume because you had the blessing of the Lord last year you will have it this year, you will miss it. Only they that wait upon the Lord renew their strength. New power, new faith, new courage are essential for the new work of the new year. A gracious baptism of the Holy Spirit will impart to us as pastors the wisdom, the zeal, and the power that will contribute more to our success than anything else.

### **II. ATTENTION OFFICIARIES**

Do your own work. Don't allow the pastor to have the temporal care that belongs to you respecting church. Trustees, plan and provide for church improvements, expenses, and debts without disturbing your pastor with them. He will have his head and heart full of spiritual cares and solitudes sufficient for one man. Stewards, give the pastor a comfortable allowance; advance on last year; arrange for its prompt payment. Begin to make the collection at once. Don't wait until the first quarterly-meeting. Have the first quarter up. Don't load your pastor down with financial embarrassment to start with. Class-leaders, be ready to assist the pastor. You are sub-pastors — under-shepherds, not over-shepherds. The spiritual success of the Church depends more upon your

earnest co-operation and unsparing fidelity to the pastor than any other. Give the pastor spiritual support. Your official support is much, but a withdrawal of spiritual support in neglecting the prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and revival-meetings, and in declining to pray, or speak, or work in a spiritual way, is a hindrance to the success of the Church which no pastor can surmount. A trustee, or steward, or class-leader, or Sunday-school officer who neglects the means of grace, is an immense stumbling-block. Be men of spiritual power. You, like Stephen, the model layman of the early Church, should be full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Next to an anointed pastorate is an anointed officary. Seek at once, if you do not possess it, the fullness of the holy Spirit.

### **III. ATTENTION MEMBERS!**

Do not expect too much of your pastors. Expect them to be pious, industrious, and studious, but don't expect them to be free from infirmities, peculiarities, and mistakes. Don't expect them to do everything. They can only succeed by your help. Without it, the best of them will fail, and those who have succeeded elsewhere will fail among you. Do not talk your pastor down. Talk up your pastors. You can make them popular or unpopular with your friends, your families, and sinners. Keep your eyes and hearts on their excellencies, and not on their faults. You can strengthen or weaken your pastor's influence by what you say of him to your children and friends. Tell his faults to himself in love, and so bless him, yourself, and the Church. Save your pastor's feelings. Don't pester him with your family, Church, or neighborhood, or personal quarrels. Go to him with your heartaches and your spiritual struggles, and he will weep with you. Let him bury your dead, baptize your children, and marry your young people. Do it whether you like him or not, just because it is Christlike and brotherly.

Join hands with your pastor in the battle for souls. Hold him up by prayer; be ready to take front with him. Put on the whole armor of God. Keep in spiritual trim. Let him waste no strength or time in getting you ready for renewed work. Get yourself ready, and stand eager for the advance — able to say, "Here am I, send for me." Dear Brethren, the Holy Spirit has laid it upon my heart to give these campaign notes. May he reecho them to every heart, and may signal success crown the year!

S. A. Keen, P. E. [Presiding Elder]

In the following articles he shows himself a master of the philosophy of revivals, and by no means ignorant of "the devices of Satan:"

### **PROTRACTED MEETINGS**

The protracted-meeting has become an institution of Methodism. It has accomplished great good, but it has been often misused. When it is held simply because the time for such a meeting comes around, and the pastors begin and go through with the protracted-meeting series in a formal way, because so many are to be held, or when the people simply look forward to and attend the protracted-meeting as merely affording them a pleasant place to go to listen to good preaching, to meet friends, and not to give themselves to getting and doing good, then the protracted-meeting is a waste of time, a positive injury, and dishonoring to God. The protracted-meeting is capable of grand and glorious utility. It should be hailed with great joy by pastors and people as a time when,

by their co-operative efforts, the dead shall be quickened, the lame healed, the wavering established, the earnest advanced to deeper spirituality, the backslidden reclaimed, the unsaved awakened, and penitents converted. Most usually a well-conducted protracted-meeting will accomplish all these results, often some of them in a marked degree. A protracted-meeting, repeatedly held in a Church that does not do some work like the above, is a great misfortune. The protracted-meeting has in it grand possibilities, which our pastors and people must fully recognize, and then in the spirit of faith and prayer enter into them, expecting them to bring something to pass. Don't let them be stereotyped. Don't preach them to death. Don't pray them to death. Hold them long enough to make them felt throughout the society and by all the community. Make them lively while holding them. A protracted meeting of a week or ten days, properly conducted, is long enough to make a profound impression for God.

## **PERSONAL EFFORT**

When special meetings for the revival of God's work are so conducted that the people come to think that the results which are contemplated by such meetings can be accomplished, to any considerable extent, without their co-operation, other than coming to the meetings and passively listening, looking, and lounging about in the courts of the Lord's House, they will culminate in no very large results. There is too common expectation that by some kind of a general enthusiasm and interest awakened souls will be gathered into the ark of safety. But the pastor who does not supplement his public work with personal efforts, going from house to house and front heart to heart, and the people who do not put themselves personally into the work of winning souls, will see the protracted-meeting, however interesting and pleasant, bear meager results, or vanish into nothingness. There is in any ordinary protracted meeting enough of Divine power among the people to accomplish wonderful results, were it only utilized by personal effort. Revivals where ten, twenty, or a hundred were converted, would have reached double or quadruple results had there been greater personal effort. God does so much for us; we do so little. Yet personal work is God's plan for getting people saved.

## **REVIVAL**

It has begun in our district. The Holy Spirit is already poured out in the awakening of sinners, the conversion of penitents, and the sanctification of believers. Don't hinder it. Cold-heartedness or half-heartedness, on your part, may retard its progress. Don't criticize. Be careful not to grieve the Holy Spirit by neglect of duty. Keep clear of worldly diversions and nonsense.

Help it by constant prayer, by faithfulness to the means of grace, by personal influence with your friends. Let the cry of your heart, at your family altar. In your closet, on the street, everywhere, be, "O, Lord, revive thy work!"

## **SATAN versus REVIVAL**

Satan hates revival. He puts every hindrance in its way possible, and rejoices if he may defeat, limit, or pervert it. The objections to revivals are the inventions of his hateful brain, and he is often most successful in getting some good people to adopt, believe, and circulate them. All opposition

to revival in the Church and out is under his leadership. He often enlists in this work some popular pastor, leading paper, or person of influence, and seeks by such a formidable force to rout the hosts of Zion. But as we see

"The mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on,"

let us still

"Hold the fort."

When the adversary fails to arrest and defeat revival by objections and opposition, then he interposes obstructions. He blinds the eyes of people to its necessity — says, "Get the people saved in the ordinary way;" but he knows that they do not do it that way. He puts into the hearts of some of the best people the thought that, just at the time when special effort is being made, they are not able to go; that they have to visit a friend, attend to special business, or that "the set time" is not come "to favor Zion." If this will not arrest the revival, then he will get some of the worldly, formal members to make parties, get up entertainments, or originate some kind of sensation that will become a counter-attraction, and divert the attention of the people from the work of Lord. Let us not think strange that revival work is a battle; for every revival is a battle. Satan opposes it at every step; but our Leader is greater than Satan, and we need not fear nor fail. Hallelujah!

## **THE REVIVAL HARVEST**

The important inquiry should now be, what shall the revival harvest be to your Church, to your home, to your heart? Whatsoever you sow, that will it bring you. Sow penitence for sins, tears for shortcoming, work for souls, and faith for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and salvation will come to your hearts, your home, your Church, and at last you shall come to the heavenly life, bringing your sheaves of precious soul-fruit with you. Fail to thus sow to the Spirit in this accepted time, and you sooner or later shall take up the doleful lamentation, "The harvest is past, and we are not saved."

## **GOOD SIGNS**

The most encouraging signs for a revival are what we sometimes think evil omens. Some people stay away; the meeting is all the better for that, at the first especially. Some people get ill-humored; that means incipient conviction, or at least their sin and devilry are receiving due attention. Some people begin to criticize, yet can't stay away from the meetings. Some can't accept the methods used; but are troubled, and find that they get colder as the meeting gets warmer. These are good signs at the beginning. Then, as the power of God sweeps over these things, and the revival is getting the right of way, another most encouraging class of symptoms are, that some fear it is going to run into wildfire, and some refuse to let their young people attend, and other Churches begin to get jealous, and the secular press begins to caricature it. Then may we know that God is in the midst, of a truth. It is always auspicious for a revival when every inch of interest is gained and held by persistent prayer and faith. We need to be most suspicious of the genuineness of a revival when it has had no struggle to get under way, and it has been all the while a jubilee. When we hear of such a revival,

we recall as appropriate to it the remark of John Wesley, after he read the marvelous accounts of the success of St. Patrick in evangelizing Ireland, how everything and everybody fell in at once with the work of the missionary. He said, "Either St. Patrick did not preach the gospel or the devil was dead."

The fact is, the true revival makes the devil mad, and he isn't good at concealing his ill-temper, and all manifestations of it are good signs.

### **"AFTER REVIVAL"**

There should be no "after revival." The revival once begun should be developed and protracted on to the Millennium. If the pastors and people begin to think, "Well, the revival is over," it of course will be done; but if they say, "Let us walk in the Spirit," the revival will abide, and it will continue to bring forth fruit in conversions; the new converts will enter into full salvation, and the leaven of spirituality already injected by it into the body of the Church will go on disseminating itself throughout every part, until all the old leaven of worldliness, formality, and coldness is purged entirely out. Some Churches take just enough revival to become convalescent from their spiritual decline, then stop the treatment, when there comes a relapse, and its last state is worse than the first. The Church needs to keep itself on the regimen of revival until it is made every whit whole from all spiritual death, weakness, and paralysis. Then keep taking revival as a constant preventive to relapse, and as a tonic against spiritual debility. Revival is the normal temper of the Church, not only for extensive awakenings and salvations, but for growth in grace, development of benevolence, achievement in Christian usefulness, and the promotion of moral reforms. The Lord grant that we may have no "after revival" in our district this year. Let us see to it as pastors that our preaching, visitations, and social meetings keep in the revival trend, and add fuel to its flame; then, if the revival is only a spark, it will become a flame; and if a flame, it will develop into a conflagration; and if a conflagration, it will produce a Greek fire, which can not be quenched.

**2,500**

The numerical results of the revival in our district (this winter) have passed beyond 2,300 conversions, with a fair prospect of reaching 2,500.

### **FEED THE SHEEP**

One very gracious result of the great revival has been the recovery of spiritual appetite by many who had lost all relish for spiritual things. Many now hunger and thirst after righteousness; many who were mature sheep of the flock have become hungry for the living bread of holiness. Give it to them. At while ago they did not want it. Now they do. They can be led easily now into the green pastures of perfect love, and beside the still waters of purity. O, what an opportunity for the perfecting of the saints! What fruit in holiness a few well-digested sermons, followed by some special meetings for the promotion of entire sanctification, may produce! What spiritual recession, stagnation, and decline will follow if there is not at once a specific Holy Ghost effort made to bring in the new converts and revived members of the Church to Christian perfection!

## **FEED THE LAMBS**

New converts are born hungry; an appetite is a part of their new life. Feed them, feed them give them knowledge, give them grace. Give them spirituality. Don't think they have weak digestion. And can't bear solid food. They hunger for righteousness. Feed them on holiness. Teach them full salvation. lead them to the fountain of the Holy Spirit's fullness. The Lord's last command to Peter was, "Feed my lambs." Acts ix, 14-17, discloses his custom in executing this order, and the result of which was that all of Philip's converts in Samaria were filled with the Holy Ghost.

For seven years of our ministry we did not attempt to lead new converts immediately to entire sanctification, because we thought they did not know enough to receive this grace. We were mistaken. We have since learned they are just in the most eligible state for comprehending and attaining this grace they will ever be, and that by proper instruction they are easily led into its fullness. For the last ten years we have been doing this, and the number who have remained faithful have been much greater in proportion than in the early years. Full salvation, heart purity, is just the food that will make young converts strong, happy, and useful. What slaughter of the innocents there will be if the work of conversion is not re-enforced by a work of entire sanctification! Holiness keeps conversion from withering.

While, as he often said, he preached a "gospel of encouragement," and in the main he spoke comfortably to Jerusalem, when the Lord commanded, "Show my people their transgressions and the house of Jacob their sins," he lifted up his voice like a trumpet, and spared not:

## **A CRYING EVIL**

In some parts of our district, Sunday visiting has become so common as seriously to dishonor the Church, and greatly impede the growth of piety among our people. The presence of this evil is the more alarming because its practice is not confined to the merely formal and nominal members of our Church, but even those who are esteemed spiritual, and some holding influential official relations are addicted to it. Even more, some who profess entire sanctification, and who no doubt have the experience, make no scruples of going to Church on Sabbath, then driving away to spend the rest of the day visiting. This is all wrong. God says, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Is it sanctifying the Sabbath to give it to social pleasure? To spend the Sabbath-day in greetings and chattings and feastings is an awful violation of it for one who professes to fear God and keep His commandments. No thorough Christian ought to visit or invite visitors on the Sabbath-day. Religion will sooner or later decline in the souls of those who indulge themselves in this, and will destroy their influence for good over the unconverted about them. Sabbath visiting, when it becomes rife in a Church, is a fatal damp to spiritual life in it. Let us go to Church services, and when they are over, go home. Extend no invitations, and accept none, and so honor God.

## **ANOTHER CRYING EVIL**

Even more than Sabbath visiting is Sabbath feasting; getting up great dinners, and giving ourselves to eating and drinking. Not because we need it, but just to indulge ourselves, and have pleasure. Thee evils of this are very palpable. The command is, "The seventh day thou shalt rest."

How much toil there is, and how much labor, is expended in providing these great meals! How often mothers and wives are robbed or rob themselves of Church services and of needed rest in order to cook and stew! Some do it to compete with their ungodly neighbors some, to have the hollow applause of being excellent cooks; others, just for the excitement of having company, but certainly never for the glory of God. There are some who verily think they have to do it. O, what bondage! God commands us to rest on the Sabbath-day; let His word outweigh the foolish demand of society in this respect. This Sabbath feasting is a wrong education for our families, a bad example to the world, and bids God-speed to all open beer-gardens, Sunday excursions, etc. Those who practice it must, to be consistent, close their mouths against Sunday picnics and Sunday feasts in the homes of the ungodly.

### **ONE MORE CRYING EVIL**

Sunday visiting is bad, Sunday feasting is worse, but another, more or less connected with both, and as common as either, is Sabbath driving. This is the worst of all. The Sabbath in some parts is a day for gadding about. The parents go visiting; the young people go pleasure riding. This greed for Sabbath driving has become so intense that any and every occasion to indulge in it is taken for a license. The whole summer season is spent by some in driving about to basket-meetings and camp-meetings, and quarterly-meetings, and people think there is no harm because they go to meeting. Yet they neglect their own prayer, class, public, and Sunday-school services, chasing about to other distant meetings, in respect to which they have no responsibility whatever. They go for pleasure's sake, and not for God's glory or their soul's good. All this traveling about on God's day, to visit and to attend meeting merely for some place to go, is a fearful waste of time and a wicked desecration of the Sabbath. Let us all put away the folly of Sabbath visiting, Sabbath feasting, and Sabbath traveling.

### **LAWLESS METHODISTS**

There are those who would deem the epithet lawless, in respect to themselves as citizens, a great dishonor, but who incur it upon themselves, in Church relations, without any sense of shame. Indeed, not a few Methodists glory in the shame of being lawless, and repudiating obedience to the Discipline of the Church. Thus, too, when they voluntarily took upon themselves its vows, and plighted before God and man faithfully, cheerfully, and constantly to observe them. The Church requires attendance upon class-meetings, the regular use of the means of grace, the observance of family worship. Yet, in our own district, one leader reports seventy percent neglecting class-meeting; and another, that in a class of thirty, mostly heads of families, not one observed family worship. That class is a disgrace to Methodism and a reproach to the Church of God. The prohibitions of our Church against card-playing, dancing, theater-going, are positive, and so explicit that any member engaging in any one or more of these soul-destroying amusements is liable to expulsion from the Church. Yet we have the members, some respectable, who unblushingly debase the law of the Church by these practices. In one of the stations of this district, some who were guilty of lawlessness in these things have, by the pointed preaching, expostulations, and administrative fidelity of the pastor, been brought to such a sense of shame over their palpable violations of the rule of the Church that they have put away all this folly. The regulations of the Church require that every member shall contribute to the support of the ministry and the benevolent purposes of the Church according to their

ability, and yet not a few, who voluntarily agreed to do this, not only do not obey the rule, but actually oppose all plans, systems, and agencies for collecting these dues, and render themselves obnoxious to the pastors, stewards, and collectors whom the Church appoints to execute these regulations. Shame! shame! But still more audacious are those lawless spirits who resist authorities in the Church, who oppose the operation of Sunday-school Boards, the organization of Missionary Societies, and other plans which pastors are required to execute. A citizen who would obstruct an officer in the execution of his duties is an outlaw, much more a member of the Church who resists those whom he has promised to obey and help. The next great revival in Methodism should be a revival of discipline — a new reign of law. Our present General Conference needs more to provide for the execution of existing Church law than to enact new requirements. We could better lose a few hundred thousand lawless Methodists than lose our self-respect and good influence by tolerating lawlessness in our borders. Our specific for Church lawlessness is more gospel, more salvation, more discipline. Let us have it.

The large increase in the benevolences of the district was due, of course, to the faithful labors of the pastors; yet they were greatly encouraged and aided by such timely counsels as the following:

**\$1,000,000 M. M. M.**

The above numerals and initials are not exactly mystical, but they are significant. They mean: "A Million Dollars for Methodist Missions in 1885!" The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church raised last year about \$700,000 for Missions. But the opening doors and the grand results which are crowning our missionary enterprises have prompted our missionary secretaries to ask the Church to give \$1,000,000 this year. They have apportioned this to the various districts. Our district will have to raise \$1,000 more than last year to meet this amount. This can be done. Let each pastor add thirty-three and one-third per cent, at least, to the amount paid last year by his charge. Then call the Quarterly Conference Committee on Missions together, and agree upon a plan for raising it. Ask each member to give at least \$1 who did not give anything last year, and those who did, to increase at least thirty-three and one-third per cent, and we will make it. Let us have a grand missionary victory in the wake of the great revival. Hold missionary prayer-meetings; work the Sabbath-school Missionary Societies in the interest of this achievement. Go at it systematically, enthusiastically, and perseveringly. Let us not give place to the sophistry about "hard times," "no money," "poor crops." God has blessed the Methodist people of Lancaster District too richly to give countenance to such complaints. Our people generally live too well, dress too well, to attempt successfully such an evasion. We can and we ought to give our part of the million.

### **THE ART OF GIVING**

There are some who have learned to give in the Church, and to do it easily; but not a few who give have not learned to do it happily, and some complain that giving is urged at all. The art of giving easily consists in three things.

1. Do it Scripturally.

The Scriptural rule is one-tenth of all increase to be consecrated to the Lord. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse." We believe it is the duty of every Christian sacredly to give one-tenth of his income to the Lord. We know not a few who do it, and they have always something to give, and astonish others at the amount they can give. Begin now to give one-tenth until Conference of all your income, and see how the remaining nine-tenths will feed you, clothe you, and support you as well as heretofore, and you can give more than you have ever done before.

## 2. Do it prayerfully.

Prayer will make everything easy that goes against our natural inclinations. Ask God how much to give, and to open up the way for you to give, and open your heart to give, and you will give without feeling it — except to feel good over it.

## 3. Do it constantly.

It is hard to give at first; but we begin, and get a taste of the luxury of giving, then, keeping at it, it becomes a habit, and it almost gives itself.

We can not better sum up Dr. Keen's work as a presiding elder than to give Rev. Isaac F. King's address, delivered at the Memorial Service held at the Lancaster Camp-meeting the summer after his translation, together with a testimony by Rev. W. V. Dick.

### **ADDRESS BY DR. KING**

In 1881, he was appointed presiding elder of Lancaster District, and I was in the same office in London District. If you will examine the Conference minutes, you will see that the interests of the district under him advanced. The pastors' salaries were so well paid up that at the close of the last year we find that there was no deficiency in the aggregate, but an overplus of \$185. As he swept around over this territory, every sermon was preached in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power.

The Quarterly Conferences were seasons of spiritual uplifts, the love-feasts glowed with the flame of Jerusalem's upper room. The sacramental service was a season of consecration and Pentecostal experience. If he came into contact with a discouraged pastor, after a short interview doubts and fears were dispelled.

If the beginning of any quarterly meeting found a cold, formal minister present, before the meeting ended he became fired with new life and zeal. The presiding elder's own well-trimmed lamp was the pattern to all.

In the bishop's cabinet he showed good judgment in the selection of men. He was ever alert for the spiritual interests of his district. When I was presiding elder at Zanesville, he was pastor at Second Street. His sermons, his prayers, his songs, his writings, and his work as pastor stirred that city as it has seldom been stirred. All of us ministers who knew of his work were ready to concede that in one year he did as much as any one of us would do in three years.

Wherever he went he treated difficulties as though they were cobwebs across his path, and whatever threatened to thwart or overthrow his plans were looked upon by him as removable by an earnest breath. His great lightning train, with its headlight of Shekinah glory, dashed on, and every one seemed to grant it the right of way. "The joy of the Lord was his strength." In labor he was indefatigable. He worked on like a Hercules, with a single purpose. He had a sustained fervor and an abiding, undying love for souls. There was music in his voice, and a rhythm in his sentences. And in his delivery of sermons or exhortations, all was aflame, his tongue was of fire, his face shone, his theme was luminous, and his audience was lighted with a celestial flame, and all retired from the service saying, "Our hearts were strangely warmed." His zeal was not a transient blaze, but a steady flame. In the social circle, he was cheerful without levity. In financial matters, he was careful, but not covetous. He was a student, yet when he appeared before the people to preach, he seemed to look up to God for his sermon.

His power reached its culmination when he went as an evangelist. Some of the ablest men in that department of work of our Church have wrought wonders on this camp-ground, but we soon all discovered that our own Brother Keen was superior. I think no man ever lived on the earth who could make the rally to the mourners' bench so skillfully and successfully as he made it. The man who did not go when Brother Keen invited him, probably never went. Even the unspiritual and the undevout were seldom repelled by the man or his methods.

Within the last four years I have had two great spiritual uplifts, greater, I think, than at any camp or revival-meeting. The one was at the funeral of Frederick Merrick, and the other was when we were gathered around the encoffined dust of Samuel A. Keen. May their Elijah-like mantles fall on us who still live to preach the same gospel!

Rev. W. V. Dick, of Portsmouth, spoke of him as having led many young men into the ministry, of whom he was one.

### **TESTIMONY BY REV. W. V. DICK**

He first talked to me on the subject of preaching, and I was surprised at how he knew my feelings on that subject. He was my ideal presiding elder. He was very helpful to the young preachers in their charges. Our quarterly-meetings were always Pentecostal seasons. He was always ready to help the young preachers.

Whatever I am, or may be, from him I received my inspiration in large measure. To my mind, in some respects, he was one of the greatest of men.

**The Biography of Samuel Ashton Keen  
MEMORIAL PAPERS**

or,

**THE RECORD OF A SPIRIT FILLED LIFE**

By

**Mary P. Keen**

**CHAPTER 7  
AS AN AUTHOR**

"Write the all the words I have spoken unto thee in a book."

When Dr. Keen was appointed presiding elder, there necessarily came a change in his habits of work. In the pastorate he had always devoted his mornings to study. In order to render each charge of the district the most efficient service, he instituted midweek quarterly-meetings. This kept him from home on an average about five days during the week. The remaining days were given to certain reading for which he had long coveted time. Systematic theology and Church history he reviewed carefully, and he made a thorough canvass of Wesley's and Fletcher's works. His mind and heart were greatly enriched thereby. This addition to his resources proved invaluable when afterward he was called to the work of author and evangelist. Some of the impressions received from Fletcher he gave in an article that appeared in the Christian Advocate in 1884, and called forth grateful acknowledgments from some of his brethren in the ministry. We append the article:

**A THEOLOGICAL TOUR  
BY THE REV. S. A. KEEN**

Early in June, abandoning the frequented paths of modern theological disquisition, and bidding adieu to the "new theologies," we set out to traverse at least one continent of the "old theology," and found the journey enjoyable, even in midsummer. Our explorations comprised the voluminous works of the Rev. John Fletcher, which had been hitherto to us, as we suspect they are now to not a few modern Methodist preachers, a terra incognita. The method of our excursion was first through the "Works," comprising in all twenty-five hundred pages, at an average speed of about fifty pages a day, so that in fifty days we had gone through the whole land. We did not gallop; sometimes we went on faster than at others; at times we could only trudge as we threaded the tortuous ways of polemical discussion or scaled the heights of rugged argument. Occasionally we would encamp for hours, or even days, in the rich plains or on the Delectable Mountains of spirituality, whose living green now and then dots the field of arid controversy. No traveler was ever more enchanted by Oriental or Continental scenery than were we by the richness, diversity, and beauty of the Fletcherian realm of thought. Having completed these enticing explorations of the "Works," we then did last what tourists usually do first — we took in hand our "guidebook," Wesley's Designated successor, by Tyerman, and retraced our steps, having now the saintly presence and spirit of the author of the Checks and Essays to accompany us. In this powerful light, dark enigmas were solved, hidden treasures disclosed, and rugged places embellished. Only a few aspects of the Fletcherian thought can be sketched here and noted by us.

1. Its quality. It has a fine grain. Its ideas are crystalline and its diction elegant. Its style blends the force of the old English with the fineness of the author's French extraction. Its peculiar fascination is the golden through of simile which cements and adorns its powerful logic. Some of the arguments are allegories. No Methodist preacher would suffer in his literary style by frequent excursions to, and long sojourns in, Fletcher's works.

2. Its wealth. The gold of this land is good; it is rich in philosophical and spiritual truth. It abounds in springs of fresh thought; old truths appear in new analyses and statements. It is especially versatile in a rare setting of Scriptural references; its expositions, interpretations, and applications of texts are wonderful. The "Works" are casket filled with the choicest jewels of doctrine. Occasionally are they rich in the doctrines of grace. There grace appears, indeed, all-abounding. A large area of thought is given to prevenient grace — that grace which has appeared to all men, the one talent of initial salvation to which all are elected, vindicating the Divine administration from the charge of reprobating any one to inevitable doom, and showing the magnanimity of Divine love in allowing enough of grace to pass over involuntarily under the Atonement to every man as will enable him to repent and believe if he improve it. Then, by the side of prevenient grace, is found his unique treatment of dispensational grace, teaching that there are three dispensations — the dispensation of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost and that by the successive dispensations the work of redemption has been unfolded in its historical development, and is, in a like manner, carried forward in its experimental progress in the soul. Conjoined in a harmonious relation to prevenient grace and dispensational grace is an elucidation and defense of perfective grace — that there is a state of grace which ends in the soul, and finishes its salvation in this life. It is here that Fletcher is clearest and most convincing, and here he is sweetest and most inspiring. His chapters on perfection are nothing short of seraphic in their spirit. It is strange that Methodism, with Fletcher's works in its hands for almost a century, should ever have had a discordant note or a bedimmed vision on its distinctive doctrine of perfect love.

We are quite sure that a study of Fletcher by our ministry and laity would prove thoroughly curative both of indifference and of fanaticism in respect to this distinctive tenet of Methodism. Crowning this whole treatise on grace is an enforcement of practical grace, enjoining vital godliness as the *prima facie* evidence of inward grace, teaching the indispensableness of good works and their rewardableness; thus putting an effectual "check" to Anti-nomianism in its most dangerous manifestations, and establishing the fundamental axiom of Wesleyan Arminianism: "Grace is all of God; damnation all of ourselves."

3. Its spirit. Here we find theology aflame with the unction of the Holy Spirit; it is redolent and heavenly sweetness. How the asperities of controversy are mitigated by a sustained and pervasive spirituality! What a nice commingling of the dulce and the utile is observable! Courage goes arm in arm with humility; discretion keeps step with fervor. No earnest soul could spend many days in the healthful climate of the Fletcherian spirit without finding his spiritual blood enriched and invigorated with moral iron. When much study has become a weariness to the flesh, and the routine of pastoral service has dulled our spiritual sensibilities, no better restorative could be found than an excursion through the works of Fletcher. Joseph Cook advises that Continental travel should be taken early in life by the preacher and student, so that he shall have its observations a part of his capital for use. It is like wisdom for no Methodist preacher to allow the first five years of his effective relations to

pass by without making the tour of Fletcher's life and works. But if that best period is passed by, then should we hasten to make this theological tour, lest we miss a vision of truth and grace which will enable us the better to know the things eternal that are soon to break upon us. — LANCASTER, OHIO

As we have before observed, Dr. Keen's ministry was in very marked degree evangelistic. He felt he was not making full proof of his ministry unless he was laboring with all possible diligence and faith for the conversion of sinners and the perfecting of saints. While he was never betrayed into a critical spirit, he would often say, "I am sure our pastors are sadly mistaken when they persuade themselves that they are called to anything other than the salvation of souls." His thoughts on this subject took form in the following little tract, which was published by the Book Concern about the time that the foregoing article appeared:

### **PASTORAL EVANGELISM**

Two forms of evangelism are taught in the New Testament, and have characterized the Church throughout its history: One is special evangelism, — as taught by the apostle when he says, "Some evangelists," and represented in Philip and others of the early Church; the other is pastoral evangelism, as taught by the same apostle when he exhorted Timothy, who was to have charge of the Churches, "Do the work of an evangelist." These two modes of evangelism do not divide the kingdom of Christian evangelization against itself, but are correlative forces.

The recent prominence which special evangelism has been given, providentially; the large force of workers, ministerial and lay, which it now marshals, and the unquestionable success which is now attending its movements in the conversion of sinners, the sanctification of believers, and the quickening of the Churches into increased spiritual activity, all entitle it to the confidence and appreciation of the Church. The work done for God and souls, through the agency of special evangelism in Great Britain, in America — indeed, throughout the whole world — has been marvelous and glorious. But it has not done all that needs to be done, or that may be done, in the salvation of the people. Now, one of the reflex perils which may come of the various movements and grand successes of special evangelism is, that the Churches and the regular pastorate may relegate most, if not all, the work of revival the conversion of the masses, and the spiritual leavening of the Churches with holiness to the agency of special evangelism alone, which after doing its utmost can only do a small part of the stupendous work of salvation needed in the world and the Church.

It is grand to see Moody, Whittle, Hammond, Harrison, and a legion like them, moving forward under the tremendous anointing of power which propels them in their soul-saving enterprises and endeavors; but with all they are doing, and all that is being done by special evangelism in its organized movements, the Salvation Army, the Prayer Leagues, Associations for the Promotion of Holiness, and the Young Men's Christian Associations, all these are but one wing of the army of attack upon the strongholds of the powers of darkness; and the highest achievements in evangelism are impossible until there swings into line the other wing, which is, the forces of pastoral evangelism. There is now an imperative demand for pastoral evangelism, in order to re-enforce the forces of special evangelism, to hold the advanced positions they have reached; and to consummate the grandest epoch of soul-saving the world has ever known. The sphere of pastoral evangelism is

threefold: (1) The conversion of sinners; (2) the promotion of holiness as a definite blessing; (3) the transformation of individual Churches into evangelistic forces by the ordinary resources and appliances of the pastorate. In this tract I speak only of

## **PASTORAL EVANGELISM IN THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS**

1. Its Qualifications. — The pastor, to do the work of an evangelist, must apprehend it as his work, his high calling of God. The pastor's calling of God is not, as some conceive, a call to preach, but a call to save souls by preaching. The highest duty devolving upon a minister of the gospel is getting souls saved; or, as President Finney used to enforce it, the duty of converting sinners. So long as a pastor imagines that his forte is not awakening sinners, instructing penitents, and leading believers on to holiness, he can never do the work of an evangelist. But when he apprehends that contemporaneously with all his seed-sowing of truth, his development of Church organization, and his social intercourse with his congregation, there may go forward a real and continuous work of salvation, and that all other achievements, uncrowned by this, is not making full proof of his ministry, he will not of choice miss this mark of the prize of his high calling, and will not allow another to take his crown by giving over his own work to a special evangelist, or to a brother pastor who counts it his joy to do the work of an evangelist. Every pastor can and ought to do the work of an evangelist.

Next to an apprehension of his work as an evangelist, the pastor must have the evangelistic anointing. It is that baptism of the Holy Ghost which imparts "a passion for souls," as Payson expressed it.

"Make me sick of love to thee and souls," prayed Christmas Evans, in an hour of holy consecration, and came from it transformed into another spirit, which turned a barren ministry into one most fruitful and glorious. This anointing gives the soul a conscious hold upon God, and begets the inward persuasion that our labor for souls shall not be in vain, but that whatsoever we do, whether we preach, or pray, or visit, or organize, shall prosper in bringing souls to Christ. It is the spirit of guidance as to the methods and words and times which makes us wise in winning souls. Dr. Thoburn loves to call it "The prophetic unction;" Moody "The power to work;" Carvosso, "Love for souls;" Paul, "The spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind" (spiritual wisdom); Jesus, "The baptism of the Holy Ghost" (Acts i, 5-8). This evangelistic unction will lift any soul, minister or member, into a new plane of sustained effectiveness in turning souls to the Lord. No work of evangelism can be done without the evangelistic anointing.

2. Its Methods. — The evangelistic unction having been obtained, the usual appliances of the pastorate will become spiritualized and energized by it. It will utilize visitation and conversation, making them more direct and effective in producing conviction. Having it, the doors of usefulness do not have to be forced, but will open of their own accord. A lady who came into this anointing said: "I used to wonder what I could do; now I do not know what to do, the work crowds upon me so."

It is originating and organizing, constructing the resources and agencies of the Churches into an effective enginery which destroys sin and builds the walls of salvation. About four years ago, after

a most intense struggle, I received a baptism of the Holy Ghost, such as has made my pastoral work different from what it had ever been hitherto, though for ten years previously the Lord had never left me a single year without a revival mostly of considerable power and extent. But since the above time I have been able to do more fully the work of an evangelist. The conversion of sinners has taken a more prominent place in my preaching and in my pastoral plans; I have found myself seeking out the unconverted fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, children, and friends represented by members of my Church; acquiring a more intimate knowledge of the spiritual necessities of my people; visiting, in the interests of their souls, non-church members who are attendants upon my congregation; going from house to house, looking up families who are irreligious in the neighborhood; converting my Sabbath evening services, currently summer and winter, into evangelistic services making my weekly prayer-meetings and regular class-meetings battlefields for rescuing souls; appointing early five o'clock monthly Sabbath morning consecration services; instituting children's salvation services holding Sabbath school twenty-minute prayer-meetings, leading cottage prayer-meetings, and open-air services, and doing other things which my heart never deviseth, but would have discarded, before this anointing came to my soul. As a result, it has been rare for me to see in these years a week pass without gathering fruit for the Lord in conversions, reclamations, or sanctifications. This has been as true in the past year in the work of a presiding elder as it was for three years previous in the regular pastorate.

All this is so different a revivalistic trend in my ministerial work from what it was formerly. At the same time I have reason to believe that my preaching, organizing, visiting, and all other essential and incidental work, instead of suffering, has been vivified and improved by it. It is glorious to have revival power, revival life, and revival results currently in your ministry. To be always abounding in the work of the Lord, and seeing daily added to the Church those being saved, is the work of pastoral evangelism.

This is not an ideal. Richard Baxter did the work of an evangelist in the pastorate, Kidderminster, where he lived and labored for sixteen years. When he went to it, it was overrun with vice, not more than one or two families on a street having family worship; when he left it, hundreds in the midst of the week might be heard singing psalms, offering prayers, and worshipping in their homes. The communicants increased to six hundred, of whom, he said, there were not more than twelve whose deep piety he had reason to suspect.

Charles H. Spurgeon has been a most successful pastoral evangelist, as his wonderful work in the metropolis of Great Britain attests. He has never gone abroad in special evangelism, and has never imported any special evangelists, while he has raised up and sent forth many from his training college in the spirit and power of his evangelistic zeal.

President Finney was for a time an evangelist at large, but for the most part of his life was a pastoral evangelist in the Churches of which he had charge, and when presiding over Oberlin College; and what servant of God ever turned more to righteousness than he?

Dr. J. O. Peck, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, serving metropolitan Churches during his pastorates in Baltimore, Chicago, and Brooklyn, N.Y., has witnessed annually hundreds of

conversions, and has been distinguished for receiving almost, and sometimes 100 per cent of his probationers into full membership.

Dr. Cuyler, of Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has for a quarter of a century carried on currently a work of evangelism in the Church of which he is pastor, and built it up into a powerful and spiritually influential organization.

Pastoral evangelism is the demand of the hour in the world's spiritual rescue. May every pastor who reads these lines enter at once upon the work of an evangelist in the conversion of sinners, and receive at once the evangelistic anointing for it!

While still presiding elder, he contributed a series of articles for a periodical, Beulah Land (now extinct), on the subject of faith. These articles were so blessed to souls that urgent requests came from large numbers to have them in a more permanent form. With as yet no thought of a book, he had them printed as tracts. After about five years, "having thoroughly tested the faith principles" therein taught, he yielded to the solicitation of friends and compiled them into a book, bearing the title "Faith Papers." The first edition he had shipped to our parsonage at Roberts Park, Indianapolis, where we were then stationed. To find a place for a thousand books in an already overcrowded house was a matter of no small concern, so a family council was called, which was the occasion of much pleasant raillery. "Do you think," queried one, "that we will have to carry these books around with us the rest of our itinerant life?" "I wonder, papa," said Ed, the eldest, "if you will not be like the man I once read about, who remarked to a friend that he had a library of six hundred volumes, five hundred of which he wrote himself." "Indeed, said the friend, in surprise. "Yes," continued the man, "I wrote a book once, and published an edition of five hundred copies, and they form the bulk of my library today." None appreciated the joke more fully nor laughed more heartily than the father. Later, it was proposed that, as we were having a comfortable living, the proceeds, if any, from the book be devoted to benevolent objects, which purpose was conscientiously adhered to, not only respecting this, but all his subsequent publications. The sale of "Faith Papers" not only exceeded his expectations, but it was the source of the greatest surprise to the author, as one edition after another was exhausted, until, at the time of his death, fifty thousand copies were in circulation. Scores wrote him, testifying that in its reading they had definitely entered either the experience of conversion or that of entire sanctification. His heart was greatly touched, and he broke down in tears, at receiving a letter from a prisoner in one of the State penitentiaries that through the reading of his book his soul had been set at liberty, and he was Christ's freeman. But his joy and gratitude reached their height when his own little daughter entered sweetly into the experience of full salvation while reading the chapter on the "Witness of Faith."

In 1894, "Praise Papers: A Spiritual Autobiography," came front the press. This booklet confirms the story of the author's Christian experience, and was published "as a souvenir in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the experience of full salvation by the baptism with the Holy Ghost." Its pages magnify the grace of God, and breathe the unction that ever attended his spoken testimony. A very eminent Christian worker, just as he was leaving one of the great camp-meetings at Mountain Lake Park, and seating himself in the car, drew from his pocket the little book; he soon became absorbed in its contents, and, oblivious of his surroundings, a great blessing came into his soul, and there, in the midst of the crowded car, he shouted aloud the praises of God.

I hesitate to relate the following because of its very personal character, and knowing full well that the relation of dreams is not always either agreeable or edifying to the hearer. But that dreams do have a place — a subordinate place, to be sure — in God's economy for the comfort and instruction of his children, both Scripture and experience teach. Therefore I make bold, assuming the confidence of the reader, to tell a beautiful and significant dream I had one afternoon, a few months after my husband's translation. I thought he was conversing with me, and in that frank, candid way so characteristic of him, he said: "Mamma, people tell me that I help them so much. No w, really, I don't know how I help them; but I suppose I do, or, they wouldn't say so." "Yes," I replied, somewhat reproachfully, "you used to help people; but you have gone away now, and can not help them any more." With that he seemed to disappear; but the suggestion came in a gentle whisper, not however from him, "How about the little books?" "O yes," I said; "I had not thought of them," and with that I seemed perfectly satisfied, and awoke with a quiet gladness in my heart. Imagine my surprise and joy, upon walking from the prayer-meeting that very evening with a sister, when she said: "I must tell you about one of Brother Keen's little books. You know," she continued, "I have a daughter who is the wife of a minister in Northern Michigan. I sent her 'Praise Papers' as a Christmas gift. I did not know their state of mind, but it seemed that they had gotten utterly discouraged and had about concluded to give up the work of the ministry. Just about the time they came to this conclusion the book reached them. They read it, sought, and obtained a baptism with the Holy Ghost, began a protracted-meeting, and a letter just received from them tells of the conversion of twenty people, and the meeting still in progress."

"O, magnify the Lord with me,  
And let us exalt his name together;  
For his compassions fail not,  
And great is his faithfulness."

In June, 1895, only six months before he was called to his reward, he gave to the public "Pentecostal Papers; or, the Gift of the Holy Ghost." As in "Faith Papers" he confines himself simply to the experimental aspects of faith, so in this book he treats only of the gift of the Holy Ghost "as an epochal, conscious experience in the soul of the believer." In the author's preface, he says: "These papers contain the staple ideas we have taught for twenty-five years in the pastorate, and for four years past in special Pentecostal services at over sixty Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church within the United States. They comprise the Bible readings given at these various Pentecostal services, of which this Scripture is the keynote of all: "How much more will your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" It is certainly a cause for, gratitude that the teachings that were so manifestly owned of God have been preserved in permanent form in these "Pentecostal Papers," to continue to bless the Church and help it on to "larger Pentecostal epochs."

Two other books came from his pen, but were not published until after his decease, though he had contemplated their publication, and had made partial arrangements for the same. These, "Salvation Papers" and "Pentecostal Sanctification," differ somewhat from the others in that, while they retain the same simplicity of style, they, especially the latter, enter more deeply into the philosophy of experience, and as we read and reread them, we are persuaded that the author's estimate was just when he considered them the choicest of his writings. And why should they not be such? Any of his friends who had known him for a number of years could not but be impressed, not only with his

deepening spirituality, but also with the very marked, steady, and rapid development of his mental powers, and this to the very last. We recall very clearly the words uttered only two nights before he took his flight, "If the Lord will give me about two hours respite from pain tomorrow, I think I can finish my last article for the 'Divine Life.' " His desire was granted, and that article is the closing chapter of "Pentecostal Sanctification." Read it in the light of this fact, and see if it is not a fitting last message from one who had devoted his life to the one thing of helping souls to Jesus. It would seem that no sincere soul could fail in its efforts to believe if it would follow the instructions here given.

**The Biography of Samuel Ashton Keen**  
**MEMORIAL PAPERS**

or,  
**THE RECORD OF A SPIRIT FILLED LIFE**

By  
**Mary P. Keen**

**CHAPTER 8**  
**DOOR OPENING TO WIDER EVANGELISM**

"I have set before thee an open door."

For several years previous to Dr. Keen's entering upon his special evangelism, which was the crowning work of his life, the providences of God were plainly pointing that way, and his own heart was prompting him to the work; yet he carefully considered the matter in all its bearings, and walked softly before the Lord, that he might fully get the mind of the Spirit. At the close of his pastorate at St. Paul's, Delaware, after a season of great conflict, there came a most blessed anointing of power to his soul, which proved epochal as to his experience and work.

About this time he read the story of Miss Marsh, who was deeply moved to help the souls of the English soldiers engaged in the Crimean War. She asked and was granted permission of the English Government to visit the Crimea for this purpose, and in camp and battlefield and hospital she moved like an angel of mercy, teaching the soldiers the simple prayer. "O Lord, give me thy Holy Spirit, for Jesus' sake." Hundreds of soldiers were converted or reclaimed, and many received the fullness of the Spirit; indeed, a gracious revival of religion swept through the English army as the result of this simple prayer mission. This incident took a powerful hold upon Dr. Keen's mind, and helped to give his ministry that Pentecostal type which ever afterward characterized it.

After he had been elected superintendent of the Lancaster Camp meeting, at one of the first sessions he announced from the main stand that he would be glad if those who had any spiritual difficulty or felt any special need would meet with him to pray for the Holy Spirit, who alone could dispel the difficulty or meet the need. Quite a goodly number met in a little tent at the edge of the camp. Few and simple were the instructions given, and then all joined in the prayer, "O Lord, give me thy Holy Spirit, for Jesus' sake." The power of the Lord fell upon the little company, souls were set at liberty, and Pentecost was repeated.

This was the beginning of the Pentecostal movement, which increased in extent and in power until it reached most of the Annual Conferences of our Church, and lifted thousands of our people and ministry upon a plane of holy living and aggressiveness unknown to them before.

The conditions in the last two charges which he served were especially adapted to the testing and the developing of his evangelistic gifts, — the former by its own evangelistic trend; the latter by making it possible, through granting him summer vacations, to accept the numerous invitations that were coming to him from various associations to conduct camp-meetings. The first of these charges, Roberts Park, Indianapolis, was a Church of the people. Its membership was made up from all

classes of society. As Dr. Keen himself used to say, it cut the social loaf clear thorough. It never had to ask the question, "How shall we reach the masses?" for the masses came to it. Among its members were some who were skilled in the art of soul-winning. Its class-meetings glowed with the old-time fervor. In its current services, penitents received pardon, backsliders were reclaimed, and the tried and tempted saint found deliverance. His pastorate here might probably be considered the most laborious of His ministry. The Church was not very well organized, and its membership of over twelve hundred was scattered throughout the city. The interest of an immense debt, which rested like an incubus upon it, made the current expense so large that the resources were hardly requisite to the demand. In the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties and his efforts to reduce the debt, he was almost overcome with the heat the last summer of his pastorate, from the effects of which he never fully recovered.

At the close of his second year at Roberts Park, he received a call from Walnut Hills Church, Cincinnati. As was his custom, he referred the matter to the presiding bishop of the Conference, who, at the earnest solicitation of the committee sent by the Church, made the transfer.

Here he found one of the most thoroughly organized Churches in Methodism. The Official Board took an honorable pride in relieving the pastor of all financial responsibility. Even the benevolences were in charge of committees, whose chairman, on a given Sabbath of each year, presented the cause to the public congregation and took the collection. The giving was always enthusiastic, and the Church was never known to fall below its apportionment. All this was most gratifying to Dr. Keen, and highly appreciated; but his disappointment was great when he went to rally his people for revival effort to encounter a strange reluctance and apathy that were indeed disheartening. And this, he soon discovered, was true, not only of his own Church, but of Methodism throughout the city. When he was invited to address the Preachers' Meeting, it was with a heart deeply stirred that he delivered this telling address:

### **CINCINNATI METHODISM**

An address delivered by Rev. S. A. Keen, D. D., Pastor of Walnut Hills, before the Methodist Preachers' Meeting, November 4, 1889.

The absence of success in soul-saving is an unmistakable index of spiritual decadence in the Church. There may be some soul-saving, even much soul-saving; but if it is not commensurate with the resources, possibilities, and opportunities at hand, it can not be rightfully styled success. Estimated by this criterion, Cincinnati Methodism is in a state of spiritual decadence. Whatever disagreement there may be with some of the minor, incidental, and collateral statements and conclusions of Dr. Lee's recent paper upon the "Present and Pressing Needs of Cincinnati Methodism," all consent that the facts are substantially correct. Look at a few deductions: In 1850, one Church to 11,500 of the population, and one member to every 38 persons; in 1889, one Church to 16,000 of the population, and one member to every 67 persons; in thirty-nine years the population of the city has increased 270 per cent, Methodism only 50 per cent. Here is the rate of our increase: During the first decade, 12 per cent; the second decade, 3.6 per cent; the third decade, 3.4 per cent; the fourth decade, 1.9 per cent. The logic of these data is terrific; it convicts us of failure as a soul-saving force. The situation here is not exceptional; it admits of a wider generalization.

Methodism in other great cities is doing no better; nor are other evangelical Churches succeeding better in the centers of population. Dr. George Pentecost, in an article a few years since published in the *Independence*, showed that, during the year 1882, thirty leading, most prosperous, and evangelical Congregational and Presbyterian Churches, located in Boston, New Haven, Hartford, New York, and Chicago, had only an average increase of twelve members per Church. All this is suggestive that Protestant evangelical Christianity at large, and Methodism in particular, is not succeeding in converting men as rapidly as the resources employed should accomplish. It is time to confess judgment. We are in spiritual decadence. Not dead, but living at a poor dying rate.

There is low spiritual vitality — feeble heart action. There has been an abundance of intellectual vigor, social vigor, financial vigor: but vigor of faith, zeal, prayer, and holy enthusiasm has been meager.

The desideratum is not "more brainy men in the pulpit." Cincinnati Methodism has not wanted in brains. It has had an enviable reputation in this respect. Its heart power has been inadequate. It has called for brains! brains! until God has given them almost to satiety, but has sent leanness into our souls. The cry should now be for hearts! hearts! This world was redeemed by heartthrobs, and it can only be saved by heartthrobs. An inseparable accompaniment of a reduced spiritual vitality, is imperfect assimilation. We have failed to assimilate the soul-life, to which we have had access, to the spirit of Methodism. Early Methodism transmuted everything that touched it into Methodism. Like fuel added to flame, it became flame. The new converts rapidly transmigrated into workers. Now large accessions have come to us that have never caught our spirit. Even the irreligious life which our fathers confronted responded to the leavening power of Methodism. We are not now saving the people within our grasp. We repine over thin congregations and the meager presence of unconverted people. When Methodism shall save those within her reach, then will there be larger importations to her pews and altars of souls seeking the blessed transformations of grace.

As I sat with a pastor in his pulpit, a few years since, whom I had come to aid in an effort for revival, he said "The unsaved do not come to our meetings there are not over a half-dozen unconverted persons here tonight." Then, said I, "Let us get those six converted." There were six penitents and six converts that night. The next night twenty-five unsaved persons were present, and twenty-two seekers. The old assimilative power of Methodism must be resuscitated. Moreover, are we not stricken with what medical science would term motor paralysis? Our nerves of action are impaired, while our nerves of sensation are intact. We feel, but can not move. The hands hang down, the knees are feeble, the feet weary, and so chronic is the case that not only are we unable to act, but indisposed to move hence the ceaseless "push" and tireless "go" of genuine Methodism is absent. Indeed, we have become so accustomed to our spiritual ease and slow movement that when a pastor or a Church breaks into the old speed, we are just a bit jostled and annoyed, and a murmur arises against "high pressure" and "unwise zeal."

What is the remedy for this decadence in effectiveness? Paul's exhortation to Timothy suggests the treatment: Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine; and continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt save thyself, and them that hear thee." Methodism is the specific, pure and unadulterated. It will prove the panacea for all our impotency. I agree with Dr. Lee that Methodism is not what it once was. It is more than it once was; more in numbers, in wealth, in learning, in popularity; but

possibly, in gaining all this, it has lost in some degree its own soul. It has departed from itself. The analysis of the genius of Methodism given by Bishop Newman, that it is a reanimating power and an evangelizing force, is exact and exhaustive.

Methodism needs to save itself, which means to become itself; its spirit is *sui generis*. It has its own gift of God. Whatever may be its form and polity, under the providence of God its soul should go marching on. Being itself, taking heed to itself, it will save itself and those to whom it is sent. Methodism is spiritual fervor; not only life, but intense life. Warmth is its motor. Its emotional and experimental life is its propulsive power. When Methodism returns to its exuberant, joyous, rapturous life, it will travel again in the greatness of its strength. Methodism is an evangelism. It is not an ecclesiasticism, except as it is primarily an evangelism. A subtle idea of Churchism is quenching our evangelistic spirit. Some great minds among us are inflating us with the conceit that we are a Church; no longer an army of invasion, but an army of occupation. Let such a deceit is that seize us, and we become an established Church indeed.

Methodism is only Methodistic as it is evangelistic. Its every Church, every pulpit, every college, every periodical and even its Book Concerns, should be evangelistic; and not such intermittently and spasmodically, but currently and predominantly. Methodism needs to get back to the evangelistic temper and trend as the sustained vitality of its life. There is not a work of organization, education, or edification it can not carry forward more satisfactorily when in the evangelistic mood than when destitute of it.

It belongs to Methodism to depend upon the Holy Ghost; not mechanically, as do the sacramentarians, but personally. Yet God having so munificently endowed us with agencies, equipments, resources, and movements, unsuspectingly we have come to expect much from these, and to expect little by the Holy Spirit. Yet it remains true of Methodism that it is not by its might, nor by its power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, that it is to accomplish its mission. We recognize doctrinally the agency of the Holy Spirit; but we do not depend upon Him as we once did, especially in the one aspect of His manifested power; that is, His outpoured energies and impulses sent upon congregations and communities in answer to prayer and faith for it. He can come down as dew; He can make the people willing in the day of His power; He can antecede our preaching and services, and bring the people to us more than half-conquered before we blow the gospel trumpet. Our retreat has been great here. Methodism must expect the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

Methodism is fidelity to its gospel, that apprehension of the gospel which has been given it, and which it has been commissioned to herald. It must take heed to the doctrine (its teachings). Its doctrines of grace, of salvation, of assurance, of a spiritual life and enjoyment in God, must become again the staple of its preaching, exhortation, and testimony. We are too largely paying compliments to these doctrines. Now and then we preach, out of courtesy to our standards, on "Salvation by Faith," or "The Witness of the Holy Spirit," or "Entire Sanctification;" then go off to apologetics, polemics, evolution, *ad infinitum*; then come forth again to these vital themes for a short visit. Yet we find, when we preach on these, our hearts warm, and they warn our people. But, through a deceit that we must be broad, original versatile, modern in our ministrations, we lug into our pulpits a vast amount of irrelevant, soul-deadening themes.

There are many preachers today among us who were once warm, forceful, happy men in the ministry; who, by this process of preaching another gospel, and preaching other preaching, than that which they have been bidden to preach, have impoverished their own experiences in the things of God. Their souls have run dry. They have no spirit for their work left in them. They are not backslidden, not dead at heart, but are in spiritual atrophy — starved by their own ministry. One of the ablest, most earnest, and popular pastors in Methodism today has written me recently: "I have dropped down in my tone. The old themes do not move and fire me. I can not preach them or feel them as I once did." A sad victim of a snare of the devil, which has caught many an earnest, godly pastor, and shorn him of his power to save souls! We must return to the old, soul-saving truths, and continue in them; get back to the work of preaching a Methodist, Holy Ghost gospel, and stick to it. When Methodism shall save itself, revert to its true spirit and teachings, then will it save others, as it was wont. God will set before it an open door, which no man of sin can shut. The tides of life that have set outwards from our Churches, He will turn back to them. Then the vision of the prophet will become fulfilled to our Zion. We shall be a house of the Lord, established upon the top of the mountain, and the people shall flow unto it. The marvelous and beautiful spectacle will reappear of the streams of life coming unto us over all hindrances and difficulties, like streams leaving their vales and channels to course up the mountain's side, and crown its summit with reservoirs of blessing.

These were the convictions that forced themselves upon him as prayerfully he studied the situation. God seemed to be rounding out the preparation of His servant for his ministry to the Churches by giving Him a vision of the Church's impotency and sore need.

Those were not jubilant days, those days of his last pastorate, yet they were fraught with blessing, for in them he entered more deeply into the experience of the fellowship of Christ's sufferings.

The desire to see his people come into the fullness of blessing, and join with him in the work of soul-saving, became a great burden of soul, and out of anguish of heart and with many tears he besought them to make the required consecration. A few did so; but they did not rally in such numbers as to commit the Church to that for which his ministry stood — entire devotement to God and the salvation of souls; so he was not greatly surprised nor in the least disturbed in mind when, in the spring of the second year, the question of a change of pastors began to be agitated, one brother frankly confessing, "Brother Keen, we are not ready to join with you in the aggressive warfare to which your own convictions seem to be urging you." And yet, at the last Quarterly Conference, the majority of the Official Board voted for his return; but he was fully persuaded that the time was now come for him to enter the open door to the wider evangelism, which certainly proved to be great and effectual.

The camp-meetings which he had conducted those two summers were a succession of splendid victories, and it was in one of these, while in counsel and prayer with Rev. Joseph H. Smith, that the will of the Lord was plainly revealed.

It was a tender and beautiful providence that permitted Brother Smith to help him in this crisis, and to fight by his side on many of the battlefields in the four years' victorious campaign that followed, and then brought him to Delaware to receive his farewell kiss, and to witness his triumph

over his last enemy. It takes the genius of a Cowper to sing of the "frowning Providence;" but where is the saint that can not tell of scores of smiling providences that have surprised and gladdened his path?

**The Biography of Samuel Ashton Keen**  
**MEMORIAL PAPERS**

or,

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By

**Mary P. Keen**

**CHAPTER 9**  
**AS AN EVANGELIST**

"Be strong and of good courage: for thou shalt bring the children of Israel into the land which I swore unto them. And I will be with thee."

"Though the life in which God has prevailed is profoundly humble, it is yet conscious that God's almightiness belongs to it, and moves upon its mission as though the destinies of earth depended upon its efforts — as they do." George D. Herron never uttered a more profound truth, and never did it find better illustration than in the life of Dr. Keen. This was true of him from the time of his Peniel experience; but when God thrust him out from the pastorate to call His ministers and people to receive the Pentecostal baptism, as he moved upon his mission he not only was conscious, but all who heard him were persuaded that God was in him of a truth. And how fully did he lend himself to the mighty workings of the Spirit within! With Paul he could say, "I toil hard, striving according to His energy that works in me in power." (R. V.) More than once he has said to me: "I am persuaded that this work to which I am called is an extraordinary movement of the Spirit, and I must hold myself to it. I know it looks sometimes as if I were working excessively; but I believe, from the very nature of the movement, I shall not be equal to its demands for more than four or five years, and then, if the Lord doesn't call me home, my work from that time will probably be of an entirely different character. However," he would add, "I am not concerned about that. My business is to follow the Spirit now. But, my dear, I would have you know that the price of true evangelism is life." How cheerfully he paid the price, and with what exactness was his prophecy fulfilled; for in just four years and two months, God did call him home; but not without giving him the comforting assurance that he had finished his work!

At the session of his Conference (the Cincinnati, in September, 1891, he asked for a supernumerary relation, that he might engage in evangelistic work. Bishop Foster, who was at first not favorable to his leaving the pastorate, when he heard his plea before the Conference, stating his reasons for this step, was thoroughly convinced that his convictions were Spirit-wrought, and cheerfully granted his request, and bade him God-speed.

He moved his family to Delaware, Ohio, to secure its educational advantages for his children, and started at once upon a tour of visitation to the Conferences. He was accompanied by Professor John P. Hillis, singing evangelist, who was with him more or less throughout his evangelistic career, and whose companionship proved a source of great comfort. For a number of recent years, at the sessions of his own Conferences — Ohio, Southeast Indiana, and Cincinnati he had, at the request of the brethren, held Pentecostal-meetings each day from 4 to 5 P M., and had conducted the morning prayer-meetings. These were attended with such manifestations of Divine power that other

Conferences began to send in requests that he visit their sessions and hold like meetings; so we see that, in entering upon this work, he was obeying the united call of Providence — the Church and the Spirit within.

Dr. Lowrey, editor of *Divine Life*, requested that Dr. Keen make his periodical "the organ of communication of the progress and results of his work." He accepted this offer, and became contributing editor. In the December number, 1892, we find a resume of his first year's work as follows:

## **PENTECOSTAL ITINERARY**

### **A Review**

A resume of our first year in Pentecostal work follows naturally in this Itinerary. During the year, from September, 1891, to September, 1892, we held twenty-seven meetings. They were of three orders: 1st. Conference-meetings; 2d. Church-meetings 3d. Camp-meetings. The meetings at the Annual Conference took the precedence; for we feel that our call is first of all to them. We visited, in all, eleven Annual Conferences, the General Conference, and two District Conferences. The Annual Conferences were located in nine different States. The presiding bishops gave our work their most cordial sanction and support. Our services were so adjusted to the Conference sessions, anniversaries, and other services, as not to interfere with them in the least. It is the design of our work to help everything and to hinder nothing at the Conferences. The order of our work was a "Pentecostal service" daily, from 4 to 5 o'clock P. M. The Conference usually gave us charge of the morning devotional hour, from 8:30 to 9 A. M. These were auxiliary to the Conference revival. The sparse, dull Conference prayer-meeting was transformed, without exception, into a thronged, warm, inspiring, fruitful service. Projecting a sweet, hallowing, gracious influence into the succeeding sessions and services of the day. It became necessary, after a day or two, to hold a supplementary service in the evening, from 6:30 to 7:30 P. M., called a Pentecostal Inquiry service, where statements of difficulties in experience and questions on various aspects of spiritual life could be presented and responded to. These meetings were greatly blest in bringing seeking souls to a clear experience of pardon or full salvation. The Sabbath evening services were reserved for an old-fashioned Methodist revival service. There were from twenty-five to seventy-five seekers of salvation at the "mourners' bench" at each of these Conferences. There were not fewer than fifteen, and up to as many as fifty conversions in every service of this kind held, besides numbers reclaimed and fully saved. The beneficent effects of these Conference Pentecosts, besides the numbers of ministers and members who received the baptism with the Holy Ghost, and the souls that found salvation, were the spiritual uplift of Conference in faith and zeal for revival effort; a religious tone given to the sessions, rendering them epochal; a profound impression on the community, in some cases so deep as to precipitate widespread revival in all the Churches of the city where the Conference had been convened; and the dissemination of general revival throughout the bounds of the Conferences, as notably reported from the North Indiana Conference, the Louisiana, and others. The like blessed results attended three weeks' service at the General Conference in Omaha, Nebraska, last May. Congregations from 600 to 1,500 pressed daily to the Pentecostal service, from 4 to 5 P. M., in Exposition Hall. Many delegates, visitors, and citizens testified to having been greatly blessed. The *Daily Advocate*, the organ of the Conference, gratefully acknowledged, in its

editorial notes, the salutary and restraining influence these special services had upon the spirit of the Conference. Meetings in Churches were held in the following cities: Richmond, Indiana; Chicago, Illinois; Marion, Indiana; Olney, Illinois; Ft. Wayne, Indiana; Greensburg, Indiana; Delaware, Ohio; Portsmouth, Ohio; Aurora, Illinois; Richwood, Ohio. These were ten days' meetings. Two services were held daily. A Pentecostal service in the afternoon, and a regular evangelistic service at night. All these meetings were fruitful. The meeting in Delaware, Ohio, was phenomenal in power and extraordinary in results. There were 600 conversions in ten days. The aftermath yielded at least 250 more, besides revivals kindled directly by brands from this fire in twelve localities adjoining Delaware, resulting in from 50 to 250 saved at each place. The work in full salvation was proportionally great.

From June to September was given to camp-meeting work at Red Rock, Minnesota; Bay View, Michigan; Lakeside, Ohio; Eaton Rapids, Michigan; and Battle Ground, Indiana. The Pentecostal glory crowned all these meetings. Lakeside, Ohio, was the greatest in magnitude, power, and results. The distinctive feature of our special evangelism as to methods is the Pentecostal service. It is the mainspring in the combination of spiritual appliances we employ. It is the furnace, whose radiations of holy fervor impart power and effectiveness to all associated forms of service. The design of the Pentecostal service is to recognize, honor, and receive the Holy Ghost in the degree He may be needed, especially in the measure of His Pentecostal fullness.

Such a service, set apart by appointment to ask and wait for the Holy Spirit, we have demonstrated, secures His special sanction and unusual manifestation of His presence and power. The Pentecostal service as thus characterized has, we believe, a Scriptural warrant. We plant it upon two promises of God's Word: first, "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him" — that is, the Holy Spirit Himself is to be had for the asking; the second is, "If two of you agree as touching anything ye shall ask of my Father, it shall be done unto you" — that is, accord, concert in prayer inevitably secures gracious blessing, and in a measure which ordinary individual supplication does not, the simple conditions which brought the first Pentecost, where they were all with one accord in one place, in supplication and prayer. The Pentecostal service, as we use it, only comprises three conditions. Its simplicity is its power. Never have we held such a service, and we have held hundreds, but it has been honored by the Holy Spirit in immediate and unusual manifestations of His presence and power to souls. The secret of the blessed influence and gracious results of our first year of Pentecostal work is dependence upon the Holy Ghost. He is the final re-enforcement, which turns every battle for souls to consummate victory. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord of Hosts.

Dr. Lowrey, in an editorial in *Divine Life* on "Dr. S. A. Keen and His Work," so plainly defines the object of his meetings and so accurately conjectures his reasons for the use of certain terms that we give it in part:

### **DR. S. A. KEEN AND HIS MEETINGS**

It is now quite generally known that Rev. Brother S. A. Keen, D.D., is conducting an Itinerant Pentecostal service at the Conferences and in the Churches through the United States.

This peculiar ministry makes him a sort of apocalyptic angel, with spirit wings in lieu of money. His object is to convert the Conference sessions and the Church services into Jerusalem Pentecosts — to invoke and bring to pass a repetition of the sound from heaven as of a "rushing mighty wind," and to bring down afresh "the cloven tongues of fire, to sit upon" the ministry and people until, sinking into their hearts, all shall be "filled with the Holy Ghost."

Brother Keen is not an evangelist in the common acceptance of that term, but a legate from the skies. No great or vainglorious claim is set up by him or for him.

Pentecostal baptism is a generic term, as used by Dr. Keen, representing all spiritual attainments. I suppose he adopts it: (1) To draw special attention to the direct and absolutely necessary heart-work of the Holy Ghost. (2) It may be that he desires to avoid the too frequent and trite use of the words, "holiness," "sanctification," "cleansed from all sin," etc. A hackneyed and inconsiderate repetition of these sacred words militates against the charm and beauty of holiness. The phrase "Holiness-meeting" once attracted; now it repels, except within a narrow circle as compared with former times.

So when a new name is chosen from prudential reasons, and it proves a success without compromise, I must commend. Dr. Payne, who visits all the Conferences as secretary of our Educational Society, called on me a few evenings since, and said Dr. Keen is diffusing a hallowing influence by his meetings in all the Conferences. The bishops receive Dr. Keen cordially, co-operate with him, and commend his chosen organ, Divine Life. The preachers fall in like sheep following a shepherd with familiar voice and salt in hand.

There is a good sense in which we must become all things to all men. Wise men change — fools never. Pharaoh was a fool, and went under. Jonah changed, and got out of the whale's belly.

Our brethren must not forget that some mishaps and shortcomings, and some inadequate and divergent teaching, have engendered prejudice against the name holiness.

While Brother Keen is calling us all to the Jerusalem chamber, and urging us to bare our heads and to receive the cloven tongues of fire, and to fling wide open our hearts beseechingly until he comes in fullness to our hearts, let us pray that God will empty the horns on Brother Keen Himself that the anointing oil may be poured upon his head copiously, that it will "run down upon his beard and the skirts of his garments," that he may, as he goes from Conference to Conference, gratefully acknowledge to God, "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over."

"Lord, we believe to us and ours  
The apostolic promise given;  
We wait the Pentecostal powers,  
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

Grant this, O Holy God and true;  
The ancient seers Thou didst inspire:  
To us perform the promise due,  
Descend and crown us now with fire."

As we have before stated, Dr. Keen not only preached and taught our standard Methodist doctrines, but held to the old-time methods with marked success. In reporting the union meeting that he conducted at Portland, Oregon, he said:

There had been much conservatism among our people; as to distinctively Methodist methods. The type of evangelism that had prevailed for ten years or more had all but relegated the altar — "mourners' bench" — to the past, as an obsolete and effete instrument for getting souls saved. Hence there had been but few old-time, clear, happy conversions in some of the Churches, and little diffusive power of revival. The "inquiry room," signing cards, and "joining the Church" had superseded the old-time way of seeking the Lord publicly until he is found, and consciously found. We knew no better, and knew no other way, than to present the altar in the first service, and kept it before the people to the last. How they did throng to it for pardon, restoration, and full salvation! How it did flame with the old fire and glory! How many came to say, like David of his old sword, "There is none like it." We do not believe that the altar is the only place at which, nor the only way in which, souls can get salvation. Nor do we inveigh against the inquiry-room or card signing. They are good for all they are worth. We do agree, however, with what Mr. Moody has recently said to Dr. Mandeville, of Chicago, that the Methodist altar is the best method for getting people saved in the world. While people can and may often get saved in private, yet God's common method is to save where and in a way that their conversion will be a power to awaken and encourage hearts to seek salvation. One open, clear, unequivocal conversion is the seed of other like glorious salvation.

The Psalmist says, "Many shall see it, and fear and trust in the Lord."

God wonderfully honored and gave effectiveness to the altar. On the second day a leading Presbyterian pastor found full salvation, and said the next day, in a testimony service, "Yesterday, at that 'mourners' bench,' I found what I have wanted for years."

The reports of Dr. Keen's meetings, as found in the pages of Divine Life, might be combined into a book, which would glow with the Pentecostal fire; but our limited space here will permit only of a few excerpts, embracing incidents, comments, etc. After visiting many Conferences, and holding meetings in churches East and West, he declared:

The fullness of the Spirit is a desideratum of the Church in all places. As we found a longing and a readiness to receive the Holy Ghost in His indwelling presence among the Conferences of the West, so we met a like hunger and willingness to seek the baptism with the Holy Ghost and fire at the Conferences of the East. Our opinion that there are greater numbers of our ministers now feeling the need of and earnestly seeking the full anointing of the Holy Ghost than heretofore, is confirmed by our observations at the recent Conferences we have visited. The general interest taken in the distinctively spiritual services held and the private interviews sought, suggested a deep and prevalent desire to be filled with all the fullness of God.

Often the Pentecostal work would be launched even before the opening of the Conference, and "within forty-eight hours there would be a full-grown revival with all the phenomena of a powerful work of grace, deep convictions, clear conversions, and rapturous sanctifications." And yet he says: "Great as are the local and immediate benefits of a Conference Pentecost, the larger blessing is in the refluxing tide of revival power which goes out with the ministers who get the anointing of the Holy Ghost." At Butler, Missouri, the seat of the St. Louis Conference, no church being large enough, the meetings were held in the Opera-house, which was poorly adapted for religious service; but he says:

The Holy Spirit carried on His work most successfully. The Holy Ghost is not limited by unfavorable surroundings, if we only depend upon Him. He can turn difficulties and obstructions into favoring gales for the salvation of souls. The victory here, in the face of disadvantageous circumstances, was consummate. The Spirit of the Lord was so present that the people became oblivious to discomfort. All the religious services were thronged. The people pressed through packed aisles to the altar of prayer, such as had been improvised.

The scene in the Opera-house at night was unusual for a Church, let alone for such a place. After the missionary sermon by Dr. Poole, of St. Louis, we opened the battle for souls with an old-fashioned exhortation. The Lord helped, many penitents came forward, they began to find at once; sobs and shouts soon commingled. A second time the altar was filled; twelve boys with others coming from the gallery, all of whom were converted. The number seeking full salvation were even more numerous than those forward for pardon.

At Easton, Pennsylvania, the seat of the Philadelphia Conference:

The meetings soon developed into a genuine revival. The city was stirred. Ministers and members of other Churches expressed their appreciation of the spiritual help they were receiving. By Sabbath night the power had developed that an old-fashioned revival service was held in the Second Street Methodist Episcopal Church; quite sixty persons sought the Lord. Most, if not all, found salvation. Easton is considered a very conservative city — hard to enthruse religiously; but its apathy and fastidiousness had to give way this time. A professor in Lafayette College (Presbyterian) said: I have been here many years, and have seen some rills of revival in our local Churches; but this is the first flood-tide we have had that has moved all our Churches and city. The Conference, by unanimous vote, asked that this order be duplicated next year. Many of the able and elderly men of the Conference approved this new departure.

Some of his comments on the Churches and people where he labored are most fruitful in suggestion. One Church he found to be "both strong and weak. Its elements of strength consist in its architectural appointments, material resources, social standing, and thorough organization. Its weakness, in lack of evangelistic zeal and spiritual fervor. They are a good people, creditable in morals and loyal to their Church; but weak in spiritual song and testimony, inefficient in altar work, and feeble in prayer." Another Church was strong in faith, doing exploits. "It set out to be Methodistic, have revivals, maintain the class-meeting, and seek to be a body of earnest, godly, spiritual people, rather than a nice, social, semi-religious club." "It takes just two things to make a Methodist Church; namely, salvation and Methodism."

Washington, D. C., he found to be "dominated by society; Milwaukee, by the saloon. It is impossible to say which is the greater foe to religion." The latter place was preparing for a charity ball, which, he remarks, "is a damnable sort of charity."

The meetings at Broomfield Street Church, Boston, were reported in full by Rev. E. Davies, together with synopses of his sermons and Bible-readings. From these reports we make the following extracts:

Boston has been favored for ten days with the effective services of Rev. Dr. Keen, of Delaware, Ohio. He began with a consecration service, which was followed by a powerful sermon from the text, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Some ministers depend upon their own resources, and fail; others use their resources and depend upon God for success, and they are victors.

1. What may we depend upon the Spirit for? (a) For conviction. He will awaken the ungodly in answer to the prayer of faith and by the plain preaching of the gospel. (b) For conversion. He will regenerate the truly penitent believer and will give him the witness that he is a child of God. (c) We may depend upon the Spirit fully to sanctify the regenerated soul when that soul is conscious of inbred sin, and fully consecrates itself to God in the exercise of faith. (d) We may depend upon the Spirit to give revival power, to awaken the people in the community, and turn their attention to divine things.

2. Why may we depend upon the Spirit? Because the Spirit is here today to do this very work; not to create a universe, he has done that; not to write a new Bible, the Bible is here and completed; not to project a new race. But he is here to convict, convert, and fully sanctify the people. He will do this if we ask in faith. Let us expect it now.

Many flocked to the altar to receive the fullness of the Holy Ghost, and were not disappointed. Dr. Keen's address to the Sunday-school, upon "I am the way," was very timely, instructive, and tenderly impressive. Many were in tears, and many of the children and youth came to Christ.

The afternoon sermon was marrow and fatness. Holiness was presented in such an attractive way as giving the believer a fullness of faith, and a perfection of love, and a vast increase of joy, and a constant spirit of prayer, leading the soul into the richest union and communion with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. No wonder that there was not room at the altar for all who desired this fullness.

The evening sermon, from "Give me a blessing," was very explicit and instructive, showing that spiritual blessings were substantial and abiding.

Tuesday, at 7:30, the subject was "Showers of Blessing." The presence of the Lord was so powerful upon the people that, at the close, sinners were converted, backsliders were reclaimed, and some were fully sanctified. Two persons were so overpowered that they fell prostrate before the Lord. It was the old-fashioned power that our fathers used to see which demonstrates the Divine presence.

Dr. Keen makes great use of the power of sanctified song. His praise services are very powerful. The "Songs of Joy and Gladness" were never put to better use than in the help they rendered in these services. He has a peculiar way of closing his meetings; after all are forward, and all have been blessed and some have testified, he requests all present to shake hands with all the rest. This handshaking is a great means of diffusing the holy fire among the people.

Wednesday, at 2:30, the subject was "The Gift of the Holy Ghost as a Power." Many were delighted to take the gift. God was there to bless His own truth.

At 7:30 the topic was, "Seek God." Though it was a stormy night, many were present, and the altar was filled with people seeking God for the various blessings their souls were hungering for. The interest was increasing daily.

There is much simplicity in these services, and an entire absence of anything like captiousness, censoriousness, or of egotism. Christ and Him Crucified is constantly before the people, especially the Holy Ghost in His mighty power and fullness, whose office it is to give efficacy to the Word preached. Indeed, all the services are Pentecostal in form and power.

Dr. Keen is very careful to give every person credit for what degree of grace he may have, and makes that a reason to urge him to obtain more. His sermons are extremely rich in spiritual truths, which are happily arranged, and pressed upon the people with the utmost kindness. No sign of severity or lack of appreciation of the feeblest child of God; but the faintest soul is stimulated to come forward and be filled with the Spirit.

Thursday evening, Dr. Keen opened services by singing the battle hymn:

"There in a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;"

and the climax was reached when he gave out, and they sang so heartily:

"I am dwelling on the mountain,  
Where the golden sunlight gleams  
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty  
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;  
Where the air is pure, ethereal,  
Laden with the breath of flowers;  
They are blooming by the fountain,  
'Neath the amaranthine bowers."

The glory of God filled the house, and many shouted aloud for joy.

Dr. Keen is in the vigor of his manhood, and seems never to be weary in his work. His intellect is all aglow with holy light, and his heart is all ablaze with holy fire and perfect love. His sanctification is fresh from heaven, every day and every hour. He lives in the spirit of holiness, and

the Holy Spirit lives and rules in him. Some holiness people and some holiness preachers seem to live on a past experience. They are quite orthodox in their theory; but, alas! they have lost the unction of the Holy One. Let us all be anointed with "fresh oil" daily and hourly.

His faith never claimed any definite number of conversions or of sanctifications in his meetings. He believed that the Lord would "use him up to the utmost possibility for spiritual results." Indeed, it marked an epoch in his experience when, under a special anointing, he learned the secret that "the Lord did not hold him responsible for the conversion of a sinner or the sanctification of a believer, but that his sole responsibility as a soul-saving agent was to live in such an attitude to God as that he should constantly be filled with the Holy Ghost." Hence a marked absence of all anxiety, and a perfect satisfaction with the results, whatever they might be.

His faith was just as far from presumption on the one side as from unbelief on the other. No important step in life was ever taken without prayerful consideration. He never jumped hastily to conclusions from seeming providential indications or from strong impressions. There was one fixed quantity in all the problems of life that came up for solution — a complete abandonment to God, and consciousness that he sought only His glory. Hence, having entered upon a course, he never wavered or turned back.

The following incident will illustrate how completely he was abandoned to the Spirit. In a meeting he was holding in one of the Eastern cities, he preached one night on the text, "Wherefore he is able to save unto the uttermost all them that come unto God by him." In the midst of his discourse, he said, he found himself repeating, "He saves! He saves!" with such unusual vehemence that the pastor looked up in surprise. At the close, among others who presented themselves at the altar as seekers of pardon, was an old man, whom he had noticed during the sermon seated upon the front seat. As the pastor knelt by his side to find out his need, the old man said: "I can not hear you. I am deaf. I never heard a word the preacher said tonight; but 'He saves.' I know I am a sinner, but I want to be saved." And before the close of the meeting, he was shouting the praises of God over a conscious salvation.

"I do not often get my own blessings in the meetings," he once said; "for all my powers are so fully enlisted in the work in hand that I do not think of myself at all. But when I get to my room, and have retired for the night, sometimes waves of blessing and glory sweep over my soul, and the Lord seems to whisper to me, 'You let me have my way through you. My smile is your reward. Is it enough? And my soul exultingly cries out, 'Enough! enough.'"

Perhaps nowhere was his holy power more felt than in the homes where he was entertained. It was not an uncommon thing for members of the household to receive pardon and full salvation while he tarried with them, or soon after his departure. And he preferred to be in the homes than in the hotels, for the reason that it gave him the opportunity of winning souls for Jesus. Everywhere he went he left a blessing behind. With the same propriety might the friends in these homes say to him as the brethren of Dublin sent word to Mr. Fletcher after a visit among their societies, "The sound of your Master's footsteps was heard behind you."

**The Biography of Samuel Ashton Keen  
MEMORIAL PAPERS**

or,

**THE RECORD OF A SPIRIT FILLED LIFE**

By

**Mary P. Keen**

**CHAPTER 10**

**HIS PRIVATE JOURNAL**

"Every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

We are glad to announce to the reader that we have in store for him a most delightful and wholesome spiritual feast. It was not until near the close of the preparation of the preceding chapter that we discovered the private diary which my husband had kept from early in his ministry until within a few months of his death. Strange enough, we had forgotten that he kept such a journal; and it seemed the merest accident that led, one day, to the opening of a drawer in the library where it, with other valuable papers, was found carefully stored. As we pored over its pages the following days, with commingled emotions of joy and sorrow, there came to our soul a most blessed spiritual illumination and uplift, which we believe will be the like experience of the reader. These records are the heart throbs of one who lived so close to the heart of Jesus as almost to seem the echo of His own. We are trusting the same unerring Providence which led to the discovery of the journal to guide in making these selections that will bring the greatest glory to God and help to souls.

It will be found that the fully saved soul, instead of being free from temptations, is often the subject of the most malignant and persistent attacks of Satan; but by a steady looking unto Jesus, it is kept on the victory side, and can shout with the apostle, "Now, thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.

**PERSONAL JOURNAL OF REV. S. A. KEEN**

Columbus, Ohio, January 1, 1875

Began the New Year in he concluding exercises of Town Street watch-night service. At five minutes past 12 o'clock A. M., I solemnly renewed my consecration to God. This day finds me with great peace and strong in faith. I rest in Jesus. This happy New Year finds me in the seventh year of my ministry, in the twentieth year of my conversion, my sixth year of perfect love, and my third year in my pastoral term at Wesley Chapel, Columbus, Ohio.

January 20, Wednesday

Study. 8 to 10 A. M. 10 to 12, visiting. P. M. Visiting. Our meeting is at that stage which requires much personal interview. 7:30 P. M. Meeting — prayer and exhortation. Talked on the idea of a passion for souls. "The love of Christ constraineth us." The converted soul is born into a love for Christ. It feels that Jesus is precious. But such love does not contemplate necessarily a love to souls

as such. Now, the love we need is a love to sinners like the love which Christ had for them. Our natural love for friends must be swallowed up by a Christly love for them. Here is a depth of love which we must fathom.

It can only come by special prayer, seeking the baptism of the Spirit. This passion for souls will exhibit itself — new activities and new success in soul-saving. This exhortation was followed by a season of silent prayer and by several audible prayers. Then I presented the altar, showing the definiteness of God's invitation — personal for an object, now. Six came forward — two seeking perfect love; four pardon.

February 4, Thursday

Today I have seen more clearly than ever that God's way to save sinners is by men and women consecrated to that work, and that whoever consecrates himself to that work will succeed. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever." O may I, from this day, be a living sacrifice to this work! May it share my thoughts, enlist my prayers, and gauge my efforts! Also, I have seen that if filled with the holy Ghost, the truth spoken — my life, my example, indeed, everything by which I communicate myself to the world, will impress it with the necessity of grace.

April 3, Saturday

This morning finds me with a sermon partially written on "Art in Religion," but with the feeling that it would not be suitable for the morrow. Changed my text, and wrote an entire sermon on "Out of the abundance of the heart," etc. (Matt. xii, 34.) Seldom do I write a sermon in a day. P. M., visited nine families. Spent evening in preparation for Sabbath.

April 30, Friday

This day set apart for fasting and prayer in the interest of temperance. Attended prayer-meeting from nine to ten. Corrected Conference blank. P. M., visited eight families. P. M., led teachers' class. My heart has been greatly drawn out in meditation on "Making full proof of thy ministry." O, the capacity of the ministry! 1. What access it has to the world — the ministry is honored — Rev. gives a man power anywhere. 2. To it is committed the Gospel, which itself is the power of God unto salvation. 3. The blessing of God. "I will be with thy mouth" — it to wield the tongue of fire.

Popularity, crowds, eulogy, are not the full proof of the ministry. Robertson was disheartened by the crowds that came. When a man wields the office of the ministry for honor or lucre, he prostitutes rather than proves it.

Am I making full proof of my ministry? God help me!

July 22, Thursday

Left Columbus for Urbana 10 A. M. to attend the National Camp-meeting. Most of the National Committee were there. I was much impressed with the unabated zeal of Inskip, and the earnestness

of all the committee. Every meeting was powerful, and many entered into the blessing of full salvation. Brothers Foote, Lowrey, Willing, Hughes, McClain, Vananda, Boole, all preached well; indeed, sermons of marked ability and power. Personally, the meeting was a great blessing to me. Brought new light, new inspiration, new consecration. My Soul delighted itself in fatness. The meeting was indeed a modern Pentecost. The cause must go on; it will go on. I returned with my family to Columbus, Ohio, July 29. The Lord bless my soul and give me great success in advancing the cause of Jesus! I am more fully committed to holiness of heart, more thoroughly in love with the doctrine.

August 31, Thursday

Finished class record, visited 12 families, took tea at Brother J.'s, spent evening at home, read Bushnell's sermon on "Respectable Sin." A day of conflict with the adversary.

September 27, Monday

Finished up Conference preparations, such as reports, etc. Official meeting, 7:30 P. M. A good time. It spontaneously closed with experience. Never had such a good wind-up. No fuss over me — God glorified. So closes my pastoral term at old Wesley. Glorious years! Full of labor, full of blessing — a good people. Best of all, the Lord has been with us.

October 4, Monday

Conference crowded. 7:30 P. M., appointments read. Am appointed to St. Paul's, Delaware, Ohio.

October 19, Tuesday

A. M., cleanse yard; fully settled. Experience — I have felt a nearness to God during Conference and moving. I take my appointment to St. Paul's as the will of God. I desire to make full proof of my ministry. The Lord help me!

October 27, Wednesday

Study. Find it difficult to sermonize. Not a want of themes, but an inability to fasten upon a subject. And to work it out. I do not know whether this is the result of not knowing the mind of the Spirit or for want of decision — something wrong. I shall pray my way out of the dilemma.

November 7, Sabbath

11 A. M., preached — "Buy of me gold." (Rev. iii, 18.) The Lord owned it, I know. I have learned that I may have the witness of the Spirit in all that I do. 7 P. M., preached, "Quench not the Spirit." Followed the sermon with a spirited prayer-meeting. A good day.

January 26, 1876, Wednesday

Just an hour before going to the service, I felt, in answer to prayer, that I ought to seek the baptism of Power. I need it. Its need has been very definitely made manifest to me. I can record, to the honor of God, that I have a greater power of faith, a fuller rest in Jesus, a more continuous unction in service, than ever before; but I see also that I may be a man full of the Holy Ghost. I now consecrate myself, and now seek the endowment from on high. I am waiting. My all is on the altar. I am waiting for the fire. "O, that it now from heaven might fall!" I went to the altar myself to seek this today. O, send it, Lord!

February 22, Tuesday

Got a good rest today. Have lost much sleep on account of sickness in family. Felt refreshed. 7 P. M., talked on "They that are after the flesh can not please God." The Lord present — 6 at altar. Two very clear conversions. The poor drunkard that came to see me on Saturday was powerfully saved.

February 23, Wednesday

Personal experience. I have learned during this meeting to confide in the truth, for it is the power of God unto salvation; and to confide in the Holy Spirit, for He shall reprove the world of sin. I have learned that the coercion of strong desire, of personal effort, of importunate earnest address can not do the work so much as relying upon the Divine forces. Only be very courageous, not looking at the stubborn wills; for how many stubborn wills have yielded! This meeting has been a glorious school to me. I have learned much.

February 24, Thursday

Spent part of the day in Columbus. I have felt today more than ever that I want to concentrate on doing good; eliminate everything from my life but the rescue of the perishing; make my whole life, my thought, my personal power, my preaching — not one power, but all my powers — combine on Christ and salvation.

March 6, Monday

Rested. 7 P. M., held praise service. This, fifty-sixth night of meeting. A glorious service. Thirty-one came forward. We then invited all who had experienced religion to come forward for reconsecration. The altar and seats in front were filled, and a season of great earnestness in prayer followed. This closes our meeting. About one hundred souls have been converted, a number were wholly sanctified. It has been a wonderful season of refreshing. Personally, my own soul has been wonderfully blessed. My voice, throat, and lungs have carried me right through. Praise the Lord!

March 7, Tuesday

Visited sick brother in the country. Spent evening at home with wife. The third evening since Conference with my family. Just as I was retiring this evening, while at prayer, the Lord gave me such a sense of his being, his very existence, as a Spirit. It was blessed. O, it is so real, so true, that God is!

July 10, Monday

I had many interesting reflections today. I feel the need of more power. I am not settled as to the selection of the message. I need the unction that teacheth all things. To know you have a "message" is as indispensable as to know you have a "commission." I fain would have power. I need this teaching much.

July 12, Wednesday

I am still in a struggle respecting the anointing of the Spirit that teacheth all things. I want to feel and know what the Lord would have me preach.

July 14, Friday

Still panting after the Spirit in greater fullness. Spent much of the day in reading. Read "Apt Words" in "Words." Studied punctuation in the afternoon.

July 17, Monday

I feel that I am in the twilight of a baptism of power. A great many spiritual suggestions have come to my mind. It came with power to me that the leading characteristic of Christian testimony is, that it teaches others the need of salvation. It shows a possession of what they lack. Dr. Mahan's remark upon the reception of heart purity being introduced by some manifestation of Christ or God, or some lifting up of the soul while in prayer, is corroborated by my own experience. On the morning of January 10, 1869, in Chillicothe, while kneeling to pray, God wonderfully came in and revealed himself, and my soul could but exclaim, "Rest! Jesus! Rest!" A glorious view of Christ and the atonement was given me. Truth, apprehended under the illumination of the Holy Spirit, becomes as fire in our bones, says Mahan. It is true. In my reflections I have thought much on how many incidental ways God helps us to help another. We can give inspiration or suggestion, feed the thought; new light, or an impulse.

July 18, Tuesday

Studied Sunday-school lesson. Thought upon subject for preaching. Read Punshon's great lecture on Babylon ... I read on Monday, devotional works, to put my heart in tune; on Tuesday, some masterpieces in composition, such as Punshon, Robertson, or Channing, to get a good key for my mind.

July 19, Wednesday

Still I pant for the fullness of the Spirit. At 8 A. M., I knelt to pray for special divine guidance as to themes for the Sabbath. I had a great struggle, almost an agony, before I could fully lay it all on the Lord, but I grasped the promise, "Whatsoever ye ask in my name, it shall be done." I rose from my knees without any especial emotion, except I had trusted. I went to my study, and in a few minutes a text caught my mind, fastened it. It warmed my heart. It was a text that had been in my mind several days. Like the Israelites, I had complained and been anxious while the flesh was between my teeth. I could but reproach my own heart, and say, "O, thou of little faith! wherefore didst thou doubt?"

July 20, Wednesday

This has been another day of communion and spiritual outlook. The importance of presenting truth as well as duty has occupied my thoughts. Truth draws up to it faith. A square look at truth puts doubt to flight, and brings in confidence. The truth of incarnation — atonement — eternal life. I am more than ever convinced of the power and office of the human will, that all steps toward salvation must be originated by it. "Whosoever will may come."

July 24, Monday

Visited Brother S., whom I found discouraged. I think I helped him. Met Brother B., whom I urged not to withdraw from the Church on Saturday. Prayer and earnest entreaty had prevailed. He said, "I will not leave the Church." Several very precious thoughts have come to my mind on following Jesus. We follow those we love, keep with them. So, if we love Jesus, we will keep near Him. If we follow Him, where he is, we will be found.

July 27, Tuesday

7:30 A. M. Left Delaware for Loveland, (O.) to attend National Camp-meeting. On train, met Miss F., of Columbus; talked with her on religion; found her carrying conviction. She made several remarks which show how the world is affected by true Christian lives. She said, "I notice how those who are truly religious are so satisfied." She said of a certain minister, "He makes the way so easy that I should not be satisfied if I were to take religion his way." Arrived at C. M., 3 P. M.

July 31, Monday — At Camp-Meeting

Today at 11 A. M., I preached on spiritual appetite. The gift of the Holy Ghost with power was witnessed to me while preaching. God wonderfully blessed the Word. Some were saved while I preached. Scores have taken me by the hand during the day, and said, "Bless God for that sermon." A great number arose, declaring they were hungry. Praise the Lord! I feel so humble. All glory to Jesus!

August 27, Sabbath

7:30 P. M., preached "Chief of Sinners." The Lord let me out on the sinfulness of this city. The Lord is with me in power. O that I may be strong in the Lord!

September 11, Monday

Quarterly Conference, 7:30. Our collections up and over the amount raised last year. The Quarterly Conference unanimously request my return. It has been a glorious year in the work and in my soul. One hundred and six conversions. Ten professed entire sanctification. The Lord make me humble and fill me with His Spirit!

1877, New Year's Day, Monday

I have been led this day to reconsecrate myself to prayer. I want to be more a man of prayer than ever before. The Psalmist says, "I will give myself unto prayer." The apostle says, "Watch unto prayer." More failure comes of neglecting to appreciate and persevere in prayer than from all other causes. The day has opened well for the year. May I be a more devout man, a more faithful student, a more successful preacher!

January 18, Thursday

This afternoon I had a most wonderful experience. I lay down in my study to rest. I could not sleep, the interest of the work pressed upon me so mightily. I got up and knelt down to pray. The more I prayed, the heavier got my heart, until I found myself in all agony of soul. I had never had such an experience before. I had often had anxiety, but never knew what agony was. No one was present to call my wife. Hearing some one in the coal-house, I looked out. It was the girl. I told her to tell my wife to come over. (The study was in the Church.) She came. I wept as if my heart would break. I never had such a view of the work, the condition of the Church, the peril of sinners. I was verily baptized into fellowship with Christ's sufferings. After a time the agony ceased, and I became calm. We prayed. My soul was peaceful. I shall ever be now more a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; for this baptism, not of fire, but of grief.

January 21, Sabbath

11 A. M., talked on the "Care for Souls." The Lord shut, me off from preaching several days since. I felt that I must not preach, but talk. I spoke some earnest thoughts that I found in my heart. The Spirit was poured out. The words of truth took hold upon the conscience of the Church as I spoke of the kind of care souls should have and how careless we are of them. After a moment of silent prayer, and a most humble and direct prayer by Father Brown, in which the power of the Lord came down upon us, Dr. Merrick arose, and, with tears, enforced what had been said. We sang, "Take my poor heart," and instead of adjourning to hold our classes, we held a fifteen-minutes prayer-meeting. Sister Lane prayed with power. She was almost carried out of herself. The whole congregation melted down before the Lord. We opened the doors of the Church; but instead of any coming to join, three came and fell at the altar of prayer. Mrs. J. And Miss O. Were converted.

April 12, Wednesday

It is now six weeks since the protracted-meeting closed, and still the glorious spirit of revival marches on.

May 12, Saturday

I am thirty-five years old today. I reconsecrate myself to God and to His work. It is my desire to be a holier man and a more efficient preacher.

September 14, Friday

P. M. Out on pastoral work. Found one sister in feeble health, and greatly in bondage to unbelief. She seemed to be one whom Satan hath bound. I called upon another, who was much tried; indeed, greatly disheartened. I prayed with them, and sought to point out the better way of victory through Jesus. I think they were helped. O, what blessed privileges are afforded the pastor for administering comfort! How near he should live to the Lord to be able to give meat in due season!

December 10, Monday

I have felt sad today, indeed, I have had conflict occasioned by reflections suggested yesterday; such as, "Am I mistaken in being a specialist on holiness?"

Tuesday — Conflict, conflict, conflict.

Wednesday — conflict, conflict, conflict.

Thursday — Conflict, conflict, conflict.

Friday — Conflict, conflict, conflict.

Saturday — Conflict. A claim of victory.

Sabbath — No marked blessing, but peaceful.

April 3, Wednesday

Today I have had sweet communion with the Savior. I have been praising him for his deliverance to me yesterday. I was greatly tempted to captiousness and censoriousness respecting the Union Temperance Meetings; but the Lord kept me sweet and patient. I yesterday was taught what meekness is, not to resent wrong. "He opened not his mouth" "He answered him not a word." Holy silence under accusation and personal injustice. I have seen today that there are two immutable promises upon which I may claim the salvation of the children: Ask and it shall be given you (the child of God); All things are possible to him that believeth.

April 26, Friday

This morning I was greatly tempted to impatience; and for lack of watchfulness in looking to Jesus, I was overcome. I became very impatient. This is a dark spot in a bright experience for months past. How humiliating are these failures! Yet they come of failing, when tempted, to look to Jesus. I have felt very deeply this spiritual defeat. It was so dishonoring to God. Yet I sincerely repented of it to God, and confessed it to the one with whom I became impatient, and feel that it was put under the blood; and believe I shall be stronger for the conflict.

August 22, Thursday

This has been another day of spiritual conflict. I have not the assured guidance of the Holy Spirit that I often have had, and yet I need it very much. I have felt very humble today. I am not worthy of any place. I am astonished that I should ever have had any place in the Conference; and more, that I ever thought myself fit for such work as in my earlier ministry I aspired to.

August 23, Friday

I am still in heaviness on account of manifold temptations. I am looking unto the Lord for help.

August 24, Saturday

Had many calls today. My soul-conflict amounted almost to agony. No rest until this evening, just after tea. Light broke in; the burden rolled off. I see now that it has been a great trial of faith, and the Lord's discipline, for enlarging my heart in spiritual things. Great peace has come.

[We find on the margin of the journal opposite the above entry, this note: "This was a notable blessing. It was, I know now, the anointing of power." Over the entry, written in red ink, is: "The anointing of power. Glory to God!" Ed.]

August 30, Friday

I have had great rest of faith. The conflict of last week has terminated in glorious victory this week. How glad I am that it did not end in defeat!

August 31, Saturday

It is just one week ago this evening that I entered into a new blessing of rest.

1881, April 23, Saturday

(While at Third Avenue, Columbus.) This, Saturday. Morning found me, as has been my common experience, with no subjects fully settled upon for the Sabbath sermon. Yet I can fear no evil; for I have the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." And if left to the last moment, something will be given me by the Holy Spirit, and He will enable me to treat it in such a way as will do good, though

not in such a way as would commend it to a fastidious taste. It will not bear the muster of sermonic criticism, but may, after all, be made effective for good. My style of sermonizing is so changed in the last few years that I would hardly know it, if I had not come along with the change that has transpired. I used to write at least one sermon in full and memorize it each week. The other was extempore. Now, I seldom write in full, and this change has been effected by a new baptism, received just as I was leaving Delaware, in which I was brought to be willing to be guided wholly by the Holy Spirit in preaching. Now, my subjects usually come late, not often even the day before preaching; but the Lord has so signally helped me, that I can not worry, though it is a change leading, for if I could settle upon a theme early, I might give the full strength of my time and mind to its development. But it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes; so we can not but be patient. I used to be able to preach my old sermons with much comfort; but though I have several hundred of them, none of them seem to suit present wants. They belong to a past dispensation of my life, therefore do not fit this new dispensation of my life into which I have entered. These words came to me in power, as an explanation of this strange experience, about a week since, "No man putteth new wine into old bottles." So the Lord is not allowing me to use either old methods of preparation or old forms of preparation. His will be done, not mine! I now devote each day to study, so much as I can study the Word, and such books as seem to come to me providentially, and wait in prayer and faith on the Lord until, by the Holy Spirit, through the Word, or some Divine providence, or observation, or strong personal drawing, a theme is impressed upon my mind. I always know when the theme is of the Lord. All sense of emptiness departs. The theme opens up, or at least bears so upon my mind, that I am sure it will be made clear. When a subject is thus given me, it usually unfolds rapidly, and gathers to itself such matter from the resources of my mind as serves to enforce and illustrate it. May the Lord keep me in peace in this matter!

April 24, Sabbath

During the afternoon I had a clear season of temptation from Satan. He sought to array obstacles and difficulties in such a way as to throw me into discouragement; but I was enabled to quench his fiery darts by the shield of faith and giving myself to instant prayer. He was completely routed, and the sweetest rest came to my heart as the Spirit whispered those words which have so often come to me in power, "Go forward!"

May 2, Monday

Had a conversation with a young man this evening who seems to be turning to the Lord. Last autumn the American editor of the Divine Life, a monthly periodical devoted to the extension of entire sanctification (Dr. Mahan, the English editor) wrote me a letter, asking me to write out my experience on full salvation. I did so, but in the face of a temptation that it would be giving broadcast that which, so precious to me, would hardly be worthy of so public a profession. But I said: "It is true, and if God can use it to His glory, I am willing to forego my own feelings of diffidence." I wrote it up with prayer and thoughtfulness, and forwarded it to Dr. Lowrey. On Saturday evening last, the May number of the Divine Life came to hand, containing what I had written, under the title of "My Spiritual Biography." I am so glad that I can proclaim to so many this great and precious salvation.

1882, June 2, Friday

(While the presiding elder of the Lancaster, Ohio, District.) Today I declined, by letter, an invitation to the pastorate of the Walnut Hills Methodist Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, and for the same reason I declined to accept a call to the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, Minneapolis, a few months since. I can not see my way clear to remove myself from my present work (P. E.), which is not to my natural liking, and which was undesired and is undesirable; for I am convinced that I am in it providentially, and I am not ready to change unless there is a manifest providential opening for me to do so. For I would rather be where God wants me, in a hard field, on small pay, than be where God does not want me, on good pay.

October 16, Thursday

While writing, this thought came to my mind. The baptism of the Holy Spirit is the sending of the Holy Spirit in His personal indwelling. When so received, He sanctifies and empowers; but when only sought in His sanctifying power, this may be effected without the full manifestation of His personal presence. But when the fullness of the Holy Spirit is given, then power from on high, as well as sanctifying grace, is given.

1883, October 30, Wednesday

I got much inspiration last week in my diligent study, in the original of the first chapter of Romans. Dean Alford's comment was very luminous. Enjoyed, much, reading "D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation." Today finished reading the second chapter of Romans in the original. Enjoyed very much, indeed. My religious enjoyment is all the while deepening and my faith is increasing.

1893, December 29, Friday

[This and all the remaining entries were made while Dr. Keen was in the special evangelistic work.]

Had special access to God in prayer for some particular interests and for the meeting begun here at Marion. Had a very gracious deliverance from a heaviness of temptation, which had been weighing upon me for several days. It was like this: Satan kept saying, "If you continue to think upon this special line of Pentecostal grace and evangelistic work, and in preaching repeat constantly your readings and sermons and teachings, they will become hackneyed, and lose their power to stir your own soul, and hence cease to be effective." While in prayer, I asked the Lord that in some way, if it was His will that I should keep repeating substantially these ideas, as Wm. Taylor has been doing for so many years, I might have such refreshings of the Spirit as will make them quickening to my own soul and stimulating to the souls of others. This afternoon, in the Pentecostal service, as I gave my reading upon the Pentecostal promise, which I have given perhaps a hundred times, it came with a freshness and clearness and sweetness to my own heart, as if it were the first time. This, also, was true of the evening sermon, "The Fullness of Blessing." The Lord gave me this help to encourage my heart to hold right on to the single message, the Gospel of the Holy Ghost, which he has thrust me out to herald.

December 31, Sabbath

The old year ends well. May life so end! Too much worn to hold watch-night service.

1894, January 1, Monday

Spent a few hours at home, only twenty miles distant (from Marion). A glimpse at loved ones is good and refreshing. Found a providential significance, in this short visit, in a needful business appointment. At 2:30 P. M., held a covenant service. One young lady, Miss B., of the leading family of the Church here, told how, this A. M., she received the New-Year's gift of a clean heart, while reading "Faith Papers," chapter on "Witness of Faith."

January 3, Wednesday

2:30. Theme, "Pentecostal Fullness;" fully three hundred present. Remarkable testimonies. One lady said, "Today, while reading forty-seventh page of "Faith Papers, I was saved!" The depth and sweep of this meeting the greatest we have had. 7:30 P. M., great power; preached the "Uttermost Salvation." This is a sermon which only occasionally has the Lord given me exceptional power with. This He did a year since at the meeting at Delaware. While preaching on that occasion, a brother minister received full salvation, and shouted or rather screamed, at the top of voice. Last night an official member whooped and jumped under it. There was some merriment over this demonstration in the audience, but his manifestations were so evidently of the Spirit that the scene was no diversion. Indeed, the whole service was so in the power of the Spirit that all were awed. The largest number of seekers and the greatest number saved.

January 4, Thursday

Last night, a cyclone; this afternoon, a Bochim, a valley of weeping. Despite the rain, the largest day-meeting we have seen. Had several hours at home. That is clear gain, a providential indulgence. The Lord is good. Tonight, though a storm was prevailing, there was no abatement of the attendance. The Lord took things in hand. I had expected to preach, but could not. The praise-meeting at the introduction so melted the people that I followed with an exhortation, and forty more came forward for prayers. The sweep of saving power was wonderful. The Lord saves me from plans; that is, He does not allow my planning to bind me so that it can not allow the Holy Spirit to change at a moment's notice.

January 5, Friday

Tonight the congregation was immense. God led me to preach the sermon I was withheld from last night, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" The Spirit led me out on — 1. Its great nature. 2. Its great neglect. Under the last idea, the Lord veritably enabled me to shell the camp and rake all the entrenchments in which souls were hiding. Conviction was general. Seekers thronged the altar. Many saved; four, late at night, after we had adjourned the meeting. Today I have enjoyed an unusual spirit of prayer. I use the term "enjoyed intentionally. Much of the spirit of prayer I used to have, had commingled with it so much of an oppressive spirit, and a heaviness which I know was

the heaviness of temptation. More than the heaviness of solicitude and anxiety for souls. Now, my soul, when it is drawn out in prayer, does not groan, but rejoices; and these seasons are followed with exceptional manifestations of saving power in my work.

1894, January 8, Monday

Weary, but busy.

Tuesday

Left for Pittsburg at 9 P. M. Was greatly blessed in the thought that I could sacrifice my home companionships for Jesus and His work.

January 13, Saturday

At Alliance, Ohio. At 2:30 P. M. We had a remarkable Pentecostal service. The Lord came suddenly to His temple Just as the pastor sang out

"Glory to His name,  
Now to my heart is the blood applied,"

simultaneously, as many as a dozen received salvation in blessed assurance.

January 15, Monday

Have not had so much sensible enjoyment in prayer today, but much believing access to God. I often find more signal answers follow these times when I just, in faith, and, as it would seem, almost mechanically, tell God what I need, than even when I have great consciousness of the Divine communion in prayer. Our prayer moods must be left with the Holy Spirit. When disinclined to pray, of course, that is of Satan, and is to be resisted, and we must pray whether we are free to it or not, as we must do anything else we ought to do.

Read another chapter of Dr. Bushnell's book, "Forgiveness and Law." He has a stirring truth, no doubt, which is the great moral factor of the atonement; but as yet I can not see that it is all the atonement. He does not make clear, what I have long believed, that atonement in spirit belongs to the nature of God, and the tragedy of the cross gets its significance because it enacts what has been eternal in the mind of God respecting sin. Jesus was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

January 29, Monday

At Leavenworth, Kansas. Great advance today in the spirit and power of the revival. Many came out clearly into full salvation. A most restful day in my soul; that is, a restfulness from the fierce assaults of Satan; not more peace of mind, not more trust, but a retiring of the enemy for a season, a let up in the conflict. I used almost to feel, in these suspensions of Satanic temptations, that the

devil was dead, that he would surely never appear again to confront me; but he lives when he does not appear. He is present always, and never distant. But He, too, Who is stronger than Satan, is with me all the time.

February 23, Friday

Left at 9 P. M. For Syracuse, N. Y. A day of great thoughtfulness and prayerfulness about many things. My traveling hours give me time to think and plan; they are not barren hours.

February 27, Tuesday

The revival is on. The Churches are stirred. Thee preachers right to the front. The work of conversion and full salvation going on together. Medical students getting saved. Preachers stepping into the pool.

March 1, Thursday

House packed all day. O, such hunger! One man, a prominent layman, told me tonight: "I heard of this meeting, and came a hundred miles to be fully saved; and I have got the blessing, and go back tonight to my home, happy."

March 2, Friday

Unusual power. At the 2:30 Pentecostal in the midst of the exposition, on "How to Obtain the Fullness," they began to rise in different parts of the house, praising the Lord and saying, "He has come! He has come!" A most phenomenal scene ensued. We could not invite to the altar. It was a sudden coming of the Lord to His temple. The Holy Ghost as really fell on the people as on the house of Cornelius.

March 5, Monday

Another day of power in our meetings at Syracuse. God strengthened me physically. After seven services yesterday, I feel unusually able for today's meetings.

**The Biography of Samuel Ashton Keen  
MEMORIAL PAPERS**

or,

**THE RECORD OF A SPIRIT FILLED LIFE**

By

**Mary P. Keen**

**CHAPTER 11**

**HOME LIFE AND LETTERS**

"I will walk within my house with a perfect heart," was not with Dr. Keen a mere sentiment, but a fixed purpose of life, which, through the power of the Spirit, he was enabled to carry out; and we are witnesses of "how holily, justly, and unblameably he behaved himself among us." As a husband, his love might be measured by Christ's love for the Church. As a father, he revealed the great Father heart of God, with its compassionate, sheltering love, delighting in the companionship of his children. He ruled in the home as a king, with gentle authority — so gentle that it almost seemed there was the absence of authority, and yet never did a family more revere and honor its head than did his. That rare, beautiful quality of character which absolutely refused to dwell upon or even to see the faults of others, shone more lustrously in his home than anywhere else. Often have we laughingly accused him, respecting our own faults, "None is blind as he who will not see," to get the quick response, "Nothing to see." His quick, ready wit, always chaste and kindly, flashed the brightest at his own fireside. That splendid courage, by which he led the hosts of God to victory against a frowning world and opposing devils, piloted his family through the waves of vicissitude, and past the quicksands of worldliness. That all-conquering faith which laughed at impossibilities, claimed his children for God, and was not disappointed.

And now we are going to share with the reader a very sacred and hallowed joy — the privilege of reading the letters that were meant only for the eyes of those dearest to him, and yet in doing this we are encouraged by his own example. When requested by Dr. Lowrey to write his experience of full salvation for the Divine Life, the question arose as to the propriety of giving to the public that which was so precious and sacred to himself, but he said, "If God can use it for His glory, I am willing to sacrifice my feelings of diffidence."

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**LETTERS**

Ithaca, N. Y., October 13, 1893

My Dear One:

Just as usual, you were the first in my thought when I awoke this morning; hence it is no cross to write you at once before taking breakfast. We are having a most gracious time here. Already some are entering in, and receiving the gift of the Holy Ghost. I got a characteristic letter from Brownie.

Pug and Mag were her principal themes. She seems to have a big place in her heart for both. I wrote her yesterday. I trust your neuralgia did not return. You will have to watch the damp and chilly weather. I have thought, may be, that you ought not to have your sewing-machine over the cistern (in the cellar) and sit there sewing. There is always some evaporation, even when the furnace is going. If you can find some other place for it, it would be well. The weather here is fine. If it is as fine at Delaware, you must be having fine times riding out. Here is a little stanza I read yesterday, that just tells the story about you and me:

"Two hearts within one breast;  
Two spirits it one fair,  
Firm league of love and prayer;  
Together bound for aye, together blest." Amen.

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Duluth, Minn., February 23, 1893

Dear, Precious Mamma:

Writing to you is like taking my meals. If I do not, I feel that something is wanting. Our meeting deepens in power. They are quite anxious for me to stay ten days longer, but I can not. We are now beginning to grapple the ivy and to shake the strongholds. Dr. Stocking, however, is a very capable, aggressive man, and he and the Church can carry it on. I sometimes regret, when we thus begin to break down a Church and to reach a rich, wicked, growing city, that I can not stay until the victory is consummated. But it seems best for me to limit my visits to ten days ... I have finished Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." They are powerful. Some of his words about prayer indicate that he must have been in some degree a man of prayer. And some of his sentences respecting sin teach, if I understand, a death that never dies as the penalty of sin. While he deals with the guilt, deceit, and plottings of sin, as in Lucile, yet there is a more wholesome tone about the whole subject.

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Duluth, Minn., February 22, 1893

My Dear Wife:

It was so nice in you to follow your first letter with another so quick, and then you wrote it just because you wanted to do it. It was so full of your characteristic cheer and whole-heartedness. You are all heart anyhow. It was just what I needed. I was not homesick, but I was feeling sort of weak from my attack of Sabbath and Monday. By the way, I fear that it is the return of the grippe. I feel such a strange feebleness. I have not had anything like it since last April. I do not think it is going to be serious, but it is uncomfortable. I am glad my Conference work begins next week. It will be lighter on me. I received a characteristic letter from Brownie this A. M. Like Mrs. A., she rattles on, but always says something ... Our meetings are deepening in power and gaining in fruit all the time. The best meeting last night. Bless the Lord for His help! I keep busy all the time writing, reading,

praying, and holding services ... I trust Phila got on somewhat to her comfort at her Literary Society. I wish I could see Sammie with his new suit. It is a pleasure to get him anything; he is so considerate.

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Ft. Wayne, Ind., December 17, 1891

My Dear Brownie:

Your nice sweet letter did me so much good. I do hope I shall find Pug with a ring on his neck and bells at his nose when I get home. I am afraid Pug has forgotten me. You must remind him I am to be home next Wednesday at 2 P. M., so he will be on the outlook to greet me. I expect you will get to visit Cincinnati sometime; but it will not be best for you to go now. So like you to say, "If papa does not think it best, it will be all right." I am sure you will have a happy Christmas. I am feeling better than when I wrote to Phila. The weather here is beautiful, and we are having such a nice meeting. Last night the little daughter of one of our ministers here found Jesus at the altar; also several students at Ft. Wayne College about the same age as Sammie, and nice boys, like your brother, were converted ... Isn't the Lord good to help your papa in saving souls and making people better and happier? I hope all my children ask Jesus, not only to keep and take care of me, but to help me in my work. God does hear prayer, you know. Tell mamma all the Christmas I want is to see you all again. I hope grandma is better.

Your Papa

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Ft. Wayne, Ind., December 16, 1891

My Dear Daughter Phila:

Your long and interesting letter came to hand yesterday. I am certainly glad that I have made you happy, and the more so because you seem fully to appreciate our reasons for thinking, at first, it best that you should not go. Would you accept your papa's company to the city on Saturday, the 26th, as I may have to go that way to Greensburg? Of course, you might go with a nicer man; but I would be convenient to have along at least ... I hear good reports of your schoolwork, which, of course, gladdens my heart ... May the Lord bless you and keep you in His love!

The following letter was written just as Dr. Keen was leaving his last pastorate for the evangelistic work:

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Walnut Hills, September 15, 1891

My Dear Wife:

I have been busy every minute since you left, visiting, feasting, and finishing up affairs. Had a glorious day Sunday. Brother Hillis came on. Everybody was delighted with him as a singer, and his earnest, modest, zealous spirit. The Lord melted everything up in the morning. In the afternoon I preached at the "Home." ... My trunk and valise came. (Gifts from Brother Wm. Monroe.) They are beauties ... I had again the use of that carriage. It is too funny. I never did ride in a chariot with a driver until I became an evangelist ... Last night was the great "Reception." Brother Sampson presided. It was an informal and hearty affair. I am sure I have a deep hold upon the heart of Walnut Hills, and that I go out with the confidence of all. What do you think was the climax of all? Brother Maddox made the farewell speech, and concluded it by presenting me with a purse of \$114. Isn't the Lord good? It was a great surprise. I accept it as the earnest of what my faith has claimed all the while, that we shall not want any good thing. Mother was out in full bloom, as lively as a cricket, last night. She is in excellent spirits.

We leave this A. M. For the West. I am so sorry I could not go with you, and help in settling the family; but I believe the Lord will help you. I trust the way may open for a girl. God has brought so many things to our hands that I presume He will find us a good girl. I shall be so glad to get a letter from you at Bloomington. I am at Brother Yerger's. He and Sister Yerger are so kind. Love to the children.

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Pittsburgh Pa., January 2, 1893, Sabbath

Dear One:

This is a most gloomy, rainy day, but it has been blessed. All day long, showers of blessing have been falling ... While absence from home is a continuous trial and my heart is sore from it all the time, yet the Lord compensates by giving himself. 1893 opens blessedly to me. I should like this year to gain in saintliness, richer and fuller than I have known. I have no doubts as to being fully saved, and filled with the Spirit, and Christ formed within, the hope of glory. Yet there are some of the refinements of grace, some of the Flecherian touches of Christlikeness, the holy abandon of Bowen, and the spiritual oneness with God of Mahan, that I want. I seem to have more of the dynamics of the Spirit's presence than of his assimilating power. I have blessedly the power of Christ, but not so fully developed the mind of Christ. It keeps coming to me that all the fullness of God is something richer and in advance of the fullness of God, and that to be partakers of the Divine nature is something beyond human nature wholly sanctified. I don't think that I am becoming a mystic; but I see something along that line like men as trees walking, and there is at least a deep drawing of the Spirit upward that means something for me farther on. All this is felt just now, when I am the best saved I have ever been. It is a kind of a post-graduate course in love, gentleness, heavenly-mindedness. I so much rejoice that for the last few months God has, while I have not made any special effort to do so, used me in the families where I have been entertained. The entire

missionary family, of whom I have learned so much, keep saying to me, "You have helped us so." I presume it is not wrong for me to tell you this; certainly, I am humbled rather than exalted as I speak to you of it. At Decatur, Goshen, Boston, Worcester, and now here, God has given me fruit in this way. I was so lonesome, I took a few minutes to write home to you.

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Plainsfield, Mass., November 6, 1893, Monday

My Dear One:

One more week, and, if the Lord wills, I shall be on my way home ... I had a racket almost the whole day yesterday from the toothache. It would cease aching after I got warmed up in speaking, and then would come on with double power; but I held six services anyhow. It did not ache last night. I had a good night's sleep. My strength has improved right along this trip. I am so glad a little weariness and bad feelings do not scare me out. I am looking for the best week of this Eastern trip. It has been full of interesting incidents. It has been victory right along; but that means there has been some hand-to-hand, and high-handed fighting at that, with the devil ... Eddy says in his letter that he is lonesome to see us. I trust he may come up to see us while I am at home ... I find myself holding conversations with you all the time.

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Ogden, Utah, June 15, 1893

My Dear One:

Your letter of Sabbath, giving in full the exercise of your mind and heart respecting your health, came to hand this morning. When I read, in the first lines of your letter, that you had had another headache, I was not a bit daunted in my faith that you are to be spared to me, and that you are to be restored to comfortable health. Your exercise of mind is in answer to my prayer, when, on the sixth day of June, at Mayville, Mo., I committed the case to God as I had never done before. I felt constrained to pray that you might see it the same way, and that, in agreement of faith, we might see the glory of God in extended life and improved health. I, too, have felt that it is to be by means — carefulness as to diet, rest, etc. — and perhaps a change, temporarily, of climate; so your letter only confirms me that the Lord has undertaken for us. You have no idea what apprehensions I had while at home as to your health; and I was led to see how, without you, my work for the Kingdom might be greatly obstructed. So I am sure that in asking what I have of the Lord for you has been unselfishly done, and that I have sought it only for the Kingdom's sake ... I expect to leave Salt Lake City, Monday, June 26th. Hope to reach home Wednesday night. The Lord be with you!

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El, Paso, Texas, October 12, 1894

My Dear One:

Such a sweet letter from you yesterday. So you have been thinking seriously of making up your mind to step off to heaven instead of going to Battle Creek. Well, you are not going to get off so easily. We demur. You may be sure I did not forget our anniversary day. It was a very happy day of commemoration with me. I am not surprised you did not remember it; for such a calamity as it would recall. My! what a burden it brought to you! ... Will reach Delaware Thursday, 1:30 P. M. Meet me at the Big Four with Mag.

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Received while at Battle Creek (Michigan) Sanitarium

Skowhegan, Maine, April 18, 1894

My Dear One:

Your precious letter, written on Sabbath, is at hand. I was much interested in the vigorous assault, hydropathic and electrical that has been made upon your headaches. If water, fire, and lightning will avail, you surely have had them ... You are presented herewith with the dedicatory page of "Praise Papers," subject to your literary revision; but the sentiment is unalterable. It is short. Had I written all I thought, the dedication would have been more voluminous than the book itself ... I am importuned on all hands to take engagements for June. I am thing doing up to my strength now. I must not draw on my reserves.

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Germantown, Pa., March 13, 1895

Dear Mamma:

Two lovely letters from the girls to today. What precious daughters we have! How good and faithful! I judge, from Phila's letter, your attack of headache was one of the worst. Brownie writes a day later than Phila, and says you are much better. I have had such a cordial welcome to the Philadelphia Conference. We opened our meeting with thanksgiving, and so many spoke of the wonderful blessing got last year, and how it had followed them the year through. I felt so badly over the news of your headache and its severity that I had to pray for special help to rise above the shadow of it upon my heart. The Lord helped. It is very hard sometimes to stay on the field away from you, when I know my companionship would be so much to you. So far as concerns my own comfort in staying away from you, it is wonderful how the Lord is giving it to me. I have not had, since your improvement, a moment of the awful loneliness and homesickness that I had for three and a half years in this work every time I left home. I am just so glad you are on earth, instead of in heaven, that

I don't know what to do ... I sympathize with you as never before, and for your sake wish I might be with you.

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Written to his son Samuel, who had just begun to teach in Rust University, Holly Springs, Mississippi. One of his last letters:

Webster City, Iowa, October 2, 1895

My Dear Son:

Your letter of the 24th ult., reached me two days since. I have just reached here, the seat of the N. W. Iowa Conference, and hasten to reply. I am rejoiced to know that you are so pleasantly situated. I believe you will enjoy your work very much. Just had a cute letter from Brownie. Mamma seems still to be better. Isn't it nice? My own health is really poor. I believe I wrote you that an expert doctor in Chicago pronounced my trouble an impairment of the upper valve of the heart. I have one more Conference after this, and then I must go home to rest. Am having excellent meetings, but physically I am weak ... I am so glad to hear from you; but don't burden yourself to write unless you find it convenient. Your letters sent home will be forwarded to me. Besides, I shall reach home by a week from Monday. I expect, when you get down to your work, you will have all you can do. Watch your health. Take exercise. Glad your board and other expenses are so light. It is now however two weeks since we parted. I can hardly believe it so long. How rapidly time passes! Your school-year will pass quickly after you get down to work. Take great interest in the religious and spiritual welfare of the students. A teacher's influence in that direction is very great. It is great to mold mind, greater to mold heart and character. You will need great dependence upon God for this, and great help of the Spirit, which is to be had by complete abandonment to Him, and simple trust in His word. Remember, you have daily going up for you, at Oak Hill and out on Pentecostal Circuit, much prayer. I know God will bless you.

You have seen, dear reader, what home and loved ones were to this servant of God— that on the outermost limits of his big Pentecostal Circuit he felt the tug upon his heartstrings; yet I want to say to you, that so much greater was the attraction Christward and heavenward, that after a whole month in which his feet never crossed the threshold to go out from his earthly home; when its joys and comforts, he said, had never seemed quite so precious, when, on the evening of the 11th of November, 1895, the Master whispered, "Your mansion is ready," with a glad, bounding heart he entered its open doors.

**The Biography of Samuel Ashton Keen**  
**MEMORIAL PAPERS**

or,

**THE RECORD OF A SPIRIT FILLED LIFE**

By

**Mary P. Keen**

**CHAPTER 12**

**PENTECOSTAL TRANSLATION**

"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

There was a gradual but very perceptible decline in his health the last two years of Dr. Keen's life. Frequent attacks of la grippe were telling upon his vital forces. Spells of shortness of breath would overtake him while walking, and toward the last began to attack him while conducting services. He consulted several physicians, who uniformly gave as the cause, derangement of the stomach, and recommended rest and careful diet. He adhered strictly to the regimen of diet prescribed, and planned his work for a rest. The month of April, 1895, he conscientiously devoted to rest at home; but at the end of the month he was compelled to acknowledge he was no better. The summer campaign of camp-meetings was prosecuted through much suffering, ending in a marked decline of physical force. While passing through Chicago, in September, en route to the Conferences of the Northwest, he met several of his ministerial brethren, who expressed surprise and concern at his appearance; and, at the earnest solicitation of a brother who accompanied him, he called upon a physician, eminent for diagnosis, who pronounced his trouble an impairment of the upper valve of the heart, but assured him there was no immediate danger. He told the physician he was upon an evangelistic tour which would require about four weeks, and asked if he thought he was equal to it. The physician thought that, by using proper care, he could accomplish it. We shall never know through what pain and weariness he gathered those last gems for his Master's crown. Only a few hints were dropped in his letters; but so dull were we that their significance did not appear until after he was gone. Once he wrote of having a good night's sleep, in which he was able to lie down, which, he says, "I have not been able to do for a long time." And in his last letter he writes: "I am really glad my tour is so nearly over. It has been a physical tug indeed." We dare not allow our imagination to dwell upon his last trip homeward. He reached home the morning of the 16th of October, faint and exhausted.\* We assisted him into the house, and as he sank wearily upon the sofa, he exclaimed, "O how glad I am to get here! I believe, had I been out another day, I should have been laid up sick somewhere else than home. How good the Lord is!" And the song of praise he then began filled our home with its melody, and ceased not till it reached its sweetest note in those memorable dying words, "How unspeakably precious, Jesus has been!"

Those days that followed until the end came, it seems to me, were the gladdest, freest, happiest days of his life. Though often he would say, "I think this is the beginning of the end," there were no dark forebodings; for the "God of hope filled him with all joy and peace in believing, through the power of the Holy Ghost."

He seemed to find the most satisfactory expression for his thanksgiving in the hymn "Ariel," which he said was continually welling up in his heart; and often he would sing or repeat it throughout:

"O could I speak the matchless worth,  
O could I show the glories forth,  
Which in my Savior shine!  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel while he sings  
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine.  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

Well, that delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face;  
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace."

In reliance upon the Holy Ghost, the "mellow, restful serenity, steadiness, and sweetness" which he shed into his soul were "intensified and refined" under his sufferings. He was never restless for the work or eager for the battle, "I have nothing to do now," he would say. "I don't seem even to have very much praying on hand." Once he said to me, with a merry twinkle in his eye: "It is almost a luxury to be sick, to have you wait on me."

He conversed in the most charming, and often animated manner, telling many incidents of his work, which he seemed never to have time for before.

He told me one morning, in a happy, quiet way, how he got the help of God in each campaign for souls he entered upon. "When I go to a place to hold a meeting," he said, "and am assigned to my lodgings, I go to my room, kneel down, and say about this to the Lord: "Lord, this is not my battle, but thine; I am thy servant; now take me and do the best with me you can under the circumstances. Thou wilt do it, Lord. Amen! and, "O"! he continued, "how He has made my face like a flint, as He has called the to face those great congregations and withstand the enemy of souls!"

"I once got this foolish notion in my head when I was young," he said, "that my strength would consist in being upright and sincere; so I said to myself, I am going to serve the Lord from principle. But one day I was reading the book of Nehemiah, and came across these words: 'The joy of the Lord

is your strength;' and then and there I covenanted with the Lord to take his joy for my strength; and it has never failed me."

With animation, he told the following story to the family and other friends gathered in his room: "A good old Baptist minister said to a company of young men, to whom he had been preaching: When I am dead, and you come out to see my grave, don't come in the evening, when the shadows are lengthening; come in the morning, when the sun is risen, and birds are singing and the grass and flowers glisten and sparkle with dew-drops." "So I say unto you," he added, "when you go out to yon beautiful cemetery, don't go in the evening; go in the morning. However," he concluded, looking up with a smile, "I will not be there."

"I have made many blunders," he said. "Yes, 'the mistakes of my life have been many;' but this one thing I can say, I have never reserved anything from God; the last atom of strength has gone into his work. I have let out the last link every time."

His last Sabbath on earth was a most blessed, happy day. In the morning he asked me to read a chapter in his Bible and offer a prayer. His regular lesson in course was the story of Lazarus. When I came to the words, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick," they had a strange, new significance for me. But that this sickness was for the glory of God I never doubted.

Often, when the friends and neighbors came in, he would take them by the hand and say, with a tender earnestness, "This full salvation I have preached to you is fuller than I thought."

He was not able to lie down any during his sickness. He sat much of the time in his chair, with his head leaning on the back of another chair in front of him. Once, with his head thus bowed, he motioned for me to come near. As I stooped to catch his words, these tender, loving messages were given: "Tell Bishop Joyce I love him; and tell him to keep holding up the banner of revival in all his Conferences. And dear Dr. Spencer, O how I love him! Tell him to keep on 'building two a day;' but, above all, keep gathering gems for the Master's crown. And my dear Brother Hillis! Tell him I know he will always sing for Jesus. He used to think I would tire of him singing 'Christ is all;' but I never did. And dear Brothers Bitler and Dunham, and my brethren of the Ohio Conference — tell them this full salvation is infinitely fuller than I understood when I was preaching it."

One morning I said something about his nights being wearisome. "Yes," he said, with a cheerful smile; "but they are happy nights." And once, when the children and I were trying to minister to him in some little way, he said: "O my darlings! you are all so good to me; you are having the heavy end of this load to carry; it is very light at my end. There is not a cloud or a fear," he repeated. "I am not disappointed. Yes I am, too," he quickly added, "for it is so much better than I thought."

When I said to him, "Dear, you are such a patient sufferer," he turned to Brother Joseph Smith, whose presence those last days was a source of the greatest joy and comfort to him: "Why, beloved, I declare to you there has never a thought of a murmur arisen in my mind that these sufferings were hard or this end premature."

At one time, when feeling unusually weak, he commenced that beautiful verse of Faber's, which I concluded for him:

"I worship thee, sweet will of God,  
And all thy ways adore,  
And every day I live I seem  
To love Thee more and more."

"Yes," he added, "how sweet is the will of God to me!" He seemed never to have a desire to escape his sufferings or be in a hurry to depart. When one kindly said to him, "You suffer greatly," he responded cheerfully: "O yes; but I can bear it for Jesus' sake."

Of all his tender, affectionate words, none more fully revealed the depth of his love for his own than those spoken respecting our youngest son, who was in the South, and for whom we had telegraphed. "If it is the will of the Lord," he said, (and this when his sufferings were the greatest,) "I would like to suffer on until my precious boy reaches me." But it was the sweet will of our Father to spare him and us that long night and day of weariness and pain which this would involve, and so the farewell was not spoken. But he commissioned the son to pass on the message of salvation to dying men, and when the father greets him on the eternal shore they will rejoice together with ransomed souls they pointed to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

As the end drew near, his mind gathered a new strength and power. Every faculty was at its best. The blessed truths of the gospel which he had preached with such fidelity — a perfect Savior, salvation from all sin, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost — if it were possible, were more clearly apprehended than ever before. "God had not given him the spirit of fear, but of love, and of power, and of a sound mind."

While all those four weeks of his sickness were characterized by a "holy cheer," a liberty and joyousness of Spirit, about three or four hours before his departure his spirit grew exultant. His face lit up with the radiance of the oncoming glory. "O," he exclaimed, challenging his conquered foe, "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?" Then, in clear, distinct tones, he sang:

" 'O bear my longing heart to Him  
Who bled and died for me,  
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,  
And gives the victory!"

Yes, victory through the blood of the Lamb."

The triumph of that hour was complete. In that scene there was no place for tears of grief. All present caught the spirit of rejoicing. I myself could but exclaim, "Why, my dear, this is better than I had thought or asked for you." "Yes," he repeated, "better than we had thought or asked. Isn't it glorious, glorious?"

Then to our oldest son he gave the charge of the family, "Take good care of your precious mother and sisters," he said; "and your dear grandmother; make her last days just as happy as you can."

After this a "wave of weakness" came over him. He requested to be moved from the chair to the side of the bed. "I don't know," he playfully remarked, "that there will be much advantage in it; but it will give the chair a rest." Seeing that it only increased his discomfort, we suggested that he try the chair again, to which he assented. As our son and brother helped him back, he had just strength to leave this testimony to the faithfulness of his Savior: "How unspeakably precious Jesus has been!" As the last words died upon his lips, a convulsive sickness seized him, which was over in a moment, and then

"He leaned his head on Jesus' breast,  
And breathed his life out sweetly there."

Of the many tributes to his saintliness which came to us from every part of the country, his own little daughter unconsciously offered the greatest, when she said: "Papa was more like Jesus than any one I ever knew."

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### **Endnote**

\*The rest of the chapter is substantially the same as closing chapter of Praise Papers."

**The Biography of Samuel Ashton Keen**  
**MEMORIAL PAPERS**

or,  
**THE RECORD OF A SPIRIT FILLED LIFE**

By  
**Mary P. Keen**

**TRIBUTES**

New York City, 226 C. P. West

My Dear Sister Keen:

The telegram announcing the death of my dear Brother Keen was this hour received. It was a great shock, and has filled us with deep sorrow. As my wife read the message to me, my eyesight being impaired, I involuntarily exclaimed, "I am so sorry!" I still mourn, and shall continue to grieve with you and your children and others. It is a great loss. Dr. Keen flashed up like a meteor and has disappeared. He took fire and burnt out — a short, but brilliant and lovely career. I think of him as a flower smitten by an untimely wind.

He walked the earth as the silver moon walks the heavens; but never came to the full. His was an eccentric orbit, but he filled it beautifully, and without a cloud to the last. He ripened fast, worked rapidly, and finished a magnificent course in holy haste, as if under a presentiment that he must crowd much into a brief space.

He approached the end of life as the fast trains approach this great city. As they near the terminus, they put on power, run at high speed, pass the small station without stopping, signal their coming, and rush ahead; but finally glide silently, though majestically, into the splendid receptacle prepared for them. So our precious brother and your lovely and sacred husband, my dear sister, has sped away in advance of us all to the New Jerusalem, and taken possession of the mansion prepared for him. There can be only one contingency creating the shadow of a doubt that he is now in heaven, and that is, that there is no heaven.

Think of him, beloved sister, only as glorified, and mingling with spirits of just men made perfect. While unable to perform the mournful duty of being present at his funeral, yet at this distance I weep with you and the children. If I could, and if it were the will of our Heavenly Father, I would gladly wipe away your tears and those of the children by restoring this useful life to you and them and the Church. But that life has fled, and must ever be to us, so far as this world is concerned, as water spilled upon the ground, that can not be gathered up again.

How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! How unprepared are the Church and world to dispense with such a man as S. A. Keen! I thought of him as in the prime of life, with a glorious career before him. In my vision, I saw him going from Church to Church, from city to city, and Conference to Conference, as a streak of sunshine.

I expected his contributions would enrich the pages of Divine Life — not until his death, but long after mine. Indeed, I looked hopefully to him to lead the hosts of witnesses to Christian perfection or perfect love when all those who have been most active in this service for the score of years shall have gone to their reward.

But that sun has set, and we must bow submissively. God has his plans, and is not dependent upon any man for their execution. And yet he will not upbraid us for love and tears for Brother Keen. We think of him as the gift of God, and pray that He will bless the Church and world with more such lives.

Asbury Lowrey  
November 12, 1895

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We, the members of the Columbus (Ohio) Methodist Preachers' Meeting, have learned with profound regret of the death of our beloved brother, Rev. S. A. Keen, D. D., in the midst of his abundant and useful labors for the Lord; and in token of our brotherly esteem for one who labored so long with us in this city, and in the Ohio Conference, we make this record, to be spread upon our minutes, and to be sent to the family of the deceased.

We rejoice in the beautiful experience and life of our dear brother, and in his exemplification of the man, "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer, distributing to the necessity of saints."

We remember, with gratitude to God, Dr. Keen's great zeal in preaching the Word, and the marvelous success with which his message was blessed to the good of the Churches and Conferences to whom he was sent as a glad evangel of present, free, and full salvation. We recognize in Dr. Keen one of the greatest evangelists of modern times, not only in the number of people and preachers he reached and influenced, both by voice and pen, but also in his clear, concise, confident, and Christ-like method of presenting truth.

We praise God especially for Dr. Keen's triumphant death, furnishing probably one of the best illustrations of the statement that "Our people die well" afforded the Church in recent years. Having lived in the constant sunshine of God's love for over twenty-five years, it was fitting that, after days and nights of rapturous joy, in which he sang praises and talked with his family and friends about God's wonderful love to him, this servant of God should close his eyes to earth with the sentence upon his lips, "How unspeakably precious Jesus has been!"

We share with Sister Keen and her sons and daughters a sense of personal loss, and we assure them of our sympathy and prayers in their bereavement. We shall ever cherish pleasant memories of him whose love and helpful sympathy we shared so long.

A. J. Hawk, Committee.

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In Memory of Rev. S. A. Keen

Tribute of respect adopted by the Quarterly Conference of Roberts Park Church, November 13, 1895:

Whereas, This official body has heard with unfeigned sorrow that our brother and former pastor, the Rev. Dr. S. A. Keen, departed this life November 11, 1895; and

Whereas, Remembering his untiring zeal in the cause of Christ; his devotion to the interests of his charge in all the details; his strong religious convictions, that inspired his loftiest efforts; his intense spirituality, that marked his public discourse and pervaded the social meeting; his fervor that never waned; his faith that never flagged; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. Keen the Church has lost one of its bright lights; one of its progressive leaders; one of its noble army of ministers — a David, whose bow was always strung; a John the Baptist, whose voice was constantly heard; a man who believed it his duty to be about his Master's business, he was always ardently at it; thoroughly convinced that he had a work to perform, he fearlessly did it.

Resolved, That this official body hereby tenders to the widow and children of our deceased brother its sympathy and condolence, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent them.

J. W. Beck, Secretary

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Fourth Street Methodist Episcopal Church,  
Wheeling, W. Va., November 14, 1895

Mrs. S. A. Keen, Delaware, Ohio:

My Dear Sister — It is with unfeigned sorrow that I learned this morning of the death of Brother Keen. He was one of my dearest and best friends. We were so intimately associated, and in so many ways, that I knew him as well as almost any other man. In the case between him and me, familiarity bred the highest reverence for him. He was one of God's noblemen, and God has permitted him to accomplish vast results for His glory. I think the Pentecostal movement, inaugurated by him and carried forward with such earnestness, zeal and holy enthusiasm, is one of the great religious movements of the century. He was my pastor for three precious years. We were associated in the superintendency of the Ohio Conference Camp-meeting for two years. I led the singing for him at his first Pentecostal meeting, which was held at Lancaster. I arranged for the first Pentecostal services he ever held in connection with the session of an Annual Conference. This was at Athens, Ohio. His death is a severe blow to me. I bow to the will of our Heavenly Father, and earnestly petition his sweetest consolations to fall upon you and your children.

Mrs. Riker joins me in the profound sorrow I feel, and in sending expressions of deepest sympathy in this hour of your great sorrow.

Fraternally yours,  
A. B. Riker

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Western Methodist Book Concern,  
Cincinnati, O., Nov. 13, 1895

Mrs. S. A. Keen, Delaware, Ohio:

Dear Sister, — The news of Dr. Keen's death reached us yesterday morning. You will remember that he was with us who represented the Young People's Methodist Alliance at the Cleveland Conference. To his wisdom and devotion to all that was best in Christian character the present efficient organization of the young people of Methodism is largely due. In his death I seem to have lost an intimate friend, although our lines of work have not lain closely together. He will be missed by us all, but by none so much as by you and other members of the broken circle. He has only gone on before.

May the God of all grace comfort you, is my prayer!

Sincerely,  
Morton D. Carrel

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Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Dec. 17, 1895

The Official Board of Walnut Hills Methodist Episcopal Church deems it both a duty and a privilege to put on record an expression of their sense of the loss that the Church and his family have sustained in the removal of our former beloved pastor, Rev. S. A. Keen, D. D., from labor to reward. As a minister of Jesus Christ he was humble, devoted, and untiring. He realized in his life the great fact of a perfect salvation through faith in Christ Jesus, and his highest ambition in his work was to bring others to a knowledge of the same saving truth. For him no toil was too exacting, no demand upon his time or his strength too severe, if by his ministry he might bring dying men into fellowship with a living Savior. As he gave of his abilities to his pulpit and pastoral work, so he gave freely of his substance to help every cause of the Church.

His call away from this life came simultaneously with the close of his evangelistic labors, and to him death was but the opening of the gates of Paradise to a cleansed and purified nature ready to enter into eternal rest.

The world loses a model man, the Church loses a devoted and wholly consecrated minister, his family loses a beloved husband and father, and those who lived in the inner circle of his intimate friendship lose a brother, whose example inspired all to the highest attainments in the Christian life.

We desire that this expression of our love for Dr. Keen, and our heartfelt sympathy for the dear ones who mourn his departure, shall be made a part of the record of the Official Board, and a copy thereof be sent to his family.

Committee:  
R. L. Thomas,  
W. V. Ebersole,  
John E. Jones,  
John B. Martin,  
W. T. Perkins

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To Mrs. S. A. Keen and Family, Delaware, O.

My Dear Sister Keen:

I was saddened and shocked by the news of your husband's death. I had seen the sure signs of trouble, and had entreated him to give prompt attention to himself, when we met at different times but I did not look for so rapid a decline. Mrs. Cranston joins me in sympathy with yourself and family. His work was singularly honored of God, and his end was glorious.

Such men are rare indeed. Your loss is great, but, thank God, not perpetual. One day the family will be together again, and many voices of precious ones led to Christ by Brother Keen will join you in the praises of Him through whom he conquered.

In Christian hope, yours sincerely,

Earl Cranston  
Cincinnati, November 25, 1895

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Chattanooga, Tenn., December 5, 1895

My Dear Sister Keen:

Ever since the death of Dr. Keen, it has been in my heart to write you. I did not hear of his death until I reached Denver at the Missionary Meeting. My heart was made sad by his death; for it seemed to me we needed him so much yet in the Conferences, to lead the ministers forward to a rich experience, and then to a glorious victory, in their work as preachers of the gospel. You know he was

with me at many of my Conferences, and in every instance the Lord wonderfully blessed his labors, and crowned his toil with marvelous victories. The account given in the Western Christian Advocate of his death brought tears to my eyes, but at the same time thanksgiving to my lips that, even in death, the blessed Lord gave him such glorious victory, and such rapturous experiences, and such precious visions of heaven and eternal life. My heart in deepest sympathy is with you and your children in the loneliness of your bereavement, and my constant prayer is, that our blessed Lord Jesus Christ will fulfill for you, and in your experience, all those wonderful promises of His which he has so graciously made for all who love him and trust him.

Dr. Keen will, through the teaching and consequent influence of his books, continue to be a blessing to the Church, and will thus continue to lead multitudes of souls into the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. And thus, though dead, he will continue to live and speak, and influence men for our Christ and His righteousness. Soon the work of us all will be done on earth, and then we will depart, to be with our blessed Lord and Savior, and with dear Dr. Keen and the multiplied hosts of others who all have been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and altogether we shall share the life that is eternal.

The Father's blessing be upon you and your children, is the prayer of

Yours, in His name,  
Isaac W. Joyce

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Methodist Episcopal Church,  
Stanhope, Iowa, January 29, 1896

Mrs. Mary P. Keen:

Dear Sister, — How glad I am that I ever met your husband, Dr. Keen! Truly, he reminded me of the Savior, in every act and word, more than any one I ever met. God bless and comfort you, is my prayer!

Yours in Christ,  
I. A. Bartholomew

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Louisville, Ky., November 12, 1895

My Dear Mrs. Keen,

I desire to extend to you the assurance of my deepest sympathy in your bereavement. I had the most affectionate regard for your husband as a noble man of God, and one who was greatly used in

advancing Christ's kingdom. I believe he may still work with us, with larger powers, for the same great purpose. With sincere prayer for you and yours, I remain,

Yours in Christ's service,  
B. Fay Mills

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1032 Fourth Avenue,  
Louisville, Ky., November 12, 1895

Mrs. S. A. Keen, Delaware, Ohio:

Dear Sister, — The common courtesy of introduction must be laid aside, that I may speak to you some words of regard for your devoted and glorified husband, and that I may be led of the Holy Spirit to bring to you, when you shall have found time to read this, at least a little Christian consolation.

During the summer I have been called to work in camp-meetings where your dear husband had been formerly engaged, especially at Battle Ground, Indiana, and at Platteville, Wisconsin, and I have felt a thrill of obligation as I have thought, while standing on those platforms, "Dr. Keen has been in this place, and the Holy Ghost has made it holy ground." I have met him several times, and always to be blessed by his smile and his words — and his spirit of triumph. The word of his final triumph only reached me an hour ago; but since then, over and over and over again, I have seemed to hear him repeat that phrase I had heard him use quite often, "I am going to believe myself to heaven."

As for yourself, how tenderly our Father is recognizing the years you have spent at home, that he might lead in the front ranks of the Lord's hosts! How surely and steadily the ministry of Divine life and love continue, unbroken! And the spirit of Pentecost is with you. Thousands, many thousands, of people in this country and others would fain share your sorrow, but Jesus knows.

Yours, with Christian regard,  
Henry Ostrom  
Milwaukee, Wis.

P. S. No reply to this is expected. Your strength is doubly precious to your family now.

Henry Ostrom

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Cleveland, O., Nov. 12, 1895

Mrs. S. A. Keen, Delaware, O.:

Dear Sister Keen, — I have just read in the evening paper of the death of Dr. Keen. Surely a prince has fallen. A countless multitude will mourn, but not; as those having no hope. His is a fadeless crown, full of dazzling stars of rejoicing. The bud a beautiful life has burst into the full bloom of one of heaven's sweetest flowers.

God bless and comfort you is my prayer! Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal."

Yours, in Jesus' name,  
C. E. Cornell

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Buenos Aires, S. A., March 20, 1896

Dear Mrs. Keen:

We were filled with sorrow in learning through the Advocates, long after it had happened, the sad news of your great loss. I was fairly stunned by it, and it is difficult for me to realize that it is really so. What a precious memory is left to you and your dear children through such a husband and father! My association with him will always remain as the most blessed recollection of my ministerial life. To him, more than to any other man, I owe what is best in my spiritual and pastoral life today. Fearless leader, wise counselor, beloved friend and brother, faithful minister of Christ, he will continue to inspire and help me until I meet him yonder. His life will inspire us to say, what evermore seemed to be his spirit:

"Home of the Conquerors! We press  
Towards thy seats of happiness;  
Through Christ our Lord, we fight, we win,  
And thy bright gates shall let us in!"

We all join in love to you and yours, and pray for your keeping "until the day break."

Ever yours,  
Wm. P. McLaughlin

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Cedar Rapids, Ia., November 14, 1885

Mrs. S. A. Keen:

Coming into the city tonight, on my way to Lincoln, Nebraska, I took up a Chicago paper, and was startled to see the announcement of the decease of your noble husband, Thousands all over the country will feel the blow, the sudden, unexpected shock.

He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost. It seems but a few days since I received a tender letter from him of personal interest. I have never met him but once, but his work and writings have influenced me for years.

He was peculiarly adapted to present the doctrine of the blessed Holy Spirit's work, so that those who had been mystified and befogged could break out into light.

I feel tonight as though I had lost a personal friend, but heaven is richer and we must close up the ranks, and strive to pattern after his many noble traits. May God sustain you till you meet again!

Very sincerely,  
Evangelist F. F. Davison  
Winnebago City, Minn.

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Dayton, Ohio, November 19, 1895

Mrs. S. A. Keen:

My Dear Sister, — I write to express to you my appreciation of the great loss which I feel the whole Church has sustained, and my profound personal sorrow, in the loss of your now sainted husband. I did not learn of his death until the day of his funeral when it was too late for me to arrange, or I should have gone up to look for the last time, in this world, upon the face of my beloved friend and esteemed classmate. I used to honor and revere him greatly in college, and as the years slipped away, I followed him in his growing career of remarkable spiritual power with ever-increasing pleasure and pride that I was numbered among his friends; and now that he has passed within the veil, I have a new sense of honor that such a prince among men, a prince still among the spirits of just men made perfect, is still one of my friends. Dr. Moore told me of the wonderful triumph of grace which God accorded him in the hour of his supreme crisis, and of the consolation which came in consequence to you and yours. I join my prayers with those of the Church at large, that you may be more and more sustained in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. At our Methodist preachers' Meeting of this city, last Monday, a vote of sincere sympathy and sorrow was passed. My wife joins me in these greetings.

Your brother,  
W. A. Robinson

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Buffalo, N. Y., November 23, 1895

My Dear Sister:

You have my sympathy and prayers in your unspeakable bereavement. I have read the account of your husband's sickness and death in the Western, and my tears would flow. I knew him and loved him. He does not seem far away while I write. We shall see him where the reunions are eternal, and partings are unknown. Be of good cheer — the journey is not long.

Very truly yours,  
W. F. Mallalieu

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Another Prince In Israel Fallen  
Rev. R. I. D. Pepper in "Christian Standard"

Suddenly, unexpectedly, startlingly, a telegram, dated November 12th, from Rev. Joseph H. Smith, from Delaware, Ohio, the residence of Rev. Dr. S. A. Keen, was placed in our hands, reading thus: "Dr. Keen slipped off to glory — gone to his reward at 11.0[clock] Monday night. Funeral Wednesday." To portray our mingled feelings of surprised sadness, of precious memory, yet of eternal hope, would be impossible. Thousands who read these lines will share in those feelings.

How much we respected, admired, trusted, loved, and leaned upon this wise and great and good man of God it would be impossible to put in human language. His cheerful, buoyant, joyous, triumphant, venturesome, enthusiastic, irrepressible spirit was a perpetual inspiration. His unselfishness in all his labors was truly remarkable. His self-sacrifice to save his fellow-workers and others was an illustrious exhibition of the crowning grace that in honor and in ease prefers other to itself. Like Moses, whom he resembled in other very striking characteristics, he was one of the meekest men upon the face of all the earth. Always willing to spring into the van when it required fearlessness and self-forgetfulness and martyr-like heroism, nevertheless he could sink out of sight more readily than most men; he could take the second or last or any place; he could lead or follow; he could dash on and into the most fiery fight, or stand shoulder-to-shoulder with the bravest and best of all, or bring up the baggage and rations or nurse in the hospital. He stooped to conquer. He condescended to uplift. "He saved others; himself he could not save."

He was a born general, a leader of leaders, a commander-in-chief by acclamation and universal consent. Position and preferment sought him. Honors fell thickly and spontaneously at his feet. Situations of the most trying responsibility were confidingly placed in his hands. Calls from every direction crowded upon him. Some of his appointments were made a year ahead. Bishops and Conferences welcomed him among them. And this position of "Conference evangelist" was the most unique of all the situations and opportunities of his own work or of the work heretofore attempted by any leader in the movement for the promotion of holiness. What crowds he swayed at

Conferences, at camp-meetings, at Conventions, in the open air, in the tent, in the public highway, in the churches, and in almost every other conceivable pulpit! Yet how readily, how naturally, how gracefully, how graciously could he suit himself to the social meeting in the parlor, kitchen tent, open air, or anywhere, under all circumstances! How well he could manage one person, or the "two or three," or the larger company! How skillfully could he conduct altar work, inquiry-room meetings, and question-drawer exercises!

His was, of course, an intense personal magnetism; yet aside from all this, he was favored above many with the unction of the Holy One in prayer, in exhortation, in preaching, in all religious service. His ministry stood not in human wisdom and power, but in the demonstration of the Holy Ghost. He admirably compared spiritual things with spiritual. From his own experience and observation he drew abundant and forcible incidents and affecting and effective illustrations. He spake wisdom among them that were perfect. He was emphatically a perfecter of the saints. Herein he fulfilled the Pauline description of an evangelist. He was ever revealing what he was ever learning, what was being constantly revealed to himself by the Holy Spirit, the deep things of God, the things that eye had not yet seen, ear had not yet heard, and heart had not yet conceived. As he saw them, heard them, felt them, he lightened other eyes, he told them into other ears, and he poured them into other hearts. He loved holiness. He shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God concerning entire sanctification; but his amiable heart leaned most strongly toward that type of it we call "perfect love." He was pre-eminently the Pentecostal preacher — setting forth its purity, but also its fullness and power.

Early and late, morning and noon and night, "day in and day out," week after week, month after month, year after year, his prodigious labors went steadily on — employing everybody that was available, with a marvelous insight into the right persons for the right places, and the right times and the right work; yet he kept his eye and his hand on everything and on everybody, getting the most and best out of each one — like the engineer who invited a minister to run his train, yet who stood right over him, ready to grasp the lever at the slightest approach of disaster.

While he was daring and dashing, yet he was also cautious, conservative, calculating, cool, collected, calm. His perceptions were quick, his resources astonishing, his fortitude marvelous, his patience and long-suffering seemingly inexhaustible. There was a symmetry and fullness and "all-aroundness" in his character, his movements, and his labors.

His person and face and form and bearing were remarkably prepossessing and attractive. His oratory was natural, easy, graceful; but earnest and forcible. His language was clear, convincing, convicting, converting, comforting, and very choice. His hearers were swayed from smiles to tears, from tears to smiles, and from both to salvation, quick, easy, full.

His liberality was as judicious as it was generous. He declined commissions and profits on his books that he might put them into wider circulation among the temporally and spiritually needy. The missionary cause was rendered richer by the proceeds of his publications. And who can sum his private and personal contributions?

He was very independent — naturally so, spiritually so; not self-reliant, but reliant upon God; not self-conceited, self-sufficient, self-complacent, but ever echoing the Old Testament cry in every emergency, "Lord, we know not what to do, but our eyes are unto Thee." He could not content himself with another man's line of things made ready to his hand. He was original in design and execution. He was a spiritual explorer and discoverer and occupier. He was ever forecasting a wider, wiser, greater, better influence. Imitate anybody? Nay, rather, he was himself a pattern. Tread in a beaten path? Governed by routine? Running in ruts? Nay, rather, he was ever starting something new, bold, brilliant, excellent, successful; but never fanciful, whimsical foolish, fanatical. He was restful in spirit, yet always restless in works of mercy and righteousness and salvation.

He was marvelously versatile and skillful and successful in all that he laid his hands unto. He worked equally well with pen and tongue. His contributions to periodicals were as acceptable and profitable and saving as his ministry. And he was as constant and tireless in the one as in the other. He was masterly by pen and by voice, on paper and in the pulpit, in a book or in a Bible exposition.

His companionship was most enjoyable. What rare seasons have we spent together! How charming his conversation! How winning his smile! how ready his appreciation of the salient points of remark! How kind to cover blunders, to overlook shamefacedness, to draw out backwardness! Keenly did he enjoy innocent pleasantries, yet he was always reverential and modest, unswervingly and incorruptibly sacred. Improper liberties could not be taken with him, yet all ages and all sorts and conditions of men felt that this busy and dignified man of God was remarkably easy of approach. He was deferential yet silently or sweetly, by manner or by word, he rebuked everything improper or low. Impurity of thought or feeling or speech were out of place in his presence.

That kindly eye, that cordially extended hand, that swift movement to greet friend or stranger, grappled all souls to him with hooks of steel. Young and old, male and female, parents and children, were putting him through perpetual handshakings, glad if they could only get a brief grasp, look, smile, word. The young people, always and everywhere, flocked around him. He was as much at home in the Sunday-school, in the Children's Meeting, in the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor Convention, as in a Church meeting. He was charmingly Christlike in his treatment of the young. He had, indeed, an unusual adaptation to persons, places, times, circumstances, and surroundings, yet molding them all after the pattern showed to him in the Mount.

Loving his home and the pastorate, he consented to exile himself from both under the pressure of a Divine call to the evangelistic work. Keenly appreciating the comforts of his own family roof and fireside, he sacrificed them, and banished himself therefrom, for the sake of souls. Missed everywhere else where he has been wont to be, he will be missed most in his home, of which he was the very center. His fine education, extensive reading, exquisite tastes, tender sentiments, and a soul brimful of music and poetry, were all dedicated to God and the very highest forms of goodness. His artistic predilections were devoted to experimental, practical, useful, saving ends.

While catholic in spirit, he was loyal to his own Church and State. He could see no true liberty in licentiousness and anarchy. He clung to the form as well as to the power of godliness. He maintained the right relations of the inward and outward, loving and legal, spirit and truth, essential and incidental, primary and secondary, temporal and spiritual, transitory and eternal.

We had thought of giving the facts in his natural life and religious experience, drawing our data from his own "Praise Papers:" a spiritual biography; but as we glanced several times through that volume, written in his own hand, we felt more and more persuaded that to abbreviate it would be to spoil it all; so we refer to our readers for the events of his life to his own account of them.

Just as we were finishing this editorial with feelings most tender, a communication from Rev. Joseph H. Smith reached us, reading thus: "A day before he died he said, 'Give my love to Brothers Thompson and Pepper,' and I may add, it was among the great privileges of my life to be present during such dying."

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**The Biography of Samuel Ashton Keen  
MEMORIAL PAPERS**

or,

**THE RECORD OF A SPIRIT FILLED LIFE**

By

**Mary P. Keen**

**UNSPEAKABLY PRECIOUS TO ME**

By Rev. **H. J. Zelle**

"How unspeakably precious Jesus has been to me."  
(Last words of Rev. S. A. Keen, D. D.)

When out in the conflict for Jesus my Lord,  
No foe could compel me to flee;  
I knew I would conquer while trusting His word,  
For He was so precious to me.

Chorus:

O glory to God, my soul is aflame,  
I'm happy, exultant, and free;  
For Jesus is precious, O praise His dear name,  
Unspeakably precious to me.

When wearied and burdened with trial and care,  
And sorrows I could not foresee,  
I always found comfort from Jesus in prayer,  
For He was so precious to me.

And now I have finished the duties he gave,  
The end of my labors I see;  
I fear not the power of death or the grave,  
For he is so precious to me.

The Savior is calling, I'll soon reach my home,  
And there in His image I'll be;  
And through all the ages I know He'll become  
Increasingly precious to me.

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**TRIBUTE TO REV. S. A. KEEN, D. D.**

Died November 11, 1895

By Ella H. Clement

O gift of God! O wondrous love!  
The life of such a man as this,  
Sent to our earth from heaven above,  
To show us how our lives may be  
Filled with his praise eternally.

A life so full of heaven it seemed  
His steps e'en trod the borderland;  
The peace, the joy of God's redeemed  
Were in each word, each look, each tone,  
While in his face Christ's Spirit shone,

So pure, so good, so kind, so true,  
With heart so full of love to man,  
All thought of self was lost to view,  
Could he but touch a human soul  
And lead it to the heavenly goal.

So meek, so mild, so brave, so free,  
With heart so full of love to God,  
His life was one glad melody,  
One grand, triumphant hymn of praise,  
Whose notes shall sound through endless days.

O glorious death! O glorious life!  
What higher bliss can mortals ask  
Than thus to live 'midst earthly strife,  
And thus to have our spirits soar  
On wings of faith to heaven's door?

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**LIKE JESUS**  
By M. W. Knapp

Suggested by the utterance of his little daughter, that  
"Papa was more like Jesus than any one I ever knew."

Patient like Jesus, whatever befell;  
Feeling that God doeth everything well.

Trustful like Jesus, for grace from above  
Melted his being in tenderest love.

Faithful like Jesus, and suffering loss  
Rather than harm should ere come to the cross.

Gentle like Jesus, so tender and mild;  
Loving and teachable, just like a child.

Fearless like Jesus for God and the right,  
Bold and aggressive the evil to fight.

Weeping like Jesus for those who are lost;  
Seeking to win then, though great was the cost.

Pure like Jesus, no evil within;  
Cleansed in the fountain that floweth for sin.

Claiming like Jesus the "Gift from above,"  
Spirit of cleansing and power and love.

Filled with the Spirit, bought with the blood;  
Proving his Pentecost, glory to God!

Gospel proclaiming, present and free,  
Full and for every one, you and for me.

Witnessing boldly salvation from sin;  
Saved to the uttermost; Jesus within.

Dying like Jesus, that others might know  
"Spirit of promise" that God can bestow.

Victor like Jesus, o'er sin, death, and hell,  
Ever in glory with Him to dwell.

Reigning with Jesus, O royal employ!  
Reigning forever, O fullness of joy!