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Autobiographies

**SIXTY YEARS OF
THORNS AND ROSES**

By

E. E. Shelhamer

*“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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**SIXTY YEARS
OF
THORNS AND ROSES**

**BY
E. E. SHELHAMER**

Author of many books and booklets

["But by the Grace of God I am what I am: and his Grace which was bestowed upon me was (I trust) not in vain." -- Paul.]

GOD'S BIBLE SCHOOL AND MISSIONARY TRAINING HOME
Cincinnati, Ohio

SIXTY YEARS
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THORNS AND ROSES

Once upon a time a certain man was especially honored with remarkable revelations. For some reason it seems to be a fact that those who are gifted with visions and extraordinary manifestations are susceptible to spiritual pride. Well, lest he should be "exalted above measure," this man was given a "thorn in the flesh." His was a painful thorn and, though a mighty man of prayer, he tried in vain three times to get relief. Finally, he concluded that in order to enjoy the fragrance of the rose -- "Grace" he would suffer the thorn. We all want the roses, but forget that thorns accompany them and are more numerous-sometimes a score to each rose. Personally, I feel like saying, with this original writer, "Most gladly therefore will I glory in my infirmities, that the Power of Christ may rest upon me."--E. E. S.

SIXTY YEARS
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PREFACE

I thought I was about through publishing but, as I neared my sixtieth birthday, new inspiration came upon me to write my fortieth book, and give a few incidents in my unworthy life. Some of these appear for the first time, while others were related in the "Ups and Downs of a Pioneer Preacher." Since the former book has been exhausted for a number of years, and the calls are so frequent and urgent for another edition, I hope, with the new matter, it may have a new life and be a blessing.

Generally, when the sayings and doings of an individual are published, it is because in reality or fancy he was an extraordinary person. Be it far from the author of this volume to pose as such. No! No!! It is his earnest prayer that those who may chance to read these pages will not see the man, but rather the "God of all Grace" who is ever waiting to make something out of nothing, and to use the "weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

I am filled with a sense of gratitude that God has let me live so long when many prophesied that I would not see thirty. I am also greatly humiliated that I have accomplished so little for my Lord. I have tried to crowd eighty years into sixty but, even so, I can now see where I could have improved.

In the back part of the book I have deviated from all other writers and told on myself -- "Some of My Mistakes and What They Taught Me." I trust the gentle reader may profit at my expense.

For the purpose of encouraging those with meager gifts and limited opportunities, and of helping them master their environments, is this unpretentious volume sent forth.

ELMER ELLSWORTH SHELHAMER,
5419 Bushnell Way, Los Angeles, Calif.

SIXTY YEARS
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THORNS -- BUT ROSES
EVERETTE E. SHELHAMER

In every rosy-bosomed bower
Where zephyrs mourn,
There lurks anear each perfumed flower
The cruel thorn.

Lost in the labyrinthine leaves
It hidden lies,
And with sly treachery deceives
With sharp surprise.

Full many lovers of the flowers
Have plucked their gain,
But went away to rue sad hours,
And suffer pain.

E'en so amid our rose-bloom life,
Crimson and sweet,
There lurk the thorns of anguish, strife,
Like awns in wheat.

No one can boast a thornless way,
Or roses all,
But mankind have their tears to pay
In sorrow's thrall.

Ay, life doth have its thorns and throes,
(Some hearts have swooned)
But ah! the fragrance of the rose
After the wound.

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DEDICATION

To the common people; to those with meager opportunities, but who have the courage to follow their God-given convictions in the right spirit, is this volume lovingly dedicated by the Author.

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Part I
CHAPTER 1
A START IN LIFE

"Ragged Elzie" -- Farm Life -- A Reckless Boy -- "The Young Preacher" -- Trials at the Iron Mill
-- Goes West in Search of Education

It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. Lam. 3:27.

This is an age of luxury and laziness, and parents make no greater mistake than to let their children grow up unaccustomed to hard labor and self-denial. The more a child is humored the more he becomes self-willed and less liable in after life to submit to God or man. The less he is familiar with hardships the less easily can he adapt himself to them, or sympathize with others under similar circumstances.

The writer was not blessed (or cursed) with wealth, therefore had some practical experience with poverty. For this reason alone have I felt led to pen these pages, not to call attention to myself, but to magnify God's omnipotent grace which can enable any poor boy to triumph over all unpleasant environments in the pathway of life.

I was born December 16, 1869, being the seventh child of Josiah and Susan Shelhamer, who then lived in an old log house nestled among the hills of western Pennsylvania. They named this child Elmer Ellsworth, who, as he grew up, was more commonly known as "Ragged Elzie," doubtless from the fact that I got a cheap suit only once in two or three years, which, of course, looked rather odd on a rapidly growing boy.

I know something about the blessings of poverty. Sleeping upstairs in the old log house, I have awakened more than once with enough snow on the floor and bed to make snow balls. I did not know what ready-made underwear was until in my teens. I confess it was a little embarrassing going to school with patched clothes, while other boys wore starched shirts. They had pie, cake and red apples for lunch, while I went out behind a large tree many a time to eat my buckwheat cakes or coarse bread, with nothing on but black apple butter which was so strong that even now I can almost feel it burn its way down.

A feeling of sadness comes over me as I think of those early days, especially at the close of school, when scarcely anyone came to visit us and we were too poor to go visiting. Notwithstanding this, I grew to be over six feet tall and have since preached to those who, because of my appearance, were ashamed to have me in their company.

At twelve, I began to earn my own clothes by working on rainy days, and in the evening after the usual day's labor, clearing out old fence rows and thickets and raising vegetables therein. Many a time did I thus work until long after dark. This was rigid discipline, but better for me than going fishing, or to ball games with the neighbor boys. Though a little galling, nevertheless it taught me the secret of economy and dependence upon my own resources. The noon hours were spent in committing to memory Scripture verses for the Sabbath School, sometimes hundreds being repeated the following Sunday. The Sabbath School was over three miles distant, and to prevent rubbing the heels by the coarse brogan shoes, they were carried in hand until outside the church, and there put on.

Thus for some time I bade fair to become a good man, but all this was eclipsed before the age of fifteen, when I had become a wild, reckless boy, so much so that my parents and relatives despaired of my salvation. Though others were being converted in the revival meetings then in progress, nothing seemed to move the boy who was breaking his father's heart. To the surprise of all, without anyone ever speaking to e. I broke with sin, and ten other boys and men followed me to the altar. After three days and nights of seeking, I was soundly converted, and at once declared I would be as out-and-out for God as I had previously been in seeking pleasure.

I well remember my first series of sermons. I had been powerfully converted and frequently retired to the old log barn for prayer. The thermometer was around zero and though I had crawled behind some corn fodder to get away from the cold wind, yet it was so severe I had to rub and strike my hands together to keep from freezing. Notwithstanding this, I had so many things to pray about that an hour seemed but a short time. As I read my little pocket Testament, certain passages loomed up before me and I could see fields of thought that to my mind had never been touched. This inspiration was so great that more than once did I rush from behind the shocks of corn, leap upon a box, and preach to the logs and cornstalks, warning them to flee from the wrath to come. Of course I had in mind a large congregation. I did not then know that God was training me to preach later on, to things almost as hard as hickory logs, and as dry as cornstalks. It is good, however, to be trained beforehand for life's work.

I thought it necessary to take a theological course in order to prepare myself more fully, and when I apprised my mother (though a very pious woman), she replied discouragingly. I was surprised, then paused and asked her whether she would rather have me enter the ministry or go back into sin and graduate in drunkenness, fighting and gambling She immediately consented, and accordingly I began to prepare for my life's work.

As my parents were not able, without sacrifice, to help me through school, I obtained a job in the iron mill. Some thought I could not stand the hard work, but I was determined to succeed. At the mill they started me in on night turn, from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m., in the galvanizing department. Here the fumes of the chemicals were so strong that they flaked my dinner pail as though galvanized. This was the kind of air that had to be breathed. The boss and most of the men were Roman Catholics, and, as their custom was to initiate every newcomer, they set in to aggravate and annoy me. The boss often came and told obscene stories and sang vulgar songs, all of which were turned away from without the sanction of a smile. At other times he watched when a heavy load of iron was being carried that could not be dropped and seized this opportunity to come and sing his songs but, as

before, they found no response. At the end of two weeks this ungodly man, being convicted, ceased his persecution and declared if any one mistreated the "young preacher" he would be discharged.

This mention is made to show that where there is a fixed purpose in the heart to live for God it can be done, by old or young. "Three days" was the time given by my friends for me to break down at the work, but, instead, I was there three weeks. Then sufficient having been earned to go West, "three months" was given me to get homesick and return, but, instead it was nearly three years. Where there is a will there is a way, or one will be made. Napoleon, when confronted with the question how he and his mighty army could cross the Alps, declared, "There shall be no Alps," and he scaled them. If he without God could surmount seeming impossibilities, surely those who are assisted by Omnipotent grace ought to do as well.

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CHAPTER 2
STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION

Enters College -- "Bachelors' Hall" -- Loses the Fire -- The "Close Class Meeting" -- The Outcome.

Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord. Rom. 12:11.

The education of our youth is becoming a great problem to conscientious parents. The fact is, in most of our public schools the morals are so corrupt that they poison the mind of a child before he is ten years of age. The writer has personal knowledge of a little girl (daughter of prominent holiness parents) who came home one evening from school and said, "Mamma, I've got a beau." Then to clinch it, she continued, "You know you said I could do as the other girls did when I was ten years old, and I am ten today." It is hard to say which of the two, the mother or the child, needed the severer rebuke. No wonder John Wesley said, "You might as well send a child to the devil as to send him to the public school."

This is an alarming condition of things, but what is more, is that many of our religious schools seem little better. Can this be proven? Let us see. Every unbiased mind who is in a position to know will admit that many of these so-called holiness schools are not pronounced against the first approaches of fashion, foolishness and flirting. Is it not too often the case that after a term there, a young person returns home more capable than before of reasoning away past light and convictions; or, worse still, professing a tame, sickly type of religion? If he were formerly very conscientious along the finer lines of holy living, the tendency is to broaden him and rob him of his original, heaven-born views. The result is, he would rather mingle with semi-worldly holiness people than the despised few, and he is wont to criticize the old-fashioned saints as being "Back numbers" and not "up-to-date."

Most young people are not able to withstand the subtle influences of "school life." And, when they see the teachers given to more or less worldliness and formality, yet amiable and refined, it is natural to pattern after and quote them rather than those who are a "terror to evil doers."

Of course this is not the case in a non-religious school. There a young Christian soon becomes a "speckled bird" and everyone knows his position. It may mean isolation or persecution, but this will put him on his guard and develop sturdiness of character more than a compromise spirit. The fact is that sooner or later he must rub against and grapple with the spirit of this old world, and the sooner he (through grace) masters it, the sooner he will amount to something.

True, the means of grace and good influences must not be discounted but, on the other hand, if the martyr stuff is in a youth he is bound to succeed though in a non-religious school or community. His feet may be knocked from under him once or twice, but up he will get, not to fall over the same thing again. He who is dependent upon favorable circumstances to succeed on any line will always be a weakling. Hence, unless a student maintains a fixedness of purpose to withstand open wickedness on the one hand and worldliness on the other, he will surely go under, whether in a public school or a holiness college. As the writer has had a little practical experience along this line, he trusts he does not speak unadvisedly.

After earning enough to go West, I, for the first time; bade good-bye to home and friends. A day and night of travel brought me to the thriving city of Wheaton, Illinois (twenty-five miles west of Chicago), where preparations were begun for that long-cherished education. In order to lessen expenses four of us preacher boys kept "bachelors' hall" the first year. One got breakfast, another dinner, I supper, and a fourth one washed all the dishes. In this way we were able to live at the rate of from thirty-five cents to \$1.50 a week and grow fat. My first recitation came at 9:30 a. m., hence it gave me five hours (from 4 a. m. to 9 o'clock) for manual labor; then another hour in the afternoon and all day Saturday. I always kept several small jobs ahead for slack times, and averaged from \$2.00 to \$6.00 a week at fifteen cents per hour. The studying was done at night, sometimes 11:30 finding me poring over my books.

The other boys could not understand why they could not get work while I had more than I could do, but the secret was in leaving white collars at home and going prepared to take anything I could get. Sometimes I had the promise of only an hour's work, but went at it with a relish and frequently got in a day or more at the same place. Any kind of work was solicited, such as gardening, whipping carpets, mowing lawns, trimming trees, sawing wood, unloading cars, cleaning out cisterns and sometimes other very unpleasant work that made my fingers bleed, but I was determined to make the best of it and not let my father borrow money or sell a cow, which would have been gladly done that he might assist me. I declared that if a boy at the age of eighteen could not educate and care for himself, he was not worth educating.

The following summer I traveled in Iowa, and when I returned, with all expenses met, had less than five dollars to apply on a year's expenses. What should I do: back out, write home for help, or buckle into it again for another year? The members of the faculty advised me to stick to it and accordingly I did; went through, passed every examination, and came out in the spring with ten dollars in cash, more clothes and better health than ever in the past. I speak of this simply to encourage others to master every difficulty, and insist on getting through the world without begging or selling principle. There is an honest way to succeed.

The college had a fund from which one could draw \$250.00 a year, provided he was preparing for the ministry. Nothing was asked about church membership. If, after this student became a pastor, he was able to pay back the loan, very well. But if not, nothing would be said of it. My positive convictions came to the front and I politely declined. Later, I noticed that all those boys who belonged to other churches, and accepted the loan, finally became Congregationalist preachers, stood up to pray, and had nothing to say about holiness. Say, it is worth a great deal to keep one's self untrammled and, as John Wesley said, "Free to follow the will of the Lord in all things." Paul said,

"All things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any." By the grace of God, Paul, this unpopular preacher says, "I am with you! Put me down for a big Amen!"

I now wish to speak of my struggle against the encroachments of a light, popular spirit in school life. I found this a first-class place either to grow in grace or to lose the fire. During the first year I succeeded in keeping on top, though of course I was more or less isolated. The next year different tactics were employed and I found myself being complimented and sought after. Unconsciously I succumbed and lost the keen edge which previously had made me a constant reproof to worldlings and compromisers. I tried to console myself with the thought that I had just gotten out of a little narrow rut and was now merging into a broader field of thought and usefulness. Nevertheless, some of the students said, "You do not get us under conviction as you did the first year." I continued to take active part in and lead religious services, and one Sabbath morning walked down the railroad, two and one-half miles, where was a little white church, and after entering, found myself in an old-fashioned "close class-meeting." Some of those who were questioned became angry and answered back, while others left the house. I thought to myself, "This is a hot meeting, but I will not leave but meet the issue."

So I arose and said, "I doubt whether my experience will stand close questioning. I am saved from all outward sin, but have been attending college, and little by little have come to live on the same plane with those around me. Now I am going to the altar and would like to have you pray with me." This broke up the classmeeting, and while two or three old saints knelt around me, I consecrated to walk in past light and it was but a little while until the old-time joy and holy boldness were mine again.

The next morning I returned to where a number of us theological students were boarding and, as was the custom, each one began to relate where he had been on Sabbath and what he had heard. Now and then a pleasant joke was dropped, accompanied by a hearty laugh; but when it was noticed that I did not participate as usual, one of the boys remarked, "Well, what is wrong with Shelhamer? He is not fit for an old cow to associate with; see, he has his tie off; he has been down among those Free Methodists; it is too bad; he is a good fellow, but now he is ruined and will spend the rest of his days preaching to empty seats and a few old cranks, while we will be filling city pulpits."

I said, "Boys; you can ridicule me if you like, but you know' very well that I have not had the unction of the Spirit of late as I had when I first came, and now I have "simply taken my original stand." To this they all agreed.

I remained that year and kept on top of public opinion. The next summer I entered evangelistic work and did not get back to Wheaton again. It was several years before I visited the place, and when I did I naturally inquired what had become of my old colleagues. One had died from the effects of bicycle riding, another was clerking in a little grocery store, another was driving a bakery wagon and still another was preaching for a worldly congregation

Well what had become of the young "crank?" God forbid that I should boast, but in the same length of time that would have been required to complete my course, He gave me a number of successful revivals from which He called some to preach here and in foreign lands. The fact is;

instead of my "preaching to empty seats," God had enabled me to see more, travel more, preach to larger crowds and get more souls saved than all these young student-preachers put together. Did it pay to take a radical, pronounced stand for God? Each student had high ambitions to make a mark in the world not knowing that the best and quickest way to do this was to get the fiery baptism,; then "cry aloud" against, every form and phase of sin, it may mean rocks, eggs and jilts and it did in my case, but it is a sure way to make the world feel that you have an existence for good.

Your roses may have thorns but don't forget,
Your thorns may have some roses too;
The Lord of great compassion loves you yet,
And He will never fail to see you through."

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CHAPTER 3
INCIDENTS OF FIRST REVIVAL

First Revival -- Justice of Peace Makes Disturbance -- Eggs, Rocks and Pistols -- Brave Willie -- Infuriated Mob Destroys Tent -- Opposer Slain under the Power of God.

I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set themselves against me round about.
Ps. 3:6.

The real work of God always provokes opposition: such opposition may not assume an open attitude, though this is preferable, as it discovers the enemy's strength. Sometimes the devil works above ground and then again he seems to quit the field, when the fact is he is working underneath, hoping to suddenly knock the props out and let the whole thing cave in. It is always good right after every victory to be ready for a new attack from an unexpected source. As a rule, the revivals that prove the most lasting are those in which the "ones and twos" have been saved at a time, instead of a great "landslide."

I well remember the first meeting in which I assisted. At the age of nineteen, I felt that I could no longer be caged up inside the old stone walls of Wheaton College, and accordingly joined a company of three young men at Atwood, Illinois. Souls were getting saved and interest was running high when the devil made his appearance in the form of the Justice of the Peace and other lewd fellows. Their first attempt was to cut down the tabernacle, but they succeeded in getting it only half down when we intercepted them. The next night we remained after service, but well for us that we extinguished the lights, for we were shot at and missed but a few feet: we thanked God in that instance at least for "darkness rather than light."

Another night we received a shower of stones and eggs while pronouncing the benediction. No one was hit but the daughter of the man who threw a large stone weighing two or three pounds.

We had just retired when another shower came against our house, the rocks coming through the windows and the eggs painting and staining the outside. For the time being there was nearly as much racket on the inside as on the outside, for one of the dear boys jumped out of bed and, after brushing a lot of old shoes, baskets and valises aside, succeeded in finding a safe place under the bed, far back against the wall. After a moment's silence, he shouted out in an unmistakable tone, "Hallelujah!" I was trying to locate our disturbers, and said, "Willie, what are you doing under the bed? Get out of there and show your bravery another way." But no, he was too secure to run any risks.

The meeting ran on and, along with others, the railroad agent at that place was blessedly converted and afterwards entered the ministry. A barber gave up his sins and opened up business each morning

with prayer. This seemed to infuriate our opposers the more, and accordingly they banded together to burn down the tent. We remained inside and, when the mob arrived, met them at the entrance with lighted matches, but were overpowered with brickbats, revolvers and dynamite. The tent was cut down and blown to pieces, but we were still determined to get souls. No hall or other building could be rented for services as any such place was likewise threatened. So we took to holding street meetings, but even here we were assailed with eggs thrown high up in the air from the back part of the buildings; they spattered all around, but failed to hit the mark.

Finally, an aged widow opened her house for the meetings and the crowds filled the rooms and yards. Some were seeking, others shouting and still others cursing. One man said that were it not for the crowd he would put a stick of dynamite (which he then had) under the corner of the house where Shelhamer was preaching, and blow the whole house to atoms. The power of God was so manifest that a cursing young man was struck down, and when he was able to speak he began to seek salvation and said he would never oppose the work again. One young lady, who had been converted, fell under the power and lay as one dead, so that some questioned among themselves if it were genuine; in order to test it, a wicked young man procured a long rod from a tree and, reaching through the uplifted window, twisted a wad of hair from the back of her head, but she never flinched.

God was surely in the place, and it was not due to masterly sermons, but rather to simplicity in prayer, testimony and fiery exhortations. From this revival a class was formed, out of which four or five good workers and young preachers came. It meant the destruction of our tent, showers of eggs, bullets and brickbats, but what of it, since the influence of that meeting is still sweeping on and will continue to all eternity?

A COMMISSION WITH COURAGE

"And thou son of man, be not afraid of them, neither be afraid of their words, though briers and THORNS be with thee, and thou dost dwell among scorpions: be not afraid of their words, nor be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house. And thou shalt speak my words unto them whether they will hear or whether they will forbear: for they are most rebellious." Ezek. 2: 6, 7.

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CHAPTER 4
NOTABLE HAPPENINGS

Deliverance from Death -- Woman Slain Under Power of God -- Mobs and Eggs -- A Red-haired Man Led Out.

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place. Ps. 66: 12.

As long as one is abandoned to the whole will of God nothing can befall him but what is for his good. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." When they get to heaven? Yes, and long before they get there. They see Him in His providences; yea, in the very same circumstances under which most people complain. Thus they make stepping-stones of their stumbling-stones, and rise to grander views of things divine.

I often had sickness and accident come within an inch of taking my life; yet an unseen hand protected, me until I could rally and go forward in the pathway of duty. A few such incidents I will here relate.

While in a meeting at Stewardson, Illinois, we slept in the back part of the hall for a while before we were invited home with anyone. Then we rented a house and kept "bachelors' hall" and had the privilege of living for a week on nothing but Irish potatoes and graham mush. We had no sugar, hence often sang. "The Grace of God, it is so sweet." Later, when the meeting broke through, we had more things sent in than we could eat. The revival lasted several months, day and night, and being overworked I was suddenly taken down with hemorrhages and lung fever.

It was said that I could not live, and friends flocked in to bid me good-bye. Of course, I thought my time had come, as two brothers and three sisters died with consumption at about the same age. The best doctor in town was doing all he could but to no avail. Friends wrote to an adjoining town for a man of faith to come and pray for and anoint me "in the name of the Lord," according to James 5:14. He did so and at midnight, December 16, 1889, I was instantly and miraculously healed. The next morning I dressed and sat by the fire. The doctor was notified that he need not come any more and, thinking I was a corpse, questioned, "Is he dead?" The answer was that I was healed and well. He did not believe it, so came to see me, and after taking my temperature, which had been up to 104 1-2, declared that something miraculous had taken place. The same day I walked up town through snow a foot deep. Some of the business men took hold of me, saying I was crazy and ought to be at home in bed. The fact was, though I looked like a dead man, I began to "amend", and in twelve days had gained seven pounds. The meeting continued and I was at my post again in as good or better shape than before.

There were other things of importance in this meeting. One of the workers sold himself to a wicked Catholic editor, turned traitor, and the last I saw him he was fearfully haggard. He said he had sinned against the Holy Ghost and was simply awaiting the hour of death to be damned. Such terrific conviction seized hold of Catholics who had come to mock that though it was in the dead of winter they sat and fanned themselves, as if it were August. A large, two-hundred-pound German woman was under great conviction, but declared she would "never go to the altar," and accordingly arose to depart, only to fall full length -- which shook the building. She could not move nor find peace until she consented to be helped to the altar. This enraged the devil, and when we were dismissed we found a mob awaiting us. At this I felt inspired to say, "Just wait a moment and I will find out who it is," and rushed into the midst with a lighted match only to see them scamper in every direction. The next night they were prepared, and as soon as we had started home the eggs began to come thick and fast, but not one took effect until I, looking back, said, "Where are they coming from?" Just then one smashed upon my elbow. I expected, as soon as I reached home, to have a time of cleaning, but could not find a spot. Nevertheless it taught me a lesson to "remember Lot's wife," -- never look back.

On another occasion the rowdies set in to break up the meeting. I arose to preach and when I took in the situation felt divinely inspired to say, "Now, we are here to do good, and if anybody, great or small, undertakes to disturb this meeting I shall come down and take him by the collar and lead him out." I soon noticed that a red-headed young man was anxious to test my strength. Then very deliberately I walked down the aisle as though going by him and when I came to him said, "You come with me." He made as though he would set himself, but over the seat he went and walked right along. It had a good effect upon the audience and from that time we had good order. It might prove a sad mistake to undertake such a thing again, especially in one's own strength.

A second narrow escape from death:

While attending a camp meeting at Terre Haute, Ind., some thirty preachers and workers, including the writer, went to the Wabash river for a bath.

On this occasion several of us were walking in midstream, but it was so deep we had to stand on tiptoes to successfully keep our heads above water. Finally it became so swift that we had to swim, but the tiptoe strain had given me the cramps and I could not use my lower limbs. Presently I went under for the first time, and then called for help, but there was such splashing and diving that I was not heard. I struggled awhile and went under the second time. By this time the cry was general, "Brother Shelhamer is drowning!" Some stood speechless on the bank, while three or four brave fellows came swimming to my help, one diving underneath and lifting my head and shoulders out of the water until I could get a good breath, but as he swam out from underneath me I went under the third time. As I came up one caught me by the arm, but in the struggle I was swept away from him and down I went the fourth time. When I came up I gasped and caught another breath, only to succumb to the mad current once more. But thanks be to God and those brave boys, that as I came up this time, I was met with an old, sinking boat, which I seized, only as a drowning man could. It sank with me, leaving naught but my head above the water, but it served until some fishermen came to my rescue with a better boat.

Afterwards we were informed that a number of men had drowned in that same treacherous place. Steamboats had passed up and down the same channel.

In this battle the great God alone could step in and rob death of his victim. It was only His miraculous power, for generally men never survive after going down the third time. I have heard unsaved men say that all their past sinful record came up before them the first time they went under, but, blessed be God, no such scene came before me during this struggle.

I seemed to be passing through a dark valley, and though I feared no evil, yet all hope of getting out alive was swept away, until the third time of going down. I was fully expecting to wind up in a watery grave, and the only thing I desired to say was to leave some parting word to be sent home to the little, heartbroken wife.

Many honest souls are more or less harassed over the thought of sudden death, not because they are unprepared, but because they are fearful lest they fail to accomplish all that they ought to before their departure. It would help them if they could realize that he who is divinely led is immortal until his work is done.

As I went down the third time one brother cried out, "Lord, help him; Lord, save him," and immediately the darkness overhead vanished, and then a volley of prayers arose from those ashore, as well as from those battling with the mad waters. When I was going down the last time, I could hear the sound of prayer. It was then for the first time that hope revived, and I thought, "How can God let these prayers sink?" From that time on I felt confident that though I was chastened sore, "He had not given me over unto death."

The devil seemed pleased to keep out of every mind the thought of prayer; he gave consent for me to go to heaven, if he could only stop my getting other souls there. I appreciate life as never before. Since that awful struggle, one day seems fraught with more opportunities for receiving and doing good than did a year before.

"Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

"When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
And high the storms of trouble rise,
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul:
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, 'Peace; be still!'"

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CHAPTER 5
INCONSISTENCIES OF NO-SECTS

After Three Years' Absence, Returns Home -- Experience with the "No-Sects" -- Their Inconsistencies and Destructive Work.

Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. 1 Jno. 4:1.

Every heresy is as old as the devil himself. It may take on new and various forms to keep up with the times, but the underlying principle is as old as the first delusion in the Garden of Eden.

After nearly three years' absence in the West, I returned home for a short stay. Of course everyone wanted to hear "Ragged Elzie" preach. To their surprise the Holy Ghost began to convict right and left until old, hardened sinners were at the altar crying to God for salvation. Deep things of long standing were unearthed and confessions and restitutions were made.

I noticed that several of my relatives who had in former years taken much active part in revival services now absented themselves entirely, though they lived within hearing distance of the church. After inquiring, I found they had joined a faction of the "No-sects" known as the "Saints." I called upon them, urging them to assist in the meetings as they did during the revival in which I was converted. But they turned upon me, saying they had received great light ("The evening light") and that I must likewise walk in it and "come out of Babylon," or be damned.

"What do you mean by "Babylon?" They replied, "Confusion." "Well," said I, "God bless you, there is no confusion in me; heaven is inside of me." But, no, I could not persuade them to attend the revival, for they had heeded the command, "Come out of her" (meaning all forms of church organizations) and to go would be to encourage "man-made institutions." They carried on services during the same hour that we did and finally built a separate place of worship, within one rod of the church, so that the "confusion" they were seeking to avoid was doubly increased. They talked much about their great freedom and of how they did not belong to anything but Christ, but the fact was they were in more bondage than we, for they dare not sanction or attend any other service than their own.

Later, when invited to one of their big tent meetings in town, I went and preached for them, though I had to cancel an engagement at our own church to do so. The fact was, we practiced what they preached more than they themselves did. I will preach for anything under the sun if I get a chance.

Oh, the absurdities carried on in the name of freedom and religion! These deluded souls were seen standing behind trees and the coal house, listening, and wanted to come to our services but dare not do so; they were interested in the salvation of their neighbors, but because one of their big preachers had prophesied that there would never be any good done in the old Shelhamer church and that it was forsaken of God, therefore they must never enter. There was much Scripture quoted and misinterpreted to substantiate their views. Finally they became so bitter they denounced me openly and declined to invite me into their homes lest they should be guilty of "bidding him Godspeed." I succeeded, under God, in getting several to break loose from that spirit of bondage, which was equal to Catholicism or Seventh-day Adventism. This angered and fortified the others, who actually warned me with tears, saying I had resisted the light, the blood of souls was upon me, and I had sealed unto myself damnation. One of their preachers gave me a couple columns of free advertisement by way of denunciation in their paper. Later he cut his throat and died.

I have noticed one general characteristic about this and similar delusions, viz., the adherents are ever ready to quote and argue Scripture, but oh, there is such a lamentable absence of holy joy and the spirit of prevailing prayer. They can talk or sing for hours with more relish than they can commune with God thirty minutes.

I have met at least a dozen independent factions, all claiming superiority in one or more respect. There are blessed people in each crowd, but it is sad that there is little or no fellowship between them.

Contention and strife ran rampant in that community for several years until now there are no services and both places of worship are abandoned. I often thank God for calling me out, like Abraham, from my "kindred and father's house," and sending me west, only two weeks before this destructive element entered and ruined perhaps the most spiritual church in that part of the country. Doubtless in my zeal I should have gone with them, for their preachers at first confined themselves to salvation themes and "reserved the strong meat until the people could bear it." This of course generally caught the zealous and innocent. Any system of religion that leaves such havoc in its wake is certainly not the kind that Christ instituted, notwithstanding all they may say and quote about "unity" and "oneness." (In our book on "False Doctrines and Fanaticism Exposed," this and many other latter-day heresies are handled at length, without gloves.)

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CHAPTER 6
FIVE MONTHS REVIVAL

Greensburg Meeting -- No Crowds -- Sermon to One Man -- Two Weeks' Sleeping on the Floor
-- Arrested -- The Tide Turned -- Church Packed for Five Months -- Unwise Pastor.

Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. 1 Cor. 15:58.

There is great need of resolute determination on the part of soul-winners. The fact is, this is a shallow age and we think we must have favorable circumstances before attempting a revival. Many evangelists can stay only ten days or two weeks at most and must have a good singer, a choir, a promise of \$150.00 or more, and a nice boarding place in order to succeed.

Is this the way nations go to war? Is this the way to take a city? Some of the greatest victories ever won have been preceded by long sieges and many privations. And shall we be less valiant for immortal souls? Oh, for more of that invincible, irresistible faith that cannot be turned down; that which refuses to recognize obstacles or inconveniences! Many a meeting has closed right on the eve of victory; and in other instances when the devil could do no better, he has compromised with a small concession of a few souls when there should have been scores of them.

I felt led to open up a meeting at Greensburg, Pa., an old aristocratic county seat, some thirty miles from Pittsburgh. We succeeded in renting an old Covenanter Church on Main Street, which had stood idle for years. The day after I rented it another party tried to get it, but I had it for one month, with privilege of three. Another young preacher was with me and we set in to bombard the place. We found that the city officials had succeeded in keeping the Salvation Army out and now they felt indignant that we had entered.

The first night we went up to the center of the city, opposite the courthouse, and had street service. As it was a new thing in the place, we soon had an immense crowd around us. We invited the people to the church where we anticipated a good-sized audience. Instead, three illiterate looking people came. The next night we had two, the third night one, and the fourth night none; but God had clearly sent us there and we had been diligent to call, advertise and invite the people out, hence felt it was a test of faith. One night when there was only one present, I preached until the perspiration flowed freely and the lone stranger, who was a crippled, red-headed boy, began to look this way and that, and doubtless thought, "Thou art the man." Well, he was, for later he got saved and went to preaching. He told me that the thing that took hold of him was the earnestness manifested on the preacher's part when there was no one present but himself. He thought, "If that man has such concern for my soul surely I ought to be concerned."

Afterward, when he himself was in a series of meetings in the mountains of West Virginia, and a great snowstorm was raging, he thought he would not go, but finally did and found only five people present. His first impression was, "Just have a prayer and dismiss," but then the thought came, "If Brother S_____ had done so, I never would have been saved." So he mounted the stand, took a text and preached with all his might. The result was that two of the five came forward and were converted the same night. See the power of example!

The first two weeks of the Greensburg meeting, no one invited us home and, not being on the popular line, where money flowed freely, we ate and slept in the church. The floor in front of the pulpit was the bed, and for pillows we turned chairs upside down and leaned up against them. Like Paul and Silas, we frequently praised God at midnight, though I confess that at the end of two weeks the floor could be very sensibly felt; and as it was in October, it was rather chilly sleeping.

One night, during one of our street meetings, I was summoned by an officer to appear before the mayor, when the following conversation took place:.

"You are holding meetings down in the old Covenanter Church, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is where we want you to stay and not come out on the street."

"But we feel there is a class of people on the street who never go to church and in order to reach them we go where they are."

"Well, we do not want you on the street, and," (speaking to the policeman) "if they come out again, arrest them."

"Very well, we shall obey God rather than man; if He will release us we will cease, but if not, you will find us out bright and early tomorrow night."

"I think He will release you if you tell Him the mayor said so."

"God does not listen to mayors."

With this I left and continued our street meeting. That night the preacher boys both prayed God to handle things and, accordingly, early the next morning the mayor, with another brother Freemason, knocked and came in tremblingly, saying, "You can have street meetings, only do not come out on Main Street this week, as it is the week of the fair."

We continued in the church for a month, at the end of which our congregation averaged about twenty-five, and these were a new lot every night, rendering it difficult to get conviction on them. There was only one soul converted during the month.

We felt determined to succeed hence again resorted to the street. One Saturday as we came singing up the street and approached our appointed place, the chief of police (who was a Catholic) met us ordering us to pass on. The people saw he was angry and came rushing together from all directions, until a great crowd was around us.

Presently he took hold of my assistant, who was standing next to him, saying, "Come with me." At this I saw the crowd was agitated and, motioning with my hand, said, "Just be still a moment and we will preach to you." At this the "Chief" replied. "I want you, also." I took one step, then said "Just wait a moment; we have not had prayer," and before he had time to protest we were upon our knees. He at once let go; then it was our time and we took hold of him, holding him fast while one, then the other, prayed perhaps fifteen minutes. We told God how venders and patent medicine men could come out, crack coarse jokes, and get the people's money, and it was all right. But when two boys came along singing religious songs and trying to do good, they must be arrested. We asked God to have mercy upon the officials and lay not this sin to their charge. By this time men in our favor were "fighting-mad."

We were taken to the mayor's office for a hearing. Men and women pressed their way to the front, while one said, "What are the charges? I will pay it, if it is \$20.00." Another cried out and said, "I will pay it if it is \$100.00." Still farther back one spoke, "I would not touch those boys for \$1,000.00.," By this time the old mayor was getting frightened and seemed to feel as did the Scribes and Pharisees when they sought to lay hands upon Jesus, "but feared the people." We were released, went out and finished our street service.

The daily papers took it up, and from this time people began to come, many, of course, just to see what kind of beings we were. Sometimes the churchyard was full of people one hour before service in order to get seats. The interest was so great that men climbed on the trees and windows outside, to look in, as the aisles were packed out to the street at both entrances and it was difficult to have enough room for the seekers to kneel. God was in the midst, saving, sanctifying and healing the people. The meeting continued five months.

On one occasion a traveling man was out for a walk Sunday morning and came down by the old church. We were having altar service and a number were seeking holiness; one was praying in a loud manner, saying, "Let me die," and another was saying, "Yes, kill him out." The traveling man rushed back to his hotel, saying, "Send an officer down to that old brick building at once, for there is a big fight there." And he was right, for a number died the death to carnality. One Sabbath morning while we were preaching, a young man who had been cramped just as long as he could stand it, sprang into the air, saying, "That's the stuff," and from that time on was known as "Shouting Tommy" -- Rev. T. R. Wayne.

We organized a class of nearly forty, built a nice church and dedicated it free of debt in nine months from the time we entered the city. It was interesting to see drunkards, harlots and one banker kneeling side by side seeking salvation. Thirty years later I arose to speak in a meeting in Harrisburg, Pa., when a nice-looking woman, who was a member of a fashionable church, began to shout, saying, "I was converted in his meeting in Greensburg, when I was but a girl." She further said, "I

want to come back home," and was one of the first to form the nucleus of a new society in the capital city. It pays to enter every open door. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

There were several preachers dug out in that meeting, but from lack of proper care, the work ran down. It is very noticeable that in order to avoid a reaction after a good meeting, much depends upon the pastor who follows the revival, especially if it be conducted by an evangelist. If the pastor is out of harmony with any of the views of the former, and especially if he be unwise enough to let it be known, he will either poison the minds of the converts against their spiritual father or, in his attempt to do so, kill his own influence and then the work will be sure to run down. This is too frequently the case. However, taking all things into consideration, the results of this meeting, direct and indirect, can be computed only in eternity.

Thorns were the fruit of the curse for man's sin. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake. Thorns and Thistles shall it bring forth to thee." Gen. 3:18. Christ bears our curse. The soldiers, to insult the Savior and despise His royalty, platted a crown of thorns and put it upon his head (Matt. 27:29).

TRIUMPHANT CONFIDENCE

"Still nigh me, O my Savior, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand,
Show forth in me Thy saving power:
Still be Thy arms my sure defense,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

"Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt, on snares and death I'll trend:
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head:
Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed in fire."

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CHAPTER 7
DEMONS CAST OUT

A Murderer's Threat -- Demons Cast Out -- Sin of Father Affects Child -- The Devil Professes Religion.

He gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness. Matt. 10:1.

While Holy Writ declares that Jesus Christ is the "same yesterday, and today, and forever," the same can be said of Satan. He possesses and controls human beings just as he did in the time of Christ.

There is a difference between demon-possession and demon-oppression. Many people are oppressed by demons who were at one time possessed. These demons are familiar with their former home and now with fiendish hate torment the same one whose heart was once their abode. Then there are other people who are depressed, who never were possessed, but for some reason-physical, mental or spiritual-they are easy subjects for Satan's attacks.

We are accustomed to speak of it in polite terms as "fits," "spasms," "convulsions," etc., but the fact is, in many instances it is nothing more nor less than demon-possession. Much of the insanity so prevalent is nothing but devil-possession. He assumes different forms as "a dumb spirit," "an unclean spirit," "a lying spirit," etc. Doubtless this is why those who are thus possessed are given to licentiousness, lying, or suicide. God wants to offset this by empowering His ministers to cast them out according to His word.

One day I was walking along the street in Greensburg, Pa., and met a burly-looking man, accompanied by several other like characters. He stopped me and in a fit of rage said, "I will be one of twelve men to ride you out of town on a rail and tar and feather you. I would just like to cut your heart out and erect it on a pole." I remembered seeing him under such deep conviction that he turned pale and trembled, but promised to yield at another time. He was told then that he would either yield to God, or turn against Him and His people.

After his wife was blessedly saved we were invited to their home to pray for their little thirteen-year-old daughter who had "fits." It was a case similar to that recorded in Mark 9:14-29. As soon as we entered the house she came running to us, clapping her hands against each side of her head and gnashing her teeth. Then she fell and "wallowed, foaming." We knelt and in Jesus' name rebuked the foul spirit and for seven days she was free from those awful spasms; previously she was accustomed to having several each day. The seventh night this wicked father began cursing in her

presence and declared God had nothing to do in curing his little girl, but that it was simply a natural change. While he was thus blaspheming, she took another spasm. Then he raved and tore, choked his wife and threatened to kill her if she went another time to those meetings. She went and he waited for her outside the door with a huge club and, raising it, declared he would be as good as his word, but God held his murderous hand so that he did not have the power to strike her.

He now saw that he must employ different tactics, so attended a sham revival at his church, professed religion and shouted. The next morning it was reported that they had the most remarkable conversion the previous night that they had had for years. When I heard of it I said, "If it is genuine, doubtless he will be around asking pardon for wanting to cut my heart out." He never came, however, but said to his wife, "Now since I want to do better, you ought to help me and go with me to the church of my choice." Well, there seemed to be a great change, so they compromised the matter and he suggested that she go one Sabbath with him and he go the next Sabbath with her. Very well; she went her day with him, but the next Sabbath he had the headache so could not go anywhere. When his day came again he was able to go and of course took her along, but the next Sabbath was very ill and desired that she remain at home and care for him.

Finally he made one more proposition, viz., "Tell those boys I will give them thirty days to heal my little girl and if so, I will then go along with you and join their church, but if not, you must go with me and join where I belong." When the eager wife spoke to me, I replied that we did not make contracts with the devil, and were not fishing for members, but at any rate would set a day of fasting and prayer for the little girl. We did, and again she was miraculously delivered from the tormenting spirit and for twenty-nine beautiful days the child was restored.

But this demon-possessed father saw that his thirty days were about completed and accordingly came home the night of the twenty-ninth and began to curse, saying, "I see there is no use in my trying to do right, for you will not go with me to my church and I can't go with you to the other place." At this the poor child was again taken with convulsions. Why God should permit such a thing I do not know, but sometimes He recognizes the faith and obedience of parents for the healing of their children. From this incident, as well as many others, I have learned that the devil can profess religion, shout and become very pious when it is to his interest to do so. Read our sermon on "Demon Possession." This, with ten other sermons, also a brief sketch of the author's life, can be had in book form for \$1.00. Title of book, "Plain Preaching for Practical People."

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CHAPTER 8
DIVINE HEALING

Divine Healing -- Hit in the Face while Preaching -- Billiard Player Enters the Ministry -- Case of Typhoid Fever Healed -- Infidel "M. D." Has More Faith Than the "D. D."

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. Ps. 103:3.

The philosophy of healing is plain. It is simply the short cut to health. The God of nature has imparted healing properties to certain plants, minerals, climates, etc. Now, if we were innocent and knew as much as dogs and cats, our intuition would tell us how and where to find relief. But since we do not know what to take, God has mercifully made provision whereby we can come to Him and, like the woman spoken of in Mark 5: 28, get the virtue direct, rather than by the way of the drug-store. Doubtless Christ could have told this woman of a natural remedy, but since He was the embodiment of "every good and perfect gift," He permitted her to get all she needed by touching Him.

On another occasion He turned water into wine. You have seen Him do this many times, but by the slow process of nature it usually takes about six months instead of six minutes. The rain falls upon the earth, the vine drinks it up, there are green, then ripe grapes, and in the end water is turned into wine. In times of emergency Christ can either hurry up natural law or set it aside and impart His life-giving virtue, which is as good or better. Hence, these natural or manufactured remedies may be allowable to those without faith (provided they can hit on the right thing), but God has provided "a more excellent way" for those who will implicitly trust Him. Of course, this does not imply that we act the fool and carelessly disregard the laws of health; but it does mean that when we do all in our power, the Omnipotent God stands ready to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves. Hallelujah!

There is a vast difference between praying "in faith" and praying the prayer "of faith." James speaks of both. We pray "in faith" every time we approach God. Sometimes we get happy as we anticipate this or that victory. And yet it may not be the real victory. But when one prays the prayer "of faith" this "saves the sick," so James declares. The fact is, no one can pray this prayer in himself. The Holy Ghost must "groan" or pray this prayer through us. When He does, He is not mocking Himself. An answer is sure to come, sooner or later.

At Leechburg, Pa., we were preaching in the opera house. Souls were now being saved at the same spot where the devil had previously performed. Here we had some interesting street meetings. One evening I was speaking from a large stone in front of the post office. I realized that Satan was disturbing the elements in the form of rocks, mud balls and other things. Presently a mud ball hit me

square in the face, but did not stick. When the anointing is upon us, we can plow through this old world without anything (spiritually, and many times literally) sticking to us, or impeding our progress.

Another street meeting held in front of a billiard hall brought out some of the players, one of whom was convicted, and converted, and went to preaching.

A woman who was down with typhoid fever heard of our healing meetings and sent for me to come and pray for her. Her neighbors declared they would never have me pray in their homes, especially a sick room, for they said I prayed so loud it would disgrace them. But she insisted, so her husband came to invite us. As we entered the house the doctor was leaving. He had left eighteen fever powders with strict orders not to eat one morsel, lest it produce death.

It was then seven days since she had taken any nourishment, excepting a little boiled milk. I began talking to her about her Christian experience, and found it unsatisfactory. At one time they both enjoyed religion, but fashion and money-making drowned it out until God had to permit a fire to sweep away their business property with no insurance. They owned their own home, but were now again considered among the common people. I asked her, if, in case she got well, it was her full purpose to renounce the world, give herself wholly to God and again erect the family altar. She replied that it was.

I then read some Scripture and knelt at her bedside to pray. As I rehearsed her former life with present vows to God, I heard her throw her large gold ring on the chair, and the next moment she sat erect in bed praising God and clapping her bony hands together. I then anointed her with oil in the name of the Lord for the healing of her body. Her husband looked on in amazement, and as soon as I left the room she called for her clothes and arose, went downstairs, and ate such things as the rest of the family had for dinner. That afternoon she went out on the street to tell her neighbors what the Lord had done for her, and met her pastor, who had previously been to see her and prayed for her "speedy recovery." By this time he had heard of her healing and said, "Woman, you are all excited and under the influence of that fanatic and as soon as this spell lifts, you will fall prostrate on the street. Go home and go to bed." She praised God and told him she felt as well as ever in her life, and though poor in body, she believed she would soon gain in flesh. Another preacher denounced us and preached a sermon against Divine Healing, saying, "The days of miracles and supernatural events ceased with the Apostolic age." But what good did it do these D. D.'s ("Dumb Dogs," Isa. 56:10, 11) to bark like this? Here was a living example, right in their midst. The infidel doctor manifested more honesty than they, for he declared it was supernatural and desired to read up on the subject.

It is fitting to remark that the woman did not take a relapse but rather grew stronger, joined our society and was made class-leader. Her husband was reclaimed and did some good preaching. Their home became a home for ministers. Their well-to-do relatives far and near heard of it, sought salvation, and, as a result, other classes were organized that never would have been, had it not been for this incident. The loss of property and a case of typhoid fever were blessings in disguise.

Many more cases of healing during forty years of preaching could be mentioned, but space forbids. Read our book, "How to Get Healed and Keep Healed."

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour,
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

SIXTY YEARS
OF
THORNS AND ROSES
By
E. E. Shelhamer

CHAPTER 9
SHALLOW REVIVALS

Sleeping on Benches -- Disturbance at a Sham Revival -- "Throw Him Out of the House" -- John Wesley.

Art thou he that troubleth Israel? 1 Kings 18:17.

Elijah was looked upon by some as a "troubler in Israel." From time to time God raised up other prophets who likewise were a "terror to evil-doers." Should not this be the case now? Does not this age need men who are so pronounced on every issue that God's voice through them will be heard?

The night was freezing weather, and we had no place to sleep except in the town hall, where we had just closed out our first service. Accordingly, we pulled benches to the small stove and with Bible for a pillow and overcoat for a covering, we spent our first night in Uniontown, Pa. The fire went out and this gave us a good chance to spend the rest of the night in prayer and meditation. It paid to lay a good foundation, for now there is a brick church there valued at \$10,000. It was a cold beginning but a good ending. God gave us a good meeting, and we had to move to a larger hall. However, our spiritual fruit was principally hand-picked, rather than windfalls. The former do not count so fast, but are better keepers.

While our meeting was in progress, a "big meeting" began not far away. It had run only a little while when it was reported that nearly one hundred had been converted. A bright young man who had been converted in our meeting said to me one evening, "How is it that we see only a few saved each week, while over in this meeting they are getting saved, as many as ten in one service?" I did not think it wise, or just, to question the thoroughness of the meeting when I did not have positive evidence, so said, "We do not have services next Monday night, and I will go over with you." We went, and instead of taking a back seat (as preachers frequently do) we pressed our way as far toward the front as possible.

The preacher spoke well, and cried out against many popular evils. When the altar call was given and many responded, we pressed our way forward to assist. It was difficult to get a chance to do much, for as soon as a seeker knelt, an authorized worker or convert immediately began talking to him. As far as we heard, nothing was said about renouncing the world, or praying through to victory, but rather on this wise: "Do you acknowledge you are a sinner? Well, then, accept Christ as your Savior." Those giving affirmative answers to this or similar questions were encouraged to arise and say they had believed on Christ. Of course, this brought a sense of relief, as anyone will feel better at the thought of escaping hell and getting a hope of heaven. If such a hope can be had without much sacrifice, multitudes are ready to accept and embrace it.

At the close of the service a number came and shook my hand, saying, "Don't you know me? Why, I have heard you preach many a time in your hall, and also at the camp meeting!" Then I inquired, "Have you been converted in this meeting?" The answer was always in the affirmative. Hence I took the liberty to ask in a pleasing manner, "And what does your religion do for you? Does it keep you from getting angry when things go wrong?"

"Not always. You know we all get worried."

Another came and, as he was using tobacco, I said, "I am glad you have decided to live for God; but may I ask, have you victory over all unclean habits, such as tobacco?"

"Oh, well, the Bible does not mention tobacco."

"Would you like to know the reason why? Simply because it is too filthy, and then the Bible is a book of principles covering every unclean thing without necessarily mentioning it in so many words."

A third one, who was a fashionable woman, greeted me, and after she told me she had frequently attended our meetings and had just professed Christ, I ventured to ask, "And does your religion save you from the love of the world, with all its customs and fashions?"

With both hands uplifted, she said, "It makes no difference what you wear, if your heart is only right. I could wear rings on my fingers to the tips, and get to heaven."

I did not know until that instant that she wore five rings, but replied, "My sister, you might as well say, 'It makes no difference how much I lie, if my heart is only right.' It is to be supposed, if the heart is right, your outward life will correspond with the Word."

With this, they surrounded me, saying, "You have just come to disturb our peace." One woman held a broom in her hand, another took hold of my overcoat and began pulling toward the door, and a third convert, who was a man, said, "Let us throw him out of the house!" This enraged an onlooker who was a non-professor, and stepping up he said, "If you throw him out, I will throw you out and stand you on your head." I told them it was so crowded, if they would just give me a little time I would quietly depart. As soon as we were out, the young convert who had been silently taking it all in said, "I can see the difference now, they act just like I did before I was converted."

In every place where an uncompromising gospel is preached, there will be found many who get under conviction, but do not want to pay the full price and clean up the past. The devil takes the situation in and is pleased to have a "cheap rate" revival scoop in such souls, for he well knows that after they have taken on a profession, it is almost impossible to get them to acknowledge that they are yet without God. Oh, that souls could understand that it costs just as much to get and keep the favor of God in one place as in another.

When jewelry, paint and powder are more apparent than "modest apparel," when the secret lodge system is winked at, when the cries of a penitent or the shouts of a saint create confusion, when

tobacco-soaked preachers and fashionable church members are among the "personal workers" when these are some of the earmarks in a "campaign" what kind of converts may we expect?

No wonder Wesley cried out and said, "How terrible is this! when ambassadors of God turn agents for the devil! -- when they who are commissioned to teach men the way to heaven do in fact teach the way to hell. If ever asked, "Why, who does this?" I answer, "Ten thousand wise and honorable men even all those, of whatever denomination, who encourage the proud, the trifler, the passionate, the lover of the world, the man of pleasure, the unjust or unkind, the easy, careless, harmless, useless creatures, the man who suffers no persecution for righteousness' sake, to imagine he is in the way to heaven. These are false prophets, in the highest sense of the word. These are traitors both to God and man. These are no other than the first-born of Satan; the eldest son of Apollyon, the destroyer. These are far above the rank of ordinary cut-throats; for they murder the souls of men. They are continually peopling the realms of night; and whenever they follow the poor souls they have destroyed, 'hell shall be moved from beneath to meet them at their coming.' "

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CHAPTER 10
SEEKING HEART PURITY

Seeking Heart Purity After Having Professed and Preached It for Years -- Crucifixion Rather Than Consecration -- What the Old Writers Say.

Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. Rom. 6:6.

I here feel led to refer to my seeking the experience of heart purity. It was on this wise. After doing evangelistic work in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, I was much worn in body, and for a change temporarily took charge of a large orphans' home in Virginia. Like Moses on the "back side of the desert," I found this a good place to get away from the people and enjoy long seasons of waiting upon God.

I had been preaching holiness, and numbers had professed the experience under my ministry. I see now that though I was partly responsible, nevertheless one reason I did not get down to business before was that no one got me under conviction. When the thought came that I did not have what ought to be included in the mighty baptism with the Holy Ghost, I naturally looked around to see some one to whom I could unbosom my heart. I had become so well acquainted with the inside life of ministers that I confess I did not know where to go, so again concluded that if they had it, I had also. They may have had the experience; I hope so, but for some reason their lives and preaching did not bring conviction.

On several occasions I had special seasons of fasting and prayer, each time receiving mighty quickenings of the Spirit, but, like others, stopped short with these, instead of taking them as an incentive to the final crucifixion.

I well remember one of these occasions, in which the Holy Ghost tried to lead me into the genuine experience. We were having a farewell service, when a number of intelligent converts came forward and attributed their salvation to something I had said or done. I felt a sense of inward satisfaction over the thought that my labor had not been in vain in the Lord. Doubtless it was all right to feel thus, but what about the feeling when other converts who were equally bright spoke in the same manner of my co-laborer: this was what opened my eyes. Outwardly I appeared just the same, but way down inside of me there was something that did not rejoice. The next morning at family prayers I said, "Brethren, I do not believe I am sanctified wholly. I have serious doubts whether all unholy tempers and tendencies are eliminated." One spoke up, "You surely must be under pressure; I have been closely connected with you for months and have never noticed in one instance anything like

pride, self-will or covetousness." I replied, "Very well, but you have seen only the outside and not the inner movings of my soul."

This illustrated the power of regenerating grace. Yet at times I had misgivings and wondered in my own mind how these things could be consistent with a holy heart. I talked with my brethren in the ministry about it and they eased me down instead of probing to the bottom. Some called it "temptation," and others, "human infirmities." Nevertheless, my peace was disturbed and my soul longed for deliverance. Somehow I could not obtain a satisfactory witness and it seemed no one could help me. On several occasions I followed the directions of my brethren and made a "full and complete consecration and dedication" of all my powers to God. The result was a great blessing and illumination of the Spirit. I was urged to call this "holiness", and did so in strong terms. But in course of time I was again conscious of a lack and strongly felt a heart cry for something better. I kept it to myself and continued to profess and preach, not knowing anything else to do.

But not until this time, in Virginia, did I, as Wesley says, "see the ground-work of my heart, the depths of pride, self-will and hell." I had heard great and good men preach holiness, and had been instructed to "make an entire consecration and take it by faith." But now under the white light from heaven it seemed to me that this hurrying one through did not reach the case, at least my case. Hence I began to read up, and found that the early writers were more thorough in their methods than most of those in our day.

Adam Clarke says: "Few are pardoned because they do not feel and confess their sins, and few are cleansed from all sin or sanctified because they do not feel and confess their own sore and the plague of their own hearts."

Fletcher says: "The deeper our sorrow for and detestation of indwelling sin, the more penitently do we confess 'the plague of our heart.'"

"To promote this deep repentance, consider how many spiritual evils still haunt your breast. 'Look into' the inward 'chamber of imagery' where assuming self-love, surrounded by a multitude of vain thoughts, keeps her court. Grieve that your heart, which should be all flesh, is yet partly stone; that your soul, which should be only a temple for the Holy Ghost, is yet so frequently turned into a den of thieves, a hole for the cockatrice, a nest for a brood of spiritual vipers, for the remains of envy, jealousy, fretfulness, anger, pride, impatience, peevishness, formality, sloth, prejudice, bigotry, carnal confidence, evil shame, self-righteousness, tormenting fears, uncharitable suspicions, idolatrous love, and I know not how many of the evils which form the retinue of hypocrisy and unbelief. Through grace detect these evils, by a close attention to what passes in your heart at all times, but especially in an hour of temptation. By frequent and deep confession drag on all these abominations. These sins, which would not have Christ to reign alone over you, bring before Him; place them in the light of His countenance, and if you do it in faith, that light and the warmth of His love will kill them, as the light of the sun kills the worms which the plow turns up to the open air in a dry summer day."

These and other holy men led me to believe that God's method in dealing with the carnal mind was confession and crucifixion. The general idea is to seek a great "blessing." Now, as I abandoned

myself to the operations of the Spirit, He revealed to me in order, one phase of carnality, then another, dwelling on some particular tendencies longer than others, according to my disposition. Many times during this overhauling I was so overpowered by the Spirit that I was ready to declare the work done. But then after holding still, the same faithful Revealer uncovered another, and, if possible, a more subtle trait. He kept this up for some time, until I completely died out to my feverish haste -- to that disposition that wanted to profess quickly in order to protect my reputation and the cause of God.

Oh, how I thanked Him then and do yet, that He did not let me stop short, though at times I had great peace and joy. Instead of my having to force myself, it was the highest sense of relief to "drag out" every abomination. Finally He brought me to the end of myself where it was easy and natural to believe to the cleansing of the soul. I dared not confess any more. I could do nothing else but look up and say, "I believe Thee to do it now, Now, NOW." Then He gave the witness so clear that I realized the Omnipotent gaze could scan me through and through and find nothing more that He saw ought to be removed.

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CHAPTER 11
NEW EXPERIENCES

Courtship and Marriage -- Ten Years of Happy Married Life -- The Unexpected -- Dealing With the Color Line.

Where no counsel is the people fall: but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. Prov. 11:14.

Marriage is of such a momentous nature that of all things it should not be taken in hand unadvisedly. Many a life has been blasted because of haste in this matter! Then many more there are who, though they have not been a complete failure, yet have not accomplished what they should, had God been permitted to wholly order their steps. They are mismated and this accounts for the vacillation and lack of poise in themselves and their children. Their children should be pitied rather than blamed, for the poor little things have the unhappy combination of two contrary dispositions. Thank God, grace fixes up a lot of things, and yet grace cannot wholly correct a wrong choice. Better go slow than be sorry.

When God originally chose a helpmeet for man He did not take the material from his upper extremities lest she should rule over him, nor from his lower extremities lest he should trample her under foot. But He took a "rib" from near Adam's heart that she should be loved and protected by him, that she should run by his side, and be equal with him, and that his rights should be her rights. Now, to get the proper companion, a man who is not clearly led of the Spirit runs twenty-three chances out of twenty-four of getting the wrong rib.

I have much to be thankful for that God mercifully prevented my doing as many young people do, in foolishly falling in love, getting married and then settling down to struggle for a mere existence.

Some time after my conversion God permitted a love affair to be broken up. For the time being it almost broke my silly heart, but it was the best thing that could have happened. God saw that though she was beautiful and had religion, yet she was not the forceful character I needed to help master difficulties, and be a good balance wheel. Her after life proved that she was not the one for me. God had a better plan, but it required years of waiting. It frequently pays to wait.

While in prayer at a camp meeting in Illinois, the Lord first revealed to me my counterpart in the person of a powerful little preacher. Though we had not said a word the same thing was revealed to others. We did not see each other for one year, during which time only three letters were written by each of us. We resolved to keep our eyes upon the throne more than upon the post office. At the next yearly meeting we were happily united, and lived together for ten beautiful years, after which the

most unexpected thing of my life took place -- God kissed her pure spirit away. Much could be said here, but more will appear in another chapter.

Later we held a meeting in old Virginia, not far from Richmond. This was my first experience laboring in a section where the color-line existed, and I was full of zeal to obliterate it. I felt it was so unjust and unscriptural that the colored people were excluded from the religious services that I began to invite them. They came and filled the back seats that were unoccupied. It was not long before they felt at home, and became very free in assenting to the truth. The whites took exceptions, but we thought it was simply prejudice, and they needed to be taught that the colored man has the same right to salvation as others.

But we found it impossible to turn in a few weeks a sentiment that had held sway for generations. The result was that the white people stopped altogether, and finally used violent methods to intimidate the colored people from coming. When the colored people ceased to attend we thought to have good attendance from the whites again; but no, by some secret understanding, they agreed to stay away. It would never do to sit on the same seats, live in the same house, or on the same street, that was formerly occupied by "niggers." I found that though God had enabled me to be more than a match for mobs, arrests and dynamite, this kind of prejudice was too much for me. The people smiled and were apparently friendly, but that old sectional feeling was deeply seated within. I confess I did not know how to take them, for I had been accustomed to meeting hostility open and above board.

There is that distinguishing feature about the North and the South. In the North each town or community stands upon its own merit, so if you are opposed in one place you can go a few miles distant and be heartily received. In the South they are more clannish and if one man, or community, is set against you, the others will be likewise. This clinging to each other may date back to the "reconstruction period" at the close of the (un-civil) war, when great poverty and suffering cemented these people together.

Each section is to blame for its attitude toward the Negro. The Northern papers and people excuse and look upon him as a martyr; then the Southern papers go to the other extreme and picture him as unworthy of respect, or of an opportunity to rise.

If a man knows that merit and good behavior will entitle him to a place among men (irrespective of birth) it will go a great way toward his elevation. The Negro of the South knows that he is under and that everybody intends to keep him there. This has a tendency either to embitter and make him more vicious, or to stultify all possibility of development and, in the last analysis, leave him a mere stoical machine.

I have found from experience that the best plan in dealing with this difficult question is to go ahead and mind your own business, letting the colored people draw their own line. If they drop in to a service, pay no attention, else you offend one or the other class. Nearly every zealous Northerner has to learn the lesson for himself and, at first, cripple his influence before he will be convinced that he cannot come South, single-handed and convert everything to his way of thinking in a moment of time. Preach repentance, restitution and surrender to God, and as fast as the people get under

conviction they will forget their old prejudice. After all, God alone can save the Southerner from his hot-headedness, and the Yankee from his cold-bloodedness. Let us give Him a chance.

THORNS

Thorns are put for great difficulties and impediments. The Lord told the Israelites, "If ye will not drive out the inhabitants of the land from before you; then it shall come to pass that those which ye let remain of them shall be pricks in your eyes and thorns in your sides." That is, they would be very hurtful and pernicious to them.

Paul's "thorn in the flesh" was not carnality, but perhaps a racking pain in his body, or an impediment of speech, or disfigurement of his face as a result of his stoning. We know it was not sin, for he declared he gloried in this infirmity, that the "power of Christ" might rest upon him.

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CHAPTER 12
"IN PERSECUTIONS OFT"

Mission in Atlanta -- Driven Out -- First "Repairer" Office -- Sectional Prejudice -- Tent and Gospel Wagon Donated -- A Whole Street Meeting Arrested.

They that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. 2 Tim. 3:12.

November 1, 1895, by invitation we began a meeting in a mission in Atlanta, Ga., then under the auspices of the North Georgia Holiness Association. The revival was a clean sweep, taking in holiness professors, many of whom found they did not have the genuine article. After a number prayed through it brought light and conviction upon others until it reached the leader who saw that to get right meant restitution. Though rich and well able to do it, he backed down, wrote to the president of the association to return quickly, for "Shelhamer," said he, "is about to organize a Free Methodist Church in the mission." Such a thing had never been intimated, or even thought of.

However, it brought the president back and immediately his countenance toward us was changed. He said the meeting must close, and the door was locked. Seeking souls desired us to pray with them and, having no place, we invited them upstairs into our 12x14 room which was bedroom, tract-room, "The Repairer" office, and all we had in the world. Here the fire broke out anew, and in order to stop it the mission people raised our rent to twenty-five dollars a month, knowing, of course, that we could not meet it. A reporter was sent to interview me, and came out in his paper in large headlines, "Shelhamer Lost the Mission." He went on to describe my height, color of hair and eyes, then said: "If he ever does succeed in establishing a congregation here it will be a unique one, for the lightest word he uses is law." The opposition began in earnest and from the same pulpits where I had formerly preached I was now denounced. I had preached in different city churches, but they were now all united in opposing the "crank from the North." One dear old preacher spoke to me thus: "Understand, I have nothing against you, only I wish you had stayed where you belonged, and I had never seen you." A prominent woman in religious circles said, "All I wish is that the Mason and Dixon wall had been one hundred feet high, and one hundred feet thick, so that Shelhamer could never have gotten over it."

We were forced to move from above the mission, having to use a wheelbarrow rather than hire a drayman because of lack of funds. We did not then realize that God was permitting it all in order to enlarge our borders. Venturing by faith, we rented a seven-room house. Having outgrown this, our next move was to an eleven, and later to a seventeen-room house, each time being more centrally located.

During the first year or so the fight was intense, even the children being taught to ridicule anyone who dared to attend the "Yankee Meetings." At first our services were held in private dwellings. A large woman, whose husband got saved, was so enraged that she wanted to horsewhip me if I ever stepped inside her door. She boiled over, then came to the meeting and was blessedly saved. People came from different parts of the city to attend our morning family prayers which frequently lasted until noon, and sometimes until toward night. A man from Iowa heard that we needed a place of worship and shipped, prepaid, a new tent worth one hundred and fifty dollars. Another man from Chattanooga, Tenn., sent a Gospel Wagon, capable of seating ten, or more. All we lacked now was a team of horses to take us from place to place where we could sing and speak to the masses.

Finally a business man, whose wife had recently been saved, came forward publicly in the tent-meeting and told me he had two fine horses. Though he belonged to a big city church, and professed holiness, I knew he would get frightened if the Holy Ghost stirred up a commotion, so remarked, "Well, we will pray about it." Though he did not utter a word, he was stirred to the bottom, for he thought I would shout and make a big ado over him and his horses. He went home and told his wife that he never saw such an unthankful man in all his life. It seemed to take this to let him see his true condition, and the following night he felt himself hanging over hell. Early the next morning he was down at our home to pray through, and until nine o'clock that night, without any intermission, God reined him up to one thing after another as fast as he could belch it out. The solemnity of the judgment pervaded the place, so that everyone felt like prostrating himself upon his face. God got the man, his horses and entire family.

Some time after this we were holding a street meeting and a Catholic policeman started to arrest us, taking this brother, as he was in charge of the wagon. I intercepted them saying: "You cannot take him unless you take the others, for I am his pastor and more responsible than he for this meeting." He said, "All right, I will take the whole pack," and called up the two-horse patrol. While waiting for the patrol we pitched in to get our money's worth out of the service. Presently the horses dashed up to the ring and an officer came in and took me by the arm, saying, "Come on, Cap," and crowded sixteen of us into the wagon. As the driver put the lash to the horses we started up and sang, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." There was just the right crowd on to make the springs ride easy. Sam Jones denounced the action of the mayor in one of the daily papers, saying, "There was more real piety in that old patrol that day than in any ten square acres in Atlanta." We stood a trial, won the case, and since that time have had the inside track on large and interesting street meetings which have sometimes lasted for three hours.

The Baptist Ministerial Association had the courage to draw up a resolution taking issue against the action of the mayor. But the Methodist preachers waited until the papers and public sentiment were in our favor, then they likewise expressed themselves. "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Since God helped us to live down the twofold prejudice, religious and sectional, it is pitiable to see some of our former opposers. They would like to join in the interesting services, and act as though nothing had even occurred, but God and conscience will not let them. This proves that a thing is not settled at all until it is settled right.

THE OLD FIRE

O for that flame of living fire,
Which shone so bright in saints of old;
Which bade their souls to Heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

Where is that Spirit, Lord, which dwelt
In Abraham's breast, and sealed him Thine?
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt,
And glow with energy divine?

Is not Thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

Remember, Lord, the ancient days;
Renew Thy work; Thy grace restore;
And while to Thee our hearts we raise,
On us Thy Holy Spirit pour.

W H. Bathurst

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CHAPTER 13
A GREAT BATTLE

Denounced Publicly -- Praying All Night -- In a "Holiness Mob" -- God Wins the Battle

I will make thee unto this people a fenced brazen wall; and they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee: for I am with thee to save thee and to deliver thee, saith the Lord. Jer. 15:20.

The writer had a good opportunity to test his experience at a state camp meeting held in middle Georgia.

The first day, I was asked to preach, and had much help from God. At the close of the service I felt strongly led to the woods for secret prayer, whereupon I opened my Bible and my eyes fell upon the words at the head of this chapter. I had no sooner read them than the power of the Spirit so came upon me that I could not refrain from shouting and laughing aloud. I did not then know what it meant, but later found that it was preparatory to the battle that should ensue. The next day a prominent lady evangelist, whom they had engaged for the meeting, arrived. Her strong personality from the start either intimidated the people, or demanded their respect.

The second night things were moving under high pressure but for some reason there were not satisfactory results. The lady evangelist made various propositions, such as, "Every one who is saved and not sanctified, come forward and give me your hand." "Every one who is not saved, but wants our prayers, give me your hand." Sometimes the order was to clap the hands, or shake hand kerchiefs. These tests quickly located every one, but to all of them I did not feel led to respond, so sat quietly in the spirit of prayer; whereupon I was pointed out and addressed in a shrill tone: "Brother, why don't you take part in this meeting?" A pause of silence for an answer, then I said, "I feel burdened." "So you are burdened, are you," came with a sarcastic tone.

At the close of the service she said to me: "I have been impressed with your appearance ever since I saw you, and would like to have you take part in the services." I thanked her, but told her I personally knew many of these handshakers and could not rejoice over their professing holiness.

The people dispersed and I quietly remained to spend the night alone in prayer.

The next day, a confidential talk took place, at the close of which I remarked: "Sister, I fear you are just where I myself once was -- preaching a theory without the experience. You seem to manifest such an impatient spirit when things do not start or stop to suit you. And then, there seems to be such a lack of discernment in dealing with souls around the altar, hurrying them through to profess

holiness when you ought to see at a glance that many of them are without saving grace. I have been so burdened for you and this meeting that I could not sleep the past two nights, and I am quite sure this burden is of the Lord. Now, I do not know whether this will do you any good or not, for there is not one evangelist in a hundred who rises as high as you who will ever humble himself and go down. However, I have delivered my soul, and will meet this talk at the judgment. Let me add, in conclusion, please do not consider me your enemy, but keep this to yourself, and weigh it before God. He alone can show you. I shall pray for you and say nothing to anyone."

She was moved upon, and with tears thanked me, saying that she, herself, had some doubts about her experience.

The next morning the service was being operated with a stern hand, but for some reason lacked freedom. What could be the matter? Is there an Achan in the camp? No; but there on the front seat sat one who, like Mordecai, did not bow, or quickly fall into line at every crack of the whip. This she could stand no longer, and with pointed finger said, "What is wrong with you, Sledgehammer? You don't think I have the experience, do you?" Coming closer she repeated, "Now, you don't think I have the experience, do you?" This was repeated several times, and, of course, had its desired effect in stirring the prejudices of the people.

No attempt was made to answer until I looked around to find an enraged crowd upon their feet denouncing me. I had known what it was to be egged, rocked, arrested, shot at and surrounded by different kinds of mobs, but this was the first holiness mob I was ever in. When I saw them closing in upon me I asked if I might say a word. She replied that I might, and immediately, as in the case of King Saul, the Spirit came upon her and she began to defend him whom she had sought to destroy. She turned upon the preachers and others, saying: "Sit down, every last one of you; I tell you to sit down and listen to this man of God. When you get so interested in my soul that you will pray two whole nights for me as he has, then you can speak, but not until then."

All was very quiet again, and every eye was riveted upon the lone man, expecting him to take his opportunity to "skin them alive." Instead, he quietly stepped upon the bench and began to tell what a wonderful thing it was to be saved from all inward stirrings and to be kept calm in times of pressure and misunderstanding. When he was about to sit down she knelt at the altar and said, "Pray for me!"

There might have been some hope of her getting an experience had she not been bolstered up and biased after she left the auditorium. But she was told it would never do for one so prominent, and especially the "invited help," to go to seeking a better experience. "What will the anti-holiness people say?"

The next day the fight was on in earnest, and for four or five days I was publicly scorned and hissed at in testimony and preaching. As I walked across the camp ground I could hear them say to each other, "There he goes! See how plain his wife is!" No one dared associate intimately with me lest he fare likewise. A preacher was heard to remark, "What we need to do with Shelhamer is everyone give him the 'cold shoulder,' and he will leave."

The privilege of testifying 'was officially refused me by the president of the meeting, and on being asked the reason why, with promise that nothing would be said to reflect upon anyone, he replied, "That may be so, but you will speak in such a way as to discount the rest of us." By this time several began to get under deep conviction, and followed me to my tent to pray, but a stop was soon put to that. Finally. About the eighth day one of the preachers who had been looking on arose and said, "Brethren, I do not believe I am a sanctified man. I know I could not stand what that man has stood and keep sweet. If you folks had treated me as you have treated him, I would have skinned you alive long ago. I do not ask any of the rest of you to pray for me, but I would like that abused man to pray with me."

He knelt at the altar and, after a pause, the president said, "Go and pray with him, Brother S_____." The seeker prayed through to a good experience, and this was like a bombshell in the camp. A second preacher arose and said he was also a candidate for a better experience, and with this the tide began to turn. He who was under began to rise, and they who were on top began to sink, many of whom came around and apologized.

God frequently whispered to my soul, saying, "If you will hold still and let me defend you, you will be preaching and shouting long after your opposers have been forgotten." This is already true in both respects. The last that was heard of the evangelist, she had joined the Dowieites, and later died. She sent five dollars and requested me to send her a book teaching holiness, as we understood it. The president of the camp meeting did the same. He was also frank enough to confess that the light we had received was at present too strong for his people, but he hoped to bring them up to it. Later, he met a violent death. After these years of our living down prejudice many of those who were former opposers have become staunch friends.

These things are mentioned merely to show that it is better to let God vindicate and fight the battles than to try to do so yourself. But if you are not dead, during such times the self-life will become agitated and you will say something -- generally too much. Get everything burned out that cannot hold still.

THE WILL OF GOD

"He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

"I love to see Thee bring to naught
The plans of wily men;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
O Thou art lovely then!

"All that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

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CHAPTER 14
THE TIDE TURNS

Attends an Annual Conference -- Committee Meets Train But Misses Their Man -- God Captures Things -- Rank Superstition.

All things work together for good to them that love God. Rom. 8:28.

The experience at the Georgia camp meeting opened up the way for considerable free advertising. The "big guns" began to boom in every direction. One of the leading holiness papers in the South opened its columns for two noted writers to warn the people against the "Fanatic from Atlanta." Letters flew thick and fast to head off any openings I might receive, and of course they were successful. In addition to letters, some places were actually canvassed by holiness preachers, in order to keep me out. This continued for three years in a most refined and unrelenting manner. We were reduced at last to three cents and this with a two cent stamp bought the cheapest soup bone to be had. Wife boiled it three days. I confess the soup was a little thin the third day.

About this time I received an invitation to attend an annual conference session in the southern part of the State. The president of the conference was remonstrated with for giving the invitation, whereupon he answered, "I have heard so much about that man I want to see if he has hoofs and horns: let him come."

"No, but it will split this conference."

"Well, if one man can split it, it ought to be split wide open."

It was evident that talking was of no avail, hence some other measure must be adopted to prevent my arrival. Accordingly, a committee was appointed to meet the train and intercept me, telling me my presence was not wanted. They met the train but failed to see the fellow for whom they were looking, as they had him pictured, "about fifty years of age, heavy-set, shaggy eyebrows, chin beard, sour-looking and ready to find fault at the first little thing he saw." Instead, they saw a slender, boyish-looking fellow, and said among themselves, "Surely that is not he; he looks too innocent and humble to hurt anybody." Lest they offend a respectable stranger they let him pass.

He walked to the church where the conference was being held and was asked to preach that night. The preachers and people were on their guard watching every gesture and weighing the orthodoxy of every expression, but while so doing the Spirit was at work, and sandy foundations were being undermined. As soon as he finished, the president of the conference arose and said; "Brethren, I see under the light of the Holy Ghost that I am a backslider, and I for one am going to the altar."

Others followed, and soon the place was filled with sobbing and praying. God seemed to take them by surprise and rapture the whole thing. The next day, while in a business session, the secretary of the conference arose and said, "Brethren, they say an open confession is good for the soul, and I am going to make one; some of the rest of you need to do likewise, but I will let you do your own confessing. I see clearly that I have been fighting against one of God's prophets, and by listening to everything I heard I have closed many doors against him but, by the grace of God, from this time on I will open as many as I have closed. Come up here, Brother Shelhamer!"

I did so, and not only the secretary, but eight or nine preachers followed in hand-shaking, embracing and weeping. During the conference session a number of preachers and people came out into a large place. The committee related afterwards how they missed their man at the train. The secretary, who published a paper, voluntarily came out in it, as he had on the conference floor, and from that time there were more invitations than we could fill.

Notwithstanding the fact that the backbone of prejudice was now broken, yet there still existed, as doubtless there always will, individual cases. One preacher frequently declared that "Shelhamer has a mesmeric power that he throws over the people."

Another instance: In a series of meetings in south Georgia, some came through curiosity, a few of whom ventured to go forward at the close of the service and shake hands, thereby getting a closer view of the "monstrosity." After returning to their seats they urged one of their company, a woman, to go up and shake hands. She replied, "Never! I would not shake hands with that man for anything in the world."

"Why, we did, and he is a pleasant man."

"Aye, that's it. He acts meek and humble until he gets his power over you, and then you are helpless."

At another place certain ones positively refused to shake hands for fear the "power" might be transmitted to them through the hand. Surely, we do not need to go back to Paul's day to find superstition and deep-seated prejudice. Nevertheless, in all this faith triumphed, and we could not have thought up anything half so interesting by which to advertise the work of God. During these years we could frequently and truthfully quote: "By evil report and good report: as deceivers and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known." 2 Cor. 6 :8, 9.

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CHAPTER 15
VALUE OF CONFESSION

Five Preachers Seek Holiness -- Public Confession -- Texas Meeting -- Presiding Elder Reclaimed

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. 1 John 1:9

Some people do not believe in confession, but as a rule these are the very ones that need to do some of it. A number of years ago we were having a Holiness Convention and among the seekers were five preachers. They were in different parts of the hall pouring their hearts out to God.

One brother was bemoaning the principle of covetousness, and told God that when he built his house and used half a keg of nails, instead of returning the unused portion he let them stand around until the hardware man had forgotten it.

Another brother was seeing the deceitfulness of his nature and his tendency either to evade or exaggerate the truth. On one occasion, years before, he had killed a neighbor's dog and nobody could find who did it.

Other brethren were busily engaged, under the light of God, with this or that, when an old brother came in and overheard a seeker praying. The good brother arose and said, "I do not believe these brethren are so bad as they say they are." The following day he came again and some of the seekers were striking fire. This brought conviction and he said, "Though there is something in us that does not like to hear these confessions, yet there is another voice that says the same principle is in you and you ought to acknowledge it."

Doubtless this is one reason why God uses public altar services. Some things should not be confessed in public, but when the Spirit leads it is safe to follow and let God take care of the consequences. At least two things will be the result: pride will be crucified and conviction will be sent to those who hear.

I will give an account of another case in a meeting in Texas. It was forty miles from the nearest railroad station. The house at which I was entertained was one mile from the nearest neighbors and we could hear the wolves bark at night.

A young man was smitten under conviction, came to the altar, then arose and went to another young man to ask pardon. This unlocked things and we had a good meeting. In that meeting God got hold of a backslidden preacher who had formerly been a presiding elder. He said that he had just

attended a shallow revival conducted by a noted holiness evangelist, and had gone forward as a seeker. The evangelist urged him to "claim the blessing," and finally declared that there was nothing wrong with him, but what he needed was to "brace up" and not cast away his confidence. This seeker said that at the very time he was guilty of one of the basest forms of iniquity. Oh, the need of doing clean work and not "healing the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, crying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace." After some hearty confessions and writing some forty letters, he was gloriously reclaimed. His entire family moved to Atlanta, where they likewise found God.

It was at this time I adopted the motto,

Yours for a Clean rather than a Big Work.

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CHAPTER 16
GOD SUPPLIES EXPENSES

An Experience in Philadelphia -- Preachers Who Allow Themselves to be Called "Doctor" --
God's Way of Raising Expenses

My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Phil. 4:19.

We had just closed a good meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y., and were on our way to western Pennsylvania, but by request stopped over Sabbath in Philadelphia. Three services for the day had been announced in a certain church where the "Great Evangelist from Atlanta, Ga.," was to preach. The first thing we did was to take exception (in a gentle way) to the bulletin, especially the "Great." It is this accursed thing that fattens Self in little six by seven evangelists. Preachers who allow themselves to be addressed "Doctor," or "D. D.," could effectually stop it if they wanted to do so.

The church was nearly three miles from the place of entertainment, but rather than encourage men to run or ride street cars on the Lord's Day, we started early and walked. The services were well attended and a number were definitely helped of God. Advantage was taken of the good crowds to raise money for the winter's fuel, a nice sum being collected each time. Not a word was said about helping to bear my traveling expenses. I said to myself, "Well, Hallelujah! This will give me another occasion to let God, in His own way, pay the bills." No one invited me home, no hotel was near, and I was too weary to walk back those three miles. The people had nearly all left, when an old brother and his wife, who lived but a short distance from the church, invited me home with them. I accepted and began contemplating a good rest after a hard day's work.

It was about 11 p. m. when I retired and soon was wrapped in the peaceful arms of slumber. But I was suddenly awakened to a full realization that there were too many in the same bed. With one bound a lamp was seized and lighted, which revealed scores of those fellows that hate the light because their deeds are evil. After doing my duty freely, I suspicioned that perhaps there was still a reserve force, so kept the light burning and lay uncovered, but no sooner had I again fallen into sweet repose than a flank movement was made on the side where light did not shine.

This was too much and though it was 1 o'clock, I arose and, after dressing, went downstairs and longed for day. Even the lounge whereon I sat seemed to be infected. Presently my thoughts ran thus: "I would rather walk out here for Jesus than ride a Sunday street car. Yes, and preach the Gospel thrice without a cent or a 'Thank you!' More than this, be left to stand around in an embarrassing mood wondering where I should sleep; all of this is in the contract. But it is hardly fair to suffer a night attack like this, especially when one, at the best, has none too much blood to spare."

At last, after weary hours, daylight began to dawn and I made preparations for a speedy exit. Of course I must thank the dear old people for their hospitality. So, after a short prayer, I was about to shake hands, when the old sister (who had poor sight, and doubtless this accounted for some things), suddenly paused and said, "Wait, Brother S____!" She started upstairs and upon returning put into my hand a "widow's mite," wrapped in a piece of paper. I did not look at it then, but thanked her and thought to myself, "Well, the dear old soul has given me twenty-five cents." After I had gone down the street toward the car line I felt curious to know how much she had given, and behold, it was a five-dollar bill! I paused, looked back and said, "I feel ashamed of that short prayer and have a mind to go back and pray it over."

That was a lifelong lesson in trusting God to furnish expenses from the most unexpected sources. The church people did not do their duty, so God had to move that dear old saint to help grease car wheels. But that was not all -- she carried off the blessing that they might have had.

Another incident: I had been engaged to assist in a camp for ten days, sometimes preaching three times a day. Good and frequent collections were taken, and when I left the treasurer handed me ten dollars -- hardly enough to pay for my ticket. I said to myself, "Bless God, I am not after money, yet a preacher cannot live on wind." I went off feeling sweet and rejoicing over one more occasion to prove a miracle-working God. At the very next camp seventy-five dollars were put into my hand, though I was there but three days. I would rather trust God to see me through than do as many evangelists, fix a price, or worse make a fuss because I do not get about so much.

When God sees that a committee is limited in means, He excuses them (and the evangelist likewise ought to do so) and leads others who are more able to pay the bills. But when they deliberately fail to do what they could, then He transfers the blessing and reward to where it properly belongs. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." -- Prov. 11:24.

"Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest;
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest."

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CHAPTER 17
SELF-FORGETFULNESS PAYS

St. Louis Camp Meeting -- Preaching Old Sermons -- The Secret of Getting Money

Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Phil. 2:4.

I was invited to a camp meeting at St. Louis, but was a little late in arriving. The meeting was in progress and rather than look on with an assumed air of generalship, as evangelists sometimes do, I felt led to kneel and pray the prayer of faith for the meeting.

Doctor B____ and a "round-the-world evangelist" and the writer were the principal speakers. The world-wide evangelist, though considered very radical, wore the latest style of clothes and in other respects his appearance was of such a worldly type that I saw we could not work together in perfect accord unless God melted us together; so the first thing I did was to get a special anointing of love for him. I put my arms around him in the first service and from that time though I preached against all signs of worldliness, he dared not explain away the truth. I found that, under the anointing, I could say almost anything without there being a reaction, as was the case when I spoke in my own strength.

Another thing I have learned is that, in order to be effectual for God in each new place, it will not do to resort to the same methods and sermons that proved successful in a previous meeting. It is so easy to become self-sufficient, relying on past unction and old "outlines," instead of going down afresh in fasting and prevailing prayer for new displays of divine power.

Some evangelists and preachers keep a list of sermon outlines with dates showing when and where used, lest they deliver the same discourse the second time in the same place. We think a better way is to continually live in the Supernatural. Then old texts can be used and each time the preacher will say things he never thought of before. It is a query how men can be content to preach time after time from the same text, with no new revelations nor thunderclaps of God's awful power. No wonder they soon become seedy and are out of demand. Self-sufficiency and being content with present attainments have withered more than one preacher.

I found in this meeting that not every preacher who could say good things from the pulpit could with equal grace be content with a small collection. The last morning of the meeting the treasurer of the camp informed us that, owing to the flood, many had been kept away, and they had succeeded in collecting only thirty dollars for the preachers. He suggested that it be divided equally among the three. This did not take well at all with the other two. My traveling expenses amounted to nearly thirty dollars, but I felt led to tell the treasurer to wait on the other brethren first and I would take what was left. The brethren left as early as they could get off, and as my train did not leave before

noon, I preferred to remain on the camp ground and pray. All the campers had been drained for money and I did not see where my fare was coming from, but nevertheless felt easy.

After having a good time praying through I walked across the camp ground, when I met a stylish-looking lady who had come to the altar the first day I preached. She wanted to get a couple of my little books, the price of which amounted to but fifteen cents. She asked me if I could change a ten-dollar bill and of course being unable to do so, I said, "Just keep the books." But no, she must pay for them, and after trying in vain to get others to change her bill, she came and said, "I think God wants me to give you this bill. I have five cents left which will pay my fare home and that is all I need." Later on I met the treasurer, who said that this lady had given him twenty dollars for the man who preached her under conviction. This, with his ten, made a total of forty dollars, and best of all we had not grumbled nor hurt our influence in getting it. Oh, that men would so die out as to hold still and let God reveal His miracle-working power in their behalf!

Another incident: A prominent evangelist and the writer were in a large camp meeting thirty years ago. He received fifty dollars for services rendered. The treasurer came to me and said, "What shall we give you for your help?"

I replied, "God will not let me put any price on my labors."

"Well, others do it and it is all right for you."

"I do not care what others do; I have made a covenant with God to accept as from Him whatever is given."

"Will you be satisfied with fifteen dollars?"

"Yes, or fifteen cents. I have never been left yet; and should such a thing ever occur, it would be one instance in which God Almighty failed."

Another evangelist heard the conversation and said, "You could have had a great deal more if you had but asked for it."

"Yes, but that accursed thing has ruined more than one and I am determined it shall not get the start of me." The result was, the fifty-dollar man was dropped while the fifteen-dollar man was invited back for the second and third years, each time receiving more than he expected. The avarice and grasping spirit of men hurt them more than most anything else.

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CHAPTER 18
DISCRETION TOWARD WOMEN

Experiences With Women -- Long Handshakes -- Avoiding "Sticky" People -- Dealing With Inordinate Affection

Abstain from all appearance of evil. 1 Thess. 5:22.

He who gives himself up to soul-saving must study, not only to show himself "approved unto God," but, likewise, must study the peculiarities of human nature. It is the disposition of some souls to cover and evade facts; they prefer to do their seeking alone, and thus profess as quickly and easily as possible. Such cases generally have a hard siege of it and sometimes, in order to more thoroughly crucify their pride, the Spirit will lead them to seek in public, or at least with a confidential friend.

But we have in mind another class who lean upon others for help rather than upon God. Such a soul thinks, "If I could only go to a certain place, or had a certain saint pray with me, I believe I would get a great victory." This is simply a subtle form of unbelief that depends upon the human more than upon the divine. It remains then for the soul-winner to sense the situation and at one time seek an opportunity to talk or pray with a struggling soul, and at another time, throw him off on God as one would a boy into the water; not to frighten, but as a last resort, to teach him to swim, which knowledge may in after years save his life.

This thought is more applicable to those of the opposite sex. More than one holy man has made shipwreck because of undue intimacy with women. The writer has had some experience in associating with women of a winsome personality, but, thanks be to God's grace, thus far He has kept him clear and clean in word, thought and deed.

I well remember the time I incurred the displeasure and public censure of a lady evangelist, because my hand was not permitted to be held at the close of a conversation and hand-shake. Though preaching holiness, she admitted that there was one thing about her experience that she could not fully reconcile, a longing to love and be loved and a mania to read and write love-letters.

At another camp the writer conducted a service, after which a young lady evangelist arose and said she was convinced, under the searching light, that she did not have the experience of holiness. Then she came to the altar alone and requested that "Brother S____" come forward and pray for her. The other preachers looked on to see what I would do. I saw at a glance that to go forward and pray would simply make myself prominent, and have a tendency to arouse jealousy on the part of other preachers. Moreover, I saw that the seeker felt too important and was not sufficiently sick to die, so

I quietly knelt down out of sight behind the seat where I was sitting. Presently her husband came and said, "Did you not hear my wife say she desired you to come and pray for her?"

I replied, "Yes, but to avoid being conspicuous, I think it better to remain here in silent prayer." The result was good, for it helped to crucify self in the seeker, set well upon the preachers, and caused my own heart to feel sweet and humble, without a reaction.

At another camp a young woman thought no one could help her except the writer. Every time she came to the altar she knelt right in front of where I stood. Of course, I always walked away and prayed with some one else. She finally got mad, then went to seeking God in earnest. We fear that many times preachers allow souls to get converted to them instead of to the Lord. When those of the opposite sex are continually sticking to you, as a rule it is because there is a sticky principle within you that loves and allows it.

A gifted sister of a strong personality came to our training home. Her gifts and knowledge of things soon brought her into high esteem and frequent counsels as to the best methods for enlarging the work. But it soon became apparent that she was being pushed forward faster than was good for her experience. A sudden reverse revealed an ugly disposition. Then came a temporary seeking and strained humility that dared not be investigated too closely lest it explode. Finally the Spirit would have me speak kindly but firmly thus: "Sister _____, there is something about you that I consider treacherous and deadly in its character. At one time it is as though it would rise up, antagonize and overpower me were it not firmly withstood. At another time it assumes such a pliable and teachable attitude as to compel admiration. In short, sometimes when duty compels me to step to your room for a moment (she was a stenographer), I feel like screaming out, 'Snakes in this room knee deep!'"

At this she boiled over and poured out all kinds of epithets upon me, but the Spirit permitted it all, to uncover the unclean thing and bring about a thorough cure. Heartrending confessions were prayed out, of how more than one good man had been brought under her power and in spirit made either to suffer or submit. The result of this faithful dealing was that she prayed through to a rich experience and afterwards thanked God many times that she had been permitted to associate with those who dared to withstand her.

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CHAPTER 19
HONORING GOD IN LITTLE THINGS

Convictions Against Sunday Travel -- Camp Meeting in Oregon -- God Honors Those That Honor Him -- Disappointments, "His Appointments"

Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes. -- Song of Sol. 2:15.

He who becomes slack in little things will soon question the importance of greater things.

Little things do not make character so much as they reveal it. Straws show which way the wind blows better than telegraph poles do. Lot thought it a small thing to take advantage of Abraham's generosity and pitch his tent "toward Sodom." King Saul thought it a light thing to assume the office of priest and offer sacrifice before going into battle. The one lost everything but his soul, and the other lost even that.

There are two ways of looking at little things. One way is to magnify them out of proportion with greater things for example, to dwell upon and magnify the sinfulness of wearing gold, holding life insurance, riding on Sunday street cars, eating pork, drinking tea or coffee, and a dozen other things that many good people feel to be serious offenses. The other extreme is to say nothing that would give offense along these lines; in fact, defend them more or less by precept and example.

It is sad, but true, that there are few who are properly balanced. Few have strong convictions about little things, without overdoing it and saying too much. They stress these things out of proportion with truths more vital.

But, on the other hand, it is unfortunate that the majority take the line that brings least resistance and ostracism. It is unfortunate that a big man should insist on doing those things which cause weaker brethren to stumble. Why not have a little of the magnanimity of Saint Paul when he said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." Again he says, "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing he alloweth." It is wonderful to live where one's own conscience cannot upbraid or reprove that thing which he alloweth.

"Oh, you must not notice such little things!" Well, if they are big enough for a great God to mention, I take it they are important enough for me to mind.

If a man is big enough to hold responsible positions and judge properly in great matters concerning church or state, then his convictions in minor things ought to be taken for full face value.

One good brother criticized me for publishing a book on health and said, "Brother Shelhamer, it is too bad that a man of your ability should spend money and time telling people what to eat and drink." My answer is that many great men have spent their lifetime studying atoms and bugs. Why then should I be censured for telling people how to be healthy, happy and wise?

The great immortal Lincoln said, "I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the best light I can get."

Charles G. Finney said, "When any one has equal doubts concerning the doing or omitting of certain actions, all that can be said is that he must live up to the best light he can get. But when he doubts a certain course of action, but has no reason to doubt the lawfulness of its omission and yet goes ahead and does it, he proves that he wants to do it whether it is right or wrong. He sins against God and his conscience and must repent or be damned."

This is pretty strong, but we believe it is a safe position to take. Why not be on the safe side? Why not behave in such a way that conscientious souls cannot stumble over us? I, for one, mean to do this. Call me an extremist if you will, but it gives me great satisfaction, after these forty years of radical preaching, to have godly people say, "I am so glad to see you as plain and conscientious as when you first began." I cannot afford to grieve or disappoint them. I must not, so help me God!

There are apparently little things in our day around which revolve great principles. Sabbath desecration is one. Notwithstanding the fact that many holiness people ride on street and some on steam cars on Sunday, the writer has never felt clear so to do. When a minister sets or encourages a wrong precedent, it lends more force to that particular departure than when a layman does the same thing. More than this, if such a minister be looked upon as a spiritual man his example is doubly harmful. We cannot be too exemplary on lines of conversation, improving the time, plainness of attire and remembering the Sabbath day to "keep it holy." He who holds conscientious scruples along these lines loses nothing, and possibly may gain a great deal. It is always best to be on the safe side.

I was in a camp in Oregon which was to close on Sunday night. The following Sabbath I was to be in a similar meeting in Ohio, but in order to do so I must leave on the Sunday night train, thus necessitating several hours' ride before midnight. It was either do this or wait twelve hours for the next through train which would necessitate Sunday travel at the other end of the line. Well, what should I do? Go to the woods, of course, and hear from God. After so doing I felt clear to wait the twelve hours and trust God to land me somewhere the next Saturday night. The result was that I was much helped of God in preaching Sunday night, after which, with others, a young man prostrated himself at the altar and, after a long struggle, found peace with God. Later he wrote me that he was still saved and felt called to preach. Did it pay to stay and miss the Sunday night train?

Another incident: We were booked for a camp in West Virginia. Accordingly, we left Atlanta in time to reach our destination before Sunday. But on arriving in Cincinnati two hours late, we found we had missed the eastbound train. This made it impossible to reach camp until early Sunday morning. It would have been easy to reason that we were not responsible for the delay, hence must reach our destination where we could do some good even if we had to travel into the first hours of the Sabbath. But what about the Word that says, "Shall we do evil that good may come?" Sometimes

God deals with men today as He did with Hezekiah -- "left him, to try him that he might know all that was in his heart." 2 Chron. 32:31. After getting still before God in spirit, the thought came that my brother-in-law lived at Zanesville, Ohio, which was right on my way, and he had previously written urging me to stop off some time and preach for them. I looked at the schedule and found that I could get there Saturday at 10 p. m. " All right," said I, "I will do that very thing." When I arrived there was a camp meeting in progress, of which I had not known, and then I could clearly see that if we always eyed the glory of God, we might be able to spell "Disappointment" with an H -- and make it read, "His appointment."

After I preached twice on Sabbath the committee gave me a "lift on the way," and again I renewed my journey, praising God for delays that without grace would worry and annoy. I had a special anointing for the West Virginia camp.

SIXTY YEARS
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CHAPTER 20
WHAT IT COST TO BREAK THE SABBATH

The "Jinrikisha" -- Egypt, India, China and Japan.

So he paid the fare thereof and went down into it the ship. Jonah 1:3.

We have had the privilege of preaching in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and the large cities on the coast, but have never used the Sunday street car. Strange then that we should let the "jinrikisha" be the first and only offense.

We were now at Port Said, Egypt, having stopped off at other ports along the way, but in each instance were saved the unpleasantness of embarking or disembarking on the Lord's Day.

After embarking for India we found that all the steamers over which line we had booked to Yokohama were due to arrive in Colombo on the second and fourth Sundays of each month. Notwithstanding this, while going down the Red Sea we remembered the God of miracles and prayed Him to either speed or delay us in landing. To the surprise of the sailors they were enabled to cast anchor at 3 p. m., Saturday, for which we rejoiced.

After spending six weeks in India, we returned to Colombo to resume our journey to the Orient. We were in hopes that our incoming steamer would be ahead of time as before, but to our dismay she landed Sunday at noon. Instead of remaining in port eighteen or twenty-four hours as usual, she posted notice to set sail Sunday night at 12 o'clock. What shall we do? Why, embark of course! That is what most holiness professors and preachers do. Yes, and that was what we did, though it was not God's best plan, hence we paid dearly for it.

It is so easy in times of sudden distress or emergency to lean to one's own understanding and reason away conviction and God's plain Word. Most of us think it a light thing to do this if it will only suit our own convenience. So we reasoned that it would cost too much to wait two weeks for the next steamer when perhaps the same thing might occur again. Then what about disappointing the missionaries who were to meet us at Shanghai and conduct us up into the interior where we were to have a convention? That would never do. But the still small whisper of the Spirit came with equal force, "Shall we do evil that good may come?" Some of the missionaries present tried to make it look right and necessary to go, but the Spirit said, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil."

Every time we resorted to the Word for direction we opened to something like this: "Take heed to yourselves and bear no burden on the Sabbath Day; neither carry forth a burden [our baggage] out of your houses on the Sabbath Day." These with many other passages and checks of the Spirit

seemed to go against all reason and indicate that we should remain for two weeks on that beautiful island of Ceylon, where the "spicy breezes blow." We needed the rest and, had we remained, no doubt God would have enabled us to help some of those hungry but worldly missionaries.

The time was now passing and we must decide one way or the other. Oh, that souls could always remember that a hurry spirit is not of God. But here we weakened, then failed. "You must not be so over-conscientious," said the missionaries. "We are not under the law but under grace." "What harm," say they, "could there be in taking a street car, or a jinrikisha, to the jetty, where the company's launch would convey us to the steamer: especially since our boat would not sail until after midnight?" So we yielded to the pressure and compromised by waiting until nearly midnight and then secured our conveyances, but with a cast-down air. Oh, what a ride that was!

We took the steamer, but had a hard fifteen-day voyage, arrived in Shanghai late and during a cold snap. The result was that some of the missionaries were sick and it was so cold that the thought of getting together in a convention was impracticable. We spent but two weeks in the interior, had an attack of pneumonia and returned to Shanghai just in time to miss our boat for Japan. This boat was ahead of time and was the one we should have waited for in Colombo. Now, the only thing left to do was either pay board in cold, dirty Shanghai for two weeks or forfeit our passage to Japan on the North German Lloyd, and pay transportation again on another line. We preferred to do the latter, and paid out \$28.00 passage money -- the same, exactly, that it would have cost for board for two weeks on that beautiful island of Ceylon.

We gained nothing, by getting agitated and in a hurry. We set or followed a bad example, missed a golden opportunity for doing and receiving much good, while wife suffered much during the rough voyage and I almost lost my life with pneumonia in China. Two weeks later the weather was fine for sailing and traveling up into the interior.

What did we learn by all this? We learned anew that God does not so much want the Gospel preached that He is willing to indorse Sabbath-breaking. Of course, this position may cause us loss, yea, distress. But of what value is our religion if it does not stand some sacrifice? Call me a fanatic if you desire! It is always safe to be on the safe side. "Them that honor me I will honor."

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CHAPTER 21
OMNIPOTENT FAITH

A Sixteen-mile Drive -- Catching the Train -- Just Misses a Month's Quarantine

All things are possible to him that believeth. Mark 9:23.

If we only knew it, we are well-nigh omnipotent. Perhaps there never lived a man who fully proved all the possibilities of faith and prayer. Why, then, are we so dependent upon wicked men and Sabbath-breaking corporations? Since Christ authorizes us to command things apparently as immovable as trees and mountains, surely in this day we ought to walk upon the "high places of the earth."

For one, the writer is heartily ashamed of the few exploits of faith in controlling men and things, yet in a limited sense we have been enabled to demand boats, railroad trains, etc., to wait, or hurry up, as the case might be.

We had closed a good camp meeting in Mississippi where the bedbugs are thick, weather hot and fleas dance all night to the fiddling of the mosquitoes. But people are hospitable and common enough to preach to in shirt sleeves.

Here we had an interesting drive of sixteen miles to Hazelhurst where we were to take the train. The conveyance came so late that we were told we could never make it, but we ventured. The heat was intense, the roads dusty, and three of us, besides a trunk and three valises, crowded into a two-horse surry. The horses perspired freely while we kept praying that the Lord would undertake for them and us. At last we turned the corner, some forty rods from the depot, just in time to see the train pull in.

For the time being, our hearts sank within us, and the driver said, "We cannot make it!" But the thought of waiting nearly twelve hours for the next train made me desperate. Just then the whip broke, the horses became frightened at the engine and the driver gave up, but I seized the lines and, making one more attempt, reached the depot, grabbed the trunk, carried it across the street, threw it into the baggage-car unchecked, then ran and bought a ticket. Now T had to run back to the buggy to get two valises, and by this time the train was moving off, but I made the successful leap, leaving the other poor preacher to wait twelve hours for the next train. All in the world he had to look after was a small valise, but he was so spellbound, watching the "Yankee," that he missed the train.

I never heard how he came out, for the next day, after passing through Jackson, Mississippi (where I had to change), the quarantine 'vent into effect, because of yellow fever, and had I missed

my train I doubtless would have been held there for a month. Sometimes it pays to "get a move on you."

Another case: I must catch a certain train from the Erie Railroad, in New York. It was icy and as we were five minutes late I prayed, "O Lord, hold that train." When I arrived the conductor was mad. I thanked him for waiting for me. He said, "I don't know why we waited, for we generally do not do so here." I replied, "I know why! God wanted me to preach tonight in Youngstown."

"God has His best things for the few
Who dare to stand the test;
He has His second choice for those
Who will not have His best."

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CHAPTER 22
HOW I CAME TO BE A PUBLISHER

Shallow Holiness -- Ostracism Becomes a Blessing -- Small Beginnings, a Big Ending

The word of the Lord was published throughout all the region. Acts 13:49.

Sometimes it is a little thing that changes the course of our lives. In 1899 my first wife and I felt clearly led to go South to escape the cold, rigid winters in the North, and at the same time to plant a radical type of holiness.

At first we were received with open arms and invited to preach in some of the large city churches of Atlanta, Ga. But it was not long until opposition arose. I am always afraid when people swallow me too soon that they will not assimilate me; they did not put on enough salt and pepper. After attending a great camp meeting in the State, the president of the Association gave me a book ("The Old Man") saying:

"I wish you would read this and mark on the margin wherein you differ with the author, for I observe you have struck a deeper vein than we, yea, even than this author under whom I professed to be sanctified."

I thanked him heartily, but replied, "I would like to read the book for my own profit, but as for friendly criticism, I do not consider myself capable; this author is a mighty giant while I am but a stripling." But he insisted, and I took the book home. I had it partly read through when one day a visiting minister observed it lying upon my center table, and, glancing through it, noticed on the margin of many pages that I had marked that the standard for holiness was too low.

As an example: The author went on to say that on a certain occasion a business man, when returning home in the evening, saw the dog run under the porch lest he get a kick, and the children evaded the father lest they get a slap, and the wife did not speak a word until she first saw whether he was in a good humor. But this same business man attended the big holiness convention, sought and received the second blessing. Now, when he returns home, the dog runs and leaps into the air, the children stand upon the porch beckoning with their hands, and the wife meets him in the door, waiting to give him the good-evening kiss. To all this I wrote on the margin:

"Standard too low. He didn't get the second blessing, but rather the first. Yea, Bible conviction will do all this." "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Rom. 8:9.

Accordingly, this visiting preacher wrote the author of said book, sending him some of my tracts and urging him to preach a higher standard; whereupon, the author threw them into the fire and then wrote me up in a prominent holiness paper, giving me nearly two columns of free advertisement. This, of course, had its desired effect, and I was ostracized and shut out of many openings. During three years or more I received many calls, but they were subsequently canceled by the committees who conferred with this great leader.

But God had given me a pent-up message, and I felt after these doors were closed I must do my best in giving the people the truth on paper, if not from the pulpit. So we began in a small way to publish tracts, booklets, and a monthly paper called the "Repairer." Little did I dream that this small beginning would grow until at present over 200,000,000 pages have been published at a cost of nearly \$50,000. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

Many preachers invest their money in real estate and other kinds of secular business that bring more rapid returns than we have experienced in handling books. But such money does very little good, and very often it has been' an actual curse. Money is no good unless it can be made a blessing to others, and we know of no better way to be a blessing than to set them to reading good literature. Men will read, when they will not go to church. This is a sure way to mold character and bless the world after we are gone. Would it not be grand if those who have money lying away doing no good could put some of it into a movement like this, instead of waiting until they make their wills for ungodly lawyers and children to set aside?

I have coveted the ability of certain brethren when I have seen their polished style and beautiful language. But perhaps if I had had such ability I might have accomplished about as little as they. Some men can take a pen and make their thoughts readable at first writing, while I have to go over mine several times; even then they lack polish. Notwithstanding this, God has held me to it, and He has been pleased to use these weak efforts in the enlightenment and salvation of many souls.

I have often wondered why God thrust me out to publish when there were so many who were more capable. I have urged great preachers, including bishops, to put some of their wonderful messages in print. But they waited, then passed out and left little or nothing to bless the world after they had gone. It seems to this day that God is frequently compelled to use David's sling and stone, or Samson's jawbone of a donkey with which to kill a thousand Philistines, because He could not get hold of a "big gun," or a fine, two-edged sword.

It reminds me of the incident of the noted sportsman who knew all about getting game and could give philosophical ideas on hunting. But after doing so, on one occasion he headed a party and went out to hunt but failed to get anything. On his return he met a colored man who, likewise, was returning from a hunt and was loaded down with game, whereupon he inquired of the colored man, "And how did you get so much game? Did you shoot them on the wing, or how?" "Yes, Massa, I hit them wherever I could, on the wing, tail or head, just as I got them." Sometimes God has to take the weak and ignorant things to "confound the mighty."

THORNS AND ROSES

Letter 1. "Stop my paper! I don't want such a sheet to come into my house!"

Letter 2. "That one Editorial is worth the price of the paper. Here are six new subscriptions."

Letter 1. "Relative to your recent book, let me say, I consider it unfit to be read. I would not let my boys see it."

Letter 2. "So glad to get that book. It ought to be scattered by the thousands. Send me fifty."

Letter 1. "Your second book of sermons is calculated to unsettle people."

Letter 2. "I received more good from this book ('Sermons That Search the Soul') than from anything I have ever read except the Bible. That one sermon, 'Steps in Seeking Holiness,' ought to be in pamphlet form and scattered far and near."

And so it goes! It all depends at which end of the gun you are standing.

SIXTY YEARS
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CHAPTER 23
UNDER FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

Louisville Convention -- H. C. Morrison -- The Little and the Big Man

Every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.
-- Luke 18:14.

Years ago I took a manuscript for one of my large books to Louisville, Ky., where Rev. H. C. Morrison was in charge of a great holiness convention. Many preachers and singers of prominence were present. I sat in the audience for a day or two without being noticed. Because of my ministerial garb, or for some other reason, the brethren at last began to draw up to me and inquired my name.

When I told them, they almost gasped and exclaimed, 'Oh, k: this Shelhamer of Atlanta, Ga.! I have heard of you before.' And as they looked me up and down I was tempted to ask, "Which side did you hear?" for there are always two sides to a man's reputation, the true and the false.

Finally, on Saturday, Brother Morrison came and said, "The map who was to preach this morning at 11:00 has failed us and a number of the brethren are anxious to hear you." I replied that I had not come to preach but had brought him a manuscript for a book. Moreover, it was then within thirty minutes of the time. But he insisted, and accordingly I complied. I confess that for the first fifteen minutes it was hard sledding, for there they sat behind pillars and posts, looking at me through the tail-end of their eyes, as much as to say, "Here is this fanatic that we have heard so much about-being arrested, taken to jail, and with a dozen and one things to his discredit."

But God, in mercy, lifted me above everything and I felt that they, for the time being, looked like so many grasshoppers. When I had finished I called on Brother Morrison to lead in prayer, whereupon he jumped to his feet and said:

"No sir, I cannot pray until I first make a confession. The brother has preached me under conviction. I feel at home as the president of a big college or in charge of a great camp meeting, but I confess it is hard for me to keep still and answer never a word' when I am contradicted or set at naught. I find I can pour vitrol upon the other fellow about as hot as he pours it upon me. I am going to the altar!" It requires a big soul to make a confession like this. A dozen or more preachers followed him and oh, such praying! As soon as they finished, Brother Morrison came to me and said, "You must hold a meeting for me in Asbury College."

I replied, "I am not capable of preaching in a college."

"Oh," he answered, "I want some of those deep truths burned upon our student body."

Accordingly I went and we had a wonderful meeting. Then he took up his pen and endorsed through his paper him whom another big preacher had formerly denounced. The pathetic thing about it all was that about the time the little fellow came to the top, the big man who had him under for fifteen years took a tumble and never regained his prestige or power.

It pays to let God fight your battles. Brother, when you are maligned and misrepresented, if you wish to fight your own battles God will step aside and give you the job, but it will be a losing fight. On the other hand, if you have grace to hold still and answer never a word, God may raise up some one bigger than yourself to vindicate you. But it may require years of waiting. Have you patience to wait?

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CHAPTER 24
DOWNED BUT NOT DEFEATED

The Trunk Full of Books -- The Pockets Pull of Money -- How God Did It

Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness. Micah 7:8, 9.

When I was a boy I had many scuffles in wrestling. I learned that a boy was not outclassed simply because he was down, for many times he wiggled until he was on top and became the victor. This is a homely illustration, but I have found it often the case in my ministerial life.

After we went South I desired to attend my annual conference at least once in every two years. But we were so poor that the only way I could make the trip was to take a trunk full of Bibles and books to sell at conference or along the way. On one occasion, after arriving at the seat of conference, I said to the local pastor, "If you have no objections I will stand my trunk in the vestibule of the church." He respected me highly and replied, "By all means, go ahead."

Then, to be perfectly honorable, I went to the representative of the publishing house, who had two or three large trunks of books and Bibles. He had his stand near the bishop and, of course, had the preference, which was his right. But I wanted his permission as well, and he also replied,

"Go ahead, Brother S____, I will do a big business here and you are doing a noble work in the South, and we will be glad to see you sell your books."

I thanked him heartily, but told him I would not advertise any books or Bibles that he had, lest I might appear to be turning opposition. About the second or third day the good bishop came in and found me standing at my trunk, whereupon he remarked,

"Are you not going a little too fast here, Brother S____?" I begged his pardon and asked what he meant. He told me that the publishing house was being represented and I had no right to encroach upon its rights. I informed him that I had asked permission of both the pastor and the publishing house representative and they had given their hearty consent. But I was given to understand that this was not sufficient. I must get permission from the conference body as a whole.

Accordingly, I apologized again and quickly closed my trunk. After the devotional exercises and the reading of the "previous minutes," the presiding officer said, "We are now open for new business." A great and good man arose saying he had a resolution to read.

"Let's hear it," replied the bishop.

"Resolved: That, in view of the fact that the publishing house had a representative here, we patronize our own publishing house to the exclusion of all others." Immediately there was a flurry, and one of my special friends arose, asking what this resolution meant. He declared:

"There is no other publishing house represented here, nor is anyone handling books in opposition. But our Brother Shelhamer, who is opening up new work in the South, and is hard pressed financially, brings a few books and Bibles in order to meet his expenses. We are always glad to see him and if this resolution is aimed at him, I protest."

Now the "fat was in the fire," and a pitched battle ensued, some for, and some against. The good bishop ruled that if one preacher had the right to bring a trunk full of books, they all had. I quickly saw that my case was lost.

But my special friend argued: "There is no analogy. We all have our circuits and receive our salaries, and at the most we can attend conference for \$5.00 or \$10.00, but this "pioneer preacher" has gone through all kinds of privations and persecutions to plant our work in the South. It costs him upwards of \$50.00 to come and go. We ought to make a special provision for him."

But the vote was taken and the resolution adopted. The whole thing was amusing. It seemed like stopping a big express train and calling all the train crew out to debate over a gnat that had accidentally gotten on the track. The great question was, "Shall we shoo him off, or run over him?"

After it was all over I arose and said: "My dear brethren, there was no need of your taking so much precious time relative to my books for I mean to be teachable and show the right spirit. All that was necessary was a mere suggestion and I would have quickly acquiesced." When this sitting adjourned, many came rushing to me saying,

"You have been greatly wronged."

"Oh, no!" T replied, "it is perfectly right that they should rule me out."

"But," said others, "I want some of your books."

"Oh, no! I must be loyal and subservient."

What was the result? When I went to dinner, I confess my spirit was crushed, but as I lifted my plate I found \$20.00 under it. Later on, when we were breaking up and leaving, many came saying,

"Good-bye, Brother Shelhamer. I am sorry they did not let you sell your books, but I am glad you showed a sweet spirit amidst it all," and then handed me a bill toward my car fare home.

It was not long until both pockets were bulging with money, and when I counted it I had between two and three hundred dollars. Besides this, I had a good conscience besides this, the respect of my brethren; besides this, a whole trunk full of books that I sold on the way home, where I held one or two meetings.

Say, beloved, the worst enemy you have ever had was not a bishop, or a presiding elder, or anyone else, but your own big self. If you can only die out completely and get an experience where all resentment and retaliation are gone, they can put you down, but sooner or later you will come to the top. They can sit on you, and for the time being put you out of shape but, like a rubber ball, when they get up you will get up with them. Yes, there is such a thing as being downed without being defeated.

NOT ALL THORNS

"For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." Isa. 55:12, 13.

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CHAPTER 25
OUTLIVING OPPOSITION

Snubbed at a Conference -- Trip to the Holy Land

When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh' even his enemies to be at peace with him. -- Prov. 16:7.

An old saying is: "He laughs best who laughs last." For some reason (perhaps my own lack of wisdom), I have had more or less opposition all of my ministerial life. When I began preaching at the age of twenty I was greatly criticized because I was so awkward and undignified. I remember on one occasion at a large camp meeting that I had preached a sermon from 1 Corinthians, thirteenth chapter, after which most of the congregation acknowledged their lack and came to the altar. Subsequently, five district elders took me out into the woods and tore my sermon all to pieces. They did not doubt that I had the experience I preached about, but they thought it was unethical for me to unsettle so many good people. It might make you weep if I related how some of those elders turned out.

On one occasion, after I had been denounced publicly before a large camp meeting in the South, several of the leaders came to me privately and confessed that I had evidently drilled my well deeper than theirs and left them high and dry. But they thought it was not best for me to preach any more in that camp, for the people were not able to receive the strong meat of the Word. While I was in prayer on my face about the matter, God very clearly spoke to me, saying, "You see to it that you keep tender in spirit, live a life of self-denial and keep a burden for souls, and you will be preaching this same truth **LONG AFTER THESE OPPOSERS ARE DEAD AND GONE.**" It might be too personal to refer to the manner in which some of them were disgraced and in which others came to an untimely end.

There is an inexorable law that God, men and devils cannot change, viz., "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Friend, if you exalt yourself, God and nature will see to it that you are humbled. But if you can abase and humble yourself voluntarily, you are sure to rise, sooner or later.

Another occasion was when wife and T were about to take our trip to the Holy Land and around the world. On our way to New York we stopped off at an annual conference where we had many friends. But I could not help noticing, after two or three days, that I had not been shown the least courtesy as a visiting minister. I was left to sit in the audience, and not asked to lead in prayer or pronounce a benediction. Of course, some of my friends thought it strange. But I have always declared that anyone who had the genuine experience of holiness **COULD** and **WOULD** prove it by

keeping sweet under all circumstances. Hath not God said, "Great peace have they which love thy law: and NOTHING shall offend them"? Nothing shall get them out of fix. They are like a cube. A cube can be tumbled, kicked or rolled in every direction, but it is always right side up. Beloved, if you have what I am talking about, you will never get out of fix no difference what is said or done to you. If you can only get grace to hold still while under pressure, this is the quickest and surest way to live down opposition and win your point.

At this conference the presiding officer came to me and said in substance: "Brother Shelhamer, there is a good deal of opposition against you here. Some of the brethren think you are on the independent line and have never buckled down to being a regular circuit preacher. Moreover, they declare if they could write a few books and be their own boss and take a trip to the Holy Land they think they would do so. They are greatly tried with you; in fact, I am tried with you myself." I thanked him heartily and replied:

"Perhaps I have been more or less irregular. But I am sure I will not feel the least bit jealous if any, or all, of these dear brethren are able to take a trip to the Holy Land -- provided they first spend about twenty years of hardships, such as sleeping on planks with a Bible for their pillow and an overcoat for their covering, eating cheese and crackers, being arrested, shot at, dynamited and generally abused. If they can point to twenty or more good societies dug out of the rough and made to be self-supporting; if after all these things God smiles upon them and raises up friends to pay their way, I am sure I will rejoice and say they deserve a little outing." To this the good bishop replied, "That is true! That is true!!" And his attitude from that moment was changed toward me. He asked me to dine with him and insisted that I preach.

Beloved, when I die I am not anxious to have erected over my grave an epitaph saying, "Here lies a man who was a great traveler," or "a great writer," or "a great preacher." All of this might be exaggeration and help no one.

On the other hand, I am anxious, if anything is said, it might be this: "Here lies a man who under all circumstances and provocations always showed the right spirit." David prayed for it, and it might not be amiss for us likewise to pray the same prayer, "Create within me a clean heart, O God and renew a right spirit within me." Many a man has gone down in oblivion and disgrace who was far the superior of this unworthy scribe, but who, with all his gifts and pulpit graces, did not seem to have the ABILITY or ADAPTABILITY to show the "right spirit" when opposed. Yes, keep sweet and win out every time.

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CHAPTER 26
TIME MUST EXPLAIN SOME THINGS

Arrested for Preaching -- Death of My First Wife -- God's Explanation

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. 1 Cor. 13:12.

Some things are very mysterious, so much so that logic, argument, yea, even grace itself cannot account for their happening. Such things have occurred in my life, and it required time to heal the wound and make it all plain. In fact, it is not perfectly plain as yet. So I suppose I will need to wait until eternity when I will "know even as I am known."

One such incident was the death of my first wife. She was a wonderful woman of poise and power. We had lived together for ten beautiful years, doing pioneer work. This implied many hardships, such as sleeping on straw ticks in the back part of our mission hall where rats and mice were plentiful. This curtained-off space was our home for the time being. We used store boxes for cupboards, tables and chairs. We had the coarsest food -- when we had any. Many times we went without the common necessities of life and subsisted upon potatoes without gravy, mush without milk or sugar, and bread without butter.

But we were happy for we had wonderful revivals and raised up many new churches which became self-supporting for others to enjoy. Strange to say, some of those preachers who came on to pastor the work felt led to criticize our methods.

After seven years of poverty and hardships, we felt led to go to Atlanta, Ga. Here, as usual, we met opposition, yea, a new form of it -- that of being branded as "Yankees." This, of course, succeeded in keeping many people from attending our services. We were denounced through the papers, and finally arrested and sixteen of us taken to court for holding a street meeting. Rev. Sam P. Jones, who was in a big campaign at the time was so stirred that he denounced the action of the drunken mayor and the Catholic police who arrested us. Our trial lasted three days, but we were cleared and exonerated, the judge authorizing the police not to disturb us, for we were "doing a great and good work."

Now the people began to come in throngs and we had a wonderful revival. Frequently our family prayers began at 5:30 A. M., and lasted until noon. Business men and others dropped everything and came to seek the Lord. We found it necessary to move to a larger and more central house where we opened a "Missionary Training Home." Prospective home and foreign missionaries poured in from various states, and again we were compelled to enlarge our quarters. Besides our family of from

twenty to thirty, we had a large lodging house above our Mission, for poor men. Here they could get a good bed for ten cents, and if they did not have the dime we had a wood and coal yard where they could earn it. We had three or four large buildings rented, each one as busy as a beehive. The printing plant that had started with a few little leaflets was now turning out tracts and booklets by the ton.

But now about the crushing blow I was soon to receive. As all normal people, who behave themselves and fear God, we longed for an heir. We both looked forward with pleasure to the time when we could hear the prattle of little feet. As the time drew near, my heart swelled with the thought that I would be called not only husband, but father. Full preparations were made for that eventful hour, and two doctors and a nurse were employed. But to our surprise, after hours of agony and convulsions (for she was thirty-four years of age), a little waxen figure lay still in death. Four days later I received a beautiful and submissive smile, and she was gone. I could not believe my eyes! It was night! I could not sleep, but walked the streets and occasionally spoke out audibly, "Somebody wake me up! I am having an awful nightmare that Minnie is dead! Surely it is not so!" But as I returned to the house of mourning and saw that beautiful form, I was forced to know that it was a fact. I tried to argue with God, not with a rebellious spirit, but bewildered and crushed beyond expression I pled my cause, yea, as I thought, His cause. "How could this thing be?" We had prayed, we were conscientious. Furthermore, I argued "Many people have six or more children, who cannot properly take care of one. Many husbands are cruel and untrue, but here I am at the head of an institution, needing a wise counselor (as was she), and now this we.' -begun work must cease; for how can a single man continue without being slandered and misunderstood?"

I well remember the morning before that lovely form was taken to the cemetery. I came downstairs, long before day, and knelt at the casket, a crushed and broken-hearted man. I raised my tear-dimmed eyes and, looking across the coffin, beheld upon the wall a motto that in the past I had very flippantly quoted before large audiences. But now I noticed three words that I had never considered before. The first three: "FOR WE KNOW, that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." "But," said I to myself, "I do not 'know' it!" And, for some reason, it was nearly three years before I could fully understand it.

Jeremiah said, "The Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." David said, "Before I was afflicted I went astray," and again, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes." Anything, therefore, is "good" that enlarges the vision, mellows the spirit, broadens our sympathies and weans us from earthly things. Millions of saints have been comforted by reading of the patience of job, the Psalms of David and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. But we never would have had these had it not been for afflictions, privations and persecutions. "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

During those long nights, weeks and months, I frequently took the street car, when no one knew where I was going, and went out to the cemetery where I threw myself over her grave, in soul anguish. I prayed to God. I called to her by name. "I must have help! Some one please explain to me this mysterious providence." After receiving temporary comfort from "Him who comforts us in all our tribulation," I reluctantly returned to the place I once called home, where I resumed my many duties and responsibilities.

I entered into a new consecration, namely: If we could not be reunited here, I would plunge into the work God had given me and soon meet her "over there." I decided never to think of another one being capable of taking her place, so made plans to quit, or turn over the Training Home to others, and give myself up fully as a single man to do evangelistic work. In this way, thought I, I can get away from these familiar, sad scenes and surroundings.

But, to my surprise and the surprise of others, God had another plan. Without looking around, yea, without even thinking of anyone, while in prayer for the salvation of souls, another beautiful character was presented to my mind. At first I could not believe it. I could not harmonize such a thought with my consecration to go through life as a sad and single man. In due time, when some of my closest friends were apprised of the thought, they could not understand how a man could have such tender love for the departed and yet think of another. I could not explain it myself, for it seemed unreasonable. But even now, after nearly thirty years, I am convulsed with tears as I dictate this story.

And what was the sad and yet glorious lesson for me to learn? It seems it was this: Previous to this bereavement I was known as a radical, severe, holiness preacher. I was called upon to deal with stubborn and hard cases. I had the gift of showing up their meanness and depravity, until they either got right or got out. Yes, I was a "bonescraper," but did not have enough oil to pour into the wounds. I could easily cut the cancer out, but sometimes the patient died in the operation. It seemed that it took this severe blow to make me not only a straight preacher, but a tender preacher, not only a self-sacrificing man, but a sympathetic man. My first companion was a molder; my second companion has been a mellow. One was a mighty pulpit orator, capable of exposing all kinds of wickedness. The other was not only a preacher, but a pathetic writer, who has blessed thousands by her voluminous pen. Surely I ought to be a good man, yes, I must be a good man. I had a wonderful little Dutch mother. She was very strict along lines of purity, economy, and veracity. Later, I have lived with two most wonderful women -- above the average. So, if I have made the least success, it is due principally to grace, a wonderful mother and two godly companions.

SIXTY YEARS
OF
THORNS AND ROSES
By
E. E. Shelhamer

CHAPTER 27
OLD-TIME PERSECUTIONS

Arrested Three Times in Lakeland, Fla., for Preaching on the Street -- The Lousy Old Jail -- The Inner Cell -- The False Trial -- The Final Deliverance

No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord. -- Isa. 54:17.

The beautiful city of Lakeland, Fla., well deserves the significant name, for it is surrounded by nine little bodies of sparkling water on the banks of which are luxuriant orange groves, whose golden fruit forms a pleasing contrast with the long rows of olive green foliage extending down to the water's edge.

In the midst of this little city are to be found some of the nicest of people and some of the best schools of the South. No saloons mar the beauty of its streets or the peace of its homes, for Lakeland is a cultured town, and, in many respects, a moral one.

It was at this place that we opened up meetings in the old opera house in the year 1911, holding services in the hall and sometimes on the street. People were kind to us and seemed to appreciate our labors, and when in the spring we started North we were met at the depot by a number of our friends, and laden with luscious Florida fruit.

In the fall we returned, commencing operations in a large tent. Bishop Sellew and wife ably assisted in the meetings that winter, preaching with us on the streets at night and sometimes on Saturday afternoons.

During the winter we had held a public debate on the street with a Mormon elder, and so signally won the victory that he left on the midnight train. The daily paper came out the next day, lauding us for our services to the city, and complimenting us in general. But this popularity did not last long.

It was at this juncture that we were to be tested. How should it come? By sickness and death? By mobs, such as John Wesley had? Was it to hear the creaking of prison doors, with Bunyan and Madame Guyon? Let us see!

After a street meeting the chief of police informed us that if we wished to hold any more such services it would be necessary to obtain a permit, and he added, "I doubt if you will be able to get one."

Accordingly, I went several times to the mayor (who was a Baptist deacon) to try to obtain one, but he put me off evasively; then I tried again, praying with him in his office. He said he would let us know later, but did not.

I told him we were now ready to hold our meeting, and would like to have his permission, but he said he was not prepared to grant it. I asked him what he would do were the Salvation Army to come to town. He said he supposed he would have to grant them a permit.

"Well, if you can give them one, why not give us one, since we are doing the same kind of work?"

"Because you have a church in which to worship."

"Very well, but the Salvation Army have a hall: We are not after nickels and dimes, but we want to lead men to Christ."

"Well," he said, "I believe street meetings, if conducted properly, do a great deal of good, and if I had my way about it I would grant you a permit, but the ordinance is so drawn up that I cannot do it. I could grant you a 'license for \$5.00 a day, the same as I grant to circuses and barbecues, but there is no provision made for issuing permits for preaching the Gospel on the streets."

I replied, "I am very sorry then, for we will have to go without it."

THE FIRST ARREST

Since our own efforts had been fruitless, also the solicitations of some of our friends, including business men, we felt very clear to go ahead, whereupon the chief appeared and ordered us to stop. Neither the street nor sidewalks were blocked, and a drummer spoke up protesting, saying that there was no call for it and that they were enjoying our meeting.

He answered, "I have got to do it or lose my job." A number of voices rang out, "I'd lose my job then rather than arrest a preacher for preaching the Gospel." But he arrested me, and started for jail.

I turned around and said, "Wife, you go ahead and finish the meeting."

"No, she won't."

"Yes, we are one and you are commissioned to stand by me."

The courageous little woman stepped out and began speaking, and the crowd cheered.

We had gone only a little way toward the jail when a business man intercepted us and offered bond for my appearance at court. Public opinion was running high in our favor, and men denounced the arrest as an "outrage and a disgrace to civilization."

The next Monday morning we appeared for trial, and after a lot of palaver by the tobacco-soaked judge, I was fined \$5.00 and costs; but the fine was "suspended" on "good behavior" that I preach no more!

The judge himself, along with the attorney and the editor of the daily paper, who was a Catholic, declared that they doubted whether such an ordinance was constitutional and thought it should and would be repealed; but until then it should be respected.

Moreover, they said they were satisfied that if I should appear before the city council, provision would be made for resident pastors to hold street meetings: that the ordinance was drawn up particularly for "wild-eyed, tramp preachers," and not for honorable men.

I thanked them kindly, and answered that if the ordinance was drawn up for a certain class, it should be applied to them and not to me. I did not belong to that crowd, but to a church that, from the bishop down, believed in open-air preaching, like the early Methodists.

THE SECOND ARREST

In the interim of our first arrest and the next council meeting, three weeks hence, public sentiment ran high, and the good citizens felt ashamed of the manner in which we had been treated. Strange to say, not one of the pastors of the city ever peeped in our favor; they must first "feel the pulse of the people," for this is the way to look after their butter and bread.

The Methodist pastor said that whichever position he took he would offend some of his members. I replied, "He should have the courage to take his stand for the right, regardless of consequences."

In order to show that we were law abiding, we now declined to hold any more street meetings, though urged to do so.

A Roman Catholic came to our home and earnestly requested us to hold another meeting. "For," said he, "I want the satisfaction of knocking the policeman down when he comes to arrest you, for I am from South Carolina" (the mob state). I answered that we could not afford to hold a meeting in order to give him such satisfaction.

At last the time arrived for the city council to meet. The mayor was not present, so by virtue of his office the president of the city council (a Unitarian), became mayor pro tem, and presided. He treated me with contempt, though he knew me to be a minister of the gospel. After they disposed of much of their other business, calling to me he said:

"Have you anything to say to this body?"

Whereupon I arose and, bowing to the chairman, said, "Gentlemen, I heartily approve of an ordinance regulating preaching on your streets, but I have appeared before your honorable body to request that you so modify this ordinance that it will not exclude resident pastors who are preaching a good gospel."

The chairman retorted, "So you want us to make a special provision for you, do you?"

I replied, "I have asked nothing of the kind. What I request for myself I request for all evangelical ministers of your town."

Leaning back, he said, "It is the opinion of the chair that this ordinance remain just as it is." With but little said, the motion was put, and the preacher ruled out.

It is needless to say that I walked away with less exuberance than when I came. Now our last hope was gone, and we must either submit to this unjust and unconstitutional legislation, or go ahead and act as though it did not exist.

Having resorted to prayer, and having conferred with a number of our friends, also some business men, we felt clear to hold another meeting.

The noble little band had sung a couple of songs and I had taken my text when the chief appeared for duty and, without any preliminaries, arrested me the second time.

A number of business men were ready to go my bond, but the answer was, "I have orders to lock him up." Accordingly, he started with me for the old, lousy jail, above which was the city hall. While on the way, bond was offered for from \$100 to \$500; then to \$1,000; then to \$1,500; but all was refused as though I had been guilty of murder or treason.

I had been locked up but a short time when the door opened and in came one of our preachers who had continued the meeting after I had been arrested.

The town was stirred and a number of business men, headed by a Presbyterian elder, signed a protest and demanded our release. The feeling ran high and the jail was threatened to be torn down. The officials saw that the only thing to do was to turn us loose, to appear at court Monday morning. We warned the people not to hold any malice toward the officials, but to repent and flee from the wrath to come.

THE SECOND TRIAL

The next Monday morning, the yard, court room, and stairway leading to it were all crowded. We had to press our way through the crowd and were given seats near the judge. When my case was called and the charges were read, the judge asked me if I pleaded guilty.

I replied, "Yes and no. I answer in the affirmative, concerning the preaching on the street, but in the negative as to being guilty of any misdemeanor."

"Then," the judge continued, "I am not here to pass upon the justice or legality of this ordinance, but since it has become a law it becomes my duty to defend the law. Hence I must fine you, and it being the second offense, I must impose upon you the limit of the law, which will be \$20.00 and costs; also, the former suspended fine must be added to this."

I waited a moment, then arose and addressed the judge as follows

"Your honor: If I have been guilty of doing anything to mar the peace or dignity of your city, if I have been drinking or quarreling, or using bad language, I ask you to send me up. But for preaching the gospel -- for trying to lead men to forsake sin and become better citizens -- for this, I feel I have done no wrong; and to pay a fine would be equivalent to an acknowledgment of guilt: therefore, I cannot conscientiously pay such a fine, nor will I allow any one else to pay it for me."

When I sat down there was deep silence and men were weeping. Finally, the pause was broken when a business man proposed to appeal the case to a higher court and pay all the expenses. The judge jumped at this opportunity to escape censure and responsibility, saying'. "Thank you: thank you, Mr. Smith. I am glad somebody wants to see this tested in a higher court." This looked like Pilate of old, trying to wash his hands.

I replied, "Thank you, Mr. Smith, for your courtesy, but when my trial is called again I may be up North or out West in a revival meeting, and I could not afford to stop and come down here then. Therefore, I prefer to have it settled here and now."

After some parleying on the part of the lawyers, my request was granted, and thus the "pestilent fellow" was again on the hands of the judge for disposal.

There was such strong feeling that the judge did not dare remand me then and there to jail or the chain gang.

The next day, while I was down town the chief said "Well, what about paying your fine?"

I replied, "I cannot pay a fine for preaching the gospel."

"Well." said he, 'the only thing to do then is to go to jail.' "Very well; here I am," and he locked me up.

As soon as we entered our new "thirty days' " home, we began to prepare for the worst. In one corner of our apartment, which was 12x14 feet, stood an old sanitary bucket which had no cover, and had not been emptied for some time. Through the bars, in the colored department, stood another, and the odor was so "sickening that I gagged when I tried to eat a lunch. There were two little windows, 2x4 feet in size, nine feet above the cement floor, through which we were to receive our sunlight and a little fresh air With considerable effort we could climb the wall and crouch in the window facing the street. While sitting here I announced to the passers-by and those who were standing" in groups outside that there would be preaching from that pulpit at 7 p, m.

When the hour arrived, a good crowd had gathered. After singing we announced that we had preached on the streets of Brooklyn, Pittsburgh and other large cities in this and foreign countries, and were protected by the officers, but we had to come to Lakeland to be locked up in a filthy old jail.

My little wife, who was sitting in the buggy outside, was ordered by the chief to move away. The citizens protested, saying he could not drive her off the street. Finally, he led her away, only to have her turn around, come back and show her fidelity as a true wife should.

At the close of the service, the chief entered and said, "The next time you preach from the window I have orders to lock you in the inner cell; more than this, you must work the streets tomorrow."

At this I mounted the window and said, "Good-night, wife; please send down my old clothes early in the morning, for the order is that I must work the streets tomorrow."

One man spoke out from the crowd, "No, you will not. I will work in your place."

I replied, "We must work or live on bread and water."

Another voice said, "No; you will not; we will see that you get something to eat."

Again I answered, "Do you see the signs recently posted, saying no one is allowed to hand us fruit or speak to the prisoners?"

Another voice called out, "Tell us the moment you want out, and the door will come down."

I replied, "Don't resort to violence, men, for we will not come out unless the officer takes us out."

At this, one influential man raised his fist and said, "Every man who is a man, let me see your fist." A score or more arms went up. The order was, "Swing into line and follow me." They marched two by two to the mayor's home and awoke him, saying, "We have just come to tell you to come down and let that preacher out of jail, and if you do not know how to unlock it, we will show you how it is done."

It is needless to say that he did so, and we were released.

When we stepped out we said, "Well, it is nice to breathe free air again; suppose we sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

This was the first time we ever heard a crowd of men who were fighting-mad sing the doxology, but they were ready to do anything we suggested. It sounded so well the first time that we repeated it.

THE THIRD ARREST

The fight was now on in earnest.

The Catholic editor joined hands with the Unitarian "city boss," in creating sentiment against us. The majority of business men were for us in spirit but, being without grace, like the Jews of old,

were afraid to openly espouse our cause. There were only a few who dared to do so, and as a result were boycotted, and suffered loss in business.

About this time a couple of new brethren came to the city, and as it was Thanksgiving Day they thought every person would feel more or less religious, and there would be no objection to their going out on the street and at least singing a song or two. But the police did not feel overly religious, so marched them off to jail. The fact that they were strangers in town and did not have much prestige left them without the sympathy of the people at large. Knowing something of the filthiness of the old jail, I went and bailed them out until their trial should be called. This, of course, identified me with them and made it appear that it was a "put-up game to defy the laws of the city." The judge was "sick"(?) and could not preside, hence the president of the city council was pleased to take his place. Each of the prisoners was promptly fined and given the full extent of the law -- \$2000 and costs. As they did not feel clear to pay, they were summoned to jail for thirty days.

We were now convinced that it was useless to try to hold any more meetings under these conditions, for we no sooner got started than we were arrested. Now I felt clear to take out a license (for which I paid \$5.00 per day) and thus keep within the bounds of the city ordinance.

Anyone can readily see that such an ordinance was drawn up purposely to keep the gospel off the streets, as the originators did not suppose that "street preachers" were able or willing to pay such a sum. Accordingly, when we began singing, the people came running to see the preacher arrested. We soon allayed their fears by showing a little slip of paper and saying,

"Friends, do not get excited; some of you have come to see me arrested, but you will not see it today, for this little paper protects us. In Lakeland you can do almost anything; climb a telegraph pole, sing lewd songs, and cheat the people out of their money, if you can only dig up \$5.00. This little paper cost me \$5.00 and it is good for but one day. Preachers generally expect money to be coming their way, but this time it is going the other way." We continued:

"In this city you can do dray work and it will cost you but \$5.00 a year; or if you wish to run a grocery store and pile barrels, boxes and hen coops on the sidewalk, throw decayed vegetables out where people have to walk -you can do all this and more, too, for \$15.00 a year; but understand, friends, if a man wants to preach the gospel and thereby lead drunkards and sinners to Christ, he cannot have this privilege without paying \$5.00 a day, or, in other words, \$1,825.00 per year. Now, if this is not legislating against a certain class, yea, against the gospel of Jesus Christ, then tell me, what under the sun do we call it!"

By this time the crowd were so wrought up that they began throwing money at me until I had to tell them to stop; we had enough.

We did this for three consecutive Saturdays, and were then refused even this privilege, though we shook \$5.00 at the city clerk. One man sent us \$100.00 saying. "This will give you twenty licks at them, and if they cut you off use it for living expenses."

The city boss, who was the spokesman for the officials, finally came out and revealed the spirit that formulated the ordinance, when he said, "We do not want preaching on the streets of Lakeland. This is a moral town. If you want to do that kind of work, go down to Plant City or Tampa, where they have saloons."

I replied, "Yes, but you see men staggering along these streets, just the same." Public sentiment prevailed and they were compelled to change the ordinance, the thing for which we had contended from the beginning.

During this time the two brethren who were still in jail were one day singing and preaching from the window with telling effect. We drove down and listened to them.

The order was given that if they preached from the window again they should be locked in the inner cell. When the hour arrived, wife and the writer were sitting in the carriage just outside the jail. Our brother was commenting on the thirty-seventh Psalm when the "chief" appeared and ordered him down. The preacher answered that he would come down as soon as he had finished his Psalm; whereupon the chief proceeded to take him by force but, being unable, deputized two strong men, and the three tore him from the window and locked both of the brethren in the inner cell.

At this I spoke out and said, "I protest; this is a step backward toward the Dark Ages and Spanish Inquisition." The chief ordered me to "drive on" and when I declined to do so he came out and said, "I have orders to arrest you for criticizing."

I jumped from the buggy and, lifting my hat and bowing to the people, said, "I have protested against this cruelty and now am being arrested myself for so doing." As soon as I was locked up, the police removed all the chairs so that I was compelled to either stand or sit on the cold cement floor. This was about 1 o'clock in the day and, looking ahead, I saw my trial would not come off until the next day, which meant for me to spend the night with a lot of drunks and lousy tramps. I therefore concluded that I would do better to be with the brethren in the inner cell, where we could at least sit, if not lie down, and I knew how I could easily get there.

Accordingly, I climbed to the window and announced, "There will be preaching from this pulpit at 7 o'clock tonight." Of course we had a crowd, and I had not proceeded far when the chief arrived with two others; after some effort they succeeded in pulling me down and locked me up also in the inner cell.

Now we began to sing:

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone;
Dare to have a purpose firm,
Dare to make it known."

The crowd outside joined heartily in the chorus, while the police tried to suppress them. When he could not do so the door opened and in came a young man only seventeen, who had been

blessedly saved in our meeting. He had been inside but a few moments when he mounted the window and, as a result, landed in the inner cell.

The singing continued:

"Many mighty men are lost
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's hand."

And when the chorus was reached, those on the outside joined in again, when the door once more opened -- this time Mrs. Beeson, my wife's sister, came in. Now things were getting very interesting, and men began to get their revolvers ready. The mayor came and urged the crowd to disperse; but they refused to do so until the lady was liberated. In a short time she was released and the rest of us spent the night in the inner cell, which was about four by six feet.

That was a memorable night. We sang and shouted and sang again. Nevertheless, the doors did not fly open, as in the case of Paul and Silas.

Many people pitied us, but had they known the peculiar glory that flooded that old cell they would have saved their pity. When the glory subsided a little we tried to sleep, but the two bunks (one above the other) being so narrow, we had to lie spoon fashion, head to foot. Notwithstanding this, we might have rested some had it not been for the fact that we were frequently awakened by the hardness of the bed, or the loud snoring or vomiting of the drunks, just through the bars. At these intervals we improved the time by singing.

One of the drunkards, rising on his elbow, said, "What are you in here for? You ought not to be in here." Some one said to him, "You are in here for getting drunk and they are in here for telling you not to get drunk." And still another said, "Queer laws we are living under here. Lakeland is up-to-date. It is noted as a city where they built a church in one day, and where they lock up ministers for preaching on the street."

On one occasion the chief came in and said to me, "Why do you make us all this trouble? Other preachers in town do not do so."

I replied, "If they were obeying the command of their Lord and following the example of their respective founders, they would all be going out into the highways and hedges preaching to those who were too poor or did not have the disposition to go to church."

Some of the brightest converts we have ever had have dated their salvation to street meetings. John Wesley, Whitefield and their coadjutors held open-air services, sometimes preaching to as high as sixty thousand at a time.

THE THIRD TRIAL

The next morning at 9 o'clock, having spent the night in the inner cell, I was taken out for my third trial -- this time not for preaching the gospel but for "inciting a riot." Anyone can see the fallacy of this charge, since I was not responsible for what men did or threatened to do outside the jail while I was in the inner cell.

At the city court I was informed by the judge that he could not try me, as mine was now a State case, hence I was turned over to the deputy sheriff who took me to "Pilate" (Judge T). Of course, many said that this dear old friendly judge would not sustain the charge against me, and would throw it out of court; but when it came to the trial he could not withstand the officials, for they must all cling together, regardless of justice; how else could they get their bread and butter?

Though we had a competent lawyer who had been judge of the county for eight years, and the city had a young upstart of a lawyer who was not near the equal of our attorney, yet at the close of this preliminary trial the judge looked wise and in a very deliberate manner said, "I find enough evidence against the defendant to bind him over to the circuit court." At this the young lawyer jumped to his feet and said, "Now, judge, we are tired of straw bonds and hope you will demand a bond that is a bond sure enough; for we are tired of this man, Shelhamer."

He was in hopes that the judge would fix a bond so high that I could not meet it, and consequently let me lie in jail for two months, awaiting my trial. A prominent business man requested the privilege of going on as bondsman, after which he took the paper to others and finally presented it to me with over \$300,000.00 pledged. There were so many names that they had to attach an extra sheet.

When I took it to the judge he did not look up, so I said, "Good morning, judge. They wanted a bond that was a bond sure enough. I guess I have one. There are over \$300,000.00 pledged here, and if you want more I can easily get it. I trust this will hold the prisoner all right." There was no answer and I said, "Good-day, sir."

When my time came for the final trial at Barstow, the county seat, I was there on time, but the attorney for the state informed me that he had not filed a bill of information against me. He said that it was nothing but a piece of persecution, and he did not purpose trying such cases.

When I returned to Lakeland my friends were overjoyed at my liberation, while our enemies were chagrined.

About this time letters began to pour in to the mayor, from the governor of the state, from our friends from Maine to California, and from Canada to the Gulf, all condemning the action of the city officials in this outrage to civilization. The mayor said he was almost afraid to open his mail, lest his eye fall upon the maledictions that were constantly pouring in. The chief said that he had lost more sleep over it than over any other thing that had come his way. Poor fellow! He said he had to do it or he would lose his "job," and in the next city election he lost it by a large majority, after which he took sick and was bedfast. This gave me an opportunity to show him kindness by visiting and praying with him. Others also came in for their share of retribution in the way of sudden deaths and

disgraces. The mayor and the president of the city council, along with others who opposed us, dropped down and out. They did not know it would cost so much to relegate the gospel from their streets.

We were urged to sue the city for \$10,000.00, but declined. As it was, it cost the city dearly. We heard a real estate man say that it cost the city \$50,000.00 and a bad reputation besides. He was at the depot one day when the train from the north pulled in. A man looked out of the window and asked, "What place is this?" As soon as he saw "LAKELAND," he said, "Drive on this is where they lock up preachers for preaching on the streets."

Not only the religious, but the daily papers of the North took it up and vindicated our cause. The following summer, while laboring in camp meetings in various states, we had so many friends and sympathizers because of this that I sat down one day and wrote a business man of Lakeland as follows: "Please thank Mr. M. (city boss) and all his associates for the great favor shown us in giving us so much free advertising. I did not know we had so many friends until now."

In closing, I feel like saying with Paul:

"But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel."

"And many of the brethren in the Lord, waxing confident by my bonds, are much more bold to speak the word without fear." -- Phil. 1:12, 14.

BOLDNESS IN THE GOSPEL

Shall I for fear of feeble man
The Spirit's Course in me restrain?
Or undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness of my Lord?

Awed by a mortal's frown shall I
Conceal the word of God Most High?
How then before Thee shall I dare
To stand, or how Thine anger bear?

Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
Soften Thy truth, or smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by Thee?

What then is he whose scorn I dread?
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! A bubble on the wave!

Yea, let men rage, since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head,
Since in all pain Thy fender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

J. J. Winkler

SIXTY YEARS
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By
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CHAPTER 28
GOD LOVED ME TOO WELL

My Experience in Real, (Unreal) Estate -- Quick and Big Money a Hurt, Rather Than a Help

Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee and say, Who is the Lord? Or lest I be poor and steal. -- Prov. 30:8, 9.

We fear it is a hindrance rather than a help for a minister of the gospel to handle or own much money. As a rule, riches and the power of the Holy Ghost do not go hand in hand. Peter said to the lame man, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." I would rather have power to say, "Rise up and walk," than be able to say, "Here is a check for one thousand dollars."

When we first went to Florida I determined that the commercial spirit should not get hold of me. I noticed with grief how many ministers had been sidetracked by this snare.

Many a preacher goes to a warmer climate for his health. He has "sore-throat," "indigestion," or a "nervous breakdown." He does not want to be entirely idle, since he has been accustomed to a life of activity. He is not there long before he becomes acquainted with a citizen or real estate agent who has done well, speculating on land. Wishing him a pleasant stay they suggest that he may as well take an option on some lots for ninety days as he will not be out anything, and in this way he can pay the expense of his trip and perhaps clear a thousand dollars, as many have done. At first he looks dubious, but little by little is drawn in.

I had traveled around the world and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and had never had a settled home. While in Lakeland, Fla., I was offered three nice lots in the growing section, at "a bargain." Thinking this would be a nice location for a little home, I accepted the offer. Later, when we bought a church in the same town for \$1,000, the pilgrims were so poor that we were able to raise but \$200.00. In order to close the deal we must have \$500.00 for the first payment; and as no one else came forward with the money, I proposed to put my three lots on the market and turn the money in on the church. After much advertising a buyer came who took them at \$300.00. He held these lots but two weeks when he was offered \$600.00 for them. As soon as the property left my hands, the other man could double his money, but God loved me too well to let me do so.

After having secured the church, some one suggested that it would be nice to get the four vacant lots in the same block for pilgrims who might want to build near the church. Accordingly, I wrote to Jacksonville, but my letter was returned marked "uncalled for." About the same time an enemy

to our work wrote to the same person and succeeded in buying the' lots, held them but a few days and doubled his money.

God loved me too well.

Another instance: A reliable real estate agent seemed to take a liking to me. He said he had just cleared \$50,000, and would like to help me make a little money. He suggested that I take an option on sixty acres of land, so took me out on an auto driveway in the direction in which the city was fast building. There was enough timber on the place to pay for it. He offered it to me for \$45.00 an acre. I was to pay a small sum down to hold it and in six months' time triple my money. As T had a little money which r was to use in publishing a new book, I told him I might do so. If the deal went through, I of course would gain, and if not, he would refund the "purchase price." It all seemed "Providential" (?). Oh, how the devil has used that word!

But I waited and wrote repeatedly, attempting to secure a clear title, and finally had to give it up. A short time after this, another man took hold of it and soon had good papers. He had held it only a little while when he was offered \$250.00 an acre for the front acreage. God loved me too well to let me clear \$8,000.00 in so short a time. I had planned on using it to get out good books and help establish holiness, but other men have likewise entertained great and good plans until the money was actually in their hands and then they changed or forgot their former plans and said to themselves, "I never made money so easily and so fast in my life before; I believe I will try it again." He got into the current and never recovered himself. Poor Demas! Paul said, "He hath forsaken me, having loved this present world."

Others can double their money in a few days, but this kind of success has ruined more than one good man, and God loved me too well to let it come my way. I have never known one man (and I have known many) who has made money fast, who in his serious moments did not say, " have done so to my own hurt. I am less spiritual than when I was struggling with poverty."

God kept me not only from getting into a spirit of speculation, but also from too much appreciation. Most young preachers and evangelists seem to strive for recognition and popularity. They how, fawn and scrape before the "higher ups" in order to get their names and pictures in print; they tone down and go back on past light, in fact, are willing to lose their identity if they can only stand in with ecclesiastical diplomats, or those who have a little money. God in mercy did not let me do this but, on the other hand, held me to the most radical and unpopular truths. This was what saved me. Grant that I may have had more zeal than knowledge at times, in championing certain unpopular issues, such as death to carnality, plainness of dress, etc., yet God mercifully overruled it and used it to

"Keep me little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone."

Very few, especially young preachers, dwell deep enough in God to survive luxuries and a large circle of friends. God loved me too well to let me have either.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
upon this battlefield of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept,
His promises to men.

But right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Faber

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CHAPTER 29
PECULIAR COVENANTS

"Never Pray for Money " -- Sunday Mail -- Reading the Word.

Keep therefore the words of this covenant, and do them, that ye may prosper in all that ye do.
Deut. 29:9.

God may lead us into special covenants for various reasons. First, in order to commit a certain charge to us. Second, to fortify us against danger or disobedience. Third, to test or strengthen fidelity in others. If He sees fit to lead one to make a covenant peculiarly hard and self-sacrificing, it is not because He arbitrarily delights to do so, but because some need severer measures than others to get them through to heaven. Sad that sometimes He has to search before He can find those who are made of martyr material and able to stand the pressure. The more we renounce for Jesus' sake, the more we get in return. So do not pity those who give up and suffer more than others; they are rather to be envied. While God has no favorites, yet there are a few who die out to all things but His glory, and to such He is pleased to reveal His secrets.

There is a difference between having a good time in secret prayer, and entering into a special covenant with the great God. The fact is, covenants are, as a rule, few and far between, while glorious seasons of communion should be daily. It may require the latter to prepare the way for the former. Daniel fasted and prayed twenty-one days and then God revealed to him wonderful things that those who were with him could not see. Sometimes, upon one word whispered to the soul, hang untold events for weal or woe.

When we first opened up mission work in Atlanta, expenses were high, and we were without an income; this drove us to our knees. While others were asleep, the writer was wrestling in prayer sometimes until nearly midnight. It generally required a good part of the time to first pray through for finances, after which the way was clear to prevail for souls. One night while I was thus praying, the Lord very kindly but positively laid His hand upon my mouth and said, "Never pray for money again; see to it that you keep tender in spirit and burdened for souls and I will see that you have all you need."

I said, "All right, Lord; I take Thee at Thy word." This was so real and made such a profound and lasting impression that ever after, when we have been embarrassed financially and I have started to pray about it, I have been reminded of that contract; and, instead of praying for money, I looked around to see if I had become harsh in spirit or careless in the practice of self-denial. As soon as I renewed my covenant and had a season of breaking up before God, invariably finances began to come in. I have proved this time and again.

Another covenant was that of not sending out mail at such a time in the week that would necessitate its being handled on the Sabbath day, excepting such as must cross the seas or otherwise cover seven days to reach its destination. Many times when tempted to break over, when hundreds of dollars were at stake demanding an immediate reply, I have found that by waiting until the following Monday, God in a very special way has protected and cared for results; so much so that had I become fearful and set aside this covenant, I would have been the loser and matters of vital importance might have suffered. "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Another covenant was that of taking subscriptions for my paper or selling song books on the Lord's Day. Frequently at camp meetings and conventions, people who lived at some distance have driven in on Sunday, and, as it was their only chance they desired to renew their subscription, or buy one of my new books. I always let them know that I do no business on the Lord's Day. Rather than sell, I have frequently given away books to those who could not get them on any other day. When they insisted on knowing the price I have declined to tell. Then they insisted on making an offering to the work, and, as a rule, it has amounted to much more than the regular price. In this way I have kept a good conscience, avoided the appearance of evil, and never lost, but rather, profited.

It is so easy to let down little by little, until former convictions have come to be uncertain and unreal. This was the way the Salvation Army began: At first they sold the "War Cry" on Sunday because it did so much good (?). This opened the floodgate, and it was not long before they were selling books and having ice cream festivals and charging admission to "Hallelujah weddings." Oh, let us "abstain from all appearance of evil."

Another peculiar covenant was that of taking time, upon rising, to read one or more chapters in the Word and waiting to hear what God would say, before seeing anyone, or reading anything, even to a headline on a paper. God is jealous for our first love and first thoughts. All earthly loves and comforts should step aside that our Lord may first speak and reveal His plan for the day.

"But the room may be cold or it may be impossible to get alone!" Very well, our Lover is not unreasonable; should such be the case, He hastens to tell us more in a few moments than in whole hours when we take pains to pamper the flesh. It was hard to learn this lesson. Many times, when crowded with important mail or a piece of work at home, I have, for the time being, set aside this covenant and have proved before the day was over that what I did was a failure and had to be done over.

And still another: For years I have found it safe to recognize the voice of those who were over me, as the voice of God to me. When at camp meetings or conventions, where there were three or more services daily, I have ventured on several occasions to suggest to the committee on public worship a change in the program. Though I felt sure I was aiming alone at the glory of God, I have proved time and again that in the end it was best to hold still and quietly take everything as from God. When I have thus rested in God and humbly accepted what was given me, He has often stepped in and at the last moment changed the program or made some one sick in order to let His unworthy servant deliver a burning message that a large congregation needed to hear. It is blessed to lie low and let God in His miraculous way set before us open doors that no man can shut.

Other covenants besides these have had much to do in the health and protection of us and our children. When we have obediently kept them we have felt well-nigh omnipotent. We could easily claim the holding of trains and teamers overtime, or hurry then' up, defy wrecks, pestilences and persecutions, compelling all, with one simple act of faith, to work together for our good and His glory. It is easy to believe God for everything when we are keeping these heart-covenants, some of which are very sacred.

But when we compare ourselves with others and think that, after all, there is no need to be so particular and peculiar, then we are left to ourselves and much time, energy and money are wasted. "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

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CHAPTER 30
DEMOTION AND PROMOTION

First Camp Meeting -- On Same Ground Twenty-five Years Later

Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor the west, nor from the south ut God is judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another. Ps. 75:6, 7.

Doubtless the Psalmist wrote these words from experience, as well as from inspiration. How true! Today a man may tower above the greatest; tomorrow he may cower before the meanest.

As I grow older, and see the possibilities of obscurity and the uncertainty of popularity, I am inclined more than ever to be considerate of others, especially of the poor. I feel like tipping my hat to every ragged, ignorant boy, for later, when he has become a great speaker, I may e glad to find a seat in his audience, or, when he sits as judge, I may need to ask of him a favor.

Treat the boy considerately, for you may someday want him to treat you the same.

It was the making of Joseph to be thrown into prison unjustly for over two years. It took this to ripen and mellow him.

Shortly after my conversion I attended my first camp meeting. It was all new to me. I was a total stranger to the campers and they seemed to think that mine was not a genuine case of religion because I had not been cast in their mold. T received few and feeble "Amens," and was left to stand around alone, without fellowship. It became so noticeable that an on-looker remonstrated with some of the brethren about it. One of the preachers "felt, led" to tell me not to be so noisy during the altar services, while others treated me with cold suspicion. It was a great trial, coming as it did from holiness people and those who should have taken me in and, if need be, taught me the ways of the Lord more perfectly.

Right here is where good people sometimes make a great mistake, and become narrow and sectarian toward a stranger, or one who is not of their crowd. Suppose he does not pray or testify with our particular tone of voice; or, grant that he does not dress as plainly as we, will we ever help him by huddling together and treating him as though he were a leper?

I remember how I looked upon those ministers! "I would give the world," thought I, "if I could exhort and move the people like Brother P-." But since then the same man has come to me in despair, because his brethren had expelled him for crime.

Then there was another brother who could give such fine Bible readings. "Oh, if I could only be with that man and learn the Scriptures!" thought I to myself. Since then, he came some distance to have us help pray him through from a backslidden state.

Another brother who was much gifted in song and prayer, but who passed me by when I hoped he would speak, has since spoken, and asked me if I could give him a home.

He who hushed me up at the altar service lost his reason and was in a pitiable condition the last we heard.

I did not dream at the time, nor did they, that there would be such changes in a few short years. Nor did I even fondly hope that the time would come when the same awkward country boy would be invited to preach on the same camp ground to thousands of hearers. As a result, many seekers came to the altar, some of whom had passed by the lonely boy twenty-five years before. "It is a long road that has no turn."

I was assisting a general conference evangelist in a tent meeting. Some of the members found they were not right and the pastor blamed me for "unsettling them." Accordingly, he met me one evening outside the tent and said with a great deal of feeling, "I am very sorry, but I will have to ask you not to take part in any more of the services." I did not want to be a hindrance to the meeting, so, instead of taking my place on the platform, I sat in the audience.

After a couple songs had been sung the evangelist looked around to see his helper, and, spying me in the audience, said, "What are you doing down there, Brother Shelhamer? Come up here where you belong." I confess I was in a strait betwixt two, and looked first this way, then that, but finally decided that the evangelist was proper authority. This made the pastor look cheap, and I was sorry for him, but the order was, "Come up higher," and I had to obey. It was another case of "Thorns, then Roses."

At the close of this tent meeting I was invited to assist in a good camp meeting in the same city, but have never heard much of the little authoritative pastor since, though that was nearly thirty years ago. I fear he has had his Thorns, but few Roses.

"While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

"Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot,
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all."

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CHAPTER 31
MARVELOUS GRACE

The Impudent Moslem -- A Sanctified Experience

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city. Prov. 16:32.

A number of years ago, I needed a watch, but thought a cheap one would answer the purpose, so bought one. In a short time it began to go wrong and kept me in uncertainty. I could not afford to miss trains and steamers, so bought a seventeen jewel watch, and since then have had no trouble. It was a source of great comfort and confidence, while touring Palestine and other lands, sometimes out of the reach of civilization for days, to know that I had correct time, and need not worry about making connections.

Years ago I needed an experience, and tried the cheaper kind, laying "all on the altar and believing the altar to sanctify the gift," etc., etc. But occasionally I had trouble on the inside.

After days of crying out against my inward foe, I received a baptism, blessed be God, that has stood the test ever since.

I well remember a test of grace which came to me at Hebron, Palestine. A company of us had driven down from Jerusalem and having gone up to Abraham's oak, we ate a lunch and prepared to see the city. Before doing so we undertook to take a picture of, the pool of David. About the time I found the focus a young Mohammedan (about twenty years old) came and deliberately held his hand before my camera. I motioned for him to step aside, but he simply gave a defiant grin. Then I moved and he waited until I was again ready, when he stepped up and did as before. I moved again, and this time had wife stand between me and the stone wall. Now when he saw that his plan was thwarted, he grabbed from the head of one of his comrades a filthy fez (a red cap worn by the Turks) and, with all his force, threw it into my wife's face.

Brother, what do you think you would have done in such an instance? I know what I would have done at one time, before I had saving grace. I had such an uncontrollable temper around the blacksmith shop that my father called me the "black sheep of the family" and said he feared I would finally land in the penitentiary or on the gallows. Two weeks prior to my conversion, I had a seven-round fight with a grown-up man and gloried in the fact that he was afraid to meet me in a second bout. I speak of this with shame, but only that I may magnify the grace of God.

Now, for this impudent Moslem to insult my wife thus, and me feel no anger or resentment, was surely contrary to my nature. Yea, it was nothing more nor less than the mighty grace of God. Not until after this occurrence did we realize our danger. It then appeared that a band of robbers were in the rear, urging this young fellow on to aggravate us until we should retaliate. Then they would have an excuse to resent it, with the result that we would have been robbed if not murdered. Such was a frequent occurrence at this fanatical center, a man having been killed the day before we visited the place. I advise the reader not to visit Hebron until he is sure he is sanctified wholly.

A sanctified experience is an enigma to carnal men. We triumph over them by letting them trample upon us; we get our way by giving up our way; we shine the brighter by giving up our own wit and brilliancy; we run the faster by going slowly with God; we are appreciated the more for being willing to be set at naught. Oh, the beauty of going out of ourselves and being swallowed up in God. When we commit all to Him, He commits much more to us. Reader, have you ever learned these secrets? Theory and head knowledge will not do. The only way is to get a heart experience.

TURNING THORNS INTO ROSES

Friend, do you believe it is possible to transform a bramble into a rose bush? It looks like an impossibility. But Mr. Burbank, the plant wizard, did wonders in taking thorns from the prickly cactus and making the desert rose to become a thing of beauty. If he, a hater of God, could perform miracles in the vegetable kingdom, how about our Redeemer who proposes to make us "new creatures," so that the "wilderness and solitary place shall be glad" and the desert of our hearts "shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." He wants to so renew us that He, like the patent medicine almanac, can show His transforming power; "before taking" a haggard and deformed sinner. Then on the opposite page, "after taking" -- a beautiful, lovely saint. God grant that we may so grow in all the Christian graces as to make Satan ashamed to look at the old picture.

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CHAPTER 32
THE BROOKLYN CONVENTION

Being Called Doctor, (D. D.) -- Christian Workers' Dress -- The Tables Turn

Abstain from all appearance of evil. 1 Thess. 5:22.

This is a great holiness meeting held every November, backed by two noble souls, Brother and Sister Cooke. The writer has been there twice. The first time, Revs. H. C. Morrison, C. H. Babcock and this scribe were the speakers. Our sainted Will Yates was the leader in song. One night he was the platform manager, and he made the announcements for the next day as follows: "Dr. H. C. Morrison will preach at 10:30, Dr. C. H. Babcock will preach at 2 :30, and Dr. B. B. Shelhamer will preach at 7:30." I objected, saying, "Don't call me Doctor," whereupon he turned and, looking at me, replied, "I take it all back! Piledriver will preach tomorrow night."

"Very well, let it go at that."

We were entertained at the Y. M. C. A., about three miles from the seat of the Convention. I was distressed at the thought of patronizing the Sunday subway street cars, but Brother Morrison helped me out by suggesting that we start a little early and walk it. He related many touching incidents on the way, but the main thing that pleased me was to find a man not too big to hold to his early convictions against Sabbath desecration. Many young preachers, in order to be popular, soon tone down and look, talk and behave like the generality of professors. How sad!

At this Convention, as well as others I have attended, I have often felt grieved with the way some of the workers dress. Men and women, especially the sisters, seem to be in bondage to the customs and fashions of the world. They think they must wear the latest fashions, including the wedding ring (some, white gold) in order that everybody" may know that they are married. My wife has traveled in this and foreign countries for years, but has never found it necessary to put on a ring to keep from being insulted. The plain dress, accompanied by the glory of God on the face, has been sufficient.

At another great Convention a young woman came forward and sang a beautiful song, but it was all lost because of her appearance. Brother Morrison and I were sitting together on the platform. He whispered to me, saying "I take no stock in it. Her dress is too tight and short."

A touching incident occurred at Brooklyn. One night I observed a minister sitting in the rear of the audience. He had felt it his duty for years to, in a nice, suave way, oppose me and veto my engagement to a large camp in HIS conference. Now, when I saw him looking lonely, I said to myself, "This is my chance to show kindness." So I went down and gave him a hearty invitation to

come up and sit with us on the platform. He thanked me, but replied, "I think I will feel better sitting here." Perhaps this was true. Sometimes the "tables turn."

ROSE, LILY, THORNS

"I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters. He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." Song. 2 .1, 2, 4.

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CHAPTER 33
VICTORY OVER LOSSES

Loss of Our Hard-earned Saving -- How God Got Glory Out of It

I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. Phil. 3:5.

Paul wrote to the Hebrews saying that they took "JOYFULLY the spoiling of their goods." To do this has been a hard lesson for me to learn. Thank God I was born poor, for had I had plenty of money I no doubt would have been ruined. For about thirty years it was all I could do to meet actual expenses. Then God was pleased to bless our publishing interests so that we commenced to get ahead a little. My economical training led me to continue economizing, and it was not long until we had saved several thousand dollars. My motive was pure in thinking that it would be nice to leave this sum to wife and children in case I passed out; or, should I live, to have this to fall back upon in my declining days, in publishing more books. We tried to be conscientious in our investments, refusing to take stock in any questionable, Sabbath-breaking concern

But at the close of the great war, when the financial crash came, we, with multitudes, lost our hard-earned savings. It was like a thunderclap out of a clear sky. One great corporation of over 43,000 stockholders went to the wall. This strong investment company boasted that they had gone through many panics and never failed to declare a seven per cent dividend. But when they broke, bankers and other large investors went crazy and committed suicide. When I received the news I was struck dumb and went into my study where I fell upon my face in silence. Shortly, my companion came and stood in the door. As I raised up and looked at her, instead of blaming me for the foolish investment, she, like a true helpmeet, said, "Deane, the Lord spoke to me just now in the kitchen and said that in the end He would get more glory out of our losses than had they not come."

Like a drowning man clutching at every straw, I asked, "How could it be?" She replied: "We are loath to see you pull yourself from home and be gone, sometimes six months at a time, thousands of miles away, for we get very lonesome. But, rather than settle down in this beautiful California climate and do like many other preachers, invest in real estate and preach just enough to ease your conscience, now it seems that, in order to educate the children, you must gird on new strength, first, to win souls, and secondly, to support the family."

This was a new interpretation, and accordingly I did as this noble little woman advised under God. Many times since then, when in a great revival or camp meeting the altar has been lined with seekers, no one but God knew what I was shouting about. Of course I was glad to see them saved, but, at the same time, I was rejoicing that instead of getting seven per cent I was realizing more like one hundred per cent on our losses.

Wife said to me on one occasion, "A man is not an all-round man until he can MAKE money without becoming elated over it, and then, on the other hand, LOSE EVERY CENT without becoming too much dejected." Why should anyone go crazy, or commit suicide, as long as he has two good hands and feet? I cannot understand why anyone should do a rash act, so long as heaven and earth and a reasonable degree of health are left him. It is not how much one LOSES, but how much he has LEFT, that counts. Health, friends and opportunity all count.

If my advice is worth anything, let me say, never invest in stocks or shares, unless you are able and willing to lose your holdings. About one man in a hundred succeeds well at this. Find out, first, what you are called to do -- wherein you can make a success spiritually, then financially -- and stick to it. Personally, I have never succeeded in making big sums of money in one deal, as many have in turning over real estate. Mine has come in little dribs, sometimes as low as one cent profit on a book, and sometimes actually nothing. But it is a more blessed satisfaction to know that I am blessing others rather than increasing our bank account.

At one time I thought it would be nice if we could not only own our little home, but also have one or more rental properties. Thus we could have something to fall back upon in our declining years. But since we have had a little experience on this line also, I find it is all "vanity and vexation of spirit." The constant worry with dishonest people, besides taxes, repairs and city assessments, makes one feel that there is nothing in this old world, after all, that fully satisfies. Though God has been pleased to smile upon us financially, yet I sometimes get solid comfort in saying to myself, "I own nothing and do not want to own anything, but simply live to bless others, then go home to heaven forever."

Let me say in conclusion that I am sixty, and God has seen fit to rule and overrule all my blunders and losses so that we are able now to GIVE, rather than receive. Our children are all saved and called as soul-winners. I am a happy and thankful man. I have more calls than I can fill, and at present it looks as though I am good for another twenty years. We aim at giving, not only the tenth, but more like the fifth, which amounts to considerable from the sale of some forty books or more. To God, yes, to God be all the glory!

SIXTY YEARS
OF
THORNS AND ROSES
By
E. E. Shelhamer

CHAPTER 34
WHY YOUR CHILDREN ARE UNSAVED

Why Children Are Not Saved -- Prayer and Fasting Solve Things

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it. -- Prov. 22:6.

And now I want to say something I could not say thirty years ago. I wrote and preached about child-training back there when I had no children of my own. It is easy to do this, and yet anyone who has read and observed a great deal ought to acquire some good ideas as to how it should be done. But now, after these years of practice, perhaps it is not amiss to tell how wife and I, through grace, have succeeded in getting and keeping all our children saved and called to the ministry. We rejoice with trembling, and pray that Satan may not yet slip up on us and our household.

Beloved, I can't help saying it -- I don't care who you are, or what you profess -- if your children are unsaved, somewhere, somehow YOU are to blame. How?

1. Prayerlessness. In the very first place you did not seek an heir of the Lord as did Samuel's parents -- God was not consulted. The poor little thing was simply the product of lust. A highly-educated Free Methodist physician recently told the writer that scarcely one child in a thousand was properly begotten and given a full chance, during the prenatal period, to be well born. Think of it! What an awful ratio! And even after a child has been well born, it will require a great deal of prayer and weeping on the part of the parents over the little thing to turn its mind toward God. Dear parent, do you feel it? Do you realize it? Before you in that little crib is a precious soul. He did not ask to come here you are responsible. It will require "strong crying and tears" to keep him from breaking your heart, disgracing your name, and finally plunging headlong into hell.

2. Stinginess. While it is true that we cannot buy our way into heaven, I am more and more convinced that one reason many children are unsaved is because their parents did not give their full share to the support of God's work. Oh, this accursed thing, closeness! covetousness! Property -- good wages -- money earning interest, and yet withholding the tithe, and giving less in proportion than a poor washerwoman! "Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed me saith the Lord." No wonder God does not "rebuke the devourer" for your sakes -- you failed to bring in all the tithes.

3. Harshness. Another reason why so many children grow up unsaved is because of the harsh, critical spirit prevailing in the home. At the table, in the parlor, and everywhere there is a fault-finding spirit. True, most children need reproofs and admonitions; but many times a nice meal or an otherwise delightful evening is utterly spoiled because of a selfish, unlovely spirit. So, parents,

no matter how you pray and shout in meeting, it is all vetoed and forgotten when you fail to keep sweet and courteous around the home. Don't deceive yourselves into thinking that it will hurt your influence or authority if you apologize to your children. Break down and weep, begging their pardon for everything, and nine times out of ten they., in turn, will do the same. This is a sure way of endearing them to you but it takes a big soul to do it. Can you do it? Will you do it? God help you! The salvation of your offspring may depend upon it!

4. Worldliness Some children are unsaved because of the worldly atmosphere in the home. Lack of prayer, fiction-reading, jazz music, and fashionable company will damn any household. Friend, you and your loved ones can belong to any church and profess all sorts of grace, but unless a good season of prayer is in order at any time, your children will slip away from God. We taught our children to drop upon their knees for a word of secret prayer just before going, and after returning from school. And on Saturdays, when they could have earned considerable, we considered it a good investment to have a revival at our home. Sometimes the morning prayers lasted until 10 o'clock, but it paid!

5. Fasting. Here's where many parents fail, they seldom, if ever, have a season of prayer and fasting for their little ones. Frequently we were led to do this for several meals or days at a time, and the children immediately perceived that God was giving the parents warning in advance as to one or all in the household. The little ones became concerned along with their parents, and after a season of breaking-up before God, we again went on our way rejoicing. Parents, you can do more in one such season of prayer and fasting, to righten things and keep the devil out, than by reproof and lecturing for a month! In this way God has helped us to break up undesirable matches, head off worldly entertainments, keep the children at home in the evenings, and unite them to God and to ourselves more successfully than in any other way. Moreover, fasting several times a week is good for one physically when done in the Spirit. But, few are willing to practice self-denial.

Let us look at facts. Hardly one in a hundred begins to realize the great responsibility of begetting children. The thought of glorifying God never once enters their minds. The idea of praying would seem absurd. Where children are born to such parents, -- parents who are careless and prayerless, it will be readily seen that such children are about half damned when they are born and many of them entirely damned when but fifteen years of age. Poor little things, unsought, how can they be a blessing in the earth unless some one teaches them the good and right way. No wonder they are vicious and licentious at an early age. What a pity that these parents went to so much suffering and expense to bring forth children, then raise and educate them, for what? To be a curse in the earth, then die and be eternally damned.

Parents, have you no pity for these little ones who are not responsible for being here? Can you not feel for them, yea pray and fast for their salvation? Their salvation is much more important than their education. Do not think for a moment that you must let them wait till in their teens before they can "intelligently" decide for Christ. No! As soon as they can manifest self-will they can be taught to seek forgiveness.

Finally, dear parents, please do not console yourselves by saying, "Well, they have been taught right and know the way." Go further and insist on their salvation. We not only insisted that each one

of our children should be saved, but inasmuch as we were spiritual "Levites," one or more of our offspring must carry on the same line of work -- writing, preaching, and soul-winning. "According to your faith (or lack of faith) be it unto you."

"Jesus the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

"Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power unto strengthless souls
He speaks.
And life into the dead."

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CHAPTER 35
WHAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Farmer -- Mill-man -- Merchant -- Doctor -- School-man -- Churchman -- Soul-winner

But by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was (I trust) not in vain. 1 Cor. 15:10.

As I stand on my sixtieth milestone (December 16, 1929), and look back, I can see what I might have been. First, I might have been a FARMER. Some of my schoolmates married early, settled down and became farmers. It is an honorable avocation, but I am glad God planned something different for me. That radical conversion at the age of sixteen came just in time to keep me from being sidetracked.

Second, a MILL-MAN! It looked big to a poor country boy to go to town and, after a few years of application, make from \$5.00 to \$20.00 a day in the iron mill; but God in mercy did not let me do this.

Third, a MERCHANT! A few of my friends started, in a small way, to keep store, or a post office. This, of course, was looked upon as being a little better than farming or sweltering in an iron mill. They made a good living, but the world has never heard of them.

Fourth, a DOCTOR! This was my highest ambition to ride around or have people come to me and let me feel their pulses, look at their tongues and charge them from \$2.50 to \$5.00. I think perhaps I might have succeeded fairly well, especially in sawing off limbs, cutting out cancers and killing: my full share.

Fifth, a SCHOOL-MAN! Had I applied myself as some of my colleagues did, I might have been a professor in an institution. What an elevation! In fact, when I left dear old Wheaton College it was intimated that I remain and teach. Thank God I escaped!

Sixth, a CHURCH-MAN! Several of the younger preachers back there committed to memory much of "Roberts' Rules of Order," and took special delight in debating on the Conference floor about "Amendments," and "Substitutes to the Amendments." I was not good at it, and was never recognized as a "Floor Leader," or a "Parliamentarian."

Later, after serving as District Elder a number of years, I voluntarily resigned, feeling that there was something bigger and better-that of SOUL-WINNING. Many District Elders are wonderful revivalists, thank God, but the tendency is to become mechanical and be content to go the rounds of

holding little quarterly meetings. I wrote one of my special friends after his election and instead of saying "D. E." I wrote "D. M. G." He wanted to know what the new title meant, whereupon I informed him that he was now exalted to the honorable position of "District-Machinery-Greaser." It was his business now to go about and keep the machinery of the church from squeaking. True, we must have a certain amount of machinery, and God bless the faithful officials, but somehow I never did take to it. I got tired of being on "Committees" and "Boards," until I felt I was well-nigh "bored" through.

We find in Paul's order of men (1 Cor. 12:28) that he places them thus: "First apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, adversities of tongues." So, you see, one who is a church dignitary and is able to quote page and paragraph of the discipline, Paul, under inspiration, places in class number SEVEN. And should he insist on speaking in tongues he takes lowest place and is labeled number EIGHT. A possibility of not using the strong arm of faith enough. Hence, limiting God's willingness and ability to finish what He takes in hand. While we are anxious to see a soul get the victory on the spot, yet if he is nowhere near the end of himself, is it not better to hold him to the point of submission rather than have a spiritual abortion? Like a young chick, the seeker who does not peck his own way out, at the best will be only a weakling. He who has to have others help him pray through will have to be prayed through again, or, to say the least, will always need help, instead of being able to help others.

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CHAPTER 36
SAVED FROM SECTARIANISM

Wesley on Bigotry -- Why I Hold for other -- Warning to Young Preachers.

And John answered him, saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not us. But Jesus said, Forbid him not. Mark 9:38, 39.

There are different degrees of salvation. First, we are saved from all outward sin. Then in entire sanctification we are saved from all inward pollution -- all unholy tempers. Many good people stop here, thinking they have reached the highest peak on the "Delectable Mountains." But, beloved, there are heights and lengths ahead that no one dreamed of when he first knelt at the foot of the Cross. As for instance: There are not very many who are wholly saved from sectarianism. They imagine that to be loyal to their church they must be more or less prejudiced against others, especially against those who are likely to be rivals and preach practically the same things. Yea, holiness people may need help in this respect!

Yes, the preacher was casting out devils and doing it in the name of Jesus, but because our label was not on him or his converts, because he did not line up with "us" in every particular, "we forbade him."

John Wesley, in his sermon on "Bigotry," says: "Suppose, then, a man have no intercourse with us, suppose he be not of our party, suppose he separate from our church, yea, and widely differ from us in judgment, practice, and affection; yet if we see even this man 'casting out devils, Jesus saith, Forbid him not.'

"Everyone is either on God's side, or on Satan's. Are you on God's side? Then you will not only not forbid any man that casts out devils, but will labor to the uttermost of our power to forward him in the work. You will readily acknowledge the work of God, and confess the greatness of it.

You will remove all difficulties and objections, as far as may be, out of his way. You will strengthen his hands by speaking honorably of him before all men, and avowing the things which you have seen and heard. You will encourage others to attend upon his word, to hear him whom God hath sent. And you will omit no actual proof of tender love, which God gives you an opportunity of showing him.

"If we willingly fail in any of these points, if we either directly or indirectly forbid him, 'because he followeth not us,' then we are bigots. It is too strong an attachment to, or fondness for, our own party, opinion, church and religion.

"Take care, that you do not convict yourself of bigotry by your unreadiness to believe that any man does cast out devils, who differs from you, or does not worship God according to that scheme of religion which you have received from your fathers.

"Examine yourself: Am I not sorry that God should thus own and bless a man that holds such erroneous opinions? Do I not discourage him, because he is not of my church, by disputing with him concerning it, by raising objections, and by perplexing his mind with distant consequences? Do I show anger, contempt, or unkindness of any sort, either in my words or actions? Do I not mention behind his back his (real or supposed) faults, his defects, or infirmities? Do not I hinder sinners from hearing his word? If you do any of these things, you are a bigot to this day.

"If you will avoid all bigotry, go on. In every instance of this kind, whatever the instrument be, acknowledge the finger of God. And not only acknowledge, but rejoice in his work, and praise his name with thanksgiving. Encourage whomsoever God is pleased to employ, to give himself wholly up thereto. Speak well of him wheresoever you are; defend his character and his mission. Enlarge, as far as you can, his sphere of action; show him all kindness in word and deed; and cease not to cry to God in his behalf, that he may save both himself and them that hear him."

There are two extremes, and he is well balanced who has found the happy medium. There is the narrow, churchy spirit; then, on the other hand, there is the insubordinate, independent air. To swing to either extreme is to put a limitation on one's usefulness in soul-winning. Thank God, it is possible to be loyal to your "fold" and yet recognize and fellowship "other sheep" which are not of your brand. It requires a big soul to do this.

The great bate between sin and righteousness, under King Emmanuel, is composed of regiments known as churches, each fighting the common foe under its own peculiar regulations. What a pity when they begin to spend their ammunition on each other, rather than upon the common foe!

Few are properly balanced. It seems almost impossible to find one who is considered loyal to his movement, who is not more or less biased against others. Some cannot worship freely with anyone except their own little crowd. Others go to the other extreme, put on the soft pedal and tone down to suit every crowd they chance to meet.

Personally, I rejoice that God has saved me from a Sectarian spirit. And the wonder is that I did not do as some of the "Church of God" factions demand, viz., come out of one sect and join theirs. To have done so might have made me more sectarian than before.

WHY I HOLD FOR OTHERS

Inasmuch as I frequently hold meetings for people outside of our Zion (for which I receive both praise and censure), perhaps I ought to explain: First, in all candor, I feel glad that I am identified

with a people who, for soundness of doctrine and exemplary living, are hard to excel. A great editor of the South told the writer that doubtless the Free Methodist Church contained the largest percentage of well saved people, in proportion to their numbers, of any organization in existence. He also said that though his publishing house had many outstanding and worthless accounts, they had never lost one cent from any of our people. For all this I rejoice.

But, on the other hand, I have felt grieved that some of our good brethren seem to be so narrow and sectarian. Imagine leading men going so far as to draw up resolutions protesting against my assisting in camps or revivals of a sister holiness church! I would not blame them for this if I played into the hands of those who used me to proselyte from our own people. But I profess to be too big for this. My manner of preaching, behavior and dress must be THE SAME EVERYWHERE, whether among our people or others.

I have been criticized and misunderstood for accepting calls to camps and conventions that were semi-worldly and popular. My critics have asked, "How can a man be loyal to his church and work with compromisers outside his church?" My answer is, "If they can stand me for ten days, I will try to stand them." If one were sure that all the compromisers were outside his church and none within its pale, then it might be different. There is a vast difference between taking the narrow way to heaven, and having a narrow, bigoted spirit. I trust I am in the "narrow way," without being narrow in soul. Paul declared, "I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some." And who will dare to say that he lowered the standard? He was too big to be bigoted, and too conscientious to compromise. Very few measure up to this.

I feel clear to accept calls from other people, for I consider it a golden opportunity to preach to new and large congregations a line of truth that perhaps they have never heard. Moreover, some of these hungry hearts are more receptive and less critical than many who have had clear light from their infancy. Yea, I have found very devout souls here and there who never heard of our Church.

Hence, instead of curtailing me, it would seem that a spiritual and aggressive people ought to rejoice to loan one of their radical ministers to those who are considered not quite up to high water mark.

As a rule, the older the movement the more ecclesiastical and dogmatical it becomes. This pertains equally to all of the five or six distinct holiness churches in America. So it may be a sign of bigotry, rather than compromise, for a minister to shout out, "Thank God I am a genuine _____ and have never been invited to hold a meeting outside of our own church." Perhaps he needs a "sheet let down" as in Peter's case, convincing him that there are others like Cornelius, outside of his fold who "fear God" and need special instruction.

I have known great and good men of various denominations who were mightily used of God. They should have been heard by multitudes far and near. What a pity that they lived and died without being known except by their own little crowd! But sectarianism held them fast, narrowed their vision, curtailed their usefulness, and souls will be forever lost who might have been saved but for a strained interpretation of -- "LOYALTY."

I was passing through a city where I met an old friend who is a great churchman. He is loyal beyond all doubt; as the salesman would say, "guaranteed a yard wide, all wool, will not wrinkle, crinkle, rip, ravel or run down at the heel."

He inquired, "And where are you going now?"

I replied, "To Colorado Springs."

"Whom do you hold for there?"

"The Nazarenes."

"There you go again, over the fence! Why don't you stay at home?"

"Well," said I, "Paul was a Jew, and loyal beyond all doubt. Yet he declared he was raised up to 'open the eyes of the Gentiles.' If so, don't blame me if I have a special commission to open the eyes of some of the Nazarenes and others across the 'fence.'

"That's true, but maybe our own eyes need a little salve."

"Brother, you have said it now! Good-bye."

But I must give a note of warning, viz., I would not advise all young preachers to do as I have done. Why? Because, as a rule, few of them have thoroughly died out, hence are not able to go against the tide of worldliness and retain their original, radical convictions. If a little luxury, prosperity and popularity come to them, away they go and are lost to the plain people of God. It is a dangerous thing to mingle too freely with compromisers, for unless one is deeply rooted in God he is likely to tone down and lose his own identity.

Sad to say, the time has come when few, if any, can "cast stones." As Rev. B. T. Roberts said, "No church has ever been known to maintain its original Purity, Simplicity and Power longer than one generation" -- about forty-five years. "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it."

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CHAPTER 37
HOW TO PERPETUATE THE HONEYMOON

More Than Twenty-Five Years of Conjugal Harmony

Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. Eph. 5:22.

Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it. Eph. 5:25.

It is certainly sad that so few married people are really happy. As a rule, the differences begin shortly after the wedding ceremony and increase until they culminate in a separation. This separation may at first be only in spirit. But as it increases, there are the unkind, cutting words, then a daily or weekly wrangle and finally -- a divorce. It is sad when this takes place inside of the first ten years, but worse, if possible, after a score of years, when they need each other's comfort and support. Inasmuch as we have lived together for more than a quarter of a century, I have asked my "Little Lady" to give some of the secrets of our Happy Married Life.

"Possibly some are wondering if one really could experience a lifelong honeymoon, or, if it is but theory. It may be an encouragement to such to know that in our case, -- after more than twenty-six years -- it has been a blessed reality.

"Of course, there are times when the best of people do not quite understand each other, but through God's abiding grace such things are quickly adjusted, so that life flows on like an undisturbed river. Thank God, this may be true of any couple, provided special precaution be taken by both parties to have it so.

"May we present a few little secrets which will aid in bringing happiness to any home?

"The first is a magnanimity of soul which gives to each other the right to his own opinion. This will save quibbling and quarreling over little things.

"If one feels called to a certain line of work, it should be the pleasure of the other to assist. One's divine call should be considered, however, before marriage, lest he be cramped and hindered by the one he loves.

"It is my pleasure to say that so far as husband is concerned, he has done his part to promote our happiness. Had he discouraged my desire to win souls I never would have accomplished even the

little God has enabled me to do, as it is my disposition to allow others to crowd me out if they are so disposed.

"Another thing that will help perpetuate one's honeymoon is, when your companion is a trial to you, retire and pray through about it instead of scolding or even reproving.

"I have always had plenty of faults which I am sure have annoyed my beloved husband. I find myself apologizing frequently for little things which I surmise have been a trial to him. No amount of prayer will deliver us from all faults. We must bear with each other. With his permission I am going to state one of my trials, i. e., the fact that he has been away from home so much. The life of an evangelist's wife is a lonely one. Often I have wept, prayed and struggled on alone with sickness and pressures of various kinds.

"At one time I opened the Bible to Lamentations 1 :16. 'For these things I weep; mine eyes runneth down with water, because the comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me: my children are desolate.' I took it to the Lord in fasting and prayer and He answered not as I expected, but in His own way, viz., He called me to preach -- with my en. This so took my time and interest that I forgot my loneliness. How often I have thanked God that instead of complaining or insisting on my husband's remaining at home, I took time to pray through about it. When my husband came home, he was surprised to find that I had the manuscript for a new book, and would you believe it -- he stayed at home to help me get it ready for the printer?

"Though we have not had much hired help in the home, husband has always tried to see that I had time for writing, insisting that no time be spent on fancy cooking, or unnecessary things.

"Perhaps another secret of happiness has been that we have had one purse -- a joint ownership of what little we possessed. Each one has a check book and is free to use it without questioning. Right here there is food for thought, for many lives are unhappy because of trouble along financial lines. Of course, there are two sides to this question, for I have known women who were extravagant; they had to have so many new things; they did not know how to piece out and remodel. They could get up a good meal provided they had plenty of fresh or canned goods, but lacked the art of making a tasty meal out of left-overs. Perhaps it would be wise to give such an one a certain allowance each week for living expenses, with the privilege of keeping as her own what was left. If she keeps an itemized account of each expenditure, it will greatly aid her in planning how she can save a little more the next week.

"Perhaps I may be pardoned for saying that, on the other hand, we have known men to be unkind and unreasonable regarding domestic finances. This is one reason why some women refuse to raise families and prefer to work outside the home.

"We once had a friend (a preacher) who, though well to-do, would not give his wife sufficient to run the kitchen. She did all the work, washing included, and if she needed a quarter's worth of soap she had to hunt up her husband and ask him for the money. If he happened to have nothing smaller than a half-dollar, she was told to bring the change back. In order to have what she needed she was obliged to keep boarders. Think of it!

"We had another friend who would not allow his wife to know much about their business affairs. Everything was kept in his own hands. When she fell heir to some property, he sold it and declared she did not know how to use the money. When she wants clothes, she works for them, hence secures a job three or four times a year. I might add that love has died in that home.

"But, thank God, all men are not like these two cases. We knew another man, who gave his wife a certain amount each week for running the home, another allowance for her work, and still another, just because he loved her.

"Shall we continue? Another little item that must needs be mentioned here as necessary to the happiness of the home is that each parent see to it that due respect be given the other in the presence of the children. Even though one has made a mistake, it should be the rule to conceal that error from the little ones.

"In training children, differences of opinion may arise between parents. Those differences should be hid from the children and calmly and lovingly discussed privately. Nothing is more important than to train the child to fully and forever give due respect to his superiors.

"Another great secret of conjugal felicity is the absence of suspicion. While all are subject to temptation, yet it is blessed to know that grace has kept the heart true. Our work has kept us separated much of the time -- husband in the evangelistic field and the wife either at home or on another field of labor. But God has kept us so that we have had no fear of heart wanderings, or infidelity even in thought. We cannot help pitying the thousands of homes from which love has flown, because of the entering into the affections of a third party, and we would warn all such that sin begins in the mind.

"I trust that no one will feel that we are at all putting ourselves up as examples. We are not, for we have often erred in judgment and sometimes wish we might live our lives over again that we might make fewer mistakes. We wish only to make some homes happier by suggesting these few little secrets of a life-long honeymoon."

SICK UNTO DEATH

And it came to pass that Shelhamer was sick unto death. This was said of me several time since when I was ill with appendicitis, once with tuberculosis, thrice with pneumonia, twice with influenza, etc. I am satisfied that on several occasions I could have gone to heaven if I had but consented, but I refused to die before my time. We often hear it said at funerals, "The dear Lord took him home," when the fact was he died too soon. Of course, he made it through to heaven, but left a lot of work unfinished. It seems to me that heaven is no place for a man until his work is done. If I were in heaven and while there were apprised of the fact that some one was upon earth whom I might have won to Christ, I believe I would want to come back and win that soul.

Recently wife has been alarmed for the second time with a report that I was dying. She wired me to know if it were true. At the time, I was preaching two or three times a day. I wired back, "Well and happy! Glory, hallelujah!! Jesus saves and sanctifies! !!" This was at least once when the

Western Union operators used certain words very seldom found in their vocabulary. Yes, I am immortal until my work is done, and I hope the "chariot of fire" will take some one else and let me remain here for at least another ten years.

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CHAPTER 38
OUT OF DIVINE ORDER

Faithful Abraham and David -- Others' Experiences.

The steps (or stops) of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way. Ps. 37:23.

A great many people, yea, good people, are out of Divine order. They are going to Heaven, but they are going, as it were, on a freight or mixed train, when they ought to be traveling on a "limited". One step out of Divine order may require a thousand other steps to recover it, if it is ever recovered. Take a few Bible characters:

First: Faithful Abraham. We must tread softly when we approach these "worthies". In Genesis, the twelfth chapter, we find that after Abram had arrived in the land of Canaan, a severe famine was on, but instead of believing God, as in other instances, he became frightened and "went down into Egypt". The result was he prevaricated and told a half truth (which is no truth at all) relative to Sarai his wife, whom he passed off as his sister. After a bitter experience here, we find in the next chapter that he had to retrace his steps and "went up out of Egypt, he and his wife, and all that he had, and Lot with him". We are told that he returned to Bethel "unto the place where his tent had been in the beginning". During all of this sojourn in Egypt, he was out of Divine order. Again, he took another step out of God's first plan when he listened to Sarai and took Hagar to wife. That one step has populated the world with millions of Arabs and Mohammedans who have cursed Palestine and other countries. During the Crusade War over a million Christians lost their lives trying to recover the land of Canaan from these descendants of dear father Abraham.

David is another example. After God had delivered him many times out of the hand of Saul, finally he became frightened and we hear him say, "There is nothing better for me than that I should speedily escape into the land of the Philistines; and Saul shall despair of me to seek me any more in any coast of Israel: so shall I escape out of his hand." The result was David lost his dignity, cowered before a heathen king (Achish) and was here on the devil's territory nearly two years. It is pathetic to read what happened during this time.

Samson is another case. He got out of Divine order when he "went down to Timnath and saw a woman." Again; he went to Gaza and there "saw" another woman-hater, we read that his two eyes, which evidently saw too much, were both gouged out. Thank God, his repentance was so thorough that God in mercy enabled him, in a measure, to recover some of the lost ground, though it cost him his life.

Other Bible characters could be mentioned, but we come now to our day. Thousands of people are out of Divine order, as for instance:

First: In business relations. Back there somewhere they went into business with the wrong partner. He got the cash and they got the sad experience, and since then they have not caught up, but are handicapped to this day financially. Others went to town when they ought to have remained in the country: or took a land claim and buried themselves in the sand for two or three years in order to own 160 acres. As a result, their children became Sabbath breakers, married into wrong families, broke their parents' hearts, and later it cost more to get them out of trouble than all the extra money they had earned.

Second.: Marriage. Oh, the multitudes who are out of Divine order because back there when in their teens they fell in love and, contrary to good advice, married the wrong boy or girl.. Years passed, a family was reared., and then these parents, when (in declining years) they ought to have had each other's comfort and support, quarreled and finally were divorced. Perhaps it was not quite so serious in your case, dear reader, for you got converted. The mighty grace of God did a lot in fixing up your hasty marriage, but even then you may be mismated and, if so, are not as great a help to each other as you should be. But please don't chide each other about it.

Third: In church relationship. There are multitudes who, on the spur of the moment while under pressure, because something did not suit them, called for their church letter, or quit a certain mission and joined another. Later they saw their mistake, but, having acted so rashly, did not have the courage to acknowledge it.

And now, precious heart, what shall be done, what can be done, if, in any of these respects, you have marred the Divine plan? Our answer is: In proportion to the offense, humble yourself before God and those who are concerned. If you do so in the right spirit, a merciful God stands ready to rule and overrule; so that in the end you will have learned a valuable lesson and will be better able to warn and teach others in a more practice manner than had you not had the bitter experience yourself.

Personally, the writer <can see many instances where he marred God's original plan for him. One such instance was when I left California and went to Harrisburg, Pa., to open up new work. Strange that, though our motive was pure, we should fall into the hands of robbers and lose our hard-earned savings. And how shall .1 profit by this? The very thought or sound of Harrisburg gives me a shudder, but, thank God, there is such a thing as capitalizing our losses and mistakes. If a man loses \$5,000 he ought to get \$50,000 out of it; if not in cash, in grace and wisdom, which are always worth more than cold-blooded gold.

"God forbid that in a fit of despair I should say with Jacob, "All these things are against me!" Rather let me say with Paul, "All things work together for good." God is in His providences, as well as in His grace; and, if so, He has wisely planned or permitted everything (excepting sin) for our good and His glory. Thomas Upham says, That which God permits is as essential in the fulfillment of His wise and glorious administration as that which He does."

Beloved, if, at the thought of some sad thing in the past, you are startled and humiliated, let it act as a boomerang to drive you farther away from earthly things and deeper into the love of God. If Satan brings these things up in order to accuse you, make him sorry for it by, in some respect, turning it to your account and God's glory.

It is nice to be able to hire stenographers to do my writing. It is nice to be able to hire laborers to do my drudgery. It is nice to have enough money to readily pay my taxes and street assessments. It is nice to live in a beautiful climate during the raw winter months. Many other things are nice and better than I deserve. But it has not always been so. As I look back thirty years, I wonder if I did right in carrying heavy loads of books, tracts and groceries for a mile or more, instead of paying a five-cent street car fare. But many times the lone nickel was lacking. Yes, I have tasted the dregs of poverty, but it was better than had everything been according to my liking. Thorns always must precede roses.

SIXTY YEARS
OF
THORNS AND ROSES
By
E. E. Shelhamer

CHAPTER 39
CONFESSIONS OF BROKEN HEARTS

The Subtlety of Spiritual Affinity

Note: For forty years I have had much to say against spiritual affinity and indiscretion toward the opposite sex. Indeed, some of my brethren think I have said too much, or at least said it at times too plainly. Perhaps this is true, hence I have asked my modest "Little Lady" to write a chapter which I think will meet with a hearty approval by all. -- E. E. S.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." -- Bible.

It is not strange that Satan has different tactics for different classes of people. Children have their temptations; new converts have theirs, while those older in the way are tempted along other lines.

But there is one strange and subtle snare laid for the feet of those who seem to be well established in grace, and that is spiritual affinity, or an undue drawing of on heart toward another of the opposite sex. The danger of this is that at first there is nothing apparently carnal about it. It seems to draw souls together in the Spirit. It is God in the person that is admired, then little by little the human and carnal element enters.

The parties may be married or single, young or old. Indeed, the middle-aged and old seem to be more affected on this line than others. The snare usually is laid in religious services or where the persons are thrown together for other lawful reasons. A woman confides in a good man. They pray together and are a great inspiration to each other, never dreaming of the snare Satan is setting for their feet. A good brother comes to a sister for religious counsel and Satan injects a thought of evil, particularly if those who are asking counsel are unfortunate enough to have unsaved companions, or those who are not the help to them that they should be. This may or may not lead to outward sin; but the spirit is contaminated.

Spiritual affinity often enters while the workers are engaged in successful revivals or camp meetings. It sometimes begins at an altar service.

Just to be frank, it seems to us that there needs to be some reform regarding the conducting of these services. To the outside world it appears that a great crowd of men and women mingle freely and dump themselves in a heap around the seeker. Of course, this is not true, but could there not be some rules which would make things look better from the outside?

The world likes to reflect upon Christian people by casting insinuations against them. For this, if for no other reason, it is wise for women to work with women; let there be no familiar glances or actions, and no touching of the other's person.

A very prominent Methodist pastor of Los Angeles has a rule that he never rides in an auto alone with a woman. A good lady evangelist announced when she began a certain revival, "I am not here to ride around the country with preachers," and it had a good effect. The writer makes it a rule not to be the only woman on a platform of ministers. If there is no other lady evangelist, she gets the pastor's wife to accompany her, even if she has to bring the baby.

It is not so much a matter of conscience as of decorum, for perfect politeness blends beautifully with holiness; indeed it is a part of it. (Read First Corinthians, 13.) The writer once made several holiness women angry because her spirit reproved them for their softness or familiarity between them and a certain prominent holiness leader; and, when occasion demanded that she herself have a rather long talk with the brother, she hunted up his wife and invited her to be present. Carnality does not like to be disturbed or exposed.

It is better to be too careful than to be careless; better to be safe than sorry. Those who feel strong and able to stand any subtle temptations are the ones who are likely to fall. You are weakest on your strongest point, and will likely not fall on your weakest point for that is guarded.

Many a valuable minister is now preaching on past unction and leading souls to Christ while he himself is below par spiritually because of carelessness along this line. Spiritual affinity has robbed thousands of heaven, and is now causing thousands more to work on, backslidden in heart, deceived and going to hell.

Spiritual affinity is made possible by and has its foundation in one or more of the following conditions:

1. When the persons have the same likes and dislikes.
2. When their callings are similar.
3. When they have the same leadings and convictions.
4. When they find in another what they would like to find in their own companion.
5. When home ties are not as pleasant as they might be.
6. When they are more or less in bondage to each other's opinion.
7. When the spirit is exhilarated in the other's presence. In such cases one may mistake this for the blessing of the Lord.

8. Spiritual affinity starts in the mind or the spirit. It is not a physical affinity. Indeed, at first the physical appearance may be repugnant. But if the affinity continues it may end in the flesh.

SAD CONFESSIONS

The phone rang. [answered. A lady wanted to see me. We made a date and met. Her story was as follows: She was the organist in a certain miss and was a good altar worker, but her husband, though very devoted to her, was unsaved. The minister who had, about six years previously, led her to Christ, sometimes called at her home to read the Bible and pray with her. She thought a great deal of him for he had been a great help to her and, since he was several years her senior, she thought nothing of his coming, though her husband was usually away at work.

"A divine love" sprang up between them (as they thought), and they never dreamed of the carnal element)hat had so insidiously entered. The Bible became more interesting as they together delved into its pages. He knew better, but she trusted him. He came once too often and now it was too late. She was almost insane. What could she do? "I dare not tell my husband for he will kill him," she explained. The truth began to leak out. Terrible things followed, and now there are two unhappy homes.

Thousands of people are thus guilty before God of an affinity, but it has never been known to the public because they have not allowed it to lead them into crime. One evangelist confessed that he had some such affinity at every place he held a revival.

A lady once confessed to having ruined two prominent holiness preachers, not by actual, outward sin, but in the spirit. She threw her power over them and compelled them to notice her and to be in her presence. She was seeking holiness when this confession was made, and she added the awful news, "That is why those two men died prematurely. God had to take them away to prevent my disgracing them."

Office girls are in great danger of wrong affinities. One dear girl told me that her boss was "just wonderful. He often invites me into his private office, not to work but just to talk," she said. The fact was, he truly admired her for her solid Christian character, and felt drawn to her; but not realizing her danger, and being of a sociable disposition, she soon woke up to the fact that there was a strong attachment to that man, though she would not for ten thousand worlds have yielded to crime. Neither would he have had the disposition to intimate it.

Another case. She was a devoted wife and mother and had been a Christian, but she came to our altar a chronic seeker. We were informed that she knelt at the altar of nearly every special revival effort and no one could help her. She had once been a flaming evangelist, and the contrast was so great that some thought her mentally deranged, others intimated demon-possession; but now she confesses.

Her health broke down and she went to a good physician who was well recommended. He gave her massage and chiropractic treatments which seemed to benefit her. But, as time went on, he wove a web of infatuation around her, or at least so far got her under his spirit that he made her believe that

certain small liberties were essential to her recovery. He took her a hair's breadth from the path of right by telling her that it was in the line of his profession. Little by little she drifted until he had his mesmeric power completely over her and she had gone. When she awoke to her condition she almost lost her mind. Though her noble husband has freely forgiven her, yet she has never been able to find peace of soul and is now on the verge of insanity. Let all who read take warning!

Another case came to us in a great metropolis. A dear young woman, tired out in mission work, was given money for chiropractic treatments and was told to go to Dr. _____, the very finest in the city. This gentleman had a wonderful office, and his wife treated patients just across the hall. His kindness was unmeasured to the new patient, as she was a Gospel worker, and he gave her several free treatments. She did not realize the strange power he had over her until she woke up to the fact that he was not honorable. But by that time she found herself unable to break away. "I was partly to blame," she said, "for I knew better but did not know how to save myself."

She was another chronic seeker at our altar. Friends wondered why she was in such awful darkness when she had so recently been happy in the Lord. She had lost her health and youth worrying about this, and seemed utterly unable to find rest of soul. But what about that wicked doctor? He still holds forth in that beautiful office, like the spider inviting flies to enter, then ruining their lives.

Not only are women in danger, but also men. One young preacher confided to my husband that he had been led astray in the office of a woman. One of the saddest cases is that of a noted minister of the Gospel whose "sun went down at noonday". He was suffering from a nervous breakdown. Kind women waited on him, taking turns rubbing his head to relieve the pain. This led to an infatuation, and now all his good works are forgotten, and his everlasting reproach shall never be wiped away.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

(Mrs.) Julia A. Shelhamer

SIXTY YEARS
OF
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By
E. E. Shelhamer

Part II
SOME OF MY MISTAKES AND WHAT THEY HAVE TAUGHT ME

Confess your faults One to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. James 5:16.

Webster says that a "mistake is an error in opinion or judgment; misconception, and deviation from propriety." That we all have made mistakes none will deny. Some of these have been more serious than others.

The principal difference between a mistake and a sin lies in the fact that the intention is pure in the one, but not in the other. Though perhaps a mistake may not incur the divine displeasure, yet it may hurt one's influence and bring havoc to the work of God. For this reason we should pray for grace and wisdom to be kept not only from sinning, but as far as possible from making blunders. The more conscientious one becomes, the more aggravating will appear even his mistakes.

The writer can testify of a truth that his mistakes have been greater sources of mortification than many of the sins of his former life. Notwithstanding the fact that they have been grievous to me, I dare not waste time, or please the devil, mourning over them, but will believe God to so overrule them that, in the end, others along with myself may get more good and His name receive more glory than had they never occurred.

To relate a few of them (for their name is Legion) may lower me in the reader's estimation, but if he can profit at my expense and thereby avoid similar errors, I will hope that, like Samson, I may accomplish more through my blunders than through my seeming successes.

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MISTAKE I
ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE

I always did admire zeal rather than formality in religion. My father taught me, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." This remained with me, and somehow when I got religion I got it all over, and later, when I entered the ministry, naturally took to the radical rather than the conservative element.

I will here relate an incident which occurred shortly after I began to preach. I had read and heard how Lorenzo Dow, Peter Cartwright and others were used of God in reproofing and awakening sinners. One day, while in a certain town, I was walking and saw a man coming toward me. I was suddenly impressed with the thought that I must warn him of the coming judgment. Just as he was about to pass, I reached out my hand and, taking hold of his shoulder, said: "Dear man, you are going to the judgment, and where will you spend eternity?" No answer was given and he walked on. Presently I glanced back; he had stopped and was looking at me. I rejoiced and thought, "You are struck with conviction as with a lightning bolt out of a clear sky." Perhaps he was and perhaps he was not. He may have been wondering what fanatic had just escaped from the asylum. It doubtless would have been just as effectual to have first greeted him, or given him a tract, then delivered the message. Sometimes a little thing like a tract will introduce one and open the way for a personal conversation.

Well, what did this teach me? It taught me that there is no special virtue in being blunt and abrupt. It taught me that in order to be "free from the blood of all men," I need not be discourteous. It taught me that if God has used eccentric and outspoken men in the past it was because they were simple enough to let Him use them, and perhaps they might have been more mightily used had it not been for some of their crude peculiarities.

Another lesson: As I began to travel more extensively I saw that men were going to hell by the carloads, and felt I must do something to rescue them; accordingly, I always carried a lot of leaflet tracts for distribution in the trains, depots, etc.

But here was my mistake: Upon entering a train or boat I could not feel restful and easy until I had first "done my duty" toward the salvation of all on board. Hence I proceeded to distribute tracts and sometimes gave a few pointed words of exhortation. If I thought that the captain or conductor might object, I made it a point to go either ahead of or behind him so as not to encounter him. Sometimes he was enraged, but I rejoiced that I had been persecuted for righteousness' sake, not thinking that possibly it might be for my own lack of wisdom.

It remained for me to find the secret of distributing tracts and performing other cross-bearing duties with ease and naturalness. Here was the divine plan: Upon entering a train or any other public conveyance, I was not to get agitated or in a hurry, but first take my seat in a restful, praying mood and believe God to be more interested in the salvation of souls than I possibly could be: this being true, I could afford to hold myself in readiness and be glad to be an errand boy for Jesus. I was to have no preconceived program, but at such an instant as the Holy Spirit might say, "Now is the time," go forward without a moment's hesitation and trust God for consequences.

And what did this teach me? It taught me that there is no galling yoke attached to the leadings of the Spirit. It may mean opposition or self-denial, but there is a buoyancy and holy delight in that direction. How different are the drivings of Satan! You feel you "must do your duty," but, oh, what a dread and strain are associated with it!

It also taught me that I must be myself in God. I was not to be like Jehu, Peter Cartwright or any one else, but like Jesus. He is the perfect example.

I am aware there are two kinds of dispositions. One gets ahead of the Spirit, and the other lags behind. One is ever ready to take hold and do something, though in an awkward way, while the other sits back and looks wise, excusing himself that he is not called to such juvenile work. Some men, like some horses, need to be held back that they may live longer and have more reserve force for special occasions. Perhaps this suits my case. Others need to get a move on them and do something. Yes, do something! I mean you, you "easy-going, namby-pamby, goody good-for-nothing" sort of fellow, wake up and do something, even if you do stumble over yourself while doing it.

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MISTAKE II
TOO SECLUDED AND UNSOCIABLE

After I got a real sight of carnality and its subtle workings, then the mighty deliverance that came after six days of dying out (the disciples were at it ten days), I began to think that very few professors, including the ministry, knew what it was to pass through that deep, inward crucifixion to the self life. It seemed my eyes were so enlightened and my spirit so susceptible that now I could discern the outcroppings of the cold man" where formerly I did not think he existed. In my efforts to undeceive others I fell into a grievous fault myself, becoming denunciatory and driving in my manner of preaching. I dwelt more upon the crucifixion agony than upon the resurrection glory. I put them to seeking (which doubtless was necessary), but did not proportionately stimulate hope and faith. My brethren became afraid of me, for they said that I did not have confidence in their experiences.

The reason I could not have full confidence in some brethren was that their jesting, joking remarks, and sometimes undue freeness and familiarity toward those of the opposite sex, seemed so horrible that in spirit I ceased to fellowship them. They felt it keenly and said they could not get near me.

While at Stone Mountain, Ga., in a meeting, one morning wife and I ascended the mountain and there spent the day in fasting and prayer. God in mercy flooded my soul with a special melting. He revealed to me the possibility of keeping so bathed in holy oil that instead of holding compromising brethren off at arm's length lest I partake of their ways, I could draw up close to them and, if need be, let them pour upon me all of their views, and nothing would stick because of the anointing. More than this, the only way to stab a man under the fifth rib is to get up close to him.

To me this was a valuable lesson. It taught me that like the tugboats in the filthy Chicago river, we could plow through the contaminating things of this old world and nothing would stick to us. Yea, the obstacles themselves, instead of hindering, so far polish us that sooner or later we will see that they were just the things we needed.

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MISTAKE III
TOO CONFIDENTIAL

We are in a world of misunderstanding. The motive or intention may be as pure as heaven, and yet the behavior open to severe criticism. In our efforts to avoid this we are liable to swing from one extreme to the other. It seems too bad that about the time we get halfway balanced, we either go to heaven, or become so tame and conservative as to cease to wake up the dead.

In my second mistake just mentioned, I fell into the error of denunciatory preaching and shutting myself up in spirit from my brethren lest I should become tainted with their sentimental ways. In short, I became too unsociable. Now after recovering from this I went to the other extreme, and in several instances became too confidential. On one occasion a preacher was seeking help in his experience, and being troubled along the line of emotiveness, asked me how I lived. I insisted that it was not my prerogative to say how other married people should live, as that must be a mutual agreement between themselves, but then went on to relate a little of my personal experience and the blessedness that came from such a life. Later, he backed down, then made capital of what I had said. In this I was sincere, but too confidential.

From this incident let me here exhort the reader: Keep some things to yourself. Remember, intimate friends may not always remain such, and should they turn, they are capable of doing you more hurt than anyone else. One writer has said, "Never make confidants. And a greater one has said, "Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a guide: keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom. For the son dishonoreth the father. The daughter riseth up against her mother, the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; a man's enemies are the men of his own house." Micah 7:5, 6.

Do not tell all your plans and inner convictions, for sometimes things are repeated, not intentionally to hurt you, but it gives the devil a chance to work against you. Always have a business understanding in "black and white." Under no circumstances trust to memory, for memory sometimes forgets. No difference how saintly the person, sometimes he changes his mind. And remember that people will more readily believe a woman's statement than a man's. Generally speaking, they have a right to, except in business matters. In this respect, as a rule, women are changeable. For this reason when once a good Christian lady gave me a deed to a house and lot I kept it awhile, then, without her asking, gave it back to her. Another good woman offered me \$800.00 with which to buy a home, but I thanked her and declined, saying she might need it herself, later on. I have been thankful many times since that I did not accept it. It is easier to get into a thing than it is to get out.

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MISTAKE IV
GETTING AHEAD OF THE SPIRIT

Doubtless if we believed God more implicitly we might make fewer mistakes. It is so natural to become restless and over-anxious, especially on special occasions, lest things should not come out all right. At such times we act as though God had deserted us, or, to say the least, had to be coaxed mightily to consider the situation.

I well remember the time when a business man who offered us his horses came to our home to pray through, and was at it from early morning until nine o'clock at night. No nourishment had been taken and such unearthly groans and confessions were being wrung from his soul that he could not stop, nor could we offer a suggestion. Up until about eight o'clock, the Holy Ghost seemed to say. "Everybody stand back while I deal with this man's depravity." About this time the presence of God lifted a little and the man felt great relief, but did not have a clear witness.

Here was where I made a mistake. I feared that he had had such a threshing out that to stop short and leave without the assurance and little or no joy might bring a reaction and he might become disgusted and never return. Accordingly, I urged him to press his case until he was fully satisfied. For another hour he agonized, largely in his own strength, and finally said, "I am so weak in body that I can go no further." Without saying much, he departed. During the night the Lord began to talk to me, saying, "That one hour out of the Spirit did more hurt physically, mentally and spiritually than all the other twelve." Oh, what anguish of soul I suffered that night! I told God if He would only overrule it and give us another chance, I would have sense and discernment enough to keep out of His way and stop when He stopped. He took me at my word and sent the dear man back with additional light which he could not have afforded to have passed over, even had it been possible to have received the witness of the Spirit without it. He and his entire family took the way.

I can see now that God had to permit this blunder of mine to teach me a valuable lesson, viz., to rest in Him and believe Him to bring all things to pass. It taught me that when one fully commits himself, his family and his interests to God, no power can wrest them out of the Omnipotent grasp. "Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

It taught me that though it is a great art to get souls to the altar, yet they are generally "healed slightly" who are pulled there prematurely. If they are too honest to profess, and yet are not under deep conviction, they are ashamed to return, and thus we defeat our own object.

It taught me that, though superficial teachers abuse faith and let souls profess too easily, there is, on the other hand, and self-sacrifice, the calls are larger and more frequent. In fact, I fear I am too busy; last season we assisted in ten camp meetings, and at this time, (December 1st) my slate is full

until next October. Some good brethren have felt grieved with me because I canceled their calls to their large camps and have accepted smaller invitations. They cannot understand it. But in order to keep the fire and holy unction, I must be saved from itching and pulling for the larger places. Who knows but in the end God may get more glory at the small point! A reformer, a missionary, or a great soul-winner may be dug out in the out-of-way places; whereas, if I took pride in filling the larger calls, I might miss God's first plan. "Thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee in open."

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MISTAKE V
DEALING WITH FANATICISM

Fletcher said, "The fanatic speaks far more confidently than the real, humble, holy, inspired saint of God." Others may confess and acknowledge their faults, but a fanatic, never!

During my early experience I was associated with a brother who was given to fanatical notions, the result of which had a tendency to affect me more or less. Afterward, through divine grace and the wisdom of a faithful companion, I was enabled to fully recover myself. Perhaps God permitted this, that later on I might be able to help others. I saw how ruinous and contagious it was. Hence undertook to suppress it. In so doing it seemed necessary to go after it publicly. I doubt now whether this was the best method, since fanatics seem to delight in opposition. True, it is hard for a pastor to see his work demoralized and not take his stand, but he can often do so without dragging it into a public service. It seems a pity to compel a whole congregation to listen to a subject that affects but two or three persons. Besides, it is resorting to the pulpit to correct what might be done more effectually in private. Then it looks a little like taking advantage of another when he cannot answer, and this has a tendency to separate, rather than unite in spirit. I found this so by experience. More could be said, but I will close by quoting from my other book, "False Doctrines and Fanaticism Exposed."

"It is a sure characteristic of fanaticism to go from one flight to another; from one startling position to another. The fact is, it does not stand the wear, and as soon as one extraordinary leading loses its inspiration, rather than admit a failure, another suggestion or prophecy is launched, and so on, until it becomes almost impossible for God, or anyone else, to arrest it. If a failure or collapse does finally come, it will vindicate itself by placing the responsibility on those who did not quickly obey and run at the first crack of the whip. As a rule, it has to run its full course and to oppose it strenuously is to feed and prolong its existence. It thrives on opposition and cannot bar to be left 'unnoticed. This will kill it more quickly than anything else; keep sweet and do not act as though it were around. If it exhorts and takes the denunciatory attitude, do no' contend, but put your own construction on it and say. Amen. If it shouts and screams do not look morose, but turn in and let God give a sample of genuine blessing. An ounce of this will silence and disperse fanaticism more effectually than a ton of argument."

"The way to fight strange fire is not to whip it, for in so doing you only scatter it, but build another fire and make it so hot that it will envelop the former. Fight wildfire with real fire. Amen

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MISTAKE VI
DEFEATING OUR OWN OBJECT

"If what I wish is good
And suits the Will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine."

If God has a message that He wants delivered, and you are to be the mouthpiece, you need not be discourteous or press your way in at a half-open door in order to do so. It is His truth, and if you keep in readiness He will surely give you an opportunity, or, should carnality shut you out, you will get credit just the same. Many times earnest souls make a mistake right here.

Perhaps at a general gathering a certain theme was either neglected or abused and you longed to say something. No opportunity was given, so you resorted to the testimony service and there delivered a long exhortation. The result was that you either killed your influence, or gathered around you a certain class who saw things just as you did and then the authorities took it in hand and you were given no further opportunity. Doubtless had you remained low and as far as possible manifested harmony, you might have been given an hour and then you could have taken time and handled your subject in such a way as would have either enlightened or silenced everybody on the ground. But you took things into your own hands, got in a hurry and defeated your own object. The writer has done this very thing.

Oh, that we could always sense the situation as Jesus did. He went up to the feast at Jerusalem, but not until it was half over (John 7:14) did He make Himself known. And even then, though He taught some in the temple, He patiently waited until the "last day, that great day of the feast," and then it was that He "stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

Well, what did this mistake teach me? It taught me to measure my strength and not spring an issue or a fight until I felt sure I had enough force and cooperation to clean it up. It taught me that when the superficial side is very strong, one should not necessarily endorse it, or openly oppose it, but, as when bathing in the surf and a breaker is coming toward him, "duck under" and let it go over his head. To withstand it is to be knocked down and likely drawn under by the swift under-current.

Fanatics will say that to do this is a compromise, but many times it is the best policy. Wesley seemed to know this secret when he penned that wonderful poem, one verse of which says:

Oh, wouldst thou, Lord, thy servant glad
'Gainst every known or secret foe;
A mind for all assaults prepared,
A sober vigilance bestow;
Ever apprised of danger nigh,
And when to fight and when to fly."

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MISTAKE VII
CREATURE COMFORT

"Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, His love
His gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart."

The more we find consolation in earthly things the less we will feel the need of seeking it from above. The sooner we get weaned from human joys, the sooner we will find the joy that has no reaction.

Just to the extent that we let creature comfort satisfy, to that extent will the Creator add bitter to the sweet.

THAT WONDERFUL BABY

Yes, it is the sweetest, prettiest, smartest and most promising specimen of humanity in town. This is generally the case, especially with the first-born. And this God-given affection is not to be despised, for without it the little darling would be neglected, suffer and die. Be it known then that we are not advocating stoicism, or the crushing out of natural affection, but we want to notice a few ways in which these little flowers may become hindrances, especially to young preachers.

1. IN PRAYER. -- It is so easy upon waking to fondle and love the little one until the time and desire for communion with God have gone. Oh, the valuable article that should have been written, or the glorious revelation of some Scripture that was missed, for a few prolonged caresses.

God is jealous for our first and freshest love, and the more we permit something else to usurp its place, the more He will be compelled to mix bitterness and disappointment with our substitute. The more consolation we seek from above, the less will we need from below. Should earthly joys and blessings be ours then God has a double claim upon us, and our adoration and self-sacrifice must likewise increase, lest these very things become curses.

2. IN PASTORAL VISITING. -- There is no better way to make one more sympathetic and forget his own little troubles; there is no better way to break down prejudice and build up a congregation; there is no better way to get new, practical matter for a sermon, than by pastoral visiting. Satan knows all this and is pleased if he can get a man (or woman) to be so taken up with the cares or pleasures of the home that the work of God will have second, rather than first, place. Doubtless more

than one circuit has suffered or, to say the least, has not grown as it should, simply because excuses were made to stay at home when, with a little effort, soul-refreshing calls could have been made.

3. IN STUDY. -- Conference has convened, the report has been read, with more or less excuses interspersed for lack of success. The next question: "Have all the conference studies been brought up?" Then there follows a prolonged effort to explain: "My eyes," "my nerves," "sickness in the home " "had to work for a support," etc., etc. True, sometimes some of these things are great impediments, but where there is a will there will be a way, or we will make one.

If there were only a little more system, or where system is broken into by the irregularities of baby life, there could be progress made if more tact and determination were employed. For instance, look ahead and devour a page or a chapter while baby is asleep or being held by a visiting neighbor. Or, have the good wife or some good reader read aloud while the resolute man keeps time with the washing machine or something else. To this, Brother Failure is ready to smile or criticize, but let us remark that if the early pioneer preachers and some since their day have succeeded against great odds, why cannot others do so who have as good or better advantages? Adam Clarke when a schoolboy was known as "the blockhead," but he persevered until something cracked loose in his head and then he left everyone out of sight. He mastered Greek and wrote most of his noted commentaries while traveling circuits, on horseback. "Nothing succeeds like success."

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MISTAKE VIII
DOING RIGHT THINGS IN A WRONG WAY

Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart; thou shalt In anywise rebuke thy neighbor and not suffer sin upon him. Lev. 19:17.

Finney says: "Men are bound to reprove their neighbor for sin. Love to God plainly requires it, and love to your neighbor demands it."

There are many commendable things that can be performed in a wrong spirit; for instance, there is such a thing as correcting a child in the wrong way; giving to God's cause from a wrong motive; testifying in such a manner as to draw attention to self; and preaching against certain evils in such a way as to attack the prejudices of the people, instead of appealing to their reason or conscience. Doing these things at the wrong time or in the wrong way often does more harm than good. But we desire more particularly to notice the art of successfully reprovng our neighbor.

It required a long time for the writer to learn this. Perhaps I have not fully learned the lesson yet, but am pressing on to know. Not until I had passed through many a misunderstanding and misrepresentation myself, did I fully learn that there are two sides to every story; that when anyone was charged as being guilty, I should not allow myself to be easily biased or influenced against him and, accordingly, pass sentence before hearing the other side. Doubtless he had a reason for taking the course he took, and as a Christian I ought to go as far as an atheistic judge, who is supposed to be on the prisoner's side until he is proved guilty.

Oh, that many who are looked upon as models of piety could take a few lessons along here! It is so easy to fall into the habit of discussing the strong and weak points of absent brethren. This leads either to evil speaking or to something about as hurtful -- feeding pride and bolstering up self in view of the fact that you are not so bad as the one discussed. I can feel sad even now as I look back, and see where, upon false or inferential evidence, furnished me by an influential on, I formed an opinion, or went further and censured another, when later I found him to have been greatly misrepresented. Is it not as wrong to rob another of his influence for good as to rob him of any other thing? If he be a minister this is his capital, this is his bank account, and it is no greater crime to steal his horse and buggy than to kill his influence for good.

"But," says one, "his influence is not good." Then you should follow the Scriptural plan (Matt. 18:15-17), and go to him like a man and "tell him his fault between thee and him alone." It is cowardly and mean to wait until you have a crowd on your side, or wait and, after you get away, write a letter. But even here there is a possibility of making a great mistake; not only must the proper method be employed, but the proper time as well. It is not best to deal with another in a heated or

severe manner. It does not produce good or lasting results; besides, it lessens one's influence. The greater the offense the more need there is of calmness and melting. This cannot be had without much prayer and deliberation beforehand. Another secret is to study the disposition and watch for the opportune moment when the reproof will be accepted. Oh, the need of divine wisdom in dealing with immortal souls! Lord, give it to us all!

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MISTAKE IX
A COMMERCIAL TURN OF MIND

The idea of getting gain possessed me at an early age, and my young mind began to scheme how I could earn a few pennies of my own. I roamed the valleys in search of elder berries which were dried and sold to the huckster at three cents a pound. In exchange, he gave me young chickens at from ten to fifteen cents each. These I turned into hogs, and hogs into calves, and calves into colts; so that by the time I had finished the country school and was about to start to college, I was following Jacob's example in stock raising. Had I continued thus, I might have become rich.

But God ordered otherwise. It is usually those who have ability to make money whom He calls to a life of trust. Christ did not call tramps and easy-going men to follow Him, but rather those who were wide-awake and capable of doing something.

On arriving in our new field in the South, we had no means of support. Times were hard and money scarce. It was as easy to get \$10.00 in Pennsylvania, as \$1.00 in Georgia. God and His providences seemed to hold us in Atlanta and, little by little, we gained a foothold. After three years, when we had a family of twenty-five or more workers to feed, it meant close figuring in order to get through. In addition to our own family, the poor and homeless frequently called for food.

Our compassion for this class of people gave us the idea of starting a coal and wood yard, in order that we might give work to the unemployed. In connection with this we fitted up a lodging house above our mission, where men could get a bed for five cents; and if they did not have the money, they could work it out in the wood yard. Much coal and wood were given away, and to those who were able to buy, we sold.

We had no thought of our own interests in the way of money-making, but, to our surprise, the business more than paid expenses, and the first year we cleared \$200.00. The second year we enlarged, and the profit was over \$1,000.00. At this point, the tendency would have been to plunge in for all we could make but, instead, we felt led to abandon the coal business and devote our time and energies to printing. Here, as well as in other projects, much detail work and figuring were required.

In addition to all this, we were getting in deeper by taking charge of a Rescue Home in Cleveland, Ohio. Now we had a family of fifty or more to support, and it meant an expense of over \$200.00 per month. There being no steady income, the burden was thrown upon the writer. This financial strain necessarily developed and made me a financier, which I now fear was a mistake. Had I spent my time and energy in prayer, study and writing, instead of figuring and economizing, I might have been much farther along spiritually, and might have seen as much accomplished philanthropically.

And how shall I profit by this? If, by diligence and frugality, I have been able not only to carry these burdens but, in addition, lay something aside, I am resolved, not to do as men generally do -- plan and speculate that they may get more -- but to publish and circulate good literature that never would have been circulated had there not been something upon which to draw.

I have known men who had ability and who felt led to write something that would have stirred thousands, but they never did so because there were no means available to push it through.

Instead of training to save something for a "rainy day," let us set something in motion that will live after we are gone; and He who takes care of the sparrow will surely take care of us.

But how can it be done? By economy, self-denial, and good management. Suffer a few suggestions. By doing our own cleaning, pressing and many other things that most people hire done. Instead of having beefsteak and canned goods once or twice a day, fruit, cereals and vegetables are cheaper and more healthful. A daily newspaper does not seem to cost much, but in a year it runs up to about \$5.00, besides crowding out the Bible and time for secret prayer.

We have known preachers' families to be always poor because their ideals of living were too high. They always wanted the best of everything. Suffice it to say they owed bills here and there or were so pressed that they were never able to do much toward helping God's cause.

Another reason why some people are not blessed financially as they might be, is that they are too narrow and self-centered. It pays to tithe and practice liberality. There is nothing gained in giving just as little as possible in order to protect a reputation. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

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MISTAKE X
STRESSING MINOR ISSUES

The tendency with every man and movement is to be more radical at the beginning than in after years. Rev. B. T. Roberts said, "No church has been known to retain its original purity, simplicity and power longer than one generation." Youthful minds do not have the scope of vision of older ones, hence are fiery and less reliable than those of maturer years. As a rule, he who is extremely radical at the start, later becomes more changeable in his views and, consequently, more efficient in his honors. On the other hand, he who has always been "wise" and "sane," and never made bad breaks, has likewise never gained much of a reputation for breaking through dead orthodoxy, and snatching souls off the brink of hell. The first is like the buzz saw that rips and makes the dust fly, but needs ballast and power to drive through the knots and hard places. The second is like the smooth-running balance wheel that looks nice, but does not get down to detail work and lay hard things wide open. Each needs the other, to be successful.

A mistake of my early ministry was the making too much of detail and minor issues; dealing with the outside, out of proportion with the inside. It was like spending time in cutting off the various boughs of a noxious tree, when the proper thing would have been to lay the axe at the root.

Madame Guyon said, "Preach to the heart if you want lasting success."

No doubt this is the reason converts under one kind of preaching have more endurance and stability of character than those under another kind. In the first instance law and righteousness are preached; in the second, the emotions are stirred and souls are encouraged to think their religion consists in a big shout and giving up a few outward things.

The fact is, God will never send a man to hell because he got drunk, committed adultery or murdered his wife, but rather because he was all wrong at heart. The doing these and other awful things did not make the man wicked, but he did these things because he was already wicked at heart. If we can get the sinner's heart thoroughly broken and subdued, he will give up, not only all sinful practices, but all sinful desires.

If the devil could not get me to become tame and powerless, then he was pleased to have me become such an "idol smasher" as to make people afraid of me. This closed many doors that I might have entered.

But I must be content. Doubtless even Peter and Paul had to their dying days some things to regret.

Popularity and human praise are more to be deplored than blunders and an imperfect understanding. Had I used more wisdom in my early preaching, I might have had a wider influence, and perhaps less grace. This is often the case.

It is like certain kinds of fruit. That which ripens quickly is most in demand and brings a fancy price, while the sour and gnarly varieties require longer time for ripening but are, later on, appreciated more than the other, because of their lasting qualities. Perhaps it is a merciful provision of God to keep some kinds of fruit (men) from ripening too fast. The market would be glutted.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. While I believe in taking the safest position on every question and at the proper time speaking out against every wrong departure, yet I consider it a mistake to press some things upon souls when there may be other things they need to renounce, a thousand times more important.

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**MISTAKE XI
TOO BUSY**

Sad to say that about the time most preachers acquire more or less ability as soul-winners they are sidetracked into doing something else. The successful man is bid for and, as a result, becomes loaded down with various things, such as committee work, correspondence, lecturing on prohibition, raising money for schools, rescue homes, church dedications, etc., etc. All these things may be worthy, but there are plenty of good men who are capable of doing the same, without diverting the man of God from his original calling. We have only about so much energy anyway and it pleases the devil to have us use it up on some "side line," when vastly greater returns would be produced by holding to the main line. As one has said, 'Many a man's spirituality has been buried in the grave of his activities.' How true!

I fear there are few men, myself included, who are broad enough and deep enough to be intensely spiritual and thoroughly domestic at the same time. Domestic cares have a tendency either to make one more sympathetic and magnanimous or, on the other hand, to make him narrow and exacting. In too many instances the latter is the case. If one insists on making a success of the home, he will not be at his best in soul-saving; and if he gives himself up fully to the work of the Lord, then the home is apt to be neglected. I have wondered if it was not a mistake for Christian workers who have no children to adopt them. Parental affection is lacking and to set in to cultivate it one does so at the expense of spiritual development and passion for souls.

For forty years or more, I have, under God, been able to do about three men 5 work, and as a result my mind has been so preoccupied by business cares and religious responsibilities that sometimes my apparent indifference and absent-mindedness have been a source of trial to others.

I am writing these lines with tears as I remember our sweet, blue-eyed, golden-haired baby girl, who, when she occasionally slipped into the study where I was battling with a stack of mail or working on a new book, would whisper or speak in an undertone to her mother and say, "Papa." She seemed to feel she was intruding. Though I generally smiled and gave her a kiss, I feel a sense of sadness now that I did not take more time to let her climb up into my arms and "love" (love) me. But I was too busy. I would give a great deal if I could once more hold that well-poised little form which now sleeps up on the silent hill. Had I only known that the little blossom would be with us so short a time, I would gladly have given her some of the time I have spent in tears, kneeling at the little grave.

And what have I learned from all this? I have learned that being too much absorbed, even in good things, is not best for soul, mind or body. Solomon must have known something about it when he said, "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness to the flesh."

Perhaps God has to do as the gardener does, transplant some flowers in order that those that remain may have more room for enlargement. He has to let sorrow and adversity come, in order to slow some of us down, and get us back to the good old days of quietude and meditation.

Yes, I fear I have lost much by being so busy, buying up every moment of time and wishing I could buy at a fancy price what others wasted. While I would rather take this course than the easy-going, self-indulgent life that most people live, yet I am reminded that Jesus said, "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with. . . the cares of this life, and that day come upon you unawares." Luke 21:34.

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MISTAKE XII
TOO PLAIN AND PERSONAL

During my early ministry I was associated with a man who put his imprint upon me. He was gifted and for years was greatly used of God. But he was very outspoken and sometimes almost vulgar in denouncing certain sins. I somehow got the impression that to be a faithful minister I must do likewise and go after some things without mercy. And, perhaps some things in this loose age should be exposed "without gloves". A certain type of preachers, especially reformers, may be called to use plain and severe language.

There are two extremes: It would be a great blessing if some of these overly precise and orthodox fellows could catch a vision, then say or do something once in a great while that would draw blood. But, in my case, I can look back and see where, in many instances, my severity has hurt, rather than helped. I drove people from me or, to say the least, kept them from confiding freely in me. For all this I confess I feel mortified.

And what has it taught me? It has taught me not to pattern after anyone, save Jesus. It has taught me that an intense nature like mine needs more oil, while those who are always "safe and sane" may need more grit. My plainness of language has kept me out of some large openings. Though this has been humiliating, yet suppose in another respect I ought to rejoice.

I have often wondered why God permitted so many good and great men to feel divinely (?) commissioned to cripple what little influence I had for good. But lately I am beginning to solve this mystery. The generality of people naturally take to a preacher who is outspoken and radical in his make-up. God saw that this was more than I could stand. Very few can survive prosperity and popularity. More than one man has made shipwreck who might have been saved and greatly used of God had he received more opposition, with grace to bear it. Wesley said: "The ill usages and affronts, the losses and crosses, are better means to growth in grace than when everything is according to our liking."

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SOME OF SHELFHAMER'S SAYINGS

If you want to fight your own battles, God will give you the job, but you will have a hard job of it.

Tell me what you think, and I will tell you what you will do if you have a chance and fear no detection.

Does your horse, dog, or child ever look at you as much as to say, "I wonder if you are really sanctified?"

Do you condemn in others what you find in yourself? Would you bear from others what they have borne from you?

No amount of good works can atone for a bad spirit. Plainness, aggressiveness, or radical ideas can never atone for an unsanctified tongue.

The very fact that you occasionally speak lightly of those who have injured you, or did not fully agree with you, proves that in your heart you have not freely forgiven them.

When your husband becomes so self-willed and set in his ways that you are afraid to reprove him, and inquire into his affairs, you can safely set it down he is backslidden.

When your wife becomes so sensitive and peevish that you are afraid to cross her for fear she will pout and complain for half a day or more, you can safely set it down she is backslidden.

Holiness will fix you up so that you will not lean forward when you are noticed and praised, nor will you lean backward when you are slighted and contradicted. Do you possess it?

It is easier to say nothing, or too much, than to know just when to stop. It is easier to fast entirely than to abstain from eating more than necessary. It is easier to give reproof than to take it.

Do you know of any person who has two hats, or suits -- a plain one to wear to common meetings, and a more stylish one for places abroad? This is what they call "whipping the devil around the stump."

The fact that sudden interruptions, inconveniences and disappointments frustrate and worry you is still proof that you are not wholly detached from earthly pleasures and surroundings.

"What a man is largely depends upon what he does when he has nothing else to do." Yea, and I might add, what he is largely depends upon what he thinks when nobody is looking at him.

If you are all the Lord's and the work that you are interested in is all the Lord's, and all that you ever expect to be, or have, is all the Lord's in advance, then why should you ever worry or have an anxious care as to the outcome?

Depth of experience is not to be measured by the amount of hallelujahs and shouts while in meeting and when everything is favorable, but by the power to endure with unwearied patience all that God can permit, or men and devils inflict.

It is simply impossible to give a sharp, sarcastic answer, or manifest an independent spirit, until there has first been a disunion of spirit within. Long before a person acts touchy outwardly he has been nursing a sore feeling inwardly.

Have you gotten to the place where you can be imposed upon? Holiness will do this for you. You will let God defend you and your opinions rather than hold out for your point or rights and thus accomplish your end at the expense of grieving the Spirit.

Rejoice not because you are opposed or set at naught but rather rejoice because God's wondrous grace saves you from feeling the least tinge of bitterness toward those who do it; they may consider it their duty to oppose you on some point of belief or practice.

How to be on intimate terms with Jesus: Get alone in secret, and after you have talked your heart out, then ask Him to speak freely and tell you whatsoever He thinks, yea, whatsoever He fears, concerning you and your heart. Carnality cannot bear such intimacy very long.

Do you deal just as openly and honestly with the ignorant and inexperienced as you do with an old customer who is sharp and likely to detect an error? Do you give just as good weights and measures when no one sees you as when the purchaser is standing watching you?

Have you the clear witness that the Blood makes your heart so clean that the Omniscient gaze can scan you through and through and find nothing more that He sees ought to be removed? It is your privilege to have just such a definite assurance to heart cleansing. Hallelujah!

God takes the initial step in our salvation. If you will furnish the "Yes," He will furnish the "Grace." If you will furnish the willingness, He will furnish the ability. After all, it is about two-thirds divinity and one third humanity. Cheap on your part.

Don't complain! Everything is better than you deserve! You have more friends than you deserve, more to eat and wear than you deserve. Thousands would be glad to trade places with you. Thank God, then, that you are out of the asylum, the penitentiary and hell.

Thoughts are bigger than words. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." Yes, this is the real man. He is no better than his thoughts. Long before he is known as a good man or a rascal, he has been thinking along that line. Watch your thoughts! You can control them now; later they will largely control you.

True manliness implies courtesy, gentleness and thoughtfulness, and this will produce in the minds of the most intimate friends, including the wife, a high regard and appreciation for your presence. You can depend upon it that there is something wrong when there is lack of appreciation on either side of the house.

Does a timidity steal over your spirit when you are about to make a decision? Something that is not willing to wait and let the thing be tested? Something that is afraid of God's decisions? Such a feeling should be sufficient proof that you are taking things in your own hands and are about to get out of Divine order.

One of the places where spiritual decline first begins is in not insisting upon getting clear through to God in secret prayer. It is so easy to rest on a form, and the thought that you surpass the generality of professed Christians in zeal and devotion, and yet with all this to have lost the bullet-like, penetrating power to pray things to pass.

The sin of omission always precedes the sin of commission. It is impossible to yield to sin on any line until there has first been a letting down, or a disregarding of some plain duty. It is the sin of omission which unnerves the soul, and makes it possible to take the next step and do that which beforehand you would not have dared to do.

Are you quite sure that every cent that has ever come into your hands has been gotten righteously? Are you sure you have been wholly free from false pretension and appropriation otherwise than you gave the impression in order to obtain money? The judgment will settle some of these and many other questions, if they are not rightly settled here.

If God holds you to a certain line of eating, dressing, having pictures taken, or keeping the Sabbath, do it silently, but do not think you are called to compel others to do the same. If you feel you must tell your convictions, do it meekly, and if they are of God He will carry them home and rivet them on hearts. "Hast thou faith? Have it to thyself before God."

As a rule nothing turns out the way you anticipate. If you are troubled with fearful forebodings about a temporal or spiritual difficulty quite often you are happily surprised at the way it turns out. On the other hand when you become too self-confident and satisfied with your own doings, you need not be surprised if you receive many rebuffs and humiliations. The better plan is to keep humble, and then God will not be compelled to humble you.

Is your eye always single to the glory of God? REFLECT! In every letter, in every transaction, in all your conversation, in your private and public devotions? In short, do you do everything just as naturally and sincerely as if you were a thousand miles away from any living creature and no eye but the Omniscient gazed upon you? This is what it means to be without guile.

Why should I envy another man? God delights to honor and use him more than me, perhaps it is because God sees he is more faithful and worthy of the trust given him than I. Besides this, there is enough slander and criticism hurled at him from others to make him feel that he pays a high price for his God-honored position, without my acting so fiendish as to make the pressure against him still greater. Merciful God, save me from anything so diabolical!

What is the standard of your joy? What is it that affords you the most pleasure? What is it that you look forward to with the most delight? Is it eating, sleeping, talking, making money, becoming famous, or some lower form of sensual gratification? Just to the extent that you find consolation in anything but God, you become an idolater and worship the creature more than the Creator. "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."

How to know that you are living in the Spirit: (1) There is no reluctance to duty. (2) There is no spirit of hurry and boisterousness. (3) There is no wideness, nor following sudden impressions. (4) There is no strained feeling in trying to do something you are not able to do. (5) There is no uneasiness about you, so as to render yourself and others uncomfortable. (6) On the other hand, there is no dryness and lack of power. (7) There is no stiffness or formality. (8) You do not become nervous so as to appear sensitive and touchy. (9) Consequently you are not irritable and hard to please. (10) Glory, hallelujah! Mind your own business and it will be easy living for God. "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit."

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ANOTHER THORN, ALSO A ROSE

I was invited by a pastor to hold a meeting in a good-sized church, but some of the "official members" objected because they said I hated crying babies. However, the pastor said this was only a pretext to keep me out. Well, I did not need to wait long until I received a larger call where there was no spirit of opposition.

Just a word about babies! They are fine little things in their place -- when not spoiled. But the church is no place to show them off, or let them fuss and keep a lot of eager listeners from hearing the Truth. There is about one parent in a thousand who knows how to train the dear little ones. Susanna Wesley did not let her children cry out loud (except when in pain) after they were one year old. But John, her son, remarked that it required a woman of GRACE, PATIENCE AND SENSE to do this. "She that is able to receive it, let her receive it."

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CANCELING CALLS

In my early years I was glad to be recognized by anybody, and to get a call once in a great while to the smallest church or camp. But now, after these forty years of hard study

After all, I believe I had rather be a humble, radical, holiness evangelist than anything else. It is a great privilege to mold character for God. The greatest calling ever entrusted to man is that of SOUL-WINNING. If we fail in this -- no difference about our eloquence, our position, our ability to dedicate churches, preside at great gatherings or do a dozen other things -- we are failures before God.

SIXTY YEARS
OF
THORNS AND ROSES
By
E. E. Shelhamer

THE BACKWARD GLANCE

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as be that putteth it off. 1 Kings 20:11.

Well, here I am at last, looking backward further than I can see forward. I am not yet in heaven, and it is possible even at my age to slip and become a sad disappointment to God and men, as others have done. But I suppose I ought to be able to give some advice to young preachers.

Oh, what an army of ministers there would have been, had all those remained true and faithful who began preaching when I did more than forty years ago! Some of them, for a while, far eclipsed me in ability and possibility. They climbed much faster and higher, but because they did not die out completely and keep dead they tumbled and landed on the scrap heap of misused and abused talents. I feel like weeping: "How are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the uncircumcised Philistines rejoice."

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THORNS A BY-PRODUCT

This is an age when great factories are making large profits from what was once considered waste. They call this "by-products." Thorns and thistles are the result of man's fall (Gen. 3 :18). They are useless, and yet they may become by-products. We read of the crackling of thorns under a pot" -- very noisy, very hot and soon gone.

Conscientious souls are sometimes troubled with flighty dreams and wandering thoughts. These may come from various sources, but principally, I think, from Satan. He, like his followers, "loves darkness rather than light." If he cannot get us to sin when we are awake, then he will try to play upon our subconscious minds when we are asleep. He may do this in order to perplex or unfit us for the duties of the next day. Well, instead of lying awake and fighting strange thoughts, I have learned to capitalize these seasons. In other word, insist that they become by-products and sources of great revenue. Some of my best articles (if there are any such) have been written between 2:00 and 4 :00 a, m. Frequently a glorious thought comes and I think to myself, "What is the use of arising and jotting it down? I can easily remember it," but it is gone in the morning. Hence, I often place a pencil and paper on a chair beside the bed and, during the night, write headings of several articles which aid and refresh my mind upon awakening.

Yes, through grace we can outwit the devil at his own game, and make him sorry for every time he disturbed our rest or afflicted our bodies. "According to your faith (or lack of faith), be it unto you."

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A NEW PLEASURE

Thank God there are some roses with the thorns. I have had at least three phases of pleasure, amidst a lot of pain.

First. It has been a pleasure to be called "father", to rear a family and have them all respect and do honor to their provider and protector.

Second. It has been a great inspiration to picture in the mind a book, and work to its completion, though it may have required months and years. I worked on one five years, and instead of my becoming weary, I found it such a pleasant task that I almost begrudged the time spent in eating and sleeping.

Third. A new pleasure has of recent years been mine. It has always been a source of satisfaction to look at and then bank a check in my favor. But misers have this pleasure. They do not, however, take keen delight in issuing checks to others. This is a new joy to me, to be able to help worthy students and preachers who cannot help themselves. I never thought thirty years ago that this would be my privilege. Paul was not rich, yet hear him: "I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have served you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." Try it, brother, though in a small way, and see how it will increase in every way.

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A THORN WITH SEVERAL ROSES

A number of years ago I was invited to a large camp meeting. My name appeared with others as one of the principal speakers. But, shortly before the date, some one objected to my assisting, on the ground that I was an extremist on lines of "dress, purity and diet," and hence would "ditch the meeting." Accordingly, my call was canceled. This was a piercing thorn and hurt, but I said nothing. Better do this than do as one preacher did, demand full pay for the date in which he was unemployed. Later, when the camp was in session I was trying to open up new work in a wicked city. I had curtained off a corner in the back of an old store, where I slept upon a straw tick. Rats, cats, and soot were plentiful. While I was trying to sleep one night, old Beelzebub drew near and whispered, "Now you see where you might be, in a big camp meeting with thousands to preach to had you not been so fanatical about little things." This snarling accusation continued until I arose and wrote a letter to the head man saying, "Give my love to all the workers and tell them I am fasting and praying that God will give you a great meeting. I enclose ten dollars toward expenses." Say. I needed that money, but this certainly routed Satan and oh, what a season I had in that old dirty building.

In a few days I received a beautiful letter saying, "You certainly show a lovely spirit. After we canceled your call, now you not only pray for us but send money. We hardly feel right about accepting it." Well, how did it turn out? I grew in grace and eventually was invited to that same camp, not only once but several times; they frequently say to me now, "You always have a big welcome." The sad part of it was that those who kept me out the first time were themselves dropped. It pays to "let patience have her perfect work" and wait God's time for vindication.

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BRIERS

"And thou, son of man, be not afraid of them, neither be afraid of their words, though briers and thorns be with thee and thou dost dwell among scorpions."

Briers are not as large and severe as thorns, and yet I knew a good man who received a few scratches on his hand which resulted in blood-poison and-death. While preaching in San Francisco recently, I received an anonymous letter from a man in the audience who denounced me because I did not wear a beard. He certainly did his duty in that letter. The main difference between him and me, however, was that I could not raise a nice beard, while he could, but he dyed his a jet-black, yet failed to do a good job and left streaks of gray here and there. The next day, in the same meeting, I was giving a Bible reading and, being weary, sat down, whereupon I heard a man say in a shrill German brogue, "Don't cross your legs! Don't cross your legs!!" He not only considered it wrong to sit with crossed legs, but also to wear socks. In each case, these men were without joy or burden for souls. But -- this was in California.

Another case, in South Carolina. I was preaching at a large camp, with fairly good success. I was getting many compliments when God kindly sent, or permitted, a man to speak bluntly to me, saying, "I don't like your preaching!" I looked at him for a moment then replied, "I don't blame you a bit, for I don't like it myself." With this he pulled in his horns and we became close friends. Had I snapped him off, I could never have helped him.

On another occasion a No-Sect preacher tried to convince me that I should renounce all "man-made organizations" and join the "Saints," or "Church of God. I listened attentively, then asked a few questions, and because I did not fall into line quickly he became enraged and, coming directly in front of me with both hands in the air, shrieked, "I command the sect-devil to come out of you!" When he had ceased raving I quietly remarked, "Brother, after this when you cast out devils, please do not get mad while you are doing it." The poor fellow killed his influence with those who witnessed the scene. It pays to be courteous and so well saved that during a debate or contradiction one can keep his poise and-peace.

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Part III
ON THE DEATH OF OUR DAUGHTER,
EVANGELINE

Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastenings of the Almighty: for he maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make whole. Job 5:17, 11.

This is a new chapter. The book was completed and about ready for the press, when, lo, a new sorrow came like a bolt of lightning out of a clear sky. This is the third time Death has ruthlessly entered our home and it would seem by this time I ought to be acquainted with the grim monster, but he is always an unwelcome guest.

For years I have noticed that life is made up of opposites -- joys and sorrows, adversity and prosperity, appreciation and depreciation. I have already noticed that as a rule they balance. The greater the one, the greater the other. Children, and sometimes older people, are not aware of these antitheses. When great joys and prosperity are theirs, they do not fortify themselves against the counteraction which is likely to follow. Hence, weeping generally follows a season of laughter.

After these years of ups and downs and thorns and roses, I have come to see the emptiness of earthly things; hence, I have learned to "rejoice with trembling." Business men tell us that in the nature of things panics follow waves of prosperity. Wife and I have certainly had our share of ignominy and poverty. But of recent years it seems we have lived down opposition and have gotten ahead more or less financially. This has made me fear that we were nearing a great storm of some kind. Our sailing was too smooth and soothing.

When the news reached me that our lovely daughter, Evangeline, had suddenly passed away, I said to myself, with Job, "The thing that I feared is come upon me." I had a presentiment that some kind of sorrow or loss was about to come, but never dreamed that it would be this. How strange are the vicissitudes of life!

There are very few lives that flow on like a song, without any interruptions. Indeed, such a life might be called a calamity. It seems that we need frequent shocks and disappointments, lest we become too much attached to earthly things.

Interruptions may be sudden or gradual. Those that are unexpected produce a greater shock and surprise, while those that are not so severe at first, nevertheless in the end total about the same amount of pain.

Millions have been comforted and strengthened by reading of the sorrows of David, the lamentations of Jeremiah and the heartbreakings of Paul. Not until after Job had lost everything -- cattle, children and property -- was he able to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."

After a recent season of prayer and weeping at the grave of our darling, I said to my brave little wife, "While it seems a great loss to part with her, especially just as she was entering the ministry and becoming proficient in soul winning, yet it is a great privilege to rear children for heaven. And since God is all-wise, our responsibility is ended when through our feeble efforts we succeed in turning them over to Him, not as helpless infants, but as full-grown soldiers of the Cross. Whether He, as a great General, sees best to enlist them in the home field, or promote and transport them to another clime -- Heaven-very well.

"The Judge of all the earth doeth right."

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THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE

Life is likened to several things: To a vapor that appeareth for a moment -- then it is gone; to the waving green grass of the field that is soon cut down and withered; to a beautiful flower that sheds forth a pleasant fragrance, then fades and is cast aside. Yes, life is a mystery. There are many things concerning life and death which we cannot fathom. For instance:

We can easily understand why a deformed or idiotic child should be taken out of a world of suffering; and we can readily see why a sickly and crushed wife might be taken from a brutal husband; or we can see the wisdom of God in translating a dear old saint who has accomplished his life's work and is fully ripened for heaven.

But, I cannot comprehend why our girlie, who was clearly called to win souls, then spent a great deal of time and money in preparation for that work, just as she was beginning to enter upon life's work, and was recognized as a success by everyone who heard her sing, pray and preach -- for such an one, on the threshold of a joyful and useful life, to be prematurely cut down -- I confess this is hard to understand. I find no rebellion, but am completely crushed while waiting patiently for an explanation.

Many passages of Scripture are comforting, but the one in Isaiah 57 :1 gives me the most satisfaction, namely, "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away; none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come." We do not readily "consider" that God in mercy may see best to kiss one away from the unseen evil down the pathway of life. It seems to be beyond our comprehension.

We are so finite that we cannot see very far; hence poor humanity has tried to fix it up and extend our vision. We call it "extension life." We have the microscope to magnify at close range, and the telescope to see out yonder, things that we could not otherwise behold. We have another extension, to our hearing, namely, the radio and the telephone, by which we can hear thousands of miles.

In like manner, faith has an extension; our precious daughter, Evangeline, is perhaps now looking over the battlements of Glory, and saying to her fond papa, "What are you weeping about? I have laid aside the telescope and the radio; you are still using them, but I am 'face to face' with my Lord. You now 'see through a glass darkly,' but shortly you, with me, will see Him 'face to face.' Why should you ask me to come back and use these cheap inventions of man? I am 'face to face.'"

We had a beautiful little garden at our home. There were several nice flowers therein, but the Master-Gardener came along lately and plucked the rarest flower. He had a perfect right to do so; perhaps He wanted to decorate a little in heaven.

More than eighteen months ago we made a present of our first-born child to a gifted and noble young man -- Rev. Walter Surbrook. On his recent birthday, March 4, he would have naturally expected a gift, but, instead of receiving one, he gave to his Lord the best he had. God bless you, my magnanimous son, and give something back to you more precious than you have given to Him!

Just as a money-lender sometimes recalls a loan (for he wants to get a higher rate of interest), so our Lord loaned to us a lovely child for some twenty-five years. He had a perfect right to recall this loan that He might receive more glory. In due time we hope to fully comprehend this mysterious providence.

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WORDS OF HER MOTHER SPOKEN AT THE FUNERAL

I hesitate to speak, for this sorrow is doubly hard on my husband. His precious first wife died in like manner. Somehow I feel like praising the Lord, for I believe that Jesus has taken Evangeline from a world of suffering, as much as I wanted her with us. So many prayers have been prayed for her healing, but it seemed nobody was able to get hold of God for her. When husband heard of this sorrow, he was overpowered with grief, and Tuesday night, twenty hours after Evangeline was in heaven, I knelt by the side of our bed, and prayed, "Dear Lord, my husband can't stand this (he was getting stiff, his heart was paining him), wilt Thou please give him, tonight, a sight of the other world and let him see Evangeline?" He did not say anything of my rather simple prayer.

I was in a sound sleep, and about 5:00 o'clock the next morning he awakened me with a joyful expression: "Julia, I have seen Evangeline". I was not surprised, for I knew God would answer, and I said, "Tell me! tell me!"

"Oh, it was in great auditorium where the saints were gathered, all dressed in white. There was a sea of faces and the saints were placed in the auditorium according to their rank; the I lost spiritual were in the front. Evangeline was dressed in white and was sitting next to the front seat, (mature, though young). I watched her and she arose to testify, but she was so short the people couldn't see her. The leader, who seemed to be Jesus Christ, or some one from the other world, beckoned to Evangeline to come to the platform, and said, Evangeline, come up higher!"

My ideal of a 'laughter has always been one who is a companion to her mother. I realized my fond ambition in Evangeline. She and I were chums. We were just like girls together. Her interests were mine, and mine were hers. We taught school together in the winter, and evangelized together in the summer.

Our lives went in parallels. We were married at the same age. Our husbands were somewhat our seniors in years. They were both evangelists. When they were gone we shared our loneliness together, and I felt for her keenly for I knew she would likely have to spend many long weeks at home alone, and I determined I would help make them pleasant days.

She was no less a comfort to her father. Their love seemed to increase daily. It was her pleasure to slip away from home a few days and assist him in his revivals, or relieve me of extra work so I could help him.

She was greatly helped of the Lord in altar work. When the rest of us became discouraged with chronic seekers, her sympathetic heart and her simple faith caused her to hold right on until they came through shining.

As her husband is one of the choice men of the earth and perhaps one of the greatest of soul-winners, Mr. Shelhamer and I had planned a series of revival campaigns in the western states in the near future. Our party was to consist of Mr. and Mrs. Surbrook, Everette, Esther, Mr. Shelhamer, and the writer.

In her home life Evangeline had a veritable honeymoon. Her husband was of the noblest type of manhood -- high ideals and a broad mind. Just why they should be thus separated is a mystery -- God must explain.

Her favorite song was "This world is not my home, I'm just a-passing through." A little while before she died she inspired all, when in a revival service at the College she sang 'When I put on the Wedding Robe.' This was her last song in public. That fatal disease, uremic poisoning, did its work, in spite of many prayers and considerable fasting, besides the best medical aid available.

Our sorrow is no small sorrow. We gave our eldest and best prepared child; this is a great sorrow -- an unmeasured one. And since we gave the most valuable thing we had, no doubt the Lord will give us a valuable reward in return.

Deep sorrow, if borne patiently and submissively, entitles one to joys in heaven above those who suffer little. Jesus revealed to me that we were now elevated to a higher plane where we could share the glory reserved for those who have suffered deeply, even (in a measure) with God Himself, who gave his Son to suffer and die.

Her Aunt Helen (Arnold), whom she used to assist in mission work, sends the following lines to her memory:

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EVANGELINE

Evangeline sweet angel
Thou art forever blest
Thy head is safely pillowed
On thy Redeemer's breast.

Thy name revealed thy nature,
Evangel -- sent of God:
To spread the Gospel message
O'er all the earth abroad.

Evangeline -- sweet singer
Of thy Redeemer's praise
Hast joined the heavenly chorus
And learned its hallowed ways.

With holy angel voices
Thy golden harp doth ring,
And in their holy anthem
I think I hear thee sing

"O Heaven, sweet Heaven.
Home of the blest:
How I long to be there
And its glories to share

And to lean on my Savior's breast."

Helen Arnold

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FROM HER BROTHER

The following poem was written by her brother Everette, (nineteen) who is given to writing poetry. He has published a book of poems entitled "Juliette," on the death of his little sister, which occurred about fifteen years ago. Some who seem to know the merit of poetry say that "Juliette" is a masterpiece. It is difficult to read it without weeping. Everette and Evangeline were great chums, One would think they were lovers to see them walk or sit together. This may explain why he wrote so affectionately about her.

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TO EVANGELINE IN HEAVEN

Everette E. Shelhamer

And can it be, oh, can it be,
My sister sweet, my own,
That thou hast sailed across the sea
From the isle of Time to Eternity,
And left me all alone!

And left me all alone? alone!
Alone on a desert isle;
And thou beyond the bar hast gone
Into a golden realm unknown
Radiant in Heaven's smile!

Into a golden realm of bliss
Where flowers forever bloom,
Where weary pilgrims rest in pence,
And songs supernal never cease,
Nor night dot!' throw its gloom.

Yes, lovely Love, Evangeline,
Thou dwellest over there
Far from the sordid and the mean
From every sick'ning earthly scene,
In Paradise so fair.

I look around, and I look around,
And I look for thee, sweet maid;
And I traverse o'er familiar ground,
But find thee not where once thou'st found,
Where frequently we strayed.

I well remember, ah! I do.
Our pleasant journeyings;
At star play-time when rain-doves rue
We oft-times strolled as lovers do
When Philomela sings.

Beneath the whispering trees we strolled
On moonlit eves in Spring;
Nor wast thou ever overbold,
But maidenly and modest-souled
The queen, and I the king.

Our love was stronger than the love
Of courting lad and lass;
Our hearts did for each other move
As fervidly as saints above
Beside the sea of glass.

For thee, my sister, yea, for thee,
I would have gladly died;
Life was not anything to me
Except to let me love, and be
Forever near thy side.

For thee I would have gladly died,
I would my life have given;
But thou didst close thine eyes and glide
On angel's wings across the tide
Into that waveless haven.

I yearn for thee, and I sigh for thee,
And I cry for thee, sweet girl,
And linger to hear the melody
Of thy voice as soft as a moon-kissed sea
That musically doth purl.

But I would not call thee back -- no, no!
Back to a vale of tears;
To a desolate desert where naught doth
But bitter buds -- where cold winds blow
Their cruel invisible spears.
Back from a paradise of bliss

To a prison-house of bale;
Back from thy calm contentedness
To a stage of strife and dire distress
Where panged sufferers wail.

Ah no, The thought I cannot bear,
I could not be forgiven;
But I shall seek for thee, my fair
Evangeline, awaiting there
For me in tearless Heaven.

Our lovely Evangeline was more responsible for the publication of this volume than anyone else. She certainly loved her father and frequently urged him to republish his "Life" -- not dreaming that in so doing he would say something about her short, but beautiful life. And now since her sweet voice has been so unexpectedly hushed, we feel at we should do something to perpetuate her godly influence and example by the printed page.

Rev. W. L. Surbrook, President of Kingswood Holiness College, Kingswood, Ky., has just published a new book, "Awakening Messages and Stirring Experiences." This book contains nine of his strong sermons and a lecture on the "Geologic and Atmospheric Effects of the Flood upon the Earth." Besides this valuable matter, the book contains seven or eight wonderful chapters of his life, most of which are about his Evangeline, who lived with him eighteen beautiful months. Every family ought to have his book. Price \$1.00.

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VISIT FROM AN ANGEL
JULIA A. SHELHAMER

I have been rather slow to believe testimonies of those who claim to have seen angels, but since my late experience I see that heaven and earth are near and it is not unscriptural nor unreasonable that God should visit this earth personally or in the form of His ambassadors as "ministering spirits".

It was Thursday, just one week after our precious daughter, Evangeline, had been laid to rest, "In the graveyard on the hill". My husband was called away to a meeting and I with our two children wept at home alone. The sad, sad scenes of the past few days pressed themselves in panoramic view before my dazed and wearied vision until I was crazed with fear, for we had met the grim monster Death in open conflict and he had conquered. The house seemed haunted with fear and dread, and old familiar scenes opened the sore afresh.

Nothing seemed worth while. I would give a world (if I had one) just to have my darling back, for I wondered if she was in Divine order in leaving us at this time when she was so fully prepared to win souls.

My strength had failed for I could neither eat nor sleep properly, but little did I care, for why should I live? How could I, in such sorrow? I wanted to die, and the sooner the better.

After giving a lesson in my studio that morning, I strolled sadly across the campus to our home and started upstairs to my lonely room. My heart fluttered and I feared I would faint when, lo and behold, in that dark hour, a most beautiful form appeared at my left side and assisted me up the stairs. I was alone but not afraid, for I knew he was not of earth but from heaven.

He looked to be about thirty-three years of age, was tall and graceful and of a professional mien. He was dressed in an extremely neat, jet black suit, and had manners of the highest polish. He was extremely dignified, yet full of compassion for me in my sorrow. He took my arm and helped me to my room, then disappeared.

But despair again soon overcame me; I could not rest and had to arise and pray. I walked the floor in anguish and hoped to die to get relief. I looked up, and the terror in my gaze met again the face of this messenger of mercy I had seen on the stairs. The heavenly serenity of his look calmed my fears. I wish I could describe it, but there are not adequate words in the English language to do so.

There he stood -- a gentleman of the highest type of culture. With the intelligence of the keenest lawyer, the superb mentality of the greatest financier, the authority of a Gladstone, the polished

manners of an English knight, and the dignity of a king -- these all combined with the finest integrity and with God's holiness. Words fail to describe him.

I felt that he had the wealth of the universe at his command and the power of the Eternal with him, that he was sent expressly to help me, and that whatsoever I asked I should receive of him. When I looked up with fear and terror, I detected by the light of his countenance that the distrust mixed with my thoughts was a silent insult to him. It hurt him, yet he was too polite to say so or even to give me a reproving look. He bore it in the meekest silence, while his innocence, superb integrity and fine capability invited my fullest confidence. His face seemed to say, "Of course you will believe me and cast away your fears, 'for all things work together for good to them that love God.'"

I felt cheap when I saw that look and, placing my confidence in him, I found sweet rest. When the waves of sorrow returned and I prayed again in anguish of soul, that face reappeared as much as to say, "My word is good. You need not repeat your request. I am one of few words. When I speak it is settled. My word is more reliable than an instrument under seal." Then I felt a little as a nervous, illiterate woman would feel were she to walk into a great National Bank and ask the manager to change a dollar bill for her, then quibble and fuss and worry trying to decide whether the change was genuine or counterfeit.

Though my visitor said nothing, his face and form spoke volumes which might be interpreted thus:

"You remember that colored Baptist pastor you met in Amarillo, Texas, recently, and the story he told you of his foster daughter who is now a marvelous singer -- how Rockefeller made her a present of \$500.00 for one song?"

"When you question my providence, I feel just as the great millionaire would have felt had that colored girl handed back the wonderful gift and coolly remarked, 'I doubt if that check is good'.

"To doubt the power and providence of God is as incredulous as for a man to open his safe every morning to read aloud his contracts to the parties of the second part, to remind them of their duty." With this, he disappeared.

When I met that angel on the stairs, I felt I had met my millionaire and that \$50,000,000 would not embarrass him at all.

The check book he gave me contained such promises as these:

"If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."

"Ask and ye shall receive.

"Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

"Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."

After the angel had gone, I opened the Bible to Hosea 12:4 and read, "He had power over the angel and prevailed: he wept and made supplication unto him."

Even Christ needed the comfort of angels in the Garden of Gethsemane. How much more do we who live and suffer in a house of clay? Heaven seems so real to me now, and with Daniel I can gratefully declare, "My God hath set his angel."

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**A RARE JEWEL
BY HER HUSBAND**

Evangeline very providentially came into my life at a time when I needed her most. All through my many years in struggling for an education I was unable to support a wife. It was all I could do, through prayer and hard work, to support myself.

After I finished my University work, a very settled and satisfied feeling came all over me, convincing me that I was now ready to seek a companion for life. As I followed very closely upon this Divine consciousness, the Lord brought this sweet girl into my affections. I knew and admired her for some time before I found my heartstrings strangely warmed and entwining themselves about her. I first admired her Christian character, and her gentle, sweet spirit. It seemed to me that if any girl possessed, and lived what she professed, it was Evangeline; for she was always the same. She constantly carried a sweet, gentle smile and was courteous to every one.

Soon after my taking up the duties as President of Kingswood Holiness College, she came to Kentucky to finish her college work with us. Within a very few weeks, her pleasing personality and sweet disposition had won for her the admiration and highest esteem of her teachers and fellow-students. She had been on the campus but a short time, when students began finding their way to her for spiritual help and counsel.

Shortly before the college year closed, we were engaged to be married. Having a very strenuous summer slated in camp meetings, it was impossible for us to see each other often, as she traveled with her father and mother. Our paths crossed but once all summer. The date was finally set, and most of our plans for the wedding developed and were worked out by mail. It was our good fortune, however, to be privileged to see each other during the Hopkins, Michigan, camp meeting, which closed on Sunday before we were married the following Wednesday. We shall not soon forget the kindness shown us by Doctor C. W. Butler and the saints in that camp.

As my sweetheart's home was in California, it was impossible for us to go there to be married; so on August 29, 1928, it was my God-given and happy privilege to marry Evangeline, the daughter of the well-known authors and world-famous evangelists, Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Shelhamer. Immediately following our wedding in Detroit, we left for Kingswood, Kentucky, where we were slated as evangelists in the camp; also to take up our duties at the college.

Although one would naturally expect that, in this new capacity at the college, Evangeline would experience many puzzling and bewildering moments, this was not the case; for she at once so ably assumed her responsibilities and so skillfully performed her duties that one would think she had had years of training for such a position. In fact, the Lord had been for years fitting her for this position.

The trying tests and problems that are peculiar to those in authority were met by her with a sweet, deliberate, and composed state of mind and soul. She soon proved her infinite worth to me and to the institution, by showing that she was equal to every situation.

SIXTY YEARS
OF
THORNS AND ROSES
By
E. E. Shelhamer

OUR HOME

Evangeline's sunshiny disposition brought into our home the fragrance of Heaven. Never did I hear her complain nor grumble, but when adversity came she would quote her father, saying, "Everything is better than we deserve." She could rise above disappointments and reverses with more grace and ease than anyone I ever knew. She seemed to possess that saintly faculty that helped her to see God in everything. When things looked dark, she could always see the bright side, and would again quote her father, whom she very tenderly loved, saying, "If we fight our own battles, God will let us; but if we leave them to Him, He will fight them for us."

Our married life was a constant honeymoon, for her darling, sweet, cheery spirit and loveliness radiated sunshine like a clear May morning. The sun never shone brighter, and the flowers never bloomed sweeter, than during our brief associations. Her affectionate and congenial life and lovely presence always shed a rich, incomparable fragrance through every room and crevice of our home.

She was also a splendid cook and an excellent housekeeper. It was the constant delight of her heart to keep everything around home as neat as a pin, while in her personal appearance she was as immaculate as a nurse. There was not a sluggish nor slothful fiber in her entire being; and as long as she had strength to go, she strove to keep her house always in order. She had a very keen appreciation for the beautiful, and sought to carry out her delicate tastes in everything.

She also possessed an unusually high sense of honor, and this constantly carried her gracefully above anything that seemed the least bit deceitful or dishonest. Her deep appreciation for any kindness or courtesy shown her caused her to shower forth gratitude in abundance. My words are so feeble! I really wish I were able to properly emulate her Christian graces and godly virtues; but the resurrection alone will reveal her true value to the Kingdom and cause of Christ.

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HER SPIRITUAL LIFE

No stream ever flowed steadier, and no timepiece was ever more dependable, than Evangeline in her spiritual life. She was never unsettled, but constantly steady in her prayer life and experience. No one ever saw a waver in her fidelity to God. Never was she moody, morose, or gloomy; but her shield of faith and confidence in God constantly shone brighter than Kimberly diamonds. She never had a blue Monday, but rather manifested the sweetest and saintliest disposition. Many times would she put me under conviction by her saintly life. Vacillation and fickleness were strangers to her; she enjoyed the stability of a Wesley, the solidity of a Finney, and the saintliness of a Fletcher.

Having traveled so many years in camp meetings and evangelistic work with her father and mother, and also, being a college graduate, she was fully equipped and well qualified to meet and help the public. It was my delightful and fond privilege to labor with her in several camp meetings and revivals during our brief, but happy married life. Her smiling face and charming personality, unctionized and laden with the fragrance of Heaven, proved to be an irresistible force for God and Holiness. She was very capable in the work of the Lord; but especially was she used in singing the Gospel and helping young people. She was never harsh nor driving in her spirit, songs, nor messages, but superlatively kind and sympathetic. I would rather have her sing before I preached than any other singer I ever heard. She was a profound lover of the old songs, such as:

And can it be that I should win
An interest in the Savior's blood,"

and

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,"

and songs of this type.

There were two other songs, however, of which she was especially fond, and which she sang often, in the closing months of her brief, but very godly career. These seemed to be prophetic of her early translation. How strange that our "eyes were holden" and we did not see this fact as she sang and was so blessed!

For lack of space we cannot give these songs here, but if desired they can be had separately, or in our new book, "Awakening Messages and Stirring Experiences".

For many months my precious one had been in the crucible of suffering because of the unfaithfulness of a former lover. Although her heart had been deeply crushed and broken, and she

had ample reason to say many things of a very derogatory nature, yet she was too gracious and magnanimous to say anything to me that would seriously reflect upon him. Never did she hold any bitterness or spirit of animosity, nor did she at any time attempt to draw out my sympathies, love, and affections by stooping to the cheap method of rehashing the faults of a former lover.

Instead of allowing her sufferings to make her sour and bitter, she made them stepping-stones toward Heaven; and they mellowed her spirit, sweetened her voice, and greatly enriched her entire being in God. As she arose above this heartbroken condition, she seemed more open to God, and her mind more accessible to the Holy Spirit. This enabled her to pour out her inner life, like a crystal stream, to help lift a crushed and broken world to God. She seemed to possess the superior dignity of a Frances Willard and the deep piety of a Hester Ann Rogers. Her high ideals and supernal saintliness made it like Heaven to be associated with her.

My entire horizon seemed so cheery and clear, and the outlook was so bright with the rich prospects of the future, then my sweetheart slipped away. I am sure I can never again be the same as I was before having enjoyed her saintly fellowship and association.

Ever since her departure, our home has possessed a strange, somber loneliness never before felt within its walls. The dear Lord only knows the loneliness of my heart, and only He can fill the vacancy in my life that has been caused by her departure.