



MRS. MINNIE B. SHELHAMER,
Born June 30, 1867. Died March 28, 1902.

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1903

A BRIEF SKETCH OF A REMARKABLE LIFE,---

THE LIFE OF
MRS. MINNIE B. SHELHAMER.

BY HER SISTER,
MRS. BERTHA B. SMITH.

PRICE OF THE PAPER BINDING, 10 CENTS,
CLOTH BINDING, 25 CENTS.
SPECIAL RATES BY QUANTITY.

Published by THE REPAIRER,
ATLANTA, GA.

1903.

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Preface.

When I first began to write the matter for this little book, my object was to furnish the incidents of the early life of my sister, for the use of some one more competent than myself. When that was done, it seemed providential that I should carry the work to completion, especially as her husband was not able to undertake it.

Some of the work has been a pleasure to me. Recalling the battles and victories in the various meetings where we labored together in the past, has been an inspiration and blessing to my own soul. But when the thought has forced itself to the front, "*She is gone and you are writing her life,*" I have been overwhelmed with grief, and could not have continued, had not the Lord strengthened me.

No pretension is made to literary merit. This is simply a presentation of such facts and incidents as were thought most likely to be helpful to souls. Much of interest has been crowded out. Pardon is craved for all blunders in manner or construction.

And now to the young people who are called to the work of God, and Christian workers who hold the responsible position of leading souls to Christ, this book is lovingly dedicated; with the earnest prayer that the brief record of this consecrated life may be an inspiration and help to you, in the pursuit of your high and holy calling. B. B. S.

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A BRIEF SKETCH OF A REMARKABLE LIFE.

INTRODUCTION.

I desire to add my tribute of regard and Christian affection to the memory of Mrs Minnie B. Shelhamer. The mystery of human life is deepened by its brevity as well as its uncertainty, and frequently by the fact that some who seem to be the most useful are soonest cut off.

Our sister was a remarkable woman, and one whose noble and affectionate qualities appear more striking as we regard them after her departure.

Above all she was a holy woman. She lived with God, hidden by the closeness of her communion with God from the observation of the world. Her holiness was a blessed combination of the practical as well

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see in the humble man who passed her home a true prophet of God. Thousands of other women saw him passing day after day and saw nothing special in him, and took no notice of him; but this woman recognized in him the holy man of God that he was. Our sister had this quality. She had the discernment to recognize among the multitude of passing events the hand and presence of God in the affairs with which she had to do. She knew the day of her visitation.

The value of our labors is not estimated in eternity by the length of life, or the number of years occupied in their accomplishment. The measurement of her labors may safely be trusted to our God who judgeth righteously.—Rev. W. A. Sellew. General Superintendent (Bishop) of THE FREE METHODIST CHURCH.

as the theoretical phases, a combination greatly to be valued because of its scarcity.

She was also remarkable for her self-sacrificing spirit. So many allow themselves to become self-centered. They think of themselves, their needs, their relations to persons and things as the all important concerns of life, and they become selfish. Many seem to drift into this condition so gradually as to be utterly unconscious of it. Our sister never permitted herself to get into this unfortunate condition. Her devotion to God and intense desire for the salvation of souls controlled her life. She loved not her life unto the death.

She was also a woman of more than ordinary ability in many ways. She seemed to have much discernment in knowing the mind of the Lord, and especially in the particular work of laboring for souls. Her preaching was clear and convincing, and always commanded attention. Her exhortations were powerful and moving. Her whole soul seemed to go into her labors. May it please the Lord to give us many more like her!

She reminded me of the Shunamite woman whom the Bible calls a "great woman," whom Adam Clark designates as "A woman eminent for piety before God." This Shunamite woman had the discernment to

cate child. At two years she had whooping cough with complications which nearly terminated fatally. So evident was it that the end had come, that her shroud was prepared. The prayers of her sainted mother prevailed as she dedicated the little life wholly to God's service, and she was brought back from the jaws of death. Fevers and diphtheria successively racked her little frame until she was past six years old. But God had a work for her to do, and did not allow disease to cut short her life.

She attended country schools until thirteen. As a child she was bright and merry, which, together with a certain amount of independence, made her a universal favorite. Her chances were good for being spoiled. Her will could never be said to have been broken. She obeyed her mother through love, she would yield to others by being coaxed or persuaded, but to force or drive her to anything was utterly impossible. Her temper was quick and flashy, but gone as soon as it came. She could not hold resentment.

In public schools, especially in the country, there is a chance to learn much besides what is taught in books. Parents would be horrified if they knew the temptations to which their innocent darlings are exposed; the impure conversation, the

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

On a bright Sabbath day, June 30, 1867, a tiny girl was added to a large family of children in a country farmhouse near Euclid, Ohio. She was given a hearty welcome, and soon won her way as the household pet. Minnie was the tenth child; the oldest was in his twenty-first year at her birth, all then living but one who died in infancy.

The parents, Daniel and Sarah Jane Baldwin, did not possess an abundance of this world's goods, but their home was a decidedly Christian one; the family altar never died out, the little crowd regularly attended church and Sabbath school, while their own home was headquarters for preachers and brethren at any special meeting. The "prophet's chamber" was a room sacredly set apart for the use of any visiting ministers of the gospel. To entertain the Lord's people was considered a great privilege.

When Minnie was but a few months old the family moved to Berrien Co., Michigan. This section of the state was then comparatively new and marshy; malaria and ague were prevalent. She was a deli-

suggestive actions and signs, which to the initiated mean much, and reap a harvest of sorrow and sin. These schools were no exception, but this child was wonderfully protected by her mother's influence and prayers, and by always making her a confidante. Whatever she did not understand she talked over with this wise and spiritual woman, who was able under God to direct her mind in proper channels. She has been heard to exhort on this line in substance as follows: "Many mothers are concerned as to how to preserve their children from being contaminated by association with bad children in the public schools, and those of their near neighbors. My mother knew the secret. *She prevailed with God for her children*; and not only in secret, but at the family altar so committed us to the protection of the Lord, that we felt its influence with us wherever we went, and dared not break over. Though in the neighborhood where I lived and went to school there were children who were corrupt in mind, and vulgar in conversation, I was as safe amongst them as in my mother's presence. Up till the age of fourteen I never had an impure thought. Mothers, if you want to keep a strong hold on your children, get a strong hold on God for them."

Soon after she entered her teens, the family moved again to Decatur, Mich., where was an exceptionally good graded school. Here at fifteen she entered the high school, rapid progress was made, and unconsciously to herself, intellectual powers were brought out and developed, which later God should wonderfully use to move the hearts of the people.

CHAPTER II.

CONVICTION AND CONVERSION.

A glimpse of our subject's character as she is now budding into young woman-hood will be interesting. She was merry and fun-loving, but not frivolous; studious, and devoted to her friends of her own sex, but she positively had no use for boys as the few found out who ventured to try to walk with her on the way home from school.

She was perfectly fearless as can be seen from the fact that when rambling in the woods with a friend seeking botanical specimens, she nearly set her foot on a large rattle snake. Calling to her companion for a stick, she stunned the reptile, cut off its head with a knife, and bore off the rattles as a trophy.

She despised hypocrisy, and by all kinds

David

of mischievous and teasing pranks, tried the patience of her next older sister who professed religion, but did not have grace enough to keep from losing her temper. She attended spiritual meetings, and counted among her best friends some girls who were really saved, but from her appearance and general conduct one would not have supposed that she ever had a serious thought about her soul.

Minnie did not care much for parties or worldly amusements, and was not permitted to attend anyway, yet she loved the world. She wanted to dress as well as her school mates, and was bound to their opinions. She could not endure the thought that they should consider her peculiar. Hence friends of the family said among themselves, "If Minnie ever professes religion, she will never be a Free Methodist." Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin and most of the younger members of the family belonged to that church; plainness of dress was not only a *rule* in the Discipline, as in all Methodist churches, but it was insisted upon.

The little flock who worshiped in that church had separated themselves from the world, as the Bible commands, and had become so free in the Lord that they would often shout, and some would groan under

the burden for souls. They were very unpopular, and some young people would sit in the back of the church during services and laugh and ridicule. Minnie was never guilty of such conduct, but the thought of being an object of ridicule herself was unbearable.

When she was sixteen, her idolized mother died, after a lingering and painful illness of ten months. This devoted woman had labored for the salvation of her youngest child by prayer and precept. She had never forgotten the dedication of the little life to God's service, and shielded her from the world as far as in her power. She understood better than any one else that when the decision was made it would be final, and though she had to go to her rest without seeing the result of her prayers, her faith grasped the promises. Ah, did even she foresee the life of devotion and usefulness ahead!

The loss of her mother was a crushing blow. She had promised to meet her in heaven. Conviction deepened upon her heart, but she fought it out for a year yet. She put on a lighter more reckless air to conceal her real feelings. Some who had prayed for her were nearly discouraged. As she entered the parlor of a friend's house one Sabbath where sat a preacher

who had prayed long and earnestly for her salvation, as she was laughing and talking gaily, she heard him groan. She said afterwards if he had suspected the real state of things, he would not have groaned so despairingly.

At night while others slept, she often walked the floor, wept, and wrung her hands. She felt as if the time had come to settle this question, but how could she? People talking to her on the subject irritated her. Especially she was angry if any appealed to the love she had for her mother. She felt if she was saved it must be because she decided from her heart to take the *narrow way*, and not from any other consideration.

The time came for the annual camp-meeting a few miles away. Some had gone, she was planning to attend later. Left nearly alone, she went to the woods for a ramble as was often her custom. Though usually fearless, today she was frightened. Every snapping twig terrified her, and an impression seized her, "You must yield to God now or never." She began to pray with all her might, and told the Lord that if He would spare her life to get home and go to the camp-meeting she would get saved.

She kept this promise. Though the struggle was terrible, yet she presented

herself at the altar as a seeker, and continued during the rest of the meeting. Her conviction was so powerful that often as she was walking over the grounds, she stepped back suddenly, feeling as if she was about to plunge into hell. Relief did not come till after returning home. She walked her bed-room for three days and nights, gave up her bright prospects and ambitions, died out to the world, and her young friends, submitted her strong will to God, and received the peace that passeth understanding. To the surprise of many she laid aside all worldly adorning, and identified herself with the unpopular and peculiar people.

The first Sabbath night after her conversion the little church was crowded. Her young friends and schoolmates had heard of her being saved, and had come for the express purpose of seeing how she would look, and what she would say. When the opportunity was given for testimony, she arose, and facing the people she told of the struggle she had been through, and the wonderful peace in her soul since she had surrendered her life to God. Instead of laughter and ridicule, there was seriousness and conviction depicted on all countenances.

CHAPTER III.

CALL TO THE WORK.

The change in this young girl was wonderful and complete. She was as out and out for Christ as she had been before for the world. She loved the prayer-meeting and all the services of the house of God, and was often blessed in prayer and testimony. Though in the past she shrank from being peculiar, she was frequently so filled with the power of the Spirit that she fell prostrate on the floor in the prayer-meeting or love feast.

It was understood by all who knew her that it was fully settled by her to obey the Lord at any cost. He used her at home, at school, among her friends, and in the little church. Yet it was evident to the people of the Lord that His hand was on her for a greater work.

Her call to give her life for souls was also very clear. Many times during the year after her conversion, while at school studying, at night trying to sleep, or in prayer she would see hands stretched out to her, and hear a voice saying, "Come and save us." At first she supposed it was a call to be a missionary, as she knew of no young people who were actively en-

gaged in the Lord's work at home. She became acquainted with some missionaries who were on their way to Africa, and offered herself to God for that field if it were His will.

During these months when the Lord was talking to her about working for Him, and she felt that she must move out some where into the active work, He was also calling Rev. V. A. Dake, a consecrated man of God and successful evangelist, to organize young people into bands, and set them to work. As it is stated in his "Life," "He saw many young people, some of whom possessed great natural talents, sitting idly by doing nothing for the Master. He was grieved to see many of them either leave the church to labor in the Salvation Army, or be much of the time void of a clear experience, or become entirely backslidden." He started the first band July 25, 1885.

At the camp-meeting this summer, one year after she yielded to God, Minnie met Brother Dake who invited her and her sister next older, (who in the mean time had also been clearly saved,) to join these young ladies whom he had organized into a band, and who were then holding a successful meeting at Parma, Michigan, nearly one hundred miles from home. This

was felt to be the open door into the work to which the Lord had called her, but the cross was heavy. Some, even good people, opposed. Why not work at home until you are older, they said, at least wait a year till you finish school, etc.

But the Lord made His will plain to all e'er the camp-meeting closed. The Elder asked Minnie to lead a morning love-feast, other young people sat with her on the platform, and the power of the Lord came on her and the service so wonderfully, that the spiritually minded people could not fail to see that it was the seal of the Spirit to the call.

On returning home there was also opposition to meet, which was not strange. These two sisters were the youngest of all the family, had always been carefully shielded and protected, and knew little of the ways of the world. The mother was gone, and the older members of the family had promised to look after the "little girls." Arguments were used, "entreaties and tears. But the Lord helped here too, and in less than a week these sisters, Minnie just eighteen, the other not yet twenty, were on the train which bore them away from home and friends; like Abraham obeying the call, not knowing whither they went.

How many young people fail to move out in God's work as quickly as He leads. They wait for a year or two more of school, or the well meant arguments of friends hinder them. They become entangled in business or some premature love affair, and all the designs of God in their cases are frustrated. O how many spiritual wrecks there are who would have been mighty for God had they dared to venture out and follow Him, just when they felt He led them and opened their way!

They arrived at Parma a few hours before the night service, were warmly welcomed by the workers on the field, and had the novel experience of taking part in a street meeting, before the service commenced inside. Minnie was blessed in telling her experience, the wonderful way in which the Lord had led her in bringing her to Himself and then to labor for others.

Remaining here only two weeks, these sisters with two other young women were organized into a second band, and sent to Hanover, a few miles away to start another meeting. The people came in crowds from the first, and were deeply interested and convicted.

These young people never thought of *preaching*, and would have been frightened at the suggestion. Their manner of

Kept on praying

At this critical time, her sister and the others resorted as usual to prayer. The infidel, who with his wife were very much concerned, thought "now I'll see if this praying does any good." He sat with his hand on the sick one's pulse which, as the praying commenced was feeble, and soon seemed to stop entirely. "She is gone" he said. But presently the pulse commenced to beat again, stronger and regularly, the symptoms disappeared, and she settled back quietly and went to sleep.

The man was amazed, renounced his infidelity publicly, and soon after was gloriously converted. He later became a preacher of the gospel.

Another case just as wonderful was that of a Universalist. One night the workers were burdened and remained on their knees during most of the service. They prayed: "Lord save somebody if you have to fasten them to their seats." The power fell on this man in the back of the hall and held him fast to his seat in spite of all his efforts to rise. Some one saw he looked serious, and all gathered around him to pray; and not till he promised to yield to God was he released. Even then he fell to the ground when he tried to walk, and had to be helped home.

The following in regard to his conver-

sion was sent to a paper at that time. "In Hanover, Mich., on the evening of October 12, the members of the Band laid hold on God to fasten somebody to their seats. That evening a Universalist by the name of George R— started for the brass band meeting, He says he did not know how he came, but he found himself in the revival meeting. After a while it got so hot he thought he would go home; but when he got out doors he had left his hat; he went back in, and when he attempted to rise he found that he could not move hand nor foot; he remained in that position until midnight, when God released him, and a few days after he was blessedly saved. He testified that salvation had knocked all the Universalism, whiskey and tobacco out of him."

Another remarkable case of healing was also witnessed. A brother at whose home some of the workers were entertained, was taken very sick. He became reduced so that a friend who came to see him remarked that if he ever left the house, it would be in his coffin. The same day the workers were requested to gather in the sick room and pray for his healing. They did so and the answer came. At night he went to the meeting and told what God had done for him. What a shout there

was in the camp! The people were wonderfully moved, and a number, including the man who had prophesied of his certain death, hurried to the altar.

How wonderful it all was anyway! These girls had gone out in obedience to the call of God. Some dear friends had misgivings as to the wisdom of the course they had taken, and what the results would be. But they were confident God had sent them. Perhaps they could tell their experience to other young people, and see them converted, at least. But here were heads of families saved as well, and even infidels, and remarkable cases of healing.

The Lord got all the glory, for the instruments used felt very weak. When the first soul was converted, it seemed so wonderful that they could not sleep that night for joy, but praised the Lord all night. How richly it paid to leave all and follow God!

The space in this little book forbids following each meeting in detail in which Minnie labored, but we will confine ourselves hereafter to special incidents. This meeting continued about twelve weeks. Before its close she went to help another band in Battle Creek, Michigan, being separated for the first time from her sister.

Brother Dake said of her a few days later "Minnie carried the burden of the meetings over the Sabbath both in the church, and in the street meetings. Her exhortations were wonderful." She was early led out in exhortations of more than ordinary power. Her manner was original, and her words came from her heart. There are young workers who by their power of imitation can borrow some of the force of admired evangelists, or co-workers, and pass as an interesting speaker by what they thus acquire. But with her *it was not so*. She was always natural and unaffected. In prayer also she would rise above herself and surroundings, and touch God. Even the ungodly of the congregation felt that this was so, and they listened to her messages as if they were freighted with eternity, as indeed they were.

CHAPTER V.

VICTORIES THROUGH SUFFERING AND PERSECUTIONS.

The subject of this sketch felt the worth of souls and the responsibility of doing all that she could to bring them to God. Her health was never good, hence even the first year of her labors was marked by suf-

fering, yet when in meetings the intense desire she felt for the salvation of souls, carried her beyond her strength. One of the incidents of the Battle Creek meeting was her fainting away while leading in prayer. She did not remain there long, but worked in several other places in Michigan, spent a month or two at home resting, and before the close of the year joined her original band again in Gardner, a small mining town in Illinois.

The meeting commenced here in a tent, and there was considerable interest manifested, also a great deal of persecution. Some one tried to set the tent on fire one night after services, but it was discovered before much damage was done..

After a few weeks the meetings were moved to a hall. Some were converted, but the real break did not come for two months or more, while Satan's agents kept working. They threw things in the windows, pounded on tin cans, put matches on the floor for people to step on, and one night when the congregation was ready to go home, they found the door was locked. The key had accidentally been left on the outside, and some mischievous person had turned it, and run away.

If the workers had been easily discour-

aged, they might have fled from the field, but an inward assurance of victory held them up. They had rented some rooms for a band home, and sometimes had only bread to eat. One Sabbath their dinner consisted of three slices of bread for the four of them. One of the young ladies said she felt led to fast, and the others ate their slice of bread with some water and were thankful.

Their faith was not disappointed. There came a time when the altar was nightly filled with seekers, and there were some wonderful conversions.

There was a family in town that was wild and wicked. The man of the house had a keg of beer on his last birthday, and a crowd of associates carousing all night. The sons were the terror of the town, six feet tall, drinking and fighting. The young ladies of the band were early warned not to go there when they went out calling, if they wanted *respectable* people to attend their meetings.

Since the Master "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," they felt safe to follow His example, and when they were invited to take dinner with this family, all of whom regularly attended the meetings, they went and were cordially received. After dinner they had prayers,

spoke personally to each one about their souls, and won nearly the whole family for Christ. Soon after, the man came over the tops of the seats to the mourner's bench, and was joined by his wife and daughters. A few days later the sons came also, weeping and confessing their way to God. They were gloriously converted.

The transformation in this family was wonderful and complete. The father celebrated his next birthday by a prayer-meeting, and with tears praised God for the change that had come to him since the year before. The sons gave up all their bad habits, made restitution where they had wronged others, and not only became *honored* and *respected* citizens, but Bible Christians as well. All glory to Jesus be given!

Minnie had confided to her sister some months before that the Lord had called her to *preach*. She was led out on that line in this meeting, and her personal experience was also deepened. The older workers were moved to another field, before the meeting closed, and she was left in charge of the band and work. The converts were led on, and much help from the Lord realized e'er the meeting closed in November, when with her band she opened meetings in Braceville, another mining town a few miles away.

CHAPTER VI.

GOING TO JAIL, AND OTHER EXPERIENCES.

Braceville was a very wicked town of about 3000 inhabitants. It was not long until souls commenced to get to God, some of the lowest of earth being in the number. Of course the enemy was enraged, and opposition to the work had to be met which culminated in the workers being arrested one night as they were holding their street meeting.

The Lord can make the wrath of man to praise Him as he did on this occasion. A couple of officers came up while Brother Dake (who was helping them for a few days) was talking, and arresting him, told the others to move on. After a moment's hesitation, Minnie stepped out to exhort instead, when she was also promptly arrested. The blessing of God fell so wonderfully on the band, that they were shouting and praising Him, till the officers had more than their hands full, and had to depute men from the sidewalk to help them. "Take that crazy one" they said of a young girl who was shouting and jumping up and down. The man who tried to take her had a hard time, for he had to stop all along the way and let her

jump. Finally they were started towards the jail. Minnie has often related her personal experience on this occasion as follows: "When the officer arrested me on the street and took my arm to lead me to prison, I preached as he led me along. He was very still, and said not a word. I do not remember ever to have had company that was so quiet. He turned pale and trembled as I talked, and shook so I had to hold him up. That is a fact, I had to support that officer as we went to prison. He was once a Christian, and knew what I said was true, and trembled at it. He opened the prison door and pointed me inside and hurried away, as if glad to escape. He looked ashamed and hung his head while I praised God."

They were locked in the engine house as there was not room for all in the cells, and for an hour and a half had a testimony and praise meeting. But in the meantime the whole town was stirred up and an angry crowd surrounding the jail, threatened to tear it down if the workers were not released. When given their liberty, they marched to the hall singing, and had a glorious meeting.

Many others were saved during the few weeks that the meetings still continued. Just before its close Minnie hurried home

to the bedside of a loved brother, a devoted young preacher of the gospel, who was dying with consumption. She arrived in time to see him pass away in the triumphs of faith; though unconscious to this world, he saw some of the wonderful things prepared for them that love God, and died in holy rapture. With a bleeding heart, but encouraged to be true to the end, she soon returned to Illinois.

Minnie had always been more or less misunderstood in the work, and at this time commenced a period of misunderstandings and consequent dealing with her which caused her much suffering, and temptation. This arose partly from the fact that though she was physically weak, yet being fleshy and looking well, more was expected of her than she was able to do. She also had an impulsive nature, and spoke and acted quickly as seemed to her best at the time, without the regard to possible consequences to herself that a more cautious person would have.

Her nature was also keenly sensitive to misunderstanding. She *knew* she always meant to do the right thing, and acted as it seemed to her the Lord led her. Others failed to see it as she did, in many respects at that time, and she suffered much. Yet through it all she had much help in meet-

ings and saw souls saved. She led a successful tent meeting at Mazon during the summer and at least one preacher resulted from the work

Braidwood, where she went with her band in August was a hard field. For several weeks they slept on the floor of a millinery store where the lady was kind enough to give them the privilege. They lunched on crackers, baker's bread etc., as a rule. There were not workers enough to help and a nearly uncontrollable rabble attended both in the hall and on the street. Minnie did not complain at hardships. Hers was a nature that gloried in war. But the misunderstandings referred to were grinding on her spirit, she was broken down in body, and the temptation often came, "Why don't you leave it all and go home? Why do you stand it any longer?" The Lord did not desert her in the tests, but she felt the inward assurance that if she stood by she would never be sorry. Later, rooms were secured for a band home and they were more comfortable. A few were saved.

She labored at Streator, Ill. during the winter where she helped another band. We will not take space to record many of the glorious victories in soul-saving here. Minnie wrote of some interesting experiences as follows.

“Dear Brother:—I do praise God this morning for salvation. We are in the thickest of the fight these days. The billows are rolling, devils are howling and the people are threatening, but our souls quite sit and sing ‘Let the battle go on.’ Hallelujah! We enjoy it. Last Tuesday night was a time of power; no one yielded to God during the invitation, but after meeting closed a young man still sat with his head down, said he did not dare to leave the hall until he was saved. He made his way to the altar and began to repent of his sins. In the mean time a Jew that owns a store and sleeps in rooms adjoining the hall, not being able to sleep on account of the noise was very much enraged, and came up in the hall and threatened to arrest us, but God came in awful power. The Jew raged, we shouted, and the candidate for salvation cried for mercy. Oh! such a scene. God gained the victory. The Jew retreated and the young man was grandly saved about 11:30 P. M.

‘Don’t you know that Zion’s soldiers
Stand firmly in the fight?
And the more you do oppose them
The stronger is their might?’

We know not what is before us, some are trying to have us arrested, but come what may, we will never lay down our

weapons until God says, 'It is enough.' Hallelujah! We enjoy the old time power and fire, that stirs carnality and makes Satan's kingdom tremble. Some can't sleep nights and they imagine they hear us praying at all times of the night when in reality it is only God thundering through their souls. and like the Jews of old they cry, 'Away with them.' They can put us in jail but they can't keep us from praying. Praise God. God is marching on. Victory. Yours in the war.

Streator, Ill. MINNIE BALDWIN."

Here her faith was tested on temporal lines. She became so destitute for clothing that her best dress was patched, and her cloak, which was an old one cast off by some body else, was not fit to be seen. She rejoiced through it all, feeling that the Lord would supply her when the right time came as He did. Some gentlemen stepped up to her one night after service and gave her enough money to supply all her needs, with the request that she use it for herself. From that time she never had any difficulty in praying out personal needs.

CHAPTER VII.

MORE JAIL EXPERIENCES.

The spring was spent in helping in meetings, and the early summer at home taking a much needed rest. July finds her back to the Streator camp-meeting which was glorious in the manifestations of Divine power and results in soul saving. In August she went to Ottawa full of courage, not knowing the things that should befall her.

The meeting was hardly well started till she was taken very sick with typhoid malarialia, and came right down to the gates of death. Her sister who was helping her for the time being, was also dangerously sick with typhoid fever. They lay for several weeks in the same room far from home and friends, while other faithful workers took care of them, and held the meetings.

At the crisis of her fever one night, Minnie had a vision of *death* with his sickle coming to her bed, and saying, "I have come to cut you down." "No," she plead, "you cannot, I am too young." But he advanced right over her, and insisted, "I have come to cut you down." With superhuman strength she faced him and said, "You dare not do it. *My work* is not

done yet." Whether the vision was the result of her delirium or no, from that hour she recovered rapidly, and after resting awhile, resumed her place in the Ottawa meeting.

This was the hardest field yet. Ottawa was a large town, largely controlled by the Roman Catholic element. There were disturbances of various kinds, both in the hall and open air services. Minnie had wonderful power over the rabble. When she went to half-intoxicated disturbers of the service, and said, "Since you won't behave, you must leave the hall," they would get up and go.

A few were saved from time to time, enough to encourage them to continue the meetings. The street meetings were a great annoyance to the saloonists, and Catholic authorities, till finally the workers were told that if they came out on the street any more to hold services they should be arrested. Not feeling clear to discontinue the open air services, they were arrested one night and marched to jail, singing as they went.

This was the vilest jail of its kind, dirty, and smelling as if gas was escaping, while vermin of all kinds abounded. The four young ladies were assigned to the women's department, which happily had no other

inmates. The beds were too filthy to think of using, so after singing and prayer, they spread some newspapers on the floor and spent the night as best they could.

The next day they were tried, and since they would not promise to hold no more street meetings, they were sentenced to ten days, and carried back to their vile quarters. The turnkey was kind to them, and brought in clean beds for them. They were often heard to say that they asked the Lord to send the vermin away, and never saw any more after the first night.

They were kept seven days, during which time a number of prisoners were brought in, often at night, disturbing their rest with the noise and clamor. They talked and prayed with all who came, through the grating that separated them, and some were much affected. Some said, "What a shame! We are brought here for being drunk, and you for telling us not to drink."

The prison diet was fairly good, but Minnie did not feel like eating till victory came, she said. She only ate a little fruit during all that time. The magistrates visited them and said they should be released at once if they would promise to hold no more street meetings, but they did not feel clear to promise. The health officers came

to see them, and demanded that they be allowed some outdoor exercise daily, or they would all be sick, and the city would have to pay for it. Therefore the last part of their stay they were permitted to walk around the grounds some every day.

When they were released they were warned not to go back on the street to hold a service, or they would be brought back.

After two or three days rest they again felt led to go on the street. They were promptly arrested and carried back to jail. When tried they were sentenced for thirty days, but they were given their liberty with the understanding that at the next offense they would be taken to the prison for thirty days without further trial.

Minnie and the band prayed earnestly over the matter for several days. In the meantime some hard cases were getting converted in the meetings. At length they felt they must go back to the street and warn the ungodly crowds, let the results be what they would. They went, and were as promptly taken back to jail with the prospect of staying thirty days in that loathsome place unless the Lord undertook for them.

The better class of citizens was becoming indignant. A lawyer of his own accord visited them and said the whole thing was

unjust, and he would himself commence proceedings against the city.

The authorities were becoming alarmed. They had thought they were contending with some young people whose enthusiasm could be worn out with a few days in their filthy prison. But since they had commenced the fight, they were unwilling to give in.

The workers felt that it was a matter of principle and souls, and like Daniel of old they knew the Lord could deliver them, "But if not" they were prepared to suffer for his sake.

They remained three or four days, when just as the lawyer referred to had prepared his writs of *habeas corpus*, the mayor, marshal and other officers came in, and after an attempt to make them promise not to hold street meetings, which failed as usual; they let them go, and gave them the best corner in the city for their street services, and a policeman to keep order for them.

This was a complete victory, and how the little band praised the Lord for undertaking for them. Minnie did not remain much longer here. Her health was broken down, and she spent a few weeks resting and helping in other meetings till she joined her sister's band in May at Tuscola, Illinois.

CHAPTER VIII.



“A HUNDREDFOLD WITH PERSECUTIONS.”

Tuscola was in a section of the state where the bands had but recently come, and the meeting there was one of the best ever held. An old building was secured and seated with planks laid on tile, and this was crowded nightly, after the first week or two, which was a testing time, rainy and the work not well advertised. It was also a time of petty persecution. Windows were broken, bricks, etc thrown inside, and red pepper put on the stove; places of entertainment were also scarce. Worst of all a paper in the town commenced to publish the most scandalous reports about the young ladies and the work.

These reports served however as free advertising, and the people came at first to see for themselves what kind of creatures were in their midst. When they came they were interested and kept coming. Houses were opened for entertainment and sinners commenced to get to God.

Minnie was wonderfully used in this meeting. Her preaching was powerful and in the Spirit, causing the few old-time saints of the place to shout for joy, and sinners to tremble under conviction.

She was often burdened for souls, and at different times lay for several hours behind the altar bench gasping for breath, and her eyes wide open, but set as if dead. She felt as the lost do in hell, and those of the congregation realized it, and turned pale.

Sometimes it was a seeker at the altar she was thus burdened for, and when the victory came her shouts of praise took the place of groans and agony.

How the Lord honored her! She had not stood the tests and come through the fire for nought. The baptism of the Spirit rested on this hand-maiden of the Lord, and she felt that the promise given her when she was passing through the fiery trials, that if she would stand at her post, she would not be sorry, was verified.

For weeks the altar bench was filled with seekers, and the groans of the penitents, mingled with the shouts of newborn souls made music in heaven, but stirred cold and formal church members. To their shame be it said, at their instigation some parties living near the hall complained of their rest being disturbed by the noise, and swore out warrants for the arrest of the four young ladies.

That was a unique trial. The courthouse was packed with people who came

miles to be present. Friends hired two lawyers to defend the workers, and had witnesses there of the best people in town who testified that the noise was nothing unusual for a revival meeting, at least would not have been considered so fifty years ago.

The other side had witnesses who testified to being disturbed at night, some of them at hours when the meetings had been closed, and the workers fast asleep. One man three-quarters of a mile away said he heard the noise like distant thunder.

The prosecuting attorney made a plea which he himself did not consider a good one, but to the surprise of all the judge fined them one dollar and costs. But he said "all costs will be remitted if you will promise to make less noise." Of course they could not make such a promise, and since they had broken no law, they refused to let any of their friends pay their fines. So to jail they went once more, the marshal leading the way and a large crowd bringing up the rear.

They were left in the city hall while the necessary papers were made out, and had a glorious praise meeting. At 7:00 P. M. the keys were turned on them, and they were prisoners again for the truth's sake.

There could not have been a greater

triumph for the work than this imprisonment. The workers were all well treated, beds brought in, and everything possible done for their comfort. Excitement ran high on the outside, while within there was calmness and praises to God. Early the next morning streams of visitors came; merchants, justice of the peace, ministers, and people from far and near, and all alike said it was a disgrace to the town, an unheard of thing to thus incarcerate young ladies for worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences in their own hired hall. The authorities were glad to release them at 2:30 the next day; the converts had gathered, and they marched all the way to the afternoon prayer meeting singing as they went. The work of course went better than ever.

The meetings closed for a few weeks the latter part of July and August while the workers attended some camp-meetings, but reopened in September, and the revival continued.

Minnie was much burdened for a young man of infidel tendencies, and never let go till he was saved. She wrote of his conversion as follows:

“A moral young man, for whom we had been praying several weeks, and who had been forward many times, without seem-

ingly getting much in earnest commenced to pray and struggle. The burden came on the workers, and there was an awful fight between the powers of light and darkness. He was good without salvation and any other church in the place would have taken him in as he was, in fact he did join a church and was pointed out as a Christian young man. Yet he said he never experienced a change of heart, and contented that a change of purpose was all that was necessary. He did not get through this time nor the following night, but on Tuesday night God did save him. Never did we witness a more wonderful conversion. His face shines with heavenly radiance, and he believes now that God can save anybody. Glory to God!

This man thus clearly converted afterwards entered the work of God, and became her brother-in-law, by marrying her sister. Other workers also resulted from that meeting.

In the winter a meeting of several days including a watch night service was held, at which a large company of workers was present. It was a victorious time and the rage of the enemy broke loose again. A brick was thrown through the window just missing the people at the altar. War-rants were again got out soon after the

close of this special meeting, and Minnie with three others were again brought to trial.

This time help from lawyers was kindly refused. All felt led to leave their cases in the hands of God. They also had a jury trial on this occasion. Witnesses on both sides testified as before. Minnie was permitted to get up and make a defense which she did with so much of the help of the Spirit, that the audience including the jury and even the prosecuting attorney, was in tears. A unanimous verdict was brought in of "Not Guilty."

The editor of the paper that had never ceased to publish the scandalous stories, was a witness and perjured himself so evidently to all, that he was thoroughly frightened. Friends of the work wanted him sent "over the road." But the workers felt like leaving him with God who has said "Vengeance is mine." He never penned another line against the work.

Soon after this Minnie went with her band to Charleston, another town near by, to hold a meeting.

CHAPTER IX.

TRIUMPHS AND TESTS.

This was a wonderful meeting at Charleston. Some of the best as well as some of the lowest of the place were reached and converted. The rent of \$1.00 per night was easily raised, and all the other needs supplied. The city officers were kind, and the people generally welcomed the band of earnest young workers to their town. There were many remarkable cases of conversion. To go into detail would be interesting, but space forbids. Minnie worked with her usual freedom and earnestness, and was respected and loved by all classes. After more than two months of labor here, she went home for a much needed rest.

The work of the past years had told on her, and she was very sick while at home with nervous prostration. Doors had to be muffled to prevent noise. She had sinking spells where her pulse would seem to cease beating, and all that showed that there was life remaining was a flutter of the heart. It looked as if the end had come a number of times.

The Lord again undertook for her in answer to prayer. Though she had become so weak that she could not stand on her

feet without fainting, in two days she was so far restored as to ride two miles to the depot, and 200 more on the train to the camp meeting at Urbana, Ills. This was a wonderful meeting in the section where glorious revivals, and various persecutions combined to fill the workers with faith and fire. There were many conversions.

The next two or three months was a testing time to our sister. She was weak after her recent illness, and still felt the effects every summer of the malaria, since her sickness at Ottawa. She could not work very steadily in meetings, and things looked dark.

She was with her sister's band at Arcola, trying to rest a little, when Brother Dake and his wife came to help in the meetings for a few days. In his efforts to encourage her, an inspiration seized him, and he wrote four verses of poetry. When he finished he said, "Minnie, the Lord has given me something for you," then read to her what he had written:—

"Tho' flocks and herds may perish,
And fields may yield no store;
Tho' friends should all forsake me,
I will rejoice evermore.

Tho' persecution cometh,
A fierce and vengeful roar,
Of hate, reproach and scorning;
I will rejoice evermore.

For God himself commandeth,
I wait to hear no more,
But run to do His bidding,
I will rejoice evermore.

Then on thro' every conflict,
'Till gleams the heavenly shore;
And angels join the chorus,
I will rejoice evermore."

She replied, "Brother Dake, that is very nice, but it doesn't fit my case. You know I have been through all those things, and they never moved me. I could rejoice through them all. But what is a trial to me is to be so weak and sick that I can't work for God as I want to." He left the room a few moments, and coming back said, "I have it now,"—

"Tho' feeble, faint and suffering,
With burdens laden sore,
I'll shout till breaks the dawning,
I will rejoice evermore."

Much affected she said, "Yes, that's it. I can and will rejoice even through these tests." That song was always a source of comfort and inspiration to her. She soon felt better and was wonderfully helped in the meeting at Westfield, Ill., where there were a number of glorious conversions.

CHAPTER X.

ENGAGEMENT AND MARRIAGE.

At the camp meeting at Urbana, Ill., our subject met for the first time a tall, thin young man who had just joined the bands. He had been attending college at Wheaton, Ill. to prepare himself for preaching the gospel. But at a camp meeting previous to this one, he felt that the Lord held him to give up graduating honors, and enter the work at once. The decision was not made without a struggle, and he threshed around in the straw till the victory was won.

Brother Dake introduced him to the workers as "Brother Elmer Shelhamer, a *graduate from straw college*," referring of course to his recent struggle in the straw at the altar. He was a blessed young man who had the matter fully settled to give his life to God for the salvation of souls.

She met him again at the mid winter gathering. He had just been healed in answer to prayer of lung fever with hemorrhages and looked white and thin. After this meeting she met him more frequently as she had been given the oversight of a number of bands and helped them all for a few days at a time as necessary. This ac-

quaintance ripened into an engagement before the summer was over.

The next year he was sent to Pennsylvania, while she still labored in Illinois, Ohio, Missouri and Iowa as she was needed. They did not see each other once, nor did more than three or four letters pass between them. The rules of the bands were very strict on these lines. Many young people are a success for God until they get their eyes on some person of the opposite sex, and their minds thus diverted from the salvation of souls. Perhaps many will not believe such strictness was necessary or best, but it certainly is a rebuke to the softness and sentimentality which generally prevails.

At the end of the year of their engagement, they were happily married at the camp meeting at Newton, Iowa, August 3rd, 1892, and soon after they commenced a meeting at Blairsville, Penn.

The subject of this narrative did not regard marriage as a step that would relieve her from responsibility, and give her some one to lean upon and carry the heavy burdens, like so many young women do. No, she felt the added responsibility of being a blessing to her husband in his personal experience, and a true helpmeet to him in the work of God. And she was enabled by

the grace of God to be all this and more.

The meeting at Blairsville was a glorious success. Many were converted. We will mention only a few instances. One was a young woman, a butterfly of fashion, who died out to the world, took the narrow way and is now a successful missionary in India.

Another was a young man for whom Sister Shelhamer was much burdened. The Lord revealed to her the crookedness of his back life as she was weeping and groaning behind the altar, and he was among the seekers. "Tell him that he's a rascal," she said, "Oh why don't somebody tell him that he is a rascal!" God got hold of him, he confessed and made restitution where he had wronged others, and for some years he has been a preacher of the gospel himself.

Where are they who can bear burdens for souls and "pull them out of the fire?" Few indeed are there who know anything about "weeping between the porch and the altar," and feeling the condition of the lost until they groan under the burden and agony. Consequently we fail to see the thorough conversions and wide spread revivals of former days. We need spiritual *fathers* and *mothers* who will not rest content with instructing or warning souls, but

who know how to prevail with God for them, make the seekers cases their own so to speak, and travail with soul agony if need be, till they are born from above.

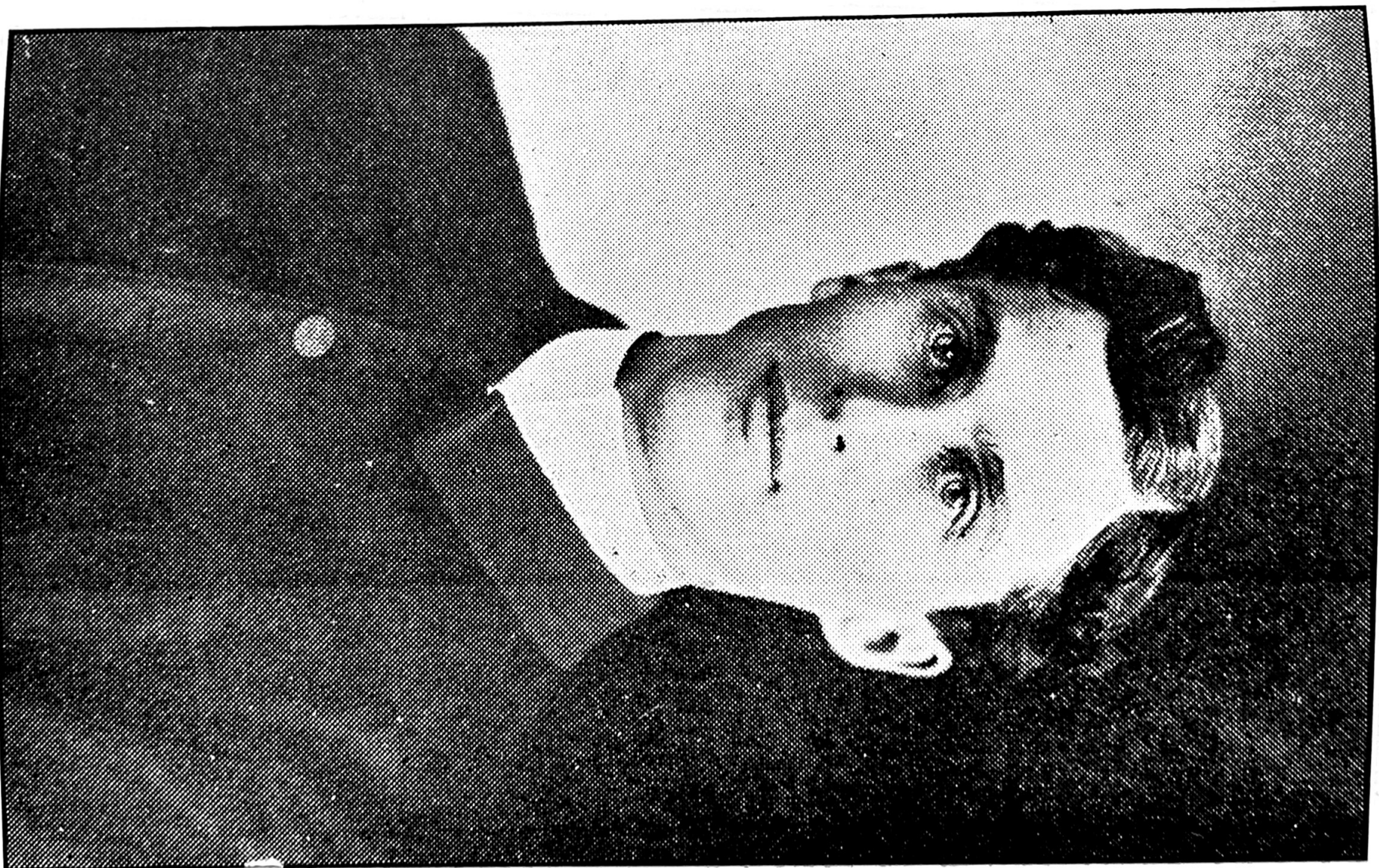


CHAPTER XI.

COMMISSIONED ANEW.

Leaving Blairville with other workers in the spring, a few months were spent in Uniontown, then a visit to Michigan for rest and recuperation, followed by a camp meeting in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Returning to Pennsylvania, they labored in various meetings, being helped and honored of the Lord, till the way being providentially opened, another spring finds them in Virginia.

The few weeks spent here marks an epoch in the experiences and work of this couple. Out in the country away from the noise and distraction of city life, and for the time being not actively engaged in revival efforts, they had plenty of time to talk to God, and He talked back to them. The course that they should take in regard to some things that had perplexed them was made plain, and the Lord also pointed out and commissioned them to a new field



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of labor, *the sunny south*. Wonderful things were revealed to them, wonderful promises given. They returned to Pennsylvania feeling strengthened, equipped and commissioned anew from above.

Oh weary workers, how few of us have discovered the benefits to be derived not only physically and mentally, but also spiritually, in withdrawing sometimes for a brief period to some quiet place, and spending hours a day in talking to God. Go out in the country if possible, not to visit, lounge about, and surfeit on chicken and other good things; but to commune with God. Seek a place under the trees and tell the Lord all your perplexities, questions and troubles of all kinds. You will get wonderful answers, as sure as you pray with an honest heart.

Since the bands had no work in the south, and for other reasons not necessary to mention here, Brother and Sister Shelhamer now severed their relations with them. Their beloved leader, Rev. V. A. Dake had been in glory for two years. The Lord was now calling them out to greater responsibilities, and new fields.

After spending some time in various places where they had labored in the past, besides attending some camp meetings, they went to the Free Methodist Confer-

ence of which they were members, and stated their call to the south.

The Conference recognized this call, especially as Brother Shelhamer's health was very poor. His lungs were weak, and the change to milder winters could not but prove beneficial, especially when it was in Divine order. Two brothers and three sisters had succumbed to the dread disease, consumption, and he himself had only been spared in answer to prayer, because his work was not yet done.

After Conference they held a meeting for two months at Parnassus, Pa. This was attended with some success, the most wonderful victory being the case of a man who came over the tops of the seats to the altar one night, and prayed his way through to God. His salvation opened the way for another meeting, of which we shall speak later.

Money was given them here for car fare, and early in December they started for Jacksonville, Fla., arriving on the 6th of the month, strangers in a strange land.

CHAPTER XII.

TO ATLANTA VIA JACKSONVILLE.

The Lord often permits those whom He calls to a special work to go what looks like a round about way in getting to the place where He wants them. For some time an old friend who had gone to Jacksonville and thought the prospects good for meetings there, had been in correspondence with these workers, and this was the only opening southward of which they knew.

Meetings were commenced in East Jacksonville, but the attendance being small, after a few weeks they rented a hall in the heart of the city on the third floor. A recess in one corner was curtained off, and here they put a bed which some kind person had loaned them. It was a testing time. For the month they were in this hall, it rained almost constantly which hindered the people from coming to the services.

Drunken tramps came up the stairs and slept on the floor just outside the door, and made the night hideous with their groans and exclamations during their drunken slumbers.

They had nothing to depend on for financial help, excepting the sale of tracts

which Brother Shelhamer had written from time to time, and published.

The Conference would have allowed them a salary as missionaries, but their convictions forbade. They always believed in depending on the Lord for support, and never accepted a stated salary.

Sister Shelhamer was not daunted by hardships. She suffered much in these unfavorable surroundings, yet her faith triumphed. Some would have murmured and complained, and lost their hold on God, but she not only preached that it was possible to have an experience that would stand every test, but she had it herself, and lived it.

These things mentioned were not near all that they passed through. One supreme trial will be mentioned later in a chapter on "Special Providences." At the end of a month here they moved again into the third hall.

By means of what seemed like unimportant incidents, their minds were drawn towards Georgia. After a couple of weeks in this new hall, an invitation was received to hold a meeting in Waycross. To confirm the leading in that direction, eleven dollars came through the mail from an unexpected source, enough for car fares.

They left Jacksonville in March, after

three months of tests and fiery trials. At Waycross everything was different. They were warmly welcomed, homes opened to them, the meetings were well attended, the altar filled with seekers, and a number were clearly saved.

The sermons of our sister were much appreciated, and were published in the daily papers. Three victorious weeks were spent here. The next point was Jesup, where they remained a week. Their plan was to make a tour through the state, and go back to Pennsylvania for the summer, returning after Conference to such places as the Lord should open.

A week at Stone Mountain was especially memorable for blessings received, a special fitting up for something in the future.

Decatur was the next point. Here a little paper was received which advertised a holiness convention to be held in Atlanta. They felt led to go and left Decatur after a week of meetings, though many plead with them to stay. Open air services had been held in the court house yard, and the lawyers were much interested in Sister Shelhamer's preaching.

They went into Atlanta to this convention, not knowing any one. For a day or two, they were unnoticed, but testified as

they had opportunity and distributed tracts. There was an unction in the testimonies, and depth to the tracts which soon attracted attention, and Brother Shelhamer was invited to preach. After a sermon or two, he pressed his wife into service. He said, "the people did not know what a 'son of thunder' I had by my side, and when they continued to urge me to preach, I gave a meeting to her."

It was a night service and the tent was crowded. She preached a powerful sermon by the help of the Spirit from the text, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." With the fearlessness which characterized her, she uncovered sin of all kinds, in social circles, in the homes, and even the self-indulgence of preachers, and holiness professors was not spared. There was a big stir. The Atlanta Journal wrote up her sermon and commented favorably upon it. We give below the report by the Journal.

Tuesday, May 7th, 95.

"CREATING A SENSATION

*A woman preacher talks to hundreds
in a tent.*

GOES FOR THE SOCIAL EVILS.

Caustic words of Mrs. Shelhamer, a transient female Evangelist—Her husband also a preacher.

“The church going element of East Atlanta is somewhat stirred over the preachings from the pulpit of St. Luke’s Methodist Episcopal Church of a female Evangelist.

“At the same time the woman preacher claims that the apparent unfavorable comment is an evidence of good resulting from her utterances: that the devil is being routed and alarmed and that the sinning multitudes have merely become restless from their present sinful state. The lady is Mrs. Shelhamer whose essential occupation, together with her husband, is presumably that of earnest traveling missionaries.

“Although Mrs. Shelhamer has conducted the services on several occasions during the past ten days, her theme and consequent comments in the course of her sermon Sunday night last, seems to have elicited more criticisms in that neighborhood than all else.

“One week ago last Sunday an institution known as the “North Georgia Holiness Association” assembled in regular convention at St. Luke’s Methodist church.

“A large number of visiting ministers

and christian sympathizers were in attendance from a distance, among them Revs. Mr. and Mrs. Shelhamer, and services have occasionally been continued almost throughout the night.

"The services proper are being held under the church tent near by which covers several hundred people, and great crowds have been in attendance, demonstrating great enthusiasm spiritually, and awakening the entire population of the community and adjacent territory to a sense of their religious duties.

"On Sunday night last there were by conservative estimate about one thousand people under and around the tent to hear the lady preacher. Her text was: "The wages of sin is death: But the gift of God is eternal life." And the universal verdict of all present without denominational prejudice or bias was that she handled her subject in an exceptionally masterful, forceful and lucid manner.

"Showing that one must of necessity actually work to gain hell, being the wages of sin, she illustrated by citing instances where the Spirit strives with a person, conscience dictates that they are sinning and they actually struggle to overcome that conscience. Thus are they checked by God's Holy Spirit by reason of conscien-

cious dictates in different features of life but especially in society.

“Upon this score of society the lady dwelt at length and with great force, using the language to elucidate her ideas which raised the greatest comment.

“She referred to swell social events, and their various features, the private scandals among the young, and the suppression of such facts. The social clubs came in for a share of scorching, and dancing halls also.

“Her most delicate reference was in relation to the married young among the higher classes.

“While her subjects were fraught with danger, in language that few ministers would have dared to embrace, Mrs. S.—— succeeded in a unique manner to use only such high language as belongs to propriety, yet her explanations were wonderfully lucid, and the chain of argument connected with phenomenal grace.

“As a sequence, her subject as might naturally be expected has given rise to bitter denunciations and detrimental comments, but these are confined, it is claimed, to the limited class of highly nervous temperaments who endeavor to select such Scripture for the basis of their religion as will not interfere with worldly enjoyments and associations.

“It remains a fact however, that regardless of the naturally ill feeling few, the female evangelist has the hearty endorsement of the great majority of hearers, and the services are destined to grow in interest, and her audience increase in number nightly during the remainder of the week.

“Mrs. S.—is profoundly in earnest in her efforts to reform society. She and her husband seem to have held meetings in nearly every important center in the United States.”

Most of the preaching was now turned over to these two, and they preached alternately during the rest of the convention. Many were seeking for better experiences, including many of the preachers. They were teachable and humble, and seemed anxious to walk in the light.

At the close of this convention our brother and sister had scores of friends, and many homes open to them. They had pressing invitations to spend the summer with different families, among them a prominent merchant who had been seeking at the altar, and had them at his home a few days.

But it seemed best to them to go on north for the summer. So with the promise to return again in the fall, they left Atlanta on the 10th of May.

The early summer was spent very profitably in various camp meetings and visiting old-time friends and converts. Later a glorious meeting was held at Tarentum, Pa. The brother who was so gloriously converted at Parnassus the year before, lived in Tarentum just across the river, and invited them to come there. A goodly number were saved, some special cases which we must pass by for lack of space.

The Conference very willingly returned them to the south, and several other workers volunteered to go with them to help in the work.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEGINNING OF THE WORK IN ATLANTA.

Brother Shelhamer and wife returned to Atlanta with five other workers the last of October, 1895. The reinforcements all went on to Monroe Co. where there were invitations to hold meetings, leaving them alone in the city. Friends who had been met at the convention were found, and they were given the privilege of holding meetings in a little mission.

The prospects were encouraging, and some good being done, when the enemy by means of false reports, and fearful fore-

bodings as to what the results might be in the future, succeeded in getting the mission closed against them. They had already rented a room above the mission where they slept and kept their stock of tracts, and to this room they had to resort with their meetings.

Oh if the blessed co-operation of that holiness convention had continued, the Lord alone knows how glorious the results might have been!

Some remained staunch friends, it is true, and always spoke an encouraging word when opportunity presented. Others became prejudiced, and opposed the work.

It was natural for a southern person to regard one from the north with suspicion, and vice versa, but grace will effectually wipe out sectional prejudice.

Then these workers belonged to another church and were likely to organize a new church in their midst, it was thought. But more than anything else the truths preached were objected to. There was a great deal of superficiality, even in the holiness ranks. Seekers were taken through on a formula, and encouraged to profess religion, and even entire sanctification without really giving up the world, and with no conception that heart-purity meant death to the carnal nature.

These workers who had come into their midst insisted on seekers being allowed to pray through till they received the "witness of the Spirit" that a work had really been done in their hearts.

Consequently there were misunderstandings, prejudice, false reports and opposition from various sources to meet and contend with. A few whose hearts had become hungry for a real experience went with them to the "upper room" and some glorious services were held.

A number were helped into definite experiences in that little room, and in cottage prayer meetings. Also in December the first copy of The Repairer was published. This was no project of human planning, it was felt, but the thought of publishing such a paper originated years before, and the name given. See Isaiah 58: 12.

Our sister always ready to do her part, labored in the meetings, prayed and agonized for souls, and wrote articles for the little paper. Even in such restricted quarters the work was moving too well to suit some, and they were turned out of the little upper room. The workers who were down the country came back to the city to their help, and a house was rented at 73 Lark-in St. for a home, and a little mission hall for the services till the weather became

warm enough for tent meetings.

A tabernacle was donated by a good brother in Iowa, and was pitched in several localities during the summer and good meetings held. The street meetings were especially interesting.

The first ten day's meeting was held during the winter of 96. The work broke out anew, and for some time after the close of the special meeting it continued. Different ones came to the home for family prayers which often continued till eleven o'clock, sometimes all day long.

Not only did the revival break out anew at this time, but so did the opposition. Exaggerated and false reports were circulated in every direction. Soon after there came a sifting time, when some who had seemingly been much interested and in a fair way to get an experience, backed down from light, and some even took a stand against the work.

The second summer was much like the first. Tent meetings were held in various sections of the city with good results. The ten day's meeting in the winter was especially good, and resulted in some preachers being dug out, some of whom have been more spiritual and aggressive than ever before.

Thus the work continued. It moved very slowly indeed compared to the revival scenes of the past in the north. This fact was a source of temptation to all, as well as to the subject of this little book. She also felt keenly the uncalled for opposition and bitter prejudice. They had sacrificed so much to come, old-time friends and converts whom they had helped to God were left behind. There were openings for meetings in many directions where the fields were white, and they would be appreciated and no doubt have glorious revivals. Had they not made a mistake? Would they be clear to leave? These were the questions that sometimes forced their way to the front.

But the Lord did not suffer her to be tempted "more" than she was "able to bear." And under the tests and fiery trials, she developed a maturity and depth of experience that made her indeed a "mother in Israel," though still young in years.

To her the workers in the home, and the converts would open their hearts when in trouble, about their experience or on any line; and none went away disappointed. God gave her a rare insight into spiritual conditions, and a well balanced judgment on other lines; and when she did not

grasp the matter at first sight, she would take it on her heart and pray over it till the answer came, many times wrestling, weeping and groaning all night.

She was also used of the Lord in encouraging and building up the pilgrims in her public work, and by her example and exhortations leading them on to deeper consecration, more perfect faith and unwavering loyalty to God.

Some of her testimonies and sayings of those earlier years of the work can never be forgotten. She had the faculty of illustrating the truths of the gospel by interesting and forceful comparisons and arguments.

In the street meetings she was in her element. She would take hold of public questions and current events, expose the evil and sin, and show up the stand that a righteous person should take, in a manner that would rivet the attention of everybody, and wonderfully move the people. Her arguments were clear and conclusive and none could fail of seeing their duty.

Again she would take truths of the gospel or relate personal experience, coming so close home to hearts that many, even strong men, would be melted to tears. Her voice was clear and strong, well adapted to street and tent work. But above all she was filled

with the Spirit, and the burning love for souls.

There are many whom the Lord cannot use effectually, because they are so self-conscious, or become spiritually proud. She was neither. A brother who frequently passed the street services, and stopped to listen said of her,—“She was completely absorbed by her theme, and the needs of the people before her. You could see that *she never once thought of herself.*”

CHAPTER XIV.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

The subject of this sketch had wonderful confidence in God. To her He was not a Supreme Being who in a general way looked after the affairs of the human race, as so many seem to feel; but she fully believed that He was interested in the smallest details that effected the welfare or happiness of His children. She also felt that He was a living, present, loving Lord, upon whom she could safely depend in any crisis.

Others who associated with her felt the close connection between her and Divinity, and were strengthened by her presence. The writer remembers many occasions of

First, the accommodating stranger, stepped up to a convenient stand and ordered lemonade. An inward voice said, "Don't drink it," and it was left untouched.

After walking a long distance, our sister felt some uneasiness. She had been told that it was only a short walk, and she asked if they had not lost their way. "O no," said the woman, "we are almost there now." A little farther, and this young girl heard the inward voice again, "Don't take another step." She saw a merchant in the door of his store, looking at her pityingly, she thought. "I am going to ask that man the way to Franklin street," she said. "No, no," said the woman, "come on, it is just around this corner." But she resolutely turned away to ask the man, and as she did so, her companion signaled a passing street-car, and was soon out of sight.

"You poor child," said the man, "you are a mile and a half from where you want to go. That woman was leading you wrong." Following his kind directions, she found the place at last, and soon realized what a narrow escape she had. She did not dream of danger in accompanying the innocent looking woman with the baby in her arms. There was no human friend to warn her. But the Lord checked her

as she was about to drink the lemonade, which without doubt was drugged. And again, He led her to ask the man the way, just before the house was reached, which closes its doors annually upon so many as innocent and unsuspecting as she was.

In Blairsville, Penn., they had an old church for their meetings, and lived in the class rooms below the audience room. Sister Shelhamer was an attractive woman. Always discreet and modest, the opposite sex, if possessed of any remnant of manhood, knew by her very appearance and bearing, that they must keep their place. But here, a man annoyed her exceedingly by keeping his eyes on her in the meetings, and venturing to compliment her sermons. She avoided him as much as possible.

One after-noon her husband went to the depot to take the train for another town, where he had an appointment to preach. The other workers were out. Some one knocked, and what was her alarm, when that man came in, and she was all alone! She saw it all in a flash, he had watched and seen her husband leave, seized his opportunity, and she was at his mercy. To her great relief, and the man's confusion, just then Brother Shelhamer returned. *He had missed his train.* And again she recognized and adored the Divine protec-

tion. Surely God had ordered it all.

We give one more instance on this line. When in Jacksonville, Florida, as they were about to move to the third hall, Brother Shelhamer went out on business, leaving her to oversee a boy who was to carry the chairs from one hall to the other. She was *alone* in that third story hall, when a man from whom she instinctively shrank in the meetings came up, professedly to help carry the chairs.

Her heart seemed to stand still, as he entered and walked over to where she sat by a window. She saw in his eye that his intentions were evil, before he opened his lips and told her he loved her. With a silent prayer for help, she faced him, and said, "It is right for Christians to love one another." He was abashed, and following up the advantage gained, she preached to him, till he turned away. "Alone, yet not alone, she realized the truth of the inspired words, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

Sister Shelhamer never recklessly walked into dangerous places. But when in the providence of God, she was thrown in to such circumstances, she felt that the Lord was responsible, and He always undertook for her deliverance.

During the years of her active work for God, she was often in perilous places, sudden storms would throw down the tabernacle during services; sometimes the little band would be surrounded by a threatening mob; and she had other similar experiences too numerous to mention. In all alike, she was self-possessed, confident, and through the Lord always victorious, piloting others as well as herself through the difficulties of the situation.

CHAPTER XV.

A YEAR OF EVENTS.

The tests of faith in this new battle-field in the south were many, and severe, as we have seen. During the early summer of 98, our sister accompanied her husband to south Georgia where meetings were held at Ashburn, Quitman and Sparks with much interest manifested, and some good results. Though suffering physically, she was much helped in preaching, and made many friends; still there was plenty of misunderstanding and prejudice to contend with.

The house on Larkin street, became too small, and it was thought that to move nearer in would be a blessing to the work

every way. After searching for weeks, they were providentially directed to the house at 12 Gilmer street, and moved in November.

They were scarcely settled, when Sister Shelhamer was sick for a few days with grippe. And she had hardly recovered, when her husband was taken with a chill, and became very ill indeed. A doctor was summoned to see what was the matter with him, and his sickness was pronounced pneumonia of a severe type, and only three days to live.

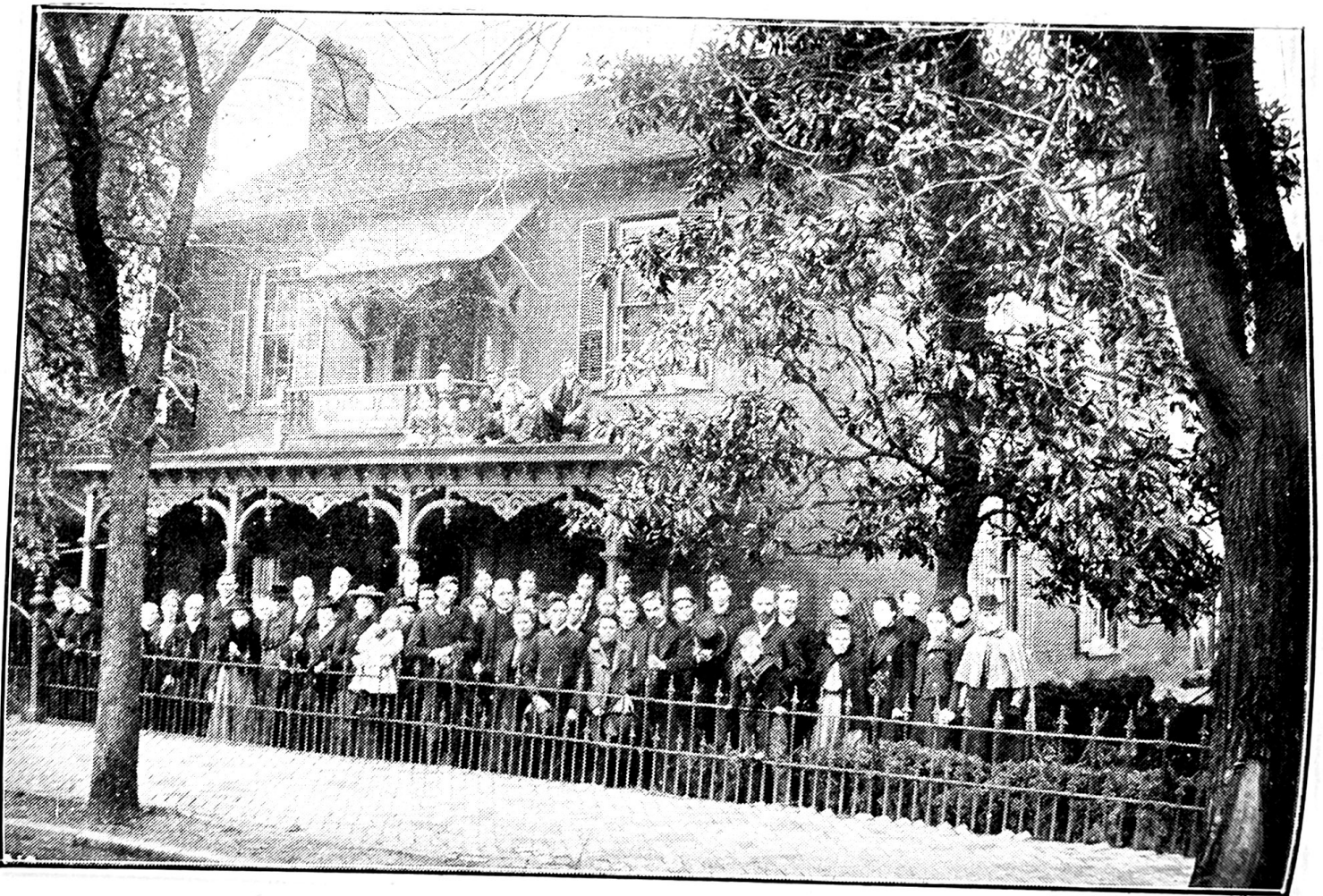
That was a trying time, and things looked dark. Man's extremity is often God's opportunity. It proved so at this time. This sickness did more to break down prejudice than anything that had taken place in the work. It has never been so bitter since. And the Lord raised him up, giving him the promise, "Thou shalt not die but live, declaring the works of the Lord."

Among the interesting events of these few months, was the arrest of the workers and pilgrims during their street meeting. Below is the account of the arrest as given in The Repairer at that time:—

"On Sunday, April 9th, at 2:30 P. M., we went out as usual, accompanied by the Gospel Wagon, to hold our regular street meeting. We had heard that the newly

elected mayor had notified and forbidden the Salvation Army from holding any more street meetings, but we had never received such notification. We had a written permit for the last three years, renewed from time to time, but not under the present mayor as we did not deem it necessary, the policemen being so kind and interested in protecting us.

“Well, the meeting was running lively, when we were notified to disperse immediately. This we did not feel clear to do just at that instant, when the Spirit of the Lord was upon the people, besides the crowd was not as large as usual, and the sidewalk and street were not at all blockaded. Consequently the policeman was given orders to arrest the brother who was driving the Gospel wagon, but we insisted that he was no more responsible for the meeting than the rest, and if they took one they must take all; so up came the two horse patrol, and sixteen of us crowded in, and as they started for the police station, we started up and sang ‘All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name.’ It was a fast but triumphant ride. We were released, and summoned to appear in court the next day. Great excitement prevailed and the court room was crowded. After the trial the judge reserved his decision until the next



Former Home at 12 Gilmer St.

day, when he declared that there was no ordinance, state or constitutional law, requiring a permit to preach on the street. He not only released us, but instructed the policemen to assist us all they could.

“The devil overshot his mark, for the people became very indignant, and many half-way sympathizers turned to be our friends. The daily papers took it up and denounced the action. Now we have all the liberty we could ask, in preaching, singing, testifying and getting blest on the street. Hallelujah to our all conquering Christ!”

Sister Shelhamer was in the crowd, and one of the happiest. It was no new experience for her, as we have seen. She said that it seemed like old times.

About this time she got a stronger hold on the Lord for the work than ever before. She was let into the secret of the providences of God being a revelation of His will to her, the same as direct leadings, in a sense that she had not grasped it before; and this brought wonderful rest and peace.

Her husband went north on an extended preaching trip, other workers scattered out nearer by, leaving her with insufficient help. She overworked, and was very seriously sick, yet she would not permit the others to inform either her husband or sister, till she was on the way to recovery, fearing

that they would be uneasy, and come home before their work was done.

Brother Shelhamer frequently went a way to hold meetings, sometimes being gone for three months. Though she missed him much, and his absence threw the heavy responsibilities and burdens of the work on her shoulders, yet she never urged him to stay when he felt led to go. Her consecration was complete, and she was abandoned to the will of God.

CHAPTER XVI.

“TRUE HOLINESS.”

(Eph. 4: 22-24.)

It is not our design in writing this little book to eulogize the departed one. She has gone to her reward, and nothing that can be said of her will add to her glory. But each incident recorded has been the subject of much prayer that the Lord might be glorified; and that others by the perusal of these pages should be inspired and encouraged in living for God.

Grace triumphed in her case, from the time that, at seventeen years old, she gave her life to God, through all the varied experiences of seventeen years more in His service. *She never wilfully departed from*

the Lord in heart or life for a moment. She counted the cost, made an unconditional surrender, and died out to the world when she was converted, thus laying a good foundation for Christian experience. Later she realized the need of heart-purity, and never rested until she had as clear an assurance that she was wholly sanctified as she had to her justification. We give below her experience on this line in her own words:—

In my early experience I was convicted of inward depravity and began seeking holiness.

The minister said, "Now consecrate yourself and give up all to Him." I answered, "I did that when I was saved; God knows I would go to the darkest corner of Africa if He wanted me to."

He then said, "Can't you believe that He sanctifies you!"

I answered, "But there is something wrong in my heart."

I tried to follow his teaching, and believe I was sanctified, but in a few days the same old trouble came up again. And for months I was almost in despair of finding deliverance. Finally I was permitted to hear a man preach real death to carnality who had experienced the same; I said, "That is just what I need."

one mind wanted to go to the theater while the other mind wanted to go to the prayer meeting; one mind inclined toward the dance while the other inclined toward the church. This is simply awful. What does the Bible say? "Whom the Son maketh free is free indeed." The theater, the dance, and all these things will pass away with the "old things," when a soul is truly converted.

Again some have given way to impatience and spoken harsh, unkind words to husband, wife or servant, and then attend a popular holiness meeting and seek the "second blessing." What they need is to regain the first blessing.

Others testify that after they were sanctified, they did not give way to temper and get mad any more. Don't they know that justifying grace will save from all these things?

What a mistake for holiness preachers to accept the majority of church members as justified, and urge them to seek holiness when the most of them have been dishonest in business, have had grudges and hard feelings against their neighbors, have been neglecting their duties and leading selfish lives. All such souls are void of grace even if they do profess religion.

Then there is another class who have been

saved from all outward sin, but have yielded in heart and spirit to unrighteousness. They look over their outward lives and they seem so correct that they fail to understand what is the reason they lack real joy and peace. They have kept up the outward form all right, but have sinned in heart, in that they have harbored unkind thoughts and uncharitable suspicions toward others; they have criticised and envied in heart, or perhaps indulged in unclean thoughts and imaginations.

Such souls are as much in need of saving grace, as if they had given vent to these things outwardly. These come under the head of what is called "chronic cases," and it is so difficult to help them, because their outward life is upright and not a flaw can be found; they attend church and sit under the most scathing sermons against all outward sin, but they are not hit, yet they are formal and unfruitful. The trouble is, they have been indulging sin in the heart. Such need to heed the Scripture, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his *thoughts*; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God for he will abundantly pardon." Isa. 55:7.

We cannot keep the devil from thrusting thoughts in our minds, but we must learn

if we would keep saved, that we dare not harbor such, no, not for a moment.

In regeneration the old man of sin is bound and no longer rules the heart; his power is broken and Christ comes in and sets up his kingdom. But although the old man is bound, he is not a willing subject to the law of God, and soon creates trouble and must either be cast out or break up the kingdom. However, let it be plainly understood that it is not necessary to yield to sin in order to feel the need of holiness. A soul who lives clearly justified long enough at one time will deeply feel the need of it.

M. B. S.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME SELECT ARTICLES.

It is to be regretted that none of the sermons of our subject can be reproduced in this book. That the Lord wonderfully used her in preaching, those who have heard her can testify. She prepared her sermons with care, spending hours studying her Bible and other books which would throw light on her theme, and on her knees praying for Divine illumination. Sometimes she would make a little outline,

but in the pulpit she depended upon the Spirit and her wonderful memory, preaching wholly extemporaneously.

Some of these outlines can be found, and many choice thoughts which she had copied from various authors for ready reference. But there is nothing complete enough to give a correct idea of her sermons.

Something of the clearness of her preaching can be seen in the articles she wrote for publication. Yet her sermons were quite different. The inspiration of the congregation before her, the opportunity for enlarging, the quick intuition which grasped the condition and needs of special cases, together with the earnestness and liveliness of her manner, cannot be copied on paper.

Many who have listened to her for an hour or more at a time with unabated interest, have said that they were sorry when she finished, they could have listened an hour longer.

She did not make a hobby of any one line of religious truth as so many do, but handled all subjects as the Spirit led; from fearlessly exposing and denouncing sin of all kinds, to comforting and building up the weakest convert.

We insert here two articles on widely different subjects as follows:—

Resisting The Holy Ghost.

“Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep your's also. But all these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me.” John 15: 20, 21.

There is no affinity between the kingdom of darkness and the kingdom of light; neither is there between the subjects of these kingdoms. Paul in naming quite a list of those who had faith said they “confessed they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.” All a person needs to do to become a stranger in spirit to his nearest earthly friend is to get Christ in his soul.

This old world has no use for Christ or the Holy Ghost, and the more of him that a man has the more he will be hated and persecuted. See 2 Tim. 3: 12.

The same rabble that crucified our Lord is still in existence trying to rid the world of Him. True they cannot crucify him literally again, for He is only visible to this world through his followers, but they are pressing those who bear the mark on their forehead, and if it were not for the laws of the land the old bloody Nero persecutions would return. Cain is still murdering Abel and Ishmael is still persecuting Isaac. Cain

was envious of Abel, because Abel was more righteous than himself and his sacrifice was accepted, so he slew him.

Is not this same spirit still in the world?

Why is it that we sometimes see a holy self-denying man who is intrusted with God's mighty power, criticised, censured, put down and set aside; nor does it stop with this, an effort is made to slay him spiritually by legislating and prejudicing the people against him. Then again, do we not often see those who profess holiness but who are still carnal, picking at and finding fault with those who are really clean and have the freedom and power of the Holy Ghost? They do not understand them and are inclined to think that they are fanatical, or that they lift the standard too high.

Stephen in making his concluding remarks after preaching before the council said "Ye stiff necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost, as your fathers did so do ye." They had as a nation persecuted and in some cases put to death those who had preached righteousness, and of the coming of Christ.

Stephen told them in doing this they had resisted the Holy Ghost, yet at the time they had probably tried to make themselves believe that they were only opposing some

much attention to these earthly things, when souls were going to hell. And yet no way had opened for her to enter the work, though she had waited for years. She was told that if she did not faithfully perform the present duties of caring for her household, child and home, that God could not trust her to do any greater work, or enlarge her sphere of usefulness. He could not say of her: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

God has a work for each one to do, but the reward is not measured so much by the greatness of the work, but by the faithfulness by which all work, whether small or great is performed. How relieved many a poor careworn mother, or hard working man would be, if they could only realize that their labor is as much accepted with God (if they are living to please Him) as that of the preacher, philanthropist or those who have more means and greater opportunities for doing good.

Kempis says: "God is so great that He communicates greatness to the least thing done in His service." Praise God! how comforting the thought.

If that poor woman who has to wash to make a living could only feel that, since she was doing her duty, she was thus

doing the will of God, and working for Him, how happy her life would be. There would be at least, one happy washer-woman in the world, and many a glad "hallelujah" would go up from the wash tub.

God wants mothers who will raise their children for Him, He wants farmers who will farm for Him, He wants merchants who will sell goods for Him. The old shoemaker expressed it; when he was asked what business he followed, he answered that his business was to serve God, but that he made shoes to pay expenses.

A hard working, careworn mother, who had felt that life was a burden, got wonderfully and happily saved. She testified that soon after her conversion she was one day kneading bread. She felt tired and weary when all of a sudden the thought came to her that she was working for God. With the thought came a floodtide of glory and she found herself with both hands full of bread dough, dancing around the room, shouting the praises of God, and was so refreshed that she did not feel tired any more that day. Why this change? Because she now realized that she was working for God and He says: "My yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Some preachers came to a certain meeting to get an experience that would better

fit them to live for God and to win souls. During the services a sister arose and said, "I can't preach or do much to help these souls get an experience, but I can wash their clothes for them while they are here." That sister will not lose her reward.

Whatever a Christian finds to be his duty, whether to himself, family, church or world, he should pursue it diligently, to the utmost of his ability, according to his station, talents and opportunities, *as unto the Lord*. "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." Then at the last day we will all hear: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Minnie B. Shelhamer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORE ARTICLES.

In looking over the articles which our sister has written, it seems a pity to not republish them all, but space forbids. The subject below is of vital importance:—

"*Let Thy Words Be Few*"

"I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue." Psa. 39: 1.

"In the multitude of words there wanteth not

sin." Prov. 10: 19.

"Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of Judgment." Matt. 12: 39.

We do not need to try and convince any one that much sin is committed by the tongue, or of its evil consequences, for who has not to a greater or less degree felt the effects of an unbridled tongue?

Backbiting, evil-speaking, whispering etc, are indulged in to an alarming extent, not only by the world, but by professed Christians; and indeed real Christians have many times been brought into condemnation by the careless use of their tongues, and have had to repent ere they again obtained the Divine favor.

Oh, if every one could realize that they will have to give an account to God for all they say, there would be less talking, and every word would be weighed before spoken. Perhaps some one is secretly envious of another, and their fiery eyes are watching them closely. Perhaps the one is passing through a severe trial or is pressed down with many burdens; then a mistake is magnified and there is inward rejoicing that he is not as holy as he professed to be, and some intimate friend of the same mind is sought and informed.

How significant are the following words:

“Judge not the workings of his brain,
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God’s pure eyes may only be ~~the~~
A scar, brought from some well fought field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

“The look, the air that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.”

Sometimes souls try to shirk the responsibility resting on them in speaking of another’s faults by saying, “I don’t consider this speaking evil, for I am not saying any more to you than I would be willing to say to him,” but this soft reasoning does not in anywise clear that soul from guilt.

Of course the one who keeps to the Bible line on talking will be branded as “distant and unsociable;” but if we desire to please God more than friends, we must be willing to be misunderstood and say with Paul, “It is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man’s judgment.” 1 Cor. 4: 3.

Wesley says that it is not safe for a person to converse for more than an hour without getting alone with God, for he is sure to say something about some one that he should not say, or be drawn into some form

of evil speaking.

Then how much trouble some have gotten themselves and God's work into by too much talking, or repeating things to supposed friends.

We are not among the class who are led by dreams, yet at one time we had a dream on this line that was quite plain. It seemed that a great war had broken out in which everyone, women and all, were going to take part. Our regiment, with a woman as a captain, was marching out to meet the enemy. It seemed I was marching a short distance behind her. On passing a certain house a friend of the captain came out and saluted her, whereupon the captain began to unfold to her friend her plans and intentions; showing the faults and inconsistencies of the enemy, and entering into a general discussion of the cause of the war, etc. On seeing what she was doing my heart became heavy within me, and approaching the captain I laid my hand upon her and tremblingly said: "Be careful, it is not safe to say much even to your friend, for in this war quite often friend betrays friend; better lay your hand upon your mouth." She saw the point and did so; we followed her example, and the whole regiment marched on to the battle with our right hand laid upon our mouths. I awoke; it was a dream,

yet how significant. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." Psa. 141:3. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." Prov. 18:21. "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles." Prov. 21:23.

M. B. S.

When occasion required, Sister Shelhamer preached and exhorted, with the solemnity of eternity upon her, straight to the hearts and consciences of the people. At other times she would describe the blessings and privileges of a child of God, her own soul filled and fired with the theme, till all felt that she was living in the full enjoyment of what she preached, and became hungry for the same.

Below is an impromptu address which was reported for the paper. Some one read for a lesson the 35th of Isaiah. In her happiest mood she spoke as follows, comparing the subject to

"Religious Tramps."

The part of the lesson that attracted me to-night was the clause, "The wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein."

The "wayfaring men" are those who take the fare by the way, and the way is so simple and plain that even the unlearned or those that the world would call fools,

(or foolish) shall not err therein. Now, it means much to be in the way, and take the fare as it comes.

One time a band of zealous young men were holding a meeting in a certain place, and some who became very angry at them for the truth spoken, tried to hurt their feelings by calling them "religious tramps." At that time we sympathized with them, and thought it must be a very hard thing to bear; but I want to acknowledge tonight that I belong to that company, who are really in a spiritual sense "religious tramps," or "wayfaring men."

There are some unfortunate men in the world who are not regular tramps, but real tramps have rules and regulations to govern their movements and lives; see how much we are like them.

It is strictly against their rules to work, they say it is a shame to work, and if they do, that alone will make them forfeit their position as tramps; they must be dependent.

This company of "wayfaring men," or "religious tramps," also have rules to regulate their spiritual lives, and one is,— "Not of works lest any man should boast." They are entirely dependent on God. They live a life of *asking* or prayer, which amounts to begging. The poet says:

“The richest man I ever saw,
Was the one that begged the most.”

This life of a spiritual tramp or beggar, is a humble, despised way, with only here and there a traveler; for there are few who are willing to lay aside their own goodness and works and take this way of faith and dependence on God; and some who do soon go about to establish their own righteousness, they boast of how much they do, they fast so much, or help the poor, support missionaries, care for the dying etc. It is all right to do these things; but as a result of being in the way, rather than substituting them for faith and obedience. Thus they forfeit their rights, and are out of the way.

We have noticed another thing about tramps, when they go to a house where they get something to eat, when they leave they put a mark on the fence or some place, so that all the rest of the tramps that come that way may see the mark, and know that here is a house where they are kind, and will give tramps refreshments, just for the asking.

So those who have passed on before us, have left marks all along to tell us where the blessings are, that we may be refreshed and encouraged on our way.

The tramp life is a life of hardships and

exposure that other men are unacquainted with. They must keep on the move, there is no place for the soles of their feet to rest: for if they stop at a city they are given so long to get out, or they will be arrested and made to work.

So with this company of "wayfaring men," they are exposed to trials, persecutions and tribulations that others do not have, and they must keep moving on, for they realize that it is dangerous to stop; they know of others who have, and are now what the modern church would call respectable, harmless Christians, no longer humble wayfaring men.

The way to heaven is sometimes beautifully illustrated by the heavenly railroad, and the old ship Zion etc. These are lovely to read about, but we are sure that this company know very little about riding in railroad coaches, or the ship Zion, but they do know what it is to be foot sore and weary; misunderstood, hated and reproached for Jesus' sake. They have tasted a little of St. Paul's experience and like him are unmoved by any of these things, "neither count they their lives dear unto themselves;" but "gladly wander up and down, and smile at toil and pain." They confess that they are "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," seeking a better country that is an

heavenly. "Wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city."



CHAPTER XIX.

THE EARTHLY HOUSE DISSOLVED.

During the last year or two of our sister's life, her general health was very much improved. The burdens of the home and mission rested heavily on her shoulders; while there were many demands on her time and strength in visiting the sick, and calling upon the pilgrims and friends. Yet she wrote to her sister in the summer of 1900, describing her household labors and calling for one day, and said, "I am getting strong and wiry." A few months later she was heard to say, "My health is nearer perfect now, than ever before in my life."

The work of the Lord moved slowly but encouragingly. Besides those who were helped in the meetings, different ones came to the home from time to time either to be trained as workers, or for a short time to seek an experience. There were some blessed cases of deliverance. Some who knew Sister Shelhamer's success in past

years, seemed to think she was "burying her talents" in a restricted field of labor. But with her the matter was fully settled. The providences of God placed her in Atlanta, she would not risk running counter to His will by leaving, no matter what inducements were presented, until He should make it very plain.

Sometimes she had planned to take a trip north with her husband, to visit old friends and attend Conference, when some contingency in the work hindered her at the last, even though her trunk was packed. She went only once, in the fall of 1900 to Pennsylvania, expecting to return by the way of Michigan to visit her own relatives. On account of the lateness of the season, the trip home was postponed for the following summer.

Accordingly the latter part of the next June finds her all ready to go. Cheap fares can be secured, others will accompany her part way. They are to start Tuesday morning, July 1st. But on the Saturday before, her companion became very sick, and not improving over Sunday, her visit had to be given up once more. She had not seen any of those loved ones for eight years, and some for a much longer period. She never saw them again.

In all these disappointments she recog-

nized "His appointment," and cheerfully acquiesced. Her consecration included everything, and she had the true missionary spirit.

In August, Brother Gellein, the faithful office editor, went to glory. After his funeral as the workers were gathered at the supper table, our loved one said, "I wonder who of us will be next." The following Sunday night at the mission, as some one read for a lesson the 5th chapter of 2 Corinthians beginning, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved," she was very much blessed, and shouted the praises of God. None suspected that *she* would be the *next*, and that very soon, her "earthly house" would be "dissolved."

She looked forward to added responsibility in the near future with pleasure. The privileges of motherhood had not been hers, because of physical weakness. But with increased health came the prospect, and her heart beat with joyful anticipation.

During the fall and early winter she felt very well, and regularly attended the Sabbath morning services in the mission. Her testimonies and exhortations were with wonderful power. She carried the congregation into the presence of God and

eternity, and her burning words can never be forgotten. We thought then we saw years of usefulness ahead of her, we realized later that she was putting the finishing touches to her life work.

Our sister made her final trip to the mission the last Sabbath in February. Dropsical symptoms were then manifested; her feet and ankles swelled so that she could get out no more. She also had smothering spells with her heart. Others have had similar experiences, and no one feared a fatal termination. She suffered much for the last five weeks, but was very patient, and generally confident as to the outcome.

There were other signs of the approaching end, but our eyes “were holden” that we could not see. During this period she clung to her husband with the tenderest affection. Next to God he was “the light of her eyes.” When he would come down from the office, after an hour or two of work, her face would light up like a pleased child. When business called him away again, her eyes would follow him with a wistful expression. While her love for him was always supreme, and their relations most tender and affectionate—a perpetual “honeymoon,” yet hers was not a clinging nature. She evidently felt an in-

tuition that separation was to take place, though perhaps not defined even to herself.

There came a day of suffering, followed by a night of agony for her, and fearful suspense to husband, sister, and other loving friends. The morning found three doctors with their instruments, a little waxen form prepared for burial, and the mother lying very low and unconscious.

She rallied and her symptoms were quite favorable for nearly two days. There came a change for the worse in the night, and for thirty-six hours she lay moaning and unconscious. Even then we did not despair. We had often heard her say that she was "immortal till her work was done." As the whole household were up praying for her the last night, that comforting thought was brought forcibly to the writer. The Lord had brought her back from the jaws of death several times, and He could and would do it again, if her work was not yet done. We did not give up hope until she was gone. Though unconscious of the presence of friends and loved ones weeping around her, she caught a glimpse of "the things prepared for them that love Him," and her eyes lit up with glad surprise and heavenly glory, then her pure spirit took its flight at about 5 : 30 A. M. on the 28th of March, 1902.

The shock of her death was like a thunderclap from a clear sky. We had not once anticipated her leaving us. And our hearts were broken over the remembrance of her sufferings, and the circumstances of her death. The Lord not only used the precious words of Holy Writ to comfort us, but her own words as well. If she could rest in the providences of God as a manifestation of His will concerning her, could not we do the same? And as we recognized His hand and His will, faith sprung up and said, "God's will must be best."

The funeral services were held at the home. Rev. C. C. Cary of Monroe, Ga. preached the sermon from 1 Thess. 4: 18, reading in connection with the text the last six verses of the same chapter, and the latter portion of 1 Cor. xv.

The esteem and appreciation for the precious departed one was manifested by the large crowd that gathered, many lovely offerings of flowers, and some voluntary testimonies of her worth, and the help and inspiration she had been to souls. With bleeding hearts we laid away the "earthly house of this tabernacle" in Westview cemetery to await the resurrection morn, and then returned to our desolate home, wondering how we could live on and take up the work again without her sweet pres-

ence. How could we? Only through the marvelous grace of God, the comforting assurance that He never makes a mistake, and the knowledge that while we suffer she is supremely and forever *satisfied*. "I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness."

Letters of sympathy to her bereaved companion poured in from friends known and unknown, while many who had associated with the departed one in the past, sent testimonials of her worth and noble Christian character. A memorial number of *The Repairer* was issued a month after her death in which was published some of these letters, also tributes of loved ones here. In the next chapter will be given that of her husband, and her last words at the mission as reported by a worker in the home. Succeeding chapters will contain as much of the memorial matter as our limited space will permit.

CHAPTER XX.

A LIFE-TIE BROKEN.

After a month's anguish and many times wondering if it was not "only a dream," I am forced to believe that it is a fact that the dearest one on earth to me has really slipped away. It is the heaviest blow of

my life and is a mystery to solve ; but then I know God is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." Though crushed and "dumb with silence," I am not conscious that I have felt for one moment a disposition to murmur or question the dispensation of Divine Providence. It is enough to *know* that all things work together for (my) good, and if so, it would be selfish and wrong to wish my loved one back, since it could but lessen her glory and mine as well, in that I would not have this new occasion, and the additional responsibilities through which to prove the power and scope of redeeming grace.

The fact of having felt in Divine order from the first, no step being taken without prayer, and nothing spared to save her life of which we could think,—all go to confirm the belief that it was "God's way," and God's time to claim her pure spirit.

I am so glad there is not one thing of which I can think to reproach myself. Her feelings and convictions were always respected. Matthew 1: 25, was strictly and gladly complied with. Proper diet, exercise, sitz baths, etc., etc., had their regular order. Three of the best physicians and two experienced nurses were employed, but all to no avail. Blood poison, caused by internal hemorrhages, did

its awful work, and the precious life ebbed away.

When she found out that her beautiful, nine-pound baby boy was dead she looked up into my face wistfully; then as usual forgot herself and said, “You’re disappointed, aren’t you?” After asking if she might see the baby she remarked that it was sweet, and then added with deep feeling, “It is all right, I am resigned, I am resigned.” And she was,—not only resigned, but fully ripe for the unexpected change that awaited her three days later.

This has surely been the most crushing thing I ever experienced, and but for the wonderful grace of God, the prayers of the saints, and the confidence of the workers and people, I could not have borne it. For some time past I have been especially led to pray that God would deal with me and the work in just the way that would bring the most glory to Him and the most good to our souls. Little did I think that this was the way He was going to answer that heaven-inspired prayer. It seemed she had gone as far with us as she could without stepping higher, and to do so was to step out and up to joys on high.

I am thankful that it was my privilege to live with such a godly companion for nearly ten years. It has been worth more

than a fortune to me, and now perhaps God makes use of this affliction as the best thing He can employ to more fully ripen and mellow me. It was said of Jesus,

“For in that He himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted.” I trust that I may likewise, as a result of this visitation be better “able” to “weep with them that weep” and comfort those who need consolation.

I confess I do not feel capable of offering a just tribute to the memory of my loved one, and know that I cannot say anything that would add to her glory, but will try and relate a few characteristics that might be an inspiration to the living.

The fondest recollections I have of her are not so much the pure embraces and loving words which were constantly showered upon me, but the strength of character, and greatness of soul that she exhibited under all circumstances. She was endowed with a quiet, unassuming power to mould character that left its imprint upon all with whom she labored or lived. Her refined sensibilities, godly counsels, and sometimes reproofs, were worth ten thousands times more to me than gold or earthly honor. If I have attained to anything at all worthy of mention, I owe it to God and the true helpmeet, He gave me. She fulfilled the

Scripture, that "a *prudent* wife is from the Lord. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. Strength and honor are her clothing and she shall rejoice in time to come."

There was nothing soft or sentimental about her. She had no use for affectation in herself or others. She was surprised that any one could act deceitfully. She frequently remarked that she was an "old fashioned person." But this did not keep her from being pleasing in her ways. One moment she was capable of becoming the most child-like and gleeful, so as to make every one, children and all, delight to associate with her. The next moment if duty demanded it, whether in the pulpit or home life, her very presence made every one feel that she was in command and her wishes must be respected, and not trifled with. In a judicial sense, she was a dignified woman. In another sense she was a pure, innocent little girl. She was many times misunderstood and considered "cold and distant" on first approach by those who did not fully get acquainted with her inner life.

It could be said of her, that she looked "well to the ways of her household." She took special delight in getting others needful presents in the way of clothing, many

times denying herself to do so. I think all who ever ate at her table will agree that she was more than an ordinary cook and housekeeper, considering the limited means with which to provide for a large family.

Another characteristic was her strong intuitiveness and discernment of spirit. We were generally safe in relying upon her judgment pertaining to weighty matters, and she did not abuse this power; many times while others were asleep, she was wrestling with God concerning the work, or some one who was nearing a crisis.

She had the happy combination of mirth without lightness; firmness without severity; economy without closeness; good rule without an exacting spirit, and bearing responsibility without anxiety. She was surely a balance-wheel to unworthy me, and God alone can come in and fill the vacancy. Amen and amen. E. E. SHELHAMER.

Last Words.

I shall never forget the last weeks and last words of her attendance in the services at the mission.

The strange stillness of eternity seemed to settle over the congregation when she would rise to speak at the close of the morning sermon.

This was true especially of the last Sabbath. She was speaking of the loss it brought to a soul to chafe under present circumstances, or try to escape them by opening a door for itself, and not waiting for God to make a "way of escape."

There was an unusual solemnity in her voice and manner, and an emphasis and entreaty I never heard her use before as she said: "Oh, I wish I could help souls to learn the secret of accepting everything as coming from God, and to understand that the present is a training for the future."

With one foot in eternity and looking back over my past life, I can know and feel what I am saying as never before. God led me from responsibility to responsibility, and every hard place was but the training for the next. He taught me to hold still in each furnace until the great heart-lesson—"Thy will be done" was perfectly learned; and when I come to stand among those who have been soldiers for God, I feel that I can say: 'I too, know something of what it means to be a soldier.' If you could only learn this lesson of living in the present! I look back only a few short years to the associations that helped to mould my life; where are those today who were once with me in the battle? Some are in heaven,—all are scattered.

I realize how fleeting are the privileges and opportunities of life! Some of you who listen to me now, will look back before long to these times of help and blessing, and say from your hearts, 'Oh that I could only have those days of privilege over again!' Separated and alone, with no one to whom you can unburden your hearts, or take your perplexities, you will understand then how to appreciate the opportunities of the past."

And now already those prophetic words are being in a measure fulfilled. She has joined the company above, and is standing, "a soldier among soldiers," and we *are* looking back to days of privilege gone forever.

A Worker.

CHAPTER XXI.

TRIBUTE OF A FRIEND.

O Thou Almighty Christ, whose sovereign ways
Are not for human ken, we give Thee praise,
E'en at this time when low our hearts are bowed,
And shocked as by a clap of thunder loud
That rends the air on some bright summer day,
When not a shadow seems to cloud the way.
AY, give Thee praise, for Thou art worthy still,
Tho, thro' dark seas of sorrow 'tis Thy will
To lead us on, and Thy blest purpose keep,
Revealed to none on earth, but hidden deep
Within the Infinite Breast.

My Brother, Friend—

I feel that in this grief that God doth send,
Thy heart echoes the language penned above.
Nor dost thou doubt His pure, unchanging love.
But still our hearts with grief are made to mourn
When we behold our loved ones from us torn,
And all that mortal is consigned to clay,
And from our sight forever laid away.
Nor is this wrong, for Jesus wept. And so
With thee I weep. I weep but may not know
The pain thy heart doth feel. 'Twas but to-day
My darling in her usual, winning way
Enclosed me in her arms, and looking down,
With joy I read in those deep eyes of brown
The pure, sweet woman's love she has for me.
One moment thus, and then I thought of thee,
O brother, friend, bowed down in thy distress,
Strove in my mind to feel thy loneliness
And share thy weight of woe.

Resumed your daily cares much wondering
That it should please the gracious, blessed King
Thus to reveal Himself. But cease, my friends,
To weep, yea, dry your tears while I ascend,
And from some sacred point of view by faith
Behold the face of that dark sea of death.

O now I see! There on the farther shore
By faith I see that little bark once more,
And see the shining radiant form of One
She loved so much—God's well beloved Son—
The very One who once was heard to say,
“I am the resurrection and the way, [hand
The truth, the life.” He now puts forth His
And touches her, when at His blest command,
She wakes, and looking up beholds His face
All radiant with love. Then in His grace
She steps ashore, and there her weary feet
Secure sweet rest, as on the golden street [brow
They press the shining way. Her pale, sweet
That ached so many times on earth, is now
Encircled by a starry crown of gold,
And free from aches and pains, for we are told
That sickness cannot come, nor dread disease,
To that blest land of light and joy and peace.

There too, the hand that grasped the Spirit's [sword,
And fought on earth the battles of the Lord,
Now waves a glorious palm of victory.
All this, my weeping friends, by faith I see,
And more, but may not write for time and space
Forbid it now. So in that blessed place
All trembling with delight and rapture sweet
We leave her sitting at the Saviour's feet,
And trust and pray that we with her may meet,
And share God's love when life is here complete.

She was my friend. I saw her boldly stand,

The fearless leader of a little band,
 Proclaiming in the Spirit's power to men [then,
 God's love. Twelve years and more are gone since
 But thro' these many years the grace of God
 Ry which the lion underfoot she trod,
 When but a virgin maid, protected her,
 And brought her off more than a conqueror
 And crowned her with His love at last.

So rest,
 Ay, rest, my friend! He whom thy soul loved best
 Has called for thee and said thy work is done,
 Rest from the strife which was so well begun
 In youthful days. Beneath the blessed dome
 Of God's deep love shall be thy future home.

Thy tears and prayers I now remember well
 When my poor soul strove hard with hosts of hell:
 But tears are past, and prayers are turned to ^{praise,}
 And thy pure soul in future endless days
 Shall count in joy the jewels thou hast won
 And brought to God thro' Jesus Christ His Son.

Rev. C. E. SPICER.

A Typical Woman.

The casket in which her beautiful spirit
 lived was itself beautiful. The well mould-
 ed figure, so full of charming grace and
 symmetry, was in exquisite harmony with
 the well poised head and face, the heaven-
 ly expression of which was a rebuke to
 the light and frivolous as well as to the im-
 pure; while it drew to her the pure in
 heart as one who knew with them the "se-

cret of the Lord." Who ever gazed into those tender eyes of hers so full of loving earnestness, or beheld those lips that were so indicative of refinement and chastity, that did not think of Him whose pure unsullied mouth was as free from guile, hypocrisy and sensuality as the whitest angel that strengthened Him in the agonies He suffered in Gethsemane, while as yet He knelt in the shadow of the cross? Or who ever heard that voice so fraught with celestial music, whether in humbly contributing her glowing testimony, or in pleading in behalf of lost souls, that has not turned away rebuking his own soul for its lack of true devotion and its inability to travail for the souls of others?

But of that which was her real self,—the magnanimous soul that for a brief while found its abode in its tastefully, neatly, and modestly attired tenement that is now given back to earth, who shall speak? Truly may we say, while she was among us God lived in her, now that she has departed, she lives in God.

No marble shaft may tower heavenward over the grave where sleeps the sacred body of our beloved sister, but during her short life God enabled her, through grace, to build a monument more imperishable than voiceless stone, a monument of which

the impregnable Rock of Ages is the foundation, and upon which is builded all of the Christian graces that made her triumphant in life, victorious in death, and now entitles her to a place among those who shall be numbered in the first resurrection.

Rev. R. O. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXII.

“ONE WORD WOULD NOT BE SPOKEN.”

My Dear Brother Shelhamer:—Through the *Wesleyan Methodist* there comes to me the painful news of your bereavement; and by your last paper I learn that your loved one slipped off to glory through the same doorway that my dear wife went eleven years ago. I know as only one can by experience, what your sense of loneliness is these days; how it seems as if the familiar and beloved face *must* come in again from some other room, or the well-known step or voice be heard; how it all seems like a bad dream which cannot be true. But, glory to God! I also know how much nearer and more real than ever heaven is to you; how the blessed Comforter gathers you closer to His bosom of Divine love and thrills your heart again and again, so that if one word of yours could bring your loved one back

to earth's care and toil and hardship again: that one word would not be spoken. Only a little while, my Brother, and all that you and I can do in our blessed Lord's work will be done; then to Jesus and loved ones we'll quickly go. Hallelujah!

Your wife was greatly loved in our home; the more so because after her powerful sermon that night on the Utica, Pa. campground my daughter went to the altar and was saved, and is now a blessedly sanctified Christian.

In heaven, account of work done is not measured by the time spent in doing it, nor by the amount accomplished, but by the loyal love which governed the worker while at work. By this rule our dear Sister Sheldhamer is reaping a rich reward today. We will follow her example in this and join her soon. Amen. Eld. P. B. CAMPBELL.

From A Southern Holiness Leader.

Our home was shocked and saddened by the announcement of the death of this friend and sister in Christ. Better knowledge of her had continually elevated her in our esteem, and we felt that future years would only draw us into closer association in the Master's work. While most of our acquaintance was at the Indian Springs Holi-

ness camp-meeting, we in south Georgia knew the Lord was blessing in His own way the mission work she, with her husband and household were doing in Atlanta.

Her life was almost the extreme opposite of the self-indulgent worldly life lived by most of the women in our so-called Christian churches. Wholly consecrated to the Lord's work, deeply sanctified by the Spirit through the blood of Christ, she was dead indeed unto sin and alive unto God. We think we never knew one more dead to human opinion, and more alive therefore unto God. Her preaching on the street, for which she gladly suffered the penalty of being put in jail by godless city officials, was an invigorating model for timid and inaggressive church members everywhere.

Her modest and quiet demeanor at home and in social life, was a refutation of any forwardness or unlady-like boldness that might be charged against her on account of her courageous stand for Christ in public, and at all times. We pray God to multiply her type from among our southern women, among whom her earnest and inspiring life was lived for the last six years. On the husband, bereaved but braced by God's mighty presence, we pray continued and sustaining grace.

Rev. G. W. MATTHEWS.

Her Memory Blessed.

I was greatly shocked to learn of the death of Sister Shelhamer. Have known her for several years only to esteem her as a real saint. One event in her life fastened itself indelibly on my mind.

During the New Brighton Camp Meeting on Alum-Rock Camp Ground, several years ago, Bro. D. B. Tobey called on her to preach one night to the great congregation. The cross was no doubt heavy. Four district elders sat in the stand. God wonderfully helped her to preach and attended his word with power. In the midst of her sermon, the burden came upon her; wringing her hands in agony she turned to the preachers and crying, "O Brother Barnhart what shall I do?" she fell on her knees in an agony of prayer.

With streaming eyes Bro. B. gave the invitation. There was the awe of death among the congregation, sinners flocked to the altar and cried for mercy. No doubt she is now enjoying the companionship of some who sought God that night.

Such saints are few; her devotion to God never wavered. "She rests from her labors and her works do follow her." Happy the record of such a life! Blessed the honor of having known one so thoroughly given up

to God! We cannot weep for her, but for those who are left behind. Better than gold is her legacy. The incentive of her example is priceless. Rev. M. L. SCHOOLLEY.

Pittsburg Conference Resolutions.
(*Abridged.*)

It has pleased God in his mysterious but all-wise providence to translate from the ranks militant to the company triumphant the soul of our beloved sister Mrs. Minnie B. Shelhamer. We are painfully conscious of the futility of any of our efforts to express our appreciation of her sterling worth, or to alleviate the bitterness of the cup of sorrow that is pressed to the lips of her husband and associates. We wonder why it should be said, "She is gone," but bow submissively to Him who makes no mistakes, and say, "Thy will be done."

As a soldier of the cross she was fearless and endured hardness uncomplainingly. Would God we had ten-thousand such! As a saint she was spotless. She had convictions of right, and never yielded for fear or favor. When misunderstood she held steadily on her way; when reviled, she reviled not again. Honesty and integrity of

principle were predominant traits. She could be depended upon.

She was more than an average preacher. While her sentiment and logic were forceful and convicting, she could reach into the unutterables of Divinity and bring down the power of heaven: that power which alone is capable of bowing hearts at the humbling cross.

She was a missionary in the fullest sense of the term. All of the seventeen years of her evangelistic efforts were spent in sections where our work was new. In 1894 with her husband she entered the work in the south, and through all the crosses and trials encountered in establishing the work there she has shown the highest type of the true missionary spirit, self-forgetfulness and unconquerable love for souls. Wrestling unweariedly with God, only the judgment will tell the result of her steady purpose to see the south redeemed.

We shall meet again, but not in scenes of conflict. The prospect urges us on. New faces await us there. Earth recedes while its brightest prospects centre in heaven. Let us be true and some day we too shall go up and possess the land.

Committee on Memoirs.

{ J. Barnhart,
W. A. Sellew,
H. A. Baldwin,

CHAPTER XXIII.

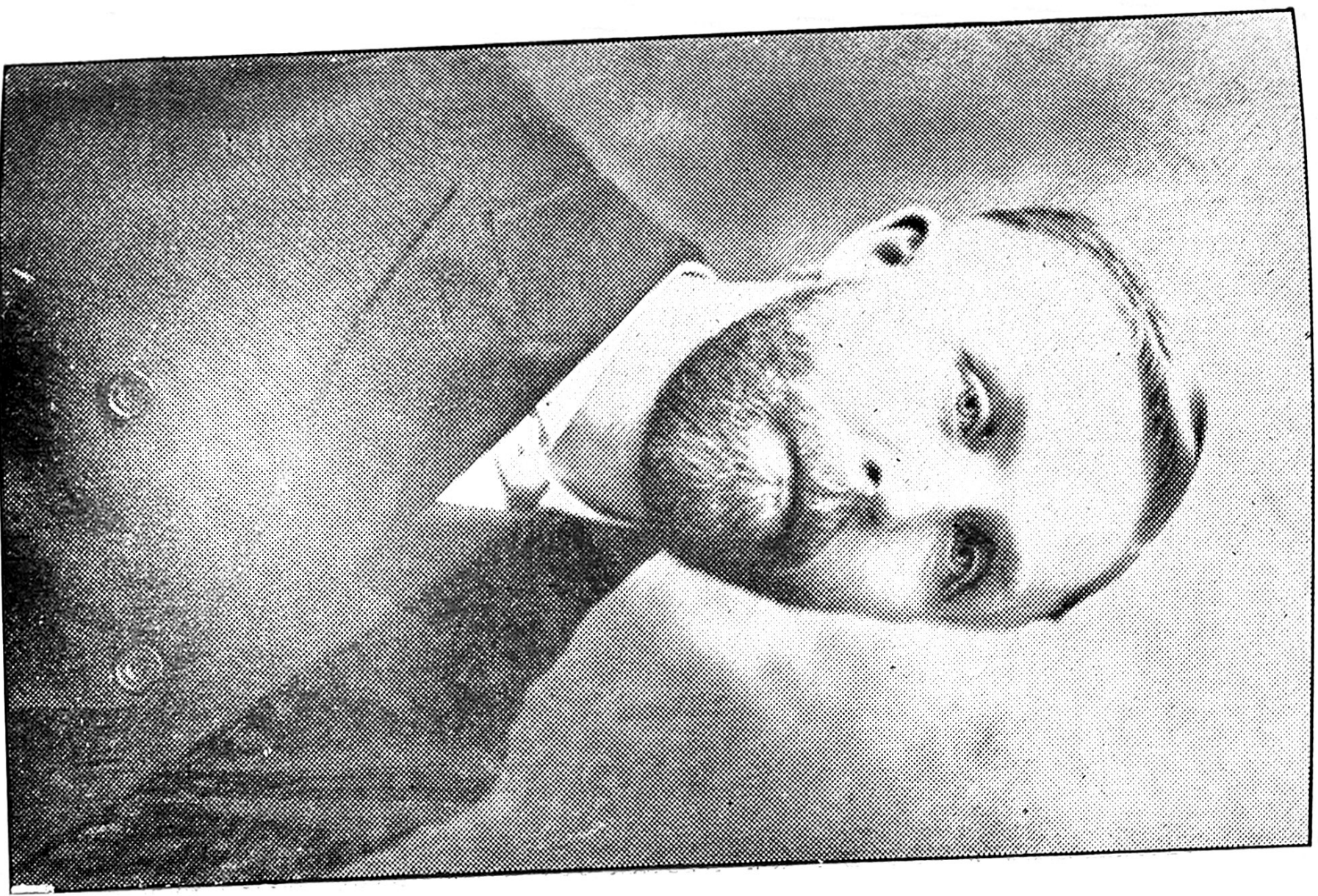
LIFE AND DEATH OF OLE GELLEIN.

Reference has been made to the translation of Brother Gellein on the 21st of August, 1901, only a few months before Sister Shelhamer too, went home. Since he was such a help to her, looking after the business affairs, and taking the load of responsibility from her shoulders when her husband was absent, it is fitting that brief mention be made of his life and death in this work.

He was born in Norway on the 21st of January, 1871, came to America at the age of seventeen, and for a number of years made his home in Texas.

He was brought under conviction and reclaimed in a meeting held by Brother Shelhamer in Swedonia, Texas, soon after which, he came to Atlanta as a worker in the home, and for two years had been office editor of *The Repairer*. Editorial mention was made of him in the paper at the time of his decease as follows:—

“His most prominent trait of character was *faithfulness*, doing everything that he saw ought to be done, (not waiting to be told) with as much interest and exactness as I could have done it. We frequently



OLE OLSON GELLEIN.

DAUGHTER OF J. A. GELLEIN. BORN AUGUST 21, 1901.

called him Brother "Faithful." He seemed to count it a pleasure to do irksome things. His gentleness and trustworthiness endeared him to all who knew him.

"He was not known as a great writer or orator, but in the four years that he was with us, we cannot recall an instance that we heard him utter a harsh or impatient word, or saw an expression upon his face which showed that he was irritated. We call such a holy life, and it continued so to the last, though his sufferings were great, especially the last few days.

"His sickness started from an attack of lagrippe. Others had a similar attack followed by a hacking cough, but he thought he would go ahead and wear it out as was his custom with bad feelings. It held on to him and before long, he was having night sweats with chills through the day. This soon developed into consumption.

"We prayed for and anointed him, also sent him north to attend some camp meetings, where he was likewise prayed for, but with no lasting results. It seemed God wanted to take him and He did. What was our loss was his gain, for Paul who knew what the third heaven was like, said, 'For me to live is Christ, and to *die* is gain.'

Brother Gellein sold a little property in

Texas, part of the proceeds of which was still due him at his death. This he wished to have used to help carry on the work which he loved so well, and by this means we are enabled to publish this little book.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRESENT PROSPECTS OF THE WORK.

“God buries His workmen, but His work goes on.” The spring and summer of 1902 was a time of special tests and *special blessings*. It seemed for a time that Brother Shelhamer’s life might also be cut short. Prayer was answered in his behalf, and early in June he went north to fill engagements for camp meetings. Others left to sow the seed nearer by.

The little company who remained to carry on the meetings and work, found occasion to “lean a little harder” on God, and realized the truth of the promise, “I will not leave you comfortless (orphans).” Some souls were blessedly saved.

In the fall, absent ones returned and reinforcements came, among them Auntie Coon from Chicago, an old saint who has been forty-five years in the way.

The midwinter convention was a time of special blessing. We were honored with

the presence of Rev. W. A. Sellew, one of the Superintendents of the Free Methodist church, who preached for us twice a day for nearly two weeks. His sermons were very helpful and inspiring, the pilgrims were strengthened, and seeking souls delivered. The work was given a new impetus and went right on after the close of the special services.

The house at 12 Gilmer street had long been too small for the work. After much prayer and deliberation a building was secured at 191 Marietta street which not only has more rooms, but a nice hall for the services, and is in a much better location for reaching the people. Kind friends helped to get it ready, and we moved just in time for the holiness convention in May.

This was one of the best ten days' meetings ever held. Rev. W. H. Kennedy of Ohio preached for us in the demonstration of the Spirit and in power. Some who had long been seeking were set at liberty.

The work is being energetically pushed, street meetings and marches are held, visiting in homes and hospitals, holding meetings in the stockade, besides the regular services in the mission, and there is much to encourage on every line of the work.

A young woman was found in the hospital who had lived a life of sin. She was

penitent, and we felt obliged to take her in as she had no place to go. She sought the Lord and was wonderfully converted. None who see her shining face, and hear her testify that the Lord has made her heart as "white as snow," can doubt the genuineness of her salvation.

Rescue work seems to be thrust upon us. We are praying for a suitable place in the suburbs where girls who are really penitent can be taken in, and not only be reformed but really converted to God.

Such a place with a few acres of ground could soon be made self-supporting, and serve not only as a rescue home, but a rest home for workers from the city mission, where they can recuperate in the fresh air, and by working in the garden help to raise vegetables and garden produce for both city and country homes.

Suitable property near the city can be bought for two or three thousand dollars, and would help pay expenses, while we trust it would result in a harvest of souls. Any who would like to help such a worthy enterprise with your prayers, influence or means will not lose your reward. We have desirable property in view, and have started a subscription which in honor of Sister Shelhamer's blessed memory is known as "The Memorial Fund."