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PRAISE PAPERS
A Spiritual Autobiography
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The Christian Witness Co.
Chicago

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DEDICATION

To My Wife,
Mary Palmer Keen,
Whose Companionship For A Quarter Of
A Century,
Next To That Of The Adorable Comforter, Whose
Presence And Grace These Pages
Gratefully Record,
Has Been The Constant Inspiration

Of My Devotion To God
And Of My Fidelity To The Work Of The
Ministry. And Still,

"She blessing is; for God hath made her so;
Nor hath she ever Chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless."

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PREFACE

"Praise Papers" are a collection of successive testimonies, which, under solicitation, the author has given to the Church in various periodicals during the last twenty years. They are now gathered together in this booklet, to give them permanent form, and to comprise a coherent story of his Christian experience. They are published as a Souvenir in Commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the experience of full salvation by the baptism with the Holy Ghost.

They are presented as a Love Offering to many friends who have requested a full-drawn portrait of his religious life, and as a Praise Offering to God, who hath so gloriously saved and blessedly kept him unto the present time.

May this "Ebenezer" stone of testimony, marking the quarter-centennial of his companionship with the Indwelling Comforter, as its humble and grateful record is perused, incite and encourage others to seek and to walk in this "more excellent way!"

S. A. Keen
January 10, 1894

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INTRODUCTION

The value of Christian testimony in persuading men to be saved has never been rated at its full worth. When Saint Paul's life was at stake, whether before a Jewish mob or a pagan king, he always told his experience. The Church can never be overstocked with books on Christian experience. Hence this book will be found to be helpful to the people, and especially useful to preachers of the gospel. It is a demonstration of what Professor Phelps very aptly styles the law of eminent success: "An uplifting from a lower to a higher plane of religious life is sure to declare itself in a reduplication of power. The vital power in the preacher is the vitalizing power in the hearer. This is one of the most invariable of the discovered laws in the working of the Holy Ghost." It will also immensely augment the power of the Church when the whole body of believers apprehends this "law of the spirit of life," and puts forth their activities in harmony with its requirements. That conception of the work of the Spirit in Conviction, regeneration, sanctification, and enduement, as sovereign, arbitrary, and without law, is indeed paralyzing, and without Scriptural warrant, since the Revision has given as the correct translation of Acts iii, 19 -- "Repent ye, therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, that so there may come" (as the result of human agency) "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." For thousands of years streams ran from the mountains to the seas, turning no machinery, and boiling water propelled no engines on the land and no ships on the water, and currents of electricity coursed through the air, disdainingly to draw our cars; so that from the creation of man to the days of our grandfathers there was no improvement in the mode of locomotion by horses and by wind. What a loss to comfort and civilization through ignorance of the laws by which these natural forces may be harnessed to the chariot of human progress! But now, wherever electricity finds a dynamo, it immediately goes to work in the interest of its newly-found master-man. How strikingly parallel has been the ignorance of the Church respecting the power of the Holy Spirit, and the conditions on which He is available for lifting the world from the slough of Sin to the salubrious summits of Salvation! What a waste and loss by the neglect of this spiritual agent since the day of Pentecost! What pitiful and worthless substitutes, sacerdotalism, ritualism, and union of State and Church! Others have given the first place to that which was designed to be second-architecture, culture, intellectualism, and a phosphorescent eloquence without melting heat.

The number who have found in their own experience the secret of power is not large; hence the greatness of their responsibility should they neglect to make it known for the benefit of mankind. What a drawback to human progress, for Stephenson to conceal his first locomotive,

Morse his telegraph, Edison his incandescent light and phonograph, and Bell his telephone -- keeping these wonderful utilities to themselves alone, and carrying them with them to their forgotten graves! This would have been folly, but not guilt. But when a soul experiences a personal Pentecost, and is thereby purified and transfigured and begirt with divine strength and filled with light, he can not put this lamp, let down from the throne of God into his bosom, under a bushel, without sin. It is this sense of obligation which has thrust the author of this book out of his quiet but fruitful pastorate into a wide Pentecostal evangel, compassing all the Conferences of Episcopal Methodism. There is a goodly number who share in this impulse to proclaim, with tongue and pen, the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe.

We can not dismiss this little book upon its blessed errand to myriads of its future readers without voicing the prayer of Dr. John Campbell, editor of the British Banner:

Spirit of life, go forth!
Let thy great word proceed,
Dispensed by whom thou wilt, to wake
The spiritually dead.
Send forth to prophesy,
Thy Chosen messenger;
And thou the Word of Life apply,
constrain the World to hear!

Lord, while at thy Command,
Thy servants prophesy,
O, let it spread through every land
That thou in Christ art nigh!
The dead professors shake,
And with thy quickening breath
Make thou their lifeless souls to wake
Out of the sleep of death!"

Daniel Steele
Milton, Mass., May, 1894

* * * * *

Paper 1
CHILDHOOD SALVATION

2 Timothy III, 15 -- "From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation."

My natural life began May 12, 1842. Its environments were a Christian home, the family altar, and godly parents. My child-life proved susceptible to the holy influences of such surroundings, so that up to about eight years of age I had not forfeited my infantile justification,

and do not recollect having had any consciousness of sin or its guilt. Here, however, began the genesis of my spiritual life. I recall, as a bright memory of those years, the following experience, which was the first conscious dawn of life in God as I now know, but which for lack of instruction at the time I did not recognize. I had gone on a Sabbath morning to the Sunday-school. At the close, the superintendent, a young man -- John F. McClain, afterwards a minister in the Southeast Indiana Conference, and recently ascended to his crown -- spoke most tenderly of the love of Jesus to us as expressed by his death on the cross. His words melted my heart, and brought me under conviction, not of sin in the sense of intentional and actual transgression of God's law, but of the obligation I was under to God to love him because he had loved me. I felt keenly the guilt of not loving Jesus, who died for me. I left the room, weeping, went home, slipped away into an upper room, and there alone prayed my first prayer; that is, my own prayer; for I had said prayers from the time I could lisp at my mother's knee. While praying, my heart grew light, and I felt very happy. I did not tell any one this experience. I now believe that then and there I was converted. For some time after this -- how long I can not recall -- I did feel that I loved God, and found myself often, when alone, talking to him. When I lost this sweet child-experience I do not know; but there was a period from about ten to thirteen during which I fell into sin -- not flagrant sin, such as profanity and kindred vices, but into petulance, high temper, naughty words, and the like. I do not believe, however, there would have been any lapse from my happy child knowledge of God and his love had I told it to my parents, or had I had the helps which children have now in cultivating a Christian life. When some months past thirteen years of age, while, on a December afternoon, I was preparing wood for the night, strange, serious thoughts about death, eternity and the future, came into my mind. They fastened upon me. Fear of death and a dread of God sprang up in my mind. I quit my work, I felt so badly, and went into my father's shop.

My father perceived that I was quiet and subdued, and asked me what was the matter with me, if I were sick, or if anything had gone wrong in the home. He questioned me so closely that at last I opened my heart and told him what strange thoughts had come into my mind, and how badly I felt. He lifted his eyes from his work, pushed his glasses up on his forehead, and said: "My son, you are convicted of sin, just what I have prayed for so long." He then told me what I needed to do. That night he took me to a revival-meeting, the first I had ever attended, and led me to the altar. There for three successive nights I prayed and wept, until on the last night, just as an old saint laid his hands on my head and said: "Son, Jesus says if you will come to him, he will receive you; believe it." I did believe it, and the peace of God came into my heart. From that December night, I have known the pardoning favor of God. The next Sabbath I united with the Church. This gave me great satisfaction. From then until now I have been singing:

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode."

All these childhood experiences in grace were real and precious to me. I have, however, found it better farther on.

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Paper 2
SPIRITUAL BIOGRAPHY

Psalms LXVI, I "come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

My testimony would not be complete should I not continue the history of my spiritual life, whose beginning is recorded in the preceding "paper." Having had a clear and satisfactory conversion, I started out to live for God with all my heart. I tried to live faithfully, and pushed on from the Red Sea of deliverance from the guilt of sin, and soon reached the Sinai of Christian life, where I received the law of divine requirements for God's people, felt its obligations, vowed to obey it - indeed, loved it. Onward I moved, eating daily manna, following the guidance of the Holy Spirit, occasionally looking back, sometimes murmuring on account of the way; at times conferring with flesh and blood, even making provision for the flesh. I was a very babe in Christ, even carnal. But I moved on, learning some lessons, having more joy than sadness, more rest than anxiety; and, in about three years, came to Kadesh-Barnea, where two holy spies, a Caleb and a Joshua -- namely the Word of God and some old copies of the Guide to Holiness -- found in the attic of my father's house, reported to my heart the good land, cheered and urged me to go up and possess it. But ten other spies of unbelief in the camp of the Lord said: "You are not able to go up and possess it. You are only a boy; you are too young to live in the Canaan of perfect love." I sought help in the camp of the Church where I belonged; but no one knew the way, and some were ready to cast stones. My pastor sent me to Watson's Theological Institutes. That was giving my hungry heart the stone of doctrine for the bread of experience.

I struggled against doubt, caught a glimpse of holiness; then let go my confidence, and turned back into the wilderness of legalism -- "Do the best you can" and "work out your salvation with fear and trembling" -- where I wandered for almost eleven years (I am so glad it was no longer), never forsaken of God; ever expecting that heaven would be the outcome; but O, the superficialness of my piety, the meagerness of my faith, the shallowness of my love, the fitfulness of my zeal, and the barrenness of my soul! How much I lost of growth in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ! Yet I had some fruit of the Spirit in my soul, and some success in winning souls as a class-leader and local preacher, and much enjoyment in communion with God. The last six years of this Wilderness-Life were equally divided between the life of a soldier and the life of a student. In June, 1868, I graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University. In October, the same year, I was admitted to the Ohio Conference, and appointed to Main Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Chillicothe. I had come again in sight of Canaan. I hungered for its "generous fruits." The first quarter in my pastoral charge was one of great longing to be made free from sin in my soul. Early in January I began a protracted meeting for a revival of God's work. It went on with increasing interest, but no conversions. As I left my pulpit on Sabbath evening, January 3, 1869, disappointed and heart-sore that, after days of effort, there was no awakening, no salvation, no revival, walking homeward, thinking what could be the matter, I could now, after a quarter of a century, go, I think, to the very paving-stone on the sidewalk where the Holy Spirit said to me as I now know: "How can you expect sinners to act up to their convictions when you do not act up to your own?" That arrow slew me. I saw in an instant what was in the way of the revival. It was the preacher himself. I am so glad that I had been kept from laying the fault at the door of my people. My heart was broken. I then and there began to seek the best I knew.

Full Salvation -- My ideas were very crude and immature on the subject, notwithstanding I was a graduate of a university, and thought I knew something about theology. I went on with my revival-work, but for a week was more concerned about myself than the meeting. I wept, I struggled, I prayed. At the close of the week, my heart seemed darker and colder than ever before. On Saturday afternoon, I went before God to ask him to help me in some special pastoral work. I dropped on my knees, and, instead of praying for what I thought I should, or for the great blessing I had been seeking, I did not pray for either. Indeed, I did not pray at all; but unpremeditatedly, spontaneously, these words came to my lips, "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine" -- words I had used a hundred times; but now they came with this thought: "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine," for you to do this thing for me. They were scarcely off my lips until a peace inexpressible was in my heart. I involuntarily arose from my knees. My praying was done. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did not know that was faith; but it was. It is always faith when we turn over to another to do for us what we can not do for ourselves. Nor did I recognize that the blessing was given. All I knew was that a blessed soul-rest had come. I went about my pastoral work. My feet were light, my steps were alert, my heart was joyous. Talking and praying with the sick and aged was a luxury, as I visited from house to house. In the evening, when I came to retire, as I knelt to pray, immediately, without intention, the same words, "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine," came to my lips, and I could say no more. The peace seemed even deeper. I slept very sweetly. Sabbath morning came. I arose, and again knelt in prayer; but could say nothing but "Lord, I am thine, entirely thine," accompanied with a still sweeter sense of rest in my soul. Having finished my preparation to preach, about ten minutes before eleven o'clock, I knelt down to ask God, not for full salvation, but to help me preach once more. My knees had no sooner touched the floor than the Witness of the Spirit was given to my soul, saying, "It is done." Then I saw that for eighteen hours I had been cleansed, filled, fully saved, and had not known it. My heart bounded with joy, my naturally ardent soul burst into a flame of rapture, and my head became a fountain of tears. Jordan was passed. The Canaan toward which I had so long "cast my wistful eyes," was reached. That day sinners turned to God in great numbers. Within a few weeks, over one hundred and sixty had been converted. From that day to this, summer nor winter, has the Lord left me without blessed and pervasive revivals of religion. The tenth day of January, 1869, introduced a new era in my spiritual life. The characteristics of my experience since then have been rest, freedom, and a holy warmth in my soul. These have varied in emotional intensity, but have never evanesced. They have been marred at times by a sense of spiritual failure and personal weakness, and by occasional lapses into momentary sin. They have ever been a light in the darkest hours of my pastoral responsibilities, and an inspiration for all my manifold duties. This experience, instead of cloying, has become more and more interesting to me. I have gone from strength to strength in it. It has unfolded into newer and richer manifestations. It has given me a sense of the nearness of God, apprehensions of Christ, and realizations of the Holy Spirit's presence, such as are marvelous to me. The only difference between the beginning of this experience and the present is that it has grown better, sweeter, and richer until the present moment. And this is the most restful, the most peaceful, and the most joyous of all.

My spiritual life has been environed by the temptations, afflictions, and tribulations that are common to all. It has been compassed about with the infirmities, imperfections, and weakness incident to lily own peculiar individuality, which have no doubt robbed it of much of its influence upon others. But it has been real, precious, and wonderful to me.

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Paper 3

SPIRITUAL ADDENDA

2 Corinthians 2:19 -- "From glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

In 1881, at the request of Rev. A. Lowrey, D. D., I took the witness-stand for the Lord Jesus Christ, and gave, through the Divine Life, my "Spiritual Autobiography," substantially as recorded in the preceding paper, recounting how, for twenty-six years, Jesus had been to me a pardoning Savior, and for twelve years a perfect Savior.

On the 10th day of January, 1891, the twenty-second anniversary of my entering into the fullness of the Indwelling Comforter, I appended a codicil to the testimony recorded in 1881, in the same periodical, saying: To the praise of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, another decade of blessed rest, growth, and victory in the Beulah Land of perfect love has crowned the glad years then reported. The blessedness of these later years has been of like sweetness to that of former years, with some delightful variations. The easiness of living in communion with God has been very refreshing and inspiring. The dint of faith, "I must, I will, believe," has been supplanted by a spontaneous "Just believing itself," keeping my heart singing all the while amidst duties, crosses, labors, and conflicts:

"O, 'tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to take him at his word."

The surprises along the way have been gladsome -- richer views of truth; more glorious apprehensions of Christ; varied anointings and uplifts of the Holy Spirit; signal victories in the face of stupendous difficulties; and peculiar restfulness in manifold trials, perplexities, and responsibilities.

A pleasurable progress in the grace of holiness, greater than the preceding decade of my experience, has made the last ten years epochal to me. The growth of the former years comprised chiefly steadiness, settledness, and secureness in the grace. That of the later years, expansion, assimilation, and advancement in the fullness of the Spirit. This new epoch of progress took its rise through my meeting for the first time, in the spring of 1881, that marvelously anointed, seraphic, and now sainted expositor of holiness, Dr. Sheridan Baker. Under his clear, vivid presentations of "progressive holiness," a phase of the entirely sanctified life which his teachings distinctively emphasized, as he says of himself in his introduction to "Hidden Manna," soon after he had received the fullness of the Spirit: "I began to turn my attention away from what had been done for me to what I saw before me. I perceived that a state of purity and the fullness of the Spirit were small matters compared with 'all the fullness of God; and the living in the realm of the "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." His doctrine of repeated "anointings," "refreshings," and "supplies" of the Spirit, and successive appropriations of the Christ-nature, possible to the fully sanctified soul, opened up such an inviting flight of blessedness in the life of holiness, that I was moved to break camp from my comfortable, well-fortified station on the Canaan side of Jordan, very near the crossing, and march at once to the "much land" to be

possessed. I ceased to stand in the way of holiness, and began to walk -- yea, to run -- therein. Perfect love was to me no longer a state, merely. It became a lift, a race, a forgetting the things behind, and a reaching forth unto the things before." The life of holiness has, from then until now, been to my soul a going from grace to grace, from strength to strength, from glory to glory, with vistas of love and heights of blessedness still stretching out before the vision of faith that transports me with the thought of what is still to follow.

This progress in holiness has been accomplished by a growing acquaintance with the Holy Spirit; -- an increasing perception of his personal agency in and availability for the conversion of sinners, the sanctification of believers, and the promotion of revival. It has emphasized and irradiated the Pentecostal phase of entire sanctification to my soul. The resultant of this going on in holiness and growing acquaintance with the Holy Ghost has been enlarged and sustained effectiveness in soul-saving, realized in glorious camp-meeting and revival campaigns.

These recent years of advancement and blessedness have had their incidents of sharp conflicts, heaviness on account of manifold temptations, darkneses from inscrutable providences, and from the overshadowing of Satan's black wing, together with some humiliating spiritual failures. Yet, in all these, by faith the victory side of conflict has been held; and I have often been perplexed, but not in despair, afflicted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed. I have mounted up on wings as eagles. I have run and not wearied; I have walked and not fainted. Another spiritual lesson taught me at this time by a special illumination of the Holy Ghost, and which has been to me the secret that has given to my faith and experience a steadiness as well as a progressiveness through these years, was the discrimination between the fact of fullness and the feeling of fullness; that one may be filled with the Holy Ghost when he may not feel filled. While the state of fullness and the sensible realization of it may co-exist, and usually do, yet one may be filled when there is, for the time being, no sense or feeling of this fullness. After one has been filled with the Holy Ghost, and thereby fully saved, he retains this blessed fullness so long as he walks by the same rule of a complete abandonment to, and an immediate faith in, Jesus as the Baptizer with the Holy Ghost. Should there be in this attitude of soul any intermission, abatement, or even withdrawal of the sensible emotions concomitant to this grace through the witness of the Holy Spirit as given when it was first experienced, or to those subsequent and frequent manifestations of joy in the Holy Ghost, the soul has only to walk by faith to find them reappearing, deepening, and not infrequently becoming abiding frames of heart. So long as the soul is given wholly to Jesus, and is implicitly trusting him for this fullness, it is filled with the Holy Ghost, whatever absence there may be of a joyous or ecstatic sense of it. Should the friend who is near me have asked me, as I seated myself to write this "paper," "Do you feel filled with the Spirit just now?" I should have candidly answered: "No, I do not feel filled. I am not at all conscious of any sort of spiritual emotion." But had he said to me, "Are you now filled with the Spirit?" in the absence of any feeling, I should, with a smile, unhesitatingly have replied: "O yes, I am filled with the Spirit;" for I was so conscious that then I was wholly given to Jesus, and was trusting him as my Baptizer with the Holy Ghost. But should my friend ask me now, as I am writing these lines, "Do you now feel filled?" I would respond at once, "Yes, bless the Lord!" for, as I have been writing, and am now seeking to unfold the mind of the Spirit in this testimony, blessed gales of the Spirit have been breaking the dead calm of my soul, with which I began my writing, into sweet, precious waves of holy comfort and inward gladness. But I was as really filled in the dead calm at the beginning as I am now, when the billows of sensible delight are sweeping my soul. And I shall

be as really filled when I am sound asleep tonight as now. Ever since I learned clearly this blessed lesson -- "Only trusting, I am filled" -- my rest of soul became a fixed factor. Satan never any more says to me: "Ah, where is your blessing? You don't feel like you did." His stratagem is to lead earnest souls to make feeling the basis of faith. And then, of course, if there is no feeling, there can be no faith; and so, under this frequent and insidious temptation, many cast away their confidence, and fall into darkness, and sometimes forfeit pardon or full salvation. The soul that only trusts while it feels saved, will not long trust at all. But he who trusts whether there be much feeling or little feeling, some feeling or no feeling, will be kept in perfect peace, and will walk in the Spirit. I halt here in the Highway of Holiness but for a moment, on this anniversary-day, to raise mine "Ebenezer," and then onward I haste, in this blessed life of faith, to my heavenly home.

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Paper 4

A GREAT DELIVERANCE

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we think or ask." -- Eph. iii, 20

One of the most interesting phases of my experience in the fullness of the Spirit has been the varied and successive "refreshings," "supplies," and enlargements of the Spirit which have visited my soul, as I have opened my heart for them, in the crises, times of need, and providential junctures in my Christian life and ministerial service. One of these I wish to record here, which was a personal deliverance experienced in the early autumn of 1878, almost sixteen years since. For it has proved epochal to me as to my work, especially as well as incidentally blessed to my experience subjectively.

There had not been a day since I experienced perfect love, ten years previously, that I had not had an insatiable desire to lead souls to pardon and purity. Although kept from a work of special evangelism, which I would any hour then and since have entered upon most gladly, I had made the trend of my ministry evangelistic, and had seen it crowned with larger Divine favor in this respect than I at all deserved, having such current results in camp-meetings and revivals as led my brethren to regard my success exceptional in usefulness. Nevertheless I constantly felt that the fruit in soul-saving was not at all adequate, either in view of opportunities given or the power of the gospel preached.

Consequently, in the midst of reasonable efficiency, I would reproach myself for relative failure. At times I had a deep sense of humiliation at such comparative failure; that is, over results so far short of what I desired, of what the necessities of souls demanded, and of what, as I thought, a mighty faith and greater holy power should achieve, that it became an occasion of most tormenting temptation, as I now know superinducing a heaviness of spirit, obstructive often to the best service for the Master that it was possible for me to render.

The deliverance came as follows: I was just closing my pastorate at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Delaware, Ohio. The three years had been most blessed in fruit, and of growth to my soul, although fraught with great affliction to my family and to myself, at times threatening as

to my own health a temporary suspension of the work of the ministry. Driven by affliction and the scourging of the temptation above referred to, I sought a new anointing of the Holy Ghost that would bring deliverance to my soul and enlargement of effectiveness in my work. While upon my knees, earnestly calling upon God in my study, the refreshing came. I saw the Man with a drawn sword, saying, "Lo, I am with you alway." It became to me a sustained faith, enthusiasm, and effectiveness such as I never possessed hitherto. Under this new anointing I clearly apprehended that God did not hold me responsible for the conversion of a sinner, or the sanctification of a believer, or the creation and promotion of revival; but that my sole responsibility as a soul-saving agent was to live in such an attitude to God as that I should be constantly filled with the Holy Ghost. I learned, then and there, that, having the fullness of the Holy Spirit, I would be at my best always for God and for souls. The persuasion came with this new view of responsibility, that, in this attitude of soul, God could and would use me up to the utmost possibilities for spiritual results.

Several things have come to me in the years that have succeeded the dawn of this new light of the Holy Spirit:

1. An utter absence of anxious concern about results, and phenomenal manifestations in evangelistic and in regular ministerial service.

2. A sustained consciousness of being used effectively, up to the best possible to my individuality and environments. I anticipate nothing other than to be used of God.

3. A delightful rest from the depressing effect of comparing my work with that of others whose success is more marked, or because results have been less than desirable or needful. This has allowed my whole physical, mental, and emotional life to go undepleted into soul-saving activity. I have been as happy in what I was once tempted to think culpable failure, as when having such sweeping victory as has led the people to say, "This work is of God."

4. Greater and more continuous fruitfulness has followed than in the years when I was afflicted with these periodical attacks of Satanic humiliation. My enthusiasm for souls, my zeal in efforts to reach them, and my sorrow over those who reject and grieve the Holy Spirit, has been even greater than ever before. My concern is now, not for the work or its results, but that I may be in the attitude of soul where God can use me to the greatest possible in the case; and thus have the witness that I am making full proof of my ministry.

5. Revival has come naturally and easily. There has been no tug in getting sinners converted and believers sanctified. All frustration and fret in the effort to save souls has disappeared; and now, in the glorious Pentecostal work which I am carrying forward, with its extended and peculiar demands, my soul is kept in perfect peace. Glorious deliverance! Hallelujah!

* * * * *

Psalms xi, 3 -- "He hath put a new song in my mouth."

May I ask the readers of "Praise Papers" the continued indulgence of dropping the editorial "we," in order to shout my "Jubilate" over twenty-five years of walking with the Comforter? It is a quarter of a century today (January 10, 1894) that, at ten minutes before eleven o'clock, January 10, 1869 (Sabbath), the clear, conscious witness was given to my soul that the blessed Holy Ghost had come into my heart to abide as a Sanctifier, Teacher, Comforter, and Anointer. The solar radiance of that assurance has had varying degrees of intensity during these years, but it has never evanesced. It has suffered some temporary obscurations, by slowness to follow the Spirit and to walk in the light of truth, by spiritual failures under subtle forms of temptations, and by lapses into momentary sins through ignorance, impulsiveness, and personal infirmities. It has never been obliterated by a taking back of the complete consecration, or casting away of the simple trust, by which this inestimable gift was received.

One of the most significant manifestations of the gracious light of the indwelling Comforter has been that he gave me to see, when inadvertently, not intentionally, overtaken in a fault which grieved the Holy Ghost, and burned like fire upon the sensitive nerves of my spiritual being, that a soul-restorative is available in the provision, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father," and "if we confess our sins, he is just and faithful to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." So I learned that this antidote, immediately applied when such involuntary lapses have occurred, proved preventive to the defiling tendency of such transgressions; preserved intact the state of holiness, and speedily reinstated my soul in the full, glad, conscious sense of the continued indwelling of the Holy Ghost. This illumination of the Spirit saved me from a twofold device of Satan, by which he has led hundreds to cast away their confidence and plunge again into Egyptian midnight of spiritual darkness. "For if the light that is within us become darkness, how great is that darkness!" First, it is a stratagem of Satan to say to a soul that has entered into full salvation by the baptism with the Holy Ghost, if it fall into sin, "There! you thought you were saved from sin, but now you see you were not;" or secondly, to say to him: "Yes, you were saved from sin and filled with the Holy Ghost, but you see you can not keep it." At this critical juncture, many a soul has forfeited its gracious state of holiness under one or other of these specious insinuations of the adversary, and has returned to wander in the wilderness, if not to go back into Egypt.

The teaching of the Word, apprehended under the light of the Spirit, saves the fully-sanctified soul when assaulted by Satan in this way, at the point of spiritual failure, allowing him to recognize that he has been wounded by a fiery dart of the devil, which must be quenched in the blood of Jesus -- the antidote for its poisonous effects. If the soul at once takes this specific, its gracious state remains unforfeited, and it learns that, as it has received the Lord Jesus as its anointer, so it may walk in him and be preserved blameless unto everlasting life. He sees that it would be unreasonable for a person who yesterday was in good health, but last night slept in a draught of cold air, and today is feeling symptoms of pneumonia, to say, either, "I never was in health," or, "I never can be well again;" but that it would be more sensible for him to say, "I have been in good health, notwithstanding these involuntarily superinduced pains, and I can continue in health." So he goes to taking the specifics for these symptoms, and finds that his health is not forfeited, takes up his duties, and rejoices in the blessedness of physical strength unimpaired. So

the soul that has entered into all the fullness of the Indwelling Comforter, falling into unintentional sin, may not fall from the gracious state of holiness, by at once applying this atonement -- provision through immediate confession, which is the almighty ratchet to hold the soul in its unrepudiated attitude of consecration and faith, until the temporary effects of transgression are repaired, and the conscious sense of full salvation is restored.

This very precious lesson, clearly apprehended early in my experience of perfect love, together with a sustained testimony to its blessed reality, and seeking to promote this grace, have contributed to keep my soul aglow with its assurance, and to advance in its enlarging realizations. The daybreak of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost to my soul had, as I now see, its anticipations in gracious gleams, which prophesied its coming and piloted me toward it. For fourteen years Jesus had been the morning-star of my soul in a precious sense of pardon, heralding him as the Rising Sun with healing in his wings, whose full glory was reached when he came to me in the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Besides the conscious experience of pardon and sonship which had turned my hopes toward this sunrise, there were reflected rays from this yet unrisen Sun which fell upon me, that gave unutterable longings for the perfect day. Among these was an old volume of the Guide to Holiness, which fell into my hands early after my conversion; then an unexpected visit of Edmund Yard, the soul-winner, to our home, brought in his pure face, Christlike manner, and deep earnestness, a most inciting glimpse of the coming glory. Occasional testimonies, few and far between, told of a brighter day ahead. The luminous inspirations of clear teaching by my spiritual leaders, or special meetings for the promotion of holiness, or the great national camp meetings, I did not have.

Had these been added to the incidental light which came to me, I am sure I should have much earlier reached the day-spring of this Pentecost. For through all the years which intervened between my conversion and my full salvation, I had longings and instinctive spiritual apprehension that there was a better, a higher, and a complete Christian life. These were often accompanied by misdirected efforts and futile struggles, which received little encouragement, and often much discouragement, by the average spiritual life which enveloped me. But in all these years of commingled lights and shadows, Providence, the Word and the Spirit, were the pillar of fire that was leading me on to the mountain-top I hold today. At last the morning came; the last watch of the night was the darkest. When my soul entered the final struggle for this new day, in the first three months of my itinerant ministry, under the deep conviction that God could not use me in saving souls and advancing his Church spiritually, unless I should measure up to what I believed I needed, the powers of darkness made a desperate stand against my soul. They broke in a storm of misconception, bewilderment, and heaviness that was terrific. In the midst of this darkness, I said: "Lord, I am entirely thine -- a thing I had said many times before, but now with this thought, "Lord, I am thine -- entirely thine for you to do this thing for me." Day broke out of night; peace unutterable came. I did not know just then that to give over to Jesus to do for me what I could not do for myself was faith, and that what had come of this was full salvation; but eighteen hours later the Holy Spirit shined upon his own work, and I saw that he had filled me, cleansed me, completely saved me. The glory of that hour was unspeakable. As the memory of it comes to me on this, the quarter-centennial of its occurrence, like Charles Wesley, I break out:

O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

A review of these twenty-five years with the Comforter discloses that the day which that holy anointing ushered in has had, somewhat clearly defined, three epochs:

I. -- Its Dawn

The brightness of the daybreak was a great advance upon the starlight of salvation in which I had been walking. It was epochal, positive, wonderful, in contrast with what had preceded, yet it was only morning -- not full day, not high noon -- a beautiful morning, an advancing morning. This dawn period was characterized by the conscious reception of the Comforter, with many lessons of faith, obedience, and establishment in holiness to learn. It extended over a space of about ten years, constituting an undergraduate course in the school of the Holy Ghost; hence, having its incidents of mistake, blunder, and inaptitude, making necessary providential discipline and spiritual correction, attended by some growth, but not rapid growth in holiness; more of a kind of holding on, a settling and fixing, a reinforcing the point of invasion to the Canaan of perfect love, preparatory to a complete occupation of the land. It was the training of the camp, rather than the triumph of the campaign. God gave me revivals, blessed, refreshing to my soul and my Churches; but, after all, it was the life of the cadet rather than the captain in the front of the battle; drilling in the armory; learning to handle the spiritual weapons, prayer, the sword of the Spirit, the shield of faith; studying holy dynamics, and the tactics of soul-movement in going about doing good. There was much fruit and enjoyment, much light, great light, increasing light, but dawn still. Had I been less left to myself to pioneer my way, had I had more teaching, the dawn-period would have been briefer and the full day earlier. I amplify on the dawn experience, because many think, in getting full salvation, that it bursts into its noonday splendor at the first, with all the ripeness, richness, and gloriousness of the experience of those whose biographies we have read, which presents them at the zenith rather than the horizon of their fullness in Jesus. The blessedness of this dawn-period was wonderful. It blended, however, into another epoch.

II. -- Its Sunrise

The Sun had been shining; it now appeared above the horizon. His light had been received -- now His face was recognized -- his glory had risen on my soul. Then was fulfilled, in its larger Sense, the promise, "When He is come, he shall glorify me;" Jesus, who had been precious to me, now, as the full light of the indwelling Spirit fell upon him, became the fairest among ten thousand to my soul. Then broke on me a personal recognition of the Holy Ghost, not by any psychical or mental vision, but a spiritual apprehension of him by faith, through which I have been able to recognize him present and coactive with me. These new, enlarged realizations of the Comforter came to me, not by a crisis as at the dawn, when, by a perfect consecration and a special faith, I received the Comforter, but by a sweet illumination, that if I would ask for a refreshing of the Holy Ghost to meet new emergencies in my experience and work, it would be given. So, without any struggle, except with temptations from Satan to doubt, but simply claiming the promise, "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him!" there came the manifestation of the Spirit, which opened a glorious sunrise epoch. In its light I saw that for ten years I had been in the land, but camped near the crossing, and that all the land was yet before me. So enrapturing was the vision -- Sweet fields of living green, and rivers of delight;" the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths; "the love abounding, and the all the fullness of God" -- that I

broke camp, and have been on the tramp ever since. And each day I see some new stretch of the Christ-life and Christ-nature, some new range of blessedness and peace, and away I go for it by simple faith and prayer. When will it end? I guess it will not find an end. O, this wonderful lesson of progressive holiness! Holiness is not Land's-end. It is not consummation. It is a good beginning. It is the entrance to the land, not all the land. To think of it as the goal, means stagnation, and is one of the fruitful sources of the sour, disagreeable types of professed holiness which sometimes appear.

The Holy Ghost, in the glory of this spiritual sunrise, also revealed himself to me as the Captain with the drawn sword, and I apprehended him as the indispensable Ally of the Lord's host, and the Mighty Reserve Force of my aggressive life as a ministerial warrior. The battle thenceforth has been his, not mine. This brought an anointing of courage, faith, and rest for victory, which has saved me from discouragement, unrest, or anxiety as to results in more than a hundred battles for souls on every field, pastoral or evangelistic, from then until now. As this sunrise-period climbed on towards the zenith, it has unfolded into many successive refreshings, enlargements, and anointings of the Spirit. During this epoch, my camp-meeting work was launched; "Faith Papers" originated, matured, and entered upon its career of blessing; and the Pentecostal movement, with its teachings and methods, took its rise. My spiritual strength became sustained, my spiritual understanding more luminous, and my spiritual knowledge greatly enlarged. All this, despite severe trials, great conflicts, and powerful temptations. The advancing day of spiritual life has testings, as well as at its dawn. Indeed, the assaults of the adversary are more subtle, persistent, and frequent as the final triumph draws near. I wish that this glorious epoch did not chronicle some spiritual failures that were humiliating; but, by the grace of God, I rejoice that they did not ultimate in spiritual forfeiture. This Sun of my soul did not withdraw himself. God did not take his Holy Spirit from me. He has traveled on in the greatness of his strength, and led me to the perfect day, whose meridian splendor now floods my soul.

III. -- Its High-Noon

As the dawn of my personal Pentecost was specially characterized by the conscious reception, and its sunrise by a conscious recognition of His personality, so the high-noon of its manifestation is marked by a spontaneous, conscious reliance upon the Holy Ghost; hence a fellowship with the Spirit that is most intimate and precious. He is ever thought of as present, even when not sensibly manifested. He is the immediate source supplying all my need. He directs my spiritual frames, moving me to prayer, to meditation, to communion, as he chooses. My will, affections, sensibilities, are possessed by him and obey his impulses. His presence compensates for the surrender of the pastorate and the absence of home involved in the Pentecostal work to which he has called me. His rays fall vertically upon the sacred page as I study it, upon the providences which attend me, and upon the service to which he leads. He sheds a mellow, restful serenity, steadiness, and sweetness into my soul. He clarifies and vivifies the saving truths of the gospel to my mind, intensifies and refines the deep experiences of my heart, illuminates the future, assuring me that the Church is on its way, despite its defects and spiritual immaturity, to the golden age of the Pentecostal era; and that the agencies of the gospel, the Church, and the living ministry, through his empowerment, is to dethrone sin, fill the earth with the glory of the Lord, and present to the descending Christ When he shall come the second time, without sin unto salvation, a ransomed world. The best of all, this Pentecostal noontide to my soul is to have no eventide. This Sun is

never to set; for He who has brought me to this meridian glory has promised, "Thy Sun shall go no more down; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting Light." My Joshua has commanded, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon!" So I shall steadily march on and fight on beneath its effulgence, until my warfare is accomplished and my last enemy is avenged. I recognize, should I choose, I can pluck this Sun from the sky of my soul by retracting my consecration, by canceling my faith, or by committing willful and persistent sin. But so long as I, in humble abandonment to God, sustained trust in Jesus, and loving obedience to the light, continue to walk in the Spirit, this noontide shall know no decline, and this day no night -- yea, more: it shall change from glory to glory, until its resplendence blends with the light of the city that needs no light of the sun. Hallelujah!

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A PENTECOSTAL TRANSLATION

The Story Of Dr. Keen's Closing Hours Told By His Wife

We know that God's children who knew and loved the author of this little book, whose lives have been cheered and helped, their love deepened and faith quickened, and a goodly number of whom have been led to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost through his gentle persuasions, will join in praise to Him "whom he loved and whom he served," when we tell them that, in his dying hour, his expectations were more than realized, and "according to his faith it was done unto him." At his Joshua's command, his sun stood still upon Gibeon, and beneath its effulgence he fought his last battle and avenged his last enemy. His noontide knew no decline, and his day no night; and its resplendence, as it blended with the light of the city that needs no light of the sun, left a glory behind which lingers in our hearts today.

Hallelujah!

My husband returned from his last tour of Conferences quite broken in health. It was with the greatest difficulty he reached home. As we assisted him into the house, he sank wearily upon the sofa, exclaiming: "O how glad I am to get here! I believe, had I been out another day, I should have been laid up sick somewhere else than home. How good the Lord is!" And the song of praise he then began filled our home with its melody, and ceased not till it reached its sweetest note in those memorable dying words, "How unspeakably precious Jesus has been!"

Those were glad, happy days. Though often he would say, "I think this is the beginning of the end," there were no dark forebodings, for the "God of love filled him with all joy and peace in believing, through the power of the Holy Ghost."

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

"O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I show the glories forth,
Which in my Savior shine!
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,

And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

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

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

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

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

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

"I once got this foolish notion in my head when I was young," he said, "that my strength would consist in being upright and sincere; so I said to myself, I am going to serve the Lord from principle. But one day I was reading the Book of Nehemiah, and came across these words: 'The joy of the Lord is your strength;' and then and there I covenanted with the Lord to take his joy for my strength; and it has never failed me."

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

His last Sabbath on earth was a most blessed, happy day. In the morning he asked me to read a chapter in his Bible and offer a prayer. His regular lesson in course was the story of

Lazarus. When I came to the words, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick," they had a strange, new significance for me. But that this sickness was for the glory of God I never doubted.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Of all his tender, affectionate words, none more fully revealed the depth of his love for his own than those spoken respecting our youngest son, who was in the South, and for whom we had telegraphed. "If it is the will of the Lord," he said, (and this when his sufferings were the greatest,) "I would like to suffer on until my precious boy reaches me." But it was the "sweet will" of Our Father to spare him and us that long night and day of weariness and pain which this would involve,

and so the farewell was not spoken. But He commissioned the son to pass on the message of salvation to dying men, and when the father greets him on the eternal shore they will rejoice together with ransomed souls they pointed to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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THE END