

All Rights Reserved By HDM For This Digital Publication  
Copyright 2002 Holiness Data Ministry

Duplication of this CD by any means is forbidden, and  
copies of individual files must be made in accordance with  
the restrictions stated in the B4UCopy.txt file on this CD.

**A CHILD OF HELL MADE OVER FOR HEAVEN**  
**By Jennie A. Jolley**

\* \* \* \* \*

Holiness Data Ministry  
Digital Edition 02/16/2002  
By Permission

\* \* \* \* \*

All books and articles published on the Web Site of The Voice of the Nazarene are  
copyrighted. They may be used for non-profit by anyone. We ask that credit be given when  
publishing via tract or publications. Free distribution granted to any one. For profit use, contact us:

Voice of the Nazarene,  
6 Conklin Rd.  
Washington, Pa 15301

\* \* \* \* \*

ED. NOTE: Sister Jennie A. Jolley Douglasville, Ga., was the sister of Sister Julia A.  
Shelhamer. Brother & Sister Jolley died in a tornado that destroyed much of the life work of E. E.  
Shelhamer. The Jolleys took over much of the work of E. E. Shelhamer after his death. In my files  
are some of the remaining articles and papers of E. E. Shelhamer. They were sent to me after the  
tragedy.

W. L. King  
The Voice of the Nazarene.

\* \* \* \* \*

Poem: Endless Bliss In Prospect

A stranger in the world below,  
I calmly sojourn here:  
Nor can its happiness or woe  
Provoke my hope or fear;

Its evils in a moment end;  
Its joys as soon are past;  
But O, the bliss to which trend,  
Eternally shall last.

-- Charles Wesley

\* \* \* \* \*

## CONTENTS

- 01 -- My Conversion
- 02 -- My Entire Sanctification
- 03 -- The Resurrection-Soul Rest
- 04 -- Lost Out And Reclaimed
- 05 -- Renewal In Holiness
- 06 -- Keeping Saved

\* \* \* \* \*

## 01 -- MY CONVERSION

At a camp meeting "mourner's bench," at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa., Saturday night, August 5, 1893, I repented, and with uplifted hands, turned myself completely over to God, calling on Him with my whole heart and voice. He sweetly forgave all my sins, laying His light burden and adjusting His easy, well-fitting yoke on my eleven-year-old shoulders, which yoke I have gladly borne all through the years. Samuel Rutherford said, "The cross of Christ is such a burden as sails are to a ship, or wings are to a bird;" so this cross has been an invaluable and steady guide and strength to me all through the checkered experiences of life, which, at this date (June, 1961), numbers nearly 80 years. I have few regrets -- have made some mistakes, which are a cause of grief; yet if I had my life to live over again, I believe I should live it just about as I have done. I have passed through hard places, but this blessed cross of Christ I have borne, and find it bears me.

It is not a gold cross on a chain about my neck, neither the one on which our blessed Saviour died, that we sing about, but the real thing in my life which separates us from the world. The genuine cross of Christ in one's life is a real protection and safe-guard. This cross means that which leads us across, or contrary to the ways that worldly and carnal people love. Jesus says in Matt. 16:24, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

T. H. Nelson wrote the following expressive lines:

My cross, my dreaded cross,  
On which I die to live;  
I take my cross, count all else loss,

And life divine receive.

My cross, my helpful cross,  
I gladly bear, and lo,  
With wings I rise up to the skies,  
My cross, it lifts me so.

My cross, my conquering cross,  
By thee I've overcome;  
With victor's shout, the earth about,  
I fly till work is done.

Chorus:

O, with joy, I'll bear the cross,  
Count earth's good but worthless dross;  
Falter never, triumph ever,  
Seize my cross, great gain for loss.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 02 -- MY ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION

After conversion, I discovered the old carnal nature that I was born with (as is everyone else): the depths of pride, self-will and hell. Self pity pled for dear life, but, being part of the carnal unit; it must be crucified rather than humored. I welcomed the illumination of the Holy Ghost, as I examined and confessed its movements, especially in times of temptation or trial; and O, what a hidden nest I found as heaven's light shone in: the stirrings of anger, self-love, inordinate affection, carnal ambition, the love of praise, evil thoughts, lust, self-will, fear of man, jealousy, deceit, unbelief, "ad-infinitum, ad-nauseum."

David prayed, "Purge me with hyssop (bitter confession of sin or carnality) and I shall be clean." Psa. 51:7. It is remarkable how quickly confession brings relief. I had previously repented of my own sins, receiving forgiveness and regeneration: something I never had before; now I repented of Adam's sin, exposing to view the inward corruption that I felt like attempting to hide instead, dying out to sin and the old self-life, something I always had and now wanted to be rid of; unlike the man who knelt at the altar for holiness, and folding his hands pretty, prayed, "Now, Lord, please put the frosting on." No, this crucifixion process was anything but pleasant, -- rather a death instead. As my soul cried out:

"Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans,  
My flesh may writhe and make its moans,  
But this the way, and this alone--  
I must die."

The hour arrived which brought the inner consciousness that I had done my part. Faith sprang up spontaneously, as I quietly looked up saying, "Lord, I believe you will sanctify me." Immediately it seemed that a big hand reached down and pulled right out of me the big carnal stump with all its roots of the various evil traits. I felt them going, then seemed so empty and hollow, I thought I should sink to the floor, unable to hold up; but here came a stream of liquid love pouring into the vacancy, which filled me so full I could only weep.

This occurred at Carlock, Illinois, June 21, 1896, about 8 o'clock Sunday morning at family worship, and with still time to get ready for church. Everyone may not have the same manifestation and emotion I had; some may feel like shouting, or laughing; or they might leap for joy, but what matter -- just so the heart is cleansed -- let the Holy Ghost come as He will.

This is what Jesus died for: "Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate." Heb. 13:12. This is what the disciples received at Pentecost, and it is that "holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." Heb. 12:14.

\* \* \*

### Earnestly Seeking

I am coming to Mount Calvary,  
Where the Savior died for me;  
Sinful, burdened, I am coming,  
Crucify me, Lord, with Thee.

Chorus:

I am thirsting, I am dying,  
As I to Mount Calvary go;  
For the fullness I am crying,  
Wash me whiter than the snow.

Oh! the vileness and the darkness,  
Of this sinful heart of mine;  
With the light upon me shining,  
Make, oh! make my heart like thine.

Oh! the pangs of hell within me,  
Oh! the strivings to be free;  
But the strong man, stronger dying,  
Rends my heart, opposing thee.

Let me die, oh cross of Calvary,  
Nails and spear are welcome now,  
As with agony unspoken,  
To thy death I gladly bow.

Hallelujah! it is finished,  
Crucified with Christ I am;  
Now I'm cleansed from all defilement  
Through the all-atoning Lamb.

2nd Chorus:

I am filled, Oh! Hallelujah!  
As I from Mount Calvary go;  
And my heart the blood now cleanses  
Whiter than the driven snow.

Pentecost with all its glory,  
Power divine upon my soul;  
On to victory, full of praises,  
While eternal ages roll.

--T. H. Nelson

\* \* \* \* \*

### 03 -- THE RESURRECTION-SOUL REST

Oh! the inexpressible rest of soul! A veritable heaven. No desire for worldly fun, nor need of a psychiatrist. And then say we can't know it? Oh!

"The conflict is over, the tempest is past;  
I'm resting in Jesus, I'm resting at last."

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Heb. 5:9. The crucifixion was painful and rather tedious, but I wanted the genuine article, and stuck to it. The resurrection side is glorious. Just come over and see for yourself. It pays to be thorough; for we must be able to stand faultless in the white light of heaven before the judgment seat of Christ; and this world is the place to prepare.

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Gal. 2:20. I found myself no bigger, nor more gift just my little self, but CLEAN. (And the blood still cleanses. Praise God) Now it is no trouble to love one's enemies, with malice and desire for revenge all gone.

Sometimes, as I was at an altar seeking holiness, someone would urge me to consecrate all to God: to lay myself on the altar, and the altar would sanctify the gift. Why, I was already fully consecrated -- did that before God would save me! He has no rebellious children, and certainly had no use for my old corrupt, carnal nature on His golden altar which was made only for clean, useful gifts. Nothing unclean must ever touch that altar! Deliverance was what I wanted -- to be

cleansed by the blood and I surely GOT IT. Hallelujah! I was already sanctified in the sense of being set apart by consecration. What I now needed was the entire sanctification of purification.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 04 -- LOST OUT AND RECLAIMED

A few years later, I awoke to the fact that my grace had all leaked out. The Lord showed me a confession I needed to make. I would rather have died than make it, but it meant hell if I didn't; so humbling myself by getting it made, Jesus appeared to me with His sweet forgiveness, while I wept at His feet. It seemed to me I could never have a clear conscience again, but He purged it. Even thorns were included with our Lord's cross; and must we shrink from them and the bitter cup of repentance and restitution, if we wish to follow Him? "Each sin demands a tear."

It is less offensive to be told just to "Believe," "Take it by faith, feeling or no feeling," or "Accept Christ as your own personal Savior;" but this cannot be done without repentance and confession of sin (or of carnality) which prepares the soil of the heart for appropriating faith to spring up. The Holy Ghost is able to give the witness so we can know for ourselves. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Rom. 8:16. Otherwise it is mere presumption, which gives rise to a false hope. The question is not, "Do I accept Him?" but "Does He accept me?" My acceptance would be of no avail without His. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and (if we confess our unrighteousness) to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 05 -- RENEWAL IN HOLINESS

That was 57 years ago, and it is still precious. I hope never to grieve Him again. Now I must have a renewal of the clean heart I had lost. It was not necessary to become acquainted with carnality all over again; for I knew. There is not a sin committed on the face of the earth but what the hidden seed of the same lies dormant in every soul; for we are all born the same (Rom. 3:22,23; Isa. 1:5).

Oh! didn't it feel horrible to have that old hellish thing back in me again! Ugh! Christian and "Hateful." Made me feel sick. One preacher said it wasn't safe to have a keg of gunpowder in us with the fuse sticking out. When I became conscious of that fact, no wonder I was desperate for the cleansing blood, the only cure. I wanted it more than anything else. Nothing short of this will fit one for heaven; No sin enters there. It would create war. But -- GOOD NEWS! The Holy Ghost came, and Oh, the precious bit of heaven that was let down into my soul! An hour of this bliss seemed but ten minutes. I wanted no earthly sound, not even praise, to mar that heavenly delicacy. It was

"The speechless awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent heaven of love."

Someone said, "Holiness is the perfection of soul beauty."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 06 -- KEEPING SAVED

I was only fourteen the first time. Children can be saved and sanctified. They do not need to backslide, even while attending school. I didn't; for I bore the cross of separation from the world. The teachers were humbly requested to allow me to go home when they had gambling and dancing. They kindly acquiesced.

Since singing is worship, some denominations, in their general rules, require "avoiding ...singing those songs or reading those books which do not tend to the knowledge or love of God." Therefore I could not conscientiously sing some of the school songs. The first thing I wanted to do on reaching home every day, was to go alone for a few minutes of prayer. My spirit felt dirty, and this was like washing.

Long ago, the Supreme Court ruled that it was illegal for schools to compel students to violate their conscience. It was later on that I backslid in heart while still keeping up my profession. How I thank God for revealing it to me before finding myself in the hands of devils instead of angels.

\* \* \*

## The World Has Lost Its Charms

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

Its pleasures can no longer please,  
Nor happiness afford;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.

As by the light of opening day,  
The stars are all concealed,  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is revealed.

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

-- John Newton

\* \* \*

### Heart Cry Of One Seeking Inward Purity

O God, my heart doth long for Thee,  
Let me die! Let me die!  
Now set my soul at liberty;  
Let me die! Let me die!

Die to the trifling things of earth,  
They're now to me of little worth;  
My Savior calls -- I'm going forth;  
Let me die! Let me die!

Thy slaying power in me display,  
Let me die! Let me die!  
I must be dead from day to day!  
Let me die! Let me die!

Dead to the world and its applause,  
To all the customs, fashions, laws,  
Of those who hate the humbling cross;  
Let me die! Let me die!

My friends may say I'll ruined be,  
If I die: if I die.  
If I leave all and follow thee--  
But I'll die! But I'll die!

Their arguments will never weigh,  
Nor stand the trying judgment day,  
Help me to cast them all away;  
Let me die Let me die.

Oh, I must die to scoffs and sneers;  
Let me die! Let me die!  
I must be freed from slavish fears;  
Let me die! Let me die!

So dead that no desire will rise,  
To appear good, or great, or wise,  
In any but my Savior's eyes;  
Let me die! Let me die!



If Christ would live and reign in me,  
I must die! I must die!  
Like Him I crucified must be,  
I must die! I must die!

Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans,  
My flesh may writhe and make its moans,  
But this the way and this alone--,  
I must die! I must die!

Begin at once to drive the nail,  
Let me die! Let me die!  
Oh, suffer not my heart to fail.  
Let me die! Let me die!

Jesus, I look to thee for power  
To enable me to endure the hour.  
When crucified by sovereign power,  
I shall die! I shall die!

When I am dead, then, Lord, to Thee,  
I will live, I will live;--  
My time, my strength, my all to Thee,  
Will I give, will I give!

I'll work with Thee, my blessed Lord,  
I'll be obedient to Thy Word,  
I'll wield with power the gospel sword,  
While I live, while I live!

-- Janette Palmiter

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END