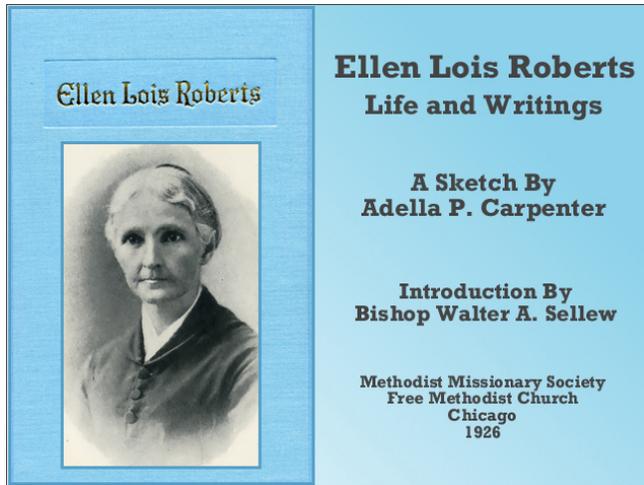


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**ELLEN LOIS ROBERTS**  
By Adella P. Carpenter



**A Sketch Of The Life And Writings  
Of Ellen Lois (Stowe) Roberts**

**Introduction By  
Bishop Walter A. Sellew**

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**DEDICATED**

**To the  
Woman's Missionary Society of the  
Free Methodist Church of North America**

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## FOREWORD

Biography is the most pleasant, interesting, instructive and valuable of all classes of literature. While history may depend for its intrinsic value upon the reciting of cold facts, any history would be incomplete without recording the acts and deeds of men and women who make history. All classes of people who read at all, desire to read the doings of live, active, intelligent people. This is especially true when such deeds are associated with great sacrifice; for true heroism cannot be disassociated from sacrifice. Then, when such sacrifice is associated with and springs from a conception of life which takes into account its greater and higher moral and spiritual attributes, it grips all classes of people with a feeling of admiration, and usually with reverence.

Spiritual heroism is always associated with the vision of eternity. Eternity is a factor in all lives that may be ignored and neglected and even rejected, but it cannot be evaded.

The subject of this biography, Ellen Lois Roberts, could never have been called a woman of this world. She lived with eternity in view. While she was an ideal wife and mother, and all the family were bound together in love and devotion, with bonds stronger than those of steel, yet she was a woman with "heavenly vision." She saw her duty to her God, to her husband, to her children, and to her neighbors with such a clear vision, that she discharged these duties without desire of praise or fear of blame.

Mrs. Roberts was preeminently a saint. She was canonized early in life by the Lord God Almighty, and this had the approval of all who knew her. The longer any one was associated with her, the more conspicuous this character appeared.

She was a woman of remarkable faith, not that short-lived faith which weakens in a few years, but that kind which reaches to the full accomplishment of its desire.

She was a woman of great integrity. She stood faithfully and loyally with her husband, Rev. Benjamin T. Roberts, in his heroic struggles for the establishment of a clean, holy church. She never hesitated, never wavered in her devotion to the cause of practical holiness for which her husband contended so vigorously and with such eminent ability through long, weary years.

Why should we continue this enumeration of her splendid qualities? The most casual reader will find in this volume the surface indications of these many qualities of mind and soul that so well fitted Mrs. Roberts to fill the important place in all the activities of her life for which she was remarkable. This volume is a fitting

tribute to a noble, courageous, godly and holy woman, and will be an inspiration to all who read it.

The author of this volume, Miss Adella P. Carpenter, who was preceptress of the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary for nearly forty years, is eminently qualified for her task. She was intimately associated with Mrs. Roberts in her family and also in the Seminary of which Mr. Roberts was the founder and the president and principal factor all his life. She knew Mrs. Roberts as no one else outside the family knew her. Her position as preceptress of the Seminary for so many years further qualifies her for giving to the public this readable and interesting book.

W. A. Sellew

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## PREFACE

The record of the lives of those who have contributed to the upbuilding and success of the Free Methodist Church from its beginning should be given to the public. "Truth in concrete form as lived out by godly men and women has greater effect on the world than volumes of abstract teaching. They are the city set on a hill which cannot be hid. They are the current coin of the kingdom of God, expressing value. They are the pioneers of faith making faith's trail an open pathway for those who follow them. They are the divinely chosen instruments to do this work of their day and generation."

Especially when the person is one honored of God, for intimate knowledge of Jesus Christ and His power, for a long life of signal service in His church, for unusual spiritual discernment and consequent helpfulness, we feel that the Christian world should be told the story of such a character.

No more unique personality, no more godly life, has enriched the Free Methodist Church than that of Ellen Lois Roberts, who labored long years with her husband, Rev. B. T. Roberts, the founder of the church. Her wisdom, her warmth of divine love, her loyalty to the Holy Spirit's leadings made her a most efficient workman. Her modesty kept her from much public work only as she was impelled by the indwelling Spirit of God to speak; but when she spoke it was with power and convinced those who listened that she lived in intimate union with God.

The story is told simply. We have not aimed at analytical nor critical exposition of her character, but have endeavored so far as possible to let her tell the story of her own life, hence are found many portions of her diary and of her own writings. To her, to whom we owe more than to any other person what we have learned of God, we would be glad to bring a worthy tribute; but we are content to be merely a bit of a reflector if we may show the effulgent beams of her saintly life to others. God grant that they may turn many to the Sun of righteousness.

We owe much to her son, Rev. Benson Howard Roberts, for the loan of the material used, for daguerreotypes, for constant and valued criticism of facts.

We acknowledge our indebtedness to Mrs. Emma L. Hogue, widow of the late Bishop W. T. Hogue, without whose assistance the work would have been impossible. Her reading original material, her advice as to detail, and her giving her time to relieve us of other imperative tasks, has given us the time necessary to compile this volume.

Take the good man's book and ponder  
What its pages say to thee,  
Blessed as the hand of healing  
May its lesson be.

-- Whittier on John Woolman's Journal

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## 01 -- CHAPTER -- ANCESTORS -- SKETCH OF REV. GEORGE LANE -- FOUNDING OF THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

"She has such a face as God puts on His saints," was the remark of a deeply pious minister, not a member of the Free Methodist Church, when he first saw Mrs. E. L. Roberts. He had met her husband, the Rev. B. T. Roberts, in the West and had been invited by him to visit the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary and to call upon his wife, as he was making an eastern journey. He was greatly impressed by the saintly aspect of Mrs. Roberts and used the above words descriptive of his thought of her.

Character carves features, chisels them with the record of victory over struggles, depicts patience, hope, determination, love -- all these were indelibly inscribed in the countenance of our friend. The face invites one to become acquainted with the life.

Ellen Lois Stowe, the remarkable woman of whom we give a sketch, was descended from most worthy ancestors who embodied in themselves the best qualities and traditions of American citizenship. She was of pure English lineage, of Revolutionary stock.

Both the Stowes, her father's, and the Lanes, her mother's ancestors, were leading families in the affairs of church and of state in Colonial times. The Stowe family came from Maidstone, Kent, England, and settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Among the first settlers was John Stowe of Milford, Connecticut. A descendant of John Stowe was one of the founders of Yale College, and three others served as presidents of the institution.

In December, 1776, Captain Stephen Stowe, after making his will, volunteered to nurse the prisoners sick with ship fever and small-pox, on the prison ship, Jersey, of odious renown in the Revolutionary War, whose captain boasted that he had lost more men by disease than had been killed in battle by the English army. Captain Stowe sacrificed his life in this work and a monument erected at Milford commemorates the event.

Harriet Beecher, who wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin, married Calvin Stowe, one of this New England family. Judge Hamilton Stowe of Cincinnati, Ohio, was a relative and closely resembled Ellen Stowe in features. A visit from this man was one of the pleasures of her later life.

One branch of the Stowes went to Windsor, New York. Stoddard Stowe here married Dorcas Lane and of their family of seven children, Ellen Lois was the fifth. In later life, this family moved to Bonus Prairie, Illinois.

The Lane family knew much of the needs and perils incident to the early history of our country. An ancestor, Deacon Lane, was a member of the celebrated Committee of Safety at Dorchester, Massachusetts. Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, Ohio, was founded by Judge Lane of the same family. Oberlin Theological Seminary was an offshoot from Lane, on anti-slavery grounds. Grandfather Lane built the first house in Windsor, New York. After the death of her husband, Grandmother Lane resided with her daughter, Dorcas Lane Stowe. She was a strict Presbyterian. The "New York Observer" was a regular visitor to the home as long as it remained an independent publication. She instilled into the minds of the children the greatest reverence for the Sabbath. Ellen often remarked, "I never had a dreary Sabbath."

The subject of our sketch, Ellen Lois Stowe, daughter of Stoddard and Dorcas Lane Stowe, was born at Windsor, New York, March 4, 1825, on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, in the valley made famous by Revolutionary incident and novelist's story. Although she left Windsor when she was fourteen years of age, she never lost her love for the country. The modest violet had for her much greater charm than the cultivated pansy; the sky with its changing colors was a perpetual joy; she spoke of the city as a wilderness of brick.

Windsor was ever a place of greatest interest to her. Aside from the presence of her Grandmother Lane in their family, her four sisters, Jeannette, Mary Ann, Caroline, and Catherine, her two brothers, George Washington and Charles, her Grandfather and Grandmother Stowe also resided in the town. They kept a wayside inn, an absolute necessity to the slow modes of travel in those early days. Their hostelry had all the people to care for that they could accommodate. Grandmother Stowe was famed far and near for her excellent cooking. They were worthy people who served their day and generation well.

Since Ellen spent so much of her youth in the home of her uncle, Rev. George Lane, it is fitting and necessary that the following account of his life and labors should be given:

Rev. George Lane, brother of Dorcas Lane Stowe, was born in Ulster County, New York, April 13, 1784. His father subsequently moved to Windsor, New York, where he was the first white settler. His early years were marked by the hardships common to a new country. A strong moral influence was exerted on him by his Puritan mother. Converted at nineteen years of age, he began preaching the next year in the Methodist Episcopal Church of which he became a member.

Mr. Roosevelt writes with great eulogy of the high courage and most praiseworthy work of the early Methodist circuit riders. They traveled on horseback, carrying Bible, hymn book and clothes in their saddle-bags. They went not only to small and scattered societies but were often sent where no society existed to raise one up. Their indefatigable labors, warm hearts, and strong faith accomplished marvels. They won the confidence and affection of those among whom they labored and planted churches in the wilderness. A circuit embracing New York State west of Canandaigua sounds strange today.

Though Mr. Lane had no good advantages for education, he soon became conspicuous among itinerant pioneers as a man of superior Christian virtues and mental powers. Appointed in 1808 as missionary to the Holland Purchase, his circuit included all of the State of New York west of Canandaigua. He was often compelled to travel thirty or forty miles a day without seeing a house, and frequently suffered for necessary food.

Repeatedly made presiding elder on the Ontario district he saw over one thousand added to the church within the bounds of his district. Locating because of his wife's poor health, and a second time on account of his own, when he returned to the active work of the ministry, he was always elected, as before, to serve as presiding elder. In 1836 he was elected assistant book agent for the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern. At the General Conference of 1840 he was reelected assistant book agent, and in the following July, when the office of principal agent became vacant, he was elected by the New York Conference to fill the place, with Peter P. Sanford, as assistant. The General Conference elected him to the same responsible post in 1846 and he served the church in this capacity until he received a superannuate relation and retired to Mount Holly, New Jersey. For sixteen years he successfully managed the interests of the Book Concern through one of the most critical periods of the church's history.

For twelve years Mr. Lane held the office of treasurer of the Missionary Society, while the treasury was laboring under a heavy debt, which increased to nearly \$60,000. When others declined to endorse for the society, one of the largest banks gave him all the money he wanted on his own personal security, so great was the confidence they reposed in him. Ellen Stowe remarked, "I have often seen

my uncle walk the floor under stress of the heavy debt of the Missionary Society, whose treasurer he was, and his own personal funds often helped out in an emergency." By his good management and graphic appeals, the society after years of painful effort was declared free from debt.

As a Christian, Mr. Lane was eminently conscientious. His communion with God was deep and constant. As a preacher he was thoroughly orthodox, systematic and earnest. His sermons exhibited thorough acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures and with the human heart. In the palmy days of his itinerancy he was often overwhelmingly eloquent. Before his all" but irresistible appeals vast congregations were powerfully affected, and many a stout-hearted sinner was broken down. Socially, he was grave and dignified, and yet perfectly accessible. He was a Christian gentleman at all times and in all places.

Fifty years after he was first stationed in Wyoming Valley, he returned there to die. A funeral discourse was preached by his old and long-tried friend, Rev. George Peck, from the very appropriate text, "He was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people were added to the Lord."

The history of the founding of the Methodist Book Concern of which Mr. Lane was so long the agent is most interesting. At the Centennial observance of its Cincinnati branch, the following account was printed:

"The Methodist Book Concern was established at a conference held in the Wesley Chapel (now the Old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church), New York, in June, 1789, at which time greetings were sent to President George Washington, recently elected, and the Rev. Jesse Lee was sent out as an apostle to New England.

"A pleasing story is told of that conference. When it was voted to launch the new publishing business, it was discovered that there were no funds to finance it. To the surprise of Bishop Francis Asbury who presided, and the twenty preachers present, the Rev. John Dickens, secretary of the conference, arose and said, 'Brethren, be of good courage and go forward; I have one hundred and twenty pounds sterling, the savings of my life's labors. I will lend every shilling of it to the Methodist Book Concern until such time as it can be returned to me.' The offer was accepted and John Dickens was elected the first Book Steward, with headquarters in Philadelphia, where he served until his death, which came from fighting the yellow fever plague in 1798. The salary of the first Book Steward was \$666.33. This was estimated as follows: \$200 for dwelling house and Book Room; \$80 for a boy; \$53.33 for firewood, and \$333 to clothe and feed himself, his wife and his children.

"The granting through the past years of over \$6,000,000 from the income of the Book Concern toward the support of aged Methodist ministers puts a throb into the story that no one can escape."

Mr. Lane's first wife died of consumption and also his two daughters. He was left a widower with several sons. Harvey, the oldest son, was for a long time a professor at Middletown University, Connecticut. Another son was a minister. Mr. Lane had married as his second wife, Miss Lydia Bunting of Mount Holly, New Jersey. One time while visiting his mother at Windsor, he invited Ellen Stowe to return with him and his wife to New York City. She accepted the invitation and the city became her permanent home after 1839. Ellen said of this event, "My uncle was better off financially than we were and used to assist in bearing his mother's expenses, and in this way, visiting her often, he became well acquainted with our family." George Lane proved a father indeed to Ellen Stowe.

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## 02 -- CHAPTER -- EARLY TRAINING, CONVERSION, SCHOOL-DAYS, FRIENDS

"That our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace" (Psalm 144:12).

Mrs. Lydia Bunting Lane, second wife of Rev. George Lane, was a most capable, methodical and cultured woman. She gave her niece, Ellen Lois Stowe, the education in manners and domestic affairs that she would have imparted to one of her own daughters. She was an adept with the needle and Ellen was a ready scholar, learning to do finest handwork when sewing machines were a thing of future days. Sewing became one of the fine arts. To make a shirt, linen bosom stitched by hand, everything complete, was an achievement well mastered by the young lady. To keep a house perfect in all its appointments was knowledge thoroughly gained and practised in all her after life.

Years later, speaking of her aunt, she said, "How she would pray! She would bring heaven down. She was considered very gifted in prayer and in writing. She dressed very plainly. She wore a fine leghorn hat with a satin ribbon on it, no bows, no loops; a turn-down linen collar, but there was no lace edge on it." She had one daughter, a most remarkable child who died early. A sketch of her life was written for Sunday-school library use. Lydia Bunting Lane outlived her husband by a number of years.

The Lane home in New York City was at 12 Crosby Street. Here because of her uncle's official position, Ellen Stowe met the church leaders of those early times. The bishops and outgoing missionaries and many other celebrated and desirable people were sure to make the hospitable home in the seaport metropolis their place of entertainment when they came to town. Ellen was glad to spend time with the missionaries as they purchased their outfits; she helped them in every possible way, and corresponded with many of them when they reached their fields of labor. All of these things were to prove of great advantage to her in the years of practical living ahead.

Her uncle's godly life and example greatly impressed Ellen Stowe and she soon felt that she wished to begin a religious life. Her own account of her conversion follows: "I was not blessed in early life with pious parents. My father was decidedly irreligious; my mother, though not a stranger to saving grace, did not publicly profess religion. I was taught to pray, strictly to observe the Sabbath, and to attend the Presbyterian church. I occasionally attended the Methodist meetings. Once, when quite a child, I went with my sister to a love-feast, which made a lasting impression on my mind. We were asked at the door if we would kneel, which we did.

"At the age of fourteen, I lived in New York with my uncle, Rev. George Lane, a devoted man of God. I had not been in his family long before I was deeply convinced of my need of religion. My first convictions were caused by seeing him spend so much of his time in secret prayer. I saw myself a sinner, and often used to plead with the Lord to spare my life from day to day and I would seek religion. I prayed in secret and sought forgiveness. During a protracted meeting in the Green Street Methodist Episcopal Church I went forward to the altar for prayers, and thought if I could get religion I would. I did not then see that 'if' was in the way. I failed to find the Savior. Being exceedingly timid I feared to open my mind to any one, and thus did not receive the help I might have had. After a little I gave up seeking in a public way the forgiveness of my sins. Some of my friends then thought it would be well for me to join the church on probation as a seeker, but I would not consent. I felt I ought not to belong to a church until I met with a change of heart.

"Some months passed, and one night while listening to Rev. John Poisal, in Allen Street Methodist Episcopal Church, I was led to see that I must be determined and all in earnest or I would finally lose my soul. I then said, 'I will have religion.' I found my way to the altar and besought the Lord with tears and entreaties to save me. The next day, while alone in my room, after consecrating myself to God, I was enabled to believe He does now for Jesus' sake forgive my sins. The load was removed, peace and joy sprang up in my heart, and I began to repeat,

'My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear,  
He owns me for His child,  
I can no longer fear.'

The world looked new to me. I loved the things I Once hated and found in my heart a love for individuals who had been particularly disagreeable before. It was my delight to do the will of God, read His Word, and attend the means of grace. I especially loved the class meeting."

"1843. March 7. I went to Dr. Palmer's class to which I have been assigned, mine having been broken up. I had belonged to it since I first joined the church and was strongly attached to its members. I felt almost like a stranger as there was but

one familiar face. But God was with us, the all-important thing." Dr. and Mrs. Palmer proved staunch friends and were of great spiritual benefit to her.

"May 1. I attended the opening services of the General Conference. Bishop Soule presided. It was a deeply interesting sight, to see so many of our church assembled. Bishop Soule read a chapter of the Bible, then gave out the hymn, 'Draw near, O Son of God, draw near.' Mr. Pickering and Dr. Capers engaged in prayer; the secretary, I. A. Collins, then called for the certificates of election. Mr. Wright and Mr. Akers are staying with us.

"May 7. After balloting three times Mr. Hamline and Mr. Janes were elected bishops. At home, Mr. Wright gave us the history of Bishop Hamline's middle name, When young he was very sick and it seemed a miracle that his life was spared. His mother exclaimed that he was a lent blessing; they therefore called him Leonidas Lent Hamline.

"May 10. I wrote to my beloved mother, one of the most pleasing duties I ever perform."

Of her school days we read: "1843. My uncle sent me to Rutgers Institute, a Presbyterian school. It was over on the East Side, and there were few omnibuses. The walk was long. I was very spry and walked a great deal. The teacher was a good one and had order, but was very homely. Perhaps young people notice plainness more than others do. Each Thursday I was excused to attend class meeting, and as all the students knew why I left, I had to take my cross as I walked out before them. My studies occupied my whole time. I spent too much time with my books and not enough in prayer. After some time my health would not admit of my remaining longer in school and so I left." Her mind was cultivated by correct reading. Among other books, she notes reading "D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation," "The Glory and Shame of England," "Dr. Olin's Travels," "Life of Dr. Fisk." Of the poets, Longfellow and Mrs. Hemans seem to claim attention.

Among the many friends of her early days, none were dearer than Mary Martindale, the daughter of a presiding elder in the Methodist Church. Her diary has many pleasant references to this happy association. Once we find, "1843, Feb. 22. I went over to hear Dr. Olin in Bedford Street church. His sermon was good, like all his sermons. What he says is characterized by plainness and simplicity. There is more meaning and truth in some four words of his than in whole sermons of others. I never tire while hearing him. After preaching, I went home with Mary Martindale and spent the night and the next day. There is something very sweet and prepossessing in her appearance and manners. When I first met her, I was impressed with her entire ease and composure. She was alone and we had a very happy time together. She played and sang for my benefit, then we looked over her drawer and I read some of her literary gems. Mary has a cultivated mind and is quite talented. She writes in an interesting style. In her disposition she is amiable, gentle

and kind. Her kindness I compare to a cup that is running over full. It overflows equally on every side."

Again we quote: "1845, July 31. Tomorrow I shall probably leave for Middletown to spend a week. We have a colored lady staying with us who is going to Africa as a missionary. I am much pleased with her -- she seems like an intelligent girl.

"August 1. I left with Mary for down east. We were in good spirits and everything favorable for a pleasant time on Long Island Sound. We amused ourselves by remarking upon the scenery, the situations, and all before our eyes. There is no such thing as keeping a straight face where Mary is -- she is full of life and humor and wit. About ten, I mounted to my berth where I lay almost roasting for one hour. Then I descended and spent the rest of the night in various ways. I had a most delightful time sitting out on top of a barrel for nearly an hour. The moon shone very dimly on the wide waters. It was an hour of indelible impressions. About five we approached Middletown -- the land of pleasant dreams, and in a short time I was on my winding way up to Prof. Lane's. I found the friends mostly in bed, and soon I was in the same position.

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### 03 -- CHAPTER -- GIRLHOOD

"No ill betides where'er He guides  
As through the years we go."

The heat of a New York summer was usually escaped by most delightful visits to Middletown University, Middletown, Connecticut, where her cousin, Harvey Lane, the oldest son of Rev. George Lane, was a professor of mathematics and of Greek. Ellen Stowe greatly enjoyed the change from New York City to the lovely scenes of Sound and country. As she was ever an ardent lover of nature, the opportunity of a trip on the water and the meeting of the young people of the academy town, while beholding all the charming pictures of green fields, trees, and flowers, was an event of greatest pleasure to her. The many people of culture and piety whom she met there grew to be close friends, and she was ever a welcome guest among them. She said of the president of the university, Dr. Olin, "He always has something pleasant to say to young people."

We are sure the following article from her granddaughter, Lois Roberts Hallett, will be acceptable in this place, although written in 1908.

"A few weeks ago I had the privilege of looking through the diary of the girl, Ellen Lois Stowe. One sometimes, even in this age of hurry, steps into a dim chamber of the past, fragrant with the delicate, haunting odor of rose leaves gathered long ago. And from the pages of that diary came a fragrance full of

delicate, haunting memories of a girlhood of long ago. Anything more delicate, more exquisite, in the portrayal of girlish joys and sorrows it would be hard to find.

"When in the early teens, she left her country home to make a visit at the home of her uncle, Rev. George Lane, prominently associated with the Methodist Book Concern of New York City. Her natural girlish grief at leaving her home and family are very evident. One sees from the entries in her diary that she longed for her mother, for her sisters, for the quiet of the country. But from this visit she was never to return to her parents, except for brief periods. Her uncle's home became hers, and here she had those educational, social, and religious advantages that, undoubtedly, were of great influence in forming that strong personality of the woman she became. One sees very soon in turning the diary's pages that her new life is interesting her most thoroughly, and that she is finding her place in the well-ordered, hospitable household, and the busy social and religious life of her uncle's family.

"That her school life at Rutgers Institute was both interesting and valuable is evident from an inspection of her school note book and from the records of her diary. Her notes in mental philosophy show that she knew how to think intelligently on abstruse subjects. I have in my hands the English history note book, bearing the date February 14, 1843. It might well be studied as a model by many pupils of today, this record of the work of a school girl of sixty-seven years ago. The reign of each sovereign is characterized in a few terse, pointed, well-written sentences that give abundant evidence that she was learning to study, to think, and to put into clear, accurate form the results of her reading and her thinking. In her diary one perceives this same facility of expression; whether she is describing places, characterizing people, or recording her own thoughts, all seem perfectly clear and vivid to the mind of the reader. And to complete the charm of her power of expression is her exquisite penmanship, like an engraving in its delicacy, beauty and clearness.

"From the first, thoughts regarding religion, and the welfare of the soul are noticeable throughout the pages of her diary. By nature thoughtful and pious, the influence about her must have greatly nurtured and increased this interest in all matters religious. She grew up in the heart of New York City Methodism, and not only was she in a family where religion was regarded as a matter of vital importance and a conversational subject of absorbing interest, but she heard the most prominent preachers of the day and met many of them at her uncle's home. Her diary is full of the accounts of sermons, usually followed by an application of them to herself, all showing her increasing thoughtfulness and spirituality. Her conscience was ever tender and she was most careful to follow its promptings. Once when visiting at Middletown, some of her friends persuaded her to stroll down to the cemetery on a Sunday evening. She reluctantly went and afterward upbraided herself severely.

"This Middletown visit forms, perhaps, the most entertaining part of the diary. Her descriptions are vivid and beautiful; she is overjoyed with the loveliness of the

Connecticut valley, with the beauty of the elm-arched New England town, with the dignified, scholarly atmosphere of the college circle. That she was popular among young and old is very evident. She was invited to tea and quiet evening gatherings by the gracious, charming professors' wives; and to walks and drives innumerable by the college students. All of this, cleverly and modestly recorded, forms most interesting reading. The persistence of one young gentleman evidently disturbed her serenity, for she 'wonders what these attentions may mean,' and trusts that they are 'not serious.' That they were, seem evident from a later record, for, after his calling upon her in New York, she writes, 'Mr. M. leaves tomorrow for Virginia. I shall probably never see him again in this world.' It is not strange that the young men should have found her society most desirable, for, with her rare intellectual and spiritual gifts, she was possessed of unusual personal beauty and charms. The daguerreotype, taken about the time of this Middletown visit, shows a beautiful girlish face, oval-shaped, with features delicately but firmly cut, the mouth, wonderfully sweet in expression, the broad, spiritual brow shaded by heavy waves of soft, brown hair, and eyes from whose clear blue depths shone forth all the beauty of her soul.

"Nor was it strange that, on another visit to Middletown, during a commencement week, the young graduate, Benjamin Roberts, should have seen in her all that was good and beautiful, and, like her name 'desirable.' The love that had its birth then, lived through the years, making her woman's life with all its sorrows and hardships, its difficulties and trials, truly blessed and deeply happy. And this fragile, delicate girl, though always delicate and always fragile, became through her wonderful personality and the grace of God, a tower of strength to her husband, her family, and to all who knew her.

"I wish I could make clear to you her wonderful power of discerning character, the wealth of affection she gave her friends, the abundant sense of humor--all so evident in the diary of the girl and so truly an essential part of the woman. Her laugh was always a joy to hear, so full of contagious merriment; and her smile -- ah, then one had a glimpse of what heaven must be, for her face was truly illuminated and glowed radiant and beautiful. With age her beauty changed, but never did it leave her; the white locks took the place of the girlish locks of brown; the face lost its soft girlish outlines but gained in strength; the spiritual brow, the delicate features, the sweetness of expression made the face of the grandmother very like the face of the daguerreotype of long ago, only more beautiful, for through all the years she had walked with God."

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#### 04 -- CHAPTER -- THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY AT MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT - - ACQUAINTANCE WITH BENJAMIN T. ROBERTS AND MARRIAGE

O fortunate, O happy day,  
When a new household finds its place

Among the myriad homes of earth,  
Like a new star just sprung to birth,  
And rolled on its harmonious way  
Into the boundless realms of space.

-- The Hanging of the Crane, Longfellow

In the early decades of 1800, the various conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church were asked by their elders to found classical schools for the better education of their ministry. Wilbraham, Massachusetts; Cazenovia, New York; and Kent's Hill, Maine, prepared young men for college, but no Methodist college could readily be found for their further progress. The universities of that day were largely atheistic. Dr. Timothy Dwight's sermons had marvelously changed the attitude of the students at Yale from French infidelity, but Methodists felt that their young people should be conserved to their own doctrines and church.

Wilbur Fisk, president of Wilbraham Academy, had brought that institution to such a degree of prosperity that its traditions are still found on the pages of the history of Methodism. No wonder that one so talented, spiritual and successful in the work of education should be called to the presidency of the new Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut.

The halls of the university were thrown open for the admission of students, September 21, 1831. The faculty consisted of names illustrious in the annals of Methodism. None of them was ever removed on account of dissatisfaction with the quality of the work done. If the income of the university was not sufficient to pay them all, the only salary allowed to go unpaid was that of Dr. Fisk.

In 1835, on account of poor health and for the purchase of books and apparatus, Dr. Fisk was allowed a European trip. On this journey he was accompanied by his wife and by Mr. Harvey B. Lane, for more than twenty years professor of mathematics or of Greek in Wesleyan University. Mr. Lane was the cousin so frequently visited by Ellen Stowe.

Dr. Fisk's genius for organization was remarkable. With rare judgment he chose the right man for every professorship, His name is indissolubly connected with the prosperity of the institution. Dying, lamented, at an early age, February 22, 1839, he named as his successor in office Rev. Stephen Olin.

Dr. Olin did not disappoint the expectations of those who chose him as president, and the institution constantly grew in wealth of endowment, number of students, and in spirituality. The ambitious young men of the church were not slow to enter this school, the acme of their desires; and it was not strange to find William Kendall and Benjamin T. Roberts, former classmates in a preparatory school at Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, New York, men who were to have a leading part in the later stirring events of the church in western New York, taking advantage of

the privileges of a university of their own loved denomination. Dr. Olin was president at the time of our story.

Ellen Stowe first met the Rev. Benjamin T. Roberts at Middletown, Connecticut, at the house of her cousin, Prof. Harvey B. Lane. Mr. Roberts, soon after his conversion, was called to the ministry. Believing that he should have as complete preparation for the sacred calling as for the profession of law that he had relinquished, he went to the Wesleyan University at Middletown, which he entered in the sophomore year, in the same class with William Kendall. He was graduated in 1848 with honor, a Phi Beta Kappa student, after remaining in the institution three years.

Mr. Roberts had been licensed to preach the previous year by the Middletown quarterly conference. At the session of Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held at Buffalo, New York, in September, 1848, he joined the conference. There were present on this occasion two interested visitors, Rev. George Lane, agent of the M. E. Book Concern, with his wife, Lydia Bunting Lane. They were pleased with the manly appearance and religious devotion of the young preacher who was so frequently writing to their niece, Ellen L. Stowe. At another session of the conference at Rushford, New York, September, 1850, Mr. Roberts finished his examinations and was ordained deacon by Bishop Waugh. The examination committee reported a perfect examination, the best they had ever conducted. With a well cultivated mind, constant study, good health, and genuine piety, a life of usefulness opened up before him. In 1852 he was ordained elder by Bishop Morris at Lockport, New York.

Ellen Stowe went as usual to visit Middletown and attended the commencement exercises of the Wesleyan University, during the summer of 1848. The commencement season was a time of social as well as of academic activities. She was entertained at the home of her cousin, Prof. Harvey B. Lane. Miss Stowe was a welcome guest in the homes of many people, for she was a natural leader among the young, entering into all of their plans appreciatively. On this occasion, we find her helping her cousin trim the diplomas, then going to the missionary rooms where she made wreaths for the monuments of Aaron Hurd and Dr. Fisk. Taking them to the cemetery she remarks, "We found Mr. Kendall there rehearsing his commencement oration" -- then as now a favorite resort for students to practice their coming parts. One day she was invited to dinner at Prof. Holdrich's where were also present Mr. Clarke and Mr. Roberts. This was her first acquaintance with Mr. Roberts. She remarked of him, "I liked the tone of his mind." On commencement day she again met him; and the next day, August 3, he called upon her and she records, "We went to walk down through Pamencha grove. We had some very pleasant and congenial conversations. We found the tree that Mary and I had immortalized. Mr. Roberts stood upon its branches and repeated some very beautiful lines from Kirke White. We crossed over a bridge and came up the other side of the stream."

Mr. Roberts intended to take the boat for home the next day, and started, but was compelled to return because a heavy fog setting in made navigation dangerous. He again called upon Ellen Stowe and left after having gained her consent to a correspondence. This led to their marriage the next year. They did not meet again until the wedding day, which was May 3, 1849, in New York.

She records the experiences of the intervening months:

"I feel no doubts nor fears, yet perhaps I have cause to. I will try to give all into the hands of my Father, and myself, too. I need to pray lest my mind and heart be too much upon the earth."

Again, "I wrote my friend and now I feel so happy in my mind, as if I had given myself more fully to God. Could I not, would I not, make any sacrifice for Christ? If it should be Mr. Roberts' duty to go to distant lands to preach the gospel, ought I not to rejoice to be permitted to share his self-denial?"

"'Tis naught to me  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void wastes, as in the city full!"

Again she writes, "Mrs. Hedding has been spending the day with us. The bishop, Dr. Bangs, Mr. Kidder, Mackay and Potter were all here to dinner. I had a letter from Mary. My thoughts have been very serious and my tears have flowed freely. In the evening I had some talk with Aunt Lydia.

February 22. I received Mr. Roberts' letter. It was like a sunbeam to me. Soon followed his likeness -- a great pleasure -- another letter. How it cheered me."

Shopping and sewing made busy days. She speaks of calling on her Sunday-school scholars and of taking her aunt's place as treasurer.

"March 29. My last day in the Sunday-school. The last time my little bright-faced girls will gather round me. They looked so sorrowful, I could hardly speak to them."

Another General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was in session, and at her uncle's home many leading members were staying. Mr. Roberts arrived on May 3, and at twilight the company repaired to the church where he and Ellen Stowe were married, her uncle, the Rev. George Lane, performing the ceremony. She writes, "I was never more calm nor collected in my life." A pleasant evening gathering followed at the home. At supper, among others, were found Bishops Morris, Hedding, James and Scott. After a week's sojourn in the city, the bride and groom departed. Taking boat for Albany, they traveled also by rail, by stage-coach, and after some days reached Gowanda, in western New York, the family home of Mr. Roberts. Father, mother, sisters, all welcomed the new bride.

She returned with her husband to Caryville, New York, and now begins the story of the life of a minister's wife in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the fifties.

The married life thus begun was mutually helpful and blessed. Someone once remarked of his spirituality. He replied, "My wife keeps an altar up all the time. If I need to be prayed for, it is there and she is ready." A few weeks before his death, he smilingly remarked to her, "We have not had our first quarrel yet, have we?" No smile ever illuminated her face like the one that greeted him after his necessary absences in the ministry. "As Christ loved the church," was his pattern, faithfully followed.

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## 05 -- CHAPTER -- LIFE IN CONNECTION WITH HER HUSBAND AND HIS WORK (A) -- DIARY

He holds no parley with unmanly fears;  
Where duty bids, he confidently steers;  
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,  
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

-- Wordsworth

Upon his graduation, Mr. Roberts was offered the presidency of Wyoming Seminary, at Wyoming, Pennsylvania. He consulted Dr. Olin who replied that there were more people to teach than there were to preach the gospel and advised him to keep to his calling. This he did, and Mrs. Roberts went with her husband on his first circuit at Caryville, New York, with a salary insufficient to pay their board. They were favored with a revival, but they were not satisfied with its depth. Mr. Roberts used to say that these converts of the winter could not survive the fashions of the spring. Some few were added to the society and Mr. Roberts was wanted for a second year; but the conference sent them to Pike, Wyoming County, New York, in the fall of 1849. She says, "Pike was a dilapidated town, with a dilapidated church, a dilapidated parsonage, and a dilapidated society," Moreover, they wanted another man for their preacher. Mr. Roberts was too young. However, he told them that if they would let him stay one year and at the end of that time if they wanted him to go, he would do so. At first they could get no place to board, but one good brother moved his business from an adjoining town purposely to help to make a home for them. A gracious revival broke out and by the close of the year all wanted their pastor to remain. The second year also witnessed a good revival. The parsonage was repaired and put in good shape for his successor.

While at this place their first child, William Titus, was born. The mother took him to New York City on her first visit there since her marriage, glad to present him to her aunt and uncle, and to dear little Sarah. While still at Pike, after a few weeks'

illness he left them, aged eleven months. He was buried at Gowanda, among friends of the family. (See Life of B. T. Roberts, page 55.)

In the fall of 1851, they were sent to Rushford, New York. Here there was an excellent revival, and many strong converts, who later became pillars in the church of God. Here, also, was born their second son, George Lane Roberts. \* [\*Deceased 1924]

There were more old-fashioned Methodists at this place than at any other appointment Mr. Roberts had ever held. Many were staunch and honored members of the community in which they lived. The church was always full and the people regarded their pastor with warmest affection. There was some talk of making him a presiding elder, but on account of his being so young and having served so few years in the ministry, it was not done. However, in the fall of 1852 he was given the important appointment of the Niagara Street Church in the city of Buffalo, New York. He found the church here greatly in need of a revival and sent for Dr. Redfield to come and hold meetings. He had heard Dr. Redfield at Middletown and had been greatly benefited through him. The church was worldly, with very little spirituality in it and there was much opposition in high official positions. The subject of free seats gave rise to much discussion. Mr. Roberts believed in free seats, and ever maintained that seats in the house of God should be as free as the gospel he preached. He was a leader among the churches of the United States in this respect.

Dr. Redfield's revival efforts met with so much opposition from some Of the church members that he was forced to discontinue them. The few who had stood by him received much good from his ministrations.

Mr. Roberts proposed to raise the debt on the Niagara Street Church, if the people would allow it to become a free church. They refused, spent much labor and money upon redecorating it, but in the end it was sold and became a Jewish tabernacle.

In 1853 Rev. and Mrs. Roberts were sent to Brockport, New York, remaining there two years. A third son, Benson Howard, was added to the family at this time. The Lord favored them with a very wonderful revival in Brockport. Mr. Roberts preached to the society for three months and they were greatly quickened. One night he was prostrate on his face at the altar before God with the burden of the work upon him. Some tried to sing, but no one could do anything to change the order of the meeting until he prevailed with God and the burden left him. When he invited the members of the church to come forward, the very best ones came. When he afterward asked sinners, they fairly rushed to the altar. This revival was the best and the greatest he had ever had. Very many were thoroughly saved and endured to the end. The only daughter of the family, little Sarah, was born in Brockport in January, 1855, but went to heaven the following August. From Brockport they went to Albion, following the Rev. William Kendall. The church in Albion was in a good

condition and a revival spirit prevailed all the time. Mr. Roberts preached in all the schoolhouses near the town.

It was here in 1856 that he wrote "New School Methodism," published in the Northern Independent of which Rev. William Hosmer was the editor and Mr. Roberts one of the corresponding editors. Opposition to a definite experience of holiness and to those who believed in and advocated it had become more pronounced. Those who preached it were held up to ridicule in the Buffalo Advocate, the organ of the opposite party, and called "Nazarites" or "New School Methodists." Mr. Roberts contended that the holiness, anti-slavery and free-seat people were the old school Methodists and that the dominant party should rightly be called the "New School Methodists," because of their defection from original Methodism. This article caused much comment and brought reproof from the bishop at the next conference. A son, Charles Stowe Roberts, was added to the family in Albion, in June, 1856.\* [\*Deceased 1923]

The events of the year 1857 were so full of interest that we let the diary of Mrs. Roberts tell the most of the story. Of the years at Albion, she writes:

"January 1, 1857. I am the Lord's, soul, body and spirit, in the midst of multiplied cares. My Aunt Lydia who is with us is sick with a cold, my baby is sick. The Lord blessed me this morning and still more at family prayers this evening. The Spirit said to me while trying to pray, 'Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name.' I have not for a year felt the same degree of power in prayer.

"January 11. The holy Sabbath. We had a sermon this morning about the unprofitable servant. I enjoyed it and tried to say a few words after it. We had a good class meeting. I stayed to the afternoon meeting. I have been greatly tried with the fear that I have attempted to do something myself. I want self to be out of sight all the time.

"January 13. I had a severe trial last night. I want more love and grace to do right and endure aright all that comes. I went to church. Brother Grover preached. I could not listen to the sermon. I was distressed because I had not manifested, as I feared, the right spirit in the trial of last night. I humbled myself before the Lord and, oh, how He heard and answered prayer. He came in power to my heart. I saw so clearly the great need of the church was to get down. We are afraid of getting too low, when we can do no such thing. Christ humbled Himself for us, became a man, obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. A light, so bright, shown for a moment, beamed forth; I opened my eyes to see where I was and it was gone. It came from above. Sister Annis was blessed. God gave her the evidence of a clean heart. I thank God one soul has come out into clear light.

"January 28. I have been troubled of late to know whether I yielded to what seemed temptation. I felt when little trials came that I did not bear them just right, but could not detect where the wrong lay. today while talking with Sister H. and

Aunt Lydia, I saw clearly that it is a want of perfect submission, a willingness to be crossed in little things, to give up my will about them when they go contrary to my wishes. Of course if I felt that I could not have them so, then I would have too much feeling about them and be sure to be tried. I thank God I see my error.

"February 8. After retiring last night I felt much of the power and presence of the Lord, and having prayed for a deadness to myself it was said to me, 'Follow me and you will become dead to yourself.'

"March 8. Mr. Roberts could not preach much on account of his cough. We had a blessed class meeting. My soul was indeed hungry. They commenced singing, 'Oh, how happy are they,' etc. When they came to the words, 'The angels can do nothing more,' I felt a desire to lie in the hands of God as clay in the hands of the potter. When the leader came to me, I said as it was given to me, that I believed the Lord would work in our midst, and that I have no way about how the Lord should work in my heart or in the hearts of others. And in a manner altogether new the Lord did work in my heart. I fell on my knees and groaned through the remainder of the meeting and felt the Lord there in an unusual degree.

"During this month my uncle and aunt returned to their home. In April I designed going to see my mother, but was prevented by the illness of George; he had scarlet fever. Then my own health became much worse. I went to see a physician in Lockport. I attended a quarterly meeting in Chili. My soul was greatly blessed all the time. I felt such a ceasing from self, such a reliance on Christ. It was a season of comfort and of constant abiding in Him. My health improving, I was intending to go to my mother, but Charles had the scarlet fever. It seemed as if I could not endure the idea of not seeing her.

"Later. My mother fails fast. Charles is no better. While praying in secret I seemed to have the assurance that my mother was ready to go, and that I should not see her. This passage was impressed on my mind, 'If ye endure chastisement God dealeth with you as with sons.' I thought if it be an evidence that I am a child of God, I can take it joyfully. I find my will about seeing my mother must be given up.

"The last of June. I have just returned from Bonus Prairie, Illinois. My dear mother was buried the morning of the day I arrived. It was a trial almost insupportable to me. I could not think it happened by chance. My father I found very poorly in body and broken in spirit. My sister and brother take my mother's death hard. my father said he prayed daily and wanted to be prepared for death. I hope this affliction may be sanctified to them all. The place where my father lives is very beautiful and seemed very dear to me.

"September. Conference at LeRoy is now in session. Sisters Kendall and Shaffer are here. We had a powerful time while pleading for the baptism of the Holy Ghost to rest upon Mr. Roberts and some others at conference. My soul is wonderfully drawn out to pray for my husband that he may stand for the truth

unflinchingly and endure hardness as a good soldier. 'I will not fear though an host should encamp against me.' It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.' My soul is wonderfully nerved up, I feel a confidence in God I never felt before. It seems to me that He is working at conference in a way we did not expect. I know the Lord is there and with my husband. It will not be what we have endured but what we have failed to endure that will cause regret when we come to the end of life."

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## 06 -- CHAPTER -- LIFE IN CONNECTION WITH HER HUSBAND AND HIS WORK (B)

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties. --  
Spurgeon

From Albion Mr. and Mrs. Roberts were sent to Pekin, New York, after he had received reproof from the bishop at conference for writing "New School Methodism." Father Chesbrough remarked, "I do not know what we have done that we should have a preacher sent to us who has been reprov'd by the bishop." His son, S. K. J. Chesbrough, replied, "We will go to church and hear the man." On his way home the father commented, "Well, that is old-fashioned Methodism as I used to hear it in the Baltimore Conference and as I have not heard it in many years." The son later said of Mrs. Roberts, "I was impressed by her neat and plain attire, as well as by the meek and quiet spirit she manifested, and I was drawn to her. I compared her in dress and appearance with my mother; each bore the stamp of a true Baltimore Methodist."

The Regency minister held meetings, attended by those who sided against Mr. Roberts; but he paid no attention to them and went right on with his preaching. At a point called "Stone Schoolhouse" a gracious revival was given him. The schoolhouse was too small and they fitted up a near-by grove for meetings. People came with hay-racks in order to bring those who wished to attend. Many were converted and remained true to God. In all of these places and in all of this work, Mrs. Roberts stood loyally by her husband.

Of this period she writes: "September 21, 1857. My dear Mr. Roberts has returned from conference and we are sent to Pekin. The Lord will go with us according to His promise. Jesus, Thou art mine and I will praise Thee. We have had a blessed day. Mr. Roberts had great liberty in preaching from 'The trial of your faith is more precious than gold.' I bore the cross after preaching and was helped and blessed.

"September 23. Monday. tonight the waves have dashed over me in reference to the trials of leaving a pleasant home and dear friends, etc.

**"September 26. The Lord is with me, blessing my soul and enabling me to leave friends and pleasant scenes for Christ cheerfully. Grace triumphs in my heart. Hallelujah!**

**"Pekin. I have reached my new home. Pekin is a very small, ill-looking town, but my home looks very pleasant to me -- pleasanter because we all love the Savior and are trying to serve Him. The first Sunday evening we had a good season of prayer. I felt free in Christ.**

**"October 7. I went to the general quarterly meeting at Parma on the Genesee District. The pilgrims came from Albion, Holley, and Brockport. It seemed good to see so many familiar faces. Brother Kendall preached. The next morning my husband preached with a good degree of liberty. The Lord showed me that the enemy had been trying to have me see what the people would bear before I did much of anything. The Lord blessed me in trying to say a few words. On my way home the light shone and my Jesus showed me many things I hope to remember. In resolving to be the Lord's more fully and stand by His work everywhere, my soul was greatly blessed all day. I had a good talk with Brother B\_\_\_\_ about following the leadings of the Spirit. I see that I am not doing it as fully as I thought I was. I see if I did I would be free, where as I do not feel free all the time. Jesus, help me.**

**"October 31, Saturday. I am buffeted and seemingly driven back in my attempts to get nearer to Jesus.**

**"November 1. Sabbath. I felt a great deal shut up. I had some little liberty in class, but was greatly tried afterward fearing I was not led by the Spirit.**

**"1858. January 1. I covenant anew with my God to be His; to lay in His hands, as the clay in the hands of the potter; to be led by His Spirit; to have a single eye to His glory; to seek to please Him; to cease from my own works; to be more careful in the government of my tongue. I also covenant to be more frequent in reading my Bible, to pray more in secret, to examine myself daily.**

**"January 2. We went over to the four days' meeting at Ridgeville. The second morning we had some. thing of a break in the prayer meeting. I was enabled to look to God in faith and He came in power to my soul. I saw the sin of unbelief as being so great. The Lord showed me a narrow path in which I must walk and if I would consent to walk there He would lead me by the way of the cross into a larger place, nearer Himself. I at once consented and my soul seemed filled.**

**"January 9. We had a blessed meeting at our house tonight. There was a getting hold and holding on to the Lord in prayer. I saw how great a loss those sustain who live without holiness. In the evening I talked in meeting before preaching, did not have much liberty, but as I sat down the Lord began to come in power. I took hold by faith and believed 'Now is the time for me to receive what I have long prayed for, this dying to self and sinking into Jesus, and losing self in**

**Christ.' I believed, and oh, what a sense of eternal things rested upon me. Oh, what peace followed! What resting in Christ, what solemnity.**

**"Saturday, January 14, 1858. Albion quarterly meeting. Brother McCreary preached in the morning. We were at Brother Stiles' to dinner -- a good prayer meeting followed. Jesus was with me.**

**"Sunday morning. The best love-feast I was ever in. The Lord was there in power. Rev. B. I. Ives, from Auburn, New York, preached on holiness. It was a searching sermon from, 'Wilt thou be made clean, When shall it once be?' One remark the Lord sent home to me in power, 'Every grace must be tried; it must be burnt in.' I prayed in faith for Jesus to meet me at the sacrament, and as I was to take the wine I could not lift my hands to take it; while the Savior said to me, 'This is the blood that is to keep you.' As I took it my strength gave way, but I soon recovered and testified that it was victory through the blood. As I knelt in my seat it came to me so powerfully that one who had faith in God could chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight. As I left the church I felt as if I could run through a troop and leap over a wall. There is so much profession in these days that is empty, no power in it, that the' Lord will come to those who will let Him in a way that will be manifest that it is God, and we shall be convinced that there is a God in Israel yet.**

**"Evening. I could not get into the church, so went into Brother Grover's with a number and had a meeting led by Brother Hicks of Syracuse, New York. He has the most simplicity in all his exercises of any man I ever saw. He seems to breathe the atmosphere of heaven, and yet he said in that meeting, 'What I enjoy is nothing compared with what I expect to enjoy when I leave this room.' It was a heavenly meeting. when it was over we went to the basement of the church where there were many crying for mercy. It was a time of power.**

**"Monday. Brother C. went with Brother Stiles and Sister C. to pray with a young woman, Nellie Gray, who was in great distress of mind. Miss Gray afterward became Mrs. A. K. Bacon. She groaned and prayed for forgiveness till the Lord came and she was clearly converted. In the evening meeting she told of her conversion and talked as I never heard a young convert talk. The altar was filled and several converted.**

**"Tuesday. I was blest while talking of the dealings of God with my soul. Brother Hicks said, in temptation, now instead of the inward risings of wrong dispositions which he used to feel, he feels an aching as if his heart ached.**

**"Evening. I enjoyed the most blessed season of prayer before retiring that I ever knew. The room was filled with the presence of God. It seemed to me that I had no petition for myself, but had all I wanted. I was greatly blessed all night.**

**"January 28, 1858. We hear Brother Kendall is very ill -- not expected to live. Mr. Roberts is not well enough to go and see him. It seems as if Brother Kendall could not be spared, but God's ways are not our ways.**

**"February 2. Brother Kendall is gone. What a blow!**

**"February 10. We started on Wednesday to attend Brother Kendall's funeral at Covington, New York. He wished Mr. Roberts to preach his funeral sermon. We rode fifty-three miles, stayed all night in Leroy, New York. The next morning we went to Asbury, New York, and then on to Covington. We found Sister Kendall wonderfully supported. I felt so much of the power of God when I first spoke to her that I could scarcely stand up under it. The room where he lay seemed filled with the atmosphere of heaven.**

**"At two o'clock the funeral was attended. Mr. Roberts could not preach much, his feelings were so great. The text was, 'Who are these which are arrayed in white robes,' etc. (Rev. 7:13). The congregation was deeply moved; some wept; some shouted. Sister Kendall shouted several times. I felt as if I could not bear any form or ceremony, but as if I wanted to hear the people talk about getting full salvation and being prepared to die. It seemed like triumph rather than death. As they were taking leave of his body I thought, 'This is life, not death,' and instantly the power of God rested upon me. We went to the grave. It never seemed so pleasant to me before. There was no gloom about it. They sang, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand' and 'Heaven, sweet heaven.' It did seem as if it were the verge of heaven. We stayed all night with Sister Kendall. She seemed like a bruised reed, indeed, but as submissive as a lamb. Friday morning we left for home, had a good prayer meeting at Brother Seekins' in Asbury. I saw clearly that I must talk about Jesus to all; stopped at Sister Taggart's in Batavia. I was greatly blest in a season of prayer; stayed all "night at Caryville. Mr. Roberts preached a good sermon. Our meetings increase in interest. We are seeing some inquire after salvation.**

**"February 20. Mr. Roberts had expected to go to West Falls to preach Brother Kendall's memorial sermon there, but he cannot get his place filled, so we conclude it is in the order of Providence that we do not go.**

**"February 21. We have had one of the best Sabbaths. The Spirit was in the congregation and He came in power in the class meeting. Brother Wilcox was greatly blessed. The Lord let me see clearly that His work is going to spread here -- the work of holiness. Brother Wilcox is clear in the enjoyment of that blessing.**

**"February 23. We had a good meeting. I felt that to please Jesus was all that was required and that I can do. How my soul was blest.**

**"March 1. Brother Wilcox, Brother Rose and Brother and Sister C. met here and we had a blessed season of prayer.**

**"Evening. Rev. Mr. Foote, a Regency preacher, had a meeting at his house while we had one at the church. The Lord came in mighty power to my soul. I felt the Spirit was grieved. The Lord let me have a faint glimpse of what it would be to come to the judgment with no Savior, no Holy Spirit. I could scarcely endure it. My strength all left me and I felt so much of the presence of God that it seemed to me I never could live again. It was awful and glorious. I felt myself but a speck in creation. All night I had much of the presence of God.**

**"March 8. We went to West Falls. We had a good time going, a good time praying at Dr. Campbell's at Black Rock. Reached Sister Kendall's about four o'clock. Mr. Roberts preached with great liberty from 'If we walk in the light as He is in the light,' etc. It was all light in the house and I never felt so much of the Spirit in the church before. It came down in floods of light, life and power. A season of prayer followed and many prayed aloud, yet there was no confusion. My soul was abundantly blessed in talking. I feel more and more that if we are about the Master's work, He will stay with us. The next morning we concluded to remain another day. I felt much of the presence of God, had no inclination to talk except about Jesus. A good meeting in the afternoon, few were out, but nearly all were blest. Some experienced the blessing of holiness. I was greatly blessed in talking the second time, about faith in Jesus. Wednesday morning we started for home and reached there before night.**

**"March 10. The meeting was good tonight, but none was especially blest. It is hard enduring to see so little effect of our labors, but the trial of our faith is good.**

**"March 11. Brother Stiles preached for us -- a good sermon. I felt the Lord enabled me to take hold in prayer, and my own soul was blessed. I felt an assurance of one day getting through to heaven.**

**"March 12. Brother Stiles preached from, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.' It was an excellent discourse, a great deal of feeling among the people. A prayer meeting followed and two or three were blessed.**

**"March 13. A good time in prayer alone at home.**

**"March 14. Quarterly meeting, but little of the Spirit in our midst. I allowed myself to look at some who seem to be hedging up the way of others, and I felt as if I did not want to hear them talk. I believe I suffered loss by feeling thus.**

**"March 20. Roads so bad we could not have meetings at the church. A week of unparalleled temptations about the work here, and finally about everything. Lord, help me to resist the devil another time. I fear I did reason with him. No life, seemingly no desire, no anything -- empty, barren. But I will look in the direction of my Savior. I have been somewhat blessed tonight.**

**"March 21. A good Sabbath to my soul. I find my Savior again precious.**

**"March 23. I have from time to time felt it a duty to keep a diary, but it is also a cross. I bear it for a little while then cease to do it. In giving myself anew to God last night, I promised to use my pen in this and other ways as the Lord directed. There are many things in the past summer and fall I ought to have recorded. I will briefly write a little.**

**"After closing our protracted effort at the church last spring we had meetings in a schoolhouse five miles out and some were converted. It was a glorious work. Most of them remain faithful. We had at Pekin a general quarterly meeting in May. It was a season of great profit to my soul, of deep searching and of becoming more free in Christ than ever before. I saw it was my privilege to glory in the cross, and I have been enabled to do so ever since, and the glory in my soul has wonderfully increased. I never knew so much before about the glory in the soul. Doctor and Mrs. Redfield have been with us and dear Sister Kendall. One night as I retired, I heard an unearthly voice singing in an undertone, 'We'll be there, in a few days, in a few days,' and again in the morning I heard it. Out at Shawnee we held a blessed meeting in the Baptist Church. The Spirit came upon the young converts and they all prayed aloud, no one could lead in prayer. My own soul was filled on the way home and I shouted aloud."**

**\* \* \* \* \***

## **07 -- CHAPTER -- LIFE IN CONNECTION WITH HER HUSBAND AND HIS WORK (C) -- DIARY 1858**

**"Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake" (Phil. 1:29).**

**Experience Approaching and During Mr. Roberts' Trial as Recorded in Her  
Diary -- 1858**

**"June 16. We started for the Bergen camp meeting; stayed all night with  
Brother Annis.**

**"June 18. While Brother Stiles was preaching, the power of God came down all over the ground. I felt at one time as if in the suburbs of glory; at another, such a dying to everything; while feeling thus I kept saying, 'Nothing hurts us when we are dead.' It is so. Oh, I see it is my privilege to esteem the reproach of Christ greater treasures than the wealth of Egypt, and I see if faithful I may be rich in this sense. I have in the past dreaded extreme poverty, but while here I saw God could enable me to glory in necessities also when they come. We also attended the camp meeting at Dickinsonville -- a good time. Many of our members were blessed. Brother Henry came the last night and led a class in our tent; an excellent meeting. He inquired of me if I rather please Jesus than my husband. He went home with us and stayed one night.**

**"July. At the Gasport meeting, my soul was all melted down; here the Lord let me see myself and then He applied the blood, and like the gentle rain the Spirit came and my soul was filled and moved. It seemed as if Jesus was all around me. In the love-feast the Lord let me see the second time that there were some severe trials ahead, and it was connected with my husband. I thought he was going to die. 'Can you give him up?' was asked. I thought, 'God will help me to do so.' Oh, what anguish I suffered for a little time. The Lord removed it and I felt very solemn. My soul was blessed on the way home. Mr. Roberts is very unwell; has a bad cold and a cough.**

**"We were at the Hamburg camp meeting two days. I felt the presence of God in an unusual degree. Once my body could scarce bear the degree of His presence I felt, and again I saw the same trial ahead and it seemed as though my dear husband was going to die. Going home we had a pleasant ride. Sister Babcock rode to Buffalo with us.**

**"Brockport. August. Sabbath I heard Mr. Buck preach. In class the leader did not speak to me, but I talked when class was out and the Lord blessed me. Afternoon at Sister Martin's. Evening. A little meeting at Sister Smith's. I have seldom been more blessed. It was the 'sacred awe that dares not move.'**

**"August 29. Wednesday we went home. Took tea at Sister Cushing's and went to Brother Rose's to meeting. A good time. It seemed like a farewell meeting. I could not refrain from tears. They sang at the close, 'That will be joyful to meet to part no more.'**

**"October 1 was our fast day to pray for conference. Few were out. I never saw such a time. God seemed so near. All led in prayer twice. What power we had in praying for my dear companion! We all felt God would go with him and the Red Sea would be divided.**

**"October 3. Mr. R. preached and gave out the first hymn, 'Jesus, my strength and righteousness.' He said afterward that he could scarcely speak his feelings were such. We don't know what all this means, yet there is a meaning; a blessed class, I have not seen such a time in a great many years.**

**"October 4. Mr. Roberts left for conference. We had a blessed meeting. I was led to pray that the dross might be consumed, if it should be necessary to place me in the furnace in order that it should; any way, only give me the 'gold without the dross,' and in talking I said we find in forsaking all that we have fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, houses and lands which are ours to all intents and purposes, ours as far as we need them.**

**"October 8. Left home with Brother C. for conference. Stayed all night at Doctor Lucky's. Mr. Roberts tells us that they have rejected Brothers Warner and**

Foster. The first because of inviting people to seek holiness. The latter for saying at one time that he was glad there were no presiding elders present to steady the ark. I felt as if their hands were laid on me, and I began at once to understand the nature of the trial which I had seen ahead at different times through the summer. Mr. Roberts seems burdened and surely I feel so.

"October 9. I awoke this morning, saying, 'Soldiers of Christ, arise and put your armor on.' Mr. Roberts read the scripture, 'Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' Went to Perry to the conference.

"October 10. At the love-feast I heard Dr. Durbin preach. He had much to say about a period in his life when he was a man of one business and aim and how he was blest at that time. I kept wondering how it was now, yet it is evident. In the evening went to Burke Hill, six miles out. Mr. Roberts preached; a good meeting; my soul was blessed.

"October 11. A bill of charges was handed my husband this morning for circulating the 'Estes pamphlet,' his account of the trial appended to a new publication of 'New School Methodism.' My heart aches over such punishing of the innocent, but I must not complain. My trust is in Jesus. He will sustain. When they first took up Mr. Roberts' case it seemed as if I could not stand it. They would not grant him a committee to be tried by, nor counsel from abroad, nor a transfer to another conference to be tried by impartial men. I asked God to give me nerves like steel that I might sit there unmoved and hear it all. Bless His name, He did it. I went with Sister Kendall to Covington. I was greatly tempted and opened the Bible, praying that I might see some word that would drive the clouds away. The future in reference to my husband's being expelled, which it seems probable he will be, kept troubling me. What will the end be? I opened to the second of Daniel, fortieth verse and read to the forty-sixth verse. The Spirit of the Lord sent it home. I felt as if it was right from the Lord and my fears, doubts and temptations were all gone. Bless the Lord. I will not fear, but be undismayed, come what will.

"Although Mr. Roberts was under censure and on the eve of expulsion from the church, he was asked to preach the funeral sermon for the Rev. William Kendall at the Conference Memorial Service.

"October 13. Mr. Roberts preached Brother Kendall's sermon, had a blessed time. God was there.

"October 14. today they commenced the trial. God is present. Not a nerve moves. If we are turned out, I'll not shrink a hair's breadth from suffering His will. I wish I was worthy to suffer a little for Christ's sake -- a blessed prayer meeting at Sister Kendall's.

"October 16. Went to Covington to spend the Sabbath.

**"October 17. Brother Furman preached and there was a good speaking meeting after. Brother Heath called after meeting and he was made a blessing to my soul; he said when he saw what there was in the land of Canaan he told of it; how the glory streamed down. He talked to Brother Chesbrough; said if we walked in the light and did our whole duty we would see what others never would.**

**"October 18. They get along slowly with the trial. Bless God, my faith shines more bright and clear as darkness reigns without. My eye is on Jesus.**

**"October 20. Mr. Fuller made his speech, and while he was talking, Sister Brainard opened her Bible to the fifty-second Psalm and read; it seemed very appropriate. In the afternoon, Brother Stiles made his summing up, and in the evening, my husband made his plea. God was with him. There was conviction of his innocence all through the house. They did not dare to reply and take the vote that night, but retired early to strengthen themselves for the next morning. We spent the night at Sister Griswold's. I dreamed we were with many others sailing in a boat and there was a terrible storm at sea. I thought in the direction in which we were going all was calm; the sky so blue and the water so clear. There was another boat and it was going with all speed in the direction of the storm, till it was lost to our sight in the fog, rain, and commotion. I thought we went ashore to wait until the storm had passed.**

**"October 21. Mr. Fuller made another harangue and the vote was taken. He moved Mr. Roberts' expulsion from the church and conference, which was carried. I had to pray every moment, while I felt that honor rested upon my husband, and I did feel that confusion and shame rested upon some men on that conference floor from that hour. As soon as the vote was taken the preachers and people who enjoyed salvation left the house, some in silence, some in tears. I had no tears to shed, though I had some strange feelings. It seemed as if we were turned out on a great common where the fences were all down and I had a lost feeling till Jesus told me He would be a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night. We went to Brother Handley's and had a blessed season of prayer after dinner. We stayed at Brother Stanton's that night. As I went to rest, my feelings overcame me. I wept before the Lord.**

**"October 22. Brother McCreary was expelled last night with only a form of a trial. I was in conference at the opening when some preacher began by reading the twelfth of Hebrews till he came to the sixteenth verse then shut the book, evidently greatly confused. There was great uneasiness among the preachers while he was reading. The 'Pastoral Address' was read, though before that they disposed of Brother H.'s case by getting him to confess a little. Oh, how I wanted then to be in his place. I'd have stood up like a man and died before I yielded a hair's breadth. The appointments were read off after dark. We left for Mr. Palmer's, where we took tea, then went to the Baptist Church which we found crowded. Mr. Roberts spoke and then Brother McCreary talked a little and dismissed. At nine o'clock we started for home and rode till two o'clock a. m., when we stopped at Brother Straight's. The next morning we started early, had dinner at Brother Hale's, tea at Brother Terry's,**

and reached home at nine o'clock. I felt like laughing the laugh of an innocent child that has no care as I entered my home once more, though I had thought I should feel bad to return under such strange circumstances; but not so, for Jesus was with me all day. These words had been ringing in my ears, 'care of all the churches.' I do not know what it meant, but am sure it meant something.

"October 24. We went to church -- nothing but grace all powerful kept me from sinking. Brother Wilcox preached. The dear young converts' hearts were full of grief; there was deep feeling among the people after service closed. Mr. Roberts spoke in class and it was like pouring oil upon the troubled waters. The Lord blessed me as I told them I felt it an honor to be the companion of the first minister turned out of conference for Christ's sake. After some other remarks I felt powerless.

"October 25. A blessed meeting at our house -- many out and a time of salvation; one soul reclaimed; others greatly blessed. The past week has been one of blessing and trial.

"October 31. A trying Sabbath to me. I have my own trials and those of Mr. Roberts too. Yet 'grace sufficient' is given.

"November 5. We left the parsonage and went to Brother Chesbrough's. We do not yet see where the Lord would have us go.

"November 7. Today Brother Burlingame preached. Mr. Roberts is away; he joined the church on probation which seemed like child's play to me. I doubt whether the Lord was pleased with it.

"November 12. I have been severely tempted about seeming to be doing nothing for God while here at Brother Chesbrough's, but I look to Jesus and He knows my heart. Went to meeting at the schoolhouse; few out. No fire till we made one, and I felt like going home. After meeting commenced, it was a dull time to me for a while until the Spirit began to come and I prayed till I lost strength. I rose and had a good time talking. Oh, my Jesus knew what I needed. Glory! Glory! I came home and before retiring was led to ask Brother Chesbrough if he was letting the Spirit lead him, etc. We knelt to have family prayer and Brother Mitchell prayed. I followed, for I felt I could not retire till I had prayed, and if the Lord ever helped me to pray He did in that hour. We prayed, I think, till one o'clock. Brother Chesbrough was never so melted before nor so blessed. Sister Chesbrough was greatly blessed, also Sister H. How near Jesus came! A blessed time.

"November 13. A good day -- blessed at family prayer this morning. I saw clearly I must go to love-feast on Sabbath, it being quarterly meeting.

"November 14. We had a good love-feast. God was there in power. Brother B. spoke about our suffering and having grace that would enable us to do so. God let

me see that He could enable me to hear the presiding elder preach; that to have grace patiently to endure him would be more acceptable in His sight than to go elsewhere to meeting. I did not leave. It was a trying sermon.

"November 15. Mr. Roberts returned from Albion, Brockport, etc., where he had a good time exhorting the people. We do not see yet where we are to live. Some say Brockport; some Albion; some Batavia, and they want us at Allegheny, but I cannot, see the Lord in any of these places. We have about concluded to stay in a part of Brother Chesbrough's house until spring. A home at Mount Holly, New Jersey, has been offered by Aunt Lydia.

"November 19. I commenced putting down a carpet here; but how I feel; such desolation and sorrow of spirit as I cannot describe and do not understand. This afternoon Isaac Chesbrough was kicked by a horse and severely hurt. They thought him killed when they took him up; his eye is injured. The doctor thinks the chief danger will be from inflammation. It seemed as if something was saying to me, 'There is a stop put to your settling here,' perhaps it is not the Lord's will. If so, I would not do it.

"November 20. We went over with some preparations toward living here, but my heart was not in it. As noise hurts 'Ike' I told Mr. Roberts I thought I had better do no more at present, but go to Albion next week. He thought the same, and light once more began to break into my soul. The load was gone. So I began to see it is not God's will for us to settle here. Anyway, only 'Thy will be done.'

"November 22. Yesterday we went to Bear Ridge. Oh, how good it seemed to hear my husband talk once more, the first time I've heard him since conference. The Lord let me see, as I thought, where He would have us live. He first said to me, 'You cannot live among the 'pilgrims.' This had not occurred to me. I said, 'Thy will be done,' and instantly Buffalo came before me, though before it was said to me, 'There will be a terrible cross in living where I want you to,' and then Buffalo came up before me and my soul was at rest about where we must live -- even though the cross rested heavily upon me. I said, 'How could we live there; we've nothing to live on?' and the answer came, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.' I returned home and sat up with Isaac. Mr. Roberts feels much as I do about going to Buffalo to live. Today he started for Albion with May and Charles -- a day of sore trial. I have tried to do right.

"November 25. With George and Benson I went to Albion in the cars and met Mr. Roberts at the depot. Went to Doctor Riggs'.

"November 26. At Brockport. Mr. Roberts preached in the evening; good time.

"November 29. At Clarkson, an excellent meeting. My soul was blessed in talking after Mr. Roberts was through.

**"November 30. At Holley. Mr. Roberts talked to a small congregation.**

**"December 1. Returned to Holley. The Laymen's Convention met. (See History of Free Methodist Church, Bishop Wilson T. Hogue, volume I. page 193.) A love-feast in the evening; glorious time; God was in our midst.**

**\* \* \* \* \***

## **08 -- CHAPTER -- IN BUFFALO -- ROCHESTER -- NORTH CHILI**

**Jesus, day by day Lead us on life's way;  
Naught of dangers will we reckon,  
Simply haste where Thou dost beckon;  
Lead us by the hand  
To our Father-land.  
Thus our path shall be  
Daily traced by Thee.  
Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher,  
Help us most when most we suffer,  
And when all is o'er,  
Ope to us Thy door.**

**-- Zinzendorf**

**Charges for contumacy for not retracting "New School Methodism" and circulating the Estes pamphlet had been preferred against Mr. Roberts and by unchristian methods and procedure he had been expelled from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and finding that an appeal to the General Conference did not correct the wrong done him, he felt that he must continue to pursue his mission to preach the gospel. As he did this and met the calls that were made upon him he saw that some kind of an organization must be had for the spiritual welfare of the many who like himself had been unjustly cut off from the parent church.**

**A Layman's Convention of 195 delegates met at Albion, New York, December 1 and 2, 1859, and passed resolutions affirming their confidence in Rev. B. T. Roberts and Rev. Joseph McCreary as "among the most pure and able ministers of the New Testament," and pledging their support, if they would continue their labors. Mr. Roberts was advised to locate his family in the city of Buffalo.**

**All of this is enumerated in the life of Rev. B. T. Roberts, by his son, B. H. Roberts, pages 149-166, and more fully in Hogue's History of the Free Methodist Church.**

**Rev. and Mrs. Roberts spent several years in Buffalo, New York. As in Buffalo there was no church where the people were with him in his stand for holiness and against secret societies, he took the unexampled course of selling his own home on**

Palmer, now Tenth Street, and with the money secured a place of worship near Pearl Street Theater, later made into a church. The mother placed her older children in the homes of various friends, and taking her younger ones, she and her husband went everywhere preaching the gospel. She testified afterward that they were blessed of God for this marvelous act of self-sacrifice, saying, "Before that time we were often in close circumstances, sometimes finding it difficult even to get a postage stamp, but ever after this experience we were given more and never knew the stringency in our finances that sometimes arose in former days."

In some places independent churches had been established. In August, 1860, a notable camp meeting was held in Pekin, New York, at which the decision was made to organize the Free Methodist Church, and a call was made for "A convention for the purpose of adopting a Discipline for the same," to meet August 23, 1860, at the close of the camp meeting. All societies and bands were invited to send delegates. See Hogue's History of the Free Methodist Church.

The call was made on the following basis:

"1. Doctrines and usages of primitive Methodism, such as the witness of the Spirit, entire sanctification as a state of grace distinct from justification, attainable instantaneously by faith; free seats and congregational singing, without instrumental music in all cases; plainness of dress.

"2. An equal representation of ministers and members in all the councils of the church.

"3. No slave-holding and no connection with secret oath-bound societies.

"Each society or band will be entitled to send one delegate at least, and an additional one for every forty members."

Dr. Redfield and others from the West were present. The convention consisted of eighty laymen and fifteen preachers. The convention proceeded to organize the Free Methodist Church and adopt a Discipline. All present voted for the plan of organizing immediately with the exception of five preachers and two laymen. The annual and general conventions (conferences) were to be composed of an equal number of laymen and ministers, and episcopacy was abolished.

We quote from an article written by Mr. Roberts at this time: "It is not the intention to try to get up a secession. On the contrary, as much as in us lies, we shall live peaceably with all men. The wicked expulsion of several ministers for no other crime than simply trying to carry but their ordination vows, and the cruel refusal of the General Conference to grant us the hearing of our appeals, guaranteed to us in the most solemn manner by the Constitution and Laws of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the violent ejection from the church of many of its pious and devoted members, whose only offense was that of sympathizing with us,

as we are trying to endure 'the afflictions of the Gospel,' have rendered it necessary to provide a humble shelter for ourselves and for such poor, wayfaring pilgrims as may wish to journey with us to heaven. We are very firm in the conviction that it is the will of the Lord that we should establish free churches -- the seats to be forever free -- where the gospel can be preached to the poor. We have this consolation, and it is a great one, that if our effort is not for the glory of God, and does not receive His approval, it cannot succeed. And if it is not for His glory, we most devoutly pray that it may fail in its very incipiency. We would rather be covered with any amount of dishonor than have the cause of God suffer. We have no wealth; no sympathy from powerful ecclesiastical or political or secret societies to help on the enterprise; but all these against us, so that if we succeed, it must be by the blessings of heaven upon our feeble endeavors."\* [\*The church thus launched, today has forty-five conferences and 40,387 members including probationers.]

At the remarkable camp meeting held one mile north of Brockport, New York, in 1859, by Rev. Fay Purdy, the Rev. William Hosmer, editor of the "Northern Independent," who was in attendance, said to Mrs. Roberts, "Are you with your husband in this conflict?" Receiving her affirmative answer, he replied, "Oh, he'll get on then." She stood by her husband bravely and well as God helped her to do. Yet she testified in later years that, at that time, God put such a strong love in her heart for the men who had expelled her husband from the church, that she felt she could have laid down her life for them. She was given love, wisdom and steadfastness.

While living in Buffalo Mr. Roberts founded "The Earnest Christian." This magazine was a most valuable means of communication between the scattered societies, and a storehouse of spiritual truth of high literary character as well as of clear testimony. After Mr. Roberts' death the publication was continued by his son, Rev. Benson H. Roberts, until his resignation from the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary, in 1906, then it was carried on a year longer by Bishop W. T. Hogue at Chicago, Illinois, when its long service to the church was ended.

In Buffalo were born two children, Samuel and Benjamin T. Roberts, Jr.

Their suffering at this period of their lives made Mrs. Roberts sympathetic toward all Christian people and she numbered among her close friends members of many denominations. Rev. and Mrs. William Belden, Rev. Henry Belden, Rev. D. F. Newton, Miss Mary H. Mossman and others shared her hospitality and proved valued friends. (See letter to his father by B. T. R., page 184, Life of B. T. Roberts.)

Years after the death of Rev. B. T. Roberts, at a semi-centennial session of the Methodist Episcopal Church (Genesee Conference) held at Rochester, New York, 1910, the credentials which had been taken from him were restored, being placed in the hands of his son, Rev. Benson H. Roberts of the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary.

The chief agent in consummating this act said of the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church after 1858, "Then followed a time of great tribulation in the Genesee Conference. It is hoped she washed her garments and made them white."

From Buffalo, Mr. Roberts moved to Rochester, New York, for a time, where the "Earnest Christian" was published, even after he changed his residence to the country.

The project of building a school was now prominently upon him. For a time a site opposite the Rochester University was under consideration; but the country seeming in many respects more desirable for its location, a farm was purchased, and the school was established at North Chili, New York. This was their home hereafter as long as life was given them. The farm house, a two-story structure of ample proportions, surrounded by forest and fruit trees was a Mecca, where teachers and students resorted for direction and counsel for many years.

During this period severe affliction came to them in the death of Samuel, in February, 1874. He was at that time fourteen years old, a student in the Seminary. Taken ill with scarlet fever on Friday, he passed away the next Monday. The following letter shows the mother's experience through this time of great testing:

To Mrs. Kendall Ladue On The Death Of Sammy

Dear Sister LaDue: It has been in my heart to reply to your very kind letter, but it has seemed impossible for me to do so. I can write but little now and only as the Lord helps me to do it. When I attempt to write to any of my friends my nerves quiver and shake like an aspen leaf.

For weeks I had said on my knees to my Father, "Less of self and more of God." For this I plead, and He has answered prayer. "My prayer hath power with God; the grace unspeakable I now receive." Long before this terrible blow, I had at times such a sense of suffering upon me as I little understood the meaning of.

God gave me Sammy in answer to prayer. He has been a blessing to us all. He preached to us all from his birth and to all in the house. He lived a life of faith, always. He reproved, rebuked and exhorted, and always turned me to the Lord if he saw me tempted or troubled. He never made a public profession of religion, but his life was consistent. During his last illness I talked with him, and he said that he felt the Lord blessed him; said he prayed. This I knew he did. He seemed to me almost angelic as he lay on the bed the day before he died. This troubled me. I tried to pray and so did others for recovery. And it was as if a hand was laid on our mouths. All I could get any help in asking was, "God bless him, he is in Thy hands." Still I could not think he was going to die. I dared not think it.

I changed his clothes Monday morning. He asked after his father who was away holding meetings. In less than fifteen minutes his father entered the house. He

knew him, kissed him, and said something we could not understand. His father fell on his knees and plead with God for his restoration, but it was continually said to me, "You cannot change the mind of the Lord."

His body seemed full of light, there seemed a halo of light around him. It was as if he were transparent. There was no sense of death to me about him. In no case did death ever seem so like translation.

For weeks I was held from visiting the grave. When I was finally allowed to, I knew at once if I grieved the Spirit by too great sorrow.

In 1881 they moved into the "house on the hill," built the year before by Mr. Roberts on Buffalo Street, the main road from Rochester to Buffalo, laid out in early times. The house was on the opposite side of the road from the Seminary, and a little farther east, on the highest ground the town afforded, surrounded by a great variety of trees. It was an ideal situation. Connected with it were a few acres of land, orchard and garden spot. Agriculture always interested Mr. Roberts. He prided himself on being able to turn a straighter furrow than most men could. An "upper room" looking toward the sunrise was the mother's room. It was circled about with apple trees which in spring time made it a bower of pink and white beauty with their bloom. This house was home till the end. Here students and friends visited; here prayer meetings were often appointed; here, when the wife of the oldest son, George Lane Roberts, died, was brought the three-year-old child, Hibbert Rice Roberts\* to be hereafter a member of the family. "Take him," was the word of the Spirit to Mrs. Roberts, "not in the name of fear and care, but in faith and in the name of Jesus." Here were counseled foreign missionaries on their way to their fields of labor; here committees met to make a new church hymn book, and work such as a first superintendent of a church must know, of various important kinds.

[\*Now Dr. H. R. Roberts of Rochester, New York.]

Mr. Roberts was away much of the time attending to his numerous duties, holding conferences, etc. Sometimes his wife accompanied him; two trips to the Pacific Coast were of fruitful results. More often she was left behind to attend to the many duties of looking after Seminary affairs, superintending the work of the "Earnest Christian," etc.

From this home, the bodies of both were carried to their places of quiet rest till the resurrection day.

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## 09 -- CHAPTER -- THE SEMINARY

"I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth" (3 John 1:4).

**"That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth" (Psalm 144:12).**

**No more important problem awaits solution in any family, in any church, or nation, than the training and education of the young. In the newly launched denomination, most of the leaders were educated men, Their chief presiding officer read seven different languages; he was always abreast of the times in knowledge of events and great movements. How shall our work be made permanent unless we have educated and trained leaders, was a pertinent question, answered by the founding of a Christian school. "It was found necessary that a school should be provided where children could be educated under such influences as would foster, and not discourage, a life of devotion to God, where vital religion and not formality of worship should be taught."**

**Mr. Roberts felt that children of Free Methodist parents and others who wished to prepare for future usefulness in God's vineyard must not be placed among the seductive influences of skeptical teachers or of worldly-minded professors of religion. In addition to his many other arduous duties, he began the erection of the Chili Seminary, which was afterward called the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary. The load of care and the financial burden was heavy, but from the beginning God helped and answered prayer. The first payment on the farm that was to be purchased at North Chili was to be provided for by the relinquishment of their home in Rochester; but the man who was to take the house and lot, changed his mind and told them at night, on one occasion, that he did not want it. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts gave themselves to prayer and in the morning the man came back to say that he would take it. This very first step in the founding of a Christian school was given in answer to prayer. "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; He turneth them whithersoever He will" (Prov. 21:1).**

**The farm was secured, the local tavern purchased to abolish liquor selling in the vicinity, and a grocery established in it by a Christian mail. The erection of the school building proceeded and it was soon ready for use. It was dedicated in November, 1869, Dr. M. B. Anderson, president Of the Rochester University, Rochester, New York, delivering the address. Later, a large addition was made to the building, and the farm of 180 acres was given by Mr. A. M. Chesbrough, all in answer to continued and believing prayer. This building was destroyed by fire in September, 1890, and two buildings were erected in its place -- Roberts Hall, a dormitory, named for the founder of the school, and Cox Hall, named for Mr. E. P. Cox of Buffalo, New York, who gave the \$8,000 used for the purpose.**

**Mrs. Roberts writes: "1890. September 11. Memorable night! Seminary burned up. It was a sad sight. Fire started in the attic and was seen first in the cupola, so it could not be put out. I felt it had to go as soon as I saw it. A funeral tread came upon me as I walked to the building and entered its doors for the last time. It was like seeing one's prayers burned up.**

**"12 o'clock at night. My soul is full of groaning-a load is on my heart. Lord, help, is my prayer. Darkness closes in around us, the walls have fallen.**

**"September 12. A busy day. Students to be cared for. Houses have been opened to them. Much was taken out of the building and much remained to be burned. Beds, stoves and desks burned up.**

**"September 13. I have helped at the church to take up carpets and prepare for the school. It is thought best to hold the school together. Only one student left for home."**

**Mr. Roberts was in Michigan attending conferences at the time the Seminary burned. He received news of the loss and at once fell on his knees and thanked God that no lives were lost. We feared the work of rebuilding would be too heavy for his advancing years and diminished strength, but upon his return found him full of zeal and courage to rebuild. For the dormitory, Roberts' Hall, the necessary amount was received mostly in small sums. Prayer meetings for means were held by students and friends, with much manifest blessing and faith increased.**

**A prayer once offered in the Spirit was, "O Lord, send us a Nehemiah," and the answer given was the Administration Building, "The E. P. Cox Memorial Hall, "erected by the gift of \$8,000 from Mr. Cox of Buffalo, New York. On his death-bed Mr. Cox said that no act of his life gave him so much satisfaction as that gift to the cause of Christian education.**

**The very first occasion for throwing open the movable doors and uniting the large study room with the chapel at Cox Hall was for the funeral service of Rev. B. T. Roberts on March 2, 1893. He lived less than one year after its dedication.**

**To found a school is an undertaking of no small endeavor. Mrs. Roberts from the beginning had much interest in the enterprise and assisted her husband by her wise counsel and self-sacrificing gifts. If Mr. Roberts was the founder of the school, she certainly was its cherishing mother. The spiritual tone of the teachers and the students was of prime concern to her and she seemed instinctively to know of their condition. Many were saved through the labors of herself and her husband. She was the appointed leader of the Seminary class meetings on Tuesday evenings from its beginning in 1869 till near the close of her life, when she became too feeble to come over from her home to the Seminary for evening service. Of her ability and devotedness as a class leader, the Rev. Alexander Beers has written:**

**"The divine impress stamped upon those with whom Mrs. Roberts was brought in contact can never be effaced. With a keen sense of Spiritual discernment she was always able to help the young Christian into a richer and better experience. This spiritual discrimination was always accompanied by thoroughness of dealing. I regard it as one of the rare privileges of my life to have been favored by having her as my class leader when I was a student in the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary. The**

students looked forward to her class meeting. She was possessed with a marked degree of heavenly wisdom. This enabled her to deal most successfully with the students whom she sought to help. Her loyalty to Christ enabled her to deal firmly with all alike. She rarely labored with two individuals in the same way. She was quick to recognize the difference of individuality, and could see the peculiar difficulty of each student. At times her words were as gentle as the most loving mother dealing with a discouraged child. Again her words of reproof and rebuke would flash like lightning, and rarely fail of reaching the mark and accomplishing the end. At other times the spirit of exhortation would come upon her, and she was a veritable Deborah leading on to victory. Her counsel was greatly sought by the students and members of the faculty as well. Her godly admonition and helpful suggestion came as a benediction on all with whom she labored."

The influence of this school will not be known till "the books are opened." Among its students are found ministers, missionaries, lawyers, doctors -- men and women of strong character and lofty achievements. There is no greater work than to train the young for service and there is no greater joy than to see them filling the places God provides for them, well and faithfully.

The students were accustomed to come to sing outside Mrs. Roberts' windows on Christmas and other special days. The last time, a few weeks before her death, she insisted on going out and shaking hands with each one. Turning to the writer she said with utmost concern, "Oh, these boys and these girls! Oh, these boys and these girls!" showing paramount interest in every one.

When her husband was so suddenly removed, she said, "I thought I could not live, until I remembered the Seminary. Then I felt that I could live for the school." Some years the entire Seminary family were invited, by relays, to share her generous hospitality. She was most kind, wise, faithful. Her counsel was repeatedly sought by both student and faculty. They were always sure of her loving sympathy and prayer, and a wise solution of their difficulties.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 10 -- CHAPTER -- DEATH OF REV. B. T. ROBERTS -- HER DIARY FOLLOWING THE NEXT FEW YEARS

"And I will give my pledge to care  
More earnestly for work their hands lay down,  
With less of self and more of Christ to share  
Their faithful service and their glorious crowns."

True spirituality does not lessen, but purifies and strengthens natural ties. John Wesley, after the death of his brother Charles, attempted to read the hymn "Wrestling Jacob," at a public service. When he reached the words, "My company

before is gone, and I am left alone with Thee," he sat down overwhelmed with emotion.

Rev. John Newton, author of so many of our best hymns, said of his wife, "She was as necessary to me as my right hand;" yet God took her, but gave him most remarkable comfort and he was enabled to proceed with his work without cessation.

For years the lessening strength of Rev. B. T. Roberts and his frequent attacks of severe pain warned his family that sudden death might be lurking near him, and continued, effective prayer was offered for him. When the time for his departure came, it seemed as if God designedly placed him away from home, where no one should controvert His purpose to take him, nor hold by fervent petitions the life He wanted.

The severest trial of Mrs. Roberts' life came to her in his death on February 27, 1893, at Cattaraugus, New York. Overwork had brought on heart difficulty from which he suffered a number of years. He never stopped his work, but fell at the post of duty. The next to the last Sabbath of his life he spent in Buffalo, New York, but found himself unable to preach as he had intended to do. His wife had so strongly urged him to stay at home that, discouraged at the result of her efforts, when he proposed going to Cattaraugus for the next Sabbath, she had the heart to say but little to hinder it. She later reproached herself for this. As he was ready to leave home that last Thursday afternoon, he knelt beside her in "the upper room," laying his hand upon her head as he prayed. On his way, he visited his mother in Gowanda, New York, and the next day started for the place of holding his quarterly meeting in Cattaraugus. The pastor, Rev. George Allen, and his wife, met him at the station and at once saw that he was very ill. From Saturday night until Monday they did all that they could to relieve him. Dr. Tefft, a friend of many years, was called, who realized that his condition was very serious. Mr. Roberts wanting to go home, was unwilling that any word should be sent to his family. In spite of his desire, it was known to be best to inform them. At the Seminary, word was received of Brother Roberts' serious condition. A prayer service was called, at the earliest opportunity, but it became a very Bochim -- a place of weeping. The grim reality was felt by all who tried to pray -- God would take him.

At the earliest moment, his wife, with his son, Prof. Benson H. Roberts, principal of the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary, was ready to start for the railroad station. It was winter with sleighing, and as they were just to enter the sleigh, the driver left his spirited horses for a minute to go into the barn for a whip. Immediately they started down the street at a rapid pace. The travelers never stopped to see what became of the run-away team (a neighbor caught them), another horse was harnessed and they started on their sad journey. They were obliged to wait an hour in Buffalo. Mrs. Roberts was sure that the spirit of her husband came to her during this waiting hour. It proved to be the exact time of his death in Cattaraugus. Reaching Gowanda, on their way, they were met by a cousin

with the sad news that Mr. Roberts had passed away. A sleepless night and the mournful journey from Cattaraugus back to North Chili followed. A description of the funeral service is found in the "Free Methodist" and "The Earnest Christian" of April, 1893.

Mrs. Roberts for fifteen long years was to live her lonely life without him. Her husband was a man of great natural and acquired ability, excellent training and most loving heart. Their union was one of the most blessed and close that the world ever saw.

It seemed to be a coincidence that the Sunday Mrs. Roberts spent at home when he was so ill, she took her Bible to pursue her regular reading which proved to be the account of the death of Moses. He was led apart from all his friends to die alone with God. It afterward appeared to her so like the death of God's great leader, that she saw a simile in it, and believed that the story had been given her for a purpose.

Another great sorrow came to Mrs. Roberts in the resignation of her son, Benson H. Roberts, as principal of the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary in 1906. He had been a tower of strength to his mother since the death of the father. Morning and night his steps were turned faithfully to the "house on the hill," and she could but miss him greatly.

Other faithful friends and helpers were left her-sometimes her son Charles S. Roberts and his wife,\* [\*Recently deceased] and always the two women of thirty-five years' loving service, Miss Edith Hulburta and Miss Anna Johnston, neither of whom ever left her while her life lasted.

#### Portions Of Diary After Death Of Her Husband

"1893. May 16. Eleven weeks today we reached home with the body of my dear husband. Oh, what weeks! What sorrow! What loneliness! What help from God! Praise His precious name. He keeps me from sinking. Many seem to expect me to appear very triumphant. They do not know that it is triumph even to live and endure, meekly, resignedly. Few know themselves until put in the furnace and the fire burns. I have been like a clinging vine -- now the support is all gone and I lie low, with a sense of being in the world with changed conditions all about me. God is near and does not forsake and He does not chide nor reprove. I am silent, silent -- such silence as I never knew before. Physically weak, nerves sensitive and shaken. God can strengthen the inner and the outer man in this time of need.

"1894. January 1. I have no sense of this being New Year's day. No gladness because of the return of the day. I am thankful to have Charles and family here. It relieves me of much sadness. We had a quiet dinner by ourselves.

**"January 4. We had an excellent class meeting at the Seminary. The spirit of determination was poured in upon me as never before. I felt it was for others as well as for myself. Some took my exhortation and have been much helped since. Paul said, 'I determined to know nothing among men but Christ and Him crucified.' It came to me that I must be desperately determined that salvation should come to some people. A determined spirit will hold on. I have said, 'I will never let go. I will never give it up.'**

**"January 15. I am attending to the 'Earnest Christian' work. It seems good to me to do this. The names and places are very familiar to me. It is like an old and a tried friend.**

**"January 19. The Lord made it very plain to me that I must go to the Albion, New York, district quarterly meeting. He removed every objection. 'All the long way it was Jesus.' We were sent to stay with Sister Brown. I could but think of my dear departed husband, as he stayed at the same place the last time he was here. Sabbath, a blessed day, heavenly presence.**

**"February 1. This is the day years ago that Sammy left us. This memorable month has come. This is the time of year when many of our number left this world. Dear Sammy, Father Roberts, and lastly my dear husband.**

**"February 4. 'God will do it. Amen.' The above words came to me so plainly last night while praying again for \_\_\_\_\_. It seemed I had come to the end of myself. How I saw my helplessness! All this day I had one unbroken sense of God's presence. In reading the Bible, in meditation, and in prayer -- all so blessed. At family prayer my dear Mr. Roberts seemed present with us. There was a heavenly silence -- an awe in the room. Praise, praise, praise!**

**"February 24. One year ago today my dear, dear husband left home for Cattaraugus. The last time all is so well remembered -- that early morning. I have read his last letter to me written from Gowanda. I could weep bitter tears, but dare not. My orders have been to praise God. and the best I can I must do it.**

**"February 25. Memories of one year ago come crowding upon me. But I must praise God that this morning was bright and that something of resurrection life touched me.**

**"February 27. Days of painful memories, but I felt forbidden to live them over. To find Jesus I must not look back. He is risen, and thoughts of my departed one must be of his risen life above. In thinking thus and looking thus I have had much of lifting up. God can fill the place only as I obey Him in my thoughts as well as in word and deed.**

**"March 14. While praying I saw the Savior so plainly, standing, waiting for any and all. Not only ready but waiting -- and no hard cases with Him. What a blessing to me was this prayer season.**

**"March 18. I was asked to take the meeting at Cox Hall this afternoon; with fear and trembling I did so. The dear Lord helped -- I felt the overshadowing presence. It was enough.**

**"May 3. Forty-four years ago today since dear father and I were married. A happy life. How well I remember those days and the days and years that have followed.**

**"May 13. The holy Sabbath. A blessed day to me. While lying in the hammock it came to me, "I will acknowledge Jesus as my husband. I will leave all care with him, the kind of care my husband used always to take himself.' A precious sense of relief came to me. The Spirit did indeed witness that it was of Him.**

**"May 20. I am much impressed concerning the best way to lead people on in their experiences. I can but think the definite route is the best. Will not God witness to His own work in our hearts? The Wesleyan way of teaching sanctification is to me the most satisfactory.**

**"October 12. At General Conference. A telegram came to Brother Sellev to attend his mother's funeral. Dear, dear one, gone beyond our sight. I shall miss her.**

**"October 18. One afternoon in meeting I was led to ask the dear Lord why the alone feeling I seemed to have so much of, not the taking away of my dear husband, but the continual finding myself alone in reference to others. He seemed to tell me I was walking with Him. If I walk with Him I walk alone. This brought much of blessing and solid comfort to me. God will see us through. He sees the end from the beginning, works with the end in view. His way is to scatter His children. 'A full, large church is generally a weak church.'**

**November 24. After a visit to her son, Dr. Benjamin T. Roberts, Jr., in Chicago. "Arrived home this morning. Benson and Emma and family were at the depot for me. Others were at the house. After dinner all the Seminary folk marched to the door singing. It sounded heavenly. Home seems very good. I can only praise God continually. No trip that I ever took on the cars seemed so easy as this trip home. Perfectly easy day and night. I was the only lady in the sleeper, but I did not care. I was as contented as could be. Praise God.'**

**"November 26. I went to Benson's and stayed till about 4 p. m. I missed Sister Sellev, but cannot want her back.**

**"November 27. Brother Agnew called. He is on his way back to Africa. I had a good talk with him and a season of prayer.**

**"November 29. Thanksgiving. Benson preached a good sermon. Took dinner with the Seminary family and his family at Cox Hall. A grand sight, a good dinner, some pleasant talks after dinner.**

**"1895. March 4. Brother Olmstead is holding meetings at the Seminary. Not a very bright birthday.**

**"March 7. I had a glimpse of my privilege in Jesus, which was like a revelation. I could take all by faith, but I must take it definitely, then it was mine, and faith would make it real. No fiction, a reality (things that are not as though they were even now). Oh, what a flash of light. Take all the land you wish to possess, tread on it, praise on it -- it will even be 'according to your faith.' Hallelujah -- a citizen of heaven. Not living here. Jesus in us by faith. What a hindrance is our desire to feel everything. I am walking in a new country. All new.**

**"April 19. We hear that Brother Terrill is very sick in New York City.**

**"April 20. Brother Terrill passed away yesterday. He was victorious in prospect of death.**

**"November 10. In the afternoon we organized a local Woman's Foreign Missionary Society during our quarterly meeting, for which I was glad, as it had been on my mind much.**

**"November 24. Brother Winget preached. I was led to talk after the sermon about our burdens and cares, etc. One way is to take them, move up to them and God will help us through. Unless we take them as part of our inheritance, we will get tired of them, and feel them heavy. Accept them and Jesus will make them lighter. Praise God!**

**"December 1. Had a good season of prayer with Sister Cady. She prayed for more love. The next morning she came to see me, dripping with love."**

**These two had been companions in God's work for many years. Mrs. Catherine M. Cady once wrote of Mrs. Roberts: "I do not remember the first time I ever saw Sister Roberts, but I do remember the first time the Holy Spirit drew me to her and put an untold, undying love into my heart for her. She was a stranger to me and I began to talk out experience to her. Our fellowship for over forty years has been uninterrupted. She has' ever been true to the Holy Spirit. There has been no policy about her. She has ever been a true friend to me."**

**"I listened to a sermon at the church on 'There was no room for Him in the inn.' Upon coming home I said, 'Lord, I will make room for Thee in my life. I will open all doors. Every shut-up place shall be opened to Thee.' A few hours later it seemed as if rain from heaven was falling upon me; finally a flood drenched me, a**

Johnstown flood sweeping through me. All this was glorious beyond power to describe. All my being melted. The power remained for hours, unutterable! indescribable! Praise God!"

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## 11 -- CHAPTER -- LATTER YEARS -- PARTS OF DIARY 1901-1906

"Not till the loom is silent,  
And the shuttles cease to fly,  
Shall God unroll the canvas,  
And explain the reason why  
The dark threads are as needful  
In the Weaver's skillful hand  
As the threads of gold and silver  
In the pattern He has planned."

### Bits Of Diary Of Last Years -- Increasing Feebleness

"1901. January 8. 'What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' These words are much in my mind with light and blessing I shall not soon forget. My family came before me as in a picture and the assurance of the salvation of all.

"January 12. 'Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me.' Sure, I see, I see, 'in me.' What rest there is in Jesus for us. What quiet assurance. What comfort. "What praise.

"February 22. I have been much exercised about writing for the 'Earnest Christian.' I could get nothing and did not want to do it, till I found I was not right about it. Then I asked for something to write. Very unexpectedly my prayer was answered. "February 27. Eight years ago today the trial of my life came to me and to our family. The dear father was called home -- away from us all. No goodbye, no word sent. Suddenly, no time to send a message, only the moment before was expecting to start for his mother's, and thence home. My son Benson and I started, arriving at dusk to find only the body, lifeless, cold in death. What a night! What a watchnight! Never one like it. Painful in the extreme.

"February 28. Last day of February. It has been a beautiful white month. Snow every day of February. Shut in, but not lonely. Peace has reigned. Great peace. A memorable month.

"March 10. Brother Beers stayed with us all night. He is a good man. His spirit seems like one I have known in my husband for years. He seemed burdened with praise. When I spoke of it to him, he replied that he could not live without praising God."

The class meeting at the Seminary was her constant care and we purposely group her mention of different ones in this place.

"March 20. We had a remarkable class meeting at the Seminary. Forty spoke. We had no chance to say anything. Depression goes out when we give praise.

"March 27. An excellent class meeting at the Seminary. I was without any leading about class till the last of the opening prayer, when it was told me to call on Miss S\_\_\_\_ to lead part of the class. At once I was relieved and felt the Holy Spirit. Miss S\_\_\_\_ did well. Meeting good. Praise God.

"April 24. An excellent class meeting at the Seminary. The Lord was present by His Spirit, manifestly. I praise Him. I want to give every class meeting to Him this term. Many were quickened, myself included. 'If more power is wanted, more surrender to the Holy Ghost is necessary.'

"May 8. A tiresome day. When will I learn and let go of what I cannot control? Edith prayed for me at family prayers which was a great relief to me. I felt the weariness so lifted that I did not care to retire at the usual time. Glorifying in infirmities! How shall we do it? By not looking at them. See Jesus only. The keeping the unity of the body (His church) is needful. If we do not, we lose immensely.

"June 30. The holy Sabbath. I am reading Philippians and Colossians. Blessed Bible! It seems alive to me. As I read the same word over and over, I do not want to pass on to another verse or chapter. I am trying to live by the moment in reference to all temporal matters as well as spiritual.

"November 19. Class meeting this evening was very good. All were ready to testify and very prompt in doing so. We have excellent class meetings.

"1902. March 11. I rode to class meeting at the Seminary. A very good meeting. I left all with the Lord, anxiety and all else -- myself most of all. The testimonies were very good. I heard more than I usually do. This was very marked to me.

"April 3. A blessed season of prayer for every member of this family. This is the most important work left me to do. May the Holy Spirit help me to remember this all the days of my life. I will praise God with a higher note than ever.

"April 22. At class, though very tired. I was helped in an unusual way. It seemed to me that only a very strong talk about salvation would lift the weariness that was on me. Praise God, it came and I was relieved. The Holy Spirit is not confined to any set form. I would not have missed that meeting.

**"September 30. Led class in the small dining room at the Seminary. It did not seem quite like home to me. A good class of girls were present. The young men were the same true and tried ones that were here last year.**

**"December 21. I stayed at home from church. I felt so weak and poorly that I did not venture out. I was on the bed all the forenoon. A good chance to exhort some of my family. One came in and was about to say she was sorry on my account. I stopped her and exhorted her to have faith -- not be sorry. It did me a world of good and lets me see I need more and I am getting more. Praise God! I will have more from this day and this hour.**

**"1903. January 20. A talk with E\_\_\_\_\_ that did me good. I was greatly blest in the afternoon. The Spirit lighted up everything to me. I saw God gave us the pleasant and the unpleasant, all for our good and all must be embraced as His plan for us. We must receive all as from Him. Oh, the submission to all is glorious, glorious!**

**"January 21. A blessed day to me. The Lord said to me by His Spirit, 'Which will you trust about your lame neck, the bed to keep you rested, or me?' I replied, 'The Lord,' and I felt the healing touch in my neck and have felt it all day long. In the evening attended to 'Earnest Christian' letters. This has been a great day to me.**

**"January 22. Praise God! He is my all, my refuge, my high tower, my life.**

**'Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I've come.'**

**Attended to 'Earnest Christian' letters.**

**"January 25. Not as profitable a day as some Sabbaths. I have read more than I have prayed.**

**"January 26. Satan will hinder by continually bringing before us our feelings after we have faith for the body -- the seemings after we exercise faith. We need to 'smile at Satan's rage' and face all unbelief about us. God does much to get us into His ways, His thoughts, His channels of work. His work is of vast importance. Ours very little -- oh, to do all, to see all, to be all with eternity in view. Keep right reckoning, do not admit unbelief. Weakness is often in the mind.**

**"February 17. A letter has just come today telling me of the death of dear Sister Dickson of Philadelphia. She was a saint indeed. She has gone to her reward. She was faithful and true. I knew her when she was a girl. Blessed woman she was, full of faith and of the Holy Spirit. This has been a memorable day. A day of the Lord's coming. All day I seemed loosed from my body. I have had rest from it. Praise, praise, praise! Now to keep loosed. Jesus, teach me, lead me, possess me, live in me.**

**"May 3. Sabbath. I was married fifty-four years ago today. My married life has been a pleasant and blessed one. My companion has been ten years in glory. I have three dear children there, Willie, Sarah and Samuel. They are safe, praise God! We had a rare class meeting in the Seminary dining room. Only a few were present at the opening. A remarkable spirit of prayer came upon me and I held on till the Lord came in power. I then spoke to them as the Lord led me -- in great plainness. A powerful meeting to me. No weariness but real resurrection power. Praise God!**

**"1904. February 7. Another stormy, foggy, rainy Sunday -- has rained all night. I told the Lord on awaking that something ailed me. He told me quickly that I did not take His word as I should. I took the Spirit quickly, but I did not take His word as I should. I saw it so clearly. I opened to Peter and began to read. Oh, what light and blessing in His Word. He is my strength.**

**"March 3. The winds still blow and the snow still flies. I was greatly blessed at family prayers. It seemed a revelation almost -- that God knows all -- He controls the winds and storms of all kinds. All are for our good. We must find Him in all to us. In the pleasant and in the unpleasant; in the good and in the evil; God is God over all.**

**"July 30. I never had such a spirit of prayer given me as this night, beyond my power to explain or tell much about it, except that God was in it -- the Holy Spirit prompted it. About doing God's work. Wonderful!**

**"September 18. Sunday. I was greatly helped at family prayer. A new, earnest and determined prayer. Praise God! He has great help for us. A good Sabbath. There is grace and power in God to meet our every need and put to flight Satan's power. He has help for our most difficult need and for our most insignificant need. Hallelujah!**

**"October 5. It seems difficult to commit to the Lord all people, those near us; but to find rest we have to do it. We cannot carry them. We cannot always take their burdens. If we do we get well loaded. They must be cast on Him, for often they are a great care, too heavy for us. Our power is very little. He has all power.**

**"October 19. What a hush of the Spirit all this day! What a heavenly silence! What a rest, trust and fulness of hope in reference to God's work here! It seemed as if the school was lifted up into God's immediate presence, as I tried to pray for it. Praise God forever! I prayed for all our schools.**

**"October 22. Cold and rainy. Many vexatious. Satan more busy than usual. He seems to be having his own way. Felt greatly depressed this forenoon. I am helped somewhat this afternoon. Did not sleep last night. What watching and faith to overcome the throng that 'fill the air and darken heaven.' God has faith enough for us. 'Sure I must fight if I would reign.'**

**"October 30. I walked to church. It tired me much. I could hear but very little of the sermon. I had no strength or life in me. I lay down for two hours when I reached home. I felt glad that I went. God moves in His own way. He does not explain His ways to us.**

**"October 31. Submitted to Him. It means much to have and keep perfect submission. Stillness of the Holy Spirit steals over me tonight. God is here.**

**"November 10. Had a letter from Clara Leffingwell. She is happy in the sending of two missionaries to China. So am I. It is time, full time. Praise God!**

**"November 13. The holy Sabbath. Still at home. I felt badly this afternoon. Comfort came. 'I am Jehovah' was said to me. Jehovah has all power. Satan has not. He is permitted to distress us, but so far and no farther, are his orders.**

**'Hope and be undismayed,  
God hears our sighs and counts our tears,  
He will lift up our head.'**

**"November 14. I feel as if I had been out in a tempestuous storm yesterday. Quiet reigns today.**

**"November 24. Thanksgiving. I wanted much to attend church, but I could not break through and go. They told me later that the church was so cold I could not have stood it. That is why I was held from going.**

**"December 4. Attended church. Charles P. took me. Brother Sellew preached. It seemed good, blessed to be in church again -- the Lord's house.**

**"December 31. The last day of 1904. Praise God for His blessings the past year. Praise Him for health, strength, and life in the degree given to us.**

**"1905. Her diary says of her last going to church, November 12, 1905: 'It is a long time since I attended church; but I praise God He helped me. I felt the heavenly benediction upon me all the time.'**

**1906 was a year that brought much trial and bodily affliction to her. Her entries in the diary of this year are few.**

**We read: "1906. January 1. By the fourth it will be seven weeks since I have been in bed. This is the longest time I have ever been confined to my room. I could not go down to eat with my family today, but they all came to my room, so I had the pleasure of seeing them. We have all kinds of experiences.**

**"January 3. Still gaining, still trusting, and believing. Praise God. I believe we may keep much more of heaven within than we have thought possible, amid care**

and toil and responsibilities. All things are possible with Him. Oh, to live here as if on the route to the skies, determined that nothing shall hinder us.

"January 7. The Lord's day. Praise Him. He is my all. A day of rest, peace and comfort. He knows what is best for us all. Edith and I have been alone this evening. She has been faithful and never-failing in her God-given mission to me and this family. She will receive her reward. It is waiting for her. Amen.

"January 24. It has been a long time since I have written regularly in my diary. It is the same 'old story,' if we follow the Master we must have crosses and trials.

"May 22. Warm, pleasant. The Lord is good; His mercy endures forever. The apple trees never seemed so full of blossoms before, the grass never such a beautiful green.

August 6. Her last entry for the year: "Benjamin\* [\*Dr. Benjamin T. Roberts, Jr.] and family have left for their home in Morgan Park, Illinois. This morning I have been down stairs -- the first time in weeks."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 12 -- CHAPTER -- DEATH, 1908 -- TRIBUTES

"As lengthening shadows o'er the mead proclaim the close of day."

Fifteen years were added to the life of our dear friend after the death of her husband. These lonely days came to an end when she was reunited with him in the heavenly world, January 28, 1908. The last two years of her life were years of comparative seclusion. She frequently rode out, often walked short distances, visited the sick, and always welcomed the friends who called upon her. Her days and nights were given to the work of prayer, in the Spirit, for her family, for the school, for the world. One day in reading the ninety-first Psalm, "He shall call upon me and I will answer Him," she said, "I saw answers to prayer coming down as thick as hailstones, and I was sure I lived to pray." God's word proved true in her case, "With long life will I satisfy him and shew him my salvation." Her days were prolonged until eighty-two years were reached. With each succeeding year she saw the goodness of God and His gracious dealing with her and with her family. Her last attendance at church was on November 12, 1905.

The closing days of January, 1908, saw her departure from earth. We let articles from the Memorial numbers of the "Earnest Christian" and the "Free Methodist" tell the story:

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**The Home-Going**  
**Adella P. Carpenter**

My beloved friend, Mrs. B. T. Roberts, has lived near heaven's border land for a long time. Earth's hold upon her was feeble. Her life often seemed to me like the flickering flame of dying embers, now going, now coming, ready at any moment to cease being forever. During the fall months she rode out often, calling upon two persons who were sick, both of whom preceded her to the heavenly country. She frequently said to me, "Do you know what my almost constant song is? It sings itself over again and again in my heart:

"Oh, what a heaven I belong to,  
I belong to the heavenly band."

God took her very suddenly. She had been able to be with the family to dinner and supper each day and about the house as usual. On Christmas day the teachers and students of the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary came over, and standing outside her window sang several hymns. She was very glad to see them, and, going out on the porch, shook hands with each one of them and exhorted them to be true to God. A few days later she was attacked by a hard cold. In answer to a remark from some member of the family concerning it, she said, "If I die there'll be no mistake about it."

She was not confined to her bed, and in a week or more was free from the worst effects of the cold; but her former strength and appetite never returned. When I found she was ill, I, among others, besought God for her. The answer given me was, "I, the Lord, have begun, I will also finish it." I took it that she was to recover.

It was my privilege, for years, to call upon her daily, when my school duties were over; and, as usual, I went in to see her on Wednesday, January 22. I was alarmed to find another cold developing, for I feared she had not strength to endure it. She ate supper with us, and asking me to pray at family prayers, followed with a prayer so characteristic that, at the time, I wished a stenographer were present to record it. I remember only this, that she began by thanking God for all His mercies and closed by saying, "Help us to be particular to please the Lord." I little thought it was to be her last meal with us and her last prayer with the family.

Sister Roberts was forgetful in her later days of unimportant things, but her pithy sayings were never more apt and witty than during her last year, her interest in God's cause was never greater, nor her prayers more mighty.

On Thursday she did not get up. Friday morning she was thought to be better. In the afternoon she dressed and went down stairs, only to be carried back. She did not leave her room again. Saturday she was no better and after 9:30 p. m. that day she slept no more, till the last long sleep came on. The doctor said he could cure her lungs if he could get control of her heart. She talked much to us, but

was so very ill that we are not confident that she knew her condition, although once she said, "I thought the horse and his rider were here." On Monday, the last day, many friends and neighbors called to see her, and at least five earnest prayers were offered up at her bedside and to all of them she responded heartily. Once she remarked, "How good the Lord is!" and again as a brother said, "Jesus is here," she replied, "Certainly He is."

From 6 to 8 p. m. she had a sinking spell, and we thought she was going, but she rallied and spoke again to us. The doctor had told us that she could not live till morning. It was constantly in my mind what Xenophen said of Athens when the news of the woeful destruction of its fleet reached her, "That night no one slept." The last hour was passed in seeming unconsciousness, while the shortening breath told its unerring tale. The end came quietly and peacefully about one o'clock Tuesday morning.

"The soul of our sister is gone  
To heighten the triumph above,"

was at once given me.

There were only six of us present: Charles S. Roberts and his wife, Susan L., Edith Hulburt and Anna Johnston, the faithful helpers of many past years, John S. Prior, and myself. We knelt and thanked God, amid our tears, for the many years He had given her to us and consecrated ourselves anew to follow her example and her exhortations. The room was filled with heavenly peace. The Spirit gave me Bunyan's words, "The name of that chamber is Peace."

Our beloved sister has transmitted to us that "best of all legacies, a hallowed memory." Her life and character are a valued heritage. I was never acquainted with any one who kept the Holy Spirit so constantly and so consciously. At times, merely to sit down beside her would solve my perplexities before I told her of them. She never advised me amiss. Her words of godly wisdom gave me the right perspective to every phase of human action and environment. She "glorified not herself." In testimony she always exalted Christ and not self. She never aimed to attract people to herself; she always drew them to Jesus.

\* \* \*

### **The Funeral Mrs. Emma Sellew Roberts**

The funeral was marked by the gravest simplicity as befitted the life and character of the beloved one. There was no hearse -- no trappings, no formal singing -- no show of any kind. Those in the vicinity who knew her, who loved and revered her, assembled to show their respect and esteem. The four sons, two daughters-in-law, and five grandchildren were present.

A large number of ministers from the Genesee Conference were present, some assisting to carry the casket, the others walking in advance. Bishop W. A. Sellew, in compliance with the unanimous request of the sons, preached the sermon. His text was Psalm 90:12. The subject, "Heart wisdom," and at the close the speaker made a personal application, saying he believed heart wisdom was the most marked characteristic of this saint of God. Those present who knew her well felt that the speaker had discerned rightly, and were reminded of personal experience, which testified to the truth of the statement. Favorite and familiar hymns were sung: "Forever with the Lord," "Rock of Ages," "Servant of God, Well Done."

She was borne to the grave by Revs. William Pearce, Lewis A. Sager, David S. Warner, Mr. Thomas Sully, J. B. Cady, J. S. Prior, all friends of many years standing.

At the grave the son, Benson H., expressed his thanks to the many friends who had shown their loving respect and sympathy and said he wished thus publicly to recognize the loving faithfulness and tender service which had been given these many years by Edith Hulburt and Anna Johnston. On the way home, with tears and strong emotion, the granddaughter voiced the sentiment of all the family when she exclaimed, "What an inheritance I have."

\* \* \*

### **My Mother Benson Howard Roberts**

My mother has gone to be with God. It was no great change, in a way, for she had walked with God through many of the years of her life. In a peculiar sense it was true of her that "In Him we live and move and have our being." With her passing there went from us a woman of unusual type; one who belonged to no race or time, but was of that band of choice spirits who from age to age have been recognized as a blessing to earth. She would have been at home with Mary and Martha; for she, with Mary, surely loved to sit at Jesus' feet; and with Martha also, for she, too, knew what it was to bear many cares. With the illustrious group of Romans sixteen, Phoebe, Priscilla, Mary, Tryphena, Tryphosa, the beloved Persis; with the whole group of apostolic laborers in the gospel, she had a fellow feeling and in a measure kindred experiences. Certainly she knew what it was to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." She knew what it was to "endure as seeing the invisible," when the seen things of earth, popular esteem, honor and property were vanishing to the disappearing point.

What a source of strength mother was to the wives of the preachers of our church in its early days -- days when the minister's wife must expect to provide for the household without a stated salary, when children must be clothed with garments made from the mother's skirts, turned and dyed.

The western counties of New York State saw my father and mother often in these years of protracted absences, made necessary by exceeding care for Christ's flock of persecuted ones, thrust out without a shepherd. But notwithstanding these absences, the family was always well cared for. She did not neglect either home or the children. Now these absences were not easy for one who was especially a home lover and trained in a most exact school of housekeeping that paid full attention to each detail. They reported of the young wife of the new minister that even her dish-cloths were hemmed. Such scrupulous care was not easily laid aside, yet for Christ's sake it was cheerfully done.

Though she gave herself to other than domestic duties, yet her household was always orderly, never left without proper care, never neglected. If she gave herself to God's work, God always gave her those who would care directly for the domestic duties, and do them not as "unto man but unto the Lord." Is it not a singular thing that in all of her life of eighty years I do not remember that the household was ever dependent upon merely hired service? True, she always thought that those who were with her should receive proper recompense. When possible, it was given, but after she, with my father, gave herself wholly to evangelical work, there were always some under the roof who were there because God sent them. She was very fond of sewing; it gave her time to think, she said. I can remember long mornings when she, in her room, was contriving garments for her children out of made-over clothes, or turning a dress for herself, that she might not shame her husband, but appear in a becoming garb before the eyes of the people. I do not remember that I ever saw my mother appear before the family when she was not neatly attired. Her table was always well ordered as became the family of a minister. There might not be much to put upon it, dainties might wholly be lacking, yet the cloth was clean, the table well spread, and those who sat down to it must be in proper trim.

We moved to Chili from Rochester when I was a boy of about thirteen years of age. Here she passed all her life after 1865. I remember the delight that she had on coming into the country to live. She loved to be out under the sky; she loved the green fields, the cherry trees in blossom, and watched with eagerness the oriole's first appearance. Here with my father she undertook, perhaps, the greatest burden of her life, a work that called for greater sacrifice and toil on their part and for greater sacrifices on the part of the whole family than any work they had undertaken -- the work of establishing and building up a school. I do not think my mother was so enthusiastic about it at first, but she stood by her husband and helped him until it rested on a stable foundation. I remember the ceaseless energy with which she devoted herself to this great task, often carrying very heavy burdens because of my father's necessitated absence from home from which most women of her training would have shrunk, but she knew how to pray her way through, and when she got into difficulties, her recourse was prayer. Possessed of great sense, she realized that first of all the most sensible thing was to call upon the One strong to deliver.

Her wisdom was never shown in a greater degree than in her dealings with her sons as they grew up to youth and approached manhood, that period when it was so difficult to regulate and guide the strong-willed boys, and the five sons of my parents, being the sons of a man and a woman who possessed no ordinary degree of firmness and resoluteness, had each a will of his own as you may suppose. She was instant in season and out of season for their conversion. Never can I forget the great wisdom with which she dealt with me, a young man of eighteen years of age, fighting my way Godward through doubt, through unbelief and through great distrust of self. She was a woman who could keep a secret. This her children knew, and they knew her great love, therefore it was not a difficult thing for the son to open his heart to his mother and tell her his longings, of his aspirations, of his difficulties, and she with wonderful self-restraint said to him, "My son, what you need is Christ," and not much more did she say. Her sympathy with his struggles was so great that she came to visit him when he was away at school, and when there, said not too much but just enough to help him. She recognized that the Holy Spirit was at work, and though deeply interested interfered not with His workings.

With her, prayer was not a formal expression of thanksgiving, of desire, but it was an interview with the Most High and did not cease until her request had reached the throne. To speak in public was not easy for her, but there came a great spirit of boldness as she saw and felt the needs of the people. She could speak words of courage that rang out like a trumpet call.

Her literary taste was carefully formed by reading the best authors in her girlhood, and for these she retained a love throughout life. She was thus enabled to write with clearness and with force.

Her power of silence was vast. She could keep very quiet even under great pressure. But there was force and eloquence in her silence that made itself felt. This power of silence was very marked. She did not discuss before the family the faults of the preacher or the church. These were not topics of conversation. Wrongs or slights that she encountered were not mentioned before the family. She felt things. It was not always necessary to tell her. Her spirit soon felt whether she was in an atmosphere of righteousness or not.

Some characteristics were, first, her gentleness. I never heard her scold. I never heard her speak an impatient word, nor did I ever hear her speak in a loud tone as the result of excitement; but she could be very, very firm. Her sons knew this, and when she felt that it was duty's call, she did not spare the rod. One of her great traits was her wisdom. This was very marked to those who knew her best. I think it largely came from above, though she sprang from a family not much given to talk, reserved, quiet people, more likely to be taciturn than to be talkative; for the most part a long lived race.

**Mother was a woman of very great modesty, never a self-seeker. I do not think she desired any public office, or ever thrust herself forward for recognition. She was a very sincere woman. She did not shake your hand and smile in your face and afterward utter something to detract from your influence or standing. If she had confidence in you, she evinced it, but if she did not, she did not pretend to have it. If you were a stranger it would take you some time to get acquainted with. her unless you possessed that characteristic which always opened the door of her confidence, the characteristic of being filled with the Spirit of God. If not, you were likely to be taken on probation. Though her whole interests were wrapped up in the Free Methodist Church, she had fellowship with many of God's saints in other churches. The question with her was not "Who are you?" but "Do you belong to God?"**

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**A Wise Leader  
Bishop Walter A. Sellw**

**Ellen L. Roberts was preeminently a holy woman. All who met her were impressed with this fact, and the more intimately they were permitted to know her the more they were convinced that this first impression was true,**

**She lived for others. Her life was a continual succession of sacrifices for those with whom she was associated. It was not a question as to what she would sacrifice. She only had to feel that it was needed, and she was ready. Time, money, conveniences, comforts, and reputation were gladly yielded up to the constantly recurring conditions in which some one must sacrifice or much good would be destroyed and lost forever.**

**She was a woman of remarkable faith in God. She believed in God, and that He heard and answered the prayer of faith. If she was ever discouraged she did not show it. Her faith was like the deep current of a mighty river, moving on to its destiny in the will of God with a force that nothing could impede or resist. She had in her nature the material of which martyrs are made, and of her it may be truly said she "loved not her life unto the death" (Rev. 12:11).**

\* \* \*

**My Spiritual Mother  
Mrs. Adelaide L. Beers**

**In the beautiful city of Binghamton, New York, at a general quarterly meeting, I first met Mrs. Ellen L. Roberts. She had accompanied her husband, and was the central figure at this meeting by virtue of her power with God. My first impression of her I shall never forget. I was captivated by her loving zeal, by the atmosphere of purity surrounding her, and the godly sincerity that shone in her every act, her fervent devotion to Christ and unbending loyalty to His cause.**

While in her public work she was greatly revered and honored, yet her beautiful character shone even more brightly around her own hearthstone. As a wife she was an example of true loyalty and tender devotion. As a mother, not only to her own children, but to us all, she was everything that a mother could be, both by precept and practice, exhorting us always to walk in the Spirit, encouraging us to combat all forms of weakness and sin. It was much easier to be strong in her presence than to be weak and cowardly. There was an atmosphere of strength about her that pervaded the entire house. She believed and lived the teachings of the Bible in the practicalities of life.

While she ever reigned as queen over the household, she did not hesitate to perform with her own hands the most menial duties. Scrupulously neat herself in every point, she insisted that everything should be kept clean. The floors must be scrubbed and all dirt eliminated as a part of our religion.

Economy without niggardliness was among her many virtues. She taught and practised the truest economy and at the same time was as generous and benevolent as a prodigal. "No waster no want," was a favorite maxim with her, and this she ever exemplified. Every person in the community must be looked after and supplied. Any sacrifice necessary must be made at any time for the school which she and her husband had founded. The foreign missionary interest was carefully considered by her and held up to the members of the household.

Being rather frail from the time I first knew her, she ever depended on God for health, and kept us looking above for help physically. She was untiringly diligent. You would find her at her work on the "Earnest Christian" in the morning, and many days she never stopped but for her meals and devotions. People who have much stronger bodies could well learn a lesson from her industry.

She taught me in detail concerning the practical matters of housekeeping; she gave me constant examples in economy of time, strength and money. True refinement and scholarly culture were her natural atmosphere, and these she strove to impart to me. She was ever instructing me in the deeper truths of the Bible, God's leadings and dealings; the beautiful chain of divine providences; the art of simple and loving faith; how to walk and talk with God. How many times she would strive to lead me on to depths hitherto unknown in the ocean of God's love which I realized that she herself enjoyed. What seasons of refreshing before the throne I've had in her chamber as heaven itself came down in answer to her prayer! It has never been my privilege to meet another who enjoyed such intimate and close relationship in prayer, as our sainted mother.

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A Student's Recollections  
Bishop David S. Warner

The passing away of Mrs. Ellen L. Roberts recalls to a student of old Chili Seminary, back in the early seventies, many recollections of the struggles and victories of those days. Brother and Sister Roberts were then in the height of their activity in the various departments of the work of the Lord.

With hundreds of other students since the Seminary was founded, I remember Sister Roberts as the leader of the Tuesday night class meeting in the dining room. Those were seasons of spiritual profit to the young people. Her counsel was timely and her exhortations weighty. There was always a note of victory in her testimony. She realized the peculiar need of young Christians, and she dealt plainly and yet tenderly with them.

I remember very distinctly a few weeks after I was converted, and was to leave the Seminary in a few days for the summer vacation, that I spoke in the class meeting of the future and the dread of going sway from the blessed influences there. Sister Roberts remarked in response to my testimony that I should cross no bridges until I came to them. The expression was then new to me, but it was a word in season and has clung to me during all these years.

Her great desire for the young people was that they might be blessed. It was not enough for them to maintain a profession of religion, but they must receive the outpouring of the Spirit again and again.

Brother Roberts was away from home a large portion of the time, and much of the care and burden of the Seminary came directly on Sister Roberts. The teachers, the workers, and others appealed to her in their difficulties. Much of the financial burden was borne by her, and the pressure at times was very great. Her recourse was always to prayer.

Hers was a triumphant life. She had so much of victory that she inspired others to triumph also. The influence which she exerted during her many years is still having its effect and is molding the lives of young people in schools today whose teachers have received inspiration from her.

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**A Minister's Estimate**  
**Rev. M. N. Downing**

In 1862 I was pastor of the Free Methodist Church in Buffalo, New York. As my home was on the same street where Brother and Sister Roberts resided, I often saw them. I found in her, as also in her husband, a friend to the young preachers, and an excellent and wise counselor. She was a woman of marked simplicity, fervency and power in prayer. Many of her testimonies and exhortations to which it has been my privilege to listen at different times and on different occasions were

given with remarkable unction and inspiration. She was a mighty "mother in Israel." Her Christian zeal ever abounded. Her love for Christ and souls grew with her years, and was often very specially intensified. Her faith in God was monumental! And, the writer being a charter member of the Free Methodist Church in the ministry, would like to say that the Christian race Sister Roberts ran was not only long, eventful, victorious and extensively influential, but also record-making to a degree that has had more to do with the growth, spirituality and perpetuity of the Free Methodist denomination than will ever be known on earth.

Her activities have ceased. But her record is in her family, in the church of Christ, and in the books on high.

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### **A Pilgrim Gone Home Rev. J. T. Logan**

Very few are privileged to see so many brought into the fold of God as the result of their labors and as the reward of their faithfulness as did the one of whom we write.

Little did she imagine the far-reaching effects of the choice she made which caused her to stand by her devoted husband and the others who were contending for truth and righteousness in the dark days of conflict and persecution. Without her marked devotion to God, loyalty to holy principles, strong faith in the Lord, wise counsels, and personal encouragement, Benjamin T. Roberts, the honored founder of the Free Methodist Church, never could have accomplished the great work which he performed. She nobly stood by his side through all the strife, conscious that he was fighting the battles of the Lord and laboring to extend the kingdom of Christ in the earth.

She never ceased to watch over the church in love and with deep interest, and kept in close touch with every department of its activities. Daily her petitions ascended to the throne in its behalf, and upon her great heart was laid the burden of souls and the success of the ministry.

Before she was removed hence she had the gratification of knowing that there were over one thousand preachers of the gospel scattered here and there in this country and in foreign lands, under the auspices of the Free Methodist Church, who are proclaiming scriptural holiness, and a full, free, and present salvation to a dying world, and that there were over thirty-three thousand members with faces Zionward, battling for the right and contending against the mighty forces of evil.

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### **A Tribute To The Memory Of A Noble Woman**

## **Bishop Wilson T. Hogue**

**In the death of Mrs. Ellen L. Roberts the Free Methodist Church has peculiar occasion for both sorrow and rejoicing, paradoxical as the statement may seem.**

**The church has occasion for sorrow, in that one of its original and noblest lights has been removed; a charter member, who had adorned its doctrines and exemplified its principles in an extraordinary degree during all its history; a woman of much intelligence, sound judgment, rare devotion, deep spirituality, heroic faith, invincible courage, Christlike charity, and unaffected modesty and simplicity; a true "mother of Israel," whose life since 1860 has been so inwrought with our origin and history as a people that her removal becomes a universal bereavement. This is the more painful since it revives the sense of our irreparable loss sustained in the earlier death of her noble husband, under God the founder of Free Methodism, thereby making our present bereavement a doubly mournful one.**

**As a people we have occasion to rejoice, even in our sorrow, in that God gave this noble woman to our cause, and enabled her to serve and shine illustriously within the church's pale through so many toilsome and sorely trying years; in that, under God, and in loyal companionship with her devoted husband, she has bequeathed to us a spiritual heritage of incomparable value, and has left us an example that would suffer no diminution of its luster in comparison with that of those whom St. Paul has characterized as "holy women of old."**

**She was decidedly a strong character in every relation in life, one who put the impress of her strong personality upon all with whom she had to do. She lived not unto herself, but unto Him who had redeemed her.**

**It was in the home circle, however, that the luster of our departed sister's life shone most effectively. During many years she bore all the burdens incident to the rearing of a family, and that in circumstances such as made her life a peculiarly trying one. She acted her part with most becoming fortitude, and with a remarkable degree of Christian patience. She was a wife of the scriptural pattern, ever a tower of strength to her husband, both at home and in all their public life and labors. She imposed no restrictions upon his growth in knowledge and efficiency. On the other hand, she was ever the inspiration of his life, the sharer of his burdens, the partner of his toils, the sympathizer with his tears, the helper in his prayers, the earnest coworker with him in all the manifold activities of his busy life. The heart of her husband safely trusted in her. She was an unfailing source of comfort and joy. To the very close of his life he was accustomed to look upon her with the affection and delight of a young lover, She was "the desire of his eyes," as she was also, next to God, the joy of his life. She was also a mother of whom it might be said, not after her departure merely, but while she lived, "Her children arise up and call her blessed."**

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## **The Roberts' Monument**

Through the indefatigable labors of Bishop Wilson T. Hogue a fitting memorial from the church friends was made to Rev. B. T. Roberts and Mrs. E. L. Roberts in the shape of a monument erected in the cemetery at North Chili, New York, November 21, 1912.

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## **13 -- CHAPTER -- MISSIONARY INTERESTS -- EXPERIENCE AND WRITINGS**

**The spirit of missions is the spirit of our Master -- David Livingstone.**

### **Missionary Interests**

Mrs. Roberts writes. "My interest in the foreign missionary cause began when as a young girl I lived in the home of my uncle, Rev. George Lane, of New York City. He being for some time the treasurer of the General Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, his home was a constant stopping place for missionaries as they departed for their various fields. I used to accompany them to the stores as a guide when they went to do their shopping. I was especially interested in the first party sent to China, consisting of Rev. Mr. Collins and others.

"After my marriage, there was talk of sending my husband and me to China as missionaries, but the Missionary Board decided that my health was not sufficiently good. At another time we would have been sent to Bulgaria, but Mr. Roberts was strongly in favor of going out as an evangelist and the Board wished him to teach a school. He felt that he could not do this."

In 1891, when Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller of Akola, India, came to North Chili to place her children in the A. M. Chesbrough Seminary, Mrs. Roberts was brought in constant intercourse with her, and says of her: "Mrs. Fuller came to North Chili a stranger to us all, and yet not a stranger, for she knew Louisa Ranf in India, and Louisa had been one of our students. She desired to rent a room that she might be more alone with her two children, and enjoy a short season of rest from her long journey. She depended entirely on the Lord for all needs. As we looked about for things to help make her comfortable, we found her wants were few and easily supplied, and her heart always overflowed with gratitude for the smallest favors. I was impressed with her happy frame of mind, and soon found it a rich treat to have her for a neighbor. She called often, and was always ready to talk about things pertaining to the kingdom, heavenly things. Prayer was a subject upon which she delighted to dwell, and she told me of many remarkable answers in times of great extremity, also of one friend to whom she had often appealed for help, and her prayers were always answered. Then, in a most pathetic way she would say, 'Why are there not more such?' She longed for the return of such revivals as Finney and

Red field had, and then followed the question with a sigh, 'Why do we not see such revivals now?' We had much profit in looking up, and reading God's 'covenant promises' to parents. She afterward wrote a little tract on the subject of God's covenant with parents which was a comfort and help to me and I doubt not to other parents.

"After a time there came to be one subject I dreaded to have her mention. It was India and her work there. Not that she told of trials -- it was the blessing side that she dwelt upon, always. But to hear of the poor heathen made me often feel as I saw her coming, 'I cannot stand it to hear another word,' I knew there was a reason for this, and I believed the Lord would tell me why I felt thus.

"Mrs. Fuller held some missionary meetings which were of interest to us all. She asked the Lord to give her some money to buy books on the subject of missions for the Seminary library. The money came and the books were purchased. They were read by many students, giving them a deeper interest in foreign missions. In due time she went on to her friends in Ohio.

"Soon after, I attended a missionary meeting. We were shown from a large map portions of this world where the gospel had never been preached -- the name of Jesus never heard -- heathen, all heathen, 'bowing down to wood and stone.' This added greatly to my burden and perplexity, which continued until the Lord talked to me about my early love for the heathen, and my interest in all the missionaries and their fields of labor. Then he told me I had lost that first love. As the church did not send my husband and myself, though we were Candidates to any foreign work, I became interested alone in the salvation of souls at home. To see where I had come short, was to receive at once the old interest and love renewed and redoubled -- it was an incoming of the Spirit of Him who died for the whole world, There was length and depth and breadth in the blessing. It caused an interest in the souls far away, though heathen, and helped in reaching those near to us. I made a trip with my husband that fall to conferences where missionary meetings were held. A new cross presented itself. I was glad to give vent to the Spirit that had been working mightily in me concerning foreign missions. Heaven came nearer to me than ever before in those meetings."

As the first president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Mrs. Roberts gave dignity and spirituality to the office. Her spiritual instincts seemed to inform her of the state of things although she was now hard of hearing and occasionally called upon some other women to preside at various sittings. She greatly favored the opening of a mission in China which was under advisement at that time. Her morning talks before the women are remembered till this day by those that heard them, as gems of wisdom and godliness.

She says September, 1892, of the meeting at Taylorville, Illinois, "We had a very good Sabbath yesterday. The best part of it was the missionary meeting in the afternoon. They called on me and two other sisters to go on the platform and speak.

**The Lord greatly helped me -- the most I have been helped in a long time, and I was filled with the Lord's presence afterward. I am convinced that God is in this missionary work."**

**\* \* \***

**The following letter was sent to the quadrennial meeting of 1898, which she expected to attend, and could not:**

**"To the Officers of the General W. F. M. S., and to the Delegates:--**

**"Beloved Sisters, I confidently expected to be with you at this quadrennial meeting and anticipated much pleasure and profit in considering and planning together for better service and greater unity of the Spirit in this God-given work.**

**"As there are no disappointments in Jesus, I must call this unexpected providence one of His appointments, for I am learning, proving more and more, that as high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are His ways above our ways and His thoughts above our thoughts.**

**"I shall pray unceasingly that you may have heavenly wisdom and the guidance of the Holy Spirit in all your meetings, and that you may seek to keep this work in line with the Holy Ghost. If we do this, success is assured; if we fail in part, we have less help, less blessing and less success. These are days in which the enemy of all good, if he cannot destroy the good, will switch it off the main line to a sidetrack, a little more popular, and thus destroy its life and propelling power.**

**"Let us keep on Bible grounds, and may this work prove a means of grace to all who are engaged in it."**

**"North Chili, New York, October 13, 1898."**

**\* \* \***

**In the "Earnest Christian" of November, 1903, we find a short article concerning the last quadrennial meeting that she was privileged to attend. She writes:**

**"When I left Greenville after the missionary meeting was over I felt as if I had lost something. I could not account for what I felt until I saw we had allowed ourselves to be too hurried in our meetings. We ought to have taken more time, and had, at least, one meeting for testimony in regard to the work in our local and conference societies, and more time to get acquainted. I had wanted to tell you about the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society that used to meet in my girlhood home in New York, about the school in Monrovia, Africa, which they cared for, etc., etc., but the hurried spirit made me forget. I never felt in any place so much of**

God's love poured into me as I felt there, but some stitches were dropped by me. As I thought of that meeting, and how much more it might have been made to us, I found myself asking, 'How can we wait four years for another such meeting?' I see the one thing we can do, keep together in spirit and in this God-given missionary work, as a sister once said to me on being introduced to her, 'We have met, never to part.' So I felt about that gathering at Greenville.

"I trust it will be thus to us, as the work increases and we move on. Praise God! China is not left out. Let us sing the Doxology often, and may the blessing of God rest on us all."

\* \* \*

The message sent to the last quadrennial meeting held while she was alive was characteristic of her faith and practice:

"If you have anything to say, say it strong; if you have anything to do, do it strong."

In her life and work the trumpet never gave an uncertain sound. People understood what she said and what she meant by what she said and did.

\* \* \*

The following article was written by request for a Missionary Number of the "Free Methodist":

### **Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies**

The first conscious impulse of newly born souls is to tell some one how great things Jesus has done for them in the forgiveness of their sins. It is news too good to keep and can only be kept by telling it to others. According to the very nature of the gospel, no sooner is it received and allowed to take effect on an individual than he feels himself impelled to proclaim its virtues to others and insist upon its acceptance. This "first love" takes in all -- our own family, our nearest neighbor, and our neighbors far away.

Let woman especially know her privilege, let her know her hour, do not curtail her, nor put too many hands on her, and she who was first in transgression will be first, or to the front, in making known the remedy for sin. She will not only "go," but she will send the news. We have in the past, in all work for God, heard and dwelt on that word, duty; but as we draw nearer to Him the word duty will change to privilege. Close contact with the Invisible will inspire a nobler feeling and a higher purpose. If we see the privilege side once, we will arise to the work with a greater blessing, a heartier good will and a trust born of God.

**Of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies, boards, auxiliaries or local societies and bands there is a countless number, in this and in other lands -- even in heathen lands. If we know how many it takes to make a host perhaps we can form some idea of the number. They are "a great host." Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies were in existence as early as 1800, and perhaps before that time. There were several in New England, some in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and Maryland. These societies, it is said, were circumscribed and local in character. Many of them declined from lack of the stimulus of responsibility,**

**The Rev. David Abeel returned from China in 1834 and told the story of the "latticed window, the zenana and the harem." This aroused the women of Christendom to "attempt an errand of mercy to their sisters in the East," and led to the formation of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. This society in London is looked upon as having ventured first and led the way. It was followed by many societies in Great Britain. It" is still in operation.**

**Woman's societies and work in this country were not considered fully launched until 1860-61. There was a loud call for women to come and do what men could not do in getting access to their sisters in the East. Single women who could give all their time to the work were urgently called for. This led to the formation of the Women's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands, in New York. This undenominational society was the parent of the various denominational boards now found in all Christian bodies, The zenana work has been the strongest feature of the society's work from the beginning. The first plan to raise money was to secure a hundred collectors who would each be responsible for twenty dollars a year for five years. In twelve months the money received amounted to more than two thousand dollars. In less than two years they had sixty-three missionaries on the field.**

**In January, 1868, the Congregational Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was formed in Boston. This was the parent of many auxiliaries in that denomination. Such was the success and fruit of this New England society that before the year closed, in connection with a meeting of the American Board, it was christened as The Woman's Board of Missions. At their second annual meeting the receipts were over fourteen hundred dollars, and thirty-two missionaries and Bible readers had been sent out, and three thousand dollars had been raised for a home for: single women. They cooperated with the American Board.**

**Later, the same year, The Woman's Board of the Interior was organized in Chicago. The Woman's Board of the Pacific in 1873, and of the Pacific Islands in 1871. These boards represented hundreds of auxiliaries and children's bands, with an aggregate of receipts for 1884 of one million dollars. They were in a sense independent societies, not called into existence by any church action. They were voluntary organizations of Christian women.**

The Methodist ladies of New York had a society, organized in 1819. In 1843 and later they supported a lady, Mrs. Ann Wilkins, in Africa. She spent twenty-nine years there -- had a flourishing school for girls at Millburg, near Monrovia.

In March, 1869, a few Methodist women met in Boston and organized the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In two months they voted to send their first missionary. Said one of their committee, "Sooner than fail to meet the expense, let us walk the streets of Boston in calico dresses." This society chooses its own missionaries and disburses its own fund. In their history of twenty years they have never been in debt. They have sent out many missionaries and are doing a large work in the foreign field. Their method in regard to the selection of missionaries is very thorough. "In the appointment of over three hundred a small percentage of mistakes has been made." In twenty-eight years they have raised \$4,250,000. They have never failed to meet their appropriations abroad each quarter.

In 1870-71 the women of the Presbyterian Church organized in New York and Philadelphia. The work has so grown that they have boards in Chicago, St. Louis, Albany, San Francisco and Portland. Their aim is to have an auxiliary in every Presbyterian church in the land.

The Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society was organized in 1871. In New England they had worked previous to this in connection with union societies. The same year they had societies in Chicago and the western states. Many more in the various denominations could be named.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the Free Methodist Church was organized in 1894, though there were some local societies before. We trust the time will come when the most, if not all, of our sisters will be members of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. In our meetings, whether local, district or conference, we are all in school and learning, especially in the business meetings. If we could compare notes all around we would doubtless say we are improving.

Woman's societies help woman to keep in touch with her sisters who are sent out, which is a blessing and an inspiration to those who are in the foreign field, as well as to those at home. She can but feel an added responsibility at a throne of grace for those she has helped to send. Women are an acknowledged help, too, in organizing "littles" and gathering in the mites. Dr. Chalmers said, "In all benevolent work one woman is worth seven and a half men." Woman should be a help in deciding who of her own sex are fitted for the foreign missionary work.

In that great missionary conference held in London in 1888, where there were delegates from one hundred forty-eight missions and from all Christendom, the subject of woman's work in foreign fields was freely discussed. The universal testimony was that she was indispensable. Her work had been so successful that doors were opening and urgent calls were heard for single women from all quarters;

that the wives of missionaries, while a great help, could not meet the demand. They asked, "What is her work?" The reply was, "She does everything. She preaches by the wayside, in the boats, homes, hospitals, mountains, and everywhere, except in the pulpits." At this stage of the discussion Dr. A. J. Gordon related an incident both fitting and significant. He said, " You know of Miss Field and her great work in China. She was asked by the American Board if she preached. She replied, 'I will tell you what I do. I take a tent and a native woman and go five, ten or fifteen miles into the country, camping at night, and in the daytime I go under a tree and gather a group of native women and read the Testament and explain it to them. If you call that preaching, I suppose I preach. 'Well,' said one gentleman, 'Have you been ordained to preach?' With gravity she replied, 'No, I was never ordained to preach, but I was foreordained.'"

Of the effect of woman's interest in foreign missions upon work at home it would seem as if there could be but one opinion and one result. In this day I doubt if she can keep the spirit of the home work and neglect or be indifferent to the foreign. It is not possible for Christians to unite to benefit the world without finding the benefit returning in showers of blessing upon themselves. Returned missionaries say their greatest need is the prayers of the home church, and truly it is one need for all work, at home and abroad, If the Holy Spirit leads and controls in all, there will be one aim, to glorify God and inspire a God-given interest in the salvation of souls, publishing to the ends of the earth, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

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## 14 -- CHAPTER -- EARNEST CHRISTIAN ARTICLES

"Ye shall be witnesses unto me" (Acts 1:8).

The following articles were written originally while her husband still lived and was editor of the "Earnest Christian." They contain so much richness of experience and wisdom of counsel, that we are glad to give them permanent life. They can but bless those desiring a close walk with God.

\* \* \*

### My Experience

Soon after my conversion, I began to attend a fashionable school, and while there lost the evidence of my acceptance with God. The next year I attended camp meeting and was reclaimed, and immediately convicted of the need of having my heart cleansed from all sin. I saw I could not retain a justified state unless I sought and obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. I read upon the subject, and

prayed, and groaned, for weeks, till in class one day my leader, after speaking to me, began to sing:

"Nay, but I yield, I yield,  
I can hold out no more."

I did "yield," I did "sink," and Jesus saved me to the uttermost -- the inbred corruption was washed away in the blood of the Lamb -- heaven seemed begun below to me. I felt so quiet, so calm; and afterward, undisturbed by any provocation, I bore the cross; I loved it, though heavy. I testified definitely to what Jesus did for me and was greatly blessed in doing it. Soon I heard that a minister's wife said I was getting along very fast. She was not a lover of holiness. The enemy took advantage of this remark in making me afraid of being too forward. I thought I will be very careful in future and not speak of His blessings except when the Lord requires it. I was so careful as not again to testify to His work definitely and soon consciousness of purity began to leave my soul -- that rest in Jesus was gone, and I dare not say my heart was clean. There came an aching void, a sense of loss and want, followed by condemnation. If I had then opened my heart to some faithful Christian I might have been saved years of wandering in the wilderness of sin and unbelief. I wept and prayed in secret and longed to be all given up to God and His work. At times my desire to be useful in the world -- a Bible Christian, set apart for the work of the Lord -- was unutterable. I often felt the blessing of God and His approving smile, but failing to make the consecration I saw I must, and not consenting to be singular for Christ's sake, and unlike the mass of professing Christians, I did not retain long at a time a consciousness of pardon. I did not neglect the means of grace or secret prayer. During this season of untold longing after God and, His work I became the wife of a Methodist minister, feeling that God ordered and approved of the step. Now, my conviction increased. I saw the Lord had given me the work I longed for, and I was unqualified for it. I began to resolve to do better, and do better -- only to fail. Three and a half years of married life passed, and in this time the Lord began to use severe means to bring me to Himself. He took from us a lovely child, and soon after my health began to grow very feeble. I felt that my Father dealt with me in justice and mercy -- my heart had begun to cling closer to the world, and I found little time or disposition to work for Him.

About this time we were stationed at Buffalo, and during a few weeks in winter I listened to the preaching of Dr. Redfield, who was assisting my husband in some extra meetings. There was to me an irresistible power accompanying his words, a something that took hold of me as nothing ever had done. I began to feel encouraged, and believed it possible for me to get right. I saw the difference between a thorough work of grace and superficial work. I resolved to be thorough, cost what it might. The Spirit began to lead me. I had first to confess to my family that while I had professed religion I had not lived as a Christian ought, I had often yielded to impatience. This was a cross, but I was humbled and blessed in doing it. I then acknowledged in meetings my state, and told my determination. I soon found justifying grace, and a few nights after, while listening to a sermon from "What

things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them," I was enabled to believe the cleansing blood applied to my heart. I had made a thorough consecration of all to God, and now while I prayed I believed that I received. I continued to believe thus for some hours with no evidence but God's word -- the enemy constantly accusing me of presumption. I had many times come to this point in the last few years, and because I did not realize at once the evidence that the work was wrought, I let go and sank back. To doubt I saw was to sink. I said, If I never have any evidence but the word of the Lord, I will believe. After a few hours and when I seemed to be emptied of sin, my soul began to be filled with light and glory and joy unspeakable, so that sleep departed from my eyes. The evidence that the work was Wrought was clearer than it was the first time I experienced full salvation, though preceded by a greater trial of my faith. Blessed be God I How glad I was to get back to my Father's house where there was bread enough and to spare. I loved to please Jesus, to bear the cross, to help others in the way to heaven. I was in a new world. The frowns of the worldly professors did not move me, Jesus was the satisfying portion of my soul.

Then it was that these words were written upon my heart, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." I saw I must in my dress seek to please Jesus, and gladly laid aside some useless articles. I began to learn some lessons on being led by the Spirit, which have been of great value to me; also I learned some lessons in reference to holding on to Jesus by faith in the absence of emotion. The latter has been a hard lesson for me to learn, especially when my health was poor, and my nerves weak, as was often the case -- the enemy would take advantage of my physical state and seek to destroy my peace by suggesting doubts and fears, to which I sometimes yielded before I was aware. But God kept me by His power. I found as my family cares increased, a constant tendency to excuse myself from working for God, except in my family, and outside of that as circumstances would allow. The Lord suffered me to come once to the borders of the grave, and there I saw work, work in the vineyard of the Lord -- souls perishing. I promised the Lord that if He would spare my life I would live to work for Him. The things of this world were as the smallest dust compared to the great work of saving souls. I was brought where I could see only eternity and souls going to hell. My family cares were out of sight; I was conscious that I was at death's door. Oh! such fountains of living water as I saw, and my soul panting to get to them; but I felt I would rather live to work, and began to recover. As soon as I could go out I went to the house of God, and was in meetings from December until March. We saw many souls saved and sanctified. My soul was once in this time especially blessed, after a season of powerful temptation. I felt such an overwhelming sense of nearness to Christ as took my physical strength away. This manifestation humbled me in the dust, and greatly increased my confidence and faith and gave me greater power to resist the enemy.

The following year I suffered much from poor health again, and began to feel an intense longing after God and a power to work for Him which I had never had. For the benefit of soul and body I left my house to spend two days at a camp

meeting not far off. I was conscious that what I needed was something I never had possessed -- a power to reach souls -- a love for them. As I began to pray for it, the Lord by His Spirit asked me if I would take it with suffering. I had always shrunk from suffering for Christ, especially I felt I could not endure to lose another of my children (we then had three). But I felt cannot live without this power and my hungering was so intense it seemed to me I could not live thus, I said, "I will take it with suffering if I can have it in no other way." Then it was said to me, "I may take one of your children." I hesitated a moment, and thought, 'They will be safe; this world is full of unsaved souls -- I must have more power to reach them.'" I said, "Any way." I confessed publicly my want -- began to look up and believe for all I needed -- the power began to come. My whole being, soul and body, began to melt before the coming of the Lord, like wax before the fire. I saw a little of what Jesus suffered for sinners -- all I could bear -- and I could have wept my life away at the sight. Then my soul was filled with a love for them, which it seemed for a while would consume my life. For hours I could not move; I could only weep, "and was lost in wonder, love and praise." For days after I felt as solemn as the grave -- it was all eternity to me. The next morning I started for home, and when near there met a messenger who told me one of my children was just alive, and he hastened on to the camp ground for my husband. I fell on my knees in the conveyance, realizing God had taken me at my word. I had thought it was only a test. I reached home, and found my youngest, our only daughter, a corpse. I could only groan, and for a few moments the anguish of soul and body was all I could endure. It seemed while I looked at my loss, as if every joint in my body would be dislocated. I looked to Jesus, and instantly the calmness of heaven came over me, and in that hour I seemed permitted to talk with Him as with a friend. I saw my little Sarah an angel in heaven, for six hours, by an eye of faith, as plainly as I ever saw her when living with my natural eye. While I looked to Jesus and saw her forever safe, and nothing for me here but the work of saving souls, I was powerfully blessed, and not only comforted, but my soul triumphed in Jesus. It was life, life, and nothing like death about the house to me. Often I was over-powered with a sense of the presence of God and the heavenly host. When friends came in I had no disposition to speak of myself; but, oh! how I longed for them to get to Jesus and be saved. Sometimes it seemed as if the Lord permitted me to think of my Sarah and weep for her -- but I knew when I was grieving the Spirit and dared not grieve to excess. Never did i so love souls, never did I know as then the power of grace.

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### **The Lord's Dealings**

In singing this line of one of our excellent hymns, "Thy faithful witness will i be," I am reminded of my failure to witness through these pages as faithfully as I at times feel the Spirit of the Lord prompting me to do. I did once venture, in a former number, to testify to the goodness of the Lord to me in forgiving my sins, and cleansing my heart from all unrighteousness, also of His baptizing me with power to labor for souls. Through a failure to acquiesce and rejoice in all the will of God,

when again tested, I lost in my soul. I thought I had lost some power, but at a general quarterly meeting where the light shone clearly, I found, to my astonishment, that my evidence of a clean heart was gone. I talked with my friends, who told me that I was yielding to temptations; but I believed it was conviction. He who searches the heart, as no mortal can, told me if I had lost the power I had lost purity; and His word to me was, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." It seemed like taking my life to confess, but I obeyed; and the moment I took the cross I was prostrated, under an overwhelming sense of the presence of the Lord. Oh, it was worth a thousand worlds to have Jesus return as formerly to my soul. As soon as I was able to rise and take my seat it was asked me by the Spirit Of the Lord, "Will you go home and confess in your church?" I thought, "How can I?" but I answered, "I will," and instantly looked to Jesus and said, "Kill me dead so I can do it," and another shock of power came, and from that moment I was lifted above the influences of formal professors of religion. The view I then had of the bottomless pit, the wailings of the lost and their eternal misery gave me boldness in trying to save souls. I walked in the light, and the following year we saw many added to the Lord, It was a year of trials and triumphs, being the one in which my husband was deprived of his standing in the Methodist Episcopal Church. I had been warned of trials ahead, but never dreamed of the one that came. In that hour of sore conflict, Jesus gave me "a faith that shone more bright and clear when tempests rage without." The question kept rising in my mind, "What will the end of these things be? What will become of us?" I was directed in an unusual manner to the second chapter of Daniel, from the fortieth to the forty-sixth verses. This satisfied me. I was content to let God lead and take care of us, and found it good to go without the camp, bearing the reproach of Christ. We had the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night. Instead of receiving our appointment from conference we received it from the Lord, and went to Buffalo, where God led us in a way we "knew not of," giving us a church and adding to Himself souls.

The next step in my experience and the one I feel led especially to testify to now, was the healing of my body. For ten years my health had been poor; I was often under the physician's care, had tried various treatments, but found no permanent relief.

I often came to the Lord for temporary help and found it, but now the cry of my heart was, "Oh, that I could come to Jesus as they did when He was on earth, and be made whole." I believed it my privilege, for I read that when here He healed all that came to Him of whatever diseases they had. I knew His power was the same, and His willingness I could not doubt; but my faith was weak -- I asked the Lord for help -- help to get the faith; for I said if this was my privilege, it was also my duty; and except I walked in the light I should sustain loss in my soul. I began to inquire, "Will it be to the glory of God?" and was soon assured that it would be; that I could better do the will of God in my family and in His vineyard if well than when sick. I saw my weak nerves were a great inlet to the enemy of my soul and that a diseased body hindered rather than helped me in my progress heavenward.

I inquired again, "Where does disease come from?" The answer was, "It is one of the effects of the fall." This strengthened my purpose not to rest until the work was done. I asked a sister, strong in the faith, what were all the medical plants and herbs made for. She replied, "For those who have no faith." My resolution grew stronger; I said, "I will," and the Lord did mightily help as soon as the determination was fixed. I began to make a more thorough consecration of my life, my all to God, especially my time. New crosses came up, a taking of the cross without questioning, more prompt and strict obedience everywhere and in everything -- I saw a "closer walk," a lower place at the feet of Jesus, and blessed be God, I felt I was getting nearer. One thing was especially shown me, that I must be more faithful in leading class and dealing with souls -- that I must talk to them as God let me see their state, and that it was not faithful dealing unless it was as close and searching as the Spirit prompted. This, in our own strength, does no good, but when the cross is laid upon us and well nigh sinks us, it does good. I was tested immediately and found grace to help. Then came the cross of testifying after preaching whenever the Lord led to it. I said, "I will," and again I was tested. I was on the Bergen camp ground at this time and pleaded, "The congregation is large, my voice is weak, and I may not be allowed to talk;" but the Lord did not listen to any of these excuses. I dared not refuse, and power divine was given to take the cross. To my surprise it lifted me, oh, how much nearer Jesus. The cords seemed now all cut and I looked up -- faith sprung up in my heart, and without effort I said, "Jesus is my physician from this hour." I had come down to the hem of His garment, and it was easy touching it, now I had reached the spot. I believed with my heart, and began to confess with my mouth, what Jesus was doing for me, and then the healing power I felt through my entire system. The change to me was as wonderful as that of the man to whom sight was given -- new strength and vigor and life were given to my whole system. I felt twenty years younger, and my soul was let into a larger place than ever before. It was glory to God in the highest to me. Then I learned what I did not know before, that one cannot receive the healing touch without being blessed in the soul. There is greater power to resist the enemy, and more to win souls to Christ. Jesus has been our family physician from that time. Bless His name! When attacked by disease, as I have been a few times, I go to Him, and He hears and answers prayer.

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### **God's Will**

I was at a camp meeting with a child of six or eight months with me. He had been troublesome through the day, and kept me every moment caring for him, and it was past his usual time for sleep, for the night, before I could get him out of my arms. Then I went to a prayer meeting which was about closing. As I entered the tent I heard a sister praying the Lord's Prayer. I instantly felt the Spirit ask me if I could use those words, "Thy will be done," truthfully. I knew that to turn a deaf ear to this still small voice would be to grieve the Spirit, and I listened, and asked

myself, "Am I willing to have the experience of today repeated again and again?" I knelt and prayed until I saw such consecration in that prayer of our Lord's as I never saw before, and till I could say from a full heart, "Thy will be done." Oh, the power and glory unutterable that filled my being! No words can express it. Such resignation, such love for God's will! The next night, when I heard the songs of the saints and shouts of the newly saved, and was kept at my work, I looked up and said, "Jesus, give me my portion here." So much of heaven came down as made the place shine, and my cup run over. There seemed no place like the place where Jesus put me, and no work like the work He gave me to do. Oh, ye mothers! let your work be done in faith, and look for a satisfying portion in doing it. You have just as good a right to feel blessed in soul as though you were on your knees pointing sinners to Christ, and pleading with Him to save them. Do not say, as I have heard some say, "I think I could do more good in some other way." This seems like presuming to be better judges in the matter than our Creator is. I have heard sisters call such work "the work of the enemy," an easy way of disposing of some dispensations not agreeable to the life of self in us, and I have seen them lean in their souls. I have heard them complaining and thus losing God's favor.

Let us learn to say in the depths of our hearts, "Thy will be done!" I once complained and felt that my path was not pleasant. In a little while, to my deep sorrow, I found I had grieved the Spirit and lost in my soul, and the way back to Jesus was far more difficult than it was away from Him. But I learned a lesson never forgotten. I learned to call nothing common or unclean that Jesus has not called so. I learned to look upon things in the light that God gives us in His word, and to believe that to be entirely consecrated to God means more than most suppose. If we really belong to God we shall let Him steer our bark and all will go right. This is a great salvation.

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### Relief In Work

There were two campmeetings to be held at the same time. To one I felt a desire to go, and to the other I had no inclination whatever. But I sought to know the will of the Lord, for I long since learned that it would not do to go always according to our own inclinations. I found the Spirit of the Lord directing me to the meeting I would not have chosen. I have learned also that good is the will of the Lord. I went cheerfully, gladly, but as I went on the ground the enemy of my soul met me with the suggestion, "What good can come of your being here?" He suggested many reasons why there could be no good result. I listened a moment and he talked on and on. I did not at first realize it was the enemy. He came in like a flood upon me. I tried to look to Jesus, but could not get my eyes fixed on Him. I prayed, but found no relief. The suggestion that affected me most was that I was out of God's order -- I was in the wrong place. It was strange I could not silence the enemy at once. But I could not, I went to my Bible for help, and opened to these words, "Feed my sheep." I could not feel these were for me, for I was in no condition, I thought, to work. The

following day was Sabbath -- there was a crowd of people on the ground. I was tossed by the enemy, felt no better. After the morning sermon, as I saw the multitudes streaming around, I thought to myself, "I'll go out and talk with individuals about their soul's salvation, for I have known about Jesus if I do not feel His presence now." I went and talked to them as I met them. I did not select out of the crowd, but as they came along I spoke to all classes, from the gray-headed sinner down to the little child. I had not gone far before I felt a calmness and quietness entering my soul, and it increased as I warned and exhorted those I met, and testified for Jesus. Bless His name! Satan flees when we wage an aggressive warfare. I obtained from many the promise of seeking the Lord at once; others said they would return to their father's house. My heart was melted over many sad stories of backsliding from God: Thus I spent the hour between morning and afternoon service. Jesus had said to the wind and waves, "Peace, be still," and "there was a great calm" in my soul.

The next day I was led to go between meetings from tent to tent, and talk with individuals, and to the praise of Jesus I would say I never learned such a blessed lesson of the value of personal effort as I learned at that camp meeting. That which looked to me, as I went on the ground, as the least likely to result in good to my own soul or to others was made the greatest blessing of any season during the meeting to me. How many times my soul has been abundantly watered as I have practised that lesson since -- a lesson I have long been learning. Tempted followers of Jesus, in whom the love of God dwells, go work in His vineyard. "He that reapeth, receiveth wages."

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### **In Everything Give Thanks**

Many things in our early experience seem difficult, which, farther on, become very easy as we continue to give ourselves to God, and walk in obedience before Him. Once it looked to me almost impossible to be able in "everything" to "give thanks." When trial and perplexity came, fearfulness and discouragement would come also.

"But thanks be to God," when I made a full consecration of myself to Him and the blood of Jesus had cleansed my heart from inbred sin, I found it easy in "everything" to "give thanks,"

We are told in the word, "This is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." In the doing of His will there is always help for us. So I find giving "thanks" keeps the heart still in the midst of tempest -- trustful and confident when all is commotion and uncertainty without. It shuts the door to anxiety and fear, and gives peace and rest to the soul. It helps us greatly when our hands are full of work, and our minds of care, to remember the "will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you" in this respect. I will mention one day's experience, when unexpectedly there came a

rush of work and responsibility. It was Saturday. I was trained by my Presbyterian grandmother never to overload Saturday with work, as with the setting sun we must be in readiness for the coming Sabbath; consequently I am adverse to great undertakings on the last day of the week. But I could not get this time of threshing put off till a more convenient season. Husband gone; others who shared responsibility gone; I concluded that what I could not prevent or avoid there must be a way through. I asked my Father in heaven to show me the way. The answer came, "In everything give thanks." I said, "I will." The first thing I met in the early morning was loss. An surreal had died. I thanked God it was only one; then I was told another had strayed off and could not be found. I thanked the Lord again that it was only one. Then there came a call for more men, more teams. I continued to give thanks and soon procured help. By continued thanksgiving fewer hands in the family did double the usual amount of work and dinner for thirty was ready in time. Afternoon brought visitors. Some came in trouble seeking help, but my text enabled me to meet every demand, and piloted me to the close of a glorious Saturday. As the sun went down, a sick friend came, and I found it good to give a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple. Instead of weariness of body and faintness of soul, I felt strength and vigor and the force of the words of the Psalmist, "O give thanks unto the Lord." Sisters in the Lord, you who are taxed seemingly beyond strength of body and mind, learn if you have not already, "In everything to give thanks." "When cares like a wild deluge come, and storms of sorrow fall," remember "this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

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## Resist

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

We make but little advancement in the divine life until we learn to know the voice of the enemy, and how to resist him. He is called the "father of lies," and from the hour he uttered the lie to Eve in Eden it has been his business to pursue those who have renounced him, and in every possible way to deceive them. His insinuations and suggestions are often so plausible that we give heed to them before we know that we are listening to a lie. In following on, we soon prove that if we "resist" him he will "flee" from us. If we look to the Great Physician for health, we will find it necessary to learn the same lesson when attacked by disease, or symptoms of disease. To resist bad feelings when it seems to us we are nearly overcome by them, requires strong determination, as well as an understanding of our privileges in Christ. To resist is to oppose or withstand. If we oppose bad feelings or ailments we cannot look at them, or dwell upon them, nor talk about them. They will surely stay with us if we nurse and cherish them. If we have a will to resist, it will not be so difficult a task as it may at first seem to us.

The name of Jesus will often put the enemy to flight when he comes to tempt us in our souls; and a looking unto Him in the very commencement of an attack of

disease will usually bring quick deliverance. Satan is a subtle foe, and has great power to harass and distress us in soul and body.

I knew a sister who thought she had lung trouble. She had some symptoms of it. Her trust had been in the Lord for health for some years. After much prayer, the Lord told her it was "a lie of Satan." She believed the Lord and soon all trouble with her lungs vanished. There was a season when severe colds or influenza visited nearly every family in the neighborhood. It came to our house. One after another was taken down with it. I was kept waiting on the sick while other important duties required my attention. It occurred to me, "Who causes all this commotion and work?" I said to myself, "This is the work of Satan, and it must stop." I felt inwardly like rebuking that state of things. All began to amend at once and needed no more care. The next morning I was the subject of the same trouble. A member of the family asked me how I felt. I replied, "I will not please Satan by telling any one how I feel." Instantly the power of God rested upon me and I felt so much of the divine presence that every vestige of cold left me. Though the weather was extremely severe, I went out among my neighbors to testify to the blessing of the Lord, for it seemed more than I could contain. Thus ended that dispensation of colds. There is all help in Jesus for us, for soul and body. "Resist the devil and he will flee."

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## Giving

"Give and it shall be given you." There are no words of our Lord more true and more easily proved than His words about giving; no Scripture that is plainer or more easily understood. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." We cannot mistake nor explain away the true significance of such words. But to understand is not always to believe and give heed to the matter.

These thoughts are for those who have but little of this world's goods. They, too, can prove "it is more blessed to give than to receive." The Lord does not require of us that which we do not possess. If our earthly store is very small, remember Jesus said if one gives "a cup of cold water" "in my name" "he shall not lose his reward." The smallness of our gifts does not prevent the blessing promised, and while they may seem to us not worth the giving, yet when done for His sake, a blessing will come to us which we cannot afford to lose. To hear the Lord's voice in reference to giving, and then to render prompt and glad obedience, brings a sense of richness to our soul and an increase in our possessions how ever little they may be. It must be cheerful giving to please the Master, "not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."

We shall find the same rule holds good in reference to spiritual giving. We may think our gifts small and our grace the least of all, yet if Jesus has done anything for us we must have some testimony to give to hungry souls. We often see

persons as they tell of the change wrought in their hearts by the Holy Spirit, blessed of God in overflowing measure. "There is that withholdeth" of spiritual things "more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty" of soul. In our home life and in our private walks among our neighbors, a little breaking of the bread of life, even if our words be simple, will nevertheless bless others and keep the channel open between heaven and our souls.

Not many years since, I was spending a few days in one of our Lord's resting places. There were several saints there. I felt the least of all and often waited for others to lead in conversation as we mingled together. Finally the sister who kept this open door said to me with great earnestness, "You are not giving out what God has done for you." I did not at first understand her. But I believed she was right about it, and at once I asked God to help me. He did help me. He gave me His Spirit, which relieved me of excessive timidity and gave me boldness to tell out what Jesus had done for me, His leadings in unknown ways, His deliverances, His lessons through trials -- all multiplied as I talked out, even as the loaves and fishes increased when given to the hungry. The time in that place proved too short to tell of the grace received. My own soul was watered, fed, enriched, and I could only give praise as the cars bore me away from that retreat. Then I proved that to give was to receive, as I have proved in the days and years that have followed.

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### **The Spirit's Leadings**

The Spirit leads to death and leads to life. His work is to kill and to make alive. After the work of cleansing, He leads on to the more complete death to self, and to a "life hid with Christ in God." He prepares the way, and the temple for His more abundant coming. Our knowledge of His ways and work, so imperfectly understood at best, becomes more clear as we walk on in the light, in the path of unquestioning obedience. To be led by the Spirit will make us unlike, not the world simply -- that we expect-but very unlike many who profess to love the Lord, and to have passed from death unto life. The Word tells us, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

In my early experience, meeting a sister who had been long in the way, and was deeply devoted to God, I asked how I could get what God had given her. She replied, "If you let God lead you, and bear every cross, you will find the same grace." It was "a word in season" to me, and one I never forgot. I began to learn from that time it was step by step I should advance, as God led. He led me in my work for Him, whether at home or abroad, and led me in my petitions to ask the things I needed, and walking "not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," I found life, and health, and peace.

The Holy Spirit does not, when He comes, please those who have resisted light; but by those who welcome the light and cherish it, His whispers are heeded. If

true to His promptings, we may often find in the presence of others that our mouths are closed. The words of the kingdom are stayed, and we had better be silent, and incur the reputation of being unsocial, than to enter into unprofitable talk. The Spirit leads to simplicity, and to childlike openness in our intercourse with one another. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye can in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." I said to a sister at one time, "I maybe around to see you at such a time." She replied, "Come if the Lord leads you." I said, "What if He does not lead me?" She answered, "Do not come." I pondered her words. They disturbed me somewhat. I became convinced that I was not sufficiently watchful to know the mind of the Spirit. Days passed, the time I had set to call, passed by; but in God's time I made the call, and truly the Master was in our midst, and our "hearts burned," while we talked together; and I was more deeply impressed with the blessedness of letting God, by His Spirit, lead me.

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### To The Tempted

The disciple of Jesus is a learner, from the commencement of the divine life until he hears the words, "It is enough, come up higher." Many of our lessons have to be repeated before they are remembered, or we derive the benefit from them which our Father designs we should. In our early experience we are often surprised at the temptations that beset us, but we soon learn that we have an adversary to contend with "who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour;" but as we listen to the Word, we hear the apostle saying to us, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it" (1 Cor. 10:13).

These words are full of consolation, and they impart strength and courage to us in our time of need. Satan's effort is to discourage, while God's work is to encourage. If we hold fast our confidence in God, when deliverances come, we feel from the depths of our heart, "I am nearer God today than ever I've been before." As we follow God, do our duty the best we know how, soon again comes another assault, and also the suggestion, "If I were right would I be thus assailed by the enemy?" Listen again to Inspiration saying, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." We begin to learn that temptations are a part of our discipline, and that they are permitted to help fit us for the skies. We find our enemy knows our weak points and he never fails in knowing just how to attack them; and his attacks become more severe as we advance in the knowledge of God. But praise God! there is a way through the darkest and longest tunnel; we are advancing toward daylight, and soon will be able to sing, "The sun is up, the clouds are gone."

Happy for us, if we learn, as we doubtless will, the meaning of these words, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." If we resist him, we turn a deaf ear to him, and prove by our experience what we are told in the sacred word that "he is a

liar." To believe his lies is to peril our comfort and retard our progress heavenward. If we keep our eyes on Him who has said, "I am the way, the truth and the life," and our ears open to His voice, our tongues "bridled," we shall escape many of Satan's snares. We have openly professed to "renounce the devil and all his works." His works are legion, but God can help us keep them renounced and pilot us through to immortal glory if we are true to Him.

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### **Give And Receive**

In the Christian life we are led to give and receive. The giving and receiving go hand in hand. Often spiritual leanness and hunger are upon us, because we have failed in yielding all God has called for. In our first entrance upon the road that leads to heaven, we are called to surrender, and giving precedes every advanced step from conversion to the crowning day. It is not agonizing prayer and long waiting that God calls for. It is ourselves, our temporal things, and friends. Once, when pleading for the baptism of the Spirit, I was questioned about my children. Would I give them, even if I knew God would take them. When I was able to say, "Yes, Lord," from a full heart, I did not have to ask longer. No. The measure of the Spirit given was overpowering -- almost as if taken into the realms of light and glory. The yearning love for souls was beyond the power of words to express. God came in deed and in truth. He took one child and let another come to the borders of the grave. But heaven's own light lighted my stricken heart and home. Give and receive. I had the power. I had the unction. Blessed were the results to me and to others.

Another time, years after, I asked for the anointing that abideth -- the gift of the Holy Ghost. At that time we were living in Buffalo. My husband felt we must get a place for worship in the heart of the city, where the gospel could be preached to the poor. He could see no way of doing it except he gave our home toward it. It was all we had. I looked the matter over. We had three children. I thought of the way the disciples were led, at that marvelous outpouring of the Spirit, when they "sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men as every man had need." I was praying for the same Spirit. I dared not hold back. As home was yielded, my prayer was answered I had the abiding, the girding of the Holy Ghost. No lack. There is a cause for the weakness of faith, of which many complain, when they come to God for His blessings. If we are ready to meet the demand that God makes upon us, if we really yield and give whatever He asks for, it seems to me we can easily believe that "what things soever" we "desire when we pray we shall have." Some who want the Holy Ghost may need to enlarge their borders, as well as "strengthen their stakes." God's Spirit will not dwell in a narrow heart or house. He must have length and breadth, height and depth. Let those who have prayed long for blessings not received, begin to feed the poor, clothe the naked, and yield themselves and their substance to the Lord as if they meant it, and He will pour them out blessings that will measure beyond their desires and expectations. Perhaps you say, "I know of

nothing I withhold." The thing you reason over, and do not believe God wants is doubtless the very thing you keep back. As we reach out for more, God calls for more. Give and receive.

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## Our Cares

What shall we do with our cares? Go about burdened with them -- our hearts heavy and our hands hanging down and we ready to faint because of them? Are they not often the fruit of distrust? Do they not give us to see that we lack faith? I speak of cares that cause us anxiety and uneasiness -- they become a burden. Whatever the nature of such cares, they hinder our running "the race set before us," and must be laid aside. They retard our progress heavenward. Would we not hasten to an earthly friend who offers us relief, when we stood in need of help? A greater than any earthly friend has invited all heavy-laden ones to come unto Him, and He says, "I will give you rest." Come in the fulness and simplicity of your heart and tell Jesus all that weighs heavily upon you. Tell Him as though He had never heard of it before. Tell Him the most trying part of all your care, and you will find yourself relieved, you will begin to mount up.

If your care has reference to temporal things, as food and raiment, Jesus gives us plain directions in that wonderful Sermon on the Mount, where He points us to the birds and the lilies, and shows us His care for them, and asks, "Are ye not much better than they?" and adds, "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" Do we not see how unprofitable is anxious care?

Perhaps our greatest care may be of a different nature. It may concern the church and the spiritual state of those about us. For this no remedy can be found but in Jesus. Much that I once thought I had to carry I found could be laid on Him and I only needed more faith and implicit trust to find the experience of "Be careful for nothing, but by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make your requests known unto God." Then follow the blessed results, "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." We cannot be full of care and be "filled with peace" at the same time. Jesus says unto us, "My burden is light," and surely it does not interfere with that wonderful peace which He told His disciples He would leave them, and which all His true children find ruling their hearts if they keep all their cares cast on Him who "careth for us."

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## The Kind Of Preaching We Need

How many in these days are groaning under the feeling, "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." They look at themselves -- the few advantages they have

had for the cultivation of their minds their limited knowledge, and say, "How can I do it?" They glance, too, at the style of preaching which prevails at the present day, and the response is, "Who is sufficient for these things?" They try to think either that they are mistaken or else that God will perhaps excuse them; or perchance they endeavor to compromise the matter so as not to go quite as far as the Holy Spirit leads them, and thus they bring barrenness and leanness upon their own souls and render themselves inefficient in the cause of God. When we see a cross, will God bless us in an attempt to take a part of that cross, or in substituting a cross of our own for the one He lays upon us? We say to a soul, seeking pardon or purity, take the whole cross; we say the same to that person who is called to preach the gospel. Let us get in the dust and ask Jesus to show us what kind of preaching He requires of us. What does the world demand, and the multitudes call for? Not dry essays, nor theological dissertations, nor doctrinal discussions; the masses have starved on these, and are now asking for holy lives, a living, burning experience; men and women that can pilot them from conviction for sin, into justification, sanctification, and on into the ocean of God's love. If you have the qualification of a Gideon Ousley, "a knowledge of the disease and the remedy," you may, like him, be instrumental in saving thousands from the death that never dies.

Call to mind the eloquent sermons to which you have listened, from the most gifted ministers, and you may find the impression they made soon wore away; while the simple story of a child who had just passed from death unto life, or the words of some father or mother in Israel, as they testified to the power of grace which enabled them to triumph in the midst of suffering, privation and the loss of all things, left an arrow in your soul which was never removed until you became savingly acquainted with Jesus. We have trembled like an aspen leaf under the burning appeals of an Olin and a Hamline, and yet they did not make the impression upon our minds that the simple relation of their experience did. The way they came into possession of justifying and sanctifying grace we remember longer than their sermons upon those subjects.

But do you say, "Must I go into the pulpit with this simple kind of preaching?" We answer, "Take the whole cross." In Ireland in the great revival, little children were placed upon the stand to tell what Jesus had done for them; sinners were convicted, and they melted and yielded to the claims of God while listening to them. If God should lead you further, to talk about any portion of His word, or simply to read a command or threatening, we believe He could give you so much of the Holy unction that it would sink deeper into some hearts than any learned exposition of the word. It is not the head we need to reach, but the heart. When we get into some upper room and wait for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, paying the price for it which the disciples paid, laying our wisdom in the dust, and continuing with one accord in prayer and supplication, until we too are endowed with the same "power from on high," then shall we prove that "God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," and "the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

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## 15 -- CHAPTER -- FRIENDLY LETTERS

While her son, Benson H. Roberts, was editor of the "Earnest Christian," Mrs, Roberts wrote a series of articles for it called "Friendly Letters." From them we glean a few:

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### Learning Of Him

It is lesson after lesson that we learn if we move on in the divine life, with reference to body as well as soul. Each time His way is an unknown way. God's teaching is adapted to the one taught, and leads us to entire dependence on Him. We can have no faith stored up for the new time of need -- only a promise-keeping God to rely upon.

But we may come with confidence, for soul, body and spirit are included in redemption 's plan, although the soul is of the first and greatest importance.

Some have asked, What of infirmity? We read, "Himself took our infirmities and bear our sicknesses." Bring them to Jesus and expect His quickening power in our mortal bodies.

If we expect and cherish the disabilities of age it will surely be according to our faith. If we ignore and resist them, and believe that He who breathed into man the breath of life at creation can breathe upon us resurrection life, we may find deliverance from this effect of the fall.

We find enough in the Word to encourage us in coming to Him with all our needs. He said to the "woman bowed together eighteen years," "when He saw her (it does not say when she called upon Him), "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity," and "the impotent man" afflicted for "thirty-eight years," He bade him "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." So many hesitate in coming to the Lord, not knowing whether it be His will. Can we read of His many miracles and still doubt the willingness of our Father to heal and resuscitate these bodies of ours?

The great preservative of health is unfaltering obedience to the Holy Spirit. Even when we think we are all right in this and in other respects, we sometimes need the chastisement of sickness, or infirmity to show us some neglected opportunity, or some coming short of His glory. Possibly amid the trials and conflicts we have allowed distrust and doubts and worry to rob us of our victory, and if so, "think it not strange" that we are called to a halt by an unseen hand. We watch our children, but our Father watches us more closely, and He has His own way of correcting us, and leading us into a closer walk with Him.

The Psalmist exhorts us to praise God "and forget not all His benefits, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." The commentator says, "When the eagle becomes oppressed with age, there comes an excrescence upon his bill which makes it difficult for him to eat. He then smites his bill against a stone and it falls off, then he goes to his food and becomes young again. Soon he flaps his wings, views the sun, and mounts into the heights, his accustomed dwelling place." We are too liable to favor ourselves and allow self pity when infirmity comes. It is better to fight the good fight of faith for the body as well as the soul, for every such victory will make the soul stronger.

If we submit to weakness we shall doubtless have plenty to do. The "prince of the power of the air" knows what he is about, and I believe he would rather have many in heaven than doing his kingdom harm here. If our one desire is to live to work for God, to garner another soul, He "has grace and glory" enough to lift us above every ill which He does not see fit to remove, and that which seemed to retard our progress heavenward may help to speed us on. An enlarged faith can prove wings to us, and we may mount up and live above much that has weighed heavily upon us here.

It does not follow that we must be sick long as the time of our departure draws near. Many are called on short notice from active service here to enter upon never-ending life above. The holy, heavenly Brainwell was a remarkable instance of "ceasing at once to work and live." I know of two devoted women, one a Presbyterian and the other a Methodist. One was sitting after morning prayers. She raised her eyes and said, "Yes, Lord," and her spirit took its flight. The other moved back from the breakfast table and was instantly transferred. It was not said of either that they had heart disease, apoplexy, or any other disease. I was told of a mother who informed her children that at a certain hour of the closing day she would be taken from them. She attended to her household duties as usual. The supper was made ready and the after-work attended to. The family gathered, and precisely at the hour named the mother was no longer with them.

It is not for us to choose in life or in death, but ever to live out the unceasing prayer, "Thy will be done."

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### Prayer In The Spirit

Do you ever get tired of your own prayers, and desire to hear another pray? We may hear another if we let the Holy Spirit pray through us, if we expect Him to do the praying.

Is is an easy thing to become formal in our petitions, and realize no conscious receiving the things we ask. God's word says, "Ask and receive, that

**your joy may be full." If the joy does not follow, may we not conclude that we have not asked in faith?**

**Sometimes we are so circumstanced that our words are few. "Lord, help!" has been my prayer more than once, twice, or thrice, and the answer was a quick one. I was in need, and I was in earnest.**

**Once I was taken suddenly very ill -- my strength was fast leaving me. I said to my husband, "If anything can be done, it must be done quickly." When those words were uttered I could say no more. I became very cold. I only sensed, "They are round my bed, they are in my room." I thought, I am going. I heard this intensely earnest prayer, "Lord, I want my wife." I began to return, as it seemed. There was no time for questioning when that prayer was offered, whether it was God's will to help -- no time even to call any member of the family. In a few moments he said to me, "You are better," and I said, "Yes!" He told me afterward that "Whatsoever ye desire," came before him. God answered the desire. He hears the cry of the heart.**

**Let us ask God to give us more earnestness, more determination. It means much to keep the earnestness in our closets, at the family altar, and in the prayer and class meetings. "And this is the confidence that we have in Him that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him" (1 John 5:14-15).**

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## **Praise**

**"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," saith the Psalmist. Surely God's children should make praise their business. The closer we get to Him the more we will praise the Giver of all good.**

**"I will yet praise Thee more and more" (Psalm 71:14). Why "praise Him more and more"? Because it is needful. Is not Satan more and more determined to stop our praise service? He surely is-and if there is any service in which we need to be fully awake, it is in praising and magnifying God. If it is not "more and more" praise, it will be less and less. If there is not a going forward in all service it is usually going backward.**

**"Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised." If He is more and more to us, then our praise should be more and more. Praise helps in every emergency, in every trial. If it is "more and more" praise it will be "more and more" faith.**

**Perhaps some think they can only praise God when they feel like it. Let us praise God when we feel like it. Let us praise Him till we do feel like it"more and more." If we will to praise when we do not feel like it we will be sure to find it filling**

our hearts. There is as much to be learned about praising God as about believing Him, loving Him and trusting Him. Is it to praise silently? Yes! and with your voice also. It will bring victory, disperse clouds, and lift us heavenward.

For many of the last years of my husband's life praise was the constant overflow of a heart full of love, it was continual, even under all circumstances. The fulness of love in his heart continually overflowed in praise. Praise kept him moving on. The last years were years of richest blessing, the greatest mellowness of the Spirit in his life. They were like the golden sunset. He was a man of rare patience and endurance. In his home he was gentle and thoughtful and kind. He was thoroughly unselfish, always looking after the interests of others. Since he left this home I have learned what praise can do for us. I never knew as I know now. It is a great lever. It lifts us heavenward every time, and gives us a new horizon. When we give praise we mount up above the clouds and everything that depresses. If we can really praise God when the worst comes, we are sure of His help.

I begin to understand how David finally praised God for everything, and exhorted "everything that hath breath" to praise the Lord.

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Emily Dickson

"One family we dwell in Him,  
One church above, beneath."

When the word came to me that Sister Emily Dickson had "passed to her reward" I could have felt greatly bereaved, for she was a sister indeed to me. Quickly it came to me, "Join in her rejoicing," and as I did so it seemed as if a little touch of her joy reached me. Blessed saint! Her sufferings are over, her conflicts ended.

I first met her at a camp meeting in Illinois, her name then Emily Allen. My first introduction to her was in a prayer meeting one night at the altar, quite late, where a few were seeking the Lord. She, with most all, had retired; but hearing the sound of prayer she arose and came into the meeting -- her hands uplifted and her face heavenward -- she said, "Lord, give me some!" and almost instantly she was filled with the Spirit, and the overflow rested on others. That incident was a specimen of her simplicity and childlike faith which were marked traits in her transparent character. Later years when we met we always had a protracted meeting together and it never closed till we were obliged to separate. Her home was a haven of rest. With a frail body, and a family of children to look after, and often but little help, she was still "given to hospitality." Care seemed never to disturb the heavenly look in her face.

**She contemplated taking an ocean trip one summer because of her failing health. Her pastor advised her first to take a trip to Chili and visit me, which she did. In one of our protracted meetings the Lord came to her and healed her. She went home stronger in body.**

**One summer my husband and I had the privilege of camping in a tent near the ocean, close by Sister Dickson's cottage. This was a great treat to us both, for we could sit together and talk of the things of the kingdom and pray to our heart's content.**

**We had our last meeting during a severe snow-storm which kept some in Philadelphia a few days after conference closed.**

**Dear saint of God, forever at rest!**

**\* \* \***

### **Depth**

**Recently I was in a meeting on the camp ground where I heard the testimonies of many of the Lord's children. There seemed to be a longing and a desire for more of the Lord. The meeting was like a weight on me all day. I retired at night feeling very weary or burdened, I scarcely knew which. After looking unto Him from whom all help comes, I began to hear the word "depth, depth," and with closed eyes I saw the word illuminated, each letter fringed with a golden light. I said (speaking to my Father in heaven), "What does that word mean?" The answer came slowly but surely, "Depth of humility, depth of meekness, depth of patience, depth of longsuffering, depth of love, and all found in the depth of self-nothingness." Oh! what riches of grace were unfolded to me through that one word. It seemed to open up a mine of spiritual wealth that could be reached but one way, and that way always seems the most difficult to reach and to retain.**

**Much of the wealth of this world, and the most necessary and useful things of life are found in the deep places of this earth -- so in the depth of self-surrender we find the riches of grace and the glory of the Christ life.**

**\* \* \***

### **Gone On Before**

**Passing over! What a company gathered and still gathering on the other side, of the dear saints who were numbered here among the first Free Methodists.**

**Not very long since a letter from Sister Parks of California told of the release of her husband, who had suffered long. She was one of the few who welcomed my husband to San Francisco, and who stood by us with her good cheer and deeds of**

kindness when we rented our small rooms, and held meetings in the little rented church. Just a short time since the paper tells that she, too, had passed over. Ready, all ready, for the summons. No more loneliness, no more sorrow. What will it be to be there?

Very soon word comes of another staunch pilgrim who stood by the truth in still earlier days, when the conflict first began between formality and the life and power of godliness in the old Niagara Street church, Buffalo. Sister Benson was not slow in taking her position. She had learned in the old country what John Wesley Methodism was. When some said, "This may be Methodism, but we can't stand it," she knew the sound and never flinched.

When the Free Methodist Church was organized she took her place and was a faithful witness to God's power to save. She came to us, after we left Buffalo, when we were in affliction and ministered to us like an own sister. She mothered the little one, now editor of the "Earnest Christian," and for her he was named.

There was a certain stamp on those early Free Methodists that one can never forget. There was a boldness in their testimony and a power in their lives that was convincing and irresistible.

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### **Of Service To Others**

There is but little satisfaction in living for ourselves only or to enjoy life; but there is a joy and comfort in living to bless others, in living to be a blessing to all with whom we come in contact. Perhaps we wonder how that can be. If this is our heart's desire we can depend on God to show us and lead us and give the opportunities. He can lead us in countless ways by which we can be a blessing in this world. He will open new ways, unseen and un-thought-of by us. He knows them all.

The one essential thing for us is to desire to bless, help, lift, and the opportunity will come at unexpected times, and it will come to help those whom we know and whom we don't know. If we want the riches of grace we must be enlarged by reaching far beyond our own, to help where it is needed. If our desires go out to others it may not all mean spiritual blessings. There are many poor that need our sympathy and our prayers and kind words. More of His love will give us a vision of His opportunities. Above all let us love more, and farther, and stronger. Let us have a calling to help where help is needed.

When my husband began to talk about a school, where poor boys and girls could be helped to an education, it was a marvel to me those stunted times and days of the very few and tried ones, how such a thing could come to pass; but it did come, because God was in it. He gave the desire which was so strong that it had to

be done. When the day came one early spring morning that we drove to the shop where we were to begin, I felt as if a heavenly company attended us all the way. When I entered the house I could but say, God is here. I felt I must go upon my knees and thank God; but a few times in my life have I felt what I felt then, that it meant much to be consecrated to God.

It was no longer to mother just my own, my wings must be enlarged, my love had to be doubled and my faith of the kind that removed mountains -- for there were mountains of work in sight -- God knew it all -- very soon He sent me help of the best kind. But now we were on a farm. Work and cares increased, and more than one was needed. God knew it, and sent another helper. He who sent her knew the place and the need. She was exactly fitted for it. Her wages, she said, were to be "holiness to the Lord . . . to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing" (Isa. 23:18). Thirty-five years of work for the Lord, and she is still following on.

\* \* \*

### God's Ways

Did you ever feel you had literally given out -- could go no farther -- you had come to a stopping place? So I felt in the last days of 1903, I could no longer do as I had done. I was suddenly stopped. I was at a camp meeting, and in spirit I felt glorious, never better. I returned home to find long nights and sometimes tiresome days. I could not attend meetings -- had no strength -- but I had blessed meetings with the Lord alone no end to them. I did not miss the public meetings. Often God the Father seemed nearer than ever before. Later on, the nights grew longer still, for I could not sleep, and with this wakefulness there came depression of spirit unlike anything I had ever experienced. I asked one of God's saints to pray for me. Relief came at once, and never a touch of that experience since. But nerves were weak, and it required faith and patience to wait His time, and rejoice in His way. The blessedness of His presence at times was beyond my power to express. He gave me a love deeper and stronger than I ever knew before, a love for the sinner beyond any words that I have to describe it. How those words, "He gave Himself for us," thrilled and broke like waves of the great deep over my spirit. What a gift! Oh, what a gift! The Son of God! Dear friends, this is only a little sketch of some of the days spent in this upper room.

Nothing melts me like thoughts of the work given us to do in the salvation of souls, and there is no successful doing of the work except we dwell in the depths of self-nothingness. God has power for every one whom He can trust with His power. But He will give it only in one way, through death -- death to ourselves and every other will but His will.

God let me spend many years with my sainted husband, going east and west trying to lift in this Free Methodist work. Those days are past. It requires more grace for these days; but He has it for me, and He has it for all. The invitation still reads,

**"Whosoever will." The danger is that while He has so much for us, "exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think," we will be satisfied with the smaller measure.**

**\* \* \***

### **An Accident**

**When I was thrown swiftly from a sleigh into a snow bank, four weeks ago today (in 1905), I received a wrench in my back and hip from which I suffered much. My first comforting thought was, My Father suffered it. I suffered much when moved. As soon as I was placed in my own room, on my own bed, a blessed assurance came to me as if spoken audibly from above, "I will be with you and help you." It was enough. I knew the voice. At first I questioned a little as to why and wherefore this experience. It was a blustering day. I was out for the sole purpose of ministering a little, if possible, to one of my Father's family who was not able to get to meeting often.**

**Before I was able to sit up, and had not been on the bed long, I wrote a slip of paper, "Days of blessedness, days of high praise, not common praise, but the praise that strikes clear through and brings the heavenly land very near." Though it was a silent praise it was a praise never reached before. I saw and felt what I cannot put on paper; but it is all included in living for God, not for self, "abandoned" to Him. Knowing daily, not last year, not a few years ago, that the blood cleanses our hearts from all sin, not that it did cleanse, but cleanses now, today.**

**Oh, to make the most of these days given us here. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Some treasure of this kind should be laid up daily. Somebody's burden be made lighter by our prayers and our faith.**

**Every added year should be more fully given to God.**

**\* \* \***

### **Birthday Experience**

**The 4th of March, 1906, my birthday, was a glorious morning, all unexpected, only as I look to the Lord every morning. A sense of the divine presence filled the room. I began to say to my Father in heaven, "Forgive all my failures, my lack of long-suffering patience, forgive my failure to rejoice always, forgive me that I have helped so few in the way to heaven." In the midst of this kind of praying I saw for one moment in golden letters, on the wall of my room, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," to forgive our failures also.**

**I thought, Oh, I can live on if Jesus wants me here, and I can see Him instead of my own weakness and failure. A wonderful sense of His presence and power came to me, and His love also made life look more desirable than ever before.**

As I have been nearing this present month and the fourth day I could not enjoy the thought of being eighty years old; but every shadow of regret was removed when it was said to me by that still voice recently, "Eighty years young," and the sense of age was removed, a touch of vigor and strength renewed took its place. Praise is life-giving and health-giving. When that still voice whispered those words, "Eighty years young," there came an uplift and benediction with it.

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#### Last Letter (Dictated In January, 1908)

There is nothing helps us like giving praise, in sickness, in trial, and in every circumstance.

We should not refrain from giving praise to God, because we do not feel like it. If we commence giving Him praise we shall soon feel like it. He is worthy to be praised always.

"He nothing does, nor suffers to be done,  
But we ourselves would do;  
Could we but see the end of all events  
As well as He."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### 16 -- CHAPTER -- SAYINGS

"We had a good time in V\_\_\_\_. Yet I am conscious that when I say that one will not perhaps get a true idea of my meaning, unless she learns to call every adverse wind good, because permitted by Him who has a constant care of us and constant watch of us. So I will add muddy roads, chilly winds, and chilly houses were all counted "good," excellent because given by God. I never felt more than now that my home must be in Jesus. My rest, my strength, my enjoyment, in a word my all must be in Him. In this direction I am growing. There is a deeper death if we will have what Jesus has for us, than we are apt to think, and this death crosses all our desires, all our plans, and dulls our sensibilities in reference to earthly things and surroundings I mean in reference to our finding our enjoyment in them."

"I have thought much today about the preachers, and am blest in praying for them. There came a great burden upon me for them. I see them so in need of the Holy Ghost in order to do the work God called us to do. Being filled with or baptized with the Holy Ghost, after receiving holiness, is essential. Oh, if some of them could find out that human effort and anxiety, manifested in loud preaching, is not always attended by the unction, it seems to me it would be a blessing to the cause. I feel

intensely on this subject, for I know we are not doing what we might. God help us all and me in particular."

"I do not think we are moved to utter praise aloud all the time, but we must keep the unuttered praise if we keep victory. Another thing, there is a service most of us overlook. That is the few words for Jesus which He will give us to say to all with whom we have fellowship and interaction. He told me once that if He did not give words He would give pleasant, cheerful looks. Then above all, and beyond all talking, is the work of prayer. I see this to be a greater work than preaching."

"Find out all the Bible says about feeling and see if it is profitable to contend for it. I think God's word is of more account than an overwhelming amount of feeling. More than this, if we believe His word really and truly, we shall have the best kind of feeling."

"The inhabitants of Zion do not live by feeling, but by faith, consequently the everlasting joy. Their songs abound, no matter how the winds blow. By faith they moved into this country, by faith they stay here. If they give good heed to the voice of the King and do not listen to the voice of the enemy, they soon learn the customs of the land, and become valiant in service for their Master. It is a land of plenty; they need not go hungry. They do not counsel too much with the dwellers in other lands. If they do, they will partake of their customs and soon turn back to live with them."

"I find a contented spirit can be just as happy and satisfied in a small room as in a large one. Grace has so much enlargement that it will not be straitened even where surroundings seem somewhat strait."

"So many need prayers offered up for them that it is enough to make one forget her own need if she have any."

"I did not fall asleep until two o'clock last night, but I had what was better than sleep, the presence of God. And, really, the night was more and better to me than some whole camp meetings have been. God brought before me the necessity of being dead, though living, dead to all, especially what people may think of us. Then He showed me how impossible it was for us to have God's best if we tried to save ourselves or escape the disagreeable which comes along in our path. "

"We ought to be saints of the highest type. Bible saints. We must go lower. There is no way to the highest and best but low, lower, more lowly. Humility. 'He made Himself of no reputation.'"

"Today while reading my Bible I see as never before that God loves me. I mean I feel it. With my head I have believed it, with my heart I believe it. And He 'loved me from the foundation of the world' comes to me. If I continue to feel it and believe it, must not I love Him more? Does not love respond to love?"

**"We have heard much this winter, rather talked much about the Lord's coming. As I was thinking about His coming as a thief, it seemed explained to me, One being taken and another left. In that respect it is like a thief picking out. A thief singles out what he wants. So will Jesus do."**

**"I asked, 'What is the faith of God?' The answer came, 'Counting that done which we do not yet see.' Sight has nothing to do with such faith. We are to count our prayers the same as answered, if we know that He hears us. Our tears are bottled up."**

**"Have the Lord with you. He is the best of company. No one cares for us as He does."**

**"I am sorry to hear that you are feeling so poorly. Perhaps you better try the medicine I generally take. I ask the Lord what it is that my soul needs and where I have failed and come short. I usually find something, and then without much trying, I come up in my body."**

**"I feel much blest because I have a will to be blest, and a will not to care about anything that is disagreeable. So I mount up over the not very pleasant things. I will have my heart set on things above and keep the joy of the Lord. I see some so destitute of the joy that it makes me determined. I will have it for it is my glorious privilege."**

**"I have much blessing and strength in praising the Lord. In obeying the Spirit such a praise was put in me as overcame everything. It seemed a constant lifting up of Jesus. 'Praise the Lord' means more to me than 'Hallelujah!' It is holding up Him who is conqueror and our defense, God be praised. I can face the subject of my prayers, still unanswered, and praise God. Once to look at them would dampen praise. Praise is the gateway; it keeps the way open for Jesus to work"**

**"I never had such thankfulness put in my being as this evening. It broke me all up. It was glorious! Oh, how the secret place under the shadow of the Almighty looked! Oh, what a salvation! Then I saw the glory of praying for others. We may take a host with us."**

**"Cast your cares upon God and He will tell you what to do with them."**

**"You cannot live upon the past; you will have to let it go and attend to present conditions."**

**"If we want any one or anything very much, God often will not have it so. He wants us to depend upon Him. He is very particular with us."**

**"God gives us no stock of His life to last over. It must be a daily coming and daily believing. The experience of yesterday if we try to get sustenance out of it for today, is like the manna that was left over."**

**At prayer at the family altar one Sunday morning after conference, "O Lord, bless anyone that may be disappointed about the preacher. It is years since I got out of that country. I have so much preach in me that I do not care who is sent to us."**

**One morning it was raining hard. She said, "I thank Thee, God, for this beautiful morning. The Lord told me that it was a beautiful morning, so it is to me."**

**Last testimony in love-feast, November 12, 1905. "I never loved God so much as I do now since I have been shut up at home. I would not have a thing changed, all is right, everything is right. Brethren, have love for souls."**

**"God has shown me there is danger of not being good enough to those who think differently from us. Those who think as we do we like to be with, but we should not neglect others."**

**"It never tires me to hear about the Lord."**

**"My idea of heaven is harmony."**

**Sunday, January 13, 1907. Between three and four p. m. she said, "I have been sitting in this chair ever since dinner. I have been reading in an old 'Earnest Christian.' I have had such a good day. It seems to me that Mr. Roberts and others from the spirit-world have been here."**

**"We have not much if we are not where God can use us, and make us say and do things that we did not think of."**

**"Would you like to know where I have been? I have been dwelling under the shadow of the Almighty. I overcome through the blood of the Lamb and the word of my testimony."**

**She often remarked, "I am singing hymns in my heart. To say the words would interfere with the Spirit. I am singing now,**

**"I'd rather be the least of those  
Who are the Lord's alone,  
Than wear a royal diadem,  
And sit upon a throne."**

**"Saved to the uttermost. How far does that refer to our thoughts and to our temptations?"**

**"Keep your eye on God and He will keep His eye on you. You will not have to say much."**

**On occasion of the sacrament being brought from the church during a quarterly meeting and administered to her at her home, Bishop Pearce and others being present, she said, "It takes a great deal more grace to be shut up here than it used to to go around with my husband, but God gives it to me. He is wonderfully with me. He gives me more than I ask for. He is so good and merciful to me. I am unworthy of your coming here."**

**"A flood breaks up things, and sets them in motion. They will not move in a formal way, but one person will do one thing and another another. It is the Spirit that breaks things up. Sometimes it has been, with me, talking to some individual that set me free. If there is a general shower, it is easier to get blest."**

**"There is no joy like saving souls. No one can take it away from us. We cannot lose it."**

**"Sister Roberts, what do you do when Satan comes around and says to you that you have no religion?" asked one. "He does not come; he knows better; he has not said that to me for years," was her reply.**

**"I was so blest when I prayed for you that I did not have to pray any longer."**

**"Sitting right here in my room I can see the state of the work in the Free Methodist Church. I see the weakness everywhere. I know what the great trouble is. People do not follow the Spirit. I know they are good, but the lack of following the Spirit is what lets the work go down."**

**"If all is given over to God, our care given to Him. then we must keep 'hands off.' Our hands are not off until we can trust everything to Him without the slightest desire to do or say anything to straighten affairs."**

**"Some people do not live near enough to God to have clear light about duty."**

**"I feel heaven all around me. Do you know what my song is today?"**

**"Oh, what a heaven I belong to,  
I belong to the heavenly band."**

**"God has told me that most people of my age are looking for infirmities and settle down under them. This I must not do. I am not looking for death."**

**"Set against all infirmities. First of all, never pity one's self. I have done it unconsciously. I say, 'No more of it.' God help me. I see how it cripples one."**

**"Abide in Him, not in any experience, but in Him."**

**Her message to the members of the last General Conference held before her death was, "I send my love and exhort you to live and to preach holiness. Live it, then it will be easy to preach it. It will preach itself. Personally, in this journey to the home above, there is no gloom, no sorrow. The prospect to me is glorious."**

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**THE END**