

ELLEN G. WHITE ESTATE

THE FANNIE BOLTON STORY



The Fannie Bolton Story

Ellen G. White

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Overview

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About the Author

Ellen G. White (1827-1915) is considered the most widely translated American author, her works having been published in more than 160 languages. She wrote more than 100,000 pages on a wide variety of spiritual and practical topics. Guided by the Holy Spirit, she exalted Jesus and pointed to the Scriptures as the basis of one's faith.

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A Collection of Source Documents

Introduction

Fannie Bolton was 28 years old when Ellen White first met her in 1887. Miss Bolton's newspaper reports of the Illinois camp meeting had impressed Mrs. White, who soon hired the younger woman as a literary assistant.

For most of the next decade, Miss Bolton worked for Mrs. White. As these documents make clear, from the very beginning Mrs. White sensed a certain instability and spiritual immaturity in Miss Bolton. Several times in the years to come Fannie voiced criticisms of Ellen White and dissatisfaction with the fact that the literary assistants did not get more public recognition for their work.

To know of Miss Bolton's complaints is one thing; to read them in the context of her total experience with Ellen White is quite another. Thus it has been felt that serious researchers would appreciate, and profit from, reading a complete collection of documents pertaining to Fannie Bolton's experience.

This collection of source documents sets forth every detail of the Fannie Bolton story. No primary source document relevant to the Bolton case has been omitted. Even scurrilous and unsupported allegations have been included. Thus readers can judge Miss Bolton's charges in the light of the total evidence. Deletions in the documents have been kept to a minimum and nothing has been omitted unless it was completely irrelevant. If we discover we have omitted any relevant source, we will include it in later printings.

E.G. White Estate,
April, 1982

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Bolton Story: A Collection of Source Documents

It was Fannie Bolton's newspaper reports of the Adventist camp meeting in Springfield, Illinois, including the sermons of E. G. White, which first drew Mrs. White's attention to the young woman, and led her to employ Fannie Bolton. These reports appeared in *The[Chicago] Daily Inter-Ocean*, August 25-27, 29-31, 1887.

Mary White to W. C. White, September 14, 1887

One more word about mother's affairs: She has found another old maid that she wants to adopt into her family—Fannie Bolton. She is now at work in some mission—I think the Chicago. She it was who wrote the story in *Good Health* that won the prize. Dr. Kellogg recommends her highly. I have never seen her, but presume she is good.

Letter 23a, 1887. (To Mary White, December 11, 1887.)

Fannie Bolton will be at the Retreat soon. W.C.W. thought best for her to come and prepare manuscript and you make some suggestions to her. I hope this can be done, for she needs your solid, even work to balance her.

W. C. White to J. H. Kellogg, circa January 8, 1888

I think mother has good help in Fannie Bolton, and when the matter for this work [*Christian Temperance*] is selected, it may be well to have it specially edited. When we have done what we can, we will send it back to you.

Letter 25, 1888, p. 4. (To Bro. Haskell and Bro. and Sr. Ings, February 13, 1888.)

Fannie Bolton is a treasure to me. We are all harmonious, all working unitedly and in love.

Letter 2, 1888, p. 3. (To Mr. Walling, April 13, 1888.)

I have brought from Norway a musician and translator, and I have also brought from Chicago a young lady who has written for magazines like Mary Clough, and they are now engaged with me in my work.

Letter 76, 1888, p. 4. (To Bro. and Sr. Lockwood, Marian Davis, Fannie Bolton and May Walling, May 24, 1888.)

Especially do I feel concerned for Fannie. I want her to recover from this nervousness and wakefulness, and in order to do this she must take time to rest the brain that the nerves may not be completely out of tune like our old organ. When Fannie takes herself in hand, then she will see ways that she can improve her health. I feel so sorry for Fannie. She has a good frame, large bones, and should have good, sound nerves and muscles; and the reason she has not is because she has abused her brain and nerve power by overtaxation, keeping herself upon a strain, keyed up, when reason should take the reins and hold her in obedience to the laws of God which control the human system. I wish Fannie could hear the lectures given now upon health at the Retreat. She needs her mind and conscience stirred up on these things, and needs to use every power God has bestowed upon her to get well, that she may use these powers as God's entrusted gifts, that she may have healthful powers to exercise in all her work.

Fannie, you need some physical exercise indoors and out each day. If you get tired it will relieve the brain. What this exercise shall be I leave you to determine. You can plan it yourself. Use your tact and powers of brain to devise what you will do daily in the line of physical exercise. And I want you to get waked up to this matter. Do not be a creature of impulse, but just bring yourself to regular rules and order. Take yourself in hand, bring yourself to time, and when the Lord sees you are doing what you can for yourself to keep in health, He will do on His part that which you cannot do.

[2]

Letter 59, 1888, p. 4. (To Bro. and Sr. Butler, August 1, 1888.)

I ought to have out another testimony for the church, but I cannot obtain brain worker like Eliza [Burhman] and Marian [Davis]. She is now on Volume One [Old Testament History], [and] Eliza [is] in Australia. Fannie Bolton is fitted well for the work she is doing, but she cannot take these matters that require attention and arrange them, for she has not experience.

Manuscript 17, 1889, p. 2. (Diary entry for January 4, 1889.)

Fannie Bolton, who has worked for me the past year, came from Chicago. We were glad to meet her again.

Letter 14a, 1889, p. 2. (To Edson White, circa April 7, 1889.)

I scarcely see Fannie; only in meeting and a few moments in evening. I do not know what she is doing except to attend the meetings, which I am confident means to her very much. I shall not have her travel with me.

Letter 66, 1889, p. 2. (To J. E. White, April 9, 1889.)

—One thing I am settled upon, that Fannie is not the one to go with me [on trips]. It is too great a tax for her to take the discourses and to write them out. As soon as I came here they fastened upon her to get out articles for the paper, but after a little I could not consent to it and again she feels so intensely that she becomes, by attending the meetings, much exhausted.

W. C. White to C. H. Jones, June 23, 1889

Now I wish your advice about some of our literary workers. At the Apr. meeting of the Health Retreat I suggested to them that it would be profitable for them to employ Sister Fannie Bolton, to be trained as a literary editor of the [*Pacific*] *Health Journal*. And that after a time she should locate at the Retreat, giving a portion of her time to the *Journal*, and a portion to holding Bible Readings among the patients, and the helpers. The board requested me to labor for

the execution of this plan. What do you think of it? I have a letter from Elder Tenney suggesting that Sister Burnham wishes to return to this country, and that they have now got their business in such a shape there that she can be spared. Mother wishes that Sister B. could work for her. I believe that Sister Fannie Bolton is much better qualified for work on a journal like the *Pacific Health Journal*, for in this she would have more occasion for original work, and it would not demand the accuracy which our work on the *Signs* must have.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, April 30, 1891

Dear Sister White: I can not help writing to you because God has helped me so much since I last saw you. I did feel so sad about being severed from your work when I had just become so reconciled, so anxious to do it; but I cast all my perplexity on God and another trouble that has weighed me down for the last two years. I've surrendered all, and my soul is full of peace and hope and love. My anxiety is all gone, and I feel sure the Lord will open up a way for me to work for Him and to become wise to work for Him. [3]

I never felt a deeper sense of my dependence; for I have learned how frail I am, how perfectly lost and worthless without Christ. But how blessed it is that He can take us and work in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. My whole heart is rested; and I feel like praising God.

It is very beautiful here, everything is in bloom. The birds sing and the air is like balm. I have been thinking of what a glorious future there is in store for us in the new earth. I feel willing now to wait for the blessed consolation of the things unseen.

Dear Sister White, forgive me [for] all, I know you do. I do love you, and thank you for all your many acts of love toward me. Pray for me that I may make sure work for eternal life. I am so thankful I could be at your house during vacation. Marian and I had some blessed times together.

Do not burden yourself to write to me. I thought it might comfort you to know that I was resting in God.

The Review and Herald, September 15, 1891

Sister Sarah McEnterfer, who has so long attended Sister White in her travels, and who was intending to accompany her to Australia, was stricken down with malaria shortly after the summer school at Harbor Springs. She is slowly mending, but was not in a condition to undertake the journey when the time came for Sister W. to start. It was therefore necessary for someone to take her place; and Sister Fannie Bolton goes in her stead.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, March 8, 1892

Dear Sister White, I have not put off writing to you because I felt the least bitter toward you on account of the rebukes you have written me, and I am thankful that though the medicine was bitter to take, the effects have been good.

After your second letter came, for a week I felt as if the billows had gone over me, and the thought that there was more to follow pressed upon me with pain. The only thing that I ever was suspicious of you about was that you would speak of my faults and wrongs to others. I know now the reason that I have felt so sensitive on this point. It was simply that self was very much alive about its own interests and reputation. It seems to me that I shall not mind now if you or others speak of my faults. I have reasoned in this way. God and the angels know that my sins have been as scarlet, and why should it pain me that others are informed of my deformity?

Jesus knows that my sins have pierced Him, even crucified Him afresh, and put Him to an open shame, dishonoring His name before principalities and powers, and what a light matter is it that feeble men should understand my weakness? By the grace of God, by the humiliation my sins have brought me, I shall be far more insensible to this than ever before. Brother Haskell or someone has said that he always gets his head down when he sees the providence of God bringing the great wheel of reproof his way. I too would bow before God's admonitions that I may not be overthrown. As to what is to come, I do not feel impatient to understand. I believe that it is my heavenly Father that has me in hand, and that He is mercifully bringing to me a sharp realization of the dreadfulness of sin that the

flesh may be destroyed, and self crucified. So I shall wait without worry for what is yet to come. [4]

Meanwhile the Lord has been very gracious unto me. To my earnest pleading for His pardoning love, depths of compassion have been revealed to my soul, and I realize that though He has smitten and wounded, He has also healed, and poured in the oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness. He has put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto my God. New light has flashed upon me from the throne of God, and though deserving of His condemnation, He has drawn me with the cords of His love, so that I realize that “the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind.”

In our Bible class we are having precious suggestions, and it is as you said in the beginning, a place where light, where rays of light are shining. There has come light on the Sabbath such as I never saw before, and the commandment is now the “truth in Jesus,” to me. The Sabbath days are now days of rest to my soul.

Marian and I meet together every day for prayer that God may endow us with the Holy Spirit, and “keep us from falling.”

It is my desire to make advancement. I feel like beseeching the Lord to make me grow rapidly, and let His dew be upon my branch. O how I have failed to improve my opportunities for growth in Christian life. Instead of clinging close to Jesus under pressure of temptation, I have always lost my hold, and tried to battle along with the enemy. It seems to me that I can see where my greatest mistake has been, and that is in expecting something from self, in trusting to self. If this selfconfidence and dependence could be broken in no other way than through these dreadful years of defeat, I have reason to be thankful, that trial has proved me a failure. I realize that God’s inexorable law is the schoolmaster to drive us to Christ. I have lost confidence in the flesh, and O now to be wholly reliant on One who is mighty to save. I know that you have written all this, but it seems that I cannot learn anything except through bitter experience. I begin to see what you mean by my having a vein of stubbornness in me. I suppose it is that I do not yield to God in His efforts to teach me these lessons without these bitter trials, but hold out against His will, until He has to send the rod upon me.

Now as to the work, I feel at rest about it. God knows just where I can best honor Him. I can do but little anyway. Poor and inadequate

has been my service from the beginning, and it all has need to be covered with the righteousness of Christ, or my best efforts will but result in my ruin. "Wherever He may lead me," as says the hymn, "no want shall turn me back," that is, not if I am with Him. If I can best glorify Him in this work, I am resolved to do my best with cheerful gratitude that I have a place to work for Him. I feel like hiding my head for shame that I have so long held out in stubborn rebellion. O that I may become a channel for His blessing.

Brother Daniells has given me the matter you sent, and I have looked it over, but have not as yet had strength or time to copy it. Have been arranging matter for the little paper for missionary work that Brother White is so anxious to have in circulation. The type of all the tracts from your writings was waiting until this was done, and it seemed too bad to have it distributed when it could be used for a double purpose.

[5] I am pleading with God to heal me that I may be able to do double the work I have; for I see so much to be done. Do pray for my healing in every way that I may be a laborer together with God such as I never before have been. O for the fulness of salvation. It is true that my catarrh is troubling me greatly, and that keeps my stomach in a weak condition, and I seem to have little strength. But I am better than I have been. My head has not had a terrible spell for three weeks. Last month at my sick period I kept quiet, and tried to rest body and soul, and escaped without a headache, though I had one the week before. My foot is getting much stronger, and I now walk with a cane about the house, and have been able to walk about two blocks on the street without getting it overtired. I think I shall soon be able to do without a cane altogether, but it does take a long time for that ligament to regain its vitality and elasticity.

I hope you are feeling better. How grand it is that you are able to preach the glad tidings of great joy to the poor flock. With feelings of tenderness and compassion and love to you, I will close. (How soon will you be home? The articles I promised to send, Marian has. If you are coming soon, I will not recopy, but I could only make two copies, and Marian is now using them in the book.)

Manuscript 34, 1892, p. 2. (Diary entry for July 9, 1892.)

Last night I was not able to sleep after twelve o'clock. It was my thoughts more than pain of body that troubled me. There are some trials that it is not best to dwell upon, because there seems no clear way out of them. I try to cast my burden upon the Lord, but I do not always leave it there. I take it up again when I should leave it with the Saviour.

I feel deeply grieved that all connected with me in my work are not in a favorable state of mind to be controlled by the Holy Spirit. I cannot keep in my employ some of those now connected with me unless the Lord converts them, leading them to see that their hearts must be brought into harmony with His will. When self is not sanctified, it becomes a ruling power for evil.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, circa 1892

Since your letter came I can see that my dependence has been in self and not in Christ. Cannot write more this morning.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, circa October, 1892

I am afraid you may be worried about my condition of health, and I am sorry I wrote you so much about it. I believe I shall get better soon; for when my foot lets me take more outdoor exercise, I shall recuperate quickly. I believe my foot is growing better in answer to prayer, and I have asked the Lord to heal me spiritually, mentally, and physically, and I believe He will do it. God is good to me to bear so long with my "oft infirmities" of character. I feel that He carries me upon His heart though I am "poor and needy." I have been earnestly seeking Him for a "constant mind," for the gold tried in the fire, for the white raiment of His righteousness and the eye salve that I may see. My heart is melted and subdued by His love. He has chastened me some, but it is all for my good that I may be a partaker of His holiness. I mourn over the hardness of my heart in so long centering my thoughts upon myself and looking critically upon others. O that God would change me as He did Jacob and call my name Israel. I feel that Jesus is here this morning, and it seems as though I could almost see the scars in His hands for me. O

Sister White—I do want to be among those who shall praise Him. I must not be left out of His love. “Whom have I on earth beside [6] Thee, Whom in heaven but Thee?” Pray for me that I may become a steadfast, constant, whole-hearted lover of the Lord, and wholly fitted for His service. I must have the glow of my first love, and feel that I shall have it again.

Give my love to the girls, and forgive all the anxiety and grief I have caused you all. Fannie.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, October, 1892, entire letter

I received your letter today and it is with a heavy heart I undertake to reply. Please write in full as soon as you can the whole dark picture that you have to present; for it is time I knew myself. When I pleaded with you in Edson’s parlor, asking you to let me come with you, it was (as far as I know) with no selfish motive. Miss Elsie Scott of Battle Creek can tell you some of the agonies of mind I was in in reference to the work, and it seemed that I was urged to come to you and plead for reinstatement. I saw the good resulting from the work in the papers and books, and thought I must not be left out of this work if there were any chance of my entering it again. Marian had told me long before that, that you were not opposed to my connection with the work; but that others were, so I naturally fled to you. But it was truly with no desire for the novelty of sight-seeing, or for the weekly earnings; for I had a situation offered me where I could earn more money. I have never cared for that. And also in the place offered I had opportunity for writing for myself in certain lines. This did not influence me. I thanked God for the privilege of taking up the work again. But this was not all the burden I had to carry.

After I had been with you some months you told me one day that you appreciated what I did, and you believed that the Lord was helping me in the preparation of the matter. I thought the Lord helped me also. Now as for being separated from the work, it seems to me it would make me go into despair, but if the Lord has revealed to you that I ought to be, of course there is nothing more to be said. However, I hope you will bear yet a little with me. When the Lord told the parable of the fruitless tree, He also

mentioned the husbandman who pleaded for a further probation. In all the darkness that the Lord has revealed to you concerning me, has He not shown you anything of the pleadings I have presented, that I might die to self? Indeed, it is my desire to die to self and be made like Him who has called Himself the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. But how shall I attain unto it? But there I need not have asked such a question; for it [is] by beholding we become changed. But is my idea of Jesus right? I have thought of Him as you have presented Him, and during the last few weeks have especially rejoiced in the thought that He did love even me, unworthy as I am, and was personally working for my salvation. I have thought His kindness was manifested to me in allowing me to have the precious Bible lessons that we have had, and I still think so. I will not sink in despair over the thought of depths of darkness in my nature you may still have to present before me that I may know myself; but I will plead for forgiveness for it all, and believe in Jesus who came to save to the uttermost. I will say, "Jesus my Lord to Thee I cry, Unless Thou help me I must die. O bring Thy full salvation nigh, And take me as I am. Helpless am I and full of guilt, And yet for me Thy blood was spilt. And Thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am."

You may well be pained that I have come so far short of what a Christian should be. Do not imagine that there has been a day when I have looked upon myself with satisfaction. Whatever you may know of me, you must know that I have felt my poverty, if not to the full extent of it, then to an agonizing degree. Night after night I have in torture of spirit reviewed my failures in life, and rise next morning with a feeling of despair almost, in facing a new day. But as for my feelings of rebellion against God, would you call it rebellion when I was in misery? Circumstances occurred in the experiences of members of our family that seemed dark, inexplicable, and I was in heaviness for a season through manifold temptations to doubt God's loving care over us all. But my dear Sister White, since that night when I prayed in your room, I laid all that darkness concerning God's love in those experiences far from my heart, and indeed I do not feel the least question as to His love though I can not see. I spoke of your not understanding me concerning this very matter. But did God, the Father of mercies, not pity me in these temptations

[7]

and circumstances? I read, "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them." Am I so mistaken as to wrongly imagine that did you understand all that I have gone through, you would have sympathy for me yourself? I know of your being sorry for those who have had less affliction. But in writing thus I am not drawing for sympathy because Jesus has and does bear that in His breast, and I carry it no more.

As for being happy in the work, I am sure I should be miserable out of it. I have had experience enough to show me that. It is true that self must be buried in order to do it with joy, and for this I shall pray; for surely if God would have me do the work, He will give grace to do it; and let all the glory be His. During this month I have been peaceful, and my atmosphere seems clearer to me; but as I do not know myself, I will wait for further light. Let me know the worst and the sooner the better, as suspense is torture. But I will be patient and wait as long as you think best. I have already asked your forgiveness for the unbecoming words I spoke to you. Do forgive, and try to forget. I am astonished when I think of speaking to you in so rude a way. Pray for me. I truly thank you for your expressions of interest, also for your delicacy in sending me the letter in your own hand, and not exposing my faults and sins to others. O I do admire this gentleness and I shall pray God to give me the same grace to do unto others as I would that they would do unto me. Yours lovingly, Fannie Bolton. I will send you a copy of the letter to me. I would like to keep original if you are willing. P.S. You speak in these words, "I have no knowledge of being remiss in my duty to you." I would say that as far as I know I have never accused you of being remiss or of thinking you remiss. You were always anxious to provide what my appetite desired, and to make my room comfortable and to take me to ride. If you have received this impression that I have considered you lacking in attention to me, it has no foundation in my thought or word as far as I know, and I appreciate what you have done for me in these regards. Indeed, I often felt like remonstrating over improvements made for my comfort in these lines, and thought you put yourself to too much trouble on this account. Why do you think I would read detached portions of your letter to persons? I would have had no thought of doing so. Give my love to the girls. I pray for them and you. F.B. You speak in a former letter of our sending

copies of Elder Olsen's and Haskell's letters. We have sent you [8] copies. Did you not receive them? You also say in [a] note to me that you sent a letter for Dr. Kellogg, but I found none. There were only these to Scarzighnini, and Olsen. I have copied this month up to date 72 pages, and have a long article to copy tomorrow. Have not worked as steadily as I have in the past, but feel better in my head. The weather is very cold, and it is hard to keep warm. Have taken a bad cold.

**Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, May Lacey and Emily
Campbell, October 7, 1892**

Now about last month's mail. After I got through with Elder [Uriah] Smith's letter, [of reproof] I felt utterly exhausted, and went to bed early; but woke at one with one of those dreadful headaches. I had to get Bro. and Sister Camp up to get hot water, as it was impossible for me to get down to the kitchen myself. They were very kind and worked for me for a couple of hours. It seemed that my head never ached so hard before. I was laid up from Tuesday night until Friday. Marian and Sister Daniells took hold of the rest of the mail. May Israel could not help us as she was busy with letters for Elders Starr and Rousseau. I copied 42 pages of the mail (five of these were copied by May Israel) and Marian and Sister Daniells 28 pages. I sent off beside 7 articles for *Review*, 6 for *Signs*. Since the mail has gone I have prepared four articles more for papers. "Justification by faith," and "Come ye apart and rest awhile." We will send up the letters by Bro. Tenny though the carbons are very poor, owing to the difficulty under which we labored. W. C. [White] has brought us a new box, and we hope the next mail will look better. We had all the letters put in copybook. Is there any objections to making the matter sent to Elder Olsen on "The Condition of the Church" into an article for the *Review*? I have a number of articles to be copied for *Youth's Instructor* beside what you have sent. I have read this last matter through, and think it good for [the] *Instructor*.

My health is not good at all. I feel so tired all the time. My head and nerves seem tired out. My stomach and bowels are inactive; but my foot is much better, and I can walk around a little without crutches, though it is very slowly and only a short distance. Across

the room is quite a journey. I went to a man down town who gave me some salve for it. He told me I must not live under a tension; for my nerves were in a bad condition. It seems too bad almost that I should be here at so great expense to the conference and not be able to do the work that ought to be done. But I am here, and will have to do what I can and try not to worry any more about it.

Letter 74, 1892, p. 7. (To W. C. White, October 10, 1892.)

Willie, I did not expect to write so long a letter, but I traced out this matter as I have now. If you will put this into Fannie's hands, and let her put it into shape, cutting out the stove business and anything you deem best, I will make this letter serve so that it will save me writing to Elder Haskell and some other long letters. Please consider this, and if Fannie arranges it in shape, send it back to me.

Letter 77, 1892. (To W. C. White, October 21, 1892.)

[9] I sent an article to Fannie to prepare a copy to be sent to Professor Prescott and I wish it could be put in shape to send where there are schools. I have had this matter written, much of it, for a long time and have just put a little addition to it, and I know it is essential.

I have quite a number of letters to go, but shall not try to have them fitted up, for several have written me that when they could have the matter direct from my hand, it was far more forcible than after it had been prepared. It sounded like another thing, and as the matter is not designed for publication, I shall not send it to Fannie. I think Fanny feels that many of my expressions can be bettered, and she takes the life and point out of them.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, November 16, 1892

I am still rejoicing in the love that has been revealed to me. The Bible flashes with new light as I read it in the light of righteousness by faith, and through comfort of the Scriptures I have hope. My blindness and ignorance have been amazing concerning the grace and the pardon of God. The mystery I have been in has been the mystery of iniquity and unbelief...

I have sadly misrepresented His love, but I cannot afford to keep in mourning when He has as a thick cloud blotted out my transgressions, and it's not too hard for God to reveal Himself as He is, to those who are seeking Him in spite of my unfaithfulness. These words hurt me, and yet, I determine to forget the things that are behind and press on.

Now as to the testimonies. It is true that I have always been pleased to write one that was comforting, but have often, I might say always, wished that I need have nothing to do with those that were cutting. I know you have not been sustained by my sympathy in this thankless task. I have often wondered if your words were not unnecessarily sharp, but it is my desire to be wholly conformed to the truth. The probing of the evil heart must be done, or its incurable wound will not be discovered. I shall look at the testimonies in a different light, and give you my hearty sympathy in your disagreeable task, from which I have withdrawn my cooperation. I have often felt glad that I was not called to such a work; but I now will be glad for Christ's sake to share what little cooperation I can give in helping you. O may God bring me unto perfect unity with His work and with whatever part He would have me to do. Let the reproof come until self shall be cut off. I want to die to self. Self is monstrous, heinous. I see charms in Christlikeness which have been dim to my eyes before. O for a meek and quiet spirit which is of great price. I feel now that I want to be a channel for God's love to this suffering world. I see opportunities all around for a great work to be done. There are the market people, and the people that gather in the parks, and the sick in all those great hospitals, and the people everywhere in the ships, trains and in their homes, who need the light of God's truth. And there are so many people who hardly know what to do because they do not see the marvelous love of God in Christ. O that it may be revealed; for it is this everlasting love that draws....

Knowing that you will forgive me for all my lack of sympathy and appreciation, I still ask your forgiveness. I hope I may be endowed with that spirit of discernment from above that I may not judge after the sight of my eyes or the hearing of my ears, but judge as God would have me. Am glad you are able to work for the poor sheep, Fannie Bolton.

Letter 161, 1892, pp. 1, 2. (To S. N. Haskell, November 23, 1892.)

You told me that you sent a letter copied which I requested, but I was surprised to see no letter at all. About one hour since, a letter was brought me from Fannie and Marian.

Well, I have said nothing to any one, but I have had rather a trying time this winter. Both are having a new conversion. They have been attending the Bible readings given by Bro. Starr, and light, precious and beautiful, more precious than gold, has shone upon them and they are blessed. There has been, especially with Fannie, but little harmony with me in my work since coming to Australia. Any letters of reproof I gave her to copy, she seemed to have no sympathy with, and I can understand your feelings when you say that letters coming directly from my pen seem to have more spirit and life than after they were prepared for the paper. Some of these letters I have read seemed to me, as you said, to lose the vital energy. I hardly knew how to express it.

[10] **Letter 21b, 1892**, p. 3. (To Bro. and Sr. J. H. Kellogg, December 23, 1892.)

Fannie Bolton is in very poor health. What shall I do? We think of having her go to Tasmania to rest two months; if she fails to recover there, she must go to St. Helena for treatment. Unless she does regain her health, she shall have to give up work altogether. Who shall we get to fill her place? Do you know of any one you can recommend? There is not a soul in all this country I can find. I could keep two supplied with work, but I shall be satisfied with one good brain worker who can prepare matter for the papers. Unless Fannie recovers, I must give up my articles in the papers or secure another helper. I speak of this, not to place an extra burden upon you, but to ask [that] if you know of any one who can do this work, you will let me know. I may have to call Mary Steward to come to my help, or let the papers rest awhile. Mary could get out Testimony No. 34, which is much needed.

W. C. White to L. J. Rousseau, April 9, 1893, p. 3

I intended to write to you from Auckland, about the copying that Srs. Davis and Bolton have to do, suggesting that you should push forward Jessie Israel, and Margaret Hare, till they could copy to advantage, and then that they be given as much employment as possible, in copying. It is mother's desire, that Srs. Davis and Bolton shall have all the help that they need in this line, and she desires that Jessie Israel be encouraged to become an expert, and that she be furnished as much work in this line as is profitable to the work, or helpful to her.

It would be perfectly natural for Srs. D. and B. to feel that it was no help at all, to have a slow copyist, but I do not look at it exactly in that way, and I know that it is practice that will give speed.

W. C. White to Fannie Bolton, April 11, 1893

We are all much rejoiced to know that your general health is so much better than before your vacation, and we hope that it may continue to improve till you are fully restored. You will no doubt, have to be careful for some time and you will need to use much judgment about your work. This will be hard for you, because you are not accustomed to follow judgment, so much as feeling, and ambition. When you are well, you love to do anything that you are asked to do, and then when overworked and weary and discouraged, it will be natural to feel that others have treated you badly, by asking you to do so much, when in fact they had no idea as to how much work you had on hand, or how weary you were. You will find a blessing in cultivating the gift of moderation in work, and plainness in telling us when you have as much work as you can do.

[11]

If you will think the matter over when you are well, I think you will believe me when I say that we do not desire to press you to do more than you are able to do. We know that mother's work is apt to come in a heap, or avalanche, and that she feels intense haste to get it off, and therefore you can hardly ask her to regulate it so you shall not be hurried. The only way I can see, is for you to do each day, only what you can do well, without injury to yourself, and let

the rest wait, and if it gets out in time for the mail, all right, and if not, let it be early for the next mail.

I have been talking with her about the articles, and she has consented to send fewer to the *Review* for a month or two, and to drop the *Instructor*, and *S. S. Worker*, and other small papers. This will be best, for there is some work that you will be called upon to do outside of preparing articles for the papers. Such work as preparing matter for the *Messenger*, and for tracts, is very important, and then she has many Special Testimonies, some of which she will wish you to prepare. I see no light in assigning to you the work for the journals, and saying, "you do all of that, and nothing more." Better do less for the journals and have time and strength and courage for these other important enterprises.

I have written to Eld. Rousseau about arranging to have Jessie Israel copy for Marian, and for you also. Mother wishes you to have as much help in this line as you can get from the young folks who are learning to write on the machine.

Please do not talk about going back to America, unless you want to go, for if you talk about it, mother may do the same, and if she talks about it, you will feel hurt. So please drop the thought, and all reference to it.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, April 13, 1893

In the mail today I send Bro. Wessels testimony [[Letter 63, 1893](#)]. There was no word of instruction in regard to what you wanted me to do with it. I was very much perplexed as Emily [Campbell] had written on it that it had been copied. Thus I could not tell whether you had sent it to him, or not, whether you wanted it in the form of a testimony or wanted it in a general article. The date was not clear. There were no initials of the Wessels you wanted it sent to. I only guessed by the bottom part of letters in the copied sheets. It was written on both sides of the paper. This delays the work I must do, because in articles I always want to transpose paragraphs or sentences, and so cut up the sheets. Now, my dear, I am not finding fault, but hope you will send me definite instructions. I will have to send you the testimony because I know not where you would have it sent. I fear, if you have not already sent it to Bro. Wessels, it

will be delayed a month because there were no definite instructions. Love to all, F. B. Would write more if there was time. P.S. Excuse [condition of] paper. Have not time to hunt up more. I also send with this a number of articles. With what I have sent last week there will be fifteen, I think. Have made from the Wessels letter a general article as well as a testimony. So hope I have met your desire. I will not send it to the papers until I hear from you in regard to it. The title of it is, "Contemplate Christ's Perfection, Not Man's Imperfection" [in *RH*, August 8, 15, 1893.] May thinks you will need a lawyer to interpret this [handwriting]. She is waiting to take it to the mail. [12]

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, May 4, 1893

I thought the mail was to go yesterday, as it usually does on Wednesday, and rushed downtown and mailed 11 articles to you. Think I mailed 7 or 8 to you last week, for *Youth's Instructor* and 1 *Signs* and 1 for *Review*. But thinking the mail went yesterday, and having no time to look over all the articles, I have sent you four in which the typographical errors have not been corrected. Of course these errors will all be carefully looked after in the copies sent to papers, so do not worry about them. I know you always like to see the articles as soon as possible, so I mailed them at what I thought was my first opportunity. However I might have waited until today, as the mail goes out early tomorrow morning.

You have never but once mentioned in the letters you have sent whether you receive the articles all right. I would be glad to know if you do receive them. Have been somewhat anxious about the matter you have mentioned sending me in your last two letters. From W. C. White's letter I was led to think that you had a number of testimonies, tracts, and special work that you wanted done, and that I was to lighten up on paper work to do this; but nothing has yet come of this character. It may be that tomorrow's boat will bring it to hand. Please state in your letters the date at which you send matter and what is its nature. It will be well to be very careful about sending as M.S. anything that is of a personal nature, such as testimonies. There is a risk in so doing. The first lot of articles you sent me, I returned to you, also testimony for Bro. Wessels. In this mail I send back articles made from some of the two last batches you sent. I

think that you have mailed matters to me four times. If you have sent more, I have not yet received it; though tomorrow's mail may bring everything.

You will notice that I have prepared more articles than the papers can use in one month, so as to keep up the supply, if I have to turn my attention to office work. It seems too bad not to have the papers supplied, when they have thousands of readers. If I can have help in copying I can get off more work and not get more tired than I now do.

I have been feeling much better, and have been able to sleep well. Nearly every day I work in the garden, and find it is a great help. The garden begins to look well. Everything is coming up fresh and beautiful. My courage is good, and I daily rejoice in Christ my Saviour. Am learning what it means to claim the victory by faith, and realize that Jesus keeps me in time of temptation and trial. He has brought me out into a "wealthy place," and I call upon all that is within me to bless His holy name....

I am so pleased with some of the articles you sent, especially the one which I have headed, "Ye Did It Unto Me." Praise God that "There's a wideness in His mercy, like the wideness of the sea."

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, May 23, 1893

[13] Dear Sister White, In this mail I send you a copy of the Stanton letter as it will be sent to the ministers and elders of the churches. Yesterday I left copies of it with Bro. Smith according to direction for this purpose. I also send articles for the *Home Missionary* and *Signsand Review* which were copied on Sr. Tenney's machine. You will notice how much better work in carbon copies her machine makes than can be made on mine. The reason is that her machine is of later date, and has the same improvements as has Sr. Daniells. In order to have my machine do the same class of work, it will require to be remodeled. The rubber roller in mine is of soft material only designed for taking one copy, and in order to have it take carbons well, it would be necessary to have a hard roller put in. This would be easily done if the machine were made as are the others mentioned, but unfortunately, instead of my roller being on a cylinder as are theirs it is fastened into the very body of the framework. However

I will have a machine doctor look it over and make the change necessary if possible. You remember that I have always been tried with the machine because of this, and I would be very glad if my patience had had all the discipline necessary from this source; but if not, shall be able to take the trial more patiently because of the long experience.

I am sorry that my letters have caused you so much trouble. I will write to you hereafter only when I am not too hurried to use the Calligraphy. That unfortunate letter that I wrote when I felt the most poorly in health that I have felt for some months, I sincerely wish I had never written; for it has really misrepresented matters concerning my spirit and Marian, if it has given you the impression that I have been discouraged and in a dark atmosphere, and that your workers were both about to fail. I went to Marian for advice as to whether I had better say anything about my poor health, and she thought that it would not be honorable or just not to let you know, and all the sadness I felt was on account of leaving the work, as I feared I should have to. But with gratitude to God, I can say my atmosphere has never been a dark, discouraged one in the sense in which you have thought, and grows calmer and clearer every day. Please ask anyone in the house, and you will receive the same testimony. But this is of grace and not of me.

As to the past, dear Sister White, speak of it as often as it seems necessary for you to do so. I am learning to take every experience of every day as from One who loves me, who has given himself for my sins, and whatever comes is best. But I must say that you have certainly taken a view of what I have written that I did not intend you to take,—that I have been blaming you or any one for my past sufferings entirely. To say that I have never been overworked, I could not. There have been weeks when my record of work will testify to the fact that they have been overcrowded; but as for feeling that this alone was the reason of my intense headaches, I do not. The burden I brought with me from America was heavy on my heart for years before I came to Preston, and it was not all rebellion against God that made me weep. God knows what I have presented to His throne and I am glad He knows, and that we have not an High Priest that can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who has said that “No chastening for the present seemeth joyous but grievous,

nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby.” And again, “Though for a season ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations.” No, my feeling to every mortal is one of peace and good will. I praise God for His tender Spirit. Now please do not think I blame you or any one. I was surprised to see that you thought I blamed you or Emily when I simply asked for instructions to be given concerning letters [14] and testimonies. I see from your letter that you think you had given instruction before on this matter, but I can find no word of it in any of the letters you have written me. Please look up that blue letter if you care to, and also find the envelope on which was written, “I am of good courage.”

I have prayed that God will heal all the difficulties and I believe He will. In the next mail I will send you more articles which are ready for copying, but not yet copied. You have written concerning matter for another testimony. What do you want done about it? Your letter is not definite on the point. Have not time to write more, Yours with love, Fannie Bolton. P.S. We expect Bro. Starr today. American mail comes today. I send back page of article you wished returned.

Letter 130, 1893, p. 4. (To W. C. White, June 7, 1893.)

I have a stove at Sister Tenney’s. Please see that it is secured and placed with my things. I give my full consent to place Marian where she will have the very best advantages. If she has not a sunny room and Fannie cannot get a sunny room, see if it is not possible to secure the same in some home where the students are hiring, that they can have rooms that have the sun. This is my great anxiety, that both should keep well.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, June 8, 1893

This month has been broken into by our moving, so that I have failed to get articles copied that I have ready for copying, but will get a good lot off, I know, for next mail. The papers are more than two months ahead now, with the exception of the *Youth’s Instructor* for which I had no material until you sent the last batch. You will have to write more, however, as there are but few articles suitable among

these. Could you not write on the text, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me?" Tell the circumstances that led Jesus to invite them. And also, "Except ye be converted, and become as a little child, ye shall not enter the kingdom of God." And "Even a child is known by his doings," etc. I wish we could have some articles next week, and if you want me to work at anything else, please let me know.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, July 20, 1893

I sent you a bunch of M.S. divided into two parcels in the last American mail boat. The matter on Babylon Bro. White thought best to have go to the *Review*, so the first bunch was divided into four articles, and the last into three. The last was divided under different headings, as it would seem like an awful long stretch to put in articles for seven weeks under the heading of "The Remnant Church Not Babylon." [See [The Review and Herald, August 22-September 12, 1893 \(Testimonies to Ministers and Gospel Workers, 32-62\)](#).] The omissions were made in harmony with Bro. White's advice, and I tried my very best to stick tight to your expressions whenever it was possible. The M.S. I am preserving on all the articles so that if any question does arise I can refer to the original. I have not yet received the matter you spoke of sending for the *Instructor*. If you have written it, it would be well to send it on as I have used up every scrap, and can make no more *Instructor* articles till it comes. The *Review* and *Signs* are both over-supplied, so there is no hurry about them, but the *Instructor* is lacking, because of a lack of matter. Bro. White spoke as though he was sorry you had been urged to write for the *Instructor*. Dear Sr. White, I do not wish to urge you to write more than you are able to. Please act your own pleasure about this matter, although I would be glad to have your pleasure in harmony with my desires. [15]

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, October 10, 1893

In the two packets which I send today, you will find all the matter on the Christie case. I have divided it into three parts,—An Introduction of the matter to the churches it might be necessary to read it to, a personal testimony to Christie, and the general matter

bearing on the case. This last portion I have numbered in the way in which it may be divided for the *Instructor*, or *Review*. It does not seem that the first three numbers ought to go to the *Review*. Please write me before the mail goes as to what you think about the matter. Please also tell me whether this division of the matter pleases you, for I have worked at it in some fear lest you would not think my dividing and arranging of it was proper. It seemed to Marian and me as though it ought to be thus classified. I have placed a copy of it in Bro. Starr's hands to be read at North Fitzroy. Have given Marian a copy, sent you two. One for Napier church and one for yourself, and have another copy [from which] to send general articles from [sic] to America. Will also put copy in the letter book. Should you want Christie to have a copy, Marian can spare hers, as she can copy any part of it from letter book.

The meetings in the Town Hall continue in interest as before. The people lean forward in their seats to catch every word. Last two Sundays, Bro. Starr has presented the Sabbath, taking it up from the point of view of Christ's relation to the law, and the relation of the man of sin to the law. I have made report of these sermons for the Prahran journals. The editor will publish from half to three quarters of a column. There is a splendid interest. Two old people sat next to me last week who have been regular attendants for weeks. When Bro. Starr brought out the way the papacy had exalted itself above God, the old man could not refrain from expressing his disgust, and groaned away in a very earnest fashion. The lady who is a real noble looking woman, a Wesleyan, has promised to come to our Sabbath meetings.

We have such a nice hall now for Sabbath meetings. It is clean, new, well ventilated and nicely furnished. There are a number of side rooms for the little classes. Bro. Baker is superintendent of the Sabbath School, and the lessons we are now studying are very rich in suggestion. My foot is all right again, and so I go to all the meetings again.

Yesterday I had a tooth drawn. I have been suffering with it for some time. It was badly ulcerated. I am so glad it is out. Am going to have the dentist put one in for me in its place, and do a little other work on my teeth.

We have had very changeable weather lately. Some days have been hot and windy, and then have come days of rain and wind. But I suppose it will settle down in earnest to Summer very soon.

The Bible Class lessons are becoming more interesting than they were last term. We are now studying on the life of Christ. Today we have had the temptation in the wilderness, and have had many practical thoughts that have help in them.

We are expecting Bro. and Sr. Daniells and Ingals to come this week. I suppose you have heard how poorly Bro. Daniells has been. His bowels seem to be in a very weak condition, and he has to take astringents all the time. There will not be room for them at the school and I think that Sr. Isaac is coming over near here, and take a house large enough for them to room with her. It may be that I shall also take a room there, as I do not think the room I have is healthful. But of course I cannot yet tell, for they have not really decided, or have they found a house to suit. [16]

Marian seems to be in her usual health, and I am feeling very well at present. Though clouds and darkness sometimes encompass, yet the light breaks in again, as we take hold of God's promises. I am somewhat worried about the missionary meetings at North Fitzroy. Before my ankle was sprained there was quite a good interest, and the people used to come out and fill the room, but now it has dwindled down very much. The young people still come out, but the old folks do not attend. Bro. Baker has had charge of the young people's meeting but now he has decided to drop the meeting and only carry the responsibilities of this side. This will leave the young folks without anybody. I will try to get over this week, and by that time Bro. Daniells and Sr. Ingals will be here, and something will be done to lift up the trailing banner of missionary effort. The plans we had made for North Fitzroy, were never carried out because of my foot being sprained. Perhaps they were not good plans, or it may have been I was not in the condition to do the work of God. However, I hope that something may be done, not only for the people's sake, but for the members' sake; for it is by watering others that we are refreshed.

Bro. Foster has come back from Tasmania. He looks poorly. His wife is about to give birth to a child. Their situation looks very discouraging. Little Sr. Chandler is also in a very poor situation.

The little boys go to the school every day for the bits that are left over on the plates of the students.

Bro. Currow has gone home. His health seemed poor, and I rather think his finances would not permit him to go on longer. I see very little of Bro. and Sr. Belden, but I am sure that Bro. Belden is growing. Last Sabbath he gave a very good testimony, and seemed all broken up. There were tears in many eyes at what he said. He is greatly enjoying the school. Old Bro. Belden has just gotten over an attack of influenza. He was sick for about two weeks. His wife is now sick with it. Sr. Faulkhead also was very ill for a while. I know you will be glad to know that Bro. Faulkhead is all clear of the Masons. He told me he was so glad, and felt like another man. He offered a very earnest prayer at missionary meeting, and every one says they can feel the difference in him. Has the matter on secret societies yet been published? Several have asked me what you thought of these things. You have asked about Bro. Caldwell. He is doing well. Is very earnest. He has copied several chapters for Marian on Life of Christ. When are you coming to Melbourne? Love to all, Fannie Bolton.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, November 16, 1893

[17] Dear Sister White, You will see by the bundles of M.S. that I send you today, that there will not be time or strength to write you much of a letter. Every scrap of M.S. you sent in such urgency, I have prepared as best I could in the great hurry in which it had to be done. Of course it would have been impossible to have got it together, if I had not had help in copying about half of it. Bro. Caldwell copied one Sunday all day, and three afternoons for me, and Sister Daniells copied twenty-four pages, and Margaret Hare ten pages. Marian has prepared the testimony to Prof. Prescott and to Eric Caro, and took the matter after I had prepared it for articles, and got together a couple of tracts on the temperance question. In all there are thirty articles prepared for publication, besides the tracts and personal matter. To send all the matter has taken stamps to the amount of 3-10 pence. The rates for M.S. are high it seems to me. They charge a penny for every two ounces.

When your urgent letters came to the various ones to whom you sent them, a committee meeting was called, and at first it was decided that it would be utterly impossible to get out the tracts you spoke of; but some of us felt that something must be done, and so two temperance tracts were printed. This temperance matter is splendid. The matter on the Sabbath question was not so much to the point, but as I did not have time to hunt through the testimonies for additional points, I thought it would be better to wait than print it in tract form. Besides this, it would have been impossible to do so anyway; for several other tracts had to be printed, as Brother Baker, Starr and others were preparing tracts on different subjects. At the first committee meeting, it was thought best to send a number of *Messengers* for distribution, as they contained some of the very cream of your writings, and some good doctrinal articles on Christ's second coming. Please look over the numbers, and see if you cannot urge the people to distribute them to the people; for I am sure that many will be pleased with your articles, and as they have here, ask for more of your works. We have sent you *Messengers* that contain articles on coming to Christ, on the plan of salvation and the origin and end of evil, besides many other little articles that are of a practical and doctrinal nature. The matter you sent for a tract on conversion was good, and will make a splendid tract. But it was impossible to prepare it as such for this time. I have sent Bro. Olson three packets of matter. As it was impossible to publish all the temperance matter, I had Freddy Millar copy four of the articles, so that you could have a number of carbons to give to those who will make good use of them.

Sister Burnham and all are pleased with these temperance articles. The matter to the students is all prepared for the *Review*. You will find these matters all tied up in order, and they are numbered in the order in which they are to be read. There is matter on temperance, on Sabbath question, on family government, on spiritualism, on the outpouring of the Spirit at B.C., and a number of general articles.

I believe we have all tried to do our utmost to get the matter out. Am sorry that it did not come a week sooner so that we could have mailed it to you at the very beginning of the camp meeting, but as it did not, we have done what we could. Hope you will have a good meeting, and that it will be demonstrated that your urgency

was for the furtherance of the good of the meeting in every way. I should think you must be very tired battling in such godless places as Gisborne; but no doubt good has been done, and some souls will be converted. As I have been working hard, and have not had time to hear any news, I cannot write you any. Others will know more about what is going on. Bro. Daniells has gone to Tasmania to meet Bro. Olson, and to urge the people to attend the camp meeting here. Bro. and Sister Baker have gone to Adelaide to stay for a month and do a similar work. I heard this morning that Bella Berry's sister is dead. Every one is in usual health as far as I know.

[18] Let me know as soon as possible that you have received these twelve packets of M.S. to you and Brother Olson, as I shall feel quite anxious to know whether or not you have received them. A few lines will be all that will be necessary. Love to all, Fannie Bolton.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, circa 1894

—I have passed an almost sleepless night, and would say this morning that the selfish and ambitious words I have spoken in regard to the work, represent only momentary attitudes toward it; for the undercurrent of my mind is not in the channel of seeking glory for myself. I am tempted at times; but were the opportunity presented alongside with the good that I might do in working on your writings, I believe I would do as I have in the past, choose the work in preference to the opportunity to display self. You say I do not understand myself, therefore I may be mistaken. The year I was at Ann Arbor, I earned \$200.000 [?] by own pen. And I did not come with you for the sake of anything except to do what I thought was God's will.

Bro. White has said in reference to the work that I have done full work, as much as any one would have done, and though I plead no excuse for my shameful failures, I would say that many of the mistakes and grievances I have committed, would have been less probably if I had been in better condition of body. I know if I had clung to Jesus, I would have found His grace sufficient. [rest of letter missing]

Letter 136, 1894, pp. 1-3. (To W. C. White, January 8, 1894.)

I have just received and read a letter from Fannie and it has the right ring in it and I am so thankful that she is trying to surrender herself to God as she has never done before. I will hope and pray that this trial may work our good and the glory of God....

After you shall consider the whole matter, and think it all over, and pray about it, let me know what is the impression on your mind in regard to my taking Fannie back. I want to do exactly as the Master would have me to do. If the warnings given have called Fanny to repentance and she appears to be truly converted, then will it be best to trust her with this matter? Let me know what I should do. I could not ask a more full confession. I have dealt very plainly with her and I do now greatly desire to move in the way of the Lord. I want His counsel and it seems to me we have come to a crisis in our work. I have, after talking plainly with Fannie, refused to see her again.

I have not had my usual amount of sleep since the camp meeting. Several mornings, could not sleep past two a.m. I have been weighed down with perplexity and with great distress of mind. The future looks so uncertain to me, so full of perplexities. If Fannie is dropped out, who will do the work? After reading the enclosed letter from her, then you can better tell what decisions to make.

The weather is changeable. I have ridden out quite a number of times with Brother and Sister Starr. We have consulted together over the case of Fannie, for Fannie has sought his counsel and she feels almost in despair at the prospect of being sent back to Battle Creek. But since this letter came, I have had a glimmering hope that the change in her may call for a change of decision in me. This is my desire, to know what position I should take at this time. If you have any counsel, please give it. Oh, if you had only written to me when you would come back, then I could have something to work to....

I will not urge that you come back before your business is done unless you think it best by all means for Fannie to go back to America.

Letter 137, 1894, p. 1. (To W. C. White, Early 1894.)

I have concluded to give Fannie another trial. I think this must be the will of God, for our Lord knoweth how hard it is for her to humble her pride and acknowledge her mistakes. We must help her all we can, and I believe she will yet be able to walk humbly with God.... I have felt on the eve of saying I will go to Sydney this very day and talk matters over with you and Elder Olsen, but this may not be the best plan and I think we can adjust the matter of Fannie, perhaps, this time. But it is no use to encourage taking up other lines of work to any extent for this variety of business suits her exactly and disqualifies her to give due consideration to the writings. She comes to them wearied in body and in mind and dashes through them without due forethought and earnest prayer. I will now leave this matter.

Letter 59, 1894, entire letter. (To Bro. Olsen, February 5, 1894.)

Dear Brother Olsen, I am carrying a heavy burden, and I can bear this no longer alone. I wish you to make calculations to return to this place. Some matters, in reference to my writings, must come before you and Willie. I shall have nothing more done upon them until I lay the matter before you, and you must give time to read some of these chapters, if not all of them.

Brother Starr came to me and talked with me in reference to things Fannie had said to him. He said he was reading from the testimonies, and making remarks in regard to the clear light presented before them for us in these last days, and spoke of the beautiful language used in a certain testimony. Fannie took him after meeting and asked him if he thought it was right to give all the credit to Sister White, and make no mention of the workers, Marian and herself. She said the ideas and preparations of the articles were almost entirely changed from the writings of Sister White, that her writings came in such a shape that they had to be made all over and that she got all the credit, and those who were engaged in fitting up these articles received no recognition. Elder Starr said he met her squarely, and said, "What do you mean by saying these things to me?" He said it went like a dagger to his heart. She has talked these things to Marian

and Marian has been led into much of the same views, but not to the extent of Fannie.

Well, I felt like a wounded stricken deer, ready to die. I had been warned of this before, twice in Preston and three times in New Zealand. A similar warning was given me as in the case of Mary Clough, but this did not fully arouse me to the danger, and to the real situation. I will not take time to explain these warnings. Not long before I left New Zealand, while in camp meeting, it was represented to me. We were gathered in a room of quite a company, and Fannie was saying some things in regard to the great amount of work coming from her hands. She said, "I cannot work in this way. I am putting my mind and life into this work, and yet the ones who make it what it is, are sunk out of sight and Sister White gets the credit for the work." I said some very pointed things. I said, "Your ambition to be first and do some great thing is doing you harm; you will certainly lose your soul if you are not thoroughly transformed in character, and after hearing your words which you did not mean I should hear, I understand your spirit. It is not Christ you are following, but another leader, and I dare no longer place my writings in your hands." [20]

Again I was listening to earnest talk between herself and Marian, and it was of that character that gave me great pain of heart. A voice spoke to me, "Beware and not place your dependence upon Fannie to prepare articles or to make books. She cuts out words that should appear, and places her own ideas and words in their stead, and because she has done this she has become deceived, deluded, and is deceiving and deluding others. She is your Adversary. Additions and subtractions are made that do not represent your simplicity. She is not true to her duty, yet flatters herself that she is doing a very important work."

I am now brought where I lay down my pen. I cannot write even on the Life of Christ, until I understand whether my writings are to come forth with Fannie's ideas and language, or with Marian's ideas and fixing up and the productions are claimed to be Marian's and Fannie's. Let this impression be made on the minds of our ministers, and of what value or force will the testimonies be to them. I have called a halt and here I stand until some things are decided. I request Elder Daniells, Elder Rousseau and Willie C. White come to help

me just as soon as you can adjust your business and let us counsel together, and see some way to adjust these matters. I have plainly but kindly told Fannie, I have no confidence in her as far as her reformation within the last three or four weeks is concerned. Her ardent love for praise and ambition was very similar to that presented to me in regard to the workings of Satan in the heavenly courts to bring disaffection among the angels, and she would repeat the same course she had pursued, and I could not trust her and depend on her. I beg you will come to my help just as soon as possible, but I am not willing Elder Olsen should return to America before these matters have a most thorough, careful investigation. I do not think I can in the future have any copy placed in the hands of Fannie. I would come at once to you but do not think that that would be wisdom.

We have for the first time taken our meal together in our dining room. I spoke in Brighton last Sunday. 100 were present. It was a most oppressive day. I have not been well. The reasons are evident in that which I have placed before you. Fannie seems broken and humbled, but a counter current will set in another direction any time. I am writing by lamp light. I commenced about 2:30 A.M. I feel distressed to send this to you, but the time has fully come for something to be done.

Letter 7, 1894, entire letter. (To Fannie Bolton, February 6, 1894.)

Sister Fannie, I declined seeing you this morning, for I am not well enough to bear anything more, either good or bad, that will have a tendency to affect my heart. I slept very little last night. I must be relieved from all responsibility in your case. The experience of the years past wherein you have handled the most sacred things, has not increased your love for or confidence in them. In your mind they are too often placed on a level with common things; but the ideas, words, and expressions, which seem to you rather inferior, and which you regard as non-essential, may be the very things that should appear as they are, in their simplicity. You replace these according to that which you suppose is your superior judgment, when the words were better, far better than the ones supplied by you. The writings given you, you have handled as an indifferent matter,

and have often spoken of them in a manner to depreciate them in the estimation of others. In this you have been disloyal to me.

In the same manner, if you had the task given you of handling Old and New Testament writings, you would see large improvements to be made, great additions and subtractions and changes of expression; you would put in words and ideas to suit your standard of how it should appear. We should then have Fannie Bolton's life and expressions, which would be considered by you a wonderful improvement; but disapproved of God. Your discernment of sacred things is not clear, but confused. You approve that which is defective, the things bearing the divine stamp you would mold over, and not appreciate. In changing, you would not improve, but would weaken and dilute with your supposed sparkling ideas.

Now, my sister, I do not want you to be any longer connected with me in my work. I mean now, for your good, that you should never have another opportunity of being tempted to do as you have done in the past. From the light given me of the Lord, you are not appreciating the opportunities which you have had abundantly, to be instructed and to bring the solid timbers into your character building. The work in which you have been engaged has been regarded as a sort of drudgery, and it is hard for you to take hold of it with the right spirit, and to weave your prayers into your work, feeling that it is a matter of importance to preserve a spirit wholly in harmony with the Spirit of God. Because of this lack you are not a safe and a capable worker. Your mind is subject to changes; first it is elated, then depressed. The impression made by this frequent change is startling. Self-control is not brought into your life. You choose a life of change, crowded with different interests and occupations, therefore you cannot possibly put your life, as you suppose you have done, into this work; you are most wonderfully deceived in thinking you do this. God sees the whole mold given to the work in every department. Self is not hid in God, and self is mingled with everything. All you engage in tastes so strongly of the dish that it is not acceptable to God.

I had hoped that the lessons constantly brought before you in the writings you were handling would have a marked influence to mold and fashion your life and character after the divine image, the meekness and lowliness of Christ. But instead of being molded

by the Holy Spirit, you seek to work the Holy Spirit to your mold, which is decidedly a defective pattern. Therefore I say, all that is good in your labor has a dead fly in it, like a bottle of excellent ointment, the fragrance of which is spoiled because of the dead fly. The spirit which you bring to the preparation of the articles placed in your hands prevents the Spirit of God from working to impress your mind as it should.

[22] If Marian had not exerted her influence very strongly to have you retained in my service after we left Preston, I should have had another to take your place. But the representation of the difficulty in educating a novice in the work has prevented me from doing that which I am now thoroughly convinced I should have done as far back as when in Battle Creek before coming to this country. You have worked hard enough; I make no complaint of your not doing enough, but that to which I object is the spirit with which you come to the work. In a large office, where you would have a variety of matters to handle, your ability would have a more appropriate field. You could dash off the matter in your own style, as a mechanical work, molding and fashioning it to suit yourself. Every time I can distinguish a word of yours, my pen crosses it out.

I have so often told you that your words and ideas must not take the place of the words and ideas given me of God, that the repetition of that is utterly useless. You have chosen your own way, and mingled self with your work, and have become less and less sensible of the danger to your own self and to the work. You have come to think that you were the one to whom credit should be given for the value of the matter that comes from your hands. I have had warnings concerning this, but could not see how I could come to the very point to say, "Go, Fannie," for then you plead, "Where shall I go?" and [I] try you again.

One thing I know, that you have placed a much higher estimate upon your capabilities and attainments than would be truly realized by yourself or others, for your work is deficient in the very essentials that would make it complete. We are engaged in a work that is weighty with eternal results. To have oil in our vessels with our lamps is the great daily necessity for every soul, and this cannot safely be neglected.

Truth, eternal, testing, must be not only professed, but acted. The vials of wrath are to be poured upon the inhabitants of the world who would not be drawn to Christ, and would not be molded into His likeness. Self exaltation was so strongly impregnating the whole character that God would not use them, and His curse is to come upon all such, who have not been beholding Christ, being changed into His image. God has "loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." All are chosen who through obedience to all the commandments of God will become loyal subjects of His kingdom.

What are we about? We are keepers of a light that must illumine all nations. It is the taper kindled at the divine altar that must illuminate the world, else men would perish in their sins. O, if those who have an intelligent knowledge of the truth would submit themselves to God, if His holy law regulated your life, if its principles were developed in your character, there would not be so many false moves, so much selfish surface work; but every one would catch the spirit of the Author of the saving message, the message that is to test all nations. If the law of God were brought into character, every soul would feel the burden and solemnity of the work of sending the message of mercy to all to whom we can gain access to make ready a people to stand in the day of the Lord. Now is the day of God's preparation.

I have a word to say upon another point. Our sisters who have come from America have an account to render before God of their example in dress; in this matter they have not been approved of God as His missionaries. We need to be converted, soul, body, and spirit. Shall we by our example lead to pride, to selfish indulgence and selfish expenditure of means in dress that testifies that we are not the doers of the word? The principles were presented before me, which are not as God would have them. I am not called upon to specify, but to warn *you to take heed*.

The spirit that characterizes your work, Fannie, is not discerned by many, yourself or others. They cannot see the true inwardness of these matters, but it manifests itself on certain occasions. Although you are full of activity and zeal and stir and push, there is so much of one-sided, impulsive, ill-developed movements, that the results

are of the same order as the working. God's chosen vessels will work under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. You have worked largely under the sustaining influence of the self-satisfaction you have cherished, feeling that you were doing a large work. But winnow the wheat from the chaff and there will be very few kernels of pure grain. But the many judge from outward appearance, not from the spirit and real results.

We are living in an age represented as being like that before the flood. All who now plead for souls should in their dress and deportment carry the modesty and marks of the Lord Jesus. They must wait, watch, and pray for the Holy Spirit to be abundantly bestowed. We must take in the idea of Christianity; in conversation and in dress we must represent the truth. A decided guard must be placed upon the human agents in regard to the impressions they are making upon others in deportment and in dress. The Bible is our guide; study its teachings with a purpose to obey, and you need make no mistakes.

Our dress should be in strict accordance with the character of our holy faith. [[1 Timothy 2:9-10](#); [1 Peter 3:3-5](#) quoted.] There is need of putting more of the Bible precept into the dress, as well as the inward adorning into the character.

Fannie, wherever you go, wherever you may be, you need to study that the colors and material and style of your dress should be adapted to, and correspond with, your age and to the faith you profess. You remember I made the remark to Elder Olsen that when at Preston you were destitute of suitable clothing and felt too poor to supply yourself with what you should have. The remarks you made showed that you did not understand me. I want to be understood now. You need comfortable underclothing, which you must have in order to have health. But I certainly do not, in all respects, approve of your style of dress. I felt rather sad and ashamed when you stood upon the platform before the large crowd under the tent, with that light, large-figured dress. It was not appropriate for the occasion. Your judgment in the matter of dress may be much improved, and I hope you will not consult your dress-maker but those who are of sensible minds and who will not flatter you or have any guile in their mouths as to suitable clothing that will make a proper impression upon the minds of both believers and unbelievers. We who claim to be in the light,

and who take prominent positions to instruct others in children's meetings, need to be severely plain, yet tidy and tasteful, in dress; we should not give a semblance of excuse to any for patterning after the worldly, changing fashions of this corrupt age. Those who dress after the order given in the Bible can, with appropriate words, help others to reach a proper standard. Do not come to me to ask how you shall dress. If our sisters have the Spirit of God, abiding as a living principle in the heart, they will not in a single instance give occasion for any to turn aside the counsels of God by quoting the ministers' wives or those engaged in giving Bible-readings. Ever have your dress of good, durable material, and modest colors; let it be made plainly, without adornment. You certainly need to improve in your style of dress.

Fannie, you have proposed the query, Was it right for credit to be given to Sister White for the books she published, when those who worked up the matter were not recognized? Your ideas were put into the books and papers, and yet sunk out of sight.

Your position has been represented to me by the history of Aaron and Miriam as given in the Scriptures. Aaron and Miriam became displeased with Moses because of his marriage. They cherished these feelings, which had their origin wholly in self. They thought Moses regarded himself as superior to them, and they must ever stand as second. This state of feeling was just what Satan desired to bring about. It was in his lines to carry forward the work he began in heaven. He framed his temptations, adapting them to the circumstances; for in his methods of working he can transform himself into an angel of light. Satan could not touch the head, the reasoning faculties, the eyes of the mind; but he could make things which the outward eye looked upon appear in accordance with his subtle working.

The very same effect would be produced upon the mind as if the eyes were blinded. Satan insinuates himself, professing to have a very great interest in the prosperity of the children of Israel. Aaron and Miriam became one in mind. They communicated with one another, and they said, "Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? Hath he not spoken also by us?" Mark that which follows: "*And the Lord heard it.*"

[24]

The Lord hears many things which human beings say, and He understands the current of evil started into intense activity by words spoken in secret, and by the principles cherished, which have a controlling power upon the character. If persons could always consider that there is a Witness present to hear every word they speak, even in the secret chamber, there would be fewer private communications from human lips to leaven the minds of others by their exalted ideas and evil suggestions, which are voicing the temptations of the great deceiver. So great is his power of dissimulation, his skill in acting, that the Lord alone could fathom his work in corrupting human minds. Let every human being in their secret conferences with others to obtain sympathy remember these words: "*And the Lord heard it.*"

There was One who could vindicate Moses. Hear His testimony; the words come sounding down along the lines to our time, evidencing that the mind of God is not in agreement with the thoughts of men: [[Numbers 12:3-10](#) quoted.] These things are written "for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." The Lord had chosen Moses to do a certain work, and had bidden him go with the message to Pharaoh, but Moses begged to be excused. [[Exodus 4:10-13](#).] Unbelief in his own ability led to distrust of God. Moses had been absent from Egypt for forty years. For this long period the discipline of the humble shepherd's life was necessary to prepare him for his great work. He was naturally of an impetuous spirit, full of ambition and zeal to carry out his ideas and plans, working after his own imaginings to bring about the deliverance of Israel. He must be pruned and cut back, like the branches of the spreading, trailing vine. In the solitude of the mountains he passed his time for forty years, being disciplined in the school of Christ for the manifestation of God.

In his youthful experience in Egypt, Moses had been praised and petted, and he had attracted the people to himself. His praises had been sung as the chief captain of armies, and he was pleased and elated with flattery. But the Lord saw beneath the surface of outward appearance; He saw that Moses must have an altogether different kind of experience. Among the mountain solitudes he learned from nature far more in regard to the character of God than he had learned in all his previous life as the king's grandson, the protective ruler of

the kingdom of Egypt. He was a mighty general of armies, he was a man quick to devise and execute, ready in speech, and eloquent in language; but during his long absence from Egypt he had to a great extent lost his command of the language, and thought himself unable to speak. But God promised to be with him, and asked, "Who hath made man's mouth? Or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? Have not I the Lord? Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and will teach thee what thou shalt say. And he said, O my Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou shouldst send." (margin).

[25]

The confidence of Moses in his own abilities had greatly lessened while he was in the employment of a shepherd. He came into that meek, humble position where he did not trust in his education, though it was of the highest order that could be gained in Egypt. In his experience he had learned that he could make none but God his trust. This lesson is what each human being must know if he gains the future, immortal life. The lessons that Moses learned in the solitudes of the mountains, while he pastured the flock, gave him the right kind of experience, so that he could be taken by the God of Israel, the great I AM, and be placed in the cleft of the rock and covered with the hand of God, that his life should not be extinguished by a view of the face of God, and the Lord revealed to him His glory, and he was enabled to endure "as seeing Him who is invisible."

This revelation of the character of God is plainly delineated that man may learn the lesson as to what God is, and learning this, may ever see his own human weakness and inefficiency, and may realize that his strength is gone, for there is nothing given it to feed upon. The case of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram is written for the admonition of those who live in these last days. These histories are to be studied. Aaron was made mouth-piece for Moses, and because Aaron and Miriam were honored with a part in the work, they thought they were equal to Moses, and were indeed a very essential part of the great whole. They felt that credit should be given to them, and that Moses should not have all the honor.

Let the human agent consider that in any position where God has placed him, he must put entire confidence in God. The righteousness of the unfallen beings of the eternal world, and of the inhabitants

of this world fallen because of sin, is conditional upon their faithful obedience to the law of God, which is holy, just, and good. All created beings must derive their life from God. Not one can be, or do good, only as he lives in daily dependence upon God. And not a soul is righteous any longer than he is in vital relation to God, the source of all virtue, of life, of love, of power. A plant can retain its vital properties only as it is in vital relation with the soil, the air, the light, the dew, the showers. Even so must we be in relation with Christ. But too many give undue prominence and glory to mere human and earthly elements, and lose sight of the divine power; as the result they are held fast in the slavery of wrong habits and practices. The moral attributes are weak because they are not strengthened by constant exercise to meet every emergency that shall appear in the life experience.

[26] The judgment of God has, with you, been questioned because it did not act in harmony with the perverse and degenerate will of yours. God is misinterpreted by human agents who feel sure they understand and know themselves better than God knows them. They ask, as you have done, "Why does God do this?" And, "Why does God not do that?" Their own finite ideas would prescribe for God, and mark out His way, seeking to bring Him to their own human standard.

An illustration was given me of a tree full of beautiful fruit. I was shown Fannie gathering the fruit, some ripe, the best, some unripe. She put it in her apron, and said, "This is mine. It is mine." I said, "Fannie, you are certainly claiming that which is not yours. That fruit belongs to that tree. Any one may pluck and enjoy it, but it belongs to that tree."

The power of discerning good and evil is an attribute from God, and unless the human agents are in vital connection with God, they cannot discern spiritual things. They will call good evil, they will call evil good. The prayer of Solomon was, "Give thy servant an understanding heart, that I may judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad." The attempt to gain supremacy is a terrible snare to the soul. There is an influence of self exaltation and glorification that is as poisonous malaria, even among those who think they are engaged in missionary work. Self is interwoven in all they do; they feast upon sympathy, and hunger to receive praise;

they gather their power from human beings, who are erring, wanting in discernment, panting for approbation. When those of a like character associate together, it is not to partake of angels' food, but to eat of the fruit which is as the apples of Sodom. All who link themselves with those who will praise and flatter them, are binding their souls in unholy bonds; and unless they break these bonds, and fasten their affections upon God, they will too late find themselves naked, destitute of the robe of Christ's righteousness.

I am now in great trial. I see that Fannie has not understood spiritual things. She knew not that she was entertaining Satan's flatteries in vain thoughts, flattering thoughts of herself, her capabilities, and her efficiency. The precious ore has become so thoroughly mixed with the dross that on every favorable occasion the dross appears. There is exaggeration with her of her own supposed superior ideas and sentiments, there is a surface work, a wonderful activity, but O, so little soundness of the genuine meekness and lowliness of Christ.

When I take the position which I am sorry, very sorry, to take, that I cannot consistently continue the connection with Fannie by entrusting her with my writings as I have done, some will misjudge me because they think she has sincerely repented; but the fact that she has not had respect for the writings, will endanger the work I am called of the Lord to do. The fact that her mind could be tampered with so often again and again by the enemy, that she could be led to regard the writings as she has regarded them, will be a temptation to place them at a disadvantage. This past experience has given a mold to the thoughts, and has fashioned the mind and judgment. I can see no safety in trusting the matter the Lord shall give me in the hands of one of such unstable, unreliable developments of character that a balance wheel is needed constantly, else she will be running off on a side track where Satan may choose to lead the way. Fannie is so wrapped up in her own exalted estimation of herself that any contrary influence that has been brought to bear upon her mind meets with a resistance that is according to the attributes of the enemy. The surroundings, the impulses, give tone and character to the whole life. There are too large and important interests at stake in this matter to be lightly imperiled. Should I consent that Fannie remain in connection with the work, there would be a constant burden of foreboding upon me, for these elements of character are not easily

changed. The work which she has handled, she does not always appreciate as necessary or essential, and if she dared, would mold them all over.

The Lord God is a discerner of the thoughts, as well as a hearer of every word that falls from human lips. He can make crooked things straight by disconnecting certain elements from His work. But should I attempt to vindicate my course to those who do not appreciate the spiritual character of the work which is laid upon me; it would only expose myself and the work to misconception and misrepresentation. To present the matter before other minds would be useless, for there are but few who are really so connected with God [who] see beneath the surface appearance as to understand it. This work is one that I cannot explain.

To take the step which I am now convicted must be taken causes me much suffering of mind. When I state that Fannie never has loved the character of the work, I state the truth. She has never yet discerned its nature, and her nature and temperament are such that I am convinced that unless there is an entire transformation of character, she will never know more of it than she does at present. It is as a rock of offense for her and others to stumble over because they do not know and, unless they are converted, they can never know the inwardness of its sacred bearings; it is all outside of them, having never experienced the nature of it for themselves. The mortification of failure and the anguish of mind that Fannie is now passing through, I cannot mistake for repentance, or conversion, or transformation of character.

Just before coming to this country, in order to help Fannie I consented to make another trial after she had given me the assurance which she now repeats, that her feelings in regard to the work had wholly changed. I followed my best judgment, against all my friends who knew Fannie's course of action, hoping she had gained wisdom from God, and would really love the work. I knew that she was naturally unbalanced in mind, but thought that through the light given of God, the appeals constantly made presenting definite reproofs to some and general reproofs to others, she would learn the lessons that it was her privilege to learn, and become strengthened in character. Thus she would obtain wisdom to prepare the precious matter placed in her hands, so that it might work for the saving of her soul as well

as the souls of others. But she has been so occupied with other things which opened for her different avenues to engross the mind, that she does not give proper time and due consideration to the work.

She dashes through the matter with scarcely an idea that it is anything important coming from God, and that it must be duly cared for. She supplies her words, that in her human judgment she supposes are better than the words in the manuscript, which I have to critically guard. She accomplishes a large amount of work in a way that is not the best. Sacred things are made common, and are treated in a very careless and indifferent, irreverent manner.

Now those who have but little experimental knowledge of my work do not see why Fannie cannot do this work better than any one else. Certainly she is capable, they say. But she has accustomed herself to work with a rush; she has not felt that she was handling anything sacred, and she has put her spirit and her feelings into the work. My prayer is that God will convert the poor child, that she may understand the leadings of His Holy Spirit.

The character of Saul is a marked one. There was strength and weakness combined. Gifts of talent were bestowed upon him, and had he consecrated these gifts wholly to God, he would not have dishonored himself by his own transgression. Contradictory elements were bound up in his character, and he worked at cross purposes with God. At times he revealed marked simplicity, and then was guilty of manifesting a jealous and overbearing spirit. He would be very tender and full of sympathy toward some who pleased him, as the notion came upon him, and then would be unjust and cruel toward his best friends. When brought under the influence of sacred and vocal music, he would catch the spirit of devotion, and pour forth the most impassioned expressions of lofty eloquence, in ecstasies of praise and prayer. While under this excitement, he would give himself no rest day nor night until the reaction came. Then his strength failed, and he was exhausted. When the paroxysm of wild excitement and inordinate zeal had spent itself, he would reveal his old disposition. When his will was crossed, he was in a fury, and his words and deeds were of a character entirely dishonoring to himself, and more dishonoring to God. Good and evil were ever in collision, evil ever striving for the supremacy.

[28]

Fannie, unless you are born again, and take yourself in hand, unless you seek the grace of God every day and every hour, making God your shield, you will meet with the loss of your soul. The great strife of your soul has been for recognition. You have deceived yourself and deceived others in regard to your true standing religiously. Human beings, deceived by your apparent zeal, give you credit for advanced spirituality, and mind acts and reacts upon mind. You enjoy human praise, and think that persons give you due appreciation, when they are not perfect in wisdom; links are formed with human agents that bind the soul away from God. Are these delusions to last until it is too late to seek that help which cometh alone from God? Will precious souls, in their supposed trials, perplexities and disappointments, seek counsel alone from God, not from erring, finite human beings?

The path of obedience to God is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. We are to climb the rounds of the ladder. God is above it. His light is shining on every round of this ladder. It is by the difficult steps of faith and self-denial that the top of the ladder is reached. To all who choose to be guided by their own judgment and impulses, life will be a failure; for they discard God's ways, and follow the human, perverse, passionate will. They are bent upon having their own way. God has a special work for every one to do, and those who do this work trustingly, in the meekness and lowliness of Christ, will do it well.

Take heed lest these warnings be lightly regarded, and you go far into the paths of worldliness in dress, worldliness of practices, and at last find that the door is shut, and you are outside, a foolish virgin.

Letter 88, 1894, entire letter. (To W. C. White, February 6, 1894.)

The mail received a letter written by me yesterday. Emily copied a part of it, and two pages I said she need not copy and so I did not send them. You may not obtain any thing but a confused idea of the matter which has been the cause of great suffering of mind to me. In Battle Creek, Fannie pleaded hard and with tears to come with me to engage with me in the work of preparing articles for the papers.

She declared she had met with great change, and was not at all the person she was when she told me she desired to write herself and could not consent that her talent would be buried up in the work of preparing my articles for the papers and books. She felt she was full of the matter and had talent she must put to use in writing which she could not do connected with me. I said, "I release you now, Fannie," but she persisted that she must hold on to the preparation of some articles when she went to Ann Arbor, and not entirely let go. Marion persuaded me this I had better do, for it would be a great discouragement to Fannie if I refused her request. Fannie stated afterwards that these articles were the means of saving her from ruin. You know I was so unwise as it appears to me now, to grant her request to come with me to this country and throw in her interest heart and soul as she persisted with many tears she would do, and she was very positive she would never cause me sorrow and perplexity again because of her pride and self-ambition and self-will. How this had been fulfilled you know something, but very little of the real facts in the case are known. But all that occurred in Preston was one series of sufferings and distress and agony of mind to me on her account. The Lord gave me in Preston the most blessed experience of my life. He made me to have peace and rest in the love of His presence, and His grace kept me cheerful, happy and joyful. While God was working with me in a most wonderful manner, the enemy was working just as decidedly with Fannie. And that working has continued from that time till the present. Warnings were given me, but I did not act upon them, thinking I would be at Melbourne much sooner than I was. The delay in consequence of the camp meeting we decided to have in Wellington, kept us in New Zealand for a much longer period than we anticipated.

I was greatly pained during the camp meeting in Brighton at the positions of trust given to Fannie in placing upon her so fully the responsibility of the children. I knew that others ought to know it was not a proper thing to do, in consideration of her make-up in character. Others should have been connected with her to make up for deficiencies she could not discern existed in herself, but others ought to be intelligent to discern these defects, and guard on every point against them, in placing her in so responsible a place. But I was not able to change the order of things, and I positively could not

unite with her in that work for reason of the warnings I had received while in Preston and New Zealand. After you had left Melbourne I felt very much distressed. I had a burden, a great burden for the future of my work, and I could not discern how to change the order of things. Again the warning came, "Fannie is your adversary, and is misleading minds by entertaining the suggestions of Satan as did Eve in Eden." Her love of ambition, her love of praise, and her idea of her own ability and talents was the open door Satan had entered to not only ruin her soul, but to imperil the work given me of God.

While I was depressed in mind and distressed almost beyond measure, as to what was the matter now, and how I should meet it, Elder Starr was burdened and I thought I should not be left in darkness in reference to the workings of the mind of Fannie. She had made statements to Elder Starr which I think I mentioned in my former letter, asking him if he thought it was right to give all the credit to Sr. White for the published writings when others had so much to do in their preparation, and she made strange statements to him which shows a mind influenced by the power of Satan.

In the conversation I had with Fannie, I asked her to tell me what she would have done. Should it be published Mrs. E. G. White, Fannie Bolton, and Marion Davis are a company concern in these productions? "Oh," she says, "I do not know, I do not know. I have been tempted. I am full of pride." Well, considerable was said which I cannot take time to write. I have told her plainly, I dare not employ her longer, for the door of her heart was open to any and every temptation. In the place of her voicing the suggestions of Satan as the voice of God, why did she not, like a faithful worker, open the matter to the one concerned? Why did she not utter a word to me but go to Emily [Campbell] and May [Walling] and talk with them?

I find she has talked with Colcord and his wife, Sister Salisbury and how many others remain to be developed. Is not this the work of a traitor? What harm could not such an one do me in sowing doubts and questionings in the minds of those who have not an experimental knowledge in the work given me of God?

She says to Elder Starr, "I have some precious thoughts the Lord gives me, and I have expressed these to Marion, and the next thing she puts them in Sr. White's articles on the Life of Christ, and they

are supposed to be her thoughts.” And to have her talent buried up and unrecognized beneath the writings that pass for Sister White she does not think is right. Who has supposed she was putting her words and her ideas in the place of the words and ideas given to her in the writings of Sister White? “Oh,” she said to me, “I have put my life into those articles published.” Now, it is not a correct statement. I want not her life, or words, or ideas into these articles. And the sooner this bubble is burst, the better for all concerned, the necessity for this wonderful talent be understood, and Fannie come to her senses. I have now no knowledge of how we shall come out, and what I shall do. I am afraid that Fannie cannot be trusted. I told her she had been sowing the seeds of evil, like thistle’s seed, that she can never gather up. A person with so little judgment and caution that cannot discern from cause to effect, but goes on in her own perverse imaginings, and pours out the suggestions of Satan into other minds is not to be trusted. It is the work of a traitor. If she has done the work, as she has represented to other minds she has done, so that she thinks credit should be given her for her talent brought into my writings, then it is time that this firm is dissolved. If she has done this work, which she has represented to others has been as much her talent, her production of ideas and construction of sentences as mine, and in “beautiful language,” then she has done a work I have urged should not be done, again and again; and she is unworthy of any connection with this work.

Now it remains that the articles be examined critically and decisions be made accordingly, for this must not go with only a passing notice. The leaven has been placed in other minds and not one suggestion expressed to me, the only one to whom these thoughts should be expressed. What did she think these persons could do to relieve the situation to whom she has opened her mind so freely? She was in the house with me in Preston, and she talked with May Walling, and Emily Campbell who was newly connected with me and my work. I was in the house. She could speak to me any time, but not one word or hint of this matter came to me. For two full years this leaven has been affecting her mind, and how many other minds the judgment alone can reveal, of putting the whole matter under a cloud and doubt. Is it human or divine? The work God has

given me has been placed in her estimation on a level with her own productions, and this is the impression she has given.

As near as I can represent it to you is, that she has in a most exaggerated way represented as though the productions from my pen were more the mold of her talent than anything from me, that she made it all over, thus she has represented to me. I told her that I have placed the writings in her hands and repeated to you over and over again that I wanted my words and my ideas to appear in every case.

She must not substitute her words or her ideas. I want not my words to be changed for her words. She stated that W.C.W. had read articles she had done just according to my directions in preparing, and he told her she must do more to it, etc. Now I am in trouble and this matter must be settled. I think Fannie's influence is not good, and while she appears to be a zealous worker, she is awful busy, yet the influence is not of the right quality. I told her I could not see how I could feel the least safety in keeping her connected with me. I had had no harmony of spirit with her. And if she could be so thoroughly deceived when she claimed to be imbued with so great a missionary spirit, and to be so zealous a worker in the cause, what could I expect in the future?

The light given was, "She is your adversary." The light given me on one occasion was that of Aaron and Miriam. They both occupied a prominent position. Both stood in estimation of the people, only second to Moses. The same spirit that first brought discord in heaven, sprung up in the heart of Miriam, and she repeated to Aaron her thoughts, that due credit was not given to them. She had ability to place this matter in a light to gain sympathy, as though she had been kept out of sight, and her talent not recognized, neither was Aaron's. Please read the history and that written in [Patriarchs and Prophets, 368-371](#). Aaron had been mouth-piece for Moses, and Miriam was a teacher of the women. But now come whisperings between the brother and the sister in murmurings and jealousies against Moses, and they were guilty of disloyalty, not only to their Leader appointed of God but God Himself. This burden of jealousy for their own honor and glory were not left to be planted in the minds of the camp of Israel, but the Lord who reads the secrets of all hearts takes this

matter in hand; for the matter left to go uncorrected would create a rebellion in the camp of Israel: [[Numbers 12:5-8](#) quoted.]

What words have been spoken by Fannie? Hath not God seen the spirit of jealousy, the spirit of ambition and pride struggling for human honor and recognition? This history is designed as a warning to all who will pursue a similar course as Aaron and Miriam. He who reads the heart will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart. Those who give place to Satan's suggestions in their desperate efforts in panting for recognition of talents they flatter themselves that they possess, will be so blinded by the enemy that they will not discern sacred things in distinction from the common. They will bring accusations against those whom God has called to act in certain positions in His cause.

I have written to you quite fully, and I leave it with you to act as you shall judge best. Marion has not discerned the inward working of this matter, and has been deceived and affected in a degree by Fannie's statements of the case. We are now compelled to look deeper than the surface. But I leave this matter for you to do as you think best. I am in a very grave perplexity and when I see how Satan works to take the very ones who ought to be intelligent and sharp as steel to understand their position before God, and their privileges and honor to have a part in the work, become disloyal, surmising, and whispering evil and putting the same into other minds, it is time decisive measures are taken that will correct the disaffection before it shall spread farther. [32]

I will now say, we are all generally well. I of course am not but troubled and perplexed. Send me word after you read my letters by telegram when I may expect you. Letters are expected today from American mail.

Please make close inquiry in regard to the horse and phaeton and household goods. We can drive the horse through. Stephen has been with his trap more than half way to Sydney, and says he will drive through if we want him to. You can inquire whether it is best to go by boat, and the expense of duties and freightage, and write as soon as you ascertain. Much love to all in the faith. *See Addendum, p. 123.

W. C. White to E. G. White, February 9, 1894

We do not see any light in planning to send any of your workers to America at this time, nor in separating Fannie, entirely from your work. But it will [be] best to give her less to do, and less responsibility, and work in other help as we can train.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, February 9, 1894

I have desired very much to see you, but thought that I should not. I know that my presence would cause you pain. I have thought over all the past since my connection with you from the first, and see nothing but cruelty and sin in it all. It seems to me my course has been that of a blundering egotist all the way through. I have had and have manifested a lamentable lack of faith in God, and in His personal providences, and have never fully submitted self to the control of His Spirit. I can see just how Satan has come and has always found something in me whereby he could work to harrass and distress those with whom I was associated. Self has never died fully and therefore a door was left for the entrance of the enemy. The bottom of all my trouble has been self, and that is Satanic. I would keenly regret ever having had an association with the work, only that I still believe that God will work it for good, and from my heart I thank Him for the revelation He has given me of myself, and of my Saviour's compassion. I thank Him for this last bitter cup, and feel to say from the bottom of my heart, "The will of God be done."

No words can tell you how grieved I feel for the presumptuous course I took at Preston, in assuming to correct what I thought was a fault in you. I fear that this bitter doing of mine will never leave your memory. But rueing is not undoing. The course I took towards Emily and all, was very far from right. My heart was pressed by sorrow, was down physically to trample me under foot, and the Lord could not help me because of my unbelief. I do not, cannot, justify myself in the course I have taken. There was grace in Christ for every emergency, and I am condemned, and without excuse. Then about coming with you here to Australia, I fear I did you a terrible wrong again by my lack of faith in God. I felt that you were the servant of God, and that should I be with you, there would be more

hope of my salvation, than if I remained in any other branch of the work. I thought that were I editing your writings, I should be found in the time of the judgment giving meat in due season. But all this was putting you and the work in the place of the Saviour. I did not dare venture *all* on Christ.

[33]

When I came to Australia there was a heavy load on my heart, that I had never cast on the Lord, and besides everything else, this doubt of God's love to me made everything dark. What can I say to you for all the care and grief I have been the means of bringing upon you, who are so heavily burdened for the work of God? O, I pray your forgiveness. Pray to God for me, saying, "Father, forgive her; for she has not known what she has been doing."

In doing the work, I have looked at what was perplexing, and handling it day after day, have lost the real sense of its sacredness, and began to look upon it from a literary standpoint alone. I don't know that it is quite just to put it in that way, either; for I have had a sense of what it was to me, and to all, above that of a mere literary matter; but it is very clear that I did not have the exalted sense of its sacredness which I should have had. I have felt that I needed human sympathy and recognition, and this has led me to talk to others of what I had to do to the work. This was self of course, yet I must say what is only the truth, that I never cast a doubt upon the inspiration of the work. I have always declared, and believed the testimonies, and have never felt to doubt their divine origin. I am sure that everyone with whom I have spoken will tell you this fact. Sr. Daniells said that she said to her husband or to someone that my faith in the testimonies confirmed hers. When I spoke to Sr. Salisbury, asking her to forgive me for any word I had spoken to her in regard to my work on the matter, she said that instead of my influence leading her to discredit the testimonies in any way, she had been greatly strengthened by my faith, and that her husband had remarked on this change in her in this particular. She would be glad to tell you this herself. I have written to Elder Daniells and Elder Rousseau, telling them the mistake I have made in mentioning my troubles to them. I have told them that the trouble was self, and not the work, and I have gone to the root of everything, I think. But my faith in the testimonies is stronger today than ever, and I feel that I want to put my whole influence on the side of upbuilding the faith

of God's people in this great and sacred work. There is a proverb that says, "Experience is a dear school teacher, and fools will learn under no other." So it seems with me. But my submission to God is now entire, I hope and pray. I want this work to go to the bottom. I do not care how fully you expose this matter regarding my wicked selfishness. I want self to be rebuked, to be reproved, to be stabbed to the heart. My concern is not to have this matter hushed up from my brethren, even though it may lose for me all confidence, but that I may indeed die to self.

Through this trial God has dealt mercifully and kindly with me. Like a child who has been severely chastened, who turns to the father who has corrected, so I have been, and He like a pitying Father and Saviour, has taken me close to His great heart of love. However severe the testimony may be, I know it cannot be without a ray of hope for me. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

[34] I do not dare to ask for a reinstatement in the work. I do not wish to try your soul any further, and it may be that God sees me too weak to endure the test. Humiliating as it is, to go out of the work in disgrace and defeat, yet this would be far preferable to going through any more failures on this point. The Lord will have to begin with me at the bottom of the ladder. Maybe sometime, when it is demonstrated that Christ liveth in me, you may need help and I, like Peter who went at last to prison and to death, may yet do this work with no manifestation of self, but heartily as unto the Lord. I am not without hope. Mary Steward was dismissed, and the Lord has taken her through a school of a different character, and given her His blessing, and she is likely to be recalled to the work. Maybe the great wheel will turn sometime in my direction. But I submit all to God; He made me, died for me, weeps for me, loves me still, and will direct my path if I submit it all to Him.

I am sorrowful, yet rejoicing; chastened, but not killed. I praise the Lord for this trial, this exposure of self, and through His mercy, feel nothing but love to all, and abhorrence of self. O, Sr. White, pray that this may be no superficial work. Let the testimony go to the bottom of the trouble. I have felt that I could not live at your house any more, because of the unhappiness of Preston, but I want to tell you today that I never loved you as I do now. The kind manner

in which you spoke to me the other day, all your gentleness and kindness to me, all your faithfulness in dealing with my painful faults, testifies to me the nobility of your soul in Christ. My dear sister, of whom I am not worthy in the least, forgive me. Like Aaron and Miriam, who spoke against Moses, I would ask of you to “pray for me,” that I may be entirely healed. God will certainly hear your prayers in my behalf. He has not given me up yet, hopeless as my case may appear to men. At times the waves of despair have swept over me, but the Lord has let His promises shine into the darkness. I do not ask or expect that any of my brethren will do anything but condemn me. It is all I deserve, but it will not make any difference, since Jesus does not cast me away, but is willing to make me into another vessel as He thinks best, since what He tried to do for me was marred by my selfish resistance of His hand. O that it may only be the time when my name may be changed from Jacob to Israel! O that the salvation of God may come to my soul in renewing me into a new creature in Christ Jesus! O that the old man of sin may be crucified now and forever! O that I may have the assurance that “I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me!”

I give up all hope of a place in your work at present. I am all unworthy. I wait on God. I beg of you to cast all the care that my course has brought upon you, on God, and may the love of God yet make my life a blessing instead of a curse to you, the anointed of the Lord, is my prayer.

Letter 6, 1894, entire letter. (To Fannie Bolton, February 10, 1894.)

I received and read your letter, and assure you that my heart is deeply touched by its contents. I accept your confession. As far as yourself and your connection with me personally is concerned, I have and do freely forgive you. I have declined to see you for the reason that I am not clear in reference to the future. I want to keep this question constantly before God, and view the future of our relationship to each other in the work in His light, and move in His counsel. He sees the end from the beginning. He knows all things. Past, present and future are all clear to Him. If it is for our good

and His glory that we cooperate in the work, understanding more fully its sacred character, seeking to meet the highest requirements, through the grace of Jesus Christ, freely given to His workers if they ask Him, I shall be relieved. I would accept the situation, and seek in every way to do this His work which He has given me to do in all meekness and lowliness of mind, in order that the glory shall not come to the human agents, but flow back in rich streams to Him who hath given wisdom and ability to do this work.

The Lord is acquainted with us individually. Everyone born into the world is given his or her work to do, for the purpose of making the world better, and in doing our God-appointed work, we make ourselves better; for in doing the work given us of God, we individually live out the law and the gospel. Each one has his sphere, and if the human agent makes God his counsellor, then there will be no working at cross purposes with God. He allots to everyone a place and a work, and if we individually submit ourselves to be worked by the Lord, however confused and tangled life may seem to our eyes, God has a purpose in it all, and the human machinery, obedient under the hand of divine wisdom, will accomplish the purposes of God. As in a well-disciplined army, every soldier has his allotted work in the great work of God.

Life as it now appears is not what God designed it should be, and this is why there is so much that is perplexing; for there is much wear and friction. The man or woman that leaves the place God has given him or her, in order to please inclination, and act on his own devised plan, meets with disappointment, because he has chosen his way instead of God's way. There are those who accept positions of responsibility, but fail to sense the responsibility, and thus do haphazard work. Others accept a work for which they have no fitness, and they have no appreciation of the fact that they are under rule to God, and are ever striving to guide themselves, and to control their own being. Other individuals study to have their own way, and work out their plans, and God erects His barriers, and does not allow them to do as they would. They are the Lord's by creation and by redemption, and He will not allow them to have their own way, and be ever trying to set aside the will of God for some plan of their own. They are to fill the place God allotted to them, and

do the work the Lord has given into their hands. Willfulness and inclination cannot be the masters of the situation.

Our heavenly Father is our Ruler, and we must submit to His discipline. We are members of His family. He has a right to our service, and if one of the members of His family would persist in having his own way, persist in doing just that which he pleased, that spirit would bring about a disordered and perplexed state of things. We must not study to have our own way, but God's way and God's will.

I feel now, my sister, that let God speak, and we will say, "Not my will, but Thy will, O God be done." I know that human beings suffer much because they step out of the path that God has chosen for them to follow. They walk in the sparks of the fire they have kindled themselves, and the sure result is affliction, unrest and sorrow, which they might have avoided if they had submitted their will to God, and had permitted Him to control their ways. God sees that it is necessary to oppose our will and our way, and bring our human will into subjection. Whatever path God chooses for us, whatever way He ordains for our feet, that is the only path of safety. We are daily to cherish a spirit of childlike submission, and pray that our eyes may be anointed with the heavenly eyesalve in order that we may discern the indications of the divine will, lest we become confused in our ideas, because our will seems to be all controlling. With the eye of faith, with childlike submission as obedient children, we must look to God, to follow His guidance, and difficulties will clear away. The promise is, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee; I will guide thee with Mine eye."

[36]

The Lord has promised to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. Shall we take God at His word? If we come to God in a humble and teachable spirit, not with our plans all formed before we ask Him, and shaped according to our own will, but in submission, in willingness to be taught in faith, it is our privilege to claim the promise every hour of the day. We may distrust ourselves, and we need to guard against our inclinations and strong tendencies, lest we shall follow our mind and plans, and think it is the way of the Lord; but let us never disbelieve the word of the promise.

True and abiding happiness can never be derived from any human being. We may have special, select friends that, all unperceived and

unacknowledged by us, we place in the heart where God should be, and we can never perfect a round, full Christian experience until every earthly support is removed, and the soul centers its entire affections about God. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchmen waketh but in vain."

There is need of watching unceasingly the natural affections and tendencies of our own hearts, lest we become estranged from God, and place our affections on human beings to the dishonor of God; for our happiness will be imperiled unless we watch, and pray, and cherish the faith that works by love and purifies the soul. We must make God our trust.

Now Fannie, I am desirous for your best good, and wish that you may not have the least bit of vanity of mind in any direction. I am burdened for you. I want you should make a success of overcoming every temptation to be vain, or worldly, or self-sufficient; for it is death to spirituality. It places our souls open to the suggestions of Satan. O, I am sure our sisters from America in many respects have done great harm in influence to the work of God among the people of this country, and the converting power of God must be daily realized in their hearts and upon their characters, else Satan will use them as decoys to souls, although they may be zealously engaged in missionary work as far as appearances go, and yet God has been dishonored, God has not been glorified in all things, and heaven is disappointed.

I send these lines to you to give relief, if possible, with the assurance that I will seek to know the will of God in reference to our future work.

Letter 146, 1894, p. 4. (To W. C. White, March 29, 1894.)

We shall be glad to see you whenever you feel free to come. We are pleased with our household. Fannie has a room, the best in Brother McCullagh's hired house. It is on a hillside and surroundings healthful. I must stop now.

Letter 3, 1894, pp. 1-3. (To Whom It May Concern, July 19, 1894.)

While we were living at Preston, Victoria, a request was made by letter from F. E. Belden that I furnish articles for the *Youth's Instructor*, the publishers to pay me for so doing. I told Sr. Bolton of the request, saying that it would not be just or merciful to her [for me] to accept the proposition. She replied, "I cannot do more than I am now doing; but I have a great interest that you should write for that paper. I will do my part of the work in preparing the articles, if you will write them, and then furnish me help to copy them on the typewriter, and also to copy the numerous letters that you have to write...."

[37]

During the two months about the beginning of 1893, while Sr. Bolton was in Tasmania for her health, Sr. Davis spent nearly all her time in preparing matter for the Australian Conference, which was then in session, for the General Conference, and for individuals. For this I made no charge to the Conference. While I was in New Zealand, I wrote to Sr. Bolton at Melbourne to employ help whenever she required it, and I would pay the bill. This she did, and again I made no account to the Conference.... At the time of the camp meeting in Victoria, I employed Bro. Caldwell as typewriter [typist]. Sr. Bolton continued to prepare the articles, but she had other labor placed on her during the camp meeting, and could do no copying....

The preparation of *Instructor* articles has been no extra tax upon Sr. Bolton, for I have supplied her with help to copy my letters as well as the *Instructor* articles. For some time I have employed Sr. Mattie Lawrence, boarding her and paying her wages. It is a part of her work to do this extra copying for Sr. Bolton, which does not come into Sr. B's account or my own.

Letter 149, 1894, p. 1. (To W. C. White, July 30, 1894.)

Friday I called on Fannie. She is now in her room at Brother McKenzie's very nearly settled. I thought we could spare one quart of milk to Brother McKenzie each morning and one pint to Fannie. She is much pleased with her room.

Letter 152, 1894, p. 2. (To W. C. White, September 20, 1894.)

Sunday afternoon we rode to Prospect and Brother McCullagh said the church all wanted me to give the discourse, so I complied with their request. I send it with this letter. Fannie took it in longhand and got nearly the whole of it. She rode up with Brother and Sister Belden and your mother.

Fannie Bolton to Miss Malcolm, November 11, 1894

Concerning the matter of which I have written to you before, I will say that there is no reason why you or anyone else should be thrown into perplexity. Sr. White is the prophet of the Lord for the remnant church, and though the Lord has seen fit to choose one for this work who is not proficient in grammar and rhetoric, and this lack is supplied by others, yet she is responsible for every thought, for every expression in her writings. Every manuscript that is edited goes back to her for examination, and this work committed to those who have been called to labor in this branch, is not done without prayer and consecration. "The word of the Lord" comes to her; but if passing through the human channel, the human imperfection in education, leaves its impress, why should it be a perplexity? If God should lay upon another the trifling duty of putting the subject of a sentence in harmony with its verb, or the number or gender of a thing mentioned in harmony with the fact that determines the number or gender? There are many ways of expressing the same thought. We may say, "Sit down," "Take a chair," "the sun shines," "it is a bright day," "the atmosphere is illuminated," and not mar the thought in using different words. Now as far as changing Sr. White's expressions are concerned, I can say that just as far as it is consistent with grammar and rhetoric, her expressions are left intact. Now I beg of you to study the wonderful truths that have come to you through the Spirit of Prophecy, and "make them a part of yourselves." They lead not away from God and purity, but toward heaven and perfection. There is no violence done in truth in expressing it in various ways. Even Jesus did not quote exactly the words of the prophet. Pray over the matter and God will give peace about it. With much love to all, Yours in Christ, Fannie Bolton.

W. C. White to Kate Mc'Ivors, November 20, 1894

The children's meetings were the nicest I have ever seen at camp meeting. They were conducted by Bro. Geo. Teasdale, and Srs. Fannie Bolton, Rose Goody, and others. In the morning they would have a Bible lesson for an hour, and then they would take a tramp through the fields and over the hills for another hour.

*See Addendum, p. 123

W. C. White to A. O. Tait, January 18, 1895

As regards the publication of mother's chapter on spiritualism in tract form. I will present the matter to our Book Committee, and after getting their criticism, will ask Sisters Davis and Bolton to prepare it for such independent use.

Letter 118, 1895, p. 3. (To "Children," January 23, 1895.)

We found Fannie was, in our absence, making her home with our friends. She was sweating over the stove, cooking us a nice dinner. She has thought if she could do some housework, it would be good for her, and Emily has had her class in teaching shorthand to Julia McKenzie while we were away.

Letter 39, 1895, pp. 1, 10. (To Dr. Kellogg, February 3, 1895.)

I have received your letter in which you asked a question in reference to the publication of a new edition of *Christian Temperance*. It is my mind as well as yours that another edition is needed, and as Fannie has the papers supplied far ahead, I shall set her to work at once selecting matter and arranging for this new edition.... You proposed to send me a "paste up" of matter to indicate what you would consider appropriate for the book you mentioned. This would please me very much, and I hope you will do it as soon as possible. Meanwhile, after supplying the papers, Fannie will do something in this line.

W. C. White to E. G. White, February 25, 1895

The matter of most importance, and upon which everything else hangs, is the work that we asked him [L. J. Rousseau] and Fannie to do. I am oh! so glad, that you let Fannie go on with that work. If we fail to get our plans before the people, and thus fail to get money from them, we get none from the Gen. Conf. and then every step we take is involving us in perplexing debt.

Letter 89, 1895, p. 1. (To W. C. White, March 11, 1895.)

[39] May [Lacey] is anxious to go to Tasmania the first or second week in April, and is determined that I shall go; but I do not feel very anxious for the water trip, and I am now in important work trying to complete the Life of Christ. To break up now seems severe, and Fannie being away makes it still worse and more forbidding. The matter that I would have her prepare will not be done, as she will probably remain at least two weeks in Cooranbong, and that will cover nearly the whole period before we leave for Tasmania, going via Melbourne.

Letter 92b, 1895, p. 1. (To "Children," April 11, 1895.)

I have considered your suggestions in regard to simplifying the language of the tract, "Sufferings of Christ." I read your letter to Fannie Bolton, and she will take hold of the work to simplify the language....

I leave for Tasmania today by way of Melbourne. I hope that during my absence of four weeks Fannie will engage in the work of simplifying the "Sufferings of Christ."

W. C. White to A. G. Daniells, August 14, 1895

I am much perplexed to know what to write you about the selection of persons to conduct children's meetings at the camp meeting. Elder Corliss has been talking with me about it, but we seem hedged about with difficulties. Sr. Bolton is in a very uncertain state of health, and I believe it would be wisdom for her to rest at Cooranbong during the camp meeting.

W. C. White to W. H. Edwards, August 19, 1895

At present her [Ellen White's] family occupy three tents [at Avondale site], and Sr. Fannie Bolton lives in another not far away.

Letter 44, 1895, p. 1. (To J. H. Kellogg, August 29, 1895.)

[40]

Sister Bolton corrects manuscripts when she is able, but she is troubled so much with headache that often she cannot use her brain. This has become more and more marked, and is a very great hindrance to me in my work. I cannot do the things I would do. It is sufficiently taxing to do the writing, but when I have done that there is the burden of having the matter prepared. If I had one to edit the matter, I should feel so grateful.

W. C. White to E. G. White, August 30, 1895

I am not surprised that writing for Fannie makes May Israel nervous, especially when you consider her perplexity and anxiety regarding her mother's condition. I think it would be well for May Israel to return here soon, and if Fannie is prepared to employ a writer, let Maggie Hare go up and work with her.

It will be well for Bro. Caldwell to come down just as soon as you can select someone to take care of the horses and cows, and get them well established in their work....

I most sincerely hope that you will not send for Sara McEnterfer. She is another one who might readily become disabled. When we get together and have Fannie and Maggie Hare, Bro. Caldwell and May Israel, we shall have a pretty good working force. I now regard it as a misfortune that we took Caldwell off from the writing, but we cannot always foresee what will come. Please do not arrange for Caldwell to keep everything in his hands till the moment of departure, and leave McKee uninstructed and untried to do things he does not understand. Let May Israel rest till next Monday. Let Caldwell write for Fannie.

Letter 17, 1895, pp. 1, 3-6. (To Bro. Caldwell, September 6, 1895.)

This morning, as, I came from the school ground, I saw your horse fastened to a tree before the tent occupied by Fannie Bolton. After a while I went to the tent. A lady from New Castle and Jessie Israel were visiting Fannie. You were sitting down, writing on the typewriter. Why did you not take the typewriter at once into the dining tent? What impression can such a course make upon the mind of the young girl visiting at the school? It made an impression that was anything but favorable.

Your freedom with young women is improper, but it is so natural and common to you that you think nothing of it. The word of God has told you that you are to abstain from the very appearance of evil; but do you? You are a married man, with a wife and two boys, whom you have left in America, and this fact should be sufficient, without further prompting, to lead you to cultivate sobriety and carefulness in your association with others.... I write these things to you because you are deceiving Fannie, and she is apparently totally blind and infatuated....

Placing yourself in the society of Fannie as much as you did while at Melbourne had not only the appearance of evil, but was evil. You enjoyed it, but you should have had discernment to understand that by your course of action you were encouraging others in the same path.

I am now going to Tasmania, and you and Fannie will remain at Avondale. After my absence, you will feel inclined to associate together more freely, because I am not present to hold the fort. I fear you will dishonor the truth by your familiarity. I decidedly protest against this. Keep yourself out of Fannie's tent, or else a scandal will be created....

When you expressed your desire for Fannie to move her things into my tent and become a member of my family, I knew that you did not know what you were talking about. The idea was inconsistent; but I felt that I must keep quiet, or I would speak very strongly. Then you stated plainly that you wanted Fannie to help in the cooking, "for your stomach's sake," because you liked her cooking, and enjoyed the food she prepared. I said to myself, "Poor, foolish, selfish man."

You demonstrated what had been laid before me in clear lines,—that you were selfish, and would work in any way to accomplish your ends.

W. C. White to L. J. Rousseau, September 17, 1895

I very much wish that you could offer Fannie Bolton a room or two in such a place as that. I do not feel at all safe to have her living over in the wilderness alone in a tent; and when bad weather comes, her health may suffer seriously. I am glad to hear that her health is improving, and I trust that it may continue to improve, so that she may assist in the important work that will have to be pushed forward after camp meeting.

Letter 19, 1896, pp. 1, 4, 5. (To W. F Caldwell, c. September, 1895, sent June 11, 1896.)

I have had very little help from Fannie for many months, not because she cannot work, but her association with you has caused her to have an experience which has unfitted her to do anything in my work.

I feel deeply over another matter, and that is your visiting Fannie in her tent. I have already decided that you two cannot work together. You are a married man, father of two children. If your wife has obtained a divorce from you that does not leave you free to marry again, as I read my Bible...

[41]

Before leaving I must lay down some rules. There is no call for Caldwell to visit Fannie's tent. Fannie has not been in working order for some time. Her association with you is largely the cause of this. I know this to be so, and therefore I say, keep away from her tent. When I am away you will feel that you have a fine opportunity to get into her society whenever you can; and I cannot go without warning you and charging you to keep yourself to yourself. I want no reproach brought upon me nor upon this community, by imprudent, careless habits or practices.

Letter 41, 1895, pp. 4, 6. (To Bro. Kellogg, October 25, 1895.)

I am sorry that I have not more literary help. I need this kind of help very much. Fannie could help me a great deal on the book work if she had not so many articles to prepare for the papers, and so many letters and testimonies to edit to meet the demands of my correspondence, and the needs of the people.... Earnest letters were written me requesting me to write for the *Youth's Instructor*; but I could not see how I could take this additional burden. I had numerous letters and testimonies that had to be prepared for various individuals, and it was necessary that the papers should be supplied with articles, and there was more work to be done than could be carried through by one person when all the burden of both editing and copying the matter was laid upon one worker. I concluded that it would be necessary to hire somebody to run the typewriter for Fannie Bolton, and so distribute the work. I hired Mattie Lawrence for this work, and she put in about half of her time in working with Sister Bolton.

W. C. White to J. E. White, October 25, 1895

For three years Fannie has been over-worked. She has remarkable talent and handles mother's matter very intelligently and rapidly, turning off more than twice as much work in a given time as any other editor mother has ever employed. In addition to this she has carried a large amount of Sabbath school, missionary work, etc. until her health is considerably broken. During the months that you have been writing about this matter, she has been able to do only about twenty percent of the work mother had waiting, which was urgent. To get that done which was absolutely necessary mother has taken Sr. Davis off from her work on the books, and yet there is much important matter untouched. The manuscripts for *Christian Temperance* have been in our hands five months, and we have not yet looked at them. Under these circumstances I have never been able to see how Fannie could touch this work. But mother has been so anxious to do everything which you ask that she has waited month by month hoping that Fannie could do the work you wish.

Letter 102, 1895, entire letter. (To Marian Davis, October 29, 1895.)

I write you a short letter to tell you some things that I must open before you. While in Cooranbong, I had a presentation of Fannie talking to different ones, exactly in the same strain as that we had to deal with two years ago. At three different times I was brought into a room where all seemed dark as a cellar. I could not see the faces of those present, but heard her voice. She was in a most excited manner saying the very same things she said in Melbourne, stating that her talent was not acknowledged, that she brought her very being and life into the work, and yet she was set aside as a nonentity, while Sister White got all the credit of the matter published. She was so very earnest and enthused that her statements would be taken as truth by any one who did not know what my writings were before she had any connection with me and my work.

[42]

Again the matter was presented to me as I have told you and her in the matter that came up at Melbourne. She claimed to put her words in my manuscript, and these were called “beautiful words,” but, said Fannie Bolton, they were her own words. Then she talked fluently, saying that she had left everything and had given her life to be engaged in my work. Many statements after this order were presented in most earnest fluency and all seemed to receive her words as truth.

Again, after I returned to Granville from Cooranbong, matters were presented before me, and warnings were given that a trial was before me. I was instructed that among those connected with me, there was working an undercurrent of deceptive influences and that unless there was a cleansing away of all such influences, great harm would result to the cause of truth. I told you, Marian, that I was deeply burdened. I knew that Fannie’s interest was not in the work. I had no harmony with her. I have felt, when I put writings in her hand to be copied, that there was some power between her and me, and the impression was “Withhold, withhold.” I could not interpret my impressions nor the figures presented to me to teach me.

It was her own proposition to come to Armadale, Melbourne, and she made the conditions herself. I asked her if it was safe for her to attend the camp meeting, for if she should be urged to take the

children's meetings, she would be inclined to do this, and then she would be of no use to me, for she would have to give her whole time to that work. She said, "I could not take the children's meetings. It is too hard for me. It just takes every bit of power in me. I shall want to attend some meetings in the evenings, occasionally in the day time, but I will be ready to help you in your work."

But as soon as we were on the ground, it was not easy to get persons to take the children's division, and now comes in the great urging for Fannie to engage in this work. I said, "No, it must not be. I have work for Fannie." But she greatly desired to attend children's meetings, and to instruct them. I had two articles to be prepared for the mail, and Fannie read Wednesday and Thursday. Fourteen pages were prepared for the mail, and nothing more has been done by her during this meeting.

After I had received the warnings I have mentioned, I asked Sara if Fannie had said anything to her in regard to me and my work and her work in connection with me. She evaded the question and said that Fannie wanted to take the children's meetings, if I would give my consent. I said, "Is this all, Sara?" She answered, "No, and I do not want to tell you what she said." I replied, "I believe it is my duty to know, for I am warned that Fannie is my adversary, and that she will misrepresent facts regarding her service in the work which will place me in a wrong light before the people."

[43] She then told me the tenor of the conversation that she had with her. She referred to the notice in the paper, the *Echo* that Professor Prescott had compiled a book on Christian Education, and here his name appears, and, she said, "Myself and poor little Marian are unnoticed, set down out of sight." She talked very strongly, making statements of the magnitude of the work she had done, and mourned because, although her talent was depended upon to prepare copy for the printer, her help was not acknowledged. She said, "You read the notice, Sara." She then raised her hand, pounded it on the paper on the table, and said with vehemence, "It is a lie! a lie! a lie!"

I sent for Brother Prescott, and told him I was sure that Fannie was working most decidedly in the same lines that she had worked in America, pouring into other minds her version of things regarding her talents brought into the work there, because of which I had released her then from my services. I told him of the painful ex-

perience I had passed through in Melbourne at the Brighton camp meeting two years ago, similar to what I passed through in California at one time, that had nearly cost me my life. "Now," I said, "She is taking the work up just where she left it two years ago."

I said, "What is your opinion of this spirit, and this talk that is leavening the camp?" "O," said he, "I knew all this just as you have told it, in America. She came to my wife and me and laid it all open before us again in Cooranbong." Then he told how he met the matter.

Afterward I sent for Sister Prescott and talked with her. She had told Fannie that all this was the work of Satan to control her mind, that he, through her, could cut the heart of Sister White. After this I called both Brother and Sister Prescott together and consulted as to what should be done.

Monday, I spoke with Fannie after meeting and she was very desirous that I would consent for her to take the children's meeting.

I said, "Fannie, do not engage in any kind of work for others on this ground but yourself, until your heart is changed and you have a new heart, a new mind. If anyone on this ground needs to search as with a lighted candle his own heart, it is you. I do not ask you to do another stroke of work for me on this ground or ever hereafter. I remove all objections as far as my work in connection with you is concerned." She went to bed sick, and was sick all last night.

I have endeavored to find out other parties with whom she had talked. From one of our ministering brethren, I learned that while at the school she opened her grievances to Brother and Sister Malcolm, who were then new in the truth. She presented the matter to them in such a way that they thought injustice had been done to Fannie and Marian. They knew nothing of me and my work, and Fannie represented that she and Marian had brought all the talent and sharpness into my books, yet you were both ignored and set aside, and all the credit came to me.

She had underscored some words in a book, "Christian Education," "beautiful words," she called them, and said that she had put in those words, they were hers. If this were the truth, I ask, Who told her to put in her words in my writings? She has, if her own statement is correct, been unfaithful to me.

Sister Prescott however says that, in the providence of God that very article came to them (Brother and Sister Prescott) uncopied and

in my own handwriting, and that these very words were in that letter. So Fannie's statement regarding these words is proved to be untrue.

Monday, Fannie asked if I could pray with her. I told her, "Yes." But when I came home, I was too feeble. I could not talk with her or pray with her. I shall not talk with her again if I can help it. She can talk fluently, has no lack of words, can talk six words to my one. She must no longer have the slightest connection with me. If I had only carried out my convictions two years ago, I should have done my duty.

[44] I write you this, that you may know that I will not take so much as a shoe string from her wonderful talent. She may now exercise that talent as she chooses, and swell into the large place she thinks she could occupy. I have not a particle of confidence in her present position as a Christian. She has proved herself a traitor. If you had not tried so hard to keep her with me, through your sympathy, I should have severed all connection with her before this. How much harm she has done me and may do me in the future God alone knows.

If after this meeting Fannie shall come to Granville, you must not put one line of anything I have written into her hands, or read a line to her of the Life of Christ. I would not have any [advice] from her. I am disconnected from Fannie because God requires it, and my own heart requires it. I am sorry for Fannie, but nevertheless it is truth. If God will help me then, I will praise His holy name.

I want no further deceptions. I am sure that the Lord is holding me up and strengthening me. I felt this morning that the Lord had taken this matter out of my hands, and others must now handle it. Fannie now feels, as the matter has come out, about as she felt at Melbourne two years ago, but her repentance then was short-lived.

She now tells others she feels very badly and wants me to forgive. This I can do, but can never connect her with me again.

She becomes at times as verily possessed by demons as were human beings in the days of Christ. And when these paroxysms are upon her, many think she is inspired of God. She is fluent, her words come thick and fast, and she is under the control of demons. Then she claims that she has done the very things in my service I have told her in no case to do, that she has substituted her words for my words. This is bad enough. But when she takes the position that she has made my books, my articles and is responsible for the beautiful

language, it is evident that Satan can through her do me any amount of harm. She can do more to implant doubts and sow seeds of evil than any person I know. She is a dangerous helper to me. She shall never have a chance again of mingling Fannie Bolton's wonderful talent with my work.

She had nothing to do with my work until after the meeting at Minneapolis, yet the Lord had kept and helped me up to that time. After she went to Ann Arbor she did a little for me. She asked for some articles of mine to take with her to Ann Arbor, saying she loved the work. But I now think that she wished to use the pretext that she was employed by me in order to gain the confidence of others because I trusted her as my agent to prepare copy for my books.

I see my folly now. I have not, since she came with me to Australia, had real peace and happiness with her. I have felt no peace, comfort and companionship with her, and yet I have tried to hold on to her.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, October 31, 1895

My soul is bowed down in grief and agony as I see the course I have been pursuing. Truly I have been walking in thick darkness and did not know it. There was no excuse for it. I offer none. I have murmured and complained and rebelled and grieved the Spirit of God, wounded Christ, His servants and angels. When they came seeking for a channel, my channel has often been obstructed with self. I have been like the man with the muck rake and have raked in the dirt of self-pity, and have not raised my eyes to the angels above my head. As I see how self has exalted itself above measure, swelled up with importance and righteousness, as I see how I have been an obstructed channel that has kept God's tide of love at bay, my spirit is filled with anguish. The waves and billows of despair have gone over me. Never have I suffered such bitter grief, and I deserve it and much more; for I am eating the fruit of my doings. "Fools because of their iniquity are afflicted. Their souls abhor all manner of meat, and they draw nigh to the grave. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble and He delivered them." "Many a time did He deliver them; but they provoked Him with their counsel and were brought down for their iniquity. Nevertheless He regarded their affliction when

He heard their cry, and He remembered for them His covenant, and repented according to the multitude of His mercies.”

Thank God for these assurances; were it not that He has proclaimed Himself *merciful*, (and that is, treat us better than we deserve,) and longsuffering, I should go into despair. The magnitude of my sin is overwhelming. I have been on the wrong side of the controversy; not all the time, but when Satan came as a roaring lion, seeking whom he could devour, he found an entrance into my heart through the door of self. Now when it is too late I see the preciousness of the work from which my own sin has cut me off, and like Esau, who sold his birthright, I find no place for repentance, though I seek it carefully and with tears. I want to make all the reparation possible; I do not care what humiliation it costs. This is what I need, and always has been. I want the work to go to the bottom. O that I might now learn the lesson of prayer. I have resolved and resolved never to speak of the temptations that have overwhelmed me, and I have failed. There is no use trusting in self, there is no dependence there.

O that I might have such a lesson as I shall never forget. My cry is, “Let me be broken. Break me. Show me how to fall on the Rock and be broken.” You dare not trust me to handle the precious, sacred matter that comes from your pen. I dare not ask it. I have prayed to God that if He could trust me, to let you understand it. I am altogether unworthy. I have caused you bitter grief. When I talked to Bro. and Sr. Prescott, it was to get help, to have them deliver me. O that I had been hidden in the Rock! O that I had sought Jesus alone when in temptation! I do not wonder that you will not trust me.

You have been patient with me and longsuffering. I know you are anointed of God. This I have not doubted. Sr. Salisbury and others declare that their faith in you has been confirmed by my faith. I have not worked your entire disaster; but for the disaster I have wrought, for the pain I have caused, forgive me. I believe Jesus has raised His wounded palms before the Father in my behalf, and pleaded the cause of my soul. The terrible torture has gone from my soul; but O I feel bowed in the dust. I abhor myself in dust and ashes. I will not ask you to take me back, though I feel that in Christ’s strength, by the aid of your prayers, self might not again appear. But God only knows what is best. Forgive me. Send me the

straight testimony. I thought once it would be my death or drive me to despair, but now I shall take it and eat it, and let it have its effect on my character.

The first testimony you sent I read once or twice, and because it hurt me, I folded it up and did not look in it again; but that was a great error. Had I kept it in mind I might have been saved from this failure. Send my testimony to anybody who ought to know about my course. Make the medicine as bitter as I need; but O let your prayer be that I may indeed be washed from my sin and cleansed from my iniquity. Purge me with hyssop. I know you forgive me. I believe in your love upon me as the purchase of Christ's blood, and that you will pray for me, even me. O that I might be filled with the Holy Spirit. As for confession, what shall I say? I am ashamed, I am confounded. My talents seem as empty as a nut-shell. Whatever they may be, they belong to God, to be used, not as I might choose, but as He might choose. I have justified myself. It has not been overwork that has ruined me as much as over-worry. It is the old story, dear sister, you do not need enlightenment. But O, how I feel to think I have failed you, to think that I have blocked back the work. And now, when you need workers so much, and God has given me ability to do your work, and would give me His Spirit, you dare not trust me. The Adversary has done this. The dragon has done this. O to think that I have been his tool! What shall I do? I can only cast my helpless afflicted soul upon Jesus Christ. I am so glad He is called the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. A lamb is gentle, easy to be entreated, mild and forgiving.

I praise the Lord this morning that He has not cast me off. I can fasten my trembling grasp in His mercy. Though I have thought Him my enemy, and have fought with Him as Jacob did with the angel, this morning I know who He is, and though afflicted, I cling to Him, and my trembling hand has power to hold Him, and I will not let Him go until He blesses me. I will not let Him go until my name is changed. Could you pray for me? Would you pray with me? Will you not intercede for me, not simply that I may now be forgiven, but cleansed from all iniquity? Purge me from sin. I don't care who knows all this sin. Let me be humbled in the sight of all. But O pray that I may be right with God, that I may not be left out of the loud cry of the third angel's message, and be left like Judas, a traitor, and

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a lost soul. I love you, Sr. White. I grieve in anguish over my course of rebellion. Give me all that the Lord has given you for me, and let me not be regarded as an adversary any longer. O remove this thorn of anguish from my heart if it be possible.

Now if I cannot work for you any longer, might I not work up that book for Edson? Could I not do that? I have money enough to board myself for some months. I do not ask a salary at all. O do let me be a channel, if it be ever so hidden. Do let me be a worker, if it be in ever so humble a spot. Now, while I make this request, I do it with all submission to the will of God. I am not worthy to ask anything of the kind. Do with me as it seems best. Yours in Christ, Fannie Bolton.

Letter 9, 1895, entire letter. (To Fannie Bolton, November 7, 1895.)

The past night my sleep has troubled me. I am communicating to you in my sleeping hours. I have been waiting, hoping that some word would be given me that would mark out the way of the Lord more distinctly, that I might know what to do. But I have had no additional light; therefore I must take heed to the light I have already had from time to time in the past. I shall not trace with pen the many things that have occurred in the history of the past. It would only make me live them over afresh. I merely state that what has occurred on this camp ground is not a sudden temptation, new and strange to the human agent. It is a line of thought that has been cherished, and that will continue to be cherished. It may be smothered, but I cannot flatter myself that it is dead, without a possibility of a resurrection.

[47] At the very time when you knew me to be suffering most severely with physical infirmities; at the very time when it was essential that I should have all my powers under full control, and that I should have the most favorable surroundings, to keep my mind in peace and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, on this important occasion I am brought into perplexity and distress which is scarcely endurable. Impediments of a very trying character are thrown in my way to weaken my hands, to take all courage out of my heart, and leave me to wrestle with uncertainties, to meet a harvest of unbelief and suspicion, which you have created. If true, as you have represented,

God would set me aside, and take Fannie Bolton in my stead. These manifestations have been bewildering to me, and still are. I do not recover from the shock. Those who are supposed to help me should see me in my physical weakness, carrying the heaviest burdens one can bear, yet compelled to be distressed beyond measure by their attitude. But the Lord says they have no power to resist the devil, or from his snare to go.

I will not attempt to say all that might be said, for I have not physical strength. I can but go lightly over the ground in memory of the last six or seven years, step by step, from point to point, and inquire, What am I? and what will God have of me? I am still in a maze of perplexity. But I see only one course open before me. If my life is worth saving, I must disconnect from Fannie. And this is, I think, her only hope. Satan has supposed he could work upon your fruitful imagination to claim you have done a work God would not let you do—blend yourself with my writings. It is a great trial for me to do this, for I have no one selected to prepare my articles. This may be in the providence of God. Perhaps He designs me to lay down my pen, and say, I have written enough, while I had thought I had many things I must write. Being dependent upon an editor to prepare my articles for the press makes my work difficult, and I am still in great trial. To get a stranger who is unacquainted with me, would be to go through the same experience that I have had with Fannie, God forbid. But I give Fannie up on this campground. If she will consecrate her abilities to God, and hide herself in Christ, she can find work. I will not hinder her.

Notwithstanding all the repeated difficulties that Fannie has placed upon me in this line, not a trace of my pen has been communicated in regard to the state of affairs to any one in America, with exception of Edson—I made a brief mention of it. But something will have to be said now. A plain statement of facts will be necessary. This is due the conference, who have hitherto paid her for the work she was supposed to do when she came with me. I shall try to avoid making any reference to particulars.

The warnings given to Fannie by the Lord have not been pleasant for her to consider, and she has not taken any heed to them. The precious matter placed in her hands she has not regarded as precious and sacred; she has not treated them as such and cherished the light

given. She has not obtained knowledge by them, nor practiced the principles kept constantly before her. Familiarity with the most solemn messages that I have felt I must write, have bred contempt. They have become common to her mind. Therefore, for her soul's sake, and in order to preserve my life, I must sever all connection with Fannie Bolton.

[48] I understand that she says she has plenty of work piled up before her which she can do. If sanctified, if holy, if cleansed in mind and purified in soul, if meek and lowly in heart, God will forgive the past, and work with her efforts. But if she works to obtain praise and glory for herself, she will work alone. I dare not trust her to handle my manuscript. I should ever be in uncertainty as to how it is treated if I take her testimony as truth. But this temptation will always be a dangerous one to her. If she uses her ability, given her of God, to exhibit what Fannie Bolton can do, she works in herself, and out of Christ. I now reluctantly and with grief in my heart say to Fannie Bolton: You are no longer in the employment of the General Conference in my behalf.

Fannie, I forgive you for the pain and suffering you have caused me, and which has been so many times repeated. I forgive as I hope to be forgiven. Yet notwithstanding I forgive, I must do according to the light and warnings given me in the past in reference to the work God has given me, and in reference to your work in connection with me. You cannot discern the character of the work the Lord has given me to do, else you would not regard it as a common thing. Your soul is precious in the sight of God. By being converted daily from your own way, by accepting God's way as a little child, you will find your only hope of heaven. You have been praised and exalted; you have been given credit for possessing great piety and disinterested devotion. This is a mistake. The emotional part of your nature has been called to exercise altogether too much for your own good and for the good of those with whom you associate. It has been keyed up to a high tension in your intensity of feelings. In your meetings held for the youth, the Lord God has not blessed your efforts. You do many things for which there is not found solid, earnest, abiding results. Self was mingled with everything, tainting and corrupting your service. It is always safe to use the holy fire of God's own kindling, and no other. I ask you to read the [16th chapter](#)

of Numbers. If I have worked in self, my work will not stand; if I have worked in God, the work will endure.

[Note:] Fannie must excuse me from having a private interview with her. I cannot bear it. Let this be read before Bro. and Sr. Prescott, Bro. and Sr. Corliss, Bro. and Sr. Colcord, and Bro. and Sr. Rousseau. Fannie should be present when it is read.

Letter 9a, 1895, entire letter. (To Fannie Bolton, November 11, 1895.)

I have considered the matter carefully in regard to your connecting with me again in the work. I cannot consent to it. The matter has been shaping itself in reference to yourself, that it is simply impossible for you to continue to do the work for me that you have done. Separation must come, for the reasons I have told you. I must use every means in my power, cut off every chance for you to make your statements which you have made in reference to me and my work—your claims to putting your talent in my work.

You are not happy in doing the work; impressions are left upon the minds of others by your statements that you are much burdened over my very bad writing. I shall not attempt to deny or admit it. You were employed by the conference to help me, and of course that means your doing work that requires wages. But the work over which you have felt so great sorrow shall no longer be a source of temptation to you. I am sincerely sorry that I could not place in your hands articles fully prepared for the press. I have furnished you one to work the typewriter and you were to prepare these articles for the press. Unfortunately I could not do this part of the work. If I could have done it, your services would not have been required. But now you are free to take up work not so monotonous. You are at liberty to return to America, find work in Melbourne, do anything that pleases you. But the bare thought of connecting with you again after this camp meeting is most painful to me. For a time at least I positively must be free from you. I must have an opportunity to have my writings prepared by some other hand than yours, that not one jot or title of your valuable talent shall be mingled with the things I feel it my duty to write. I must arrange matters so that your talent shall not be counted with my articles and book-making as to

be considered as largely your work. This matter must be taken off my soul, and you not be tempted to suppose injustice is done you, and you will betray me, and turn traitor to me, and vex my soul and weaken my influence by your falsehoods.

I forgive all that you have caused me to suffer in the past and at this meeting, where I desire to be free and to do whole service to the Master. I am sorry, truly sorry, that I have not done better work, but your course of action has been such a mystery to me and so uncalled for, and so cruel, that it has been a great discouragement to me. The Lord alone can give me victory and freedom.

Letter 103, 1895, pp. 1, 2. (To Marian Davis, November 12, 1895.)

I have given nothing into Fannie's hands, and never expect to give her another chance to seek to betray me and turn traitor. I have had enough of "talent" and "ability" to last me a life time. I told you her heart was not in the work. She does not blend with the work. She is superficial, given to excitement and to exhibiting Fannie Bolton. But she will do this no longer at the expense of my health and my life. I have held on to her two years too long. She has to a large degree inspired you with ideas of her great talent, and you have received it, but it has been no strength to you....

Fannie, poor soul, does not know herself. I have talked with her, and told her that I must know of what she complains in the work she has had to do. She must tell me the real cause for all this disaffection, but all she could say was that sometimes I left sentences incomplete. I reminded her, that I was often interrupted in my writing, and sometimes in the middle of a sentence, and that when I resumed the work I would go right on, not noticing the incomplete sentence. But I had told her that when this occurred she might either hand the matter to me or else strike it out and go on. Doing as much writing as I do, it is not surprising if there are many sentences left unfinished.

I said to Fannie, "Your exhibitions of weeping 'bitter tears' over my imperfect writings are not inspired of God. When Sister Prescott urged you to tell her what caused you to weep so, you communicated to her your grievances, saying that my penmanship was terrible and that you had to write the matter all over that I presented to you, and

that you were discouraged; for you really made the books and the articles that came forth in my name.”

She felt very much ashamed, but she begged of me to try her again. I said decidedly, “No.” I send you a copy of a short letter I have written to her, and a letter I wrote to you, but which was not sent.

W. C. White to O. A. Olsen, November 15, 1895

[50]

Mother has decided to let Sr. Bolton engage in the Bible work here [Armada Campground]. She will endeavor to get Sr. Burnham to take up the work that Sr. Bolton has been doing.

Letter 14, 1895, entire letter. (To Fannie Bolton, November 23, 1895.)

I have been considering your case in connection with Caldwell, and I have no other counsel to give than I have given. I consider that you have no moral right to marry Caldwell: he has no moral right to marry you. He left his wife after giving her great provocation. He left her whom he had vowed before God to love and cherish while both should live. Before ever she obtained her divorce, when she was his lawful wife, he left her for three years, and then left her in heart, and expressed his love to you. The matter has been negotiated largely between you and a married man, while he was legally bound to the wife he married, who has had two children by him.

I see not a particle of leniency in the Scriptures given either of you to contract marriage, although his wife is divorced. From the provocation he has given her, it was largely his own course of action that has brought this result, and I cannot see in any more favorable light his having a legal right to link his interest with yours or you to link your interest with his. One thing is settled. I could not connect with either of you if this step is taken; for I see this matter in a light that the Scripture would condemn your connection; therefore I wish you both to understand that from the light God has given me regarding the past and the present, I could not think of employing either of you if you take this step.

I am astonished that you should for a moment give thought to such a thing, and place your affections on a married man who had left his wife and children under such circumstances. I advise you to lay your thoughts and plans regarding this matter just as they are before our responsible brethren, that you may receive their counsel, and let them show you from the law of God the error into which you have fallen. You have both broken the law even in thinking that you might unite in marriage. You should have repelled the thought at its first suggestion.

S. McCullough to Fannie Bolton, November 24? 1895

Your welcome letter reached us in due time. Of course we were much surprised at the bulk of its contents, not having heard a sentence of the matter about which you write.

We are sorry indeed to hear of your present sorrow and sadness, and can only pray that you may run with patience whatever course He has marked out for you. Dear Fannie, be assured that God is not so ready to cast us off as the evil one would persuade us; but His mercy runs parallel with His existence.

So far as we are concerned, we have nothing against you to forgive. If we had we would only be willing to forgive you a thousand times over. With the solemn realities of eternity stretching away before us, and with the great light of truth flashing across our pathway, we feel that perfect love, and frankness should characterize our every move, in our contact with each other in the Lord. You have our respect. Wherein in times past we have spoken things to you that seemed to cut or grieve, we did it with a pure desire to do you good. The Lord helping us, we will ever be your friend.

[51] We are very sorry that matters so developed that Sister White thought it best to separate you from her work. Of course you know that we have always had unbounded confidence in her work, and in her judgment. For a long time I have looked upon the matter in the same light as I regard the Word, and the Gospel. The Bible is human words, it is divine thoughts. Again the Bible is human thoughts and divine words. So which ever way you turn it around, it is Divine. It is human, the mystery is that it is both. The Gospel is divine, but only manifested through human flesh. In fact, the whole mystery of

redemption is divinity revealed through humanity. I have looked at the work of Sister White in much the same light. To merely look at the human instrumentality and judge matters from that standpoint, would leave us in the same position as the infidel who judges the Bible from the standpoint of human philosophy merely. Every part of God's work is a work of faith, and all the blessings of heaven are to us just what our faith will make them, and no more. Yet it is God that worketh.

Be of good cheer, Christ will give you light. He will give you grace to overcome wherever the greatest weakness exists. Perhaps this move of Sister White will after all prove the greatest blessing you ever had. Let us pray that God will make it a blessing to you.

Letter 115, 1895, entire letter. (To Fannie Bolton, November 26, 1895.)

I cannot leave without saying a few words to you. You have let impulse and feeling be your master, else you could not have done as you have done while you have been connected with me. There is a very objectionable feature in your character, which is leading you, controlling you. It is the attainment of desired objects. Your estimate of yourself, if kept within proper bounds, is right. We as human beings are to estimate our abilities, our faculties, as the gift of God, to be kept, cherished, and appreciated because they are the gift of God, and to be kept pure and holy to be devoted to God. [2 Timothy 2:20, 22](#).

I have had an interview with Willie. He says you told him that I had not stated things as they were told to me by you. Fannie, shall I come to the conclusion that no dependence can be placed in what you say? I have stated matters just as you stated them to me. I did not exaggerate, because that is not one of my faults. But you have been deceived by the enemy; you are deceived and are deceiving others. You made the statement to me that you prayed that if it was right for you to have Caldwell that his wife might obtain a divorce. When you heard that she had obtained a divorce you said, "I feel the Lord has heard my prayer, do not you think so, Sister White?"

After you left I looked upon this matter with such feelings as are not easily described. The matter as it stands is a shock to me.

You yourself have told your love story to Maggie Hare and to Sister Rousseau and to Sister Prescott. These I have talked with because it was my duty to do so. Your case is peculiar. I have had so many warnings—you making your statements that were not true that there was no attachment between you and Caldwell. He admitted he had thought a good deal of Fannie, but gave me to understand there was not anything of attachment between you. This has been going on since you and he worked in Willie's office.

[52] Fannie, what do you say? You have now made the matter plain and asked my advice. You could but understand what that advice would be. You thought that he and you would be married and both take hold of my work. I told you this could never be.

When I put the case of Walter Harper in your hand to copy, but felt as if an arm was stretched between you and me, I did not understand what it meant, but I do now. I could not harmonize your statements of nothing existing between you and Caldwell, and the light which the Lord was giving me. I must take the word of God, and I had no harmony with you.

Harper's case is not a parallel. Both cases have been presented to me at different times. Harper felt love, deep love, for his wife, and he has done everything a mortal man could do to save a divorce, for said he, "She will lose her soul." He spent any amount of money on her. He tried to persuade her, but to no account. And she finally sent for him to visit her, and he was warned to be on guard. She locked the door on him and commenced to solicit a sum of money, and he knew she had an accomplice waiting by. He felt now was his time to need the Lord. He watched his opportunity and suddenly escaped—just how I do not remember—but she told him there was no escape for him. I think this was his last effort made in her behalf. He may have tried once more. I advised him, when she tried to get a divorce because of desertion, not to appear, for in no way could God be glorified by the statements coming into court. There was nothing like lust in the case, for he had not physical ability, so it was not in any way a comparison with your case, or with Caldwell's.

I have told you and him that he could not be released from his accountability until he should seek to do all in his power to be reconciled with his wife. He has left a stain on the cause of God in leaving her and his children. It was not she who left him, but he

who left her. How strong must have been the temptation to a woman whom he married under promise he would give up the Sabbath if she would marry him and he did this until he was so thoroughly unhappy he commenced to keep the Sabbath again. But his power of endurance was small, and because his wife resisted the influences of the truth, he could not bear this. He can be quite unkind if those connected with him do not conform to his wishes. Although her course was trying and at times provoking, she might have been won to the truth if he had always been circumspect, keeping himself reserved as a married man, and had given her evidences that he did truly love her as his wife, for whom he at one point sold the truth to obtain her hand. All these things did not work favorably in her mind. When she opposed his going from home when he came to this country he heeded not, but left his two children and his wife. Had he been patient, had he stopped his criticisms and talked with her as a man should who respects his wife, she would have been won to the truth. She was convinced again and again, and was on the point of yielding, when some circumstances in his life, some words spoken, some disposition to be arbitrary and commanding, would surge over her and she would resist the striving of the Spirit of God. This domineering made her hard and cold and unlovely.

I have spoken to Caldwell in regard to his freedom of deportment in company with young women and girls. If the wife does not remark and speak of these things it is because she is too proud to do it. Whatever were his trials, his grievances, if he understood the true inwardness of the matter, he would see how many times he has been the aggressor; but he does not charge these things to his own account which heaven charges to his account. The Lord has a controversy with Brother Caldwell. His love of self, his love of self-gratification, and his determination to have his own way, have made him unreasonable, overbearing, dictatorial. His practice of overeating has taxed his digestive organs, distended his stomach, and taxed nature to endure a burden that has reacted upon the brain, and his memory is weakened. He has the qualities of mind that if under the influence of the Holy Spirit would place him in altogether a different light than that in which he now stands.

Passion makes him forget himself, and he will punish dumb animals that do not do just as he wished them to do, when it was

the man who needed to be punished. Until he can see his past in a different light, he will be imperfect in character.

He and you have evidenced your opinion of your own judgment—that it was more reliable than Sister White's. Did you consider that Sister White has been dealing with just such cases during her life of service for the Master, that cases similar to your own and many varieties of cases have passed before her that should make her know what is right and what is wrong in these things? Is a judgment that has been under the training of God for more than fifty years of no preference to those who have not had this discipline and education? Please consider these things.

Letter 22a, 1895, pp. 1-3. (To Marian Davis, November 29, 1895.)

You will see by letters that I have written you that Fannie has no possibility of connecting with me. She is altogether too much like a flashing meteor, to flash up and go out in darkness. If Fannie had less self-confidence in her brilliant flashes, she would be more reliable. But her feelings is her religion. All the light, all the opportunities she has had to know the truth, handling the most precious banquet, she appropriates nothing to herself, unless it will administer to her self esteem and vanity. Certainly I could never harmonize with her in spirit. She seemed to live and breathe and work in another atmosphere.

I am now relieved from this fitful, sky-rocket experience. She seems to swell up into such large measurements of herself, full of self-sufficiency, full of her own capabilities, and from the light God has been pleased to give me, she is my adversary, and has been thus throughout her connection with me.

I have told you she had no love for the work that she was paid to do. Her mind is so full of variety, a cheap surface religion that she knows not what the genuine article is. She wants her life filled with variety, and what she will do remains to be seen. Poor, shallow soul. She does not have correct religious principles whenever herself is concerned....

Dec. 3. I thought I would be able to write and close this letter ere this, but since coming here I have been very weak. My heart has

had such repeated shocks it is weak. I cannot feel any interest in touching a pen. The scenes I have been passing through with Fannie have been of so oft recurrence and has caused me such great distress of mind that I now have not power to rally....

The Lord knows all about the future. Two years ago He revealed to me that Fannie was my adversary, and would vex my soul and weaken my hands, but I was so anxious to get out things that I thought the people needed. Then came other trials in N.S.W. one after another that I was not able to bear it. Oh if I had only heeded the instruction given of God and let no other voice or influence come in to leave me in uncertainty I might have been saved this last terrible heart-sickening trial. But I hope the Lord will forgive me and have mercy upon me; but to try this matter again is out of the question. I am willing her talent shall be exercised for all it is worth but it will never be in connection with me. I have served my time with Fannie Bolton.

[54]

Letter 105, 1895, pp. 1, 2. (To Emily Campbell, December 9, 1895.)

Fannie has been a terrible burden to me. She has had scarcely any interest in my work. She has caused me great suffering of mind by her moods and attitude. She has gone over the same ground again that she went over two years ago in Brighton, making her complaints to Professor Prescott and wife and as many others as she could, that she made over all my writings, and that these writings were hers as much as mine, (you know how much of that is truth), and yet she and poor little Marian were set down out of sight. She was grieved because Sister White got the credit of all, when their talent was put into the work. I asked her to write out on paper just what kind of recognition would please her, but this she has not done.

Notwithstanding it was thought next to an impossibility to attend the Melbourne meeting, I went in great feebleness. Satan saw that Fannie was in a right frame for him to use, and he did use her. She worked out his attributes right in the midst of that important camp meeting. She seemed to have no power to resist the workings of the enemy, and I was weighed down as a cart beneath sheaves. I was so weak, my heart was so feeble, I feared I should die....

I have disconnected entirely from Fannie. Who will fill her place I cannot tell. She begs and pleads to be taken back, but I will never, never connect her with me again.

Caldwell and she have formed an attachment, and that while his wife was living. She has not obtained a divorce from him, but you can see that neither of them have any right to have the least love for one another in that line. They thought they could get married, and both engage in doing my work. They would marry at once if I would sanction it. Where is their spiritual discernment? O what a brain Satan will use if we will let him control us. What a scandal this would be upon me and my work!

Well, I will write no more on this point. You know how I have warned them, and how hard I have worked to prevent a course of action that would lead to such results.

Letter 123a, 1895, entire letter. (To J. E. White, December 9, 1895.)

I have been sorely tried for the past year with my workers. Fannie Bolton is disconnected with me entirely. I would not think of employing her any longer. She has misrepresented me and hurt me terribly. Only in connection with my work has she hurt me. She has reported to others that she has the same as made over my articles, that she has put her whole soul into them, and I had the credit of the ability she had given to these writings. Well, this is the fifth time this breaking out has come. It is something similar to the outbreak of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, only she has not those to unite with her because they know me and my work. She goes not only to those who believe and know me to tell her story but she goes to those newly come to the faith and tells her imaginative story. The same sentiment is expressed as in [Numbers 16:3](#).

[55] The very mischief of Satan comes now and then into her, controlling her imagination. She appears in great distress and grief, weeping. Sister Prescott, while in Cooranbong, asked her what was the matter. She held back apparently reluctant to speak, and finally she did just exactly that which she calculated to do—make her statement and complained of the little attention “poor little Marian” and she received “for all the talent they gave to Sister White’s work.”

These my workers were set down in a corner and hid. Well, Sister Prescott met her decidedly, also Brother Prescott. They told her this was all the work of the devil. They knew Sister White's work and writings before she touched it, and they received letters from her just as they came from her pen and that the very words she claimed to put into the writings were her own imagination. All the ideas, all the material, was furnished her to prepare into articles, etc., etc.

When I called back all the writings placed in her hands, then she began to think I was in earnest. I told her decidedly she must have no connection with me and my work. She could represent me and my work as her originating, that this "beautiful expression" was hers, and that was hers, and make of none effect the testimony of the Spirit of God. Well, I cannot write all the suffering of mind I endured. I could not possibly relate the suffering of mind while attending the camp meeting at Melbourne. I told Fannie I could not connect her with the work. No one could determine when the demon would take possession of her and cost me my life. I told her she never loved to work, and her moods, her fickle temperament, had been to me the greatest grief of my life. I was as a cart pressed beneath sheaves, and no longer would I venture this.

But oh, the heartache, for other things were developing and being made manifest which had been a fearful strain on me. It was the intimacy between Caldwell and her. I had presented before them all the dangers, but they denied it. But at the meeting at Melbourne Fannie acknowledged she loved Caldwell and he loved her. I tried to present the matter before them in its true bearing. Caldwell had a wife living. Recently she obtained a divorce. He had left her and been gone three years. But Fannie told me she had been praying that if it was right she should marry Caldwell that his wife might obtain a divorce. What blindness will come to those who begin to depart from a straightforward course! These two had thought they could unite in marriage and they could both unite in carrying on my work. The management of all my business would be supposed to be in his hands. *Not much*, I told them. Such a step would cut them off from me forever, both of them, because Caldwell had no moral right to [marry].

Letter 127, 1895, pp. 1, 4-6. (To “Children,” December 11, 1895.)

I commenced to write you some things in regard to Fannie, but I think it not best. The poor girl will have hard time enough in getting along. I will not make it any harder for her. I put this over the matter I commenced to write [several lines marked out], and re-page, for I take out two pages. It is enough to state Fannie has no longer any connection with me in the work. I pity her most sincerely. I fear for her soul, but I wish her no harm. She has caused me great sorrow, but may the Lord forgive her is my prayer. It is the same desire for her superior talents to be recognized. This time she has been sufficiently punished....

[56] The one who is supposed to help me has been a great burden to me since she came to Australia. I have borne and done everything that I could do to help Fannie, but when she gets into these tantrums she seems inspired by Satan. She afterwards confesses, but not quite as fully heretofore as this time, but she cannot be trusted. She tried to get Sara to put into her hands a letter written to Dr. Kellogg, so that she could see if there was anything written about her. Sara told her she would never do that. She asked her, “What do you take me to be, Fannie? Is this the principle you would teach me, after being so long connected with Sister White in her work? Would you teach me to betray my trust, to steal a writing, a private letter to go to America, and put it in your hands to read its contents?” This matter she urged and Sara would not comply and she was greatly stirred up over it. So you see what dependence I can put in such helpers....

I will now ask you if you can see anyone who will work for me to edit my articles and prepare manuscript for books.... I do not want any person who will feel it her prerogative to change the matter I shall give them into their own supposed beautiful, learned language. I want my own style to appear in my own words.

Letter 104, 1895, entire letter. (To Addie and May Walling, December 11, 1895.)

I have not been able to do much writing of late. At the last camp meeting the course taken by Fannie was of a character that May will

understand. It was similar to that which I had to meet in Melbourne two years ago. Since that period I have had but very little harmony with Fannie. I have tried to have her receive and appropriate the precious truths that were spread before her as a rich banquet, but while she handled these truths she did not feast upon them. She regarded it all as a common thing.

The warnings, the appeals, the precious light given, the jewels of truth were apparently of no value to Fannie. She was feeling so rich in her supposed treasure of talents, that she wanted nothing. Sacred things were of no more value to her than the common fire, and she worked and walked in its light. [Isaiah 50:11, 12; John 9:39-41 quoted.]

This is the true situation of Fannie Bolton's spiritual condition. O what sadness, what grief have I suffered because of her course of action, her changeable moods, her fitful course! But I was compelled to separate from her, for my life and the cause of God were imperiled.

I might expect any freak in her character to be manifested at any time. This came out at the meeting at Armadale, and I cut loose from her then and there. Never will I put another manuscript in her hands for she claims that she should be credited with the making of my books and the articles I write, and lays the whole matter out before whomsoever she thinks will give her credence. She was met by Brother and Sister Prescott with decided words that this could not be, for some have so many letters in my own handwriting that they know better.

When she saw that she prevailed nothing, she went into great distress. When I told her that she could no longer work in connection with me, she confessed, but all the confessions she might make cannot replace her.

You see now I have no helper. I do not feel that Mary Stewart is the one to fill the bill. Sister Burnham is wedded to the Echo Office, and I cannot get her to connect with me. I have had my mind on Sister Hall at the School at South Lancaster and I hope that she can be what I want.

If you think of anyone who can work in connection with me, please let me know. I have many books which I wish to write and can write if I can have workers, but I need workers.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, circa December 15, 1895.

The letter you wrote me the other day cut me terribly, but I am glad you wrote it; for in heeding every one of its injunctions I have received a great blessing. I showed the letter to brother Caldwell, and he felt as I did about it, that the Lord wanted us to be careful, and so he will not come to my tent for anything, and I am glad to have it thus. When he wants a typewriter he will go to the school, or will write by hand. I shall not see him at all, if that is the Lord's will, except when I have to in the presence of others. So I hope you will not be longer burdened over this matter.

There are some things you have mentioned about the case that I feel I have a right to speak about. While at Melbourne at the school and at the Brighton camp meeting and at Brother McCullagh's, as far as I am concerned I know before God that I was absolutely guiltless of any wrong. I am perfectly astonished that our brethren should have gone to you with complaints, and cannot think of anything that I did that would give them the least occasion for such a course. It seems a strange thing to me that they did not come to me, if they thought I was going wrong. The only occasions when we were together at Melbourne was when we worked together, and you well know that that was not a matter of my choice or ordering. When he was at the school, I was boarding at Bro. Belden's and at Sister Daniells' house, and only saw him at such times as were necessary to do the work. At those times we had so much to do, that we had no time for conversation, and as far as I remember, we plowed steadily through the work.

At the camp meeting, Bro. Caldwell was not on the ground in the evening at all; for he took care of Sr. Daniells' house, and slept there at night. The only time when we were together at all was when we had to work together. During such times we used to copy at Bro. Starr's tent, (and they were right there,) or right out of doors before the community at large. We had work that had to be done right away, and had no chance for conversation. While I was at Bro. McCullagh's, he only copied for me one solitary day, and during that one day we copied over 50 pages. I will leave you to estimate the amount of visiting we did. When I am reading for the typewriter, my mind has to be thoroughly on my work, and I think

you can see that there was little time for anything else, and that was a tremendous day's work. I was right there at brother McCullagh's house, he professed to be my friend and brother in the Lord, and I must say that I feel deeply wounded that one whom I regarded in this light, should go to you to spread a report about me that I know had not a shadow of truth in it, nor the least appearance of evil at that time. However, I have laid that burden over onto the Lord. I know that He knows all about that. I hope that I will learn from these experiences to be careful what I spread abroad about anybody. Bro. Starr and McCullagh and others have been at my room, and have spent many more hours talking with me alone than has any other gentlemen of my acquaintance, and in the cases I have mentioned, there was no more room for evil reports than there was in the case of these brethren.

Sunday afternoon a week later. Dear Sister White, I was interrupted at this point and have not had time since to finish this letter. Maud had to leave, as you know, last Wednesday, and as Brother Lacey was not willing to have Nora come I have taken pleasure in filling Maud's place. The men seem quite satisfied with the food I prepare for them. I do the best I can, and try to arrange the meals as nearly as I can like what appears on your table. The exercise is exactly what I need, and I am feeling stronger every day, and really enjoy the work. I get along most of the time without Willie's help, and seem to be successful in having meals on time, and the place cleaned up in a hurry. If you are willing, I should like to continue the work until your family arrive on the scene of action. I shall consider the whole business as a bit of vacation and recreation, and this will save you the wages of a girl during the time. It will be a real benefit to me healthwise. A few weeks of this kind of recreation will restore much of my lost nerve tone. I cannot help thinking how silly girls are, who prefer to do some other kind of work than house work. My appetite is good, digestion without a flaw, and I am sleeping like a top at night. I have not had such sleep as I have had the last two nights in years, and get up in the morning feeling something as I did when I was a child.

[58]

I did feel that perhaps I should have to give up the work on account of my poor health and go back to America, but I see that there is still recuperative force in me, and with the proper course,

and the dear Lord's blessing, I shall yet be able to take hold of some of those great things you are desirous of having done.

I am very sorry I did not entertain Miss Neigh that day; but when I talked with you I did not give you *all* my reasons for not entertaining her. Still I have repented deeply that I did not do it for Christ's sake, forgetting what I thought were hindrances to so doing. I was glad to know that she was entertained at your house, and if I had known that she could have gone to your table for dinner, I should have felt more free to have entertained her. I did not have things in proper shape for company, and if I had felt less weary would have been in better condition to have prepared a nice meal. I do not excuse myself however. I am sure the reason that I did not act more like Christ would have acted in this case, was that I did not permit His Spirit to control. Since then I have had two precious seasons of working in His spirit and by His grace for the souls of others. One time was with Minnie and Ethel Hughes, and I feel that if ever the Lord helped me, it was in talking with them of the grace of God that bringeth salvation. The tears filled their eyes, and we resolved to pray for the blessing of God on the family, and on the guest who is now stopping with them. The other occasion was in Mrs. Bevan's family. We had a precious Bible reading together, and all our hearts were melted with the love of God. Last Sabbath one of the girls wept freely in Sabbath School. Her heart seems very tender. There are many around here who I feel sure would be glad to hear the truth. There were two young ladies at Sabbath School yesterday who have never been there before.

[59] We have had precious times since you left. Bro. Prescott has been breaking to us the Bread of Life, and we none of us knew before how hungry we were. I praise the Lord for the wonderful light He has sent me through His servants. Yesterday Mrs. Prescott spent the afternoon with me. She is full of the things you have written about the time of the end, and has quite stirred me up to read and study and think more of these things.

I do not know very much about the farm work. I hear them talking about planting seeds, watering trees, burning logs, etc. but cannot give you any details. No doubt brother Caldwell keeps you posted.

Now dear, do have patience and longsuffering toward me. I know I worry you; but I am sorry. Please do forgive me, and I will try and do better. The Lord is precious to me. I have peace and quietness, and realize that He has compassed me about with songs of deliverance. But my dear I know I have not attained, neither am perfect. You will often and often have to reprove me with all longsuffering. May the Lord give you grace to be patient with me for His name's sake. I am one of His poor blundering sheep, but then I do belong to Him; for He is mine and I am His, and I want His will to be done in me to His glory and praise before men and angels. Now I mean to live up to the cautions you have given me. I mean to learn by every mistake of the past. I feel that there is no condemnation between me and God. Being justified by faith I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. P.S. After supper. We are having indications of rain. The thunder has been rolling. The lightning flashing, and some rain has fallen. I do hope it will rain hard. Love to all, Fannie.

Letter 106, 1895, pp. 1-6. (To J. H. Kellogg, December 20, 1895.)

I send you copies of letters written to Fannie Bolton. I have withheld them because I do not desire to make her case public. But I have had the most serious difficulty with her at last camp meeting. I am now left without anyone to prepare articles for papers or prepare books. I have felt I had little enough help, but when I was compelled to cut loose from Fannie, it was a sore trial to me. I feel somewhat discouraged about getting proper help.

I was troubled about Fannie for a long time. I could not see that she had any real interest in the work. She had the most precious matter of practical godliness presented before her. She was handling subjects every day that if she fed upon them would give her spiritual food and Christian experience. But I received not the evidence that she caught the precious ideas, but rushed through them mechanically, passively, without taking them in and appropriating them to herself. The precious things became common. Poor soul, she feeds upon fiction more than upon the truth.

She has a temperament that is high as the skies at one moment, and the next is deep down in proportion as she was up.

But she has represented my writings as being in need of taking all to pieces and doing up in another style. If this is the case the sooner I lay down my pen the better. The power of imagination is good, but when it leads to a highflown strain that only creates emotions, I do not care for it to be mingled with my work.

Well, the heart-sickening detail I cannot enter into, but enough to say that warnings were given me from the Lord of what she was doing, but I was in a position where I knew not what to do. I told Marian Davis that Fannie had no interest in the work. I had no union with her. But Marian excused her, saying, "O, Fannie is tired. When she gets rested she will do differently."

I have stood alone in my own house. I cannot expect to receive sympathy when there are those who do not and can not take in the situation. They can not discern my position and duty and mission.

[60] I have had opened before me the whole matter in figures and symbols, that Fannie Bolton was my adversary. I did not ever flatter her for her supposed zeal in different lines, or for her wonderful talent, and I could not feel in harmony with her.

Soon after we arrived in Sydney from America, she sprained her ankle. I told her just what to do, to keep quiet and not to walk on it. But some with me said, "Poor Fannie, I don't think it will hurt her," and my advice was ignored. She was a cripple from the first of December until the next October.

Then I learned through Fannie that she was in love with a young man from California whom she had met at Ann Arbor. I think it was Blakley. She acted at times as if possessed of an evil spirit, and she set in to make us all miserable. This course she repented of, I think.

I received little sympathy from Fannie during my great suffering of eleven months in Preston. I then told her that I could never consent to have her a member of my family. I did not doubt she was a woman of talent, for she could talk me down any time. She was sometimes impudent and accusing. She would have made my life in my home bitterness, but for the rich blessing of the Lord. I had His presence with me day and night. I was refreshed by the waters of life.

Two years ago at Brighton camp meeting she began her work again as my adversary, reporting to others all of which I cannot

repeat. But she created such a state of things in her representation that you would have supposed her to be the author of the articles she prepared, and maintained that it should be acknowledged that Marian and Fannie were in copartnership with me in the publications bearing my signature.

I told her again and again that I wanted not her words, but my words, and when I discovered words she had inserted of her own, in the place of the words in which I had expressed my ideas, I put my pen across it.

Two years ago I discharged her after a long, painful experience. I asked her to put into writing the form of recognition she craved. But she would not do this. She claimed to be converted, changed entirely and made such humble confessions that I thought I would try her again. But she is the same, and now Satan begins to use her as he has done at the Armadale camp meeting, Melbourne.

With it all there has been a lovesick sentimentalism for Caldwell. The affair had been carried on as they thought, in secrecy, but it was not thus. Those whose perceptive faculties were not dimmed know all they wished to know. Caldwell is a married man, with two children, the eldest about ten years old. He has been absent from his wife three years, and from the light the Lord has been pleased to give me, he has been anything but a patient, kind, thoughtful husband. His wife has not written him a line for the three years he has been absent. I think she hated him. She has obtained a divorce from him, but before this was done the attachment and love had been pledged to one another Fannie to Caldwell, and Caldwell to Fannie. They supposed that if they were married, they could be united in taking the supervision of my place and my writings. After the wife had obtained a divorce, then he said she was not true to him, and he was free to marry whom he would.

I told Fannie Bolton that it had nearly cost me my life to connect with her, and if I had another one united with her and the two to handle, I should soon be buried. No, I am entirely separated from Fannie. Never while time lasts will another article of mine pass into her hands. She has sought to betray me, to turn traitor, to say things that leave untrue impressions upon minds. She has educated herself in theatrical methods, and can act out to life in apparent sincerity a thing that is false.

Brother and Sister Prescott have done me a good service, although her pretentious acting was so deceiving. They and many others thought the woman was honest, and was really all she pretended to be.

Fannie herself, notwithstanding the deception she was practicing, though she had, as she thought, deceived me for nearly one year, had the presumption to tell me that in her work of giving Bible readings, her words were inspired. She would tell how the ones she was talking with were wonderfully affected, and would turn pale. The strange part of the matter is that our own people are so ready to accept theatrical demonstrations as the inspiration of the Spirit of God. And I am more surprised, under the circumstances that they should encourage her to connect with sacred things.

She has urged, and begged, and cried, for me to take her back again into my service. But I said, "No, for you make false statements in regard to your preparing the articles for papers and books, which I deny. With all apparent sincerity and honesty you state to others and to me, that you think the Lord has inspired you to change the words I have traced, and substitute your own for them. I call this a strange fire of your own kindling."

We soon heard that Fannie was in broken health, sick in bed, and had decided to return to America. Next, one week ago last Friday, she sent a telegram, that she would come to Morriset station about nine o'clock at night.

My horses and carriage went for her four miles and a half. The school building took her in that night, and she has been near me here only to see to her things in the tent. She appears, I hear, almost as a nervous wreck. She consulted physicians in Melbourne, who prescribed for her to eat largely of eggs. She says she must have meat and oysters and such things in order to build up. She is now at Brother and Sister Shannon's who have taken a small home of four rooms, which is built upon a hill where it is very difficult for a carriage to approach, but is a retired, healthful location. She is in no condition to go on the long sea voyage to America, but will remain until she has better health.

Sister Shannon will have a burden on her hands. Poor soul, I pity her, but she has now a knowledge of Fannie, and has chosen to do this. I do not wish to see Fannie. I can do her no good. She

will misconstrue my words, and will misstate me. She will hear with ears that will hear only what she wants to hear....

Now in regard to Edson, I presented the matter to Brother Olsen. I tried to lay before him my situation in connection with Fannie, but Fannie, I think, had considerable talk with him, as she does to every one, in representing the great difficulty in preparing the articles from my pen. He recommended that I take Fannie with me to Africa. I think for some reason Brother Olsen does not comprehend how we were situated here in this country. I am sure he was very dull of comprehension in regard to my relation to the work and in regard to Fannie's connection with me. The way she represents matters is so misleading. She will say with such pathos, "Sister White does not understand me. My motives are misapprehended."

Jesus has told us that the fruit testifies of the character of the tree, and yet persons who do not have an intimate connection with Fannie for some time are certainly deceived, and I am misjudged. I cannot tell what I shall do. I am getting older, and my work given me of God should now be done rapidly, but where are my helpers?

[62]

W. C. White to Fannie Bolton, December 24, 1895

I have heard that your work in Malvern has been too hard for you, and that you have been prostrated by it. I have also heard that you are thinking of returning to the United States, and that you are questioning if it may not be best to go on the *Monowai* next month.

I am very sorry that your health will not permit you to remain and continue the work in which you are engaged; but considering your health and the fact that in California or Michigan you can arrange to have the benefits of the skill of our sanitarium physicians, and that there will be favorable opportunities to secure a limited amount of work such as you will be able to do in connection with one of these institutions, I think it would be best for you to return to the States.

I like the *Monowai* much better than the *Alameda* or *Mariposa*, and therefore I think your proposition to go next month is a good one. We shall be ready to do whatever we can in the matter of helping you to dispose of your furniture and to pack up, ready for the journey; therefore do not worry about it.

Please tell me how you are supplied with funds.

I will make an estimate of your expenses from here to Battle Creek and send an order to Faulkhead so as to have it on hand when you come. I think I will send you with this a return ticket from Melbourne to Sydney. It is a first class return and will be good for a trip at any time on the Express train.

Letter 116, 1896, pp. 2, 10, 11. (To Bro. and Sr. Wilson, January 1, 1896.)

Fannie Bolton came up here [Cooranbong] last week, broken down with nervous prostration. Sara McEnterfer will give her treatment. She expected to take the boat this month for America, but I fear she will be unable to do this. Poor soul; she is having a most serious time in having her own way and following her own impulses.... [Jan. 9:] Some days ago Fannie Bolton came here to prepare her things, and then go to America; but she is in a condition of nervous prostration, and will board with Sr. Shannon for a time.

Letter 21, 1896, pp. 2, 3. (To W. A. Colcord, January 7, 1896.)

In regard to Fannie, she has done very little of the work for one year. Since the Ashfield camp meeting her mind has been diverted to other things, preoccupied with things that were of no service to the cause of God, and Satan has worked upon her imagination. It is not the work connected with me that has prostrated her nervous system. It is practicing a course of secrecy and deception and wrongdoing. It is not the requirements made upon her, but it is kindling a fire and walking in the sparks of her own kindling in connection with her wonderful desire for another woman's husband; lovesick sentimentalism. It was not my work when at Preston that had that effect on her that caused her to be nervously prostrated. It was her lovesick sentimentalism for a man in America, who has given up the truth. She expected he would write her, renewing his attentions to her, but no letter was received, and she almost blasphemed God because of His providence. She would ask, "Why does God permit these things to be?" in such a spirit of vehemence and rebellion that I was frightened. Now the appearance is that poor Fannie has broken down in her work for Sr. White, as though I had worked her to death.

This is not the truth, but such it will be regarded. Fannie has had her own way, and must suffer the result of her own course of action, but I must have the stigma, and the impression will go forth that poor Fannie is worked to death. I feel very sorry for the girl. I feel very sorry that she is suffering, but wrong impressions will be made in regard to my work.

Manuscript 62, 1896, p. 1. (Diary entry for February 9, 1896.)

I have had feelings of exhaustion today, and not a little perplexity of mind over the case of Fannie. She wished to come back to work for me, but I have felt it impossible. I know not of any special change wrought in her that I dare trust her. And yet my mind is troubled exceedingly. Shall I feel altogether clear that I have divorced her from the work? Shall I be prepared to meet the result of this course of action on my part in that great day when the judgment shall sit and the books be opened?

W. C. White to A. G. Daniells, February 24, 1896

The matter of employing Sr. Bolton on the Echo lists and correspondence is a new thought to me. There is one part of the work that she seems admirably fitted to do, and there are other parts about which she will need help from others. If she is closely associated with someone of a business turn of mind like Sr. Graham or Sr. Ingels so that they can help her about the financial and business part of the work, it may be that her enthusiasm and her freedom in correspondence will result in stirring up our people to do more for the Echo. With proper counsel and guidance, she could at the same time do a little work that would help the editor by working up interesting notes from matters contained in the correspondence. Of course it would be best for her, as for all others, to do work in the name of the society, and thus avoid making the individual more prominent in the minds of the people than the society employing the individual.

One thing largely in favor of giving her a trial on this work is the fact that it could be done without large expense or without the sacrifice of any other plans. She is now ready to go to America

by way of England, but does not feel anxious about hurrying off. Therefore, the expense involved would be only her wages, and the risks and responsibilities and sacrifice of other plans are next to nothing. I have not the highest hopes regarding her success, but in our present distress for help, she is far the best one I can think of. Mother does not wish to say anything about this, either good or bad. Prescott and Rousseau unite with me in favoring a trial.

Manuscript 12d, 1896, entire ms. (March 19 [20?], 1896.)

I awakened this morning at half past three. I dressed and as usual asked that the blessing of the Lord would rest upon me, committing my soul to God as unto a faithful creator. I asked that the Holy Spirit would be with me through the day, to mold and fashion my character after the divine similitude. I placed myself in the hands of God as the only thing I can do. Then I commenced writing in my diary some things in regard to [John 15](#), the true vine and the branches.

[64] While writing I had not only a wonderful experience, but was led to decide that the only course I can take conscientiously and be a co-worker with Jesus Christ, is to take Fannie back again to connect with my work, and do all on my part that I can to save her soul. This will be practicing the lessons that Christ has given us. I have a great fear of offending Jesus Christ by not obeying His words.

Warnings have been given me. I separated from Fannie because the Lord revealed that she was my adversary, and the enemy was working through her to injure me. She has not been driven off, but she stands like a sheep bleating about the fold. I know not my future, nor her future, but I will [accept] her confessions. I will not longer disregard her pleadings for another trial. I shall not in this go to anyone for advice. I believe the Holy Spirit has told me that this is what I should do. I have a work to do for the Master.

What would Christ do were He in my place? He would open the door and welcome her to the fold. I firmly believe my mind has been worked this morning by the Holy Spirit, and it seems the very thing I must do. Not that I have any evidence to think that there is any marked change in Fannie's character, but notwithstanding this, in view of her confessions to me, and her pleadings, I will act as I believe Christ would act under the circumstances. He, the precious

Saviour, is very precious to me, full of grace and truth. What right have I to close the door of hope to her?

Fannie has treated me badly; she has hurt my soul. But if she should fall into Satan's snare, what bitter reflections might come to me if she had lifted her hand to me, and I would not take it. I shall now without delay say, "Fannie, I am, in Christ's stead to heed your requests, and connect you again with His work. I do not ask for promises. All I ask is that you die to self, and live unto Jesus Christ. I have no further exhortation to give. He alone is your efficiency. Behold not me or any human being. Fix your eye upon Jesus. Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

If Fannie will walk with God, putting herself out of the question, but accepting and lifting up Jesus, yoking up with Him, she can be an overcomer. I shall take the whole responsibility, for I dare not do otherwise. I shall see that she attends the meeting to be held in Cooranbong, and make some way for her. I cannot tell just what or how, but the Lord will teach.

Manuscript 63, 1896, pp. 3, 5. (Diary entries for March 19 and March 22, 1896.)

[March 19, 1896:] I have received a letter from Fannie Bolton, very much after the same that she has previously written. While I feel pity and sadness for her, I do not feel that I can again connect with her. Yesterday I wrote some things in reference to the past, in the experience I have had with Caldwell and—. Then I was writing upon the fifteenth chapter of John: "I am the true Vine, and My Father is the Husbandman."

As I was writing a heavenly atmosphere pervaded the room. I have had the same experience many times in my life. I lost all sense of everything around me. I saw no symbol, no person, but a communication was made to me as if words were spoken:

"Fannie Bolton is not under the ministration of the Holy Spirit. Although she has proved herself unworthy to be connected with the work in which you are engaged, yet take her to your home and treat the poor deceived child as one who needs help. She cannot ever be connected with the work that is to go forth in all the meekness and lowliness of Christ. She needs your help in more ways than one.

Testify to her that you pardon her, and let her return to her home as she desires. Be careful whom you connect with you in your work, for you must not carry such burdens, but bear testimony that you will help her to come to Jesus and repent. Open the door for her to come to Me, for it is I whom she has wounded and has misrepresented. But I will forgive her past falsifying if she will see it is I whom she has wounded and falsified in misrepresenting the work I have chosen you to do.”

I decided to take Fannie Bolton home with us and take care of her, although she has done me great injury, misstated me, cast reflection upon my work, and left the impression upon minds that she was the one who made my books. She has confessed to me and yet she repeats the same false statements. I shall do all I can to help the poor soul.

[March 22, 1896:] Had talk with Fannie Bolton and proposed to take her to my home and see if a change will not do her good. *See Addendum, p. 124.

Manuscript 12c, 1896, entire ms. (April 1, 1896, [March 20 dateline].)

Friday, March 20, I arose early, about half past three o'clock in the morning. While writing upon the fifteenth chapter of John, suddenly a wonderful peace came upon me. The whole room seemed to be filled with the atmosphere of heaven. A holy, sacred presence seemed to be in my room. I laid down my pen and was in a waiting attitude to see what the Spirit would say unto me. I saw no person. I heard no audible voice, but a heavenly watcher seemed close beside me. I felt that I was in the presence of Jesus. The sweet peace and light which seemed to be in my room it is impossible for me to explain or describe. A sacred, holy atmosphere surrounded me, and there were presented to my mind and understanding matters of intense interest and importance. A line of action was laid out before me as if the unseen presence was speaking with me. The matter I had been writing upon seemed to be lost to my mind and another matter distinctly opened before me. A great awe seemed to be upon me as matters were imprinted upon my mind.

The question was, What have you done with the request of Fannie Bolton? You have not erred in disconnecting with her, this was the right thing for you to do, and this would bring to her mind conviction and remorse which she must have. She has been tempted, deceived, and almost destroyed. Notwithstanding her perversity of spirit, I have thoughts of mercy and compassion for her. If she will heed my counsel she shall have deliverance from the snare of Satan. He has desired her soul that he might sift her as wheat. Your own soul has been wounded and bruised, but your Saviour has bought her with a great price. He has been wounded; He has been pierced afresh, and put to open shame by this deceived, deluded child.

She has been enamored and listened to the voice of one [Caldwell] who is himself far from me. He is not walking in the light, but in a false show following another leader. He is a man that speaketh proud things of himself. The safe bond of all acquaintance for those who desire to grow up in Christ[’s] perfection of character is in confiding love and faith in Christ above all others. This is the strong and safe bond of friendship and union and will never become a snare. The relationship of fleshly acquaintances will need to be strictly guarded. The one whom she has thought would bring to her rest, peace, happiness, would bring unrest, sorrow, anguish. The influence of the man whom she thought she loved would cause her to lose interest in the work, and has separated her from God. She has not adorned the doctrine of Christ our Saviour by her actions and experience. He will not accept as His representative the character of influence of him who has led her into a train of experiences that should be avoided by everyone. My Spirit does not rest upon him. He is not an acceptable man to handle sacred things. He does not know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent. He has had opportunities and privileges to understand the truth. Had he appropriated it to his individual case he would have possessed that faith that works by love and it would have purified his soul. He is working under a deception. He has a work to do in connection with his wife and with his children for which he is accountable and God holds him responsible. No woman has a right to connect her life with him as a child of God for in thus doing she will be guilty of the sin of adultery.

Take heed lest Satan should take possession of mind and will and character. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him." I have a warning for all such, "Enter not into the path of the wicked." Nets are laid by Satan for the feet of all who turn aside from the straight and narrow way. A blessing is upon the way of the man who has not stood in the way of sinners. "Be ye not envious of evil men, neither desire to be with them. The path of the just is as a shining light." The Lord hates all manner of pretense and deception and fraud. Men may appear outwardly moral while the fear of God is not before their eyes. Those who leave the path of uprightness to walk in the deceived imagination of their own human unsanctified judgment are under the control of satanic agencies. If the weak and erring ones would only receive counsel they would be helped.

The feelings which lead men, women or youth to reject advice is directly opposed to the instruction of God. If the advice had been heeded by these deceived souls, the condition of spiritual deception that has blinded the senses of both would have been avoided. There has been an entering into temptation. There has not been a consideration in harmony with the advice and warnings which God has given. Pride and willing ignorance has led you on and on away from the word, and thus saith the Lord, away from the principles of God's holy law to selfish, earthly, sensual desires, walking contrary to the commandments of God. Self has risen up provoked against words wise and safe to follow. The Spirit of God has been grieved from their hearts and understanding. Headstrong obstinacy was convicted but unyielding, because the human agent is unsanctified and unwilling to walk in the way of the Lord.

Her life has been spoiled for the work for nearly a year by her strong imaginations. Take this poor deluded soul by the hand, surround her with a favorable influence if possible. If she separates now from you, Satan's net is prepared for her feet. She is not in a condition to be left to herself now to be consumed of herself. She feels regret and remorse. I am her Redeemer, I will restore her if she will not exalt and honor and glorify herself. If she goes from you now there is a chain of circumstances which will bring her into difficulties which will be for her ruin.

There are those who have not the love of God abiding in their hearts. They are craving ever for a sentimental earthly love which cannot possibly flourish in a heart consecrated to God's service. This class will ever give sympathy where it is not called for, where it will mislead, and pervert the experience of others in temptation. Their sentimental, unsanctified ideas of love are not refined, elevated or satisfying. It is a production of self and wholly human. You are not to wait for evidence of transformation of character. The Holy Spirit alone can do this work, and mould and fashion this child's experience after the divine similitude. She has not power, if left to herself, to control a temperament that is always a snare to her unless that she keeps in the love of God, unless that she humble herself under the hand of God, and learns daily the meekness and lowliness of Christ. [67]

Leave her not to the dangerous sympathies of those who are not wise in Christian experience, who do not understand and estimate the value of the human soul under test and trial, that need to be purified from the dross and tried as in a furnace that they may come forth free from dross as fine gold. It is not the glitter and the tinsel that is estimated of God, but it is a refined and holy life possessing a sanctified life that will make men and women of true moral worth. Her only hope is to lose her selfconsciousness in the contemplation of the character of Jesus Christ. The true discerning heart led by the Spirit of God will die to self and will live its life in Christ Jesus. It will keep the way of the Lord. It will not stubbornly refuse to give up its way and its will when God shall send it counsels and warnings. The Lord can bless only the obedient. Take heed; all who reach up their hands to you turn not away. You are to help those who need help the most. I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. Satan is trying to overcome these souls but they cost My life blood.

The mind has become infatuated by a sentiment thought to be love, but it is altogether too base a sentiment to bear the name of love. It flourishes in the atmosphere of deception and falsehood. These are the sins that have been committed against Me. I will give her another trial.

This light has come to me after earnestly praying that the Holy Spirit would instruct, reprove, and comfort me. I place myself in the

hands of God, and while writing, these matters have been opened before me. I shall at once act upon this light given. It is just like our tender, loving, compassionate Saviour to hold out encouragement.

I obeyed the warning to separate from Fannie. She was my adversary, she was a hindrance to me. And now the word comes to me to cooperate with Jesus Christ in the effort of the saving of a soul. I have had nothing to do in asking the advice of any one. I can no longer delay the writing of this, for last night, March 31, matters were opened before me more impressively which I write. I understand the matter better and shall work accordingly. I have taken Fannie to my home here at Sunnyside, Avondale, Cooranbong. I shall do all I can to help her heavenward.

[68] **Letter 164, 1896, p. 1. (To Bro. and Sr. Corliss, April 6, 1896.)**

The very first time I spoke, on Friday morning, I had a very great burden to address Caldwell and set his position before him; then after meeting I read to him some things concerning himself and Fannie. She is now in my home in a very feeble nervous condition. I am astonished how Satan can work upon human minds and warp the character if any human being will give him a chance. How this case will terminate I know not.

Letter 18, 1896, pp. 1-5, 7. (To Bro. Caldwell, April 9, 1896.)

I am greatly distressed as I review the past, and as matters are brought to my notice by the Spirit of God. I have a decided message to bear to you, Brother Caldwell. Special light in regard to you and your family was not given me until about two years ago. I was then shown that the attitude you manifested in your home life was unchristian. You began your married life by accepting a false sabbath, and by sailing under false colors. But a wife that was obtained by selling principles of truth, could not bring peace or happiness to the purchaser. God was dishonored by your action in this matter, and his truth was trampled in the dust.

When you gave up the Sabbath for your wife, she rejoiced that she had gained a victory, and Satan also rejoiced. But when she accepted a man who was willing to sell his Lord for her, she could

not look up to him and honor him as a wife should honor her husband. When she married you under these circumstances, she did not distinguish between a heaven-born love, and an earthly love, not of divine origin. A man who will sacrifice his love for his heavenly Father for a wife, will also sell his wife for another woman. This quality of love is base; it is of this earth, and will never bear the test of trial.

The Lord does not revise the laws of His government, the laws which control His subjects both in this world and in the heavenly universe. Natural laws must be obeyed. But you were so determined to obtain your wife, that you broke down every barrier, and broke God's law by yielding up the Sabbath; and you have been reaping only that which you have sown.

After marrying your wife, you again accepted the Sabbath. This was the right move to make, if you made it in sincerity and in the fear of God. Said Christ, [[John 14:21, 23](#) quoted].

But you secured your wife under a promise which you afterwards broke. You paid a dear price for her, and by breaking your word, you have given her every reason to be tempted. Thus Satan has had every opportunity to deceive her, and he has presented this matter to her in his own light. You sacrificed the truth and sold your allegiance to God to obtain a wife, and after you again commenced keeping the Sabbath, your course toward your wife should have been entirely different from what it has been. You should have shown her all the tenderness, forbearance, and love which you manifested toward her before your marriage. But this was not done. You did not pursue a course which would keep her love. I myself cannot put confidence in you as a Christian, and under present developments, I could not give my consent for you to become a member of any church.

You thought that when you were once married, you could do as you pleased. This has embittered your married life; and your wife has had every reason for refusing to leave her home, and come to you to this country. Your acceptance of fanatical views was nothing in your favor, and gave your wife an opportunity to strengthen herself against the principles of truth.

For years you have been away from your home. Leaving as you did was a wrong against your family. You have told me that you would never humiliate yourself by going back, *never*; but the Lord

[69] has presented this matter before me. I know that you cannot be clear in the sight of God until you do all in your power to be reconciled to your wife. You have a work to do in your family which cannot be left undone. This I stated to you last September. Whatever position your wife has taken, whatever course of recklessness and levity she has pursued, this does not excuse you from acting a father's part to your children. You ought to go back to your home, and do all in your power to heal the breach, which you, a professed believer in the truth, have done more than your wife to make.

When you placed your love upon another woman [Fannie Bolton], even though your wife had obtained a divorce, you transgressed the seventh commandment; but you have done worse than this. You loved another women before your wife obtained a divorce, and you have said to one, "How hard it is to be bound to a woman I do not love, when there is one I love, yes, the very ground she walks on."

Your course while in my family was not open and frank. The transactions between you and the one upon whom you placed your affections were carried on under falsehood and deception. In the guise of false pretension, secret plans were carried out. The Lord opened these matters before me, and I tried to change the order of things; but the burden of soul was to you and others accounted a thing of naught. At this time you were giving Bible readings, and taking a prominent part in church work. My advice and counsel was not asked in regard to this important decision. Had I been, I should have been spared much pain that followed.

When I talked with you in regard to your freedom in the company of young ladies, and told you that I could not have you in my family while I went to Tasmania, your answer was that you had always been sociable with young women, and had never thought that there was any harm in it. I told you that I knew there was harm in this freedom, and that I could not feel justified in leaving you in my family while I was absent.

When I told you that you could not remain in my family, you said that after settling your accounts, which would take about a week, you could go. But this matter dragged along, or was neglected, till about two weeks before our return from Tasmania, and then in July we went to Cooranbong.

This matter cannot rest here. I cannot be looked upon as keeping you from your home and family. It was a mistake, I think, to bring you into my family at all. I did this to help you; but I cannot let it be represented to others that we consider you a man worthy to engage in the sacred work which the Lord has given me. I cannot have this matter appear thus; for it places me in a wrong light.

I cannot appear to justify your course of action in your married life. Leaving your wife and family was an offense to God, and I must present this matter as it is, before the president of your Conference, Mr. Williams. I had hoped that when you saw your delusion you would feel that repentance for your course of action that needeth not to be repented of. But my experience at Armadale, and the burden brought upon me there, made me a great sufferer; and matters in regard to your past life have been more fully opened before me....

You have thought that you would receive the credential of a minister of the gospel, but had these been given you, reproach would have been brought upon the cause of God. You have represented yourself as being a wronged man, but it is your wife who has been most wronged. She should never have been treated as you have treated her. You pursued such a course toward your little ones that your wife could not but be estranged from you. Her heart was wounded, bruised, and she was almost distracted by your overbearing, masterly government in discipline of your children.

After giving up Fannie, you placed your affections upon another. This shows just what you would do if opportunities presented themselves. You show young girls attention, and thus win their love; for if you choose, your manner can be very gracious and attractive. As these things have passed before me, I have felt indignant. I cannot, will not, keep silent on these matters. I determined that you should be unveiled as an unprincipled man. Your ideas of what a Christian should be are so much unlike the principles laid down in the word of God, that no responsibility in connection with the cause of God should be given you.

[70]

Letter 104, 1896, entire letter. (To Eld. I. N. Williams, President of the Pennsylvania Conference [Caldwell's home conference], April 12, 1896.)

We have had great trouble of mind in regard to Bro. W. F. Caldwell, who expects to return to America by this month's boat. He has shown a fondness for the society of young girls, and has been full of gaiety, conducting himself like a boy. About a year ago, at the suggestion of my son, W. C. White, I employed him to run the typewriter for [Fannie Bolton], as she read the manuscript to him. But soon I became burdened; warnings were given to me again and again. I talked with him by himself in regard to his freedom and enjoyment in the society of young women and his frivolous conduct, but he said he had always been sociable with young ladies, and thought it no harm. We wanted to help him; for he had no money, and but very poor clothing. He has good ability, and might have developed into a competent helper for W. C. or a worker for me; but I dared not have him remain a member of my family.

He became attached to [Fannie], and the matter was carried on under a deception before he learned that his wife had obtained a divorce. When he heard this, he seemed greatly relieved; for his heart was fully weaned from her; but the Lord gave me light in regard to the matter. I consider that he is far more to blame than his wife in view of the fact that he claims to believe sacred truth, and she makes no such profession. He has not been a kind, tender husband; he has not been patient and forbearing, but very critical and overbearing if his wife displeased him in any way. I cannot see how his wife, in contact with his temperament and disposition, could feel drawn toward the truth. She has opposed him, and has made it hard for him, but not a whit harder than he has made it for her by his course of action. He has not taken opposition patiently, or as a Christian should. He did wrong when he left his home and his wife and children. A few months ago I learned that he had done nothing for their support.

As matters were unfolded to me, it was a most serious matter for him to allow his affections to center upon another woman when he had a wife living, whom he had promised to love and cherish as long as they both should live. Why he should leave his home so

long has been a mystery to us all, until recently I have had divine enlightenment.

He can appear very attractive, and win the confidence and favor of the girls, but when crossed, he has such a temper and disposition, that, unless he is changed, no woman, believer or unbeliever, could live peaceably with him. He would pursue a course that would make any woman miserable. He is an intemperate eater, and this is why he has so little patience. I felt that the time had come when I should no longer employ him to transact my business; for warnings kept coming to me from the Lord concerning his course of action. I will write further in regard to this if necessary. Please write to me, stating facts concerning the family there, as far as you know. Help Caldwell, if you can, to set things right, and remove this reproach from the cause of God. Even if his wife is already married, it may be there is something he can do for his children.

[71]

Letter 36, 1896, p. 2. (To S. N. Haskell, April 26, 1896.)

I arose early Thursday morning, about two o'clock, and was writing busily upon the True Vine, when I felt a presence in my room, as I have many times before, and I lost all recollection of what I was about. I seemed to be in the presence of Jesus. He was communicating to me that in which I was to be instructed. Everything was so plain that I could not misunderstand. I was to help one [Fannie Bolton?] whom I thought I should never be called upon to be troubled with again. I could not understand what it meant, but at once decided not to try to reason about this, but follow the directions. Not an audible word was spoken to my ear, but to my mind. I said, "Lord, I will do as Thou hast commanded."

Letter 52b, 1896, p. 4. (To Sister Ings, May 7, 1896.)

Fannie's health has failed, and she leaves us today for America.

W. C. White to O. A. Olsen, May 10, 1896

This afternoon, Sr. Fannie Bolton left here, expecting to take passage on the Victoria of the P. & O. S. S. Line, from Sydney to London. She was planning to go some weeks ago, but her mind

was then all in a tumult, and the Angel of the Lord told mother to take her back and give her another trial. This has helped her mind in many ways, but she finds she is not able to go on with the work, and her mind is in Chicago, with her mother. Mother has encouraged her to go home, or stay, as she thought best, and she has decided to go. We hope she may be benefited healthwise by the journey.

**Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, May 14, 1896, en route to
America**

I am grateful to the dear Lord for His peace within, for the fulfillment of the promise, that “His presence will go with me, and He will give me rest.”

Quietness and confidence seem to have fallen into my heart like the dew. O that I may be able to impart some knowledge of God’s love and mercy to someone on this voyage. I realize to some degree how unworthy I am, but “Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,” and this comforts me, and by the power of His grace alone I hope for salvation. I know your prayers will follow me.

Thank you again for your patience and kindness and mercy to me. I go home with much lighter heart than I could have gone before this.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, May 19, 1896

After a very rough passage, in which nearly everyone was sick, we landed at Adelaide. As soon as we passed the “Heads” my head went down, and did not come up again until we enter the “Heads” at this place. Our ship could not come into the docks, but had to anchor about a mile out. Yesterday morning about eleven o’clock, Bro. Daniells and Salisbury came on board. A small boat plies between the steamer and the pier, and by paying two shillings, you have a ride to the pier, and then by train to the city, and return.

[72] I went in shore, and was so glad once more to find “terra firma” under my unsteady feet. Everything is still more or less unstable.

On our way to Dr. Higgins’ house, we had an opportunity to see the Public buildings. We took a hasty view of the “Tower and upper house,” the museum and art-gallery, and the Zoological gardens.

About five o'clock we came to the home of Sister Higgins. She seems a very frail woman, and glancing round the house, I came to the conclusion that they were not blessed with much of this world's goods. Bro. Higgins is suffering from poison in his arm. He thinks he poisoned his arm by accidentally scratching the skin off on the corrugated iron. Anna, the daughter, who is in the "Echo office," was very sick last week but is again on the mend. She has heart disease.

I did not stay at Sister Higgins' house, but went with Bro. Daniells to Sister Allan's. She is a very pleasant, warm-hearted woman. I found myself very tired that night; and today felt very poorly. My head threatens to lay me low.

The rain has been showering down all day, and the sky is very heavy. Our boat sails tomorrow. I have not had much chance yet to become acquainted with the passengers, but I must say I am not at all favorably impressed. All the men smoke nearly all the time.

How glad I was to see Bro. Daniells and Salisbury. They both looked noble and clean beside those tobacco idolaters. What a rest of spirit it is to come among those of like precious faith! It seems as though most of the people might be described by the words, "There is no thought of God in all their heart." How grateful I feel that the Lord has brought His light to me. How can I take it to these poor darkened hearts? I do hope the way may open so that someone may be brought to the light even on this journey. There is comfort for those who realize that they are weak and unworthy. Jesus is precious to me, my righteousness, my glorious dress. "Plenteous grace with Him is found. Grace to pardon all my sin. Let the healing stream abound, Make and keep me pure within." "The Lord make His face to shine upon you." I hope to hear from you at London, and will write as I go along. Pray for me, Fannie Bolton.

Letter 87a, 1896, p. 2. (To Elder Olsen, May 25, 1896.)

Fannie Bolton has now left us. Sister Burnham and Marian are with me, also Sister Maggie Hare, whom we are entrusting with articles to prepare for the paper, and who gives promise of becoming a good worker. I have just engaged Minnie Hawkins, who has been long in the Echo Office, who understands the typewriter, has some

knowledge of short-hand, and we hope may be able to assist in preparing copy. Like Maggie Hare she is young and healthy. They have not a nervous temperament like Fannie Bolton, but will bring a healthful current into the work. If sanctified to God, they will do good work.

Letter 153, 1896, p. 1. (To “Children,” July 9, 1896.)

Maggie Hare is an excellent girl and is taking the place Fannie occupied in furnishing the paper with articles. Maggie is the very opposite of Fannie, who would nearly make those who worked with her wild with her nervous movements. But I am now free and shall hope to keep eight thousand miles of water between her and me. She was always in a fidget and made others nervous.

Letter 154, 1896, pp. 1, 2. (To “Children,” August 2, 1896.)

[73] Fannie failed me and she has been a great tax to me since she came to Australia. She left me for America in April, and she told me she wished to come back again. I told her I had no light to say one word of encouragement in this line. She urged me to say she might come back if she would pay her own fare. I could not do this. And, Edson, I never want her connected with me again. She would talk to my workers, especially Marian and get her stirred up so that I could hardly get along with Marian. She was like another person, infused with a spirit that was excitable and unexplainable. Now Fannie is gone, she is herself, just as peaceable as she used to be. The workers now are wholesome, healthy, and kind, and of value to me. *See Addendum, p. 125.

J. H. Kellogg to E. G. White, January 10, 1897

Everybody is well in Battle Creek. Miss Bolton looks thin and is extremely nervous and hysterical. She has done some writing for me but I have not been able to make use of it. What she writes seems to exhibit the hysterical, nervous character which she shows in her manner. I think she is sick.

Manuscript 29, 1897, p. 5. (“Counsel and Warning,” April 6, 1897.)

I was very desirous that Bro. McCullagh should have all the benefit possible from these meetings [in Cooranbong]; for matters had been presented before me so clearly that I knew that he was in danger. I knew that his mind was under strong temptation. He talked these things to his wife, and together they were causing in the churches in the suburbs of Sydney, a state of things which would produce a harvest that would not be pleasant to garner. Sr. McCullagh’s missionary visits and Bro. McCullagh’s influence tended to counteract the work for the accomplishment of which so much money and labor has been expended. And Fannie Bolton’s statements, which were cruelly untrue, were as seed sown in their minds, to produce fruit.

Letter 25, 1897, entire letter. (To Fannie Bolton, April 11, 1897.)

The work which you have done here in Australia has yielded a harvest which is wide-spread. You denied having said to Sr. Malcolm that which they told me, and insisted upon, you had said. You afterward visited Sister Malcolm, and denied having said that Sr. White was a very ignorant woman, who could not write, and whose writings you had to make all over, and that it was your talent in connection with the work that made the articles in the papers and books what they were. My only course has been to dismiss you from my employment several times. I did this while you were at my home at Preston; but because of your apparent repentance, I foolishly consented to let you work with me again.

Then after the Brighton camp meeting we had that long, soul-disheartening revelation made to us that you thought that Marian and yourself should be recognized as the ones [who] were putting talent into my works. I had a talk with Srs. Colcord and Salisbury, when I related to them the trouble I had experienced with your perversion of facts in regard to your work on my writings. These sisters told me that you had told them the same story. You also told it to Sr. Miller. The same words which Sr. Malcolm told me you had said to her, you

[74] repeated to Sr. Colcord. At first Sr. Miller said you had said nothing to her; but Sr. Salisbury said, "I heard Fannie say these words to you," (repeating what you had told Sister Malcolm). Sr. Miller then said that she had forgotten, but now remembered what you had said. Now these words were positively untrue, and as the result of your report, Sister Miller has repeated them to the Andersons. You have also, I learn, repeated the same to others. You claimed that it was your superior talent that made the articles what they were. I know this to be a falsehood; for I know my own writings. You yourself have adopted much of them, and interwoven them with your own articles, which I recognize.

I have met this again in the work you have done in your misrepresentations to Bro. McCullagh. I ever treated Bro. McCullagh and his wife as tenderly as I would my own children. But the leaven has been at work, and the talk of him and his wife has done great harm in the church in Sydney.

After the instruction given me of the Lord at North Shore, I did just what He told me to do. I took you from Bro. McCullagh's and did all in my power for you, although I could not tell what such a movement meant. But in your influence in Australia, in bearing false statements against me, I have been repeatedly shown that you were my adversary working against me. Why I was directed to take you to my home, I do not know. But the Lord understands all about that, and that which I do not know now, I shall know hereafter.

The work in Adelaide was left for Brn. McCullagh and Hawkins to finish, and I think it was a finish. Bro. McCullagh has given up the truth largely, and taken Bro. Hawkins with him. The whole church had gone with them, but had not fully taken sides when these brethren sent in their resignation, saying that they did not believe in Mrs. White's visions or mission.

This called Brn. Daniells and Colcord to Adelaide. On arriving there, they found that McCullagh and Hawkins had appointed a meeting, where they made their tirade upon me. Bro. McCullagh has reported your words of information given him from house to house, saying that I have very little to do in getting out the books purported to come from my pen, that I had picked out all I had written from other books, and that those who prepared my articles,

yourself in particular, made that matter that was published. This is the way you became my adversary.

When Brn. Colcord and Daniells visited from house to house, they met these very same statements. In the meeting appointed by Bro. McCullagh, he said he would have nothing to say against Adventists; but Brn. Daniells and Colcord were present, and heard him make similar statements in public, before believers and unbelievers. Bro. Daniells asked if he could make a few remarks, but they positively refused to let him speak. Then he handed McCullagh a notice to the effect that he would review these statements the following Monday evening, and asked them to read it. Bro. McCullagh handed it to Bro. Hawkins; but as the people were leaving the house, Bro. Daniells arose and read the notice himself, remarking that he had asked these ministers to read it, and they had refused to do so. Bro. Hawkins said, "I was going to read it, but you did not give me time." But already the people were passing out, and some had gone.

Now; this is the state of things. You can see by this what a harvest your leaven of falsehood and misrepresentation have produced. You opened your mind to Bro. and Sister McCullagh, which has changed their feeling toward me. The leaven worked, until it carried with it one whole church. But thank God they are recovered. And now my way is clear to make statements just as they have been coming from you, and I will cut off the influence of your tongue in every way that I can.

I will say that much of the time that you were in Australia, you surely did not know what manner of spirit you were of. Satanic agencies have been working through Fannie Bolton. Again and again I told Marian for years as I have been placing some article in your hands, there seemed to be a hand stretched out between you and me. I can understand all about matters now as others have come to me with confessions. I know now that proof can be given that every article coming in the paper cannot be claimed as Fannie Bolton's ideas, Fannie Bolton's sentiments.

You asked if you could come back again and connect with me in my work, if you should regain your health. The light I have from the Lord is: "She is not converted. She has no power to prevent Satan from working with her mind to exalt self, and make statements that

are false in order to receive praise. You have done all that you could do. The seed that she has sown will bear its harvest.”

I was shown that by your coming to my home, the Lord would give you an opportunity to clear your soul of its guiltiness in connection with me and my work. Your words had created, in others, ideas that would be communicated to still others. But the opportunity was granted you to make straight and thorough work, to clear your soul, and place me in a clear and proper light before the people to whom you had spoken. You had acted as my adversary, and the light given me of God is that it was not the will of the Lord henceforth that you should have the least connection at any time with me and the work which God had given me to do. Shall I be compelled to publish this matter, in order to uproot this influence? My mind is forever settled, Fannie, in regard to having one page of my written articles go into your hands. I do not regret taking you into my home when I did, because it was the Lord’s plan. I can see the reasons more clearly now. May the Lord pity and save you. I am sorry for you, indeed I am, and would do anything to save your soul.

I thank the Lord that I have two good editors in Maggie Hare and Minnie Hawkins. They are doing good work. The writings come from their hands with my own ideas, and I know it. Who makes the articles now? All can see that they are just as full of Bible truth as they have ever been. Your “inspiration” has not touched them, and never will again as long as I shall live. In the place of my articles bearing your ideas, your articles have the ideas that the Lord has given me. You have grafted them into Fannie Bolton’s stock. I wish you no harm; but I will not keep quiet. Your misrepresentation shall not mislead other minds, if I can possibly prevent them.

Letter 1, 1897, p. 2. (To “The Church in Adelaide,” April 22, 1897.)

I can write but little to you now at this time. I have very much writing to do to complete the “Life of Christ,” and I have been called away so much that I have but little time to write. But my soul is made very sad to see how quickly those who have had light and truth will accept the deceptions of Satan, and be charmed with a spurious holiness, like Fannie Bolton, who in the midst of her deceiving,

claimed that she was inspired of God. When men turn away from the waymarks the Lord has established, that we may understand our position as marked out in prophecy, they are going they know not whither.

Extract from Fannie Bolton's articles in Review, April 13-May 11, 1897

[See E.G. White's comments on these articles in the next selection.] Mrs. Morehouse [Mrs. McKenzie] took a roomer, partly for the rent it would bring her, and partly because she had heard that Miss Ashbury [Fannie Bolton] was a Christian girl, and in her backsliding, she felt the need of a hand of help. Miss Ashbury had eyes, ears, and a heart; and it soon came to pass that the poor, nervous, overworked mother, the struggling, pharisaical father, the worried, uncomforted children, all found a place in her heart. What could be done? The first thing was to pray for them; the next was to seek to win their confidence by presenting in her own life something of the loveliness of the image of Christ. Often she sighed, as the sound of cross words and cruel blows came to her ears, and she knew that not only were the children receiving a false impression of her beautiful, loving Lord, but the unbelieving neighbors were saying, "What an exacting man! What a very unpleasant woman!" and were congratulating themselves that they were not Christians, and were so much pleasanter to live with than those who had family prayer and went to church. She heard the man next door, who was an infidel, exclaim, "From all that is religious, deliver us!"

[76]

Miss Ashbury had charge of a children's meeting, and by dint of coaxing and tact finally succeeded in gaining permission for Alma to attend; but it was on condition that she carry the baby, and take charge of the two older children.... Realizing something of the troubles of childhood, Miss Ashbury led the meeting with a sympathetic understanding of matters, and applied the Scripture to the children's circumstances in such a way that they were impressed with the Saviour's love and compassion toward them. Many a time teacher and pupils wept together. They learned many beautiful songs that crystallized the lessons of the hour, and ere long the children's

songs began to echo between the words of faultfinding in Mrs. Morehouse's home.

Letter 24, 1897, entire letter. (To Fannie Bolton, June 25, 1897.)

Yesterday my attention was called to your articles now going through the *Review*. [See [The Review and Herald, April 13-May 11, 1897.](#)] I have not read any articles in the papers for some time; for I have been so thoroughly employed. But as I read these articles, I thought it a very wrong thing for you to put in the *Review* the history of the McKenzie family. Did you think that such productions from your pen concerning a family with whom you had been connected, were right? If that family reads our church paper, think you will it be the means of converting or destroying?

Your representations can be easily recognized. You place in the worst light the McKenzie family. Is this to be the tone of all the articles you put into the paper? All can easily see that Miss Ashbury, who is placed on the pinnacle of perfection, is a revelation of the way in which Miss Fannie Bolton regards herself. As I read these articles I was more distressed for you and ashamed of you than I can express. Should you caricature so vividly your own history while you were in Battle Creek and Australia, putting things in as vivid a light as you have regarding the McKenzie family, we would have some most striking articles. But such productions should not be immortalized by being put in print. You are certainly doing as you would not be pleased to have anyone do by you.

That history will certainly be placed in the hands of the McKenzie family. What kind of an influence will it have upon them to see that you have represented family secrets in the very worst light? [[Revelation 3:1-3, 15-18](#) quoted.]

[77] All who are acquainted with your history in Australia will be nauseated by your representation of yourself. And this is the one that expressed herself as having an unwillingness to handle private testimonies of reproof. Yet without any appointment of God, you take hold of a family, and lay bare the things you have seen and heard in that family, in a most exaggerated light. How could you ever do such a thing? I am very much astonished that you should

dare to do it. You have been very much afraid to have anything go to America, even to my son Edson, in regard to yourself.

It is a great pity that this very wonderful Christian woman, so mild, of such excellent judgment, could not have revealed her character in such beautiful lines when in my family, connected with me. How mild and Christlike were your words to Emily Campbell, when you supposed her to be making a mistake, but when you yourself were doubly at fault? If these things were represented in a story and given to the world, it would be quite sensational. What do you mean? Are you unbalanced in mind? If so, for Christ's sake do not make striking proof of the fact by letting everyone know that it is so.

What could have beclouded Bro. Tenney's perceptive faculties, to lead him to accept such articles from your hand, I cannot conceive. If you want to write sensational novels, put your articles in papers that will appreciate such matter. Do stop and think what you are about.

I send you this matter, written from a sense of duty. Do not exhibit Fannie Bolton in such angel's garments, because it is not the Fannie Bolton we are acquainted with. I advise you to let your tired brain have entire rest, while you do some kind of work besides writing. You said that you loved to do housework. Why not do something of this kind, using the muscles of your body in proportion as you have used your mind. Cannot you be satisfied to use your talents in this way? I advise you to do this, and see if you cannot become a Christian in thought and in character.

I hope and pray that your transgressions may be pardoned. Do not, I beg of you, parade before the world the history of those who are not guilty of doing one hundredth part of the harm that you have done. If you ever truly feel this, you will have such a sense of your wicked course of action, that you will never, never seek to remove the mote from your brother's or sister's eye till the beam has been removed from your own eye.

Your words regarding me and my writings are false, and I must say that you know them to be false. Nevertheless, those unacquainted with you take your words as being the words of one who knows. Because you have been acquainted with me, and connected with me, you can state what you please, and you think that your tracks are so covered that they will never be discovered. But my writings have

not stopped. They go out as I have written them. No words of my copyists are put in the place of my own words. This is a testimony that cannot be controverted. My articles speak for themselves.

[78] When I heard that McCullagh had apostatized, I said, I am glad that all my connection with him has been of the tenderest character. I thought that there was nothing they could have to say against me. But both he and his wife bore the same report that Sister Malcolm bore to me. McCullagh stated in a large congregation that it was reported by one who knew that I picked up things written in books, and sent them out as something the Lord had shown me. At the Bible Institute in Cooranbong, McCullagh told me that you had made a statement to him and his wife similar to the statement made to Sr. Malcolm. Your sowing is producing its harvest. Many in Melbourne have been repeating the same things, things which you have told them, and which they thought must be true.

I will now only say further that I forgive you, and will continue to pray as I have done that you may be converted. The articles in the *Review* give me more discouragement over your case than I have ever had; for I see you clothed in garments of pretentious light, and this is a terrible deception. May the Lord anoint your eyes with eye salve, that you may see yourself as you are, and that you may have that repentance that needs not to be repented of.

Letter 114, 1897, entire letter. (To Bro. and Sr. Tenney, July 1, 1897.)

I have been reading your letter. Thank-you for writing in response to my letter. I should have written to you at first, but I thought that if Fannie would show repentance, I would be pleased to have her soul saved if possible. I do not read her articles at all, but my attention was called to the articles in the *Instructor* and the *Review* by one who understood the articles in the *Review* perfectly. [See [The Review and Herald, April 13-May 11, 1897.](#)]

In them she has represented the family of McKenzie. The mild Miss Ashbury is Miss Fannie Bolton. Mr. and Mrs. Morehouse are Bro. McKenzie and his wife, who live in Parramatta. The representation that Fannie gives of Miss Ashbury is, I suppose, exactly her estimate of herself. In this romance she has represented

herself as having a perfection of character that she has never revealed in connection with that family or any family where she has been an inmate.

False ideas are traced in this story. Fannie did have a room in the hired home of Bro. and Sr. McKenzie, and the rent from this helped them in a time of their great poverty; but everything in this story is exaggerated. She has had some threads to use in making out this story, but the main history was transacted at Ashfield, where the first camp meeting was held in New South Wales. At that camp meeting some of these things did take place, and those who are familiar with the facts will recognize the ones meant. Should McKenzie get hold of the paper, as I have no doubt he will, there would be one of the greatest commotions that could take place; for Bro. and Sister McKenzie are both sensitive and proud.

He did become tempted. We had Bro. Belden move his family and furniture from Parramatta to the Ashfield campground. I helped them by giving them clothing, milk, fruit, and money. Bro. McKenzie became displeased with Bro. Caldwell, because Bro. Caldwell was put in as Elder of the church, while Bro. McKenzie was not put into office.

W. C. White and Emily Campbell found Bro. McKenzie in work. His daughter, Julia, is a fine, nice girl, but Julia is represented as being married. She is not. Emily Campbell and I paid Julia's carfare to and from the city, and she and Emily attended a school where shorthand was taught. At this time Caldwell was working the typewriter for Fannie, and I felt that matters were not going right. I was warned in a dream, and I talked with both of them, telling them that it was not right for them to be together.

I talked with McKenzie about this matter, and he said that Caldwell's coming to his home at all times of the day and in the evening was working up a scandal. Well, we met with much opposition from both Fannie and Caldwell. They said that McKenzie had no sense or reason for his evil surmisings. But the burden was laid heavily upon me, and I told them it could not be thus any longer. There was my parlor, Willie's office; they could write in that; for Willie was away, either in Melbourne or New Zealand.

Well, this familiarity continued. I told Caldwell that I could not have him connected with my work. He told me that there was

nothing between him and Fannie, and yet the warning kept coming, "She is your adversary." My burden was very great; for I had not rest in spirit. The poor man, McKenzie, took to smoking and drinking, and I think they had a hard time of it. Fannie was then away at Cooranbong.

The work between Fannie and Bro. Caldwell was begun at the Melbourne camp meeting. There she became enamored of a married man with two children. She utterly denied that there was any affection between her and Bro. Caldwell. She stood before me in my tent, and declared that there was nothing to the reports. For one year after this, she was good for nothing to me, only a dead, heavy load.

The warning from God kept coming, and finally at the Armadale camp meeting matters came to a head. Fannie claimed to make most of my books. Both at the Ashfield and Armadale camp meetings she was inspired by Satan. While at the Brighton camp meeting her course of action was anything that what a Christian's should be. And after the camp meeting I cut loose from her. I discharged her. We had a very serious time, but she begged and wrote so humbly, that I forgave her, and foolishly tried her again. She was taken back, and given another trial.

When living at Preston, I told her that I could never have her in my home to live with me again. At the Brighton camp meeting she told the Malcolm family, who had recently come to the faith, that she had to make my books herself. She said that Sr. White did not know how to write, or put two sentences together, that she was a very ignorant woman, and that her, Fanny Bolton's, talent supplied her lack.

Fannie begged to go to the Armadale camp meeting, saying that she would do my writing, and not take up the children's meetings; but she did not keep her word. One short article, I think, she prepared for me. There was at this time an advertisement in one of the papers regarding one of my books. When Fannie noticed this advertisement, which spoke of Prof. Prescott compiling the book, she vehemently declared with wild gesticulations, that it was a lie. She was all broken up, and declared to Sara [McEnterfer] that she had done the work herself, and now Prof. Prescott was taking the glory of it. But Sister Prescott had been told Fannie's story at Cooranbong, and she

could see things in their true bearing. In talking with Sister Prescott, Fannie claimed to be the author of some sentence in this book which they thought was very beautiful. But when she made this assertion, Sr. Prescott told her that she knew better, because she had a letter from Sister White, in her own handwriting, which contained the same sentence. If Sister Prescott is in Battle Creek you may talk with her in regard to this, and she will be able to tell you just how it was.

I had a letter written to Dr. Kellogg, which Fannie saw lying on my table as she came into my room. In this letter she saw her own name. She called Sara into another room, and told her that she had seen a letter addressed to Dr. Kellogg on Sr. White's table, and that in this letter she saw her name. She then asked Sara to get this letter and give it to her, so that she might see what Sister White was writing about her to Dr. Kellogg. Sara faced her, and asked, "What do you take me for? Do you think I have come all the way from America to do that sort of work?" Fannie insisted that Sara should get the letter for her, but Sara declared that she would do no such thing. For this time Fannie seemed to have but little confidence in Sara.

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I have told you these things that you may understand about the matter. We had the affair between Fannie and Caldwell all through the Armadale camp meeting. I talked with them both separately, and told them that the Lord had a controversy with them both. They denied that there was anything like particular attachment between them. I knew better; but the Lord helped me to work through the meeting. Just before the meeting closed, Fannie came to me, and said, "O Sr. White, I have come to you as to a mother. I do love Bro. Caldwell with all my heart, and my heart is just broken. Three times has this cup of bliss been presented to me, and then been snatched away." Then the girl said, "I prayed that if it was right for us to get married, his wife might get a divorce from him, and it was not many weeks before she did get a divorce. Now don't you think the Lord heard my prayer?" I dared not talk with her; for I had to speak that day before a large congregation. If Sr. Prescott is in Battle Creek, she will be able to tell you the particulars.

Well, from that time I cut loose from Fannie, never, as I thought, to connect with her again. But a little while after this, Fannie was

in Sydney, and wrote me another confession. I thought that I could not take her back, but the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, and said, "Give her another trial." So I decided that I would see Fannie, and tell her that I would take her back. This I did, and she remained with me several weeks, but was not able to do any work; and then she decided that she wanted to go home to her mother, and I told her that she might feel free to do so. And now after all the suffering and distress that I have passed through because of the actions of these two, and the downright lies they told, to have Fannie Bolton put these articles in the paper, exalting her poor, miserable, blind, poverty-stricken soul, Miss Ashbury is a little too large a mouthful for me to swallow. It tastes strong of the dish. If I can find them, I will send you copies of letters written to both Fannie and Caldwell.

Letter 115, 1897, entire letter. (To Bro. Tenney, July 5, 1897.)

I received your letter. I am sending you a copy of a letter I have sent to Fannie Bolton. You can see from this letter that I regard Fannie as one who cannot retain a spirit of contrition for any length of time. She is so inflated with Fannie Bolton that she does not know herself a few moments after she has expressed deep humiliation because of her own course of action. She springs into life speedily, and blossoms out wonderfully, dwelling on the goodness, love, mercy, and forgiveness of God toward her, taking all the promises to herself.

In the past she has expressed wonderful sorrow for her wicked course of action, but she does not stay penitent. She does not continue to be contrite in heart. She flashes forth, thinking she is inspired by God. While she was praying the Lord that if it was right for her to marry Caldwell, his wife might get a divorce from her husband, she told me that as she talked and gave Bible readings, the people turned pale to hear her talk, and she thought she was inspired by God. Her imagination is very strong, and she makes such exaggerated statements that her words are not trustworthy.

[81] I feel so sorry that these productions of hers ever entered our papers. [See [The Review and Herald, April 13-May 11, 1897.](#)] Bro. Schowe from Pennant Hills, who has long been a government school teacher, recently made me a visit. He accepted the Sabbath in 1894.

He seems to be a man of good sense and excellent education. He is a regular subscriber for nearly all our papers, the *Review and Herald*, and *Youth's Instructor*, etc. He opened the subject himself, and said to me, "Sr. White, did you notice those strange articles in the *Review and Herald*? I thought it a little strange that such productions should be suffered to go through the papers." He had no knowledge whatever of the course Fannie had pursued toward me. I told him that I did not read the articles till my attention was called to them by others. Then I read one in the *Review*, and one in the *Instructor*. Bro. Schowe said, "Miss Bolton must have lost her balance of mind."

O, I am so sorry and ashamed to have the paper go to others with such articles as this in it. Piece after piece from Fannie's pen appears in the papers. What does it mean? When I can find them, I will send you copies of some letters written by me to her, and her answers. When she was in my family, it seemed that Satan used her as his agent to invent those things that would make the whole household miserable. She would have her times of confession, and would then say all that one could ask another to say. But she would go over the same ground again and again, each time worse than before, until I decided that Satan's temptations, working upon her desire for recognition, were so strong that she had no power to escape from the snare. She was one with the enemy, working in his service.

Now, my brother, if it had not been for these articles in the *Review*, I would have held my peace. I thought that if Fannie would only keep away from me, and trouble me no more, I would not expose her, but would let the poor, deluded, misshapen character alone. But when she figures so largely in our papers, I must speak. I dare not keep silent. Such productions do no one any good, and the blessing of the Lord cannot attend them.

Fannie Bolton to E. G. White, July 5, 1897

Hear what the Lord has done for my soul, and come, let us magnify Him, let us exalt His name together. The testimony you sent me which I thought was going to work me only evil, has been the means of bringing me to God, and He has opened my blind eyes. When I received it at first, I thought as I have always thought before, that you did not see my perplexity, or comprehend my trouble, that

it was you who were my adversary, not I yours, that it was you who were misrepresenting me, and that it was your withholding of the truth about your writings in not acknowledging your editorial help, that was at the bottom of all the perplexity, and that your work was not as you say the work of God ought to be, "as open as sunlight," and that I was the victim of all that the misconception brought about. I did not at first see any light in the testimony, and my soul was full of trouble, and seemed that I drew near the grave. My head ached cruelly, and I was alarmed. The doctor for whom I sent, said I must stop worrying or the consequences would be serious; but it seemed impossible to stop.

[82] Sr. Amadon, Sr. West, Sr. Prescott and Sr. Scott all tried to help me, and Bro. White spent a whole evening trying to help me to see its truth and justice. I told him how it looked to me. He told me how Elder Olson had had a testimony that he could not see, but that he had prayed to God to open his eyes, (for blind men cannot see,) and that God had done so, and that he saw the testimony clearly.

I could not think that I was blind, but as the days went on, and my anguish continued, I prayed that, if I was blind, I might be made to see. I told the Lord I would do anything, anything, if He Himself would show me positively just what ought to be done, but that I could not acknowledge something to be true that seemed to me to be a misrepresentation. I could not say that black was white and white was black. I opened the Bible, and read the 88th Psalm, which has long been the expression of my experience. (Please read it.) And then I read the first six verses of the 94th Psalm; for no Psalm with any praise or comfort in it, seemed relishable. Then I cried out verse by verse that there was an adversary somewhere; for I was as one wounded to death, you were wounded, and souls were going into perplexity, and it could not be that God desired all this anguish. I said to the Lord, "O wherever this adversary is, chase him. Vengeance belongeth unto Thee; shew Thyself."

Then it began to dawn upon me that the adversary was the devil that deceiveth the whole world, and that what you said about my being deluded by him (see testimony you wrote me while at Coorانبong) might be so, and that somehow he had made me his dupe, captive and tool, and had utterly deceived me. But it wasn't clear. There was a ray here and there. But at last as if scales dropped from

my eyes, I saw. Whereas I was blind, I saw. Praise the Lord, I said, I now see it all. With the misconception I have had, with the doubt originated thereby, with the miscomprehension I have had of your position, how could I be anything but your adversary, the deluded, blinded tool of the enemy. I could not help misrepresenting you even in making statements of facts. I could accept every word of the testimony (except the statement made to you by Miss Malcolm to the effect that I said you could neither read nor write, were an ignorant woman, and that Sr. Davis and myself made your books.) What a revelation it was! But just as soon as I could say it is true, the terrible agony was gone. I got up, and walked up and down, and praised the Lord. O how I praised Him for deliverance, for light, for a real understanding of where I am, of what I have done, of His great patience, love and tender dealing with me. How I love Him. How sorry I am for you, and for those I have been the means of casting into doubt. How I pity you. How could you have borne with me as you have done? It is marvelous. Poor, dear child of God, you can pray as Jesus has prayed for me, "Father, forgive Fannie Bolton, for she has not known what she has been doing."

I was as ignorant of what I was doing as was Saul of Tarsus when he was holding the clothes of the men who were stoning Stephen, and my eyes have been opened to the truth in just as miraculous a way as were his, and he who once persecuted now preacheth the faith. Praise the Lord. Sr. White you have this comfort, "He that converted a sinner from the error of his way, hath saved a soul from death, and hath covered a multitude of sins." In eternity when you and I go into the house of God together, holding sweet converse, you will not think the sufferings of this present time, when you went over and over this thorny path with me, worth mentioning, in view of the fact that God has saved me to the praise of the glory of His grace in revealing myself to me through your testimony.

As I went praising God, it seemed to me I could almost see the angels who have watched my long conflict with Apollyon in the valley of the shadow of death, ringing their harps and swaying their banners, and rejoicing more over the one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine that see no need of repentance. How glad they must be to see my racked soul out of its torture, and escaped from the net of the fowler. The preciousness of Jesus flooded my

soul. A revelation of His suffering love came over me with melting power. The sore wounds that have festered and bled, were healed. I besought the Lord to show me your position, and to help me to understand your sufferings, and He answered my prayer to as great an extent as I could suffer. O how you are misjudged and misapprehended in the great work God has called you to do. Never have I truly seen anything of your burdens before. If it was not for the sustaining grace of God, you would be crushed. Since writing the above, I have reread in Vol. 1 of the *Testimonies* your early life and experience, and see the cruelty of the course the enemy deluded me into, in adding to your experience my burden of misapprehension and misrepresentation.

When the testimony was all clear to me, my head cleared up, I dressed myself, and went over to Mrs. West's and told her, then I saw Sr. Scott and we prayed and praised God together. Then I saw Sr. Irwin and told her how God had opened my eyes. Then I saw Sr. Prescott and left her rejoicing, then I saw Sr. Amadon, and then went home. How I longed to find W. C. White, but could not find him. How I wished you were in Battle Creek so that I could run in and tell you what the Lord had done for my soul. Next day I saw Sr. Smith at Mrs. West's and told her how God had opened my eyes. Then went to the office and told Bro. Tenney and Smith, and they rejoiced with me with tearful eyes.

There are many faithful souls here who understand the testimonies, and many others who are in the same tormented condition of mind that I have been in, but am in no longer. Poor Bro. Henry is in the dark, blind, and I know how to pity him. He is away now, but will be home soon, and then I intend to tell him to go to God and ask Him for sight, and find out anew that there is a living God in Israel.

Finally W. C. White came in, and we rejoiced, wept, prayed and praised God together. It seems the most wonderful experience. Things look altogether different. My view is completely reversed.

Last night I took up Vol. 3 and 4 of the *Testimonies*. I often used to open them, and close them about as soon as my eye rested on their pages, because the words seemed so cutting and hurt me so, but last night I read and read and rejoiced. They are precious, precious. Christ is in them, and to you who believe He is precious. It is the doubt that makes them seem so cruel. I said a few days

ago, "Anything but a testimony," and I have cherished this sentiment ever since I knew what a testimony was; but now my language is the reverse. The personal testimonies that have seemed so harsh, so unkind, so unchristlike, now seem the most loving kindness. To think that God writes through you to me, God the great eternal, living God with worlds to sustain, condescends to try to help me through a personal letter, why words cannot express my gratitude. That testimony I thought so cruel, is my treasure. Why have I persisted in being blind so long? I was deluded, but you cannot pick up stones to throw at a blind soul who tumbles into the ditch. God has pitied my soul, and so have all of you; but I thought you hated me, and that God had almost forsaken me and given me up to be lost.

In all the experiences of the past I have never had my eyes opened. In the letters I sent you, you can see that I did not confess what you said I was guilty of doing, because I did not see that I was guilty. I thought that all I could be justly charged with was indiscretion, and that I could hardly call that a crime; for it seemed to me [that] any of your workers ought to have the right of speaking frankly and openly about anything that was done in your work, and because you seemed to resent this frankness, I thought the only thing you disliked in me was speaking of the matter at all, that you wanted me to maintain secrecy about it all, but I thought that in justice to yourself, your work, your editors and readers, you yourself should have acknowledged your editor's work. In this matter I thought if I did not tell what I thought to be true, I would be a party in what I thought was not perfectly honest, open dealing.

[84]

My eyes are opened to the way in which I hurt your work; for my spirit was not right. The enemy had magnified my supposed difficulties, and though I did not realize what I was doing, he knew exactly what he intended to do through me; but by the grace of God he has lost his tool. When I saw the grief it caused you and others, my heart was broken for your agony, but not because I fully comprehended the reason of it. I thought myself a martyr for truth's sake, and greatly misjudged and persecuted, though I attributed to all of you honesty in so misrepresenting the case. Besides, I was tortured with doubt in regard to the work, questioning as to whether it was wholly the work of God, when as I thought this deception was carried on in connection with it.

You know how I was prostrated after the last experience. Then how my ankle was sprained, and of my sojourn in Sydney. I do not remember of speaking a word then to prejudice Bro. or Sr. McCullagh, nor was it my intention ever to do so, but my very appearance of dejection, sorrow, and despair, in connection with my misconception of matters must have had its influence in putting an unpleasant construction upon your dealing with me, and in weaving about him and her the prejudice that has been made manifest. But it does seem queer to me that he says I said I made your books, or that you copied from books. I do not remember saying anything of this kind to anyone except Marian, when we talked over some perplexities together. But God is able to pluck their feet out of the net, for if He could open my eyes He can open theirs. I shall write them on this mail, and do all I can to undo the wrong I have done. While in Sydney I was bordering on despair. It seemed I could not raise my heart up to any hope. You came down, and in accordance with the Lord's direction, took me back with you to Cooranbong. Yet I felt a doubt even in regard to your taking me back, because I had written to you begging that the alienation might be healed between us, and that if it was the Lord's will, I might again be trusted with the work; for I thought most sincerely that the temptation would not overcome me again.

In the letter then sent to me, [Ms. 12c, 1896], you write thus, "Friday, March 30 [sic], I arose early, about half past three o'clock in the morning, while writing upon the fifteenth chapter of John, suddenly a wonderful peace came upon me. The whole room seemed to be filled with the atmosphere of heaven. A holy, sacred presence seemed to be in my room. I laid down my pen, and was in a waiting attitude to see what the Spirit would say unto me.... The question was, What have you done with the request of Fannie Bolton? You have not erred in disconnecting with her. This was the right thing for you to do, and this would bring to her mind conviction and remorse which she must have. She has been tempted, deceived, and almost destroyed. Notwithstanding her perversity of spirit, I have thoughts of mercy and compassion for her. If she will heed my counsel she shall have deliverance from the snare of Satan. He has desired to have her that he might sift her as wheat. Your own soul has been wounded and bruised, but your Saviour has bought her with a great

price. He has been wounded; He has been pierced afresh and put to open shame by this deceived, deluded child....

“The Holy Spirit said, Take this poor deluded soul by the hand, surround her with a favorable influence if possible. If she separates now from you, Satan’s net is prepared for her feet, she is not in a condition to be left to herself now to be consumed of herself. She feels regret and remorse. I am her Redeemer, I will restore her if she will not exalt and honor and glorify herself. If she goes from you now, there is a chain of circumstances which will bring her into difficulties that will be her ruin.... Leave her not to the dangerous sympathies of those who are not wise in Christian experience, who do not understand and estimate the value of the human soul under test and trial, that needs to be purified from the dross, and tried as in a furnace that it may come forth free from dross as fine gold.... Take heed, all who reach up their hands to you, turn not away. You are to help those who need help most. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”

This was the instruction given you of God in regard to taking me back to Cooranbong, and does not the testimony itself lay bare the reason why you should do this act of mercy to a poor, deluded, despairing soul? Can you not see why you took me back, because my Redeemer had thoughts of mercy and compassion for me, and would not send me away to be consumed of myself, and to be taken into a snare of utter destruction which He saw was being laid for my feet by my adversary and destroyer? But I did not then see the preciousness of these words, yet they kept me from utter hopelessness. These words and your kindness to me was like a misty morning to my darkness, and cast a faint light upon my way. I was convinced that I did not understand you, and you remember I told you so in your room one day. I know now that I did not, and could not. Then Sr. Malcolm told you that I told her that you could neither read nor write and were a very ignorant woman, and that Sr. Davis and I made your books. I denied saying these words, denied saying words that would leave that impression, and my dear sister, before God I can but deny them still. I never said those words to anyone. I have spoken of your tangled sentences in the m.s., but not to Sr. Malcolm, of the work done by me and Marian in putting your matter into good literary style. I have murmured and complained because your

editors' work was not acknowledged, that is true, but never have I said to anyone that you could neither read or write, was ignorant, or that Marian or I made your books. Never did I design to leave such an impression. This is truth. What I did mean was that it was in a better grammatical, rhetorical and logical shape than when it came into your editors' hands, be they who they might be; that more or less work was done on each m.s. to prepare it for the press. I meant to tell the truth; but the doubt, the suspicion, the magnifying of your literary faults and your editors' literary excellences, caused me to leave a false impression, because of my own false but to me real conception of matters. Never did I use the work "ignorant," or intend it. I said "uneducated," and meant what you yourself meant when you speak thus of yourself in *Early Writings*.

But as to the testimony you sent of my feelings, faults, errors, and ignorance of my attitude, I say it is true, true to the core.

When at your home in Cooranbong the last time, brooding over all this, puzzling over it all, despairing of anything, you came to me in the kindness of your heart, and said, "Fannie, you better take up the work again. It may help you to get your mind away from yourself." I was sick, heart-sick and body-sick, and it seemed to me you could not understand how sick I was, to ask me to go to work again. I tried it however; but just as soon as I took hold of the m.s. the old temptation arose up like a giant again; my head began to throb, for I knew that I should fail again, and go through all the painful experience again if I continued in the work which I had thought I could do while in Sydney, and be safe from the temptation. When Sarah left the room, I cried unto God to let me go home, rather than fail again. I heard you talking with Sarah, puzzling over my contradictory actions, and asking what it could mean. Poor woman, I could have told you, but dared not for fear you would again charge me with being your adversary, and I felt I could not face it. I was sick, so I told you I would go home. I thought then that a year of change and rest would lift me out of my condition of nervous exhaustion, give me a chance of seeing things in a different light, and then I would return. I felt that I could not have you say that I could not come back. The same horrible doubt pressed my soul as when you were about to leave America for Australia,—a doubt that I could be saved if not in connection with your work; for in spite of

all the mystery, I believed that God worked somehow in connection with you.

Well, you did not utterly deny my request, but said we will see when the year ends. I desired earnestly that God would not let me make a mistake in coming away, and when in answer to my question you said you thought I had done everything I could to right matters, and that you knew of nothing that would prevent my going home, when God sent this text to me, "Though I take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand uphold me," I came away filled with something very like peace. When I reached home, and my folks said, "Why Fannie, whatever have you gone through that you look so haggard and changed?" I shut my lips and prayed that I might not tell them of any of the trials I had undergone in connection with your work, and I never told them a word. One of my brothers would have been glad to have heard what I would have told him if I had told what I thought to be the truth. But praise the Lord he heard nothing of it.

I finally came to Battle Creek, thinking no one would care to see me, or have the least confidence in me; for I confidently expected that you had sent copies of what you wrote about me to all the leading brethren. I put a thick veil on, and came to one who had long been a friend of mine. Then I saw Dr. Kress, who said my food was doing me very little good, that my stomach was lying on the sympathetic ganglia and irritating my nerves every minute I lived, that my whole nervous system was out of order and she wondered how I had endured work at all in the condition in which I had been before leaving Australia. She explained the reason for my headaches, saying that any nervous strain increased the stomach difficulty, caused the food to lie in an undigested condition that germinated poisons and acted directly on the nerve centers, causing paroxysms of pain in the head. [87]

You have written saying that you will stop the influence of my words. Do all you can to break up every false impression. I have asked the Lord to root up every influence of mine that He sees is tending in the wrong direction. Tell the people to go to God and ask Him for an evidence of His own work. And I shall pray always, I hope, that God will bless the work He is accomplishing through you

and your workers. Meanwhile I will do everything I can see I ought to do to make the right impression, asking the Lord to enable me to be true to truth.

Hoping you will write me on receipt of this, if possible, or when you can or must, I am your friend and sister, I trust, F. E. Bolton.

Dear Sister White, I know that you always wanted to be a mother to me but I would not let you. I will now though, if you will counsel and advise me. I remember when I first went to Healdsburg, you told me in the vineyard that you wanted to be a mother to me. But I was sensitive, and I thought you were stern, and I was afraid to tell you all that worried me, and rather drew away from you than to you. I often used to hear you singing, "We shall know each other better when the mists have rolled away," but I always applied it to myself, even while you sang it, because I thought you did not understand me, and therefore could not be my friend. I know you knew that I pulled away from you. I will not forget the last time I heard you singing, "When the mists have rolled away." It was the last time I was in Cooranbong after you brought me back from Sydney, and yet I did not know you, and you were bearing me upon your heart as you would a sick, delirious child, and I was still looking upon you as one who did not understand me, and therefore was unable to love me.

Do you think it can be possible for you to give me a place in your heart now? Can you think kindly toward me? Will you ever be able to repose any confidence in me as a friend? I would not dare to go into the work again. I would be afraid to ever try it again after the terrible experiences I have passed through. I do not know what ever made me make such a blunder as to insist on going with you to Australia, or of insisting over and over after my repeated failures; but I am warned not to undertake a place of so great responsibility. I dare not do it; for it has been proved over and over that I am as weak as water, and I think the decision of the testimony wise,—never to place in my hands another article of yours. Let those who are fitted by better discretion, education and spiritual growth take hold of the work with you. I have no idea what I shall do in the future. My health is poor. It is two years since I have earned any regular wages, and I have earned but little in an irregular way; but now every avenue seems closed up. I shall be as one who sees but one step ahead. I

shall try not to engraft your ideas without due credit, if I can discern yours from mine.

J. E. White to W. C. White, September 19, 1897

There is one matter I failed to mention in my last letter to you. It was in regard to the connection of our work with Fannie Bolton. This is suggested by the check you sent for her. I have put it away in my locked tin box for present. The fact is she is not working on either the Corliss matter, nor on my book. She came back from Chicago a few days ago and stated that she had all the work she could do and so could not attend to my work. Under the circumstances I considered this a piece of imposition and would not trust her with work under any consideration. I know her circumstances when you gave her work, and how she needed it. She was very grateful at the time, but as soon as others gave her enough to do all other agreements and obligations were of no account. I guess mother is not far from right in her estimate of her and I will do well to heed her instruction in her last letter to me which was to have nothing to do with her. [88]

J. E. White to W. C. White, October 5, 1897

In regard to Fannie Bolton, I received the check you sent, but laid it away in my tin box in which I keep my papers. I have no idea it will be used. She has turned traitor on my work. You aided her when she was in desperate need, and during that time she put in a few hours of work for me. Soon after this she went to Chicago and loaded up with a lot of work from Cook and others there, and immediately went off her head and told me she would have no time to do anything more for me. I am free to say I am not sorry. Much of her work was in the way of weaving in her ideas of eloquent sentences, to the utter destruction of the simplicity of the book. I had to go over it all after her, and bring much of it right back to its original style. So I dropped her at once, (after she had dropped me), but am exceedingly fortunate in the interest Eld. Smith and M. E. Kellogg have taken in the book.

W. C. White to J. E. White, November 21, 1897

I am pleased to hear what you have written about Sr. Bolton and her work. I am heartily glad that she has secured remunerative work from the Chicago publishers. And if you have not already done so, I will request you now to obtain from her a bill for whatever she has done for us, pay it at once, and get a receipt in full. Then make it plain to her that we shall always be interested in her prosperity and that we wish to know if she is ever in perplexity and needs assistance.

Letter 6, 1898, p. 2. (To Emily Campbell, January 12, 1898.)

The amount of writing that I have been compelled to do has been greater than at any former period of my life. Maggie Hare and Minnie Hawkins are doing good work. I feel so thankful that Fannie is not with me. She does not know what manner of spirit she is of, and I do not think she ever will; for she is deluded by the enemy in regard to her own talents. If she would be converted and remain transformed in character, no one would be more happy than I. But even then I would say to her, Remain in America. Never come across the waters again.

S. M. I. Henry to E. G. White, February 18, 1898, pp. 4-6

[89] I want very much to say one thing to you. I do not know as I ought to burden you with it, but it concerns one who has been with you so long, and whom I have known from her girlhood before she came to your notice. I refer to Fannie Bolton. I had lost track of her for a good many years; she and my children grew up together; but upon her return from Australia she found me here, and we renewed our old acquaintance. I have always loved Fannie very much, although I have been alive to some defects in her character, and was sorry to see that they had not been chastened and removed, and we had very many earnest talks concerning them, she recognizing, to a certain extent, the truth about herself. She was a great help to me in the beginning concerning your work. She did not introduce the subject, but I had been aroused to interest from some things which had been said to me, and inquired of her if she knew anything about Mrs. White. She replied by telling me that she had been with you

all these years. Then I drew her out, and she gave me the basis of hope that in your work there was that for which my soul had longed, for I had always believed that the Spirit of prophecy should live in the church. She did for me all that could be done by any power short of that of the Holy Spirit Himself, to make me understand you.

I have thought two or three times that I would write you about her, since she had lived with you so long; and you must know her and have a motherly interest in her, and I thought that you might be able to help her. I cannot fathom the difficulty, but I fear that she is in serious spiritual trouble for which she needs a sort of teaching and leading, sympathetic and kind, but true, such as no one here seems to be able to give her, or which she is unable to receive from us, which amounts to the same thing. I am distressed over her and long to help her, but lately she holds herself aloof from me, so that I cannot seem to do what I would like to do. Can you advise me, or better yet, can you come directly to her, with the help she needs? I have prayed that you might be able to give her help, *special help*. I am sure that because of the manner in which she has always spoken of you, that a loving, sympathetic letter, if it is nothing more, from you, would do her a world of good.

S. M. I. Henry to E. G. White, October 23, 1898, pp. 2, 3

That portion of your letter which refers to Fannie has made me feel very sad indeed. She has talked the matter over with me lately. I had been thinking of writing you again since our conversation, but have been so constantly on the go that I have not had time to write much that I had in mind, so this has slipped along without being done.

I know that she sees a great many things differently from what she did. I have known her from her childhood. She has always been willful and impetuous, and she has never had training of any sort which would help her to correct these things, so they have grown with her growth. She realizes it, and feels the disability which this unfortunate development in her nature has entailed upon her. I have had some very plain talks with her, and have been obliged to leave her with the Lord. I expect that is what we will have to do, and that she and He will have to work it out together.

I have, as you express yourself, sometimes been fearful that her mind was not exactly well balanced in these later years. She has suffered a great deal physically, and I think there is reason to believe that sometimes she is not wholly herself. But she is better now. I think she will do better, and will grow in the right way, and become thoroughly useful yet, and be saved at last in the Kingdom of heaven. This at least is my fervent hope and prayer.

G. A. Irwin to E. G. White, March 16, 1900, pp. 5-7

[90] Well, I presume I ought to close right here; but there is another matter that I can not refrain from speaking of, because I know you will feel very much interested in it. I learned from several reliable sources since I have returned, that Fannie Bolton is creating something of a sensation here in the church at Battle Creek, and especially in the district in which she belongs. She claims to have received the Holy Ghost, and is having a very wonderful experience and revelations from the Lord. She has taken the lead in one or two of their prayer-meetings that they have recently had, and one of the Sabbath-school teachers' meetings held in the Tabernacle. I understand at one of these held a week ago last night, that she quite largely monopolized the time, speaking, and praying twice, and carrying things with rather a high hand, the meeting lasting until after eleven o'clock. She carried the entire congregation with her, with a very few exceptions.

I have taken pains in a quiet way to ascertain as many of the facts as possible. It was stated to me by one very reliable person who was present, that she said that night that others would have the testimony of Jesus the same as Sister White, and the time had come for Joel's prophecy to be fulfilled, etc.; and she carried the impression that she is really instructed by the Lord; and quite a number of the brethren who seem to be good reliable brethren have perfect confidence in her conversion, and some to that extent that, if she would have what she would claim to be visions, they would accept them. She claimed that night while in the church, that she had been fasting and praying the previous week for the Holy Spirit, and that she had received it. But it was told me by an individual who knew what they were talking about, that during that time she visited an old brother who

had fallen and broken his hip, and that his appetite was poor, and the doctors had advised that he get some meat; and the day she was there visiting she remained all day, and she ate of the meat twice during that day, and danced an Irish jig, and sang a comic colored song while there, ostensibly to interest and cheer up the man who was sick. Brother Breed was also telling me this morning that in a students' reunion meeting held in one of the chapel rooms of the College, at which he presided, that she got up and made a short talk of ten or fifteen minutes along this sanctimonious strain, and then spoke a rather comical piece about a colored man and woman. Well, there is much more that I could tell that has been told me in regard to her actions, but I will refrain except to speak of one thing that I took some little pains in [a] quiet way to find out that it was true, and that was that she had told A. R. Henry concerning the testimony that you sent to him, that she was with you at the time, and that you came to her room and gave her a few points, and told her to write out the communication and fill it in herself, and that she did so. This was told to another party,—Brother Barthold,—and has been the means of almost entirely destroying his confidence in the testimonies. I inquired very closely if she had in any way alluded to any of these things, or made any confession of her past course, and I can find no evidence of any. Brother Lane told me this morning that he attended one of the meetings where she took a very active part, and he said that she really did carry quite an influence, and seemed to have the Spirit; and that she quoted from your testimonies during her talks in that meeting. Some of them really think the woman possesses a hypnotic influence. However that may be, I think it is quite clear from what I have learned, that she has quite an influence over a great many people, and either through this influence or from her sentimental and dramatic way. I have succeeded in helping two or three individuals in the past out from under her influence, and getting them to see things in their true light; but until the matter takes on a little different turn, I have not as yet felt free to make it a personal or public matter; for this is such a peculiar place that one needs to be very cautious and to be quite sure the time has come to strike, so that the proper influence may be carried.

[91]

I think it will be needless for me to say, knowing what I do about her past connection with you, and knowing her course here, and

having no evidence whatever that she has made any effort to right up the wicked wrong she has done to yourself and the work God has given you to do, that I have no confidence whatever in her so-called claim to conversion and a baptism of the Holy Spirit. Well, perhaps this is enough of this for the present. I shall watch the development of this case with interest, and will endeavor to keep you posted as it progresses.

G. A. Irwin to E. G. White, April 12, 1900, p. 12

There have been no special developments along the line of what I wrote you about Fannie Bolton, except that Brother Saxby told me a few days ago that in conversation with her, he had occasion to speak about your book, *The Desire of Ages*, and he spoke of what a grand book it was, and how much good he had gotten out of his reading and study of it, when she spoke rather contemptuously, and said, "Do you know that Marian Davis wrote the most of that book, and that I also wrote a portion of it?" So you can see from this that the old spirit is not gone yet.

Marian Davis to G. A. Irwin, April 23, 1900

A report in circulation in Battle Creek has just come to my notice. Lest, through this report, any should be led to reject the instruction and warning of the Spirit of God, I feel it my duty to say what I know in regard to the matter in question.

It is reported that the writing of a testimony for a prominent man in Battle Creek [A. R. Henry] was entrusted to one of Sister White's former workers [Fannie Bolton], or that she was given matter for him, with instruction to fill out the points, so that the testimony was virtually her work.

I cannot think that any one who has been connected with Sr. White's work could make such a statement as this. I cannot think that any one who is acquainted with Sr. White's manner of writing could possibly believe it. The burden she feels when the case of an individual is present before her, the intense pressure under which she works, often rising at midnight to write out the warnings given her, and often for days, weeks, or even months, writing again and

again concerning it, as if she could not free herself from the feeling of responsibility for that soul,—no one who has known anything of these experiences, could believe that she would entrust to another the writing of a testimony.

For more than twenty years I have been connected with Sister White's work. During this time I have never been asked either to write out a testimony from oral instruction, or to fill out the points in matter already written. The one who is reported to have made the statement was never, to my knowledge, either asked or permitted to do such a thing. And from my own knowledge of the work, as well as from the statements of Sister White herself, I have the strongest possible ground for disbelieving that such a thing was done.

A word more. Letters are sometimes sent to Sister White making inquiries to which, for want of time, she cannot write out a reply. These letters have been read to her, and she has given directions as to how they should be answered. The answers have been written out by W. C. White or myself. But Sister White's name was not appended to these letters. The name of the writer was signed, with the words, For Mrs. E. G. White. [92]

Hoping that this statement may bring relief to some minds, I remain, Yours in the work, M. Davis.

Letter 61a, 1900, entire letter. (To G. A. Irwin, April 23, 1900, not sent—see revised copy, **Letter 61, 1900**.)

I cannot sleep after half past twelve. I have read what you say in regard to Fannie. I have many things written in reference to her engagement with Caldwell, but I do not wish to make her case a public matter. Therefore I shall not send the letters written in reference to her misbehavior in this country, which has uprooted the confidence of those who know her. I can send these letters if it is essential, but I do not want to do so.

The statement in regard to my telling Fannie to write to A. R. Henry is a fabrication which has not in it one thread of truth. Why she makes statements which are sheer falsehoods is a mystery to me. I have copies of all the letters I have written to A. R. Henry. I never to my knowledge told Fannie to write a letter for me to any person whatever.

One night, after I had disconnected from Fannie Bolton, I had a singular experience. The angel of the Lord stood by my side, instructing me to give Fannie a chance to connect with me again and take up the work again. I was to give her another trial. To the astonishment of all, I did this. At the time, Fannie was sick, and was staying at Brother McCullagh's. I brought her to my home, and fitted up a room for her away from the other workers; for she could not endure the least noise.

I cared for her as I would for my own sister. Then after a time, I put copy in her hands, to evidence to her that I would do the work pointed out by the angel for me to do. She took the copy, and all she had to do was to read it to one of my copyists. But though she had all the time she wanted, she could not complete the article. She told me that she could not possibly do the work, and that she would never again have the privilege of having the precious matter in her hands.

"I fear," she said, "that I am wholly unfitted for the work. I cannot even do this article. I have pursued such a course (speaking in reference to Caldwell) that I am humiliated in the dust. I cannot remain in this place, where my course is so well known. I must go to America."

She then begged me to let her take some articles with her to prepare for me. I did this once when she was at Ann Arbor. I said, "No, Fannie; none of my writings shall be placed in your hands. I am decided on this point." Well, she said, "if you ever need me to prepare copy for you, I would be glad to do it after my health improves." She tried to get me to say that she could return to me if she desired to. I said, "No; when you leave me of your own will, I shall never re-unite you with my work." She said that if I would take her back, she would pay her own passage to Australia. But I told her that I could make no promise whatever. I said, "The Lord instructed me to forgive you and take you back for another trial. I have done this; but even while you are confessing your wrong course to me, [93] you say that you are afraid, should you attempt to take up the work again, you would go over the same ground you have gone over in the past. You have already told me that you dare not take up the work again, that you think you had better go to America. When you said this, I was free."

I see now why it was that I was directed to give Fannie another trial. There are those who misunderstand me because of Fannie's misrepresentations. These were watching to see what course I would take in regard to her. If I had disconnected from her, they would have made the most they possibly could of the way in which I had abused poor Fannie Bolton. The course I pursued in following the directions given me took away any occasion of criticism from those who wanted to condemn me.

I have never wanted Fannie to connect with me again. I wrote to Edson not to employ her on any account; for her imagination was so under the control of the enemy that he could lead her to exaggerate to any extent.

I have not mentioned the disagreeable experience which has cost me so much sorrow, which was caused by her lovesick sentimentalism in her connection with Caldwell, her terrible deception and falsehoods, which both she and he confessed. While Fannie was acting out the temptations of Satan, because imbued with his spirit, she claimed that the Bible-readings she gave were inspired by God. She said that when she talked, her hearers would grow pale under the effect of her words. Many of our brethren and sisters claimed that she was inspired, but understanding the underhand[ed] course she was taking and the positive falsehoods she was telling, I told them that they need not covet any such inspiration; for it was of the same order that Satan keeps in his stock in trade.

You may reason with others on this line: Wherein do my articles in the papers now differ from what they were when Fannie was with me? Who is it that now puts in words to supply the deficiencies of my language, my deplorable ignorance? How was this done before Fannie Bolton had anything to do with my writings?

Cannot people who have reason see this? If Fannie supplied my great deficiency, how is it that I can now send articles to the papers?

What Fannie says in regard to this is all a sham. Does she not know it? Or does Satan work on her imagination in such a way that she thinks what she says is true?

I tell you that there is not a semblance of truth in her statements. My copyists you have seen. They do not change my language. It stands as I write it. Marian's work is of a different order altogether. She is my book-maker. Fannie never was my book-maker. How are

my books made? Marian does not put in her claim for recognition. She does her work in this way. She takes my articles which are published in the papers, and pastes them in blank books. She also has a copy of all the letters I write. In preparing a chapter for a book, Marian remembers that I have written something on that special point, which may make the matter more forcible. She begins to search for this, and if when she finds it, she sees that it will make the chapter more clear, she adds it.

The books are not Marian's productions, but my own, gathered from all my writings. Marian has a large field from which to draw, and her ability to arrange this matter is of great value to me. It saves my poring over a mass of matter, which I have no time to do.

[94] So you understand that Marian is a most valuable help to me in bringing out my books. Fannie had none of this work to do. Marian has read chapters to her, and Fannie has sometimes made suggestions as to the arrangement of the matter.

This is the difference between the workers. As I have stated, Fannie has been strictly forbidden to change my words for her words. As spoken by the heavenly agencies, the words are severe in their simplicity; and I try to put the thoughts into such simple language that a child can understand every word uttered. The words of someone else would not rightly represent me.

I have written thus fully in order that you may understand the matter. Fannie Bolton may claim that she has made my books, but she has not done so. This has been Marian's field, and her work is far in advance of any work Fannie has done for me.

I have written this letter between half past twelve and four o'clock A.M. I must now leave it to write other letters. But I wish to ask, If Fannie is converted and is used by the Lord, why is not her vision clear in reference to her past representation of the work she has done for me? I think the first work the Holy Spirit would do for her would be to lead her to confess that by false statements she has misrepresented me to others. The Lord would clear away the mist and fog from her mind, leading her to see the great injury she has done me by saying that she made over all my writings.

When the Lord teaches her and reveals to her how she has unsettled and undermined the faith of many in the testimonies of the Spirit of God, as she has unsettled and undermined the faith of Brother

Bartholf in the work the Lord has given me to do, by making the statement that she was directed to write a testimony to A. R. Henry, she will see where she is standing. The statement in regard to the testimony for A. R. Henry is an absolute falsehood.

Those who receive such statements are without excuse. “By their fruits ye shall know them.” My work has been in the field since 1845. Ever since then I have labored with pen and voice. Increased light has come to me as I have imparted the light given me. I have very much more light on the Old and New Testament Scriptures, which I shall present to our people if my way is not blocked by such influences as the influence exerted by Fannie Bolton. Such a work as hers calls for my pen and voice to contradict her statements, in order to save poor souls from being entirely swamped by her assertion that she has received the Holy Ghost. This is another phase of her desire to exalt herself as ordained by the Lord to bear a message to His people. The Lord did not send her, yet she ran. She will not honor the cause of God, but will mislead others.

Those who have been unwilling to receive the true testimonies of God, notwithstanding that these testimonies have been in the field for so many years, who know not the voice of the Lord, may listen to the voice of a stranger, and receive from a poor, deceived, unbalanced human agent what is supposed to be truth. What is the chaff to the wheat? Know that you are on trial for spiritual life, and accept no delusive sentiments. God save His people from Satan’s snare.

Letter 61, 1900, entire letter. (To G. A. Irwin, April 23, 1900, revised copy of letter 61a, 1900.)

I have read what you say in regard to Fannie Bolton. There is no truth in the statement that I told Fannie to write a letter or testimony to A. R. Henry. My testimonies to the churches, and to individuals have never been written that way.

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The claim that she is inspired is not a new one with Fannie. Shortly after the Armadale camp meeting, she claimed that the Bible-readings that she gave were inspired of God. She said that when she talked, her hearers would grow pale under the effects of her words. Some of our people believed the assertion that she was

inspired. But I knew that her course and her spirit were not pleasing to God. Her unwise, inconsistent course, showed that she was under a deception of the devil.

All through her experience, Fannie's light has been too much like that of a meteor. It flashes up, and then goes out in darkness. Her feelings are counted by her to be religion. What a pity that she has so much confidence in her brilliant flashes. Her mind is so full of an emotional religion, that she knows not what the genuine article is.

If she were converted, and used by the Lord, she would have a clear understanding of the influence of her past misrepresentations of the work she has done for me, and would confess some of her misstatements regarding it, which have been used by the enemy to unsettle and undermine the faith of many, in the testimonies of the Spirit of God.

Such claims as we hear that she is now putting forth, must be contradicted, that poor souls may be saved from deception. This claim that she has now received the Holy Spirit, is another manifestation of the desire to exalt herself as ordained by the Lord to bear a message to His people. The Lord did not send her, yet she ran.

Those who know not the voice of God, those who have been unwilling to receive the true testimonies from the Lord, may listen to the voice of a stranger, and receive from a human agent what is supposed to be truth. But, "What is the chaff to the wheat?" The people of God should know that they are on trial for eternal life, and that they must accept no delusive sentiments. May God save them from Satan's snares.

Some may ask, why was Sr. Bolton allowed to be so long connected with the work, if this desire for praise, this tendency to self-exaltation was manifested? At different times I labored with her faithfully, pointing out her danger, and endeavoring to help her to understand the character of the work, and the relations of the human agent to it. Many times she acknowledged the mistakes that her approbateness had led her to make, and confessed her weakness, and love of praise. She would declare that the lesson had now been thoroughly learned, and that thereafter she would guard against self-exaltation. And she was always anxious to retain her connection

with the work, sometimes begging with tears not to be disconnected from it.

Several times I was warned of the Lord that she was taking a course to undermine the confidence of the people in the testimonies, and after the Armadale camp meeting she was disconnected from my work. This was a great relief, for her injudicious course had become a great burden to me. But one night, after this, the angel of the Lord stood by my side, instructing me to give Fannie another chance to connect with me, and again take up the work. I was plainly instructed to give her another trial. To the astonishment of those who knew what the work had suffered, and what I had suffered from her erratic and injudicious course, I did this. She was sick at the home of Brother McCullagh. I brought her to my home, and fitted up a room for her away from the other workers, for she could not endure any noise. I cared for her as I would for my own sister. And after a time I put copy in her hands, endeavoring to follow the course pointed out to me by the angel. She took the article, and began the work, but found that she was not able to proceed with it. She told me she could not possibly do the work, and she feared that she would never again have the privilege of having the precious matter in her hands.

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She asked that she might take some articles with her to prepare for me when she was able, but to this I could not consent. She also spoke of returning to Australia when her health was restored, to again take up the work. But I told her that I could hold out no encouragement regarding this. I said, "The Lord instructed me to forgive you, and take you back for another trial. This I have done. But even while you are confessing your wrong course to me and the work, you admit that you are afraid, should you take up the work again, that you would go over the same ground that you have gone over in the past. You have said that you dare not take up the work again here, and that you think you should better go to America. When you say this, I am free."

I now see why I was directed to give Fannie another trial. There are those who misunderstood me because of Fannie's misrepresentations. These were watching to see what course I would take in regard to her. They would have represented that I had abused poor Fannie Bolton. In following the directions to take her back, I took away all occasion for criticism from those who were ready to condemn me.

Letter 166, 1900, pp. 1, 2. (To Bro. and Sr. Haskell, and Bro. G. A. Irwin, April 25, 1900.)

Something is being sent to you in regard to Fannie Bolton. You need to say to all our people that she is not the Lord's messenger, and she should in no way be encouraged. She would mingle the theatrical with her spiritual actions, that would not elevate, but degrade the cause of God. She is a farce. I have several copies of letters in her own handwriting, confessions, which I cannot possibly get copied. They must not go out of my hands until they are copied. Caldwell took a testimony from her hands that related to them both, and burned it up, and then told her she need not worry any more about [it]; she nor Sister White would ever see it again. Then he was pressed by me for the Testimony. Caldwell said he would bring it to me, and then said he could not find it; and then when I told him I knew what he had done with it, he said he must have burned it with some of his letters he did not care to keep; and then afterward he confessed his falsehoods, and said he burnt it designedly. Well, I have quite a large amount of letters concerning this matter between Fannie and me. If it needs to be all exposed before the people will be undeceived, I will send these letters after they are copied. But tell our people I do not want to expose Fannie, unless I am obliged to do this to save the cause of God from being corrupted.

W. C. White to G. A. Irwin, May 7, 1900

Mother has permitted me to read your letter to her [March 16, 1900], in which you speak of the report that has been circulated in Battle Creek, that Fannie Bolton has claimed large responsibilities, regarding certain testimonies which mother sent to Bro. A. R. Henry.

[97] I am sure that there is no ground for such a statement as you mention, and I very much doubt if Fannie ever made it in the form that it came to you. There are many ways in which an incorrect statement may be exaggerated and made more incorrect, and I think that if you ask Fannie about this, that you will get quite another version.

I have been very familiar with mother's work for many years, and with the work that is required of her copyists and editors, and I never knew of any such request being made by mother, or of any such work being attempted by any of her workers. I do not know of anyone who has ever been connected with her work, but would as quickly put their hand into the fire and hold it there, as to attempt to add any thoughts to what mother had written in a testimony to any individual.

Your own personal knowledge of mother's work, and how it is done, is certainly sufficient to enable you to refute such a report. In His own time and manner, the Lord reveals to her precious truths and facts regarding the movements and dangers, and privileges of the church, and of individuals. These things she writes out as she has time and strength, often rising at a very early hour, that she may write while the matter is fresh in her mind, and before there is liability of interruption in her work.

As many matters are presented to her in a very short space of time, and as these matters are sometimes similar, and sometimes different; so she writes them out, sometimes many pages upon one subject, and sometimes dealing with many subjects in a few pages. In her eager haste to transfer to the written page the thought[s] that have been pictured to her mind, she does not stop to study grammatical, or rhetorical forms, but writes out the facts as clearly as she can, and as fully as possible.

Sometimes, when mother's mind is rested and free, the thoughts are presented in language that is not only clear and strong, but beautiful, and correct; and at times when she is weary and oppressed with heavy burdens of anxiety, or when the subject is difficult to portray, there are repetitions, and ungrammatical sentences.

Mother's copyists are entrusted with the work of correcting grammatical errors, of eliminating unnecessary repetition, and of grouping paragraphs and sections in their best order. If a passage is not fully understood, the copyist asks its full meaning and proper connection. When corrected and plainly copied with the typewriter or the pen, the manuscripts are all carefully examined by mother, and corrected, wherever correction is required, and then copied again, if the corrections are numerous. This is done with many manuscripts, not only because corrections are made in the work of the copyist,

but because mother sees a way to express the thought a little more clearly, or more fully.

Often mother writes out a matter the second time, because she feels that it is very difficult to put in writing the scene, or events as they are presented to her.

Mother's workers of experience, such as sisters Davis, Burnham, Bolton, Peck, and Hare, who are very familiar with her writings, are authorized to take a sentence, paragraph, or section, from one manuscript where the thought was clearly and fully expressed, and incorporate it with another manuscript, where the same thought was expressed but not so clearly. But none of mother's workers are authorized to add to the manuscripts by introducing thoughts of their own. They are instructed that it is the words and thoughts that mother has written, or spoken, that are to be used.

[98] Those who have been entrusted with the preparation of these manuscripts, have been persons who feared the Lord, and who sought Him daily for wisdom and guidance, and they have shared much of His blessing, and the guidance of His Holy Spirit in understanding the precious truths that they were handling. I, myself, have felt the same blessing, and heavenly enlightenment in answer to prayer for wisdom to understand the spiritual truths in these writings, that I have in studying the Bible. This was a sweet fulfillment of the promise of the Holy Spirit as a teacher and guide, in understanding the word. And in answer to prayer, my memory has been refreshed as to where to find very precious statements amongst mother's writings, that brought in connection with the manuscript in hand, would make a useful article.

However thankful the copyist may be for this quickening of the mind and memory, it would seem to me to be wholly out of place for us to call this "inspiration," for it is not in any sense the same gift as that by which the truths are revealed to mother.

It is right here that Sr. Bolton is in great danger of being deceived and of leading others astray. The blessing of a clear mind and an active memory, she has called an inspiration, and the unwise use of the term has led those who know less of the work than she has done, to come to wrong conclusions about what she has done.

Sr. Fannie Bolton has all along been tempted to desire praise and admiration for her talent and her work. This has sometimes unfitted

her for her work, and sometimes led [her] to say things about the work which exalted the human garb in which divine truths were clothed, and diverted from the truths themselves, and from the God of truth the honor which was His due.

Do not permit the thought to prevail that Mother would withhold from Sr. Bolton any credit and praise that more might be given to herself. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Mother takes no credit to herself, and wishes no praise. She wishes the divine truths to be recognized as coming from God, although clothed with human form. Is it not reasonable to believe that if mother should seek praise for the expression of truths which God has mercifully revealed to her for the benefit of others that He would remove from her the gift? It certainly would be a fearful thing for her to seek personal praise or honor.

When I was last in Battle Creek, I talked freely with Sr. Bolton about these things, and she confessed that all through the years of her connection with mother's writings, that she had been dwelling upon the human garb in which the truths were clothed, instead of thinking chiefly of the purity and beauty of the truth, and acknowledging its divine origin, although clothed in human form. All through the years in which she was employed in this work there have been times when she would humble her heart before the Lord, and enjoy much of His grace, and other times, when through her connection with the Sabbath School work, or Missionary work she would receive praise and flattery, that she would become intoxicated with the praise, and lose her balance, and say and do things that greatly injured the cause.

We have hoped that it would never be necessary to speak of [the] injudicious course she took at times in this country, but the memory of these experiences ought to lead her to see the frailty of human nature, and the lack of balance in her mind, when not under the control of the Lord.

[Remainder of letter missing]

S. N. Haskell to E.G. White, May 28, 1900, p. 9

[99]

While in B.C. a report had been in circulation about the same as in Australia how you could not write so it was fit to be read, &c. Some who did not know you as well as others came to us with it.

We simply got some of your letters written in your own handwriting for them to read. The one we were talking with said, "There is not a mistake in this." And so went on in that line.

Fannie came to talk with me about the reports she had circulated. I told her while I was in Africa I knew some had doctored your writings over, but did not know till afterwards that she was the one who did it. And that was the reason the Lord could not trust her to work for you &c. I told her [that] if your copyist ought to have credit, why not those who made the sentences and punctuated the Bible have credit? There was ten times the reason why their names should be put in the Bible as to have your helpers have their names associated with yours.

S. N. Haskell to W. C. White, June 7, 1900, pp. 4, 5

In reference to your partial apology for Fannie Bolton to Brother Irwin, I hardly think that you take in the situation as it is. It is an easy matter to start a wrong influence, and that wrong influence grows. Fannie made me a visit when I was in Battle Creek. It came about because she had exerted an influence quite strong that she had written some of your mother's books and stated what everyone who knows the facts in the case knows to be a falsehood,—that is that that your mother would simply state a few things that she would like to have in a letter or article, and then Fannie or Marian Davis would write it out. No one who knows anything about it believes the stuff but you know that your mother has been out of the country for several years and people are embracing the truth all over the country.

Well, Fannie insisted to me that she ought to get credit, and that all of your mother's editors ought to get credit. I reminded her that the Bible was formerly written, the words all running together in the Greek. Someone separated the words, someone introduced punctuation, someone introduced verses, and someone divided into chapters. Why should not these people get credit, so that when the Bible came out there should be a long list of the editors who had helped to arrange the Bible, and I compared your mother's writings to this.

She made no reply to this, but said she would do differently in the future. I hope she has, for surely there was a strong influ-

ence that went from her in the line that I have spoken of, so that individuals came to me about it. We presented to them some of your mother's letters to us in her own handwriting, and they were perfectly astonished to think that she could write, and not have to have it doctored over, as Fannie had told them. This impression has gone from Conference to Conference. We met it [in] Portland and in the Upper Columbia Conference, in the meeting at Walla Walla, and I have also met it here upon the campground at San Jose. It is not among the older brethren who know better, but among the young people who have embraced the truth,—I mean young in the truth.

G. A. Irwin to E. G. White, June 11, 1900, pp. 2, 3

Then again I was interested in what you said about Fannie Bolton, and in the testimony from Sr. Davis, and also in Fannie's own admission. I was very glad to get these letters and your instruction, for I had been somewhat in doubt as to what was my duty in the face of some developments. Of course you know that I do not believe one word of what she has said, and as I have written to you before, have no confidence in her so called conversion and her reception of the Holy Spirit and never can have until she makes some of these things right, and yet I felt that I did not wish to move hastily or unadvisedly. I was glad to receive what you wrote, for from the tenor of a letter from W. C. White to myself, a copy of which came in the last mail to Elder Haskell, we rather got the impression that you felt to censure us, thinking perhaps we had taken an extreme view of it, and gave it a coloring more than it would warrant. But in talking with Bro. Haskell, I find that he has written you similar things that have come to his knowledge while we were several hundred miles apart, and neither knew that the other had written. The facts are that her influence has gone far and wide, and we have to meet it very frequently. I would not write such things simply out of a morbid desire to send you something sensational, nor neither would I write it without being very reasonably sure that it was a fact. There have other things occurred since I wrote you before, that confirm the course that she has pursued, and in fact I think that what Elder Haskell wrote you, was from a personal interview he had with her

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in my house sometime after I had written, in which she herself confirmed reports I had written you.

I shall endeavor to use the information you send me with good judgment and caution, but I feel that when the time does come to speak, that I shall speak with very definite language and in no uncertain sound. I do not know much about her at the present time. She went south at the call of a Methodist minister at Knoxville, Tenn. I saw some flaming reports in the papers in regard to her work and about the wonderful talks she was giving, &c. It is the general opinion of the better class of brethren in Battle Creek that the poor woman is not sound in mind. Perhaps this is enough of this.

W. C. White to S. N. Haskell, July 13, 1900

I must add a few lines regarding the correspondence which has been passing backward and forward relating to the attitudes and the sayings of Sister Fannie Bolton. I am heartily sorry to observe that both you and Brother Irwin view in an unfavorable light what I have written about this, and if it is in my power to do so, I would like to present to you the matter as it looks to me.

For many years I have been greatly perplexed and at times much grieved by Sister Bolton's course as regards her relation to Mother's work, her relation to the Sabbath-school work, and her relation to individuals which was often of a character to mislead and to be an occasion of stumbling to many. When I was last in America, I spent much time with her endeavoring to deal plainly and faithfully with her. She seemed to see and to understand matters in a clearer light than ever before, but I had little hope that her judgment would remain clear, because when the old spirit of ambition returns she becomes as one drunken with wine, and cannot see, hear, or speak correctly.

I have little doubt but what she is saying things that give the impressions to minds, that are communicated to you and Brother Irwin and that are by you forwarded on to Mother, and I think you can see that it would be a misfortune for Mother or for me or Sister Davis or anyone else to write strong statements denying hearsay reports. It has seemed to me that it was more Christian and that it would be more effective for us to write kindly and cautiously

pointing out the wrong principles which lay at the foundation of Sister Bolton's reasoning and stating the facts, which we present in such a modest way that any investigation which you and others may give them will show that love and pity has led us to put the best possible construction on Sister Bolton's action. [101]

If there are any questions arising in your minds regarding any feature of our dealing with Sister Bolton, or if any questions are presented to you regarding the way we handle Mother's writings we hope you will be very free to forward them to us and we will do our very level best to present to you the facts. We desire to give you any help we can in building up the work, but as regards what we say about Sister Bolton it seems to me that after bearing patiently with her for so many years, after suffering so much as we have, it would not be consistent for us to speak the plainest truths in an unkind manner now.

There is one thing that I greatly desire, and that is that you will not have occasion to mention her and her doings in all your letters to Mother. It is no doubt a relief to you to write a few lines in each letter about Sister Bolton, but unless there is some obvious good to be accomplished, something definite to be done in response to what you write, it would be much pleasanter for Mother and greatly for the advancement of her work if such unpleasant things were not mentioned. The loss of two or three nights' sleep over such a matter may deprive Mother of the strength which might have been used in bringing out some very important general matter for the instruction of the churches. For this reason I have been pleading with Edson not to write to her about everything which comes to his attention that is perplexing, and that he thinks is wrong, unless there is something important which Mother must say or do in the letter.

**Helge T. Nelson, in his supplement to "Decline and Crisis
amongst Seventh-day Adventists" (1901)**

The following is a dream that was related to me by Sister Bolton about a year ago at Battle Creek, Mich., and knowing that the dream is nothing less than a production of inspiration, it is essential that it should come out. I do not remember how long that she told me it was since she had it, probably about four years ago.

Sister Bolton told me she found herself by an old cellar. Along one of its walls was seen a row of large fine apples; upon examining the same she found a small speck in the apples that had the semblance of decay.

Elder James White was standing there, and she told him, "These apples ought to be taken out of here, or they will decay." "No," said Elder White, "Leave them there." Sister Bolton still insisted that they ought to be taken out. Then she looked on the bank of the cellar, and saw a large rock, and a man standing on the rock. She gave the description of him as follows: not tall, medium, heavy set, blue eyes with fair complexion, and wore a black Prince Albert suit. That man pointed out the trail of the "serpent" through those apples.

Sister Bolton said she received the meaning of the dream. The fine apples represented Sister White's faithful work; but that speck of decay in the apples represented difficulties that she had had with some of her helpers, with other things, some of which I have mentioned in preceding letters.

[102] Sister Bolton had been moved upon to speak to Sister White about things that she saw were wrong; but Sister Bolton told me that Sister White never paid any attention to her. She was shown in her dream that her admonition should not be heeded, but she saw that the man standing on the rock would bring the question to an issue.

The Lord showed me right there that I was the one that Sister Bolton saw on the rock, and I told her so.

Fannie Bolton, "A Confession Concerning the Testimony of Jesus Christ," circa April, 1901

Dear Brethren in the truth,—Of late my name, without my consent and without my knowledge has been made use of by Mr. Nelson in connection with tracts he has issued, censuring Sr. White and our leading brethren. I am not, nor ever have been in sympathy with him in the position he has taken against our brethren, and feel it my privilege to make this fact known. In his pamphlet, lately published, he has attributed expressions to me that I have never uttered, and given a garbled account of a dream I had, putting upon it his own interpretation. I am not, nor ever have been, in harmony with Mr.

Nelson in his views or claims, and it is only just that this should be understood.

But in connection with this matter, I have been greatly to blame; for I have told Mr. Nelson and many others, troubles, perplexities, and questionings in regard to the work of God through Sister White, which I should have opened to no one but God. In so doing I have for years disseminated an influence against the work of God through His prophet, and brought untold suffering to myself and to many of the servants of God. God only knows how widespread is the evil influence of my uttered doubts and questionings.

I have to some degree ever believed that Sister White was a prophet of God; but some things in connections with using matter from other writers and the editorial relation that were out of harmony with my early school training and the maxim's applicable to uninspired literature, started doubt and questioning as to why this relation was not thoroughly acknowledged, and the sources of quotation credited as in the authors of the world.

Sister White writes about quotations in the last page of the preface of *Great Controversy* as follows: "The great events which have marked the progress of reform are matters of history.... In some cases where a historian has so grouped together events as to afford, in brief, a comprehensive view of the subject, or has summarized details in a convenient manner, his words have been quoted; but except in a few instances no specific credit has been given, since they are not quoted for the purpose of citing authority, but because his statements afford a ready and forcible presentation of the subject."

This uncredited matter and an unacknowledged editorial relation with some human frailties in Sister White, with dull spiritual perception and a distorted vision of truth, caused me to lose my realization of the sacred character of the work, and that the work through Sister White was "the testimony of Jesus." I tried for years to harmonize what seemed to me an inconsistency in the work with a worldly literary maxim that requires an author to acknowledge his editors and give credit to all works from which he quotes. In contending that Sister White was not open about this matter, I supposed myself standing for a principle of ordinary justice and literary honesty, and looked upon myself as a martyr for truth's sake.

[103] With this conviction, I have talked over my troubles, created sympathy for myself, and brought confusion wherever my influence spread. The confusion that followed my rehearsals, I could not understand, and marveled that the telling of a fact should create doubt as to the truth. I charged the confusion, not to the principle I advocated, but to a false conception of the matter in the minds of the people, because of the unacknowledged literary connection.

Three times I was dismissed from Sister White's work because of relating my trouble, many times in honest effort to find someone to give me a harmonious explanation of the tormenting perplexity. My sorrow and anguish at the anguish it caused was not feigned, and yet not understanding the cause of my removal, I made confessions that did not touch the point, because I was blinded to it, and though confessing that I had in some way done harm to the work, I held to the position in my mind that Sister White should acknowledge her editors and every source from which she obtained suggestion or expression. Consequently my confessions were inadequate and my sore unhealed, and ready again to break forth at any future probing. I rebelled in heart against what I considered the taking of undue credit on the part of Sister White in receiving unqualified commendation for books or articles upon which Marian Davis, myself and others had expended editorial work. My rebellion on this point, together with poor health, finally led me to leave the work in Australia.

The influence of what I had told others then began its deadly work. One minister [S. McCullagh] left the truth and spread far and wide my words of information, and great trial came upon the Australian brethren. I am glad to say that the minister returned to the truth, and is earnestly engaged in building again those things he destroyed. [He later left again.]

Sister White wrote me a very sharp testimony, declaring that she had been shown that I was an enemy to her work, that I had misrepresented her, and caused the ruin of my own influence. In spite of this dreadful testimony, I persisted in thinking that it was not the position I had taken or the words I had spoken; but the spirit I had cherished that has done the mischief, and thus far I confessed to Sister White. When I was cut off from the work, shut out of the papers, and looked upon as an enemy to the truth, I felt terribly

misjudged, and drew the sympathy of many by relating my trials and disseminating my perplexities.

This work I have done among my brethren and some outsiders; but God has at last found me in a place where He could open the true principle upon which His work stands vindicated and infallible, and which eliminates all my objections, clears up my difficulties, and gives me a new gift for which to praise His glorious and terrible name. I now wish to make all the reparation possible in counteracting the influence I have disseminated.

When Sister White spoke in the tabernacle a few days ago, an overwhelming conviction came upon me that through her was borne to us, "The testimony of Jesus." I have explained her testimony to me to mean something different from what it says. I now accept it as it reads. Pride and personal ambition have ruled me unknown to myself, and I was not willing to submit myself to the counsel of God through His servant, or to give Sister White her true place in our midst. I must say I was deceived in regard to myself. I did not know what was ruling me. I did it ignorantly and in unbelief.

In my testimony the case of Miriam and Aaron was used as an illustration of my course where they murmured against Moses, saying, "Hath the Lord only spoken by Moses, hath He not also spoken by us?" I have never seen how this applied until now; for I thought that if Miriam or Aaron did editorial work on Moses' manuscript, they did have a right to speak of it, and how could it be otherwise than that God also spake by them. But I see that God speaks by whom He chooses as a prophet, and the work of the editor is nothing until it becomes the property of the Spirit of prophecy through the mind and judgment of His chosen mouthpiece. Prophetic inspiration is vastly above the editor's knowledge or the words of any human author, and vastly above what Sister White could possibly bring forth herself. The Spirit of God through the human chosen channel makes choice of what He desires as an expression of His mind, and this work through Sister White cannot be judged by any criterion that applies to secular or uninspired literature, where the mind is under ordinary control, and the Lord does not speak in the peculiar way that He does through the Spirit of prophecy.

The editors in no wise change Sister White's expression if it is grammatically correct, and is an evident expression of the evident

thought. Sister White as a human instrumentality has a pronounced style of her own, which is preserved all through her books and articles, that stamps the matter with her individuality. Many times her Manuscript does not need any editing, often but slight editing, and again a great deal of literary work; but articles or chapter, whatever has been done upon it, is passed back into her hands by the editor, and the Spirit of prophecy then appropriates the matter, and it becomes, when approved, the chosen expression of the Spirit of God, so chosen by His chosen agent in this matter, and the identity of the editor or author drops out of the question entirely. It was hard for me to understand this, and until it was clear, I was unreconciled to it. "Blessed are they who have not seen, yet have believed," but I am one of those unfortunate kind of quibblers, that must like Thomas, put my finger into the prints of the nails, before I can say, "My Lord and my God."

The same principle applies to the use of historical statements or quotations. When the Spirit of God indicates their use, they become the property of the Spirit of prophecy, as God is the author of all truth, and has a right to choose what He shall make use of in the work of His Spirit. Sister White herself as an identity is lost in the work of the Spirit, and her name is used not for her glory, or because she is the instrument, but because the Spirit thus chooses to manifest Himself to the world. To acknowledge that any matter was not the Spirit of prophecy, destroys all its force, and is a lie. Whatever is chosen is the mind of God, so stamped by its choice through the prophet alone.

My perception in spiritual things has been dull indeed, and I may not yet be fully enlightened. Self has obstructed my vision, and a worldly maxim of my early education, applicable to uninspired literature, but not applicable to the Spirit of God, caused me to stumble. Had I been buried in Christ, lost to self glory and self-seeking, I would long ago have discerned the manner of the working of this gift, and have seen the fallacy of trying to apply a maxim of the world to the Spirit of God.

God is in this gift. God is leading in this cloud of humanity as verily as He led the children of Israel in the wilderness. But spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and cannot be comprehended without a revelation from the Spirit that searches all things, yea, the

deep things of God. How can the Spirit of Prophecy be understood without the Spirit in our hearts that breathed the matter?

I have asked many persons to explain the supposed inconsistencies in connection with this gift, and have found but few who could give me any light. I am largely indebted to Elders Irwin, Olsen, and Rupert, whose spiritual insight and kind words and prayers have helped me in my time of need. An illustration of my case has often come to me in the sanctuary, its coverings and glory. I have been quarreling with the badger skin covering, and pointing souls to that, and missing the glory of the shekinah within, just as the Jews stumbled over the fact that Christ was born at Nazareth and was clothed in human flesh.

I have also stumbled over the manifestation of human frailties in Sister White, and made them an excuse for doubting her inspiration, instead of rejoicing in the wonderful work of God through this devoted channel. I have dared to comment on Sister White's supposed inconsistencies, and may God forgive me. As I have judged, I have been judged. I have endeavored to take the mote out of her eyes, when there was a beam in my own. I am humbled at the realization of my own wretched, unutterable shortcoming, contrasted with the devotion of this great servant of God. I know the cause of God is dearer than life to Sister White, and while I have been self-absorbed, and scattering with the enemy, she has gone on gathering golden sheaves for the harvest.

No opprobrium can be too great for my course, and I do not wonder that the people have been "nauseated" with my evil. And yet in all this I have been like one delirious, raving in mania against my best friend and my own soul's interest and the interests of others—deceived and deluded to a horrible extent. God knew that I did it ignorantly and in unbelief. This may seem a strange saying in view of the fact that I have for years been warned of my wrongs; but so blind was I that I did not see, and so practically I have been in blindness and ignorance. Even of the Jews who crucified Christ it is said, "If ye had known it, ye would not have crucified the Lord of life and glory."

I have also complained of Sister White's interference in a contemplated relation; but I fully accept her testimony now on this point as on all others in regard to my case. As far as I know I have now

made a clean breast of it, but if there is more to be confessed, I will make it clear when I see it, or when it is pointed out.

The individual work I will do as God opens it to my mind. In the past I have confessed to Brother Prescott and others that I had misrepresented Sister White, not because I was convicted, but because Sister White had said so, and because I was urged to do so upon that ground whether I saw it or not. I afterward felt I had done wrong, and will make no confession of this order. Whatever comes to me through the Spirit of prophecy I will accept and acknowledge, because I have now settled the matter and believe that the Spirit of prophecy is the voice of God. In confessing on this ground I shall not make myself a hypocrite in my own eyes and place myself under the suspicion of my brethren.

[106] In the past I have partially seen my wrongs, and have made confessions; but the principle of wrongdoing was not discovered and obliterated and the root of the matter not taken out, so I fell again into my old reasonings that seemed to justify my course. I see a new force in the text, "casting down reasonings, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

I rejoice today in the "testimony of Jesus." I thank God that He has kept Sister White from following my supposed superior wisdom and righteousness, and has kept her from acknowledging editors and authors; but has given to the people the unadulterated expression of God's mind. Had she done as I wished her to do, the gift would have been degraded to a common authorship, its importance lost, its authority undermined and its blessings lost to the world. I have thought her words very hard when she said "Satanic influences" worked through me; but I can see today that in the attack made through me, I have been the deceived tool of the dragon who hates the commandments of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ.

I have thought Sister White's course toward me was very hard and unchristlike. I now regard it as right and merciful. I have felt grieved and indignant that testimonies regarding me were sent to the leading brethren. I now wonder they were not made public property in order to shut off my evil influence. I have suffered terribly for my blind warfare against the Spirit of God through Sister White. "Touch

not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm,” for “God, will avenge His own elect.” Let my experience be a warning to others.

I now ask you to forgive me, to pray for me. I cast myself on your mercy and the mercy of Him whose compassions fail not. He has blessed me many times through the years of anguish and trial, or my spirit would have failed. I do not ask you to reinstate me anywhere, to give [me] any place in the cause. I long to go away and hide myself. Praise God for the Rock of Ages cleft for me, even me.

As for reconciliation with Sister White it will come in God’s own time. I have prayed for the healing of the breach between us, and someday the mists will all be cleared away. I can say I never loved Sister White, honored and esteemed her as I do today. I feel I am unworthy to unloose her shoe. I will bear the punishment of my sin. I do not deserve anything, and humanly speaking cannot hope for any confidence in me on the part of Sister White; for unless God speaks to her of me, my confession can bear to her only sorrow, as I have so often confessed in the past, and with more expression of grief.

For four years I have been without the camp. I am reconciled to stay there and bear my reproach patiently. Maybe it is here I shall more fully come to see the Man of Sorrows, who bears my sorrows and carries my griefs. It has been Himself who has brought me through this strange path until He could speak comfortably to me through the cutting testimonies He has given. “Faithful are the wounds of a friend.” Rejoicing, though sorrowing, I still choose to suffer affliction with the people of God, to feel the wrath of the dragon with those who keep God’s commandments, and have the Testimony of Jesus. This testimony I know I prize as never before, as a heaven sent gift, a “telescope” into truth and eternity, given to the remnant church for the perfecting of the saints, till prophecies cease, faith is sight, hope fruition, and we gather to the fuller realization of the love that never fails. Only then shall we really understand what this gift means to the church.

Merritt Kellogg Statement, [March, 1908]

In 1894, when in Melbourne, Australia, Mrs. White told me that in writing *Great Controversy*, and preparing it for the press, Marion

[107] Davis and Fannie Bolton had charge of it. She further told me that these girls were responsible for certain things which went into that book in the shape in which they did. She said that Marion Davis confessed her part in the wrong, but Fannie Bolton would make no confession. Mrs. White did not tell me just what wrong was committed by the girls. I suppose the reason why she spoke to me on the subject was because of the fact that Fannie Bolton had come to me with a statement as follows: Said Fannie, "Dr. Kellogg, I am in great distress of mind. I come to you for advice for I do not know what do do. I have told Elder Starr (Geo. B.) what I am going to tell you, but he gives me no satisfactory advice. You know," said Fannie, "that I am writing all the time for Sister White. Most of what I write is published in the *Review and Herald* as having come from the pen of Sister White, and is sent out as having been written by Sister White under inspiration of God. I want to tell you that I am greatly distressed over this matter for I feel that I am acting a deceptive part. The people are being deceived about the inspiration of what I write. I feel that it is a great wrong that anything which I write should go out as under Sister White's name as an article specially [sic] inspired of God. What I write should go out over my own signature. Then credit would be given where credit belongs." I gave Miss Bolton the best advice I could, and then soon after asked Sister White to explain the situation to me. I told her just what Fannie had told me. Mrs. White asked me if Fannie had told me what I had repeated to her, and [upon] my affirming that she did she said, "Elder Starr says she came to him with the same thing. Now," said Sister White, with some warmth, "Fannie Bolton shall never write another line for me. She can hurt me as no other person can." A few days later Miss Bolton was sent back to America. From that day to this my eyes have been opened.

Mrs. C. W. Harmon to E. G. White, June 28, 1914

Your article entitled "Faith and Healing" I find in a paper of "Bible Training School" edition—date March-1914—leads me to inquire concerning a Miss Frances Bolton formerly connected with your work. I understand she is not now engaged in the work. Please inform me why she left. I have read several of her poems and have

seen her hymns, etc. She was quite ill, a friend told me at one time, and was in a Sanitarium. Did her mind become deranged? I have a summer home at the above address, In His name, Mrs. C. W. Harmon.

Sara McEnterfer to Mrs. C. W. Harmon, August 2, 1914

Your letter of June 28, to Mrs. E. G. White, was mislaid, and I am sorry to say, has not had a reply, so far as I know, until now. I will try to answer your questions the best that I can. For several months Mrs. White has not been able, on account of ill-health, to attend to very much correspondence. She is still quite poorly, therefore I am answering your letter for her.

I was privileged to be with Mrs. White, during all the time that Miss Bolton was with her, with the exception of a short time during the first part of her stay in Australia. Miss Bolton failed in health, and had to discontinue her work, and afterward, I understand, she had to be taken to an asylum. I am unable to give you further particulars, but if I remember correctly, I think she is still in an asylum. I may, however, be mistaken. I hope I am. I cannot at present, even tell you in what part of the country she is. During the first part of her stay with us, her mind seemed all right. Then on account of sickness, I was separated from the family for a few years, because of trouble with my eye. When I joined them again, I noticed that Miss Bolton was not her natural self, and she gradually grew worse until it was thought best to advise her to go to a sanitarium, and have treatment, that she might regain her health. This she did; and for a short time she seemed to be improving. Finally her mind gave way to such an extent that she had to be sent to an asylum. Mrs. White had no part in any of the arrangements, excepting to advise Miss Bolton to take a rest, and have some treatments at the Sanitarium in Battle Creek, where she might regain health.

[108]

Trusting that these few lines will reach you in due season, I am,
Yours respectfully, Sara McEnterfer.

Fannie Bolton to Mrs. E. C. Slawson, December 30, 1914

I have been obliged to delay in answering your letter; for I have been like a person shot out of a gun with the pressure of many things to do.

Your letter struck me with a sense of pathos to think of your faithfulness, isolation and sincerity. I have been as they say “through the mill.” I became an Adventist in Chicago under the labors of G. B. Starr, and was very zealous for what is called “Present truth.” I truly believed it was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and lived up to the testimonies with all faithfulness discarding meat, butter, fish, fowl and the supper meal, believing that as the “Testimonies” say, “no meat-eater will be translated.”

I had been faithfully instructed by Eld. Starr that the testimonies came, as they were written from God, that though Sr. White was an illiterate woman, she had been so educated by the Lord that she wrote in the style of her books (supposedly hers.) I had been taught that oysters were abominable in God’s sight and etc.

I met Sr. White at a camp meeting and as I was reporting for the papers, it fell to my lot to edit her sermons. [See *The (Chicago) Daily Inter-Ocean*, August 25-27, 29-31, 1887.] There were illiteracy in lack of logic, mixed metaphors, lack of connections and climax, and were marked with awkward sentences, platitudes, repetition, and everything that goes to make good literary productions was lacking; but I thought her pen, perhaps would be so guided that these weaknesses would not be seen.

She was pleased with the way I made her sermons over for the press and wished me in her employ. I had several good openings for original writing at the time which would have been more to my taste; but waived everything to go with the “prophet.” I was only a simple hearted girl then with the curls down my back, and had been brought up in a truly spiritual home life and I had no idea of duplicity in this, much less in those I truly believed to be the messengers of God. I left to go with Sr. White on the very day when my brother was to be married. At the depot Sr. White was not with her party, so Eld. Starr hunted around till he found her behind a screen in the restaurant very gratified in eating big white raw oysters with vinegar, pepper and salt. [See Starr’s rebuttal, p. 118.] I was overwhelmed by this

inconsistency and dumb with horror. Eld. Starr hurried me out and made all sorts of excuses and justifications of Sr. White's action; yet I kept thinking in my heart, "What does it mean? What has God said? How does she dare eat these abominations?"

On the cars out to California, W. C. White came into the train with a great thick piece of bloody beefsteak spread out on a brown paper and he bore it through the tourist car on his two hands. Sarah McEnterfer who is now with Sr. White as her attendant, cooked it on a small oil stove and everyone ate of it except myself and Marian Davis who I found out afterwards was more the author of the books purported to be Sr. White's than she was herself. [109]

I was with Mrs. White for seven and a half years like a soul on a rock, because of all kinds of inconsistencies, injustices and chicaneries.

I have seen Sr. White eat meat, chicken, fish, fowl, shrimps, rich cake, pies, etc., etc. I cannot go into detail but Sr. Daniells told me she herself had cooked meat for Sr. White on the camp ground. Eld. Horn told me his wife had done the same thing. Sr. Rousseau told me that she too had done so.

Dear sister, Sr. White has written that when we do not live up to the testimonies we retract them. She has vitiated (made lifeless) her own claims. "Cease ye from man (or woman) whose breath is in his nostrils for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

The Spirit of prophecy is not Sr. White's testimonies but the Holy Spirit which is to fill, comfort, guide, magnify Christ, bring to your remembrance whatsoever He hath said unto *you* and *show you* things to *come*. "Cast not away therefore your confidence (in God) which hath great recompense of reward."

Sr. White for her moral demeanor cut me off from all channels in the papers, wrote unjustly and cruelly concerning me, and brought me down to a bed of death from which the Lord raised me up according to His promise.

With love and kindest wishes for everybody, Sr. White included,
Yours, Frances E. Bolton.

**G. B. Starr, "The Watchcare of Jesus Over the Writings
Connected with the Testimony of Jesus," June 2, 1915**

While I was connected with the Australasian Bible School for Christian Workers, then located at George's Terrace, St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, Australia, as preceptor and Bible teacher, the following incident occurred, illustrating to my mind the watchful care of Jesus over the writings of Sister White.

One day Miss Fannie Bolton stated to me that she was in great trouble regarding Sister White's writings, and wished to talk with me about it, as she felt that I would in some way help her. I asked her what the trouble was with the writings. She said, "You know Sister White gives the writing to Sister Davis and me morning by morning, in the rough, and we put the polish on, and it all goes out signed 'Ellen G. White.' Now you know," she continued, "that God gave me a talent to write, and before I ever met Sister White I corresponded for the Chicago *Inter-ocean*."

"Yes," I replied, "but you never wrote as Sister White writes, nor anything comparable to it. What do you mean by 'putting the polish on'? Am I to infer that you are altering the writings sufficiently to warrant recognition for the introduction of original matter called 'polish'?"

Miss Bolton began to weep, and said, "Perhaps I am being tempted to desire recognition."

I replied, "I think that you are; and your danger is that of any amanuensis who, in constantly handling the writings of another, entertains the idea at times that some of the finest sentences originated with himself after he has fully accepted them in writing them from time to time."

"Well," she said, "I hope you will help me in the matter. I feel terribly over it."

[110] I assured her that if going to the bottom of the matter would help her, I would surely help her, because I never would let the matter rest until I knew how much she had changed the writings of Sister White from the original; and I assured her that our ministers would not quote Sister White's writings as the testimony of Jesus if she in any way altered them without evidence that she possessed the testimony of Jesus herself.

Leaving Miss Bolton, I called upon Miss Davis, and asked if she shared with Miss Bolton in this view that they put the polish on Sister White's writings, and did not receive recognition. She stated that she did not wish to try to harmonize her position with any one else, but was willing to state her own view of the matter. I told her that was all I wished, and she said:

"I regard Sister White has a great fountain continuously flowing. You know, Brother Starr," she said, "how morning by morning Sister White brings to us at the breakfast table or morning worship from twelve to sixteen pages of manuscript matter written with reference to the work in different parts of the world, or subject matter relating to her books; and then it is passed over to us, and we correct any grammatical errors, or spelling, which we do not ask Sister White to try to do in her work to write out what she has seen. This work that we perform, and that of the typewriters, the printers, the proof-readers, and the canvassers and ministers,—I regard all of these different workers that come in touch with her writings as the banks to the channel of the stream flowing out to bless the people; and you know a channel is kept green by the waters flowing along its banks. This is my view of my relation to the matter, and I feel grateful to God for the privilege of being a part of this channel. I regard it as a great personal blessing to me."

I replied that I regarded that a most sensible view of the matter, and a reasonable one; but that I could not understand Miss Bolton's position.

I then retired to my room and earnestly prayed over the matter, asking for further light from the Lord, and direction as to how to reach the real root of the difficulty. On leaving my room I passed Sister White's doorway, and the door being ajar, she saw me and called me into her room, saying, "I am in trouble, Brother Starr, and would like to talk with you."

I asked her what was the nature of her trouble, and she replied, "My writings, Fannie Bolton,"—just four words. I then asked her what the trouble was with Fannie Bolton and her writings, and tried to appear entirely innocent of any knowledge of any trouble, that I might know what she had on her mind. She said, "I want to tell you of a vision I had about 2:00 o'clock this morning. I was as wide awake as I am now, and there appeared a chariot of gold and horses

of silver above me, and Jesus, in royal majesty, was seated in the chariot. I was greatly impressed with the glory of this vision, and asked my attending angel not to permit the vision to pass away until I had wakened up the entire family. He said, 'Do not call the family. They do not see what you see. Listen for a message.' Then there came the words rolling down over the clouds from the chariot from the lips of Jesus, 'Fannie Bolton is your adversary! Fannie Bolton is your adversary!' repeated three times. Now," said Sister White, "I had this same vision about seven years ago, when my niece, Mary Clough, was on my writings. She said, 'Aunt Ellen gives me the writings in the rough and I put the polish on, but get no recognition for it. It all goes out signed *Ellen G. White.*'" [111] [Note: Starr's memory may or may not be accurate here. No other evidence exists of Mary Clough raising this particular objection.]

As Sister White made this statement, I suppose that my face betrayed me, for she immediately said, "What is it, Brother Starr, what do you know?" I had to reply then that I was sorry, but I would have to agree with the vision, that Fannie Bolton, whether intentionally or not, was certainly her adversary, and the adversary of the best interests of the testimonies.

"What do you know?" inquired Sister White.

I then related to her what I have stated above, regarding my talk with Miss Bolton.

"O, I knew it," Sister White replied. "I knew it when that vision was given me. Now what shall we do? Shall we not have to dismiss Miss Bolton from the writings and see if the polish stays on?"

I replied that I thought that was the sensible view of the situation, and about the only thing that we could do. She then advised me to telegraph to Sydney for Elder Olsen to return to Melbourne at once, and take Fannie Bolton with him to America. This I did. Elder Olsen reached Melbourne the next morning. But in the meantime Fannie Bolton had written out a confession that she had erred in this matter, and was certainly being tempted of the enemy, and pled with Sister White not to separate her from the writings, assuring her that she would certainly lose her mind if she was dismissed from her work. This appeal touched Sister White's heart, and after counsel with Elder Olsen, it was agreed that Fannie should remain in her employ, but that no original matter, of which there was no copy,

should be placed in her hands, but that she was to work on articles for the papers, or book matter, so that any alteration could be easily traced. Miss Bolton soon knew that this was not her original work, and became very restive under the change. It was not long until she took such a course as to make it necessary to advise that she disconnect with the family.

She then went to Sydney, where for a time she was in the home of a minister who was then apostatizing from the faith [S. McCullagh], and her views regarding her work on the Testimonies and her dismissal from the writings had much to do with influencing this man and shaking his confidence in the message as a whole. However, just at this juncture, while Sister White was stopping at our house in North Sydney, the following experience occurred,—the visit of an angel, which led Sister White to recall Miss Bolton to her work again, but not to handle any original matter, which she, to my knowledge, never did afterward.

While being entertained at our home in North Sydney, Miss McEnterfer left Sister White with Mrs. Starr one night while she visited Miss Jessie Israel. Mrs. Starr was very anxious for fear something might happen,—that Sister White might not be well; but she assured her that she would be all right with her, and it was only reasonable that Miss McEnterfer should have the night away.

About 4:00 o'clock in the morning, we were aroused by something falling in the front room, occupied by Sister White. Mrs. Starr immediately rushed into the room, and found Sister White lying across her couch, with her face down between the window and the floor. This position made Mrs. Starr very uneasy, as she feared that she was not well; so she inquired, "What is the matter, Sister White?" Sister White replied, "O, nothing; only something fell down here, and I am trying to find what it is." Mrs. Starr assured her that we could find it later, and not to mind about it, if she was only well. She replied, "Yes, Nellie, I am very well, and very happy this morning. I have had a visitor here." "O, indeed! Who was it?" Mrs. Starr inquired. "Why," said she, "it was an angel of God." While I was sitting writing, I felt a presence by my side, and I thought one of you had stepped into the room. But upon looking up to greet you, I saw that it was an angel of God. He stood quite speechless for a little while, and I broke the silence by saying, "Well?" And he replied,

“Well, Fannie Bolton is asking you to take her back, isn’t she?” She replied, “Yes.” “Well,” said the angel, “what are you going to do about it?” “Why, that is just what I want to know,” she said. “What shall I do about it?” “What do you think Jesus would do,” inquired the angel, “if He were here?” “O,” Sister White replied, “I suppose He would take her back 70 times 7.” “Well, what are you going to do?” he asked. “Well,” she said, “I am going to take her back again, and I am not going to ask W. C. White nor G. B. Starr whether I shall do it or not. I am going to stop the mouth of the enemy forever. He shall never say that I sent her from my home. I will keep her and board her and clothe her as long as she lives, and she is to remain with me if she is never able to do another stroke of work on my writings.”

This vision led to the receiving of Fannie Bolton back into her home for the third and last time. Miss Bolton afterward left of her own accord, in response to the call of her mother to settle up a family estate. Sister White never dismissed her from her service.

Notwithstanding all these experiences and the effort to help Miss Bolton to gain an experience that was in harmony with the work of God and true character building, she cherished her own views of the subject, and gave free utterance to them after returning to America. This we know personally has had an influence to shake the confidence of many individuals with whom she has talked, as they naturally supposed that her intimate connection with Sister White’s family would give her a correct view of the subject. This, however, we know to be far from correct, as Miss Bolton was under the influence of the adversary of the testimony of Jesus, and not under the influence of the Spirit of the author of the testimonies.

While in this state of mind, of opposition to Sister White and her writings, Miss Bolton for a time became insane at Battle Creek, Michigan, and became violent, breaking window panes, etc. She was confined in the asylum at Kalamazoo, Michigan, for several years. After leaving Sister White’s writings, she attempted to use her gift, as she regarded it, of ability to write original matter. Its real value, however, was not apparent to any who read it. The facts above stated are given wholly with regard to the interests of truth, and without any malice whatever toward dear Miss Bolton, whom the writer and his wife regarded as one whom the Lord was seeking

to save, and one whom they earnestly desire to see saved in the kingdom of God, but who unadvisedly listened to the suggestions of the enemy and received them as truth.

The vision of Christ seated in the chariot of gold, watching after the interests of the writings connected with the presentation of the testimony of Jesus to His remnant church forever removed from my mind any anxiety regarding His ability to see that no harm came to them, and to remove from any connection with them any person who would alter or add to the writings so that they would cease to be the testimony of Jesus, but, instead, of human origin. I believe that Jesus Christ, who created the heavens and the earth, and who today upholds them by His power, is able to give to His remnant people the testimony of Jesus so that it can be truthfully said, “Here are they that keep the commandments of God and actually *have* the testimony of Jesus.” [113]

Those who receive these writings which have for so many years guided the remnant people of God in their world-wide work, and which have corrected so many errors and saved the people from irreparable blunders, and which have, in the writings of so many volumes of the most precious matter ever given to this world, outside of the Holy Scriptures themselves, comforted thousands upon thousands of people and led them to put their trust, not in man, but in Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of mankind,—these persons really have the testimony of Jesus. Those who doubt, and regard them as man-made, do not and cannot to my mind have the testimony of Jesus.

Obituary of Fannie Bolton, in [The Review and Herald, August 5, 1926](#)

Frances E. Bolton died at Battle Creek, Mich., June 28, 1926. She was widely known by her writings, and many a heart has been cheered by her poems. Dr. A. B. Olsen conducted the burial service in the chapel. F. D. Schram sang songs of Fannie’s own composition. “Not I, but Christ,” had been exalted in her life, and the peaceful expression on her face told us she felt ready to meet her Master. She was laid to rest at Eureka, Mich.—Mrs. R. C. Porter

**Extract from *The Gathering Call*, February, 1932, pp. 16-22,
(anonymous)**

We were very zealous and conscientious believers in the Testimonies and other writings of Mrs. White being given by inspiration of God until one who was very closely associated with her work and in whose integrity we had perfect confidence, told my companion and myself many things connected with that work which showed us it was subject to very much human manipulation, though our informant seemed to be trying to uphold the work as of God. We could not doubt the truth of what we heard, and when later we saw truth in the Bible which these writings contradicted, we had no hesitancy to “maintain the Bible and the Bible only as the standard of all doctrines and the basis of all reforms.” (*Great Controversy*).

In 1912 we were in Battle Creek for some weeks. One day while at the home of a friend she called our attention to a lady who was passing and said, “There goes Miss Fannie Bolton. Wouldn’t you like to meet her?” We replied that we should. We had once asked why she had separated from Mrs. White’s work and the answer had been given that she had told some things that she should not have told. We had never before seen Miss Bolton.

When we had opportunity we told her that we would like to have a talk with her regarding her experiences while connected with Mrs. White’s work as one who was of much interest to us was still there and had told us of some things. Miss Bolton said she would meet us that and the following afternoons in a park where we could talk without interruption. The following is a crude report of that interview just as I wrote it with pen and paper as Miss Bolton talked. I could add many items which I heard from her later, but this is all that I ever wrote down just while she told it and I have not changed any of the wording. I am sorry some personal items appear but I do not wish to change it in any way now, and nothing that I heard later discredited anything that is here written.

[114]

She [Fannie Bolton] was converted to S. D. Adventism about the year 1885. Was very zealous. Had previously attended Evanston College in Illinois. Experienced in writing essays which girls passed off as their own productions. Thru Elder George B. Starr, who had brot [sic] the “truth” to her she was called to work with Sister White.

She was very conscientious in following out all instructions given in the Testimonies and discarded articles of diet condemned by them. It seemed a wonderful thing to her that she should be called upon to help in the work of a prophet of the Lord.

Elder Starr went with her to the station in Chicago where she was to meet Sister White and party and go with them to Healdsburg, California. This was about two years after she had become a Sabbath keeper. Elder Starr was anxious to personally conduct her into the presence of Sister White, but she was not readily found. He asked Eld. W. C. White regarding her whereabouts but he simply replied that she was somewhere about in the company. At last, in a corner of an eating room, rather screened off from others, she was found making a breakfast of *raw oysters*, with vinegar, pepper and salt in evidence before her. Sister Fannie was a young, inexperienced girl, but surprise, horror and bewilderment took possession of her. She was shocked beyond expression and Eld. Starr took her aside as he noted from the expression of her face how she felt and told her she must not let it trouble her that Sister White did this, that she needed such refreshment to fit her for her long, tiresome trip, and that raw oysters are very easily digested. But Sister White from this time seemed like a Sphinx to Sister Bolton. [See Starr's comments, p. 118]

There was quite a party of them and they occupied a tourist car to themselves. One day she saw Eld. W. C. White enter the car with an open brown paper spread in his hand on which was a piece of bloody thick beefsteak. This looked horrible to her, but it was handed to Miss Sarah McEnterfer who cooked it on an oil stove and it was passed to the company after being cut up. Marion Davis and Fannie Bolton did not eat of it. Most or all of the others did.

After reaching Healdsburg, Sister Fannie was given a quantity of rather mussy manuscript to prepare for the press. It needed much working over. She did the work carefully and satisfactorily. One day she and Sister White were taking dinner together at Eld. McClure's and Eld. McClure spoke of the number of Sister White's workers and asked what their work was. He asked what Marian Davis's work was. Sister White gave a half evasive answer. Then he asked, "And Sister Fannie, what does she do?" Sister White replied, "She is here, she can speak for herself." Thus invited Sister Fannie innocently told

exactly what work she was doing. Nothing was said regarding it at the time, but a few days later Eld. W. C. White came to her and began talking in a round about way that made her wonder what he was driving at. At last he said, "Fannie, Mother is displeased at you for what you said at Eld. McClure's." Sister Fannie was surprised at this and told of the conversation that led up to it and of Sister White's invitation to her to tell. Eld. White said, "Well, tell me just what your work is." She took some manuscript that she had been working on and explained how she had rearranged and readjusted it, etc., and [115] he said, "Yes, that is right. You have the correct idea and your work is proving very satisfactory, but it is best you say nothing about it to anyone." She wondered why there was need of such secrecy in the Lord's work.

At one time she was working on some articles regarding David and Solomon which did not require as much editing as those on which she had worked, and one day Marian Davis said to her, "Have you compared the chronology of those articles? You will want to be careful about that." She was surprised and said, "Why, the Lord is a correct historian!" "Yes," Marion Davis said, "but Sister White is not a historian. You want to compare it with Edersheim or some other standard writer, preferably Edersheim." Sister Fannie did so, but on opening the book was shocked and astonished to face a paragraph exactly like one in the articles she was copying, although there was no sign in the articles of its being a quotation, and on turning a page found a whole page which in the articles was only changed enough to prevent its being an exact quotation. Immediately her old trouble with essay stealing at school came back to her and she went to Marian Davis with troubled questions. Marian Davis tried to assure her that it was all right, that the Lord had a right to use all those things in His work for "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." But it did not seem right to Sister Fannie.

Dr. Kellogg had told them that in order to avoid a charge of plagiarism it would be best or necessary for them to revise "Great Controversy." Sister Marian Davis did this but she often talked with Sister Fannie about it, and Sister Fannie found that many of her ideas and expressions went into the book. One day she expressed the opinion that the chapter "Modern Revivals" was too harsh, and afterward Marian Davis said Sister White and Eld. W. C. White

wanted her to write out her ideas on the subject, that they might see them. She did so and Sister Davis came to her afterward and said, "Sister White and her son say that your chapter will not do." "Will not do for what?" "For a chapter in Great Controversy." "Of course it won't do for a chapter in Great Controversy: it does not belong there. That writing and that thought is mine, and does not belong in the book." But in spite of this, many things that she had written were put into the chapter "Modern Revivals."

Sister White did not want her to write anything for publication for herself. She said she wanted every ounce of her strength, *all* there was of her in *her* work; but Sister Fannie told her she would have no strength for anything if she did not use some of it in her own way. She wrote a story for the health journal which won a prize. One day she entered Sister White's room and found her reading it with evident enjoyment, but when Sister Fannie said, "I wrote that story, Sister White," Sister White looked very angry and threw the magazine down.

At the time of the Minneapolis General Conference, Sister Fannie was left in California, and during that time helped on the "Signs of the Times." She felt free again and enjoyed her work and gave enough satisfaction that the request was made that she be freed from other duties and be allowed to continue her work with that paper, but Sister White so strongly objected to giving her up that she had to return to her work with Sister White. This is the report of her first year's experience with Sister White....

When Sister—went to Australia she noticed such a change in Sister Fannie Bolton that she begged her to tell her what was the cause of her trouble. She finally agreed to tell her and her husband. Finally, he said, "I wish you had not told me these things. I would rather not know them," although they had insisted upon her telling them. He seemed unfriendly to her from that time. They afterwards told Sister White what Sister Fannie had told them and she was severely reprimanded for it. Sister White called her an adversary and a Miriam.

Extract from *The Gathering Call*, September, 1932, pp. 20, 21

Just recently we received the best of evidence that Fannie Bolton wrote "Steps to Christ" without any dictation or assistance from Mrs. White whatever. It was her product in toto, but was published as Mrs. White's production.

1933—See "A Statement Regarding the Experiences of Fannie Bolton in Relation to Her Work for Mrs. Ellen G. White," 31 pp., prepared by D. E. Robinson.

G. B. Starr to L. E. Froom, March 19, 1933

Regarding Fannie Bolton, we had felt that was a closed subject, as she was at rest and her life work written in the books above. She had a good education, obtained at the Lady's Seminary at Evanston, Ill. But when we met her, in Chicago, she was troubled with many questions regarding the inspiration of the Bible, and the love of God and Christ; but the truth cleared this all up and she joined our Bible Training course, and after a year was sent to Washington, D. C. with others—the first workers representing Present Truth in that city. She did good work there and helped to win some of the first members there. It was the privilege of Mrs. Starr and me to visit Washington, and these workers, and be with them at the first gathering held in that city, and at which I preached the first sermon in that city. There was a fine company present, composed largely of government clerks and assistant Secretaries of Departments. You would have rejoiced to hear these people asking each other, "Are you having these studies at your home?" Doubtless a number of these persons are still members of the S. D. A. Church, either in Washington or Takoma Park.

Well, Miss Bolton was quite talented in many ways. You know she wrote several very fine pieces of music and words. [e.g. "Not I, But Christ," *Church Hymnal*, p. 271] Someone advised that Sr. White connect her with her work. Evidently they were not acquainted with her extreme nervous temperament. But, notwithstanding that, W. C. White says that she did four years of very acceptable work. Then she became associated with Elder S. McCullagh, who apostatized. She drank in much of his spirit and criticisms. But the Lord led Sr. White to write to her continuously, night and day to try to

save her. An angel visited Sr. White at our home in Lavender Bay, North Sydney, Australia, and talked with Sr. White about receiving Fannie back, which was done. She later left Avondale and came to the U.S.

It soon became manifest that her mind was affected, and she was taken to the asylum, at Kalamazoo, Mich., but later was released, and she finally found a home at the Orlando Sanitarium. She professed to have returned to the love of the truth, and before leaving for Michigan, she confessed, at a campmeeting, so they told us, that she had lied about Sr. White. She died at Battle Creek, in 1926, during the time of the General Conference at Milwaukee. Sr. Ross Porter says she feels certain that she died in good hope of forgiveness and acceptance with the Lord. We certainly hope so. Her father, a Methodist minister, was insane before his death also, so this mental condition was evidently what the enemy took advantage of.

[117]

I have copies of most of the letters written by Sr. White to Miss Bolton. I paid \$15 to have these copied, three copies; one for the file at Bro. White's; one for me and an extra copy. This I would like to sell to someone for \$5. It is a perfect marvel of the manifestation of the love and mercy of God, and the time and labor the Holy Spirit laid upon Sr. White to try to rescue one soul.

May Walling to W. C. White, April 3, 1933

You asked me to tell you what I know about the time and manner of Fannie Bolton's connection with Aunt Ellen. I can't tell you just the date, but it was very soon after you and Aunt Ellen returned from Europe. I was in Nevada with Bro. Harmon's people at the time; and when I came home in February, 1888, Fannie was a member of Aunt Ellen's family. The family was composed of Bro. and Sr. Lockwood, Mary Davis, Fannie, and Cecelia Dahl and of course, Aunt Ellen. Fannie had been in the Bible School (or mission, as I believe it was called) in Chicago before connecting with Aunt Ellen's work; and I always thought she left these to come to California with Aunt Ellen but am not sure about that. I believe Eld. and Mrs. Starr were in charge of the mission at that time. As to how she came to join Aunt Ellen's staff of workers, I never knew. As near as I can remember,

she continued to work for her until she disconnected from the work in Australia.

I don't know whether I have answered your question in a way to be of any help to you or not, but I hope it may help a little.

I am looking forward to a good visit with you soon, With love,
May.

Hattie L. Porter to W. A. Spicer, July 25, 1933

Now a word regarding our dear Sister, Fannie Bolton. She spent her last days here in Battle Creek, and was laid to rest in Oak Hill Cemetery, [this is probably in error; the Cemetery has no record of her] to come forth, I believe, in the morning of the first resurrection. She was very much broken in health when she came here, a nervous wreck. She was greatly troubled in mind over her spiritual condition, and prayed earnestly for forgiveness of the past. She did not mention having written the book *Steps to Christ*, and I never had heard the report. Again and again she said, "I so regret that I ever criticised Sister White—that godly woman." We prayed with and for her, and though weak in mind and body, I am sure was forgiven for past mistakes. She spoke of some things she could not understand, but was willing to leave this with God, and said she was so sorry she resorted to criticism. Could her life be lived again this great sin would be eliminated. All her letters and private papers were carefully gone over, and there was a lot of them, and in none of them was there anything that would indicate she was not a hundred percent Adventist. Frank Belden came forward and asked for these private papers, but they were not turned over to him until they were carefully examined, as we felt that we knew why he wanted this matter. There were a lot of poems, some finished, and some not. She had thought to get them out in book form, but was too near the end of life to finish the work. Some of these poems were worthy of a place in our papers, and some showed her physical powers had weakened, and her mentality could not operate. These she knew were incomplete, and she called them "Junk." But to the last she tried to force that mind to act, and act along spiritual lines.

[118]

And so Elder Spicer, I know of nothing but good to say of Sister Bolton. She, like all the rest of us mortals made mistakes, but

repented, and I believe was forgiven by a kind and loving Heavenly Father, according to His promise, and it was just as though she had not done it *in His sight*, and should be in our minds. Tell those German brethren and sisters to get their minds off a mortal woman, on to a saving Christ, and it will lift them higher in divine things. I believe Sister Fannie died *in Christ*, and will be raised *in Christ*, and [that] we that are faithful will see her again, where she will long enjoy the work of her hands here below, and all the mistakes rubbed out, for they were confessed and forgiven.

She was without means when she reached B.C. And knowing that she had not long to live, we were sure the General Conference would be glad to provide the comforts needed for her dying hours, so asked them to help. She was told of this and was delighted, but said she was not worthy of it. The first remittance came just after she died. There was a man (do not recall his name), but an Adventist, wanted to marry her, but she could not see light in such a course with her health gone, but he visited her often, paid for her room and board and care, and funeral expenses, together with the sustentation check sent. The Doctors Selmon did everything possible for her to the last. Many of our good members visited her and helped her.

G. B. Starr to W. C. White, August 20, 1933

Regarding the letter, or statement supposed to have been made by Miss Fannie Bolton, Dec. 30, 1914, to some friend, which you enclosed, I can only say that I regard it as the most absurdly, untruthful lot of rubbish that I have ever seen or read regarding our dear Sister White.

The event simply never occurred. I never saw your mother eat oysters or meat of any kind either in a restaurant or at her own table. Fannie Bolton's statement that "Elder Starr hunted around till he found her behind a screen in the restaurant of the station where she was apparently very gratified in eating big white raw oysters with vinegar, pepper and salt," is a lie of the first order. I never had such an experience and it is too absurd for anyone who ever knew your mother to believe.

Of course you will know how true the story of the “Bloody beefstake” spread on a brown paper, and carried into the Tourist car and cooked by Miss McEnterfer, is. I do not believe that either.

I think this entire letter was written by Fannie Bolton in one of her most insane moments; when the enemy of her soul and of the Testimonies of Jesus, was working her poor mind at a high pitch. I pity her and any one who will believe what she has written.

[119] When we visited Florida, in 1928, Mrs. Starr and I were told that at a camp meeting, Fannie Bolton, made a public statment that she had lied about Sr. White, and that she repented of it. We sincerely hope that she did repent and that she received entire forgiveness. She certainly was not responsible for all that she thought or said. Her pride and egotism led her to overestimate her work for Sr. White. Her statements regarding Sr. White’s “illiteracy, lack of logic, mixed metaphors, lack of connections and climax, and marked with awkward sentences, platitudes, etc.” is also false. Some of the finest sentences ever penned, were written by her, and not a few, but hundreds and thousands of such sentences. No writer of any age, “ancient, medieval, or modern” as a teacher of English Literature stated to her class in Boston, Mass. has equalled her. She was the pen-woman, Jesus was the inspirer of the thoughts. She never failed to give the credit to Him and to the Holy Spirit that inspired her.

We have no sympathy with any spirit or any person that in any way belittles her person or her writings. We who knew her intimately for a half of a century, knew her to be a consistent, truthful, happy victorious Christian. We believe that she was educated in the best school in the world, “The School of Christ,” and that she was very far removed from ignorance or illiteracy. It was a privilege to have known her and to be associated with her, a benediction and spiritual help.

We regard it as one of God’s greatest blessings to us, to have had the privilege of traveling with her and living in her home. She was one of God’s noblest characters. She finished her work nobly and well and a great reward awaits her waking.

W. C. White to G. B. Starr, August 24, 1933

I am glad for what you have said about the strange story told by Fannie Bolton in which she claimed that she saw Mrs. White eating oysters, and cheese.

Regarding the beefsteak story, I will tell you in a few words the facts. There were about 35 of us going from Battle Creek to Oakland in 1884 in two skeleton sleeping cars. These cars were attached to freight trains and we were many days on the journey.

Sister White began the journey after much wearisome labor in general meeting, and on the journey she had done some writing and had spoken several times to passengers on the train who gathered into our car to hear her.

As we approached to the border line between Nevada and California, it was found that our provisions were running low. Some of us were able to make good meals out of the dried things that were left in our lunch boxes, but Sister White's appetite failed.

We were in a country where fresh fruit was very expensive and so one morning at a station where our train had stopped for half an hour, I went out and purchased two or three pounds of beefsteak and this was cooked by Sister McEnterfer on an alcohol stove, and most of the members that composed Sister White's party partook of it.

For years the White family had been vegetarians, but not teetotalers. We had always reckoned that in a case of emergency, it was justifiable to eat sparingly of clean meats, and especially so if we had the conviction that the animals were healthy.

When I bought the beefsteak, I reasoned that freshly killed ox from this cattle country, would probably be a healthy animal and that the risk of acquiring disease would be very small. This was eight or nine years before Sister White decided at the time of the Melbourne camp meeting to be a teetotaler as regards the eating of flesh foods.

When I see you, I will tell you more about the instances in which the White family partook of flesh meats on long journeys and on camp meeting expeditions.

You will find in Sister White's writings several instances where she says flesh meats do not appear on our table and this was true. During a number of years when on rare occasions a little meat was used, [it] was considered to be an emergency.

I regard the story about Sister White eating oysters in a railway restaurant as an unwarranted fabrication.

August 30, 1933—See *The Work of Mrs. E. G. White's Editors*, by W. C. White and D. E. Robinson, pp. 20

J. H. Kellogg to E. S. Ballenger, January 9, 1936

Fannie Bolton was with her at that time. A year or two later she returned to Battle Creek. She left Mrs. White who incorporated in one of her books something she had herself written and without giving credit. She said Mrs. White was in the habit of doing this, copying from various other books, so that she and Mary Ann Davis had to go over the material and transpose sentences and change paragraphs and in otherwise endeavor to hide the piracy. She spoke to Mrs. White about it and objected to having her own manuscript used without credit. Mrs. White was very angry and slapped her face. She mentioned the circumstance to one of the preachers and was forthwith dismissed from Mrs. White's employ and came back to America.

“Was Mrs. E. G. White A Plagiarist?”, a statement submitted for criticism prepared by the Trustees of the Ellen G. White Estate, March 23, 1936, pp. 12, 13

But one critic is more reckless in his charges of plagiarism, even inferring theft of the matter for all her publications. Of two of her most popular books, he says: “‘Desire of Ages,’ is practically all culled from other authors on the life of Christ. Just recently we received the best of evidence that Fannie Bolton wrote ‘*Steps to Christ*’ without any dictation or assistance from Mrs. White whatever. It was her product in toto, but was published as Mrs. White's production.”—*Gathering Call*, Sept., 1932.

The burden of proof for such bold charges should logically rest upon the accuser. But for the first assertion no evidence whatever is given. And for the second, there is only an unsupported statement that the writer has “the best of evidence.”

The facts are that he has no evidence whatever. On the contrary, it can be shown by “the best of evidence” that this preposterous

statement regarding the authorship of “Steps to Christ” is a willful slander. Much of the contents of this book can be traced back to articles published by Mrs. White in the *Review and Herald* or *Signs of the Times*, months or years before Fannie Bolton ever saw Mrs. White. Any one who has access to [Testimonies for the Church 5:635-41](#) an article from which the chapter on “Confession” in “Steps to Christ” is entirely drawn. This portion of Volume 5 was first published in 1882, five years before Fannie Bolton first met Mrs. White.

Emma J. Crisler to Cora F. Thurber, July 18, 1949

Because Miss Fannie Bolton had been associated with Clarence C. Crisler and Minnie Hawkins-Crisler in Sister White’s work we took more than usual interest in her when she came to Orlando. Having been with [the] Crislers, it was natural for her to look us up when she arrived. I was too young to be with her much, but we tried to befriend her.

I am not certain of the date, but believe in 1917 LeRoy helped her get located in what was our first little church building and later used as our church school building until it was transferred out near the Sanitarium. [121]

One day we received a hurry call from Mr. Jump (a laundryman next to her), saying she had a fire and to come and get her. We knew she had not been a loyal Adventist, but the man thought she was one of ours and our responsibility. We took our car and brought her out to the Sanitarium, for she was ill. Took all her laundry to our house and did it up and I gave her gowns to lie in San. until strong enough to get out, then when she found we had cared for her belongings and for her, she was overcome and quite repentant. As I recall this I am quite certain this was 1918.

My husband made arrangements to have her cared for in San. and wrote to Elder A. G. Daniells, who knew her and of her work. He felt she was entitled to sustentation and I believe recommended it. Early one morning she walked over to our home and aroused us saying she could not take aid for she had done wrong and that it would be like taking “Hush money.” We tried to calm her and assure her that we all loved her.

Later she moved into a small house out on Orange Avenue. Again we received a call to go try to do something for her. This time it was a cold or flu and she was quite ill. Placed her in San. for treatments and they later gave her a little cottage and asked her to remain there for life. This was the time she had flighty spells and did peculiar things. She wanted to entertain the patients and helpers and persuaded part of a circus or someone with donkeys to bring them on the grounds with the best of intentions. Soon after this she went down town and gave a public speech in Eola Park, where they still have the open Forums. At this time someone called an officer and he took her in charge and had a city physician examine her. This Dr. Spiers intended sending her to Chattahoochee. As soon as LeRoy was notified he went to the officer and asked that she not be placed in jail until arrangements could be made to place her in an institution. They consented, and we got Brother and Sister George Thomas to care for her.

Miss Bolton immediately notified some people with whom she had lived in Michigan. This man came down, packed and took all of her things back with him and took custody of her, but later had to take her to Kalamazoo, Michigan where I understand she died. She may possibly have been placed there first, and then he took her out. I rather think this is so. I do not know the date of her death, but Mr. Gore, who was a patient says it was 1922 according to his records when he and she were in the Florida Sanitarium and that she lost her mind at that time.

His sister and Miss Bolton were girls together in Battle Creek. He says his sister was born in 1859 and Fannie in 1860, and that she was an unusually brilliant girl. Kalamazoo might possibly have exact date of her death and might also have record of the man who cared for her and had to return her to the institution.

While in the Sanitarium, I persuaded her to use her poems and artistic ability in compiling a book of her choice poems and songs which I told her would make her independent. This she wanted to do if I would help her. We started work on it and she asked me to take all her poems and scrap books over to my home and they were to be mine anyway, she said, and I could have the book finished and use it in my missionary work if anything happened to her. This I did not do, but have hoped someone compiled it since. There were some

very lovely verses and she was an artist. I later regretted I did not take them as she requested.

When writing to someone in the West, I will inquire if they recall more accurate information.

**R. A. Morter, M.D., Medical Superintendent of Kalamazoo
State Hospital, to H. H. Cobban, July 25, 1949**

[122]

Frances E. Bolton, also known as Fannie Bolton, was born on August 1, 1859. She was committed to the Kalamazoo State Hospital in February, 1911, and received into this institution on Feb. 20, 1911. She was discharged on March 18, 1912, and again committed in October, 1924. She was received into this institution on October 9, 1924, and discharged Jan. 21, 1925. We have not heard from her since her discharge.

**“Concerning Editorial Work for Mrs. E. G. White,” no date,
by Eliza Burnham or Marian Davis**

In the small Testimonies to Ministers and Conference Workers, Number 9, pp. 75-80, [now in [Testimonies to Ministers and Gospel Workers, 387-391](#)] is a letter headed, “The Preciousness of Christ to His Followers.” The same matter is published in the *Signs of the Times* for 1896, Number 35, (Sept. 3) under the heading, “That Christ May Abide in Your Hearts by Faith.” The letter, as it appears in the testimony, was written by Sister White to Elder Haskell, and was very hurriedly edited and read by me to a copyist one morning before breakfast, in order to catch the mail. Under these circumstances, of course, only very slight change was possible,—such as verbal correction of hastily written, ungrammatical sentences. The article, as it appears in the *Signs of the Times*, was prepared from a copy of that typewritten manuscript. It was edited for publication in the *Signs* by Fannie Bolton. Some may be interested in reading the first manuscript, and noting the character of the matter as it came, with the slightest possible change, directly from the pen of Sister White. They may be interested also in comparing the two versions, and noting the extent of the changes made in the later one.

Addendum

The following documents constitute additions to the first printing of this collection:

Letter 88, 1894, E. G. White handwritten addition at conclusion of typewritten letter. (To W. C. White, February 6, 1894.)

Since writing the enclosed, Elder Starr has had a long talk with Fannie. Now she is just beginning to see the perverse spirit she has had, and how much I have had to bear with her ever since she has been in Melbourne. She now says it is all right if she is separated from the work, that she has brought it upon herself, and if the decision is that she goes to America, that she will submit and do anything they may counsel her to do.

She is now humble and seems to see herself, but I leave it with the judgment of others to decide what is best to be done. If you see it is not possible for these persons that I have named to come back to Melbourne, adjust the matter as you deem best. I think now the evil is stayed, but it seems to me Fannie has not any just appreciation of the work. She places it on a level with common things and handles it as such. Now she is very anxious to remain in Australia, but I am fearful to have her influence in this country. Would it not be best for her to return to America now that she is in a state of submission? Should she be entrusted again with the work, would not this subdued feeling soon wear away and as she has not very fine points of character, will not the same spirit come on her and she bring the writings down to her level?

I speak to you now freely and you must do that which seems to be the best. When I am to get my workers I know not, but I will trust and have faith that God has someone for me. If not, the writings will have to stop for the papers. I do not want that your business

should be all broken into, but understanding the case you must move intelligently as will best serve the cause of God.

Please consider what objection will come in if we drive our horse and phaeton to Sydney. Would it be wrong? Please inform me all you can in reference to this matter. Had I best sell? I dislike to leave the horse and carriage and have to buy anew in Sydney.

We are now pleasantly situated. Sister Tuxford is pleasant and May doing well. In much love, (signed) Ellen G. White. Elder Starr's American mail just came. His brother John writes he has given himself unreservedly to Jesus and he has peace, the peace of Christ. He writes good and I am so thankful for the poor soul. Our mail has not come, [it] is at the Echo office—will come tonight, have telephoned for it.

Fannie is writing to all she has spoken to upon this matter of which I have written to you. She seems determined to make thorough work, poor soul. I am distressed, yet relieved and now I mean to trust in the Lord fully. O, I need more faith. (Signed) Ellen G. White.

Manuscript 94, 1894, entire manuscript. (“Experience With Fannie Bolton,” cir. 1894.)

[First part missing.]

Before a large family at the table questions were asked in reference to my work. She stated that she was preparing all the manuscripts for Mrs. White and it went under her name but it was her production. Mrs. White was a very ignorant woman. She could not write and could not put two sentences together; but she made the articles and Mrs. White had the credit of doing them. [124]

This was the most wicked falsehood that could be invented. I did not learn what she was about, undermining the confidence of the people in me, until our meeting in Cooranbong that lasted three or four weeks. I had all my manuscript of very precious matter that our brethren solicited me to read before the meetings assembled. I read every day long articles from my own pen that I could not get copied because I had refused to have any connection with Fannie Bolton. Not any correction had been made in them, by any person.

But remarks were made concerning the precious matter, so rich in ideas and instruction.

Near the close of the meeting two ladies, sisters, came. [They said] they were glad I made the statement that I made in the meeting. Had I any objection to their seeing these articles? I told them no, but as they were unacquainted with my writing they might not be able to read them readily. They returned them to me with an apology.

They said, "I must see you and talk with you." I set a time and then they explained that Fannie Bolton had sat at their table when they first embraced the truth and there, before this large family, made the statement I have written. They said they asked her what she did to my writings. She answered that she made them all over. She said they were much of them her own writings, not mine, but I got the credit for them. "Now," said they, "we have seen; we have heard you read these manuscript articles. We have tested the matter by reading your writings quite readily. Her words were untrue." They had made so great an impression upon them and many others that she had conversed with that they had no confidence in me or my work and would not read my books.

I was bemoaning to Brother Starr that the matter that I was reading had never had anything done to it. With much firmness he said, "Sister White, if you knew all that I know you would understand that the Lord's hand has planned this whole matter. If ever I was thankful for anything I thank God for this providence." At the close of the meeting, Sisters Malcom came to me and said, "I am so glad to be here in this meeting. I knew comparatively nothing of your work until I came. And I wish to say I am glad you read those articles just as you had them without going through anyone's hands. I have something to say now, fearing I shall not see you again." [Unfinished.]

Letter 131, 1896, pp. 1-3. (To Edson and Emma White, March 21, 1896.)

I cannot sleep past two o'clock A.M. I think of you away across the broad waters of the Pacific, and must visit with you by the pen words. If it were the will of our heavenly Father I would much prefer to talk with you face to face.

Sarah McEnterfer and I left Cooranbong Station last Wednesday morning and came to Sydney. We called on Brother Israel and took dinner with them. Then we went to North Shore by cars and ferry boat; we took cars again, and then we walked to the home occupied by Brother and Sister Starr. It is built up on the side of a high rise of land, as in Black Hawk and Centerville. I remained with them until Friday.

Friday morning I awoke at half past three. I had been sitting writing when a sweet peace beyond explanation or understanding came to me. I felt that I was in the presence of Jesus. A sacred, holy atmosphere surrounded me and there was presented to me a line of action that I should pursue. All the previous feelings and the matter that I was writing upon seemed to be removed from me and another matter was presented. I must take heed. I heard no voice, but the points presented were clearly laid out before me. [125]

I seemed to be taken away from myself, and to be in the presence of God. The question was, "What have you done with the request of Fannie Bolton? You have been sorely tried, but your Saviour has been wounded and bruised and put to open shame by this deceived, deluded child. It is My will that you bear with her, forgive her, and help her. If she goes from you, Satan's net is spread for her feet. You alone can help her. She sympathizes with herself and will have those who do not walk in the light to view her case in a perverted light, to sympathize with her. And her own soul will be lost, and through her influence other souls will be deceived and lost. It is My will that you accede to her request. You are not to wait for an assurance of transformation of character. She does not have power to discern her own heart and the wily workings of the enemy. If she says she repents, if she reaches up her voice to you for help, My Spirit shall be with you."

Left to her own will and devising she will walk into the snares set by the enemy and will perish. True, discerning hearts would but feel righteous and indignant anger, while another class, who are also deceived in their own impressions of what constitutes Christian character, will look at this matter in a perverted light and will give sympathy when it is the worst thing they could do to fasten this soul in the darkness of eternal night. This poor, erring, bloodbought soul has been deceived and has practiced deception and falsehood. Satan

has had the control, but I will give her another chance. It may be that she may form a righteous character and perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord. These deceived souls, if left to their own thoughts and devisings will not obey God's law.

I know this will sound very strange to you, but it is not strange to me now. I have had no liberty to do this before, but now I dare not move otherwise. I would not in my course of action in this case give to others the appearance that I was unforgiving, that I was driving from me anyone who was repenting and soliciting for the position she has held. Christ is to me my example in all things, and I greatly desire to represent Christ. Jesus is to me like a great Rock in a weary land. I want to be like Christ.

Here is the Lord Jesus, looking with pity upon sinful, erring humanity in Fannie. Here is an opportunity to let her take hold of hope and faith and not become desperate. Here is a case I cannot reason out. In this case my wisdom becomes ignorance. Here my understanding is completely at fault, but I am sure what is my duty. And if Mary Clough Watson wants to unite with me and would solicit a place with me, shall I not give her one more chance? Yes, yes, yes. I will, and may the Lord help me that no soul shall say, "I called upon her saying, 'I repent' and she would not hear."

W. W. Prescott to E. G. White, August 9, 1896

[126] I am glad that you wrote me what you did about Fannie Bolton [letter not extant]. It makes the case so much clearer to my mind. I could not understand how she could be a blessing to you in your work but I now think that she was brought back to you so that your own mind might be relieved of any burden about her leaving you finally. The Lord has opened the way for you to clear yourself fully and yet she is not to be connected with you in your work. I fully believe that the hand of the Lord is in this, and I do not believe your work will be hindered by her leaving. I am sure that there need be no criticism on the way in which the matter which you are now sending me is edited. My criticism on some which Fannie Bolton prepared was that it was edited altogether too much. We prize the most that which comes to us in your own handwriting, and you need never hesitate about sending anything to us without its being edited or

copied. We can read it readily and understand it. I am glad to hear that you will be able to arrange for your help without sending to America for anyone. I believe this is better.

Ellen G. White Estate

Washington, D. C.

April, 1982

Updated, March, 1990