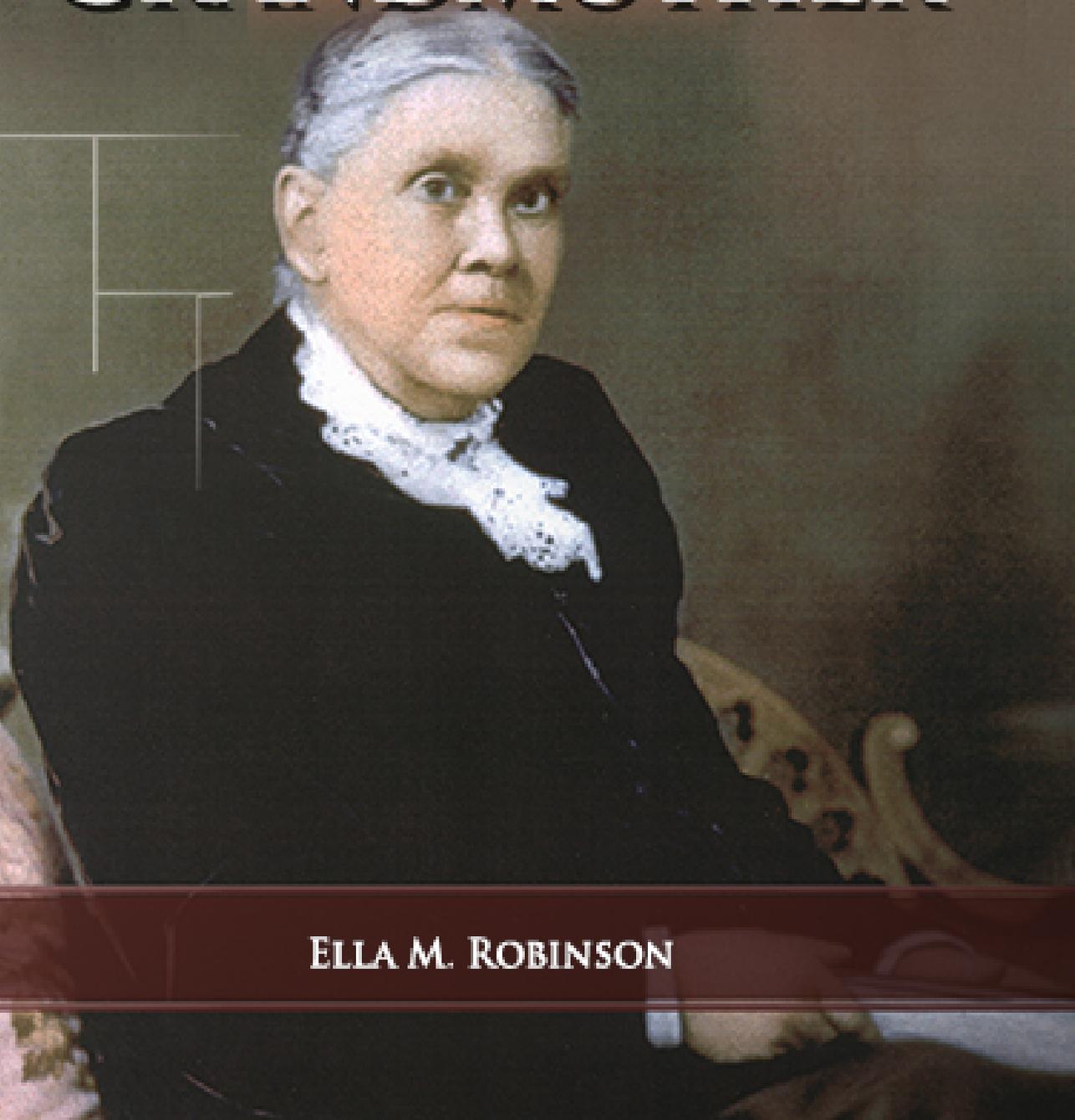


ELLEN G. WHITE ESTATE

# STORIES OF MY GRANDMOTHER



ELLA M. ROBINSON



---

# **Stories of My Grandmother**

---

**Ellen G. White**

**Copyright © 2018  
Ellen G. White Estate, Inc.**



## **Information about this Book**

### **Overview**

This eBook is provided by the [Ellen G. White Estate](#). It is included in the larger free [Online Books](#) collection on the Ellen G. White Estate Web site.

### **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.

### **Further Links**

[A Brief Biography of Ellen G. White](#)  
[About the Ellen G. White Estate](#)

### **End User License Agreement**

The viewing, printing or downloading of this book grants you only a limited, nonexclusive and nontransferable license for use solely by you for your own personal use. This license does not permit republication, distribution, assignment, sublicense, sale, preparation of derivative works, or other use. Any unauthorized use of this book terminates the license granted hereby.

### **Further Information**

For more information about the author, publishers, or how you can support this service, please contact the Ellen G. White Estate at [mail@whiteestate.org](mailto:mail@whiteestate.org). We are thankful for your interest and feedback and wish you God's blessing as you read.

## Contents

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Information about this Book .....                  | i       |
| Foreword .....                                     | iv      |
| Chapter 1—Life at Grandma’s House .....            | vi      |
| Chapter 2—Task for a Teen-ager .....               | xiv     |
| Chapter 3—The Joke that Failed .....               | xx      |
| Chapter 4—The Handsome Young Preacher .....        | xxiv    |
| Chapter 5—The Captain was Convinced .....          | xxviii  |
| Chapter 6—A Storm at Sea .....                     | xxxii   |
| Chapter 7—Visions in Strange Places .....          | xxxvii  |
| Chapter 8—“James, Have We Come to This?” .....     | xlii    |
| Chapter 9—The Publishing Work in a Carpetbag ..... | xlvii   |
| Chapter 10—Battling the Enemy .....                | lii     |
| Chapter 11—A Home for the Publishing Work .....    | lvii    |
| Chapter 12—John Changes His Mind .....             | lxiii   |
| Chapter 13—The Train Wreck .....                   | lxvii   |
| Chapter 14—“Willie’s Drowned!” .....               | lxxii   |
| Chapter 15—The First “White House” .....           | lxxvi   |
| Chapter 16—What Happened at a Funeral .....        | lxxxii  |
| Chapter 17—A Dangerous Crossing on Ice .....       | lxxxvi  |
| Chapter 18—The Preacher was a Thief .....          | xcii    |
| Chapter 19—Seven Little Sisleys .....              | xcvi    |
| Chapter 20—Ellen Brought Him Back .....            | ci      |
| Chapter 21—Miracle at a Camp Meeting .....         | cvii    |
| Chapter 22—The Twelve who Couldn’t Wait .....      | cxii    |
| Chapter 23—Ellen’s Surprise .....                  | cxvii   |
| Chapter 24—“Where is the Other Man?” .....         | cxxii   |
| Chapter 25—The Secret Sign .....                   | cxxvii  |
| Chapter 26—Who Made the Furrow? .....              | cxxxii  |
| Chapter 27—Twenty-three Miles to a Doctor .....    | cxxxvii |
| Chapter 28—Testimony to a Young Girl .....         | cxlii   |

By Ella M. Robinson

Copyright © 2000, Review and Herald Publishing Association

## Foreword

These stories of Ellen G. White, my grandmother, are true. The accounts of the visions have been verified by hundreds of reliable witnesses, some of whom have left written reports of the events and circumstances accompanying them. Detail and conversation are based on Mrs. White's personal correspondence and diary records, upon her own stories and those of her son, William Clarence White, who was my father, and upon information gleaned from her relatives and friends. Some items are based upon my 33 years of intimate acquaintance with my grandmother.

E.M.R.

|                                       |     |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Life at Grandma's House            | 11  |
| 2. Task for a Teen-ager               | 21  |
| 3. The Joke That Failed               | 29  |
| 4. The Handsome Young Preacher        | 35  |
| 5. The Captain Was Convinced          | 40  |
| 6. A Storm at Sea                     | 45  |
| 7. Visions in Strange Places          | 52  |
| 8. "James, Have We Come to This?"     | 59  |
| 9. The Publishing Work in a Carpetbag | 66  |
| 10. Battling the Enemy                | 73  |
| 11. A Home for the Publishing Work    | 80  |
| 12. John Changes His Mind             | 87  |
| 13. The Train Wreck                   | 93  |
| 14. "Willie's Drowned!"               | 100 |
| 15. The First "White House"           | 106 |

---

|                                    |     |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| 16. What Happened at a Funeral     | 112 |
| 17. A Dangerous Crossing on Ice    | 118 |
| 18. The Preacher Was a Thief       | 126 |
| 19. Seven Little Sisleys           | 132 |
| 20. Ellen Brought Him Back         | 138 |
| 21. Miracle at a Camp Meeting      | 145 |
| 22. The Twelve Who Couldn't Wait   | 152 |
| 23. Ellen's Surprise               | 159 |
| 24. "Where Is the Other Man?"      | 165 |
| 25. The Secret Sign                | 171 |
| 26. Who Made the Furrow?           | 178 |
| 27. Twenty-three Miles to a Doctor | 185 |
| 28. Testimony to a Young Girl      | 192 |

## Chapter 1—Life at Grandma’s House

Grandma seated herself in her easy chair near the fireplace. Her day’s work was done. I ran upstairs to get her comb and brush, but my younger sister was there before me. So I sat down to watch her comb grandma’s soft, silvery hair and to listen to the stories grandma might tell while her knitting needles clicked. I’d be a little quicker next time and not let Mabel get ahead of me!

“What are you making, Grandma?” I asked.

“I’m knitting warm socks for the workers at the printing office in Basel, Switzerland, and in other countries where winters are cold.”

“The printing office in Basel! That’s where I was born, isn’t it, Grandma?” Mabel asked.

“Yes, the workers there were living in apartments in the publishing house.”

“Then I wasn’t adopted, was I? Ella told me I was.” Mabel shot a disdainful look in my direction.

“No, Mabel, you were not adopted; although if you had been, we would have loved you just the same,” grandma answered. “But what gave you that idea, Ella?”

“Because when I first saw Mabel, someone told me the doctor brought the baby in his satchel.”

We had a good laugh, and grandma laughed along with us. Just then father came into the room to talk with grandma, so we heard no stories that night. But the reference to Mabel’s birth in the Basel printing office carried my thoughts back many years to the night mother asked me to get baby sister a piece of zwieback to nibble on while her food was being prepared over the alcohol lamp. Timidly I crept out of bed and started down the long dark hallway. But all my fear vanished when, in passing grandma’s room, I saw a light shining under her door. I knew then that I wasn’t alone. Grandma was up and busy with her writing. It must have been between two and four in the morning, for that was her usual time to begin work.

I remember one Sabbath when grandma preached in the assembly room in Basel. A man by her side translated each sentence into French as she spoke. Then another man repeated it in German to a group in another part of the room. Our mother took down grandma's sermons in shorthand and wrote them out with a pen, because we had no typewriters then. She would make selections for tracts, then work with the translator getting them into French. Sometimes when help was short, she would go into the typeroom and set the type herself.

Because mother was so busy, "Aunt Sara" McEnterfer, grandma's secretary and traveling companion, took care of baby Mabel. I was often left in the care of the cook, a sweet, conscientious young woman named Christina Dahl. I was five years old then. One of my chief diversions was to watch until Christina was absorbed in some intricate cooking task; then I would slip ever so quietly out of the kitchen, tiptoe down the hall, and knock on grandma's door.

If I found her writing, I would stand quietly by her side until she laid down her pen. That was the signal for one of the delightful visits that I loved so well. She would tell about her childhood days or her travels, or perhaps about some pet kitten or pony, or about the interesting children she met on the train. [13]

Sometimes I would sit on a footstool at her feet. She would give me a pair of small blunt scissors and let me cut out pictures she had saved from magazines. Once when I cut off the steeple of a church, she said very gently, "You must go around the edges carefully so as not to spoil the pretty pictures."

When she saw I was getting tired, she would go to her dresser drawer, take out a peppermint or an apple, and tell me to ask Christina to put it up on the shelf for me until dinner-time. Never did we think of taking a bite of anything between meals. "And when you've done that," she would say, "come back, and we'll go for a walk around the block." Once we got lost, and not being able to understand French, German, or Italian, we were late getting back to dinner.

I'll never forget the spanking my father gave me for dumping a box of stone building blocks on the hard tile floor after promising to be quiet during a committee meeting. Grandma, seeing my tears, took me on her knee and comforted me. She explained that the

punishment was to help me remember never again to make any noise during a meeting.

[14] We were in Switzerland two years. Mother worked long hours in the office and contracted tuberculosis. When grandmother returned to America, our family came with her. We went to live in Boulder, Colorado, hoping that the cool, bracing air and warm sunshine would bring about mother's recovery. But we were disappointed, and we had to leave her lying beside Grandpa James White in Oak Hill Cemetery, in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Grandma opened her heart and home to us. But when it was decided that she must go to Australia to help the missionaries there and that our father, W. C. White, would go with her, he bought a cottage on the edge of town and arranged for Miss Mary Mortensen to take care of us two little orphan girls. Mary had nursed our mother during her last illness, and she loved us and we loved her.

"Why can't we go with you, Papa?" we pleaded.

Tenderly he answered, "Grandma and I may be traveling a lot, and we may not have a home of our own for some time. Besides, there's no church school for you to attend. Here in Battle Creek, Mabel can go to kindergarten with the orphans Dr. Kellogg is caring for; and Ella, you'll have the privilege of attending the first and, as yet, the only Seventh-day Adventist church school in all the world."

Four long years slowly went by. Then one day we opened a letter from father in Australia. It read:

"Dear Children, I have found a lovely young woman who has consented to help me make a new home. She will be your mother, and we can be together again. Elder E. R. Palmer is coming to Australia to organize the colporteur work here; and we have arranged for you to travel with him. He and his wife will care for you and see that you reach us safely."

We shed tears on leaving our dear Mary, who had been so good to us; but the trip to Australia held many thrills, stopping as we did at Honolulu, Samoa, and Auckland.

[15] Father, May Lacey, who was to be our new mother, grandma, and her secretary were away visiting churches in Victoria and Tasmania when we reached our new home, so the dinner table was reduced in size. Yet, if I remember correctly, it was set for ten. I was delighted to find Edith, a girl of fourteen, one year older than I, seated beside

me. Across the table next to my sister was Nettie, about two years older than Mabel. Of course we wanted to know how Edith and Nettie came to be there, and whether they would be living with us in grandma's family.

Edith said, "When your grandmother learned that my father was having a hard time taking care of me and my brother and trying to make a living for us at the same time, she hunted me up. 'Edith,' she said, 'wouldn't you like to be my little girl for a while?' She looked so kind that I said, 'Yes, I would.' So here I am."

"And she hunted us up, too," said Nettie's mother, a little woman not much bigger than Nettie herself. "We came over from Scotland after Nettie's father died. I sent for my sister and my other daughter, but their ship was lost at sea. That left Nettie and me alone in Sydney.

"I opened a millinery shop, but things didn't go well. We had learned about the Sabbath and decided to keep it no matter what the cost. While I was wondering whether to close my shop or try to keep it running, your grandmother came to me and said, 'Sister Hamilton, will you and Nettie come and live with me? Soon my two young granddaughters will be arriving from America, and I'll need a governess for them. You can also assist me by sewing for my family of helpers.'"

At the far end of the table sat a seventeen-year-old boy named Willie McCann. Willie was the oldest of nine children. After his parents had attended Bible lectures, they had decided to obey God and keep the Sabbath. Thus Willie's father lost a well-paying position and had to depend on odd jobs for a living. During those depression times, odd jobs were hard to find. As soon as grandma heard that the family was short of food, she bought fifty dollars' worth of groceries and took them to their home.

[16]

While she was talking and praying with the parents, encouraging them to stand firm in spite of difficulties, Willie entered the room. "How would you like to be my garden boy?" grandma asked. "You can take care of the horse and cow and chickens, weed the garden, and do chores around the house."

Willie was delighted. Grandma paid him enough to keep the family from want until Mr. MacCann found steady employment.

Acting as host in my father's absence was a man of about thirty-five who had been stranded far from home with no money. He was

intelligent and conscientious, so grandma took him in and gave him work keeping the office accounts, copying and filing documents, and acting as business agent for the household. Emily Campbell, one of grandma's office helpers, served as hostess.

While we were eating, Annie Ulrick came in to wait on the table. She always refused to eat with the family because servant girls never did so in Germany, where she came from. While we were clearing the table and washing the dishes, Mrs. Hamilton told us about Annie.

[17] "She attended the same series of Bible lectures that Nettie and I went to hear," said Mrs. Hamilton, "and she decided, like the rest of us, that the most important thing was to obey God. Her parents were so angry when she left her own church and joined the Seventh-day Adventists that they turned her out. Your grandma said to us, 'Annie is all alone in the world; we must make room for her in our home.' So she invited Annie to be her cook. Annie had been a chambermaid in Germany, and she didn't know a thing about cooking before; but she's learning fast now."

Later in the afternoon Marian Davis, grandma's literary assistant, took Mabel and me up to her room. "Your grandmother is writing a book on the life of Christ," she told us. "These typewritten pages spread out on the floor are to go into one of the chapters. I've spent months reading through your grandmother's sermons, which were recorded in shorthand as she spoke them. I have also gone through hundreds of pages of articles, diaries, and letters; and I've copied the most beautiful things written there about Jesus. Now I'm fitting these selections together to complete chapters she has been writing. This saves her much time. When she comes home from her trip, she will go over these chapters, making changes and additions."

When Miss Davis had finished gathering the very best things that grandma had written about the life of Christ, she had more material than could be put into one book. With the chapters grandma had written especially for the book, there was enough for three books—*The Desire of Ages*, *Christ's Object Lessons*, and *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, besides much material left over to go into *The Ministry of Healing*. Grandma had at some time either written or spoken all that went into these books. Miss Davis helped her by arranging it in chapters and seeing that it was correctly copied.

When the traveling party returned from abroad, the table was extended nearly the length of the dining room. Grandma always had a large family. There were her regular helpers who reported her interviews and sermons and who copied and duplicated her letters and articles. Besides these, she usually had in her home from one to six boys and girls whom she was mothering. When she heard of a sick, discouraged, or unfortunate person, the one question was whether there might be room at the table for another plate, or a corner somewhere in the house for an extra cot. [18]

About a year after Mabel and I arrived in Australia, the conference purchased a 1,500-acre tract of timberland on which to establish the Australasian training school. Grandma bought a small piece of land next to it and went up to Cooranbong to supervise the clearing, planting the orchard and garden, and the building of her house. I had the honor of going as her companion.

Grandma was then sixty-eight years of age. She and I lived together in a large tent. Nearby was another tent for the workmen, and a third for a dining area, with a kitchen shanty at the back. Often in the early morning I would pull back the curtain separating my corner of the tent from grandma's and peek out to see her propped up in bed with pillows, or sitting in her easy chair with a lapboard before her, writing by the light of a kerosene lamp.

To save the workmen's time while they were building her house at Avondale, grandma would drive to the lumber mills herself and order the materials needed, and of course I went with her.

Her first concern after building her home was to have the big trees cleared from a piece of ground to be used as a garden. I enjoyed watching six span of bullocks do the plowing. Much shouting and whip cracking were required to stimulate Snowball, Strawberry, and Tenderfoot, the lazy ones, to pull their share.

When grandma drove her two-horse team around the country, I often accompanied her. At the nursery she selected her own trees for the orchard. The nurseryman asked, "Mrs. White, would you like to have me show you how they should be planted?"

"Let me tell you first how I intend to have the work done," she replied with a smile. "I'll have my hired man dig a deep hole in the ground and put in rich soil, then some large stones, then more rich [19]

soil. After this he will add alternate layers of earth and fertilizer until the hole is filled, and then set the trees.”

“It’s plain you need no lessons from me on tree planting,” he said.

A year after the three-year-old peach trees were planted, they bore the most delicious fruit I ever tasted. Grandma also planted grapes, apricots, nectarines, and plums.

Soon father had our cottage built across the road from “Sunny-side,” grandma’s home. During the fruit season, we would frequently hear a knock on the door about breakfast-time. Grandma would enter carrying a basket of peaches gathered from her orchard while the dew was still on them. She would select a rosy-cheeked peach and lay it on mother’s plate, then go all the way around the table leaving a peach at each place. “Get a dish, May,” she would say. Mother would bring a platter, and grandma would empty her basket of peaches onto it. Then wishing us a good appetite, she would return to gather another basketful for her own family.

Once grandma and I went in search of a cow. It was milking time when we arrived at the farm. Being a lover of animals, grandma did not like the way the milking was done on the farms in that part of the country. She said to the farmer, “If you’ll give the cow a little grain to eat while you’re milking, then handle her gently and speak to her soothingly, you won’t need to tie her legs. She’ll learn to stand for you, and she’ll be much happier and more comfortable.”

[20] We took a cow named Molly home and turned her into the pasture on grandma’s place. Every afternoon we went together to bring her home for milking. Down the trail leading through the eucalyptus forest we walked, listening for the cowbell tied round Molly’s neck. When we heard it, I would hop over logs and bushes, flourishing a stick, while grandma stood on the path calling, “Co, Boss! Co, Boss!” Then we would go home together, driving the cow in front of us.

One day when Molly was bawling for her calf, I saw grandma put her arm around Molly’s neck and tell the grieving mother cow how sorry she was that her calf had been taken away.

No matter where we lived, if there were any domestic animals around, grandma made friends with them. As soon as her foot touched the barn floor, the pony would whinny a welcome and

stretch out her neck for the petting she knew was coming. Grandma couldn't bear to see animals abused because, as she said, "they can't tell us of their sufferings."

Once while I was riding in the carriage with her, we saw a man beating a thin, bony mare that was struggling to pull a heavily loaded cart up a steep hill.

"Sara," she said quickly, "stop the carriage!" Then she spoke to the man: "Sir, have you lost your reason? Can't you see that poor creature is doing her best?" Strange to say, the man apologized, then removed half the load and piled it beside the road, saying he would make it in two trips.

Often we would sing as we drove along country roads. But what I remember best are the times we sat beside her in front of the open fireplace while she told us stories of the days when she and grandpa traveled and labored to build up a strong church.

## Chapter 2—Task for a Teen-ager

“Ellen! Ellen! Are you ill?” There was no answer.

“Has she fainted? or is she----” Anxiously four women bent over the prostrate form of a seventeen-year-old girl.

“She’s not breathing!”

“I can feel her pulse beating.”

“There are signs of life. Her eyes are open, but she doesn’t seem to see us.”

The four women waited and wondered, but they had no cause for alarm. Ellen was completely under God’s control. At the moment she neither saw them nor heard what they were saying. She was listening to an angel speaking to her, and she was looking at a scene passing like a motion picture before her eyes. She was in heavenly vision.

Ellen Harmon had been visiting the home of a friend, where she and four other women were praying together. Nearly two months earlier people of many faiths, who were called Adventists because of their belief in the second coming, had been disappointed that Jesus failed to return to the earth on the day set by them. Many little groups like this one had been studying their Bibles together and praying that God would show them where they had made their mistake in interpreting the prophecies.

[22] The Saviour was looking down in love upon these brokenhearted people who had been so sure He was coming on that day in October, 1844, to take them to heaven. Now He had sent His angel to assure them through this vision that He really was coming to get them, but not just yet. They must patiently wait a while longer.

What was the scene Ellen viewed? In her vision as she described it afterward, she seemed to be rising higher and higher. She turned to look for her Adventist friends but could not see them. An angel said to her, “Look again, and look a little higher.” She did so and saw the Adventist people moving along a narrow path high above the world toward the Holy City at the end of the path. Jesus led them,

and those who kept their eyes on Him were safe. A bright light at the beginning of the path shone all along the way to keep their feet from stumbling. The angel who had come to show these things to Ellen said this was the “midnight cry.”

The “midnight cry” was a much-used term during the late summer of 1844. It came from Christ’s parable of the ten bridesmaids in which a cry was heard at midnight, “Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.” The bridesmaids represent Christ’s waiting church, and the cry at midnight was the announcement that Jesus was coming. It was a call to get ready to meet Him. So in those days when people spoke of the midnight cry, they were referring to the great awakening, when hundreds of ministers in many parts of the world were telling people that Jesus would come in the autumn of 1844.

In her vision Ellen saw some of the travelers on the path grow weary. They said that the city was too far away and that they had expected to enter it sooner. Then Jesus raised His right arm, and a light spread over the band of pilgrims.

Some rejected the light, saying it was not God who had led them out so far. For them the light went out, leaving their feet in darkness, and they stumbled, lost sight of Jesus, and fell off the path. But many of the travelers continued along the heavenly path. On their foreheads was written “God” and “New Jerusalem.”

[23]

They heard the voice of God announce the day and hour Jesus would return, and saw a small black cloud in the sky. Silently they watched as the cloud came nearer and nearer the earth, becoming brighter and more glorious until it shone like fire. Around it were thousands of angels, and over it a rainbow. The angels were singing the most beautiful music ever heard.

And there sitting on the cloud was Jesus with many crowns upon His head. In His right hand He held a sharp sickle, and in His left a silver trumpet. As the waiting people looked at the glorious scene, their faces turned pale. It seemed that His eyes, like a flame of fire, searched them through and through. In fear they cried out, “Who shall be able to stand? Is my robe spotless?”

The angels stopped singing, and a time of silence followed. Then Jesus spoke: “Those who have clean hands and pure hearts shall be able to stand; My grace is sufficient for you.” At these words the

faces of the waiting people lighted up. The angels sang again, while the cloud drew nearer the earth.

When the vision was over, Ellen told her friends what she had seen, and they were thrilled. She was happy, for she thought she had done her whole duty. But about a week later the angel who had spoken to her in the vision appeared a second time, saying she must tell others what she had seen.

[24] The band of Adventists at Portland often met at her home for prayer and Bible study. The leader of the group asked Ellen to relate the vision at their next meeting, but she was afraid they would not believe what she had to tell them. Instead of going to the meeting, she got into a sleigh and rode four miles to the home of a friend.

There, alone in an upstairs room, she spent the entire day praying that God would excuse her from telling the vision. But she was unhappy, for she knew that Jesus was not pleased with her. Even while she prayed, she felt alone and afraid, almost forsaken of God. At last, near night she surrendered and promised she would deliver the message.

By the time she arrived at the prayer meeting, the people had left. But the next time they met, Ellen told them the whole vision, and she was greatly surprised when everyone present gladly listened. They were happy, for now they were sure that Jesus was still leading them and that the midnight cry was a bright light which would shine all along their way to heaven. And they began to see their mistake in thinking that the cleansing of the sanctuary meant that Jesus would return to this earth at that time.

One day Ellen's father asked, "Why do you look so downcast? What's the trouble?"

Without lifting her eyes, she answered, "You know, father, that God has asked me to tell others what He has shown me. Why should He choose one as weak as I am to do this great work? How can I leave home and travel from place to place? If you could only go with me! But I know you can't leave your work."

Mr. Harmon was a poor man and supported the family by making hats.

"Sarah can go with you," he answered encouragingly. Sarah was an older sister.

[25] "How can two girls travel from town to town?" Ellen asked.

“Who would pay our way? Who would arrange the meetings for us? And if the people came together, how could I make them hear? They would only laugh at me.” The difficulties seemed very great.

When Ellen was only nine years old, she had been badly hurt in an accident. Her head was injured and her nose broken, making breathing very difficult. For three weeks she lay unconscious, and for many years afterward she suffered from the effects of that accident. Her lungs were so weak that it hurt her to breathe. Often she had to be propped up with pillows at night in order to get her breath. Her heart, too, was weak. The family physician said that she might live three months, probably not that long.

As Ellen spoke of the difficulties she was facing, her father drew her to him and said tenderly, “Ellen, if God has called you to do a work for Him, He will make you strong enough to do it, and He will open a way for you to begin. We will pray for you in our meeting tonight.”

God sent a special blessing as they prayed for Ellen. She was given fresh courage so that she felt willing to go anywhere and do anything if only she could have the smile of Jesus.

A day or two after this Ellen’s brother-in-law from a little town thirty miles to the north drove up in a sleigh. “Will you come back with me, Ellen?” he asked. “Mary wants you to visit her.”

Ellen felt that God was opening the way for her to give His message and that she must go. It was midwinter in northern New England. Every breath of the icy air pained her lungs. But she dressed warmly, and sitting on the floor of the sleigh, she pulled a heavy buffalo robe over her head. When they arrived, her sister said, [26] “I’m glad you came; there’s to be a meeting tonight at MacGuire’s Hill. Will you go with us?”

At this time Adventists had no churches of their own. When Ellen reached the meeting place, she found a large room filled with people eager to hear her describe the vision. But when she stood up to speak, her voice was so weak and hoarse that she could scarcely be heard. For five minutes she tried, while her listeners leaned forward to catch her whispered words.

Then suddenly, to the surprise of all, her voice changed. It rang out clear as a bell. She spoke for two hours, describing the travels of God’s people to the Holy City, the coming of Jesus, and their

heavenly home. Many tears were shed, but they were tears of joy. Every heart was cheered. When Ellen sat down and tried to talk with those near her, her voice was as hoarse as before, and she could only whisper.

Some people have wondered why God chose one so weak to bring His messages to His people. There was a reason. When that company of Adventists saw Ellen stand up and try in her weakness to make them hear, and then when the power of God came upon her, enabling her to speak clearly, they knew she was not doing it alone—God was helping her.

That night as the company broke up, there were shouts of joy: “We are going home! We are going home!” Some who watched Ellen’s friends support her as she went back to the sleigh were thinking of the Apostle Paul’s words: “God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; ... that no flesh should glory in his presence.”

[27] During the meeting a young man named Hazen Foss stood listening outside the door. Turning to a friend, he said, “That vision is very much like the one God gave me.” His friends knew his sad story. Twice he had been given the vision, and twice he had refused to tell it. Then God told him that he was excused from the work, and that it would be given to one of the weakest of God’s children.

This frightened him. He called the people together, but when he began to speak, he could not remember a word. “God has taken the vision from me,” he cried. “I’m a lost man!” And he rushed from the place.

The day after he heard Ellen speak, he called to see her at her sister’s home. “I want to talk with you,” he said. “The Lord gave me a message for His people, and I refused to give it to them. Last night I heard you speak. Don’t refuse to obey God. Be faithful in doing the work He gives you; and the crown I might have had you will receive.” He had learned too late that it is a fearful thing to say No to God.

At one time the Lord gave Ellen an urgent message for the believers in Portsmouth. The journey required a train trip, but there was no money for tickets. Nevertheless Sarah and Ellen prepared to go, trusting the Lord to open the way.

They dressed for the journey and were about to leave the house to walk the short distance to the station when Ellen looked out the window and saw a man whom she knew driving very fast up to the gate. His horse was covered with sweat. He rushed into the house and asked, "Does anyone here need money? I was impressed that someone here needs money."

The girls quickly told him they were going to Portsmouth at God's bidding, but had no money for tickets. He handed them money for the round trip. "Take a seat in my wagon, and I'll drive you to the station," he said. [28]

On their way to the station he told them that the horse had wanted to come the twelve miles from home so fast that it had been difficult to keep him from galloping all the way. Ellen and Sarah had no sooner taken their seats in the train than it started. They were on their way.

Ellen Harmon, who later became my grandmother, was launched on her lifework. Never did she hesitate when God sent her on His errands. In spite of seeming impossibilities at times, she knew God would provide the way.

### Chapter 3—The Joke that Failed

“Who’s that man in the front room talking with father?” Sarah asked her mother one day as she entered the house.

“It’s Otis Nichols, an Adventist from Dorchester, Massachusetts. He wants you and Ellen to spend a few days at their home. Two self-appointed preachers are teaching strange doctrines, which have confused and discouraged some of the believers there. He wants them to hear Ellen relate her visions, and if possible put an end to their fanatical teachings.”

When Mr. Nichols returned to his home, Sarah and Ellen went with him. Soon after they arrived, two men, a Mr. Sargent and a Mr. Robbins, called on an errand. When they had finished their business, they said to Mr. Nichols, “We’ll stay overnight if it’s all right with you.”

“Yes, indeed,” Mr. Nichols replied; “come right in; the Harmon sisters are here, and you’ll have a chance to get acquainted with them.”

Mr. Sargent looked at Mr. Robbins, and Mr. Robbins looked at Mr. Sargent. Suddenly they both decided they must hurry back to Boston.

[30] Mr. Nichols was disappointed. “Too bad,” he said, “but you’ll have a chance to meet the sisters in Boston. We’re planning to bring Sister Ellen with us to speak to the company on Sabbath.” When he said Sabbath, he really meant Sunday, for they did not yet understand that Sunday was not the Sabbath.

“All right,” the men replied, “we’ll send out word that Miss Harmon is to speak in Boston next Sabbath, and we’ll meet you there.”

That evening during family worship Ellen was shown in a quiet vision lasting only a moment that she should not go north to Boston on Sunday, but to Randolph, a town about ten miles south of Boston.

When she told Mr. Nichols, he protested, "We can't go to Randolph. I promised the men we'd meet them in Boston. How can I break my word?"

"That will be all right," said Ellen. "The Lord has shown me that we should go to Randolph. We'll understand when we get there."

After leaving Mr. Nichols' home, the two men sent out an announcement that there would be no meeting that week at Boston; all the believers should meet at Randolph. They thought they were playing a clever joke on Ellen Harmon. In Boston she would find an empty house, while all the people she expected to talk to would be at Randolph listening to *them* preach.

According to their announcement, on Sunday morning the two men met the Adventist believers at the Thayer home in Randolph. They were greatly pleased with themselves for having outwitted Brother and Sister Nichols and the Harmon sisters. Mr. Sargent, who did most of the speaking, had been telling people that the time was past when Christians should work.

"Brethren," he said, "we are in the year of Jubilee, when every man should rest." He had nothing to say about the women who had to cook, clean house, and chop wood while their husbands rested. These men were spreading this fanatical teaching everywhere. Sensible people asked, "How can we live this way? How will we support our families?" The men answered, "Let the rich sell their possessions and give to the poor. Then there will be no necessity for anyone to labor."

[31]

On this particular day Mr. Sargent was preaching this strange doctrine. Then he began talking about the visions.

"You have heard about those visions of Ellen Harmon's," he said. "Don't listen to them; they are of the devil." There was a knock at the door. In walked the Nichols family with Sarah and Ellen Harmon. Sargent stopped in the middle of a sentence, too surprised to continue. Abruptly he turned to Mr. Robbins and asked him to announce a closing hymn. "We will come together after lunch," he said.

Lunch was soon over, and the people were back in the room, eager to see what would happen next.

During the opening prayer the Spirit of the Lord took Ellen into vision. This displeased Sargent and Robbins. It was the last thing

they wanted the people to see, for they knew Ellen was opposed to their strange teaching. All eyes were fixed upon the young woman in vision. Occasionally she spoke words of comfort and hope.

Something must be done to take attention from her, Mr. Robbins thought to himself. He stood up and announced a hymn, but scarcely anyone joined the two men in singing. Mr. Sargent picked up his Bible and began reading, shouting in an effort to drown out Ellen's voice.

"Will you please stop singing and reading," came a request from the audience. "We want to hear what Sister Ellen is saying."

[32] That was just what the two men did not want. They continued shouting and singing until both were hoarse, and their hands shook so much they could hardly hold their books. But Ellen's voice, as she seemed to be conversing with someone in the vision, rang out clear and distinct. Every word could be heard.

Everyone in the room could see that she was under the control of a divine power. They watched her dignified movements and noted that she did not breathe, even while repeating to the listening company sentences that were being spoken to her in the vision. There were whisperings:

"Her message can't be from the devil; it's so full of cheer and comfort and the love of God."

"Her words are like a voice from heaven."

"Surely these men have been telling us lies."

"This vision reminds us of the visions God gave His prophets in Bible times."

Mr. Thayer stood up. "I have been told that visions which come from Satan can be stopped by laying an open Bible on the person having the vision. Mr. Sargent, will you make this test?"

Mr. Sargent refused.

At the moment Ellen was resting in a chair in the corner of the room, leaning back against the wall. Mr. Thayer lifted a large family Bible from the table and laid it upon her chest.

Immediately she lifted the Bible in one hand. She stepped to the center of the room, raised the Bible high above her head, and exclaimed, "The inspired testimony from God!"

For an hour she held that heavy Bible in one hand, above her head, and turned its pages with the other hand. With eyes directed

away from the book, she pointed with her finger to the very verses she was repeating.

“Let’s see if she is quoting them correctly,” someone suggested. [33]  
Moving a chair to Ellen’s side, he stepped up on it so that he could [34]  
look down on the Bible. In surprise he exclaimed, “Sister Ellen  
is turning the pages and pointing her finger at the very texts she is  
using. Without looking, she is quoting correctly!” Others climbed  
onto the chair to see for themselves, and said in astonishment, “This  
is wonderful! She is not seeing those scriptures with her natural  
eyes. They are being shown to her in vision.”

The words she spoke brought hope to the people. They could see that God was speaking to them through His weak, humble messenger.

After a time Ellen turned to scriptures which described the punishment of the wicked at the judgment day. At this Mr. Sargent and Mr. Robbins became troubled and silent. What would they do now? The company waited—hoping, expecting. Would they confess their sin? But they were too proud. At the close of the meeting they left without acknowledging that they were wrong.

Mr. Robbins had boasted to Sarah Harmon that he could throw a spell over Ellen and bring her out of vision. But here in the presence of the power of God, he was afraid even to attempt to carry out his threat.

About sundown candles were lighted. During the time that Ellen had been in vision she had not breathed, nor had she been conscious of anything in the room. Now she began to breathe and to notice the people around her.

This is the longest vision of which there is any record. It lasted nearly four hours.

## Chapter 4—The Handsome Young Preacher

Would you like to know how Ellen Harmon, my grandmother, met James White, her husband? Here is the story:

One day William Jordan and his sister invited Ellen on a trip to Orrington, a town 150 miles to the northeast. “We’re returning a borrowed horse and sleigh to a young Adventist minister named James White. He’s having trouble with some fanatics. If you come with us, you might be able to help straighten them out.”

This was a hard decision for Ellen. Was it really her duty to go? She dreaded meeting those fanatics. Yet she had promised to go wherever the Lord wanted her. She prayed, and the answer came that if she would go, trusting in God, He would send an angel to show her what to do and to protect her from harm.

Soon the three were gliding over the snow to the rhythm of sleigh bells and the beat of horses’ hoofs. After a ride that must have required nearly two days, they reached their destination late one afternoon. Weary from the long journey, Ellen took little notice of the young minister to whom she was introduced that evening.

[36] The next morning after praying together, the three decided to go with James White, the young minister, to call on a family living near town. James would take them with the horse and sleigh they had returned to him. When they reached the place, they noticed several sleighs in the yard and asked, “Are you having a meeting here today?”

“No,” they were told. “These people have come on various errands. They just happened to arrive about the same time.” Ellen remembered the promise that an angel would go with her. Had the angel gathered these people so that they might hear God’s message?

Everyone was invited into the front room, and Ellen was asked to tell them about her visions. She stood up and began to speak, but was interrupted by a loud shout of “Glory, Alleluia!” Some of the people began clapping their hands, jumping up and down, and shouting. Ellen stopped telling her story and spoke to them seriously:

“Is this the way for Christians to act? I do not read in the Bible that Christ and His disciples ever behaved in such an unbecoming manner. Is He not our example?”

James White then opened his Bible and read to them that God is a God of order, not of confusion; that the Holy Spirit speaks to hearts by a “still small voice.” He said, “Satan is leading you to act in this way, so as to cause your neighbors to hate the name of Adventists and never again want to hear you talk about the coming of Jesus.” After a while the noise subsided, and Ellen continued her story.

From this home the visiting party called on other families, and during the weeks that followed they held meetings in several towns nearby. Sometimes they met people with strange ideas. One man was preaching that Jesus had returned to the earth, raised the dead, and taken them to heaven.

“Do you not know,” Ellen asked, “that when Jesus comes in power and glory, the trumpet of God will be heard all the way around the world, the sleeping saints will be raised to life, and those who are living will be changed and ‘caught up ... with them ... to meet the Lord in the air’? Has this taken place? You have not yet seen Christ coming with power and glory.”

[37]

Some people believed it their duty to make long journeys on foot in order to earn salvation. Others fasted, refusing to eat anything for days at a time, and they insisted that their friends do the same. Some accepted every idea that entered their minds as coming from the Lord. As soon as they got a notion that they should do a certain thing, they would rush off and do it, without stopping to question whether they were pleasing Jesus and obeying the instruction He had given them in the Bible.

At one home a meeting was already in progress when James White and Ellen and her friends arrived. Someone inside saw them coming and quickly locked the door. “In the name of the Lord” Ellen opened that locked door, and they entered. What a strange sight they saw! A woman was lying on the floor, crying pitifully and warning the others not to listen to Ellen Harmon. Ellen knelt by her side and in the name of Jesus rebuked the evil spirit that possessed her. The woman arose and quietly took her seat with the others. She made no further disturbance while Ellen spoke to the company about Jesus, who makes His followers good, pure, and sensible.

Day after day the visiting group went from home to home delivering God's messages and rebuking fanatics. In many places they found the believers troubled by these noisy religionists. A few people had given the impression by their shouting that Adventists were a rowdy crowd. Some of their neighbors had even complained of them to the police.

[38] At the entrance to one town sentinels were posted to turn back any preacher coming to hold meetings. But the sleigh bearing the messengers of Heaven slipped quietly past the guards. Ellen was again reminded of the promise that an angel would go with her, and she thanked God that the angel had closed the eyes of those sentinels.

The last meetings they held were happy ones. The troublemakers had been subdued, and the meek followers of Jesus thanked Ellen Harmon and the Jordans for coming so far to help them and their young preacher bring proper order into their meetings.

At the last meeting in Orrington, Ellen was informed in a short vision that her work there was finished and that she must return to Portland at once. Otherwise she would be in danger. Two spies had been seen peeking through the windows; but as the windows were high and the worshipers were kneeling in prayer, the men went away and reported that no one was in the house.

Early the next morning James White, Ellen, and the Jordans got into a rowboat with a friend of James's and paddled down the river to Belfast. There Ellen and the Jordans boarded a steamer for home, while James and his friend rowed the boat back to Orrington. There they were told that officers had been at the house where the preacher lived, searching for him. James and his friend were arrested, whipped, and thrown into jail. But they were released when the officers learned that they were in no way responsible for the disturbances of which the people had complained.

[39] James couldn't help feeling anxious about Ellen. She was so young and so frail, and surrounded by many dangers! How much she needed someone to go with her and protect her! But it is not likely that the thought entered his mind that sometime he would be that lawful protector, for he has written that neither of them thought of marriage at that time.

Yet it does not seem strange that on a later day he asked her to be his life companion. He would be glad to share her trials and dangers.

He felt they needed each other, that they could accomplish more for the Lord together than separately.

“And besides, Ellen, I—I love you. I’ve been praying about this.”

Ellen respected and admired this handsome young man who was such an earnest Christian. But before giving her consent to marry him, she wanted to be sure that it was God’s will. She answered, “James, I also will pray that the Lord may make His will known to us.”

And to her delight, as she prayed, she felt more and more that God did want them to work together. The answer did not come by vision. The Holy Spirit spoke quietly to her heart, just as He speaks to all of God’s children who pray sincerely for guidance in choosing a life companion.

Not until James and Ellen were certain that it was God’s will were they married.

Among the records of the White family is a small but precious document, the marriage certificate of James and Ellen White. No mention has ever been found of printed invitations, of presents, of bridesmaids, of corsages; nor even of a filmy white bridal gown, nor of a honeymoon. Evidently James and Ellen were too poor. Besides, important work awaited them. Every possible moment and every available penny must be put to work heralding the good news of Jesus’ coming.

James was happy, for he truly loved Ellen; and Ellen was happy, for she loved James; and they both loved God.

## Chapter 5—The Captain was Convinced

“I have been thinking that it’s time we visited our friends at Topsham,” James White said to his young bride one day.

Ellen was pleased with the suggestion. Early Friday morning James hitched the horse to the family sleigh, and they drove thirty miles to study the Bible with their friends. On Sabbath they met in the Curtiss home. They were glad to see among their old friends a retired sea captain named Joseph Bates. This man had heard Ellen relate her visions, but he was not certain they were from the Lord. He did not believe in modern visions.

Christians in those days heard much about the Mormon “prophet” Joseph Smith, and about Ann Lee, leader of the Shakers, both of whom claimed that God had sent an angel to talk with them. But the visions of these two were very different from visions given God’s prophets in Bible times. Their teachings were contrary to the Word of God.

Because of these errors, many people were wary of anyone professing to have visions. They said God might have spoken to Isaiah, Daniel, John, and the other prophets in Bible times, but He did not speak to His people in that way nowadays. Ministers told their congregations that visions from heaven were a thing of the past.

[41] But some Bible students believed God was still speaking to His people by visions, just as He had promised to do in the last days. Surely, they thought, while Satan is sending his angels to deceive men, God would be sending messages from heaven to warn and guide His church.

During the meeting in the Curtiss home Ellen White was given a vision, and Joseph Bates watched her intently. He was an honest man who wanted to know the truth. A bright smile was on her face as she moved about in the room, seeming to see something in the distance. Then he heard her speaking. But how strange! How wonderful! He could hardly believe his eyes and ears—she was speaking, but not breathing! In soft, musical tones, she was describing what she saw.

“I see four moons,” she said. She spoke of seeing several planets, one encircled with beautifully colored belts or rings.

Captain Bates suddenly forgot he did not believe in visions.

“She’s looking at Jupiter!” he said. As she went on describing what she saw, he said, “That’s Saturn she’s describing!” And later, “Now she’s viewing Uranus!” She had not named any particular planet, but the seaman Joseph Bates had for years studied the heavens and read books about the stars. He knew what she was talking about.

After a time she began to describe the “opening heavens,” an entrance into a more glorious region beyond, ablaze with light.

Captain Bates sprang to his feet. “How I wish Lord William Rosse were here!”

“Who is Lord William Rosse?” James White asked.

“He is the great English astronomer,” came the enthusiastic reply. “I wish he could hear that woman talk astronomy, and hear her description of the ‘opening heavens.’ It’s ahead of anything I ever read on the subject.” From that time Joseph Bates never doubted that Mrs. White’s visions were supernatural; and as he compared their teachings with the Bible, he was convinced that the messages she brought were not her own, but the voice of God to His people. [42]

At one time before this vision, Captain Bates had tried to discuss astronomy with Ellen but had found her unfamiliar with the subject. He knew she was telling the truth when now she said she had never opened an astronomy book. He also felt impressed that God had given this vision in his presence so that he might never doubt again.

In his study of the Scriptures, Captain Bates had learned that Jesus and His disciples did not change the Christian Sabbath from Saturday, the seventh day of the week, to Sunday, the first day, but that the change had been made by church leaders many years after Christ’s ascension. He wrote a pamphlet giving his reasons for believing that all Christians should keep the Sabbath of the commandment, but he had no money to pay for having it published.

When he retired from the sea, he sold his ship for \$11,000. He was considered a rich man for those days; but now he was poor, for he had spent his entire fortune in spreading the Advent message. However, the printer agreed to print the Sabbath tract and wait for his pay. When the tract was off the press, the bill was paid by a friend who concealed his identity, and Elder Bates had the pamphlet

to pass out freely. He handed one copy to James White. (The retired sea captain was often called “Elder Bates” because he spent so much time preaching and giving Bible studies.)

[43] James and Ellen read it very carefully. Perhaps Elder Bates was right! They must know exactly what the Bible said, for they certainly wanted to obey God in all things.

The pamphlet was printed in such small type that Mrs. White could not read it. It hurt her eyes and made her head ache. James would read a paragraph aloud, and then they would look up the texts; for although the pamphlet was small, it was packed full of Bible verses. Often while studying, James and Ellen would kneel and ask God to send His Holy Spirit, as He had promised, to guide them into the truth.

Their study convinced them that Jesus had never said anything about changing the rest day from the seventh to the first day of the week. Neither Jesus nor His disciples ever kept Sunday or taught others to keep it.

Again and again they read how God, after creating the world, blessed the seventh day and made it holy and gave it to Adam and Eve and all the people who should live in the world to remind them of His creative power. And they read texts stating that the Sabbath was to be a sign between God and His people *forever*. When James and Ellen understood how important the Sabbath was, they began observing it at once.

The cold winter passed and spring came. Often my grandparents met with their friends at Topsham. Ellen has written about a vision she was given early that spring during a Bible study in the Howland home:

“As we prayed, the Holy Spirit fell upon us. We were very happy. Soon I was lost to earthly things, and was wrapped in a vision of God’s glory.” Then, she said, “an angel carried me from this earth to the Holy City. With Jesus I entered the temple in heaven.

[44] “I passed into the Most Holy Place. There I saw the golden ark.... Jesus raised the cover of the ark, and I saw the tables of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments. I was surprised to see a soft halo of light encircling the fourth commandment, calling my special attention to it, and making it shine brighter than any of the other nine.”

Mrs. White studied carefully to see if the commandment had been changed. Did it say, "Remember the *first day* of the week to keep it holy"? She was sure that if God had changed the Sabbath He would have changed the writing on the tables of stone in the ark in heaven. But it still read, "The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God," the same as when God engraved it on tablets of stone for Moses to place inside the sacred ark.

James and Ellen and the other Adventist people had not started keeping the Sabbath because Joseph Bates was preaching it, but because they had learned it themselves by carefully studying the Bible. And now God had given this vision to assure them that they understood the Scriptures correctly, and that it *was* their duty to obey the fourth commandment and to teach others to obey it. Mrs. White wrote out the vision and the angel's instruction.

He told her that God has many children who keep the first day of the week because they believe that Jesus and His disciples changed the Sabbath. In these last days when great troubles are coming upon the earth, the Sabbath truth is being taught more fully. Many sincere Christians are giving up their man-made Sabbath and are beginning to keep God's holy day.

Someday soon this will bring them great persecution and suffering. Sabbathkeepers will be accused of causing the world's troubles. But Jesus will be with His loyal people; and before the final destruction of the world, He will come and save them.

[45]

## Chapter 6—A Storm at Sea

[46]

Once a steamer on which James and Ellen were traveling ran into a storm. The boat rolled from side to side, and waves dashed through the windows. Suddenly a large chandelier crashed to the floor. Dishes on the breakfast table clattered in every direction. A woman fell out of her berth, landing amid bundles and boxes which were sliding about on the cabin floor.

“Mrs. White, aren’t you terrified?” another woman asked. “Do you realize that we may never reach land?”

“I have nothing to fear,” Mrs. White answered calmly. “I have made Christ my refuge, and if my work is done, I might as well lie in the bottom of the ocean as in any other place. But if my work is not done, all the waters of the ocean cannot drown me. My trust is in God, that He will bring us to land if it is for His glory.”

Some of the women were confessing their sins and crying to God for mercy. Others called on the virgin Mary to save them. One cried out in fear, “O God, if You will save us from death, I will serve You forever!”

A few hours later the steamer landed safely. As the passengers stepped off, Mrs. White heard a woman exclaim mockingly, “Glory to God! I’m glad to step on land again!” She turned to see who was speaking and discovered it was the same woman who had promised to serve the Lord forever if He would only save her life that day.

Looking earnestly into the woman’s face, Mrs. White said, “Go back a few hours and remember your vows.” The woman turned from her with a sneer.

On another steamer trip Mrs. White was telling some young women about the terrible storm she and her husband had been through. “Christians should always be ready to close their probation either at death or at the coming of Jesus,” she told them.

“That’s just the way the Millerites talk,” one of the young women said. “They are the most deceived people on earth. On the day they expected Christ to come, companies in different places put on

ascension robes, went into graveyards and up on the tops of houses and high hills, and there they prayed and sang until the time passed by.”

“Did you ever see any of these persons dressed in ascension robes?” Mrs. White asked.

“No, I didn’t see them myself, but a friend who saw them told me. And the fact is so well known everywhere that I believe it just the same as if I had seen it myself.”

“Oh, yes!” another of the group said. “The Millerites all around the town where I lived put on ascension robes.”

“And did you see them with their robes on?” Mrs. White asked.

“No, I didn’t see them; they were not in my neighborhood. But the report was all around that they made white linen ascension robes and wore them. Everybody believed it.”

Then the first woman, seeing the doubtful look on Mrs. White’s face, said positively, “I know it was so. I’m just as sure of it as if I had seen it myself.”

“Well, I should think that if putting on ascension robes was that common, you can surely give me the names of some of the people who did it,” Mrs. White said.

[48]

“Certainly,” came the confident answer. “There were the Harmon sisters in Portland. Friends told me that they saw the girls going out to the graveyard with their robes on. Since the time has passed, both of these girls have become infidels.”

A member of the group who had been listening quietly could not keep from laughing. “Perhaps you don’t know you are talking to one of the Harmon sisters,” she said. “The woman sitting beside you was Ellen Harmon. She and I were schoolmates. I have known the Harmon sisters nearly all their lives, and I know the report that they made ascension robes and wore them is a lie. I’m not a Millerite, but I’m sure nothing of the kind ever took place.”

An embarrassed silence followed. “Probably all the stories about ascension robes are as untrue as this one,” Mrs. White said. “The robe we must have on when Jesus comes is the robe of a pure, sinless character.”

In their travels the Whites often bought tickets that entitled them to passage on the lower decks only. This manner of traveling was not comfortable, but it was less expensive. Weary with traveling

and preaching, they would lie down at night on the hard decks or on boxes of freight or sacks of grain, with their carpetbags for pillows and their coats for covering. On cold winter nights they would sometimes have to get up and pace the deck to keep warm. In summer the suffocating heat and tobacco smoke sent them to the edges of the boat for the cooling breeze.

[49] Many times I have wished I could ask my grandfather, “Why did you take my frail little grandmother back and forth on those rough coastal voyages, and on those tedious canal trips on little packet boats, when it would have been much easier to go by train?”

One day while scanning some old letters written by James White, I found the answer to my question:

“We usually go from Boston to Portland in the steamboat. Fare is only one dollar. To go directly through on the train, the fare would be three dollars.”

“Just like them,” I thought, as I read this gentle hint in a letter to a brother who was coming to one of the conferences. Those pioneers would suffer any kind of hardship in order to save a few precious dollars with which to travel a little farther and find a few more families needing the blessed hope of the returning Saviour.

Amusing things happened on some of these trips. Once James and Ellen White and Captain Bates were on their way through New York State to attend a Bible conference. They started in a small boat, but after a while they saw a larger boat approaching. Because they needed to transfer to this boat, they signaled it to stop. But it kept steadily on its way. As it drew alongside their boat, James took Ellen’s hand, and they both jumped for it, landing safely on board.

“Here, take your pay!” shouted Bates to the captain, holding out a dollar bill. He too leaped for the larger canalboat. But by this time it was nearly out of reach. His foot struck the edge, and down into the water he went. Grasping his pocketbook in one hand and the dollar bill in the other, he started swimming after the canalboat. His hat fell off, and in trying to save it, he lost the dollar, but still he held fast to his pocketbook. At last the big boat stopped, and Bates was pulled aboard, muddy water dripping from his clothes and oozing out of his shoes.

[50] At the next landing they left the boat and went to the home of an Adventist family named Harris to give Elder Bates a chance to dry

out. There they found Mrs. Harris in bed with a severe headache, an affliction which had troubled her for years. She asked them to pray for her, and they did. They also told her that using snuff caused her trouble.

“I’m so glad you told me,” she said. “I’ll never use it again. I’m glad for the accident that brought you here.” They were all glad, even Capta in Bates. That was the end of the severe headaches.

As they boarded the next canalboat, James White said, “We can’t make our Sabbath appointment; but I know of an Adventist family nearby. Let’s stay over the Sabbath with them.”

Late Friday afternoon they arrived at the house. A little boy ran to the field to call his father, who gave them a hearty welcome when he learned they were Sabbathkeepers. They spent a delightful Sabbath studying the Bible together. Falling into the canal had brought good to two families.

This was not the only time when a seeming disaster resulted in bringing these earnest workers in contact with people whom they might never have found otherwise. James and Ellen White had many such experiences. Years later while traveling in Michigan by carriage with other workers, they lost their way. The driver, though well acquainted with the route, became confused and left the traveled road. It was Friday, and the distance to Vergennes, where they intended to hold Sabbath meetings, was only fifteen miles; yet that day they traveled forty miles before reaching their destination. For hours they drove through dense woods, following faint wheel tracks which were often blocked by logs and fallen trees. All the while they kept looking for a house where they might get directions. It was hot. They had no food, and no water could be found. Passing some grazing cows, the thirsty travelers tried to get close enough to obtain a little milk. But the cows would not let strangers approach. Twice Mrs. White fainted, and her husband prayed for her.

[51]

Finally they came in sight of a log cabin in a little clearing, where they were kindly received and given refreshments. While they lingered to rest and eat and to learn their way, they chatted with the family. Before leaving, Ellen gave them a copy of her little book *Experience and Views*.

For years they wondered why they should have been left to such weary wanderings, especially on a Friday, before their important

Sabbath appointments. Twenty-two years later at a Michigan camp meeting they found out.

At the close of one service a woman came to the front and grasped Mrs. White's hand eagerly. "Do you remember getting lost many years ago and stopping at a log house in the woods?" she asked. "We gave you refreshments, and you talked to us about Jesus and the beauties of heaven. Your words were spoken with such fervor that I was charmed and have never forgotten them.

"You left with us a little book. We lent that book to neighbors, as families settled around us, and it was read until there is little left of it. Since that time the Lord has sent ministers to preach to us; and now there is quite a company observing the Sabbath who date their first experience from the influence of that little book."

It was easy then to understand how God's Providence had led them, even on that wearisome day.

## Chapter 7—Visions in Strange Places

[52]

Soon after Ellen Harmon received her call to special service, she started late one afternoon in a small sailboat with some of her young friends to visit a family on an island in the bay near Fairhaven, Massachusetts. Suddenly a storm came up, and rain fell in torrents. Waves swept over the deck, drenching the passengers. Lightning flashed, and howling winds ripped the sails.

The small craft was tossed about like a cork. It would rise on the crest of a wave, then slide down into the trench, nearly capsizing. Mr. Gurney, who was managing the boat, tried to cast anchor, but the anchor dragged. The rudder broke loose and was swept away. Everyone aboard realized the danger of being dashed on the rocks along the island shore. Darkness fell.

As Ellen knelt on the deck floor to ask God for protection, the scene of terror faded from her sight. She saw standing by her side the angel who had appeared to her several times in vision. Never did she forget his words spoken to her that night: “Sooner would every drop of water in the ocean be dried up than for you to perish, for your work has only begun.”

Ellen at once called out to her companions, “You need not be afraid! Angels are all around us. We are perfectly safe. The storm cannot hurt us!” The frail craft continued to rise and fall on the waves, but the angel’s words had dispelled fear from every heart. Soon a joyful cry came from the captain, “The anchor holds!” Then through the darkness they saw a glimmer of light from one of the two houses on the island. The family had retired, but one of the children had heard Mr. Gurney’s cry for help. Soon the father came out in a rowboat and took all the passengers ashore.

[53]

They were unacquainted with the family they had reached, and in the morning they went on to the other home. Thus two homes instead of one were blessed by their visit.

At one time Captain Bates was riding with James and Ellen White and another Adventist minister in a two-seated market wagon

behind a partly broken colt. Grandpa White was expert at the art of breaking and managing horses. He was confident that he could control the young horse, although it had the reputation of being vicious. Shortly before, this horse had caused a serious accident.

While Grandpa White held a taut rein and gave all his attention to driving, Mrs. White talked with their companions about a Bible subject. Suddenly she was taken into vision. The moment she gave the shout of "Glory," the horse stopped, dropped his head, and stood perfectly still. Mrs. White rose from her seat and, looking upward, stepped over the front of the wagon down to the shafts and the wagon step, and to the ground. While lowering herself, she laid her hand firmly on the colt's haunches.

In alarm Captain Bates called out, "That colt will kick her to death!"

[54] "The Lord has the colt in charge now; I don't wish to interfere," James White replied. Under ordinary conditions the colt would have kicked furiously the instant anything touched his flanks. But now he stood as gentle as an old horse. He continued to stand quietly while Mrs. White climbed a six-foot embankment to a grassy spot by the roadside. There she walked back and forth, describing aloud the beauties of the new earth.

Then, with her eyes still directed upward and paying no attention to where she was stepping, she came safely down the bank, mounted the wagon step, laid her hand on the colt's rump, and lifted herself into the wagon again. As soon as she sat down, she came out of vision. At that instant the horse, without any indication from the driver, started up and went quietly on his way.

While Mrs. White was out of the wagon, her husband tested the horse to prove, if possible, to the other ministers that it was being controlled by a supernatural power. First he touched the horse lightly with the whip, but he did not stir. At other times he would have responded with a kick. Then Grandpa White struck him quite a blow, then a harder, and still a harder one. The colt paid no attention whatever, but stood perfectly still. The same Power that produced the vision had, for the time being, subdued the colt.

Reverently Elder Bates said, "This is a solemn place." He related the experience to John Loughborough, who has preserved it in his book *The Great Second Advent Movement*.

Ellen's longest recorded vision lasted about four hours; some lasted only a few moments. My father, William Clarence White, tells about one which he witnessed at a Minnesota camp meeting in 1870 during a prayer period in which both his father and mother joined. After offering a few sentences of prayer, Mrs. White stopped speaking, and there was silence for about half a minute. My father, who was then a boy of sixteen, later told us the story:

[55]

“I was kneeling with the congregation and turned to see what was the occasion for the silence. Just then she burst forth in prayer. Her voice was melodious and triumphant, and the remainder of her prayer greatly moved the people present. Many things relating to the work of the ministers were laid out before her. Following the camp meeting, father and mother found retirement at the home of one of our brethren, where mother wrote diligently for about two weeks in recording what had been shown her during that half-minute pause in her prayer.”

Many times while performing her ordinary duties, Ellen White, like Jacob of old, was permitted to see heavenly guardians. Once in Australia she was awakened several times during the night by a light shining through the window of the train on which she was riding. Each time she looked out, she saw a company of angels and was made to understand that at every point where they appeared, a Seventh-day Adventist church would be established.

At that time our evangelists in Australia were facing unusual difficulties. This cheering promise of success gave them courage to continue the work. In time the vision became a reality, and in every place where the angels had appeared an Adventist church was established.

When I was in the second grade in the Battle Creek church school, Ella King Saunders was my teacher. She told me that at one time she actually saw the bright light of the angels attending my grandmother. This is her story:

One evening at Battle Creek College Ella and her roommate, Edith Donaldson, were sitting in the Dime Tabernacle <sup>1</sup> waiting for the meeting to begin. Edith was feeling somewhat bitter. She was wondering why the Lord did not answer their prayers by healing

[56]

---

<sup>1</sup>Thus named because it had been built by dime offerings from the entire membership.

“Aunt Ellen,” whom she loved as her own mother. Why did she have to carry on her work in weakness and pain?

Time came for the meeting to begin. The girls saw James White walking slowly down the aisle toward the pulpit, his wife leaning heavily on his arm and moving as if every step was painful. He helped her to her seat on the rostrum. After he had opened the service and spoken for a few moments, he assisted her to the pulpit. She grasped it with both hands, trying to steady herself, and began to speak in a faint, hoarse voice which could scarcely be heard even by those on the front seats.

Then it happened. Simultaneously Ella and Edith nudged each other. “An angel!” they whispered, wide-eyed. At that moment Mrs. White stepped away from the pulpit, saying in a voice which could be heard distinctly, “God has sent His angel and has strengthened me.”

Mrs. White showed no further signs of weakness. She stood erect without support, and gave a powerful discourse. After the meeting James White asked Edith, who at the time was living in his family, if she had seen the angelic light. When she told him that she had, he said, “Child, thank the Lord that He opened your eyes. He did it for a purpose.”

My mother, Mary Kelsey White, was one among several others who also saw the light. In the morning she showed Edith a copy of the newspaper, the *Battle Creek Moon*, and read the headlines: “Some deluded Adventists think they saw an angel.”

[57] Before the meeting James had carried his wife in his arms to and from the carriage in which they rode. As Edith saw her now, walking about without assistance, she understood that her healing had been delayed so that many might witness the miracle of God’s power.

When my sister Mabel and I were little girls living in Battle Creek, Mrs. Martha Amadon—Aunt Martha, as we called her—occasionally visited in our home. In her early life she had been for years a neighbor and close associate of our grandmother. When she came to see us, she would bring paper dolls; and while we children dressed the dolls in their various costumes, she would tell us about visions she had witnessed.

She said that sometimes during the visions grandma would speak words or sentences or make exclamations of surprise. At times her face would show anxiety or sadness, and everyone knew she was then looking at scenes of trouble. Again, she would smile radiantly when viewing heavenly scenes of beauty. Once during a vision Aunt Martha heard her repeat in low, musical tones, "Lovely Jesus! Lovely, lovely Jesus!" And she knew that in the vision Ellen White was looking upon her Saviour.

There was never any sense of excitement or fear on these occasions, Aunt Martha told us, only a sweet, solemn feeling, as if heaven were very near. When the vision ended and the heavenly light faded from Ellen's sight, and she took her first breath, she was sometimes bewildered and would often exclaim, "Dark! So dark!"

Once she described a vision in her own home when the Whites and Amadons were together for family worship. It concerned John Andrews, then a young man and a close friend of both families. After the vision grandma said, "I saw that John Andrews had a great work to do for the Lord." How wonderfully that prediction was fulfilled!

I don't remember all that Aunt Martha told us about the visions, for that was more than seventy years ago. Before her death she wrote an account of some of these experiences, closing with this paragraph: "I am now nearly ninety-two years old and am the only living member of the first organized Seventh-day Adventist church in Buck's Bridge, New York, about a mile from Father Byington's."

[58]

Hundreds of people saw Ellen White in vision, and many of them published accounts of these thrilling occasions. They could say with Peter, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables," but have been "eyewitnesses" of these things. What courage it brings us to know that God still loves His struggling church on earth and sends them messages of warning and instruction to guide them along their heavenly way!

## Chapter 8—“James, Have We Come to This?”

Two women bent over a small bundle wrapped in a piece of blanket. The older woman, Mrs. Howland, said to the younger, “Ellen, you and James have been married for more than a year now. Wouldn’t you like to set up housekeeping here in Topsham where you have so many friends? We can spare two or three rooms in this big house.”

A soft cry came from the bundle. The young mother picked up her month-old baby and gave him a happy squeeze. “It would be pleasant to have a home here with you, but how can we keep house without furniture or dishes? You know that my husband, like the other Adventist preachers, has never thought of saving money for himself; and since we were married, he has had little time for earning.”

The Whites went back to the Harmon home in Gorham and packed their few possessions. While they were gone, Mrs. Howland told some of the other women in Topsham of her plans. One family had a chair or two to spare, another mended an old table, and someone found a wood-burning cookstove and a bed. When James and Ellen returned, they found their rooms cleaned, the borrowed furniture arranged, a few groceries on the table, and a pile of wood stacked neatly beside the stove.

A day or two later James White said, “I’ve found a job, Ellen. It’s a hard one, breaking and hauling stone for the railroad; but I’m in good health, thank God. We shall be able to support ourselves and help others.”

One night when he came home after work, his fingers were bleeding where the rough stones had worn away the skin, but his voice was cheery. “How’s the big boy? Tomorrow I intend to draw my wages and buy our provisions.”

But the next night his pocketbook was still empty. So was the grocery sack he had hoped to fill.

“My employer had no money to pay me,” he explained. “But we won’t complain, wife; the Lord is good to give me health and strength. I’m leaving the railroad tomorrow to take a job chopping wood.”

In spite of a lame ankle and a pain in his side that often kept him awake at night, James took an ax and went into the woods. By working from dawn till dark he managed to earn about fifty cents a day. Although at times they suffered for want of the mere necessities of life, he and Ellen were happy. They had each other, and they had their little Henry.

The mother was nursing her baby, and she allowed herself a pint of milk each day. But she needed a piece of cloth for a garment to cover his bare arms. So she went without milk for three days and saved nine cents, with which she purchased cloth for the baby’s dress.

One day James walked three miles and back through the rain to collect his wages and buy provisions. In those days groceries were seldom packaged but usually were sold in bulk. At the store James put his purchases into an empty flour sack, tying strings around the sack to make various compartments, thus separating the cornmeal from the beans, the beans from the rice, and so on. With the odd-looking sack slung over his shoulder, he trudged home through the drizzling rain.

[61]

[62]

He entered the house, singing lustily, “I’m a pilgrim, and I’m a stranger; I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.”

His wife’s greeting smile faded. “Oh, James, have we come to this?” Her eyes brimmed with tears. “And you went through the town of Brunswick, where you used to lecture, with that sack of groceries on your back!” She had tried to be courageous, but now, completely discouraged, she sat down and cried.

The tempest of grief over, she thought of how Jesus had suffered for her, and she asked forgiveness for complaining. The Lord then showed her why they had been allowed to suffer. He had appointed them the *special* work of searching for the “scattered flock.” If they had prospered, home would have become so pleasant that they would have been unwilling to leave it to carry the messages of comfort and instruction to others.

One early spring day, James said to Ellen, "I think we should go to the Bible conference that Brother Chamberlain invited us to attend in Connecticut." He drew the ten dollars due him, which was all the money he had in the world. Half of it they spent for clothing. The other five dollars would pay their train fare as far as Dorchester, where their friends the Nicholsons lived.

Ellen sat down and patched her husband's overcoat. In places the patches had to be pieced to make them reach; and on one sleeve there were so many patches that the original cloth could hardly be seen. They packed their possessions—clothing, bedding, and all—in a three-foot tin trunk and set off for the meetings.

[63] The Nicholsons were glad to see them and to entertain them overnight. The next morning Mrs. Nichols handed Elder White a five-dollar bill, a half dollar more than enough to purchase tickets for the rest of the journey.

At Boston they boarded a small steamboat to go around the coast and up the river to Middletown. The steamer trip must have taken all night and some of the next day. Finally they stood on the boat landing.

James took the fifty-cent piece from his pocket and looked at it. "This will take us right to Mr. Chamberlain's home," he said, thinking to spare his frail little wife the walk. Ellen shook her head. Putting the money back into his pocket, James tossed the trunk onto a pile of boards, took his carpetbag of books in one hand and the baby in the other, and together they started down the street, looking for someone who could direct them to Mr. Chamberlain's home.

Soon after they found the house, Mr. Belden arrived with his horse and wagon and took them with their trunk and bundles to his comfortable home in Rocky Hill, eight miles away, where the conference was to be held. Thursday afternoon and Friday morning the Belden team was busy carrying guests from the station to the various Adventist homes where they were to be lodged.

By sundown fifty or more people were gathered in the large unfurnished room in the Belden house. Chairs were brought in from friends in the neighborhood, and for additional seats, planks were laid over boxes. But no one thought about the discomfort of backless seats when Elder Bates stood before them and gave his Bible reasons for keeping the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, or when

Mrs. White related her vision of the temple in heaven, in which she saw the sacred ark holding the Ten Commandments.

Together the believers studied the Bible. Whenever they came to a scripture which was hard to understand, they searched for other Bible texts to explain it. Often they would kneel and pray. Once they continued studying through the night till nearly morning. [64]

A few days after the conference, James handed Ellen a letter from Volney, New York. “It’s an invitation to attend another Bible conference, and we ought to go. But I don’t know where we’ll get money for our fare. The letter says the brethren there are too poor to advance it to us. If I can work, I’ll earn it myself.” James had already done some mowing for neighboring farmers.

“We must have faith,” Ellen said. They prayed. Soon James with two other Adventists was mowing a hundred-acre field of hay. It was hard work, mowing with a hand scythe for only 87½ cents an acre. But one thought made the task easier—they were all working toward the same end—to go to the conference.

James also took a part-time job on another farm, working for strangers. This was not easy. The mowers would start together at one side of the field, each cutting a five-foot swath, one following a little behind the other. James wondered why the mower in charge gave him the widest swath and put him in the lead, the hardest place in the field. Soon he learned that the other men had been joking about the Adventist preacher. But he laughed and said to himself, “Even if I am a preacher, I learned to swing a scythe when I was a boy on the farm.” In spite of a constant pain in his side and a lameness which made it impossible to rest his full weight on his left foot without pain, he kept in the lead.

At midday the men stopped in a shady spot to eat lunch. The other mowers took a swig of whiskey from their flasks, but the Adventist preacher drank only water. At the end of the first day’s work one of the mowers said, “Mr. White, when you came into the field this morning, we were determined to run you out, because we didn’t want a preacher around; but we must admit that you have us all beaten.” [65]

At home that night he said cheerily to Ellen, “I prayed for strength, and God gave it.”

The day came for them to leave. The young mother had little Henry's clothes packed for the trip. James stood with an arm around Ellen, looking down at the sleeping baby. With a trace of regret in his voice, he said, "Ellen, how can you take care of that little fellow on such a journey, and with that constant cough and pain in your lungs?"

They talked it over, and decided to take little Henry to Clarissa Bonfoey. "I'm so glad to have a part in God's work," she said with a smile as she reached out her arms for the baby.

For the first time Ellen was leaving her little one in the care of another, but it was not to be the last time. She kissed his soft cheek and brushed away her tears. Then taking her husband's arm, she walked to the wagon which would take them to the boat landing.

## Chapter 9—The Publishing Work in a Carpetbag [66]

On their way to the Bible Conference the group was joined by Elder Bates. “It’s good to see you, old pilgrim,” James greeted the captain. “Here’s a dollar and a half some friends sent you.”

“And two dollars from a good sister,” Mr. Chamberlain added.

“Thank God!” said Joseph Bates. “With the two dollars I brought from home, I now have enough to meet immediate needs.”

That night in the home of an Adventist family, Mrs. White coughed constantly. She had not had a good night’s rest in weeks. The brethren prayed for her and anointed her. She tried to pray, but her voice was choked. With a silent prayer, “Lord, I trust Thee,” she fell asleep, still coughing. In the morning the cough and pain were gone, nor did they trouble her again during the entire trip.

The conference, which was held in Mr. Arnold’s carriage house, was a stormy session. Those attending were from many different churches, holding many different beliefs. Each was strong for his own opinions. Their arguing distressed Mrs. White, who could see that some were mixing their own ideas with Bible teachings.

Suddenly everything grew quiet. Word passed around, “Sister Ellen has fainted.” She lay on the floor like one who was dying. The ministers knelt and prayed for her. [67]

After a time she revived, her face lighted up, and she began to explain the troublesome texts. “The Lord has shown me that this teaching is correct,” she would say, or, “That brother is mistaken; but Brother So-and-so understands the scripture right.”

All joined in praising God for sending light. They had seen His power in their midst. Still they must continue to study; for the visions were not sent to tell God’s children what they should believe and teach, nor to take the place of Bible study, but to guide them as they studied.

The Whites spent the next two months visiting Adventists and attending conferences. At last they arrived in Rocky Hill. Joy lighted

the young mother's face as she held out her arms to little Henry. "Oh, James, he remembers me! He really does!"

Busy weeks followed. There were letters to write to families whom they had visited. Many had requested written copies of the visions, and all the writing had to be done by hand, for there were no typewriters yet. The two sat down at a table. "You write out the visions, Ellen, and I'll make copies," James offered. But the pile of requests grew higher with the incoming mails. James laid down his pen.

"What shall we do? We are wearing our strength away, writing letters that can reach only a few, while thousands need to hear these messages."

James and Ellen were studying and praying over this question as they packed their little tin trunk and started for another conference in Topsham.

[68] "Yes, Henry, my boy," Ellen beamed as she dressed her baby,  
[69] "you're going with us this time for a long, long ride on the train  
and then on a big, big boat! And you're going to see Grandpa and  
Grandma Harmon besides."

Henry enjoyed the steamer trip more than his mother did. The rocking up and down was fun to him. He would toddle around the table in the dining salon, clamber up on the couch where his mother lay, throw his arms around her neck, and kiss her again and again.

For a time little Henry stayed with his grandmother at the old home in Gorham while his parents traveled. Then for several weeks Mrs. Howland cared for him.

While attending a conference at Dorchester, Ellen said to her husband, "I have a message for you. You must begin to print a little paper and send it out to the people. Let it be small at first; but as the people read, they will send you means with which to print, and it will be a success from the first. From this small beginning it was shown to me to be like streams of light that went clear round the world."

When Elder White told others about this, they asked, "Where will we get the money to publish even a small paper?" They had often talked and prayed about printing, but had finally decided they were too poor to undertake such an enterprise.

“I’ll go back to Rocky Hill and ask the Adventist farmers there to help us raise money to start the paper,” James said.

When they returned to get their baby, the Howlands said, “Let us care for Henry while you travel. The little fellow seems contented with us, and we love him like our own.”

After a moment’s thought James said, “Ellen, don’t you think that would be wise? How can we expect our boy to grow up healthy and happy while he is bumping around on trains and buses and canalboats in all kinds of weather?”

Ellen could not speak. Finally, mastering her feelings, she said, [70] “You’re right; it would be better to leave him here in this quiet Christian home than to drag him around among strangers. People often spoil children by their flattery and unwise remarks.”

Turning away to hide her tears, she found a quiet spot where she poured out her heart to God, and like Hannah, entrusted her little one to Him. She would see him occasionally when their travels took them to Topsham.

In Rocky Hill, Elder White talked to his friends about printing. “We’re sorry,” they replied, “but we’re too poor to help now; we need what money we have to keep our farms going.”

“The Lord can give me strength to earn the money myself,” James said to his wife. With the Beldens’ horse and carriage, he started for Middletown to buy a scythe, but was called back.

“Just now the Lord showed me that it is not His will for you to work in the field at this time,” Ellen said. “He gave you strength to earn money to pay our way to the conference, but now He has other work for you. You must write and publish. Begin in faith; send out the paper, and money will come in from those who read it.”

James went on to Middletown, but not to buy a scythe. Soon he was talking to Charles Pelton, a printer. “Will you print a thousand copies of an eight-page paper for us? I can’t pay you now, but if you’ll trust me, I’ll see that you are paid when the money comes in from those who receive the paper.”

“An unusual request, Mr. White,” Pelton replied. “But you look like an honest man; I’ll do the job for you.”

Mr. Belden had offered the Whites his large unfurnished room where the conference was held the year before. Soon Elder White was working at a table by a window. Before him lay his Bible, a [71]

concordance with the back torn off, and an old dictionary. He was writing articles for the paper which was to be called *Present Truth*.

At another table by another window his wife sat writing letters. Behind the stove which warmed the room and also cooked their food was a tiny cubbyhole with shelves where Mrs. White kept her writings. Sometimes during the night she would get up and go to this place to assure herself that the manuscripts were not in danger of catching fire from the stove.

The Whites set up both the publishing enterprise and their house-keeping in this one big room, which they partitioned with curtains. One section served as editorial office, proofroom, and mailing and addressing room. Living quarters occupied the remainder. Clarissa Bonfoey joined them as housekeeper, bringing furniture and utensils from her home. Later when baby Edson joined the family, she helped care for him.

Several times James White walked the eight miles to Middletown and back, carrying manuscripts to the printer and bringing proof sheets home to be corrected. One July morning he hitched up the Belden horse and drove to get the first issue of *Present Truth*. The paper was small, the print fine, and there were no pictures. He brought the printed sheets into the house and spread them on the floor. The Beldens and my grandparents knelt in a circle around the papers and asked God to bless these messengers of truth.

The sheets were then folded, wrapped, and addressed. James put them into his big carpetbag and carried them to the Middletown post office.

[72] The *Present Truth* spread joy everywhere it went. The disappointed Adventists who received it took courage. Jesus *was* coming to get them; they would patiently wait. Many began to keep the Sabbath.

Letters brought money to pay for the printing. When Elder White went for the fourth issue, he was able to pay for all the printing. Mr. Pelton smilingly handed him a receipt for \$64.50. That receipt is still treasured as a witness to the fact that God always keeps His promises and will never fail to make it possible for us to do whatever He asks of us.

Wherever they went, some Adventist family was sure to invite them to stay and set up the publishing business in their home. Type-

setting and printing had to be done downtown because they had no printing equipment. As soon as the papers were off the press, friends were called in to help fold, wrap, and address them.

Once in Oswego, New York, they stayed long enough to print six issues in one place. While there, Elder White pulled out of his satchel a carefully wrapped package of Adventist hymns collected along the way. He had them printed without music in a tiny book bearing the tremendous title: *Hymns for God's Peculiar People Who Keep the Commandments of God and the Faith of Jesus*.

The *Present Truth* was the beginning of the publishing work of Seventh-day Adventists, which now encircles the globe "like streams of light," with printing presses sending out millions of books and papers in the principal languages of earth.

## Chapter 10—Battling the Enemy

My grandparents were on the road again. Forty miles of their trip had to be made by stagecoach over rough, dusty roads. Every ten miles the stagecoach would stop for exchange of horses, and Elder White would escort his wife to the lobby of the inn, where she could rest on a couch for ten or fifteen minutes. Little did they dream of the surprise awaiting them at Sutton, Vermont.

After Elder White had spoken to the company there, Mrs. White stood up to speak. How tired and pale she looked! After the meeting, as the people stood around talking, someone remarked, “The Whites travel so much; surely they should have an easier way to get around; they need a horse and carriage of their own.”

The suggestion was quickly caught up. “Why can’t we get them one?” Everybody wanted to have a part in the gift. Within a few minutes \$175 was raised.

On Monday morning, according to arrangements, Elder and Mrs. White met their friends at the crossroads where the men who had horses to sell were to come. The Whites were told to select one for their own. “We’ll take this one,” Mrs. White said, pointing to a sleek, dappled chestnut with an intelligent face and gentle ways. “Last night I was given a dream in which the angel of the Lord spoke to me. I saw this exact group of people standing here. I saw these three horses led out, and was told to choose this one.”

“All right, Mrs. White, Charlie is yours,” said their friends. Two men harnessed Charlie to a covered carriage and presented the gift to the happy couple.

How much pleasanter the rest of the journey was! When tired, they could stop and rest by the roadside. At noon James would unharness the horse and tether him where he could eat grass. Not having a rope, James made one by braiding the tall roadside grass into long strands. Then he would spread their coats or a blanket under a shady tree, where they could sit while they ate their lunch and rested.

One day while trotting along, Charlie reached down and picked up an apple from the ground. His master loosened the check rein so that he could reach apples more easily. After that, whenever Charlie saw an apple tree, he would slow down, select a good apple within reach, then throw his head high in the air and dash on at full speed, munching as he went.

At Centerport the Whites again stayed with the Harris family.

James White called his helpers together, then when their committee work was done, he harnessed Charlie to the carriage and took Elder Rhodes to catch the canalboat. Since it was only two miles to the landing, Mrs. White went with them, leaving her year-old Edson with Clarissa, his nurse.

When they returned, Mrs. Harris met them at the door. "Your baby is dying!" she cried. Rushing to his bed, they found him unconscious, his eyes closed, his little arms purple.

Trying to steady her voice, Mrs. White said, "Our only hope is in God; let's call the elders and pray immediately." [75]

"What can we do?" sighed Elder White. "Brother Rhodes is the only minister nearby, and he's on his way to Michigan!" Without waiting for an answer, he hurried downstairs, jumped into the carriage, and drove as fast as old Charlie could gallop back to town and along the towpath after the canalboat. Five miles down the path he overtook the boat, got Elder Rhodes off, and rushed him back to the Harris home.

There in the little upstairs room they prayed and anointed the baby. Immediately he opened his eyes and smiled. God had answered their prayer.

Soon after this James suffered severe cramps in his legs. His wife rubbed them until her strength gave out. "It looks like cholera," she said. Many were dying of cholera in the city.

"Pray! Ellen, pray!" he whispered between groans. Sarah, Clarissa, and Mrs. Harris were standing near. The three women knelt beside the bed while Mrs. White laid her hands on her husband's head and pleaded with God for healing. At once the pain left, and natural color returned to his face.

That same night, about midnight, my grandparents heard screams in the room above. They rushed upstairs. Clarissa was holding little Edson in her arms, and he was clinging frantically to her. Now and

then he would let go of her arm and fight the air with both hands, crying out in terror, "No! no! no!" Again he would clutch her arm and scream, "No! no! no!"

"He sees something that's frightening him, something invisible to us," his lather said.

[76] "Yes," replied Ellen. "I'm sure Satan has sent one of his angels to torment the child." Again they knelt in prayer. In the name of Jesus, Elder White rebuked the evil spirit. Little Edson immediately fell asleep and did not waken till morning.

His father, too, slept until light shone through their bedroom window. As soon as he opened his eyes, he said to Ellen, "This is the day we go to Auburn for proof sheets of the paper. Satan is doing all he can to hinder us, just as you were warned. Shall we let him stop the work? No, never!"

Still feeling weak and shaky, he dressed and prepared to go. When he climbed into the carriage, Ellen got in beside him and picked up the reins. "I'll go with you," she said. They drove the six miles, praying as they went. With every mile, Elder White gained strength. All Satan's schemes had not delayed the paper one day.

They brought the printed sheets home, then called the family together to fold, wrap, and address them. Snatching food when they could, they worked early and late.

As soon as the rush was over, the Whites were off again. Since they had lent Charlie and the carriage to one of the traveling ministers, they made this short trip in a farm wagon drawn by two horses. James and Ellen sat on the high seat in front. Suddenly the horses shied. The wagon was thrown against a steep bank and turned over on its side. Extricating themselves, the riders scrambled to their feet.

"Are you hurt, Ellen?"

"Scarcely a scratch or bruise. And you?"

"The same; not hurt a particle!"

They straightened up the wagon and went on their way with a song of thanksgiving.

[77] Soon after this Clarissa became severely ill. She too was healed by prayer. Again Satan's plans were defeated.

Mrs. White wrote to Mrs. Bates, "Oh, what battles we have had to fight with the enemy since we commenced to get out the paper!"

We have had to pray, pray, pray, and have faith, faith, faith, and that is the only way we have been able to live!”

Were they discouraged? No, indeed! The more trouble the devil caused them, the more earnestly they prayed and the more diligently they worked. Elder White enlarged the *Present Truth* and changed its name to *The Second Advent Review and Sabbath Herald*. This was the beginning of the “good old *Review*.”

A publishing committee was appointed, and young John Andrews was chosen as a member. As he gave his strength and time to the work of God, he rapidly developed into one of the greatest of Seventh-day Adventist writers, preachers, and missionaries.

The next summer the Whites were needed at Saratoga Springs. Of course the publishing work had to move with them. They rented a house and set up housekeeping with borrowed furniture, as usual. The day the *Review* came off the press, Ellen’s sister Sarah was married to Stephen Belden, a son of their good friend in Rocky Hill.

The borrowed furniture must have been slow in arriving, for we read in one of Mrs. White’s letters: “The same day that we moved, Number 1 of Volume II of the paper came off, and we folded and wrapped them. And, not having a table to fold and wrap on, we took a fireboard and put it on an old sink and made that answer. By sitting up late we got the papers into the mail the next morning.” No doubt the bride and groom were there with the others, mailing papers.

In August, Ellen G. White’s first book was printed—a small, paperbound volume called *A Sketch of the Christian Experience and Views of Mrs. E. G. White*, commonly shortened to *Experience and Views*. [78]

“Thank God,” she breathed, as she took the book lovingly in her hand.

“Thank God,” echoed her husband, “we no longer have to spend weary hours copying the visions to send to our friends. Now we have them printed in a book!”

Why did Satan try so hard to discourage those who were printing the *Advent Review*? No doubt it was because this paper reminded the Adventist people of the wonderful blessings they had experienced while giving the “midnight cry.” The articles it contained explained their disappointment in 1844 and showed where they had misunderstood the prophecy. They showed from the Scriptures that the

sanctuary to be cleansed at the end of the 2300 years was not on earth but in heaven.

They also showed that even the great disappointment itself had been foretold in [Revelation 10](#), and they called special attention to the words, “Thou must prophesy *again* before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings.” For a time, while expecting Jesus to come in the immediate future, the Adventists had thought their work on earth was finished. Now they were called to give another message to the world.

[79] The fourteenth chapter of Revelation contains a prophecy of three messages that would go to all the world just before Jesus comes. The Adventists had been preaching only the first and second. Now they saw that there was a third—the great Sabbath message, which must go to the entire world. The church waiting for Christ’s coming must be keeping *all* the commandments of God, including the Sabbath commandment. In calling attention to the very last Christian church, the angel said, “Here are they that *keep the commandments of God*, and the faith of Jesus.” The true Sabbath is a sign between God and His people, a constant reminder that God created the heavens and the earth.

No wonder Satan did everything in his power to hinder the printing of that paper. But God defeated all of the devil’s schemes. Today the message of Jesus’ soon coming and the call to honor the day He sanctified are being proclaimed in nearly every country of the world.

God’s waiting people are more than a hundred years nearer the coming of the Saviour and their heavenly home than when the *Review and Herald* was first published. If we follow Jesus, we shall soon be with Him in our eternal home.

## Chapter 11—A Home for the Publishing Work

[80]

Let us make a visit to Rochester, New York, this pleasant morning in May, 1852. We walk to 124 Mount Hope Avenue. As we knock at the door of a large two-story house, Mrs. Sarah Belden, the bride of six months, welcomes us into a large unfurnished room. There she introduces us to Annie Smith, a young woman of twenty-four, who is sitting before an improvised desk.

“Miss Smith and I are preparing copy for the next issue of the *Review*,” Mrs. Belden says. “This packing box is the editor’s desk until we get something better. And that long plank resting on those two upright barrels is where we fold, wrap, and address the papers. It also serves as dining table for our family of helpers. You see, when Elder White arrived to set up our own independent publishing work here, he had only seventy-five dollars in cash. But God is providing for our needs. Many small contributions are coming in from those interested in the work.

“Number 2 of Volume III of the *Review* will have the honor of being the first paper printed on our own press,” she continues. “Because of a delay in getting the handpress from New York City, Elder White had the first number printed in a downtown office. We have no stitching machine, so he is asking those who receive the papers to stitch the pages together with needle and thread. He also suggests that they lay the papers away, ready for lending to their neighbors.”

[81]

“And this is Mrs. White’s little book *Experience and Views*,” she tells us, handing us a sixty-four-page pamphlet. “We had to stitch this before sending it out. First we punched holes with an awl for the big needle to go through, and sewed the leaves together with strong twine. Then we pasted the paper covers on.”

We step into the hall and meet Ellen White coming down the stairs. We notice that she is about Annie’s age. She greets us with a warm smile and asks, “Would you like to see our new Washington handpress? Brother Edson lent us the \$600 which it cost.”

We find Stephen Belden in the pressroom taking off proof sheets. He shows how the press works. First he runs a roller over the ink pad. Then he inks the type with the roller, pushes the type into the press, lays a sheet of paper on the type, and covers the paper with a piece of pasteboard. He swings a lever which brings the press down over the paper. Then swinging the lever back, he releases the press, carefully lifts the proof sheet, and places it on a newspaper to dry.

“That’s a lot of work,” we sigh, thinking of the many times that lever will have to be pulled for each issue of the *Review*.

“The regular printing is not quite so complicated,” Belden informs us, “although the lever does have to be drawn for every sheet printed.”

[82] “We’re getting along all right,” Ellen says. “James is hiring a professional printer, Lumen Masten, to supervise the work and to instruct us all in the printer’s trade.” Later we meet the young man himself in a side room, busily setting up machinery and arranging fonts of type. Mrs. White continues, “We pay only \$175 rent a year for this building; and we are hoping that it will provide a meeting place as well as a publishing office, and also a home for our family of helpers. We must find some way to furnish the large front room for an assembly hall, because Elder Bates expects soon to be with us to hold evangelistic meetings.

“Would you like to go upstairs?” She steps toward the doorway.

Perhaps it is the expression of surprise on our faces as we look around the desolate bedrooms that leads her to remark, “Those old chairs are all right for our needs; they’re strong, even if they aren’t very elegant. My husband is getting acquainted with the secondhand dealers in town. First he bought two bedsteads for twenty-five cents each. Then he found six chairs, no two alike, for one dollar. Soon he found four more, all bottomless, that cost sixty-two cents for the lot. I’m making seats for them with strong cotton material, and I think they’ll be as sturdy as new when I have them finished.”

In the kitchen we find Clarissa Bonfoey entertaining little Edson as she peels turnips for dinner. “Potatoes are too costly this year, and so we eat turnips instead,” Mrs. White explains. She peeks into the oven. “How good your bread smells, Clara! I think it’s almost ready to come out.”

Then, looking over the nearly empty shelves, she says, "For dessert you may cut up that cold porridge and serve it with a little sweetened milk. The beans are nearly done. I'll be in to set the table as soon as our guests have seen our garden. The office boys will wash the dishes so you can have a little rest."

Opening the kitchen door, she motions for us to follow her. "We are starting a kitchen garden," she says, "but we hope to have a larger one soon. We have a whole acre of land waiting to be planted. See that nice barn? That's the home of our horse, Charlie." [83]

Soon after moving into the home they hired a man to plow the garden. While he was plowing, Mrs. White looked out the kitchen window and saw small, round, white things lying on top of the ground. "Those must be potatoes," she said excitedly. "Evidently last year's crop was considered too poor to be worth harvesting." She took a pail and followed after the plow, picking up several bucketfuls and carrying them into the house. "A special treat for special days," she said, her eyes sparkling.

Lumen Masten watched her with a deepening frown on his face. "Is that my master's wife out there following the plow, picking up those little potatoes? I'll not work another day for such a concern!"

Mrs. White walked in carrying a pailful. She knew Lumen's thoughts. "Is it not a sin to waste food?" she asked. "Didn't our Lord say, 'Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost'?" The young man calmed down and went on with his work.

That first summer was a busy one for the Review family. Whenever there was extra work, every member of the family pitched in to help. Lumen Masten, the hired foreman, was the only one who received wages. The others worked for board and room, and when necessary, a little money for clothing. The strictest economy was practiced in supplying the table. Butter was considered an unnecessary luxury; applesauce took its place. Porridge and beans were nourishing foods and not expensive. There was no complaining, although when Uriah, Annie's brother, joined the staff a year later, he once remarked that he had no objection to eating beans 365 days in succession, but if he were asked to make a regular diet of them he would protest. [84]

During that first summer Elder and Mrs. White were needed for meetings and conferences in Vermont and elsewhere. The two-

month trip was to be made with Charlie and the carriage. But a new problem arose: little Edson was ill. For several days he had eaten nothing, and consequently he was so weak that they were afraid to take him on a long trip; nor did they like leaving him at home. What should they do?

They decided to ask a sign from God. "If our baby takes food before we have to leave to meet our first appointment, we'll accept that as indicating that we should take him with us," they said. The very day they planned to leave, Edson drank a cup of broth. That afternoon they were on their way.

At the first stopping place the baby was restless, and his mother sat up most of the night, rocking him in her arms. Their hostess declared, "If you take that baby with you, you will surely bury him somewhere along the road."

"It seems that Satan is trying to hinder us; what shall we do?" James groaned.

"If we go back, I'm sure the child will die," said Ellen. "Let's go on, trusting in the Lord."

Climbing wearily into the carriage, she remarked with a sigh, "I'm so tired I'm afraid I'll go to sleep and drop the babe on the way."

She laid Edson on a pillow, and James fastened the pillow to her waist. Mother and baby relaxed, and both slept most of the day as they rode along.

[85] Autumn had returned. The leaves were turning crimson and gold. Charlie again enjoyed munching apples along the roadside and cropping the grass while the family ate a noon meal. After lunch mother and baby rested, while James took out his pencil and paper, and using the lunch box for a table, wrote articles and Sabbath School lessons for the new monthly journal *The Youth's Instructor*. Each number of the paper must contain lessons for a month. The subscription price was twenty-five cents a year; but, like the *Review*, the *Instructor* was sent free to those who could not afford to pay.

Little Edson improved every day; and by the time they returned to Rochester, he was well again.

Elder White was glad to see that the publishing work had been running smoothly during his absence. Jenny Fraser had joined the

family as cook, and Clarissa was housemother to the large family of workers.

John Andrews wrote tracts and articles and conducted evangelistic meetings. Stephen Belden managed the business, kept accounts, collected contributions, and helped run the press. Annie gathered reports and articles that came in from the traveling ministers and prepared them for the paper.

The three teen-agers, Oswald Stowell, George Amadon, and Warren Bacheller, who had joined as apprentices, were becoming more proficient every day. Everyone was rapidly learning the printer's trade with their foreman, Lumen Masten, as teacher.

These young people formed the first Review and Herald Publishing House staff. Though young and inexperienced (all except James White were in their early twenties or younger, and he was only thirty-one), they were all earnest Christians, and God blessed their efforts. Most of them were to stick together for life. Uriah Smith, who entered the work at the age of twenty-one, continued with the *Review* for nearly fifty years, most of the time as editor. His sister Annie, hymn writer and poet, continued with them for three years, then retired because of failing health, and two years later was laid to rest. [86]

While the Whites had been absent, a near-tragedy had occurred. One day Lumen Masten failed to appear at work. Cholera was raging in the city, and he had been stricken. Two of the press hands went to his rooming house and brought him on a cot to the mission home. His landlady became ill the same day and died within twenty-four hours. Because Lumen was not a Christian, he was terrified at the thought of death. The office workers gathered at his bedside and prayed for his healing. The disease was checked, yet he did not recover.

Lumen, who had been watching the earnest, self-sacrificing Review workers, noticed how kind they were to one another and to him. After he had attended Bible studies in the mission home, he knew deep down in his heart that he had found the true church. But like many others, he hunted excuses for not joining. While he lay thinking of these things, his body tortured with pain, one of the workers came to him and asked, "Lumen, if God should heal you, would you give your heart to Him and keep His commandments?"

“Yes,” he whispered, “with all my heart.”

Again the workers knelt and prayed. Before they rose from their knees, Lumen fell into a restful sleep. Within two weeks he was strong enough to walk a mile to the post office and back. Soon he was at work again.

## Chapter 12—John Changes His Mind

[87]

In Rochester lived a young First-day Adventist preacher about twenty-three years old named John Loughborough, who supported himself and his wife by selling Arnold's patent window-sash locks. Five and a half days each week he worked at his business. Then on Saturday afternoon he would drive to a nearby settlement, preach Sunday forenoon, visit his parishioners in the afternoon, and return home in the evening.

One day Mr. Orton, a friend, said to him, "John, some of your members are joining the Seventh-day people at the mission. Hadn't you better go over there and get them out of their Saturday-keeping?" Orton did not tell him that he and some friends were the ones who were joining the mission.

Alarmed, Loughborough went at once with Mr. Orton and several others to a meeting at the mission. He was fully armed with texts and arguments to show up the errors of these Seventh-day preachers.

When the time came for the lecture, John Andrews, the evangelist, who was about the age of John Loughborough, arose and said, "I had prepared to speak on a certain subject, but I am impressed that I should change and consider those texts which are supposed to teach that the Ten Commandment law was abolished at the cross and that we are no longer required to keep the Sabbath of the commandment." He then read [Colossians 2:14-17](#), which spoke of "blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross."

[88]

Said he, "The Bible mentions two laws. First, there is the great moral law of Ten Commandments, graven on tablets of stone by the finger of God, thus indicating that it is changeless and will endure through endless ages. Second, there is the ceremonial law, which was written by Moses on parchment and given to the Israelites for a time. It consisted of regulations pertaining to the offering of sacrifices connected with their religious service. These sacrifices pointed forward to the Lamb of God who is sacrificed for us. Notice

the scripture carefully, and you will see that it is this ceremonial law that was nailed to the cross.

“When the Son of God, the *real sacrifice* for the sins of the world, offered up His life on Calvary, there was no further need of sacrifices to remind God’s people that He was coming. Nor was there further need of the ceremonial law, which directed them in their observances. This is the law that was nailed to the cross.”

John Loughborough drew a pencil mark through [Colossians 2:14-17](#), which headed his list of texts. Then, as the speaker continued, he struck out the second text on his list, [Ephesians 2:15](#), which said that Christ had abolished in His flesh “the law of commandments *contained in ordinances*.” As the sermon progressed, one by one he crossed off all the other texts from his list. Not one of them taught that the Ten Commandment law had been abolished.

[89] Last of all, the preacher read Christ’s words in [Matthew 5:17, 18](#), “Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.”

“God’s great law of Ten Commandments is still in force,” said Andrews. “Every letter and point of a letter in it is to stand until all God’s prophecies have been fulfilled and the present heaven and earth have passed away.”

After listening to that sermon, Loughborough said, “It was to me like a grand door opening into a region of light.” Later, when he stated his intention to keep the seventh-day Sabbath, he learned that Orton and his friends who had persuaded him to accompany them that evening had been attending the Bible lectures there for some time and had already decided to keep the Sabbath.

Soon after this Loughborough met James and Ellen White at the mission. Oswald Stowell, one of the young men who ran the handpress, was seriously ill and had been given up to die. During the meeting he lay in an adjoining room suffering intensely. At the close of the service he requested that Elder and Mrs. White pray for his healing. Elder White invited John Loughborough to go with them into the sickroom.

The three bowed in prayer, while the others prayed silently in the meeting room. Elder White anointed Oswald, and when they arose

from their knees, the patient sat up in the bed. "I'm fully healed; I'll be able to work the handpress tomorrow," he said. He did work it two days later.

Mrs. White remained on her knees after the others arose. Her husband said, "My wife is in vision." He invited those who wished to do so to come close and see for themselves that she did not breathe at such times. John Loughborough had never seen her in vision. As he watched her graceful movements, he saw that her pulse was regular, her eyes were open, her cheeks kept their natural color. She did not breathe even when speaking occasional words and sentences. He was amazed! Sometimes she would point with her hand as she moved her head as if viewing various scenes. After about half an hour she drew several deep breaths, and the vision ended. Soon she was telling those around her what she had seen. [90]

Turning to Loughborough, she said, "I saw three men trying to keep you from joining the Sabbathkeepers. I heard unkind words spoken to you by your fellow ministers." She even told him what he had been thinking about while he was making up his mind to keep the Sabbath. As she told what his inmost thoughts had been—thoughts that he had not expressed even to his wife—he said to himself, "Surely a power more than human is connected with these visions."

God gave Ellen White a special commission for the young preacher. She said to him, "The Lord wants you to give yourself wholly to the preaching of the message."

After he returned home from the service, he went alone to his room to pray. "Lord, if You will open the way, I will follow," he promised. As he continued praying, his faith grew stronger, and he said, "I will obey, Lord, and Thou wilt open the way."

The next Monday morning his wife said to him, "John, can you let me have some money? I need to buy matches and thread."

He reached into his pocket and brought out a silver three-cent piece. Handing it to her, he said, "Mary, this is all the money I have in the world. Get only one cent's worth of matches and one cent's worth of thread, and bring me the other cent so that we shall not be entirely out of money. The Lord has not prospered my business of late. For some time no orders have come in for sash locks. I [91]

think it's because I'm not following my duty to preach the Sabbath message."

Bursting into tears, his young wife said, "John, what in the world are we going to do? If you go preaching, what support will we have?"

Then he reminded her of the Sabbath vision and God's call. He told her of his decision to obey the call, giving his full time to the ministry.

After a good cry in her room, Mrs. Loughborough went to town and bought the matches and thread. When she came home, she found her husband singing cheerily.

"While you were gone, a man came with an order for sash locks and paid cash for the whole order," he told her. "My commission on the sale is \$26. That will buy firewood and provisions and cover all our immediate needs. The Lord has opened the way for me to answer His call."

Within a few days old Charlie was harnessed to the carriage, and John Loughborough and Hiram Edson started on a six weeks' preaching tour in southern New York State and Pennsylvania. That was the beginning of Elder Loughborough's seventy years as a Seventh-day Adventist minister. For several years he traveled and labored with Elder and Mrs. White. He had the privilege of seeing my grandmother in vision nearly fifty times.

[92] In his later years he was often one of the principal speakers at camp meetings and conventions. Whenever it was announced that he would preach in the main pavilion, the tent would be well filled; and usually we young people were there on the front seats, eager to hear his stories of pioneer days. How he loved to tell experiences that he had witnessed with his own eyes on those delightful occasions when heaven seemed to touch earth, and celestial beings came down from the heights of glory to talk with one of God's humble handmaids, to open up mysteries of past and future ages, and to give instruction, counsel, and encouragement for His remnant church who have the "testimony of Jesus," which is "the spirit of prophecy." ([Revelation 12:17](#); [19:10](#).)

## Chapter 13—The Train Wreck

[93]

“Draw your carriages close to the schoolhouse. The speakers will stand at the open window so that you people outside can hear.” The ministers were directing traffic. The little schoolhouse at Locke, Michigan, was crowded, even beyond the door.

Many people were sitting in their carriages outside. Others who had come on horseback sat on the grass. All were eager to hear what the Adventist preachers had to say.

John Loughborough, Merritt Cornell, and my grandparents were making a preaching tour through Michigan, where Elders Bates and Cornell had raised up several companies of Sabbathkeepers. Because announcements of the meetings had been printed in the *Review*, the preachers must be sure to reach every appointment on time. In order to do this they had to separate at times, some filling one appointment and some another. Whenever possible they traveled by train or steamer. But since there were few railroads at that time, much of their traveling still had to be done by wagon or carriage.

In order to reach Locke, Elders Loughborough and Cornell had to journey fifty miles with horse and wagon over corduroy roads. To understand why they had taken a sturdy farm wagon instead of a more comfortable carriage, let's read a description of these corduroy roads by Arthur Spalding: “To make the road firm the road builders used to lay logs crosswise on it close together. Over these they would pile earth and muck from the swamp. This was called a corduroy road. But in wet weather much of this earth would be carried away or be washed down between the logs, so that it would leave great bumps and hollows. And sometimes a poor log would rot out, and leave a bigger hole than ever. The people called these holes ‘thank-you-ma’ams.’ That was a cheerful way of meeting them; for when, riding over the broken corduroy road in a wagon, they would go bump, bump, bumpity-bump, and away down k-plunk, until their bones cracked and their teeth snapped, then instead of scolding and complaining, they would screw their faces into wry smiles, and

[94]

murmur pleasantly, ‘Thank-you-ma’am,’ as though the road had done them a favor.”—*Pioneer Stories*, pp. 217, 218.

On Monday after the meeting the ministers left. And believe it or not, that ride in the lumbering old farm wagon over those rough roads was *a real joyride*. What did it matter if the travelers were shaken till their teeth rattled? People were really coming to hear the message. Nothing could bring them greater joy.

“But what shall we do for places in which to preach?” Elder Cornell asked. “We can’t go on forever using private homes and barns, shops and schoolhouses. We must have our own places, and we must have larger ones.”

“Why couldn’t we use a tent? Remember those tents that were used during Adventist camp meetings back in 1844?” suggested Elder Loughborough.

[95] “Why not? That would be just the thing,” Elder White agreed. “Perhaps by another year we can raise money to buy a big tent. It would provide a large enough meetinghouse, and we could take it with us wherever we needed it.” “If the plan is a good one for next year, why not for this year?” Elder Cornell asked. “Let’s get a tent at once!”

At Sylvan the party stopped at the home of Charles Glover to find out what he thought of the plan. “That’s what I think of it,” he said, reaching into his pocket and handing the men \$35.

At Jackson, a little farther on, they found Dan Palmer, Cyrenius Smith, and J. P. Kellogg, all bighearted men. They contributed liberally.

“How much do you think the tent will cost?” asked Mr. Kellogg.

“I happen to know that at Rochester there’s a fair-sized assembly tent for sale. It has been used a few times by two First-day Adventist preachers. I think we could get it for \$200,” Elder Cornell said.

“Good,” said Kellogg. “Haven’t we nearly that amount on hand now?” They counted the cash, \$140. Mr. Kellogg made up the deficit—a loan till it should come in from other contributors. Elder Cornell was off to Rochester on the next train.

Elders White and Loughborough walked back to the Palmer home, where they and Mrs. White spent the afternoon. The Whites were to take the evening train for Wisconsin. Before leaving the

house, they had prayer. Everyone around the circle felt impressed to pray that the Whites might have a safe journey.

Elder Loughborough accompanied them to the train, helping them with their parcels. They entered a coach with high-backed chairs, called the sleeping car.

Mrs. White sat down, but at once exclaimed, "James, I can't stay in this car! I must get out of here!" Elder Loughborough helped them move to the next car behind. As he bade them good-bye, the bell rang and the train started. They had gone only about three miles when the coaches began to jerk violently. Then they stopped moving altogether. Opening a window, the Whites looked out. One coach was standing on end beside the track. Another was crushed, and pieces of it lay scattered about. Injured passengers were lying amid the wreckage, groaning and crying for help. Up and down the track people were running in confusion. The trainmen gathered pieces of the broken coach and made a fire to warn another passenger train which was due in a few minutes. [96]

James White picked up his wife and carried her across a swampy piece of land to a wagon road. Following the road about half a mile, they came to a house and told the people what had happened. Quickly the farmer harnessed a horse and sent a messenger to Jackson for physicians. Elder White went with the messenger, leaving his wife at the farmhouse.

In the city James went to the home of Cyrenius Smith. The next morning Mr. Smith sent a team with James to bring Ellen to the Smith home. After breakfast they drove to the scene of the accident and learned its cause.

At a road crossing a large ox had lain down on the track. The engine hit the ox, and was thrown off the rails. It ran into the embankment, striking a large oak stump and overturning on the track. The fast-moving cars in the rear piled up on top of the engine. Several passengers were seriously injured, and four were killed.

The coach which James and Ellen had first entered was shattered. One end was raised above the heap of ruins. They went back to look at the car in which they had been riding. It was separated from the wrecked cars and stood alone about a hundred feet from the one in front of it. How had their car become uncoupled from the others? When they asked the brakeman, he could not tell them. He said, [97]

“It is a complete mystery how that car became detached from the cars ahead.” The big bolt with its chain attached lay unbroken on the platform of the car the Whites had occupied, just as if someone had unfastened it and laid it there.

Not one of the trainmen could explain it. But to James and Ellen White it was no mystery. They were sure God had answered their prayers by sending an angel to uncouple their car. There was no other answer. Their box of books and tracts for distribution at the Wisconsin meeting was also undamaged.

In a few hours the wreckage was cleared from the tracks and trains were running on schedule. They took the next one for their Wisconsin appointment.

And what about the tent that Elder Cornell went to Rochester to purchase? Three weeks to the day after the Sunday meeting at Locke, that tent stood on a lot in Battle Creek, complete with seats, platform, and pulpit, ready for use by the young preachers Loughborough and Cornell.

From that time on, canvas churches came more and more into use in Adventist evangelism. As soon as the winter snows melted, the gospel messengers were out holding meetings. Usually they would preach four or five nights in one place. Then pulling up stakes, they moved to another town, where they would hold a few meetings, earnestly endeavoring to arouse the people to study the prophecies about Jesus’ second coming and the Sabbath reform. They passed out hundreds of tracts and took the names of all who wished to receive the *Review* or *Instructor*. The field was being sown with gospel seed.

[98] A few weeks after the Whites returned to Rochester, another  
[99] baby came to join the family. He was named William Clarence. Now there were three little boys in the home. Elder White’s sister, Anna, lived with them and helped with the office work. Aunt Anna enjoyed nothing better than holding and cuddling little Willie. But she had tuberculosis! Ellen knew that it was not safe for the baby to be with her. How could she get Willie away from Anna without hurting her feelings?

One day, finding Anna with the baby in her arms, Ellen slyly pinched Willie. He immediately set up a howl of protest. “I guess he wants his mother,” said Ellen.

“Yes, I guess he does,” agreed Anna, handing the baby over.

The young mother gladly took Willie from Aunt Anna and carried him into another room.

Although the trick was often repeated, Anna never caught on.

## Chapter 14—“Willie’s Drowned!”

“These spring nights are chilly. I hope our guests bring blankets with them.” Clarissa was speaking to Jenny as they set up cots in the bedrooms and the living room of the White home. There was to be an important meeting, and the *Review* had printed notices that the friends in Battle Creek, Michigan, would entertain all who came. The Whites were expecting a houseful of guests.

The publishing office had been moved from Rochester, and the Whites now lived at Battle Creek. The Adventists in Michigan had invited Elder White to bring the publishing work to their state, and they had promised to build a printing office. So the publishing business had moved to Battle Creek.

James and Ellen White lived in a small house with their three little boys and their two faithful helpers, Clarissa Bonfoey and Jenny Fraser.

On this particular afternoon everyone was bustling around getting ready to entertain the guests who were expected the next day. The women were cleaning house, Henry and Edson were raking the yard, and baby Willie, now twenty-two months old, was playing about, getting in everybody’s way and enjoying the excitement as much as his older brothers.

The rough board kitchen floor had been scrubbed, and a tub of dirty suds was left sitting in the middle of the room. As Jenny passed by on her way to gather chips for starting the cookstove fire, she noticed the baby standing beside the tub.

“What are you doing, Willie?” she asked.

“Sticky boaty! Sticky boaty!” chirruped the little fellow, pushing a small wooden pail around in the water with a stick.

Coming back up the steps a few minutes later, Jenny thought of the baby. Where was he? She hurried into the kitchen, where she heard a gurgling sound.

A tiny foot was sticking out of the water! She snatched it, pulled the baby out, and ran screaming to find his mother.

“Willie’s drowned! He’s drowned! He’s drowned!” she shrieked.

Mrs. White came running from the front room and met her in the doorway. “Jenny, was the water hot or cold?”

“He’s drowned! He’s drowned! He’s dead! He’s dead!” the girl kept screaming.

Mrs. White seized Jenny by the shoulders and, shaking her vigorously, asked, “Jenny Fraser, tell me, was the water hot or cold?”

“Cold,” gasped the terrified Jenny.

“Then give the child to me. You send for the doctor and call James.”

“Run for the doctor! Run for the doctor!” the girl shouted to a young man standing nearby. He began to run. Jenny followed, slapping him on the back and shoulders and shouting, “Run! Run! Run!”

By this time Mrs. White was in the front yard with Willie. Using a pair of scissors she had snatched up as she ran, she cut away his clothes. As she rolled him over and over on the grass, quantities of dirty water poured from his nose and mouth. She continued rolling the little body. James White arrived and stood silently praying and watching as the minutes ticked by. Ellen lifted Willie and looked for signs of life. There were none. She laid him down and rolled him again. More water trickled from his mouth.

[102]

Neighbors gathered and stood with sad, pitying faces, watching the mother’s efforts. Fifteen minutes passed, and still Willie’s condition was apparently hopeless.

“How dreadful to see her handling that dead child!” said one woman. “Somebody take that dead baby away from her.”

“You let her have her baby!” retorted James White with unusual emphasis. “She knows what she’s about.”

Twenty agonizing minutes passed, during which Mrs. White saw no signs of life. She lifted the limp form and held his cheek against hers. She kissed the cold lips. What did she see? The flicker of an eyelid, a slight pucker of the lips?

“I believe he’s trying to return my kiss!” she cried. “There must be life! There is life! There is life!”

She carried the limp form into the house. “Jenny, quick! Bring some cloths and heat them.” Ellen wrapped the hot cloths around Willie’s cold body, changing them frequently. She held him up

again, close to her face. “He’s breathing! He’s breathing! *My baby’s alive!*” And she hugged him to her. “Thank God! Thank God!” she said over and over. Tears of joy ran down her cheeks.

Preparations for the visitors continued the rest of the day without my grandmother’s help. Not once did she let Willie out of her arms, for although he was now breathing naturally, she knew he was not  
[103] entirely out of danger. If Grandma White were here today I know  
[104] what I’d do. I’d put my arms around her neck and whisper in her ear, “Dear Grandma, I’m so glad you didn’t get discouraged working over that little drowned baby.” You see, when he grew up he had a baby girl of his own, and I was that baby girl. And I think the children and grandchildren of my six brothers and sisters would say, “We’re glad too!”

The conference opened Friday afternoon in the newly built meetinghouse. It was so crowded that the congregation had to move into a large tent pitched nearby. The little church measured only eighteen by twenty-four feet, and it was built of boards battened up and down. The seats were plain wooden benches with straight backs, and the floor was of wide, rough unpainted boards. But the members were glad to have their own church building.

The visitors were happy for another reason, too. They had been shown a small two-story office building where the *Review* was being printed, and some new machinery that could stitch, trim, bind, and do many other jobs in a fraction of the time it had taken by hand. And they heard plans for replacing the Washington handpress with a new power press.

The conference heard reports from the ministers who had brought news of companies of Sabbathkeepers springing up throughout the country. These humble ministers were not elegantly dressed. They had little money for clothes, for in those days there were no conference treasurers sending out monthly paychecks. The message was carried by workers who volunteered to labor without wages and to support themselves and their families on whatever offerings the people might give. Some worked on neighboring farms or in shops on weekdays, and preached in the evenings and on Sabbaths and  
[105] Sundays. These traveling preachers were often absent from home for weeks at a time. Wherever they were working, they slept and ate in the homes of the people. At the close of the first evening lecture

in a new place, someone in the audience was almost sure to step up to the preacher and say, “Come home with me, brother; you’re welcome to share our humble fare as long as you are holding these meetings.” If no one offered, the preacher himself might inquire if there was someone in the audience who could give him shelter. When he left for another place, his host would likely hand him a dollar or two to help pay expenses along the way.

At the close of the Battle Creek conference session on Sunday a testimony meeting was held. Songs of praise rang through the tent. Cheer shone from every face as, one after another, the members stood and pledged to make God’s work first in their lives.

Among those present were J. P. Kellogg, Dan Palmer, Cyrenius Smith, and Henry Lion, who had given \$300 each toward building the printing office. The church members promised to support the publishing work so that James White would never again have to borrow money to keep the papers and tracts going out to the people.

The publishing enterprise was becoming self-supporting. The *Review* was now printed weekly, and a subscription price of two dollars a year was charged for it. Books were also being printed and sold. From this time on the ministers who had been distributing tracts and pamphlets free of charge would sell them whenever possible. So the Review family voted themselves a wage of five dollars a week. The future looked bright. Two years later a power press was installed!

## Chapter 15—The First “White House”

James and Ellen White were happy to be living alone with their three boys, Henry, Edson, and Willie, and their two helpers. But the house was small for the amount of entertaining they did. Ministers and workers were always welcome, and there would often be overnight visitors—people they had met on their travels. When these new friends attended meetings in Battle Creek or looked for a permanent home there, they often stayed with my grandparents.

Seeing their need of a larger house, the bighearted men who had contributed so generously to building the Review office and church, now after two years were ready to help Elder White secure a home of his own. An uncleared plot of ground not far from the Review office was purchased at a very low price; and kind friends offered to clear the land and help James build a house. They knew he had little money, for in his efforts to keep down the printing expenses, he drew less than half pay for his labors.

Soon after the Whites moved into their new home, Jonah Lewis, a Sabbathkeeper who had built on an adjoining lot, dug a well which he shared with the neighbors.

On the lot belonging to the Whites, there was space for a vegetable garden, a cow shelter and haymow, and a stable for the two horses and a carriage. On the northeast side of the lot a small grove of young oaks had been reserved for a quiet place where one could be alone to think and pray. There was also a playground for the boys. Here they had many good times when their help was not needed in planting the garden, carrying water, gathering and chopping firewood for the cookstove, or helping about the house. Mrs. White had her writing table near the window, where she could enjoy their fun by occasionally looking out and watching them.

A twelve-foot lean-to was built on the south side of the house for the boys' room. Later, a larger addition was made on the north side, and Mrs. White's parents, Robert and Eunice Harmon, were invited to live with them. When the old people moved to a cottage of

their own, the vacated room was occupied by John and Betsy White, parents of Elder White. Grandfather White set up a bench in one end of his long room and worked several hours a day at his favorite occupation, mending shoes.

For a time after coming to live in Battle Creek, James's father was perplexed over the Sabbath question. He saw that the Scriptures clearly taught the observance of the seventh day, but he had enjoyed so many special blessings on Sunday that it was difficult to relinquish his reverence for that day. So for a time he observed both Saturday and Sunday.

One Sunday morning Willie found him at his workbench, pegging shoes. "Oh, Grandpa," he exclaimed, "don't you know what day this is? It's Sunday."

"Yes, Willie," the old man answered, "but I have decided that one Sabbath each week is enough, and I shall from this time on observe the Sabbath of the fourth commandment."

This comfortable cottage near the Review office was the first home the White family ever owned, and how they enjoyed it! And how thankful they were to the dear friends who had helped them to obtain it! They were also happy to have all four grandparents near.

[108]

The day's program for the family began with breakfast at six thirty, although the cook was usually up by five. Sometimes when Mrs. White came to the table, she would have in her hand six, eight, or more pages which she had written while the others were sleeping. They might ask her to read to them a little of what she had written.

Family worship came immediately after breakfast, with song, Scripture reading, and prayer. The worship hour was observed as regularly as the time for breakfast and dinner. When Elder White was away, Mrs. White conducted the worship; and when both parents were absent, the one in charge of the home led out.

After worship Elder White would leave for the office. "Come, children," the mother would say, "let's work in the garden," and they would spend a few hours together, planting seeds in flower beds or setting out plants and cuttings. On cold or rainy days they worked indoors together.

Then Mrs. White devoted three or four hours to writing. Sometimes she would take her work over to the Review office, where she

could be near her husband and where she could give a hand when there was extra work folding, wrapping, or addressing papers.

[109] There were no idle moments for Ellen White. With all her writing and public work, and her family to care for, besides the many guests, she found it necessary to hire help in the home. It seems that neither Clarissa nor Jenny was with them when they moved to their new house. Clarissa had never been very strong. Then one day a short but serious illness took her life. She was greatly missed, for she had always been a "loving and lovable Christian."

For several months Agnes Irving, a seventeen-year-old girl, helped with the housework. She had four younger brothers and sisters, and her father was an invalid. One day her mother came to the White home in great trouble. Mr. Irving was seriously ill and could earn nothing, and the family was in need of both food and clothing. Agnes insisted that her mother take all her wages for ten weeks, except one dollar, which she reserved for herself. The mother cried as she accepted the money, thinking of the self-sacrifice and love represented by the gift. Agnes cried with the anxious mother, and Ellen cried in sympathy with them both. The entry for that day in Ellen's little black diary ends with these words:

"We aided them some. Paid half toward a pair of boots for little brother, one dollar. I paid \$1.50 for a pair of shoes for the mother. Husband gave one dollar in money. Henry gave her ten cents, Edson ten cents, and little Willie ten cents. Husband gave her 25 cents more to buy a little luxury for the sick one. We parted with considerable half-worn clothing to make over, put up one pint of rich (unfermented) grape wine and another pint of currant, and sent a little handful of dried apples for the sick one."

Her diary for this period abounds with similar recordings, which show that their gifts, though of necessity often small, came from loving hearts. Even the three boys were glad to share their hoarded pennies to help those in need.

[110] There was order in the White home. Each of the boys had tasks which he was expected to perform without being reminded. Discipline was firm, but kind. My father told me that he could never remember being punished in anger. He remembered one switching, but it was preceded by a very serious talk and prayer. Sometimes, when there was disobedience or neglect of duty, Mrs. White would

say, "Now, boys, we'll let the matter rest for the present; tonight we'll talk things over and see what can be done." The solemn thoughts that occupied the minds of the culprits during the intervening hours subdued their spirits and prepared them to profit by whatever reproof or correction they received that night.

On Sabbath afternoons Adventist families sometimes came together at the White home. Whether the parents were present or not, the precious time would be spent talking over their Christian experiences, praying for one another and for the work of God, and singing hymns.

Whenever Mrs. White had a quiet Sabbath afternoon to spend with the children, she would read to them, and sometimes their little friends in the neighborhood were invited in to enjoy the story hour. She searched children's books and Sunday School journals for choice stories. Years later, Willie's wife, my mother, gathered some of these stories into a collection which was published in a book called *Sabbath Readings for the Home Circle*.

Many times Ellen White had to leave her children in the care of someone else while she traveled to speak at camp meetings and other gatherings. To be separated from her family was hard, but she made the best of the situation by writing letters to her boys often. Here is a letter she wrote to Willie when he was five years old:

"Dear Little Willie:

"Have you received the letters I have written you?

"I will tell you what I saw last Wednesday. The fire companies were out with red caps and red uniforms; the officers had plumes in their caps. Then I saw in an alley, looking out at the firemen, a poor deformed lame man. He was sitting in a little carriage, and what do you think was drawing him! It was not a dog or horse, but a goat harnessed up just like a little horse. I thought if Willie had seen this, it would have pleased him so much. Think of a goat drawing a wagon with a man in it!

[111]

"Willie, I am now visiting where there are two little boys, not as large as you are, and two little girl babies. The little boys and girls are cousins. They are very pretty little children. You would love to play with them if you were here.

“We hope Willie is well and happy. You must try hard to be good. Don’t please Satan by giving way to wrong temper, but remember, he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.

“You must tell grandpa and grandma that we do not forget them, but often think of them and speak of them to our friends. You must try, Willie, to make grandpa and grandma happy. Don’t grieve them by being noisy and rude, but be quiet and mild, gentle; then they will love you. Mind Jenny and try to please her. Be a sweet little boy.

“From your mother”

## Chapter 16—What Happened at a Funeral

[112]

While James and Ellen White were traveling, they found a company of forty new Sabbathkeepers in a small settlement called Lovett's Grove, Ohio. They had been attending Bible lectures held by Evangelist George Holt in a schoolhouse.

On Sunday afternoon a funeral was held for a youth well known in the community, and Elder White was asked to preach the sermon. When he had finished, Mrs. White arose to say a few comforting words. She spoke of the coming of Jesus and the resurrection. While telling of the joyous reunion of loved ones in heaven, she paused, and her listeners looked up, wondering why she had stopped. They noticed that the expression on her face had changed. Instead of looking at those seated before her, she was gazing upward, as if seeing something in the distance.

Then they heard, in a rich, musical voice, the shout, "Glory to God!" Again the same words, as full of melody as before, yet lower and softer, "Glory to God!" And a third time, as if coming from a distance, "Glory to God!"

James White spoke. "My wife is in heavenly vision. If any of you wish to come forward and examine her, you may do so." She had become weak, as usual when entering into vision, and at this moment was leaning backward supported by her husband's arm.

Several persons stepped up near Mrs. White. One of them bent over her and exclaimed, "She's not breathing; I can't hear the slightest breath or feel any movement of her lungs."

[113]

"Is her heart beating?"

"Yes, there's a strong, even pulse. But how strange that she doesn't breathe!"

"This is her usual condition in vision," Elder White explained.

Just then Mrs. White stood up and took a step forward, a radiant smile lighting her face. She seemed to be gazing intently at some scene far away. A man stepped to her side, thinking to steady her. But the weakness of the moment before was gone. Her body was

filled with strength. No one could direct her motions, though in appearance they seemed easy and graceful.

The people seated at the school desks watched in awed silence. Now and then they caught a word, perhaps a sentence, an exclamation, or a question. Whisperings were heard around the room. “Hush, she must be talking with someone!”

Now they were asking questions, and James White was answering them.

“She is conversing with her accompanying angel. Often she has described him as a tall, majestic-appearing young man with a beautiful countenance and a musical voice. In these visions she is carried away in mind and is shown many things which those around her cannot see. At times she is given a view of events taking place at a distance. Or she may see things which happened long ago, or which are still in the future. Sometimes she seems to be in heaven, talking with Jesus and the angels.”

[114] A pause, then a whisper that was clearly heard in the awed silence of the room, “Heaven is near, very near!” Softly another person said, “It seems as if we are listening at the open gate of heaven. If only we could catch a glimpse of the glory within, and hear the angel voices!”

Again Elder White spoke: “Yes, Jesus has sent His angel direct from His throne to assure us that all His promises are true. The wonderful prophecies you have been studying here in this little schoolhouse were confirmed ages ago in the same way, by heavenly vision. They all tell the same story: Jesus is coming back to this earth to bring an end to sin and sorrow and to set up His everlasting kingdom of righteousness and joy and peace.”

His words were interrupted by a startled whisper. “What can she be looking at now? It must be something terrible! See! She is wringing her hands as if in distress; and the expression of anguish on her face—what can it mean?”

Elder White answered quietly, “It must be that Mrs. White is looking at scenes of great suffering!”

Breathlessly everyone waited and watched. What could be causing her such grief?

After a time the anxious, troubled look left her face and a pleased expression took its place.

“Evidently the scene now before her is a joyous one,” said Elder White. “How glad we can be to know that God still speaks to His people today!”

The gloom had lifted. The coffin at the front of the room was for the time forgotten. It was now late afternoon. The watching company saw a change come over Ellen White. For two hours she had not drawn a breath, but now she took a full, deep inhalation as if filling her lungs for the first time. After a brief pause there was another deep breath, then another.

She began to notice the people around her. They had gathered close to her and were asking what she had seen in the vision. But she did not wish to talk, she said—not just yet. It was a solemn time! [115]

The coffin was borne to the burying ground, and relatives and close friends left the school for this part of the service. Some of the people remained, hoping that Mrs. White would tell them what she had seen in the vision. She described some of the scenes just presented to her, and they listened with special attention. As the company separated to go home, some walking, others on horseback or in carriages, the words could be heard, “We have seen strange things today!” “Can we ever doubt that Jesus lives and that He’s coming again to take us to our heavenly home?”

On Tuesday the Whites left for Battle Creek. They talked happily of their three little boys from whom they had been separated for three weeks. As the train bumped along, Ellen told her husband more about the vision, adding, “As soon as I get some very important letters written, I’ll begin to write it out.”

“And we’ll print it in a little book,” her husband added, “and send it out through the mail.”

At Jackson, Michigan, they stopped to visit their old friends the Palmers. Mr. Palmer took James outside to look around his garden while the two women visited. Suddenly in the middle of a sentence Ellen felt a strange sensation in her mouth. Her tongue seemed thick and numb. She could not pronounce the words she was trying to speak. A chill passed over her head and down her right side, and she knew nothing more until she heard the two men praying for her. She looked around and tried to rise, but fell back helpless. Lying motionless for a long time, she wondered, Will I ever see my little boys? Henry, Edson, Willie, if I could only see you once more! “A [116]

stroke! a severe stroke!” she heard the men say. But they continued to pray. After a time she made another effort to rise. With her husband’s assistance she was able to stand and move around a little.

In the morning the Palmers said, “Elder White, you must not think of continuing your journey today. Stay with us awhile, until your wife becomes stronger.”

When it was time to go to the station, James White took a long look at his little wife, who was struggling with the greatest difficulty to sit up.

“What shall we do, Ellen?” he asked. She had suffered much pain during the night, but her answer came without hesitation, “Tell Brother and Sister Palmer that we will go on.”

With her husband’s support, she painfully made her way to the carriage and was lifted in. Soon they were on the train for the two-hour ride to Battle Creek. For weeks after reaching home my grandmother could not take one step alone, nor could she feel the coldest water poured on her head. Yet she could not forget the command of the angel to write the vision and publish it.

She called for writing material while her side was still paralyzed. Trying with all her strength, she managed to write a few sentences and the first day completed one page.

“I will not give up!” she declared. “I was warned that Satan would try to prevent my writing out the vision because it exposes his secret plans to deceive people and lead them to destruction. But I have been promised that angels will strengthen me.”

[117]

Ellen White battled on, each day accomplishing a little more than the day before. By the time the vision was written out and printed, the effect of the stroke had disappeared, and she was in her usual health. The vision filled a book of 219 pages and sold for fifty cents. It told of the beginnings of sin and sorrow, first in heaven, then in the Garden of Eden. It revealed how the Son of God offered to die in the place of sinners. It showed His battles here on this earth with His great enemy, Satan, who finally led wicked men to nail Him to the cross.

She described the interest shown by angels and the inhabitants of unfallen worlds in God’s great plan for saving men, and the wonder of the entire universe at God’s unspeakable love in giving His own Son to save a race of rebels. She told of their joy when Christ arose

to life and returned to heaven, having conquered Satan, sin, and death. She pictured the joyous welcome He received as He returned to His Father's home amid the shouts and praises of millions of shining angels.

Later, Mrs. White added a brief history of God's people from the time when sin entered the world to the time when it will be uprooted forever. This wonderful story, as she wrote it more fully in later years, fills five large volumes, called *The Conflict of the Ages Series*. These books have been translated and published in many languages and are read by millions of people. They explain many of the mysteries connected with the great battle between Christ and His holy angels on one side, and Satan and his evil angels on the other.

## Chapter 17—A Dangerous Crossing on Ice

It was midnight. Ellen White stood at the window, looking out into the darkness. She was hoping and praying that the rain would stop before it melted the snow.

The Whites had been holding meetings with a new company of Sabbathkeepers in Round Grove, Illinois. Now the meetings were over. The two preachers, Josiah Hart and Elon Everts, who had been giving Bible lectures there, had promised to take my grandparents on a trip to Waukon, Iowa. Preparations had been made to start the following day, but falling rain was fast melting the snow, making sleighing impossible.

“It looks as though we shall have to give up the trip,” James said. And why not? Why make a two-hundred-mile journey by open sleigh in midwinter? The reason was that Ellen had been shown in vision that the Adventists in Waukon needed help, and she must go to them as soon as possible.

About the time when the Review family moved from Rochester to Battle Creek, John Andrews’ father left his rocky farm in Maine and moved west. He wrote back to his friends, “Come and join us. Land is cheap, and there is plenty of timber. You can build homes for yourselves and get a new start in life, and you can carry the Sabbath [119] truth to the people here who have never heard it.” Before long there was quite an Adventist colony in Waukon.

Worn out with constant studying, writing, and preaching, John Andrews gladly accepted an offer to come to Waukon and clerk in his uncle’s grocery. After his arrival he wrote for his friend John Loughborough to come. Loughborough was discouraged. For several years he had been preaching while trying to support himself and his wife on the slim offerings given him. This was his opportunity, he thought, to make a little money. He hurried to Waukon, bought a set of tools, and began earning regular wages as a carpenter.

That night in the Hart home Ellen White slept fitfully. She was thinking of how much these two young men were needed in God’s

work. If only their faith could hold out a little longer! Men of means were accepting the message and beginning to support the Review office. Soon they would be able to help the young preachers. These two workers must be brought back.

Before retiring that night, Mr. Hart asked, "Sister White, what about the trip to Waukon?"

"We shall go!" she answered.

"Yes," he replied. "If the Lord works a miracle, we shall go."

Many times during the night she stood at the window watching for the miracle to happen. About daybreak snow began to fall, and it continued all day. This was the miracle they were praying for. By late afternoon there was sufficient snow for sleighing, and the group decided to start.

We are not told where they stopped that first night or whether they stopped at all. The following evening they reached a family of Adventists in Green Vale and spent the night with them. The next morning the roads were blocked by heavy snowdrifts, and they were compelled to wait several days. Even when they did start, they had to stop often and dig through deep drifts. [120]

At last they were only a few miles from the Mississippi River. About four o'clock in the morning they heard the sound of rain on the roof of their hotel. At that time there was no bridge across the river. They would have to cross on the ice. And now rain was falling on that ice, making it soft and weak.

Before daybreak they were up and on their way, knowing that every hour of rainfall increased the danger of the crossing. The horses broke through the snow crust at almost every step. As they passed people on the way, Mr. Hart stopped and asked, "How about the river? Will the ice hold us up?" The responses gave little encouragement. "I wouldn't try it for all the money in the world," said one. And another, "They say one team broke through the ice, and the driver nearly lost his life."

The travelers reached the riverbank. Standing up in the sleigh, Mr. Hart asked, "Is it on to Iowa, or back to Illinois? We have come to the Red Sea. Shall we cross?"

Without hesitation, Mrs. White answered, "Go forward, trusting in Israel's God."

Mr. Hart drove cautiously onto the ice, which was covered by a foot of water and melting snow. Everyone in the sleigh was praying. The ice held!

[121] As the sleigh ascended the opposite bank, a cheer went up from the men standing along the river's edge. They had expected every moment to see the team break through. Praises ascended to God from those in the sleigh. Had they taken such a risk on their own responsibility, they could not have claimed the protection of Heaven. But, going at God's bidding, they could trust Him to keep them safe. On Friday they stopped at a hotel to rest over the Sabbath. In the evening when they gathered in the parlor to sing hymns, the hotel guests came in and nearly filled the room. Mr. Everts hung up his chart and gave a Bible study. As the party was leaving, the hotelkeeper said, "Stop again on your way home and hold another meeting with us."

The weather turned bitterly cold. Riding in the open sleigh, the travelers watched the faces of their companions. Occasionally someone would exclaim, "I see a white spot on your cheek; you'd better rub it with snow."

On the last day of the journey Ellen White wrote in a letter home: "Here we are, fourteen miles this side of Waukon. We are all quite well. Have had quite a tedious time thus far. Yesterday for miles there was no track. Our horses had to plow through snow, very deep, but on we came...."

"Oh, such fare as we have had on this journey! Last Monday we could get no decent food, and tasted not a morsel with the exception of a small apple from morn till night. We have most of the time kept very comfortable, but it is the bitterest cold weather we ever experienced.

"Last night we slept in an unfurnished chamber where there was an opening for the stovepipe, running through the top of the house, a large space, big enough for a couple of cats to jump out of." The cold wind blew in through that large opening.

The company at Waukon were amazed to see their visitors. No one had thought it possible for anybody to make the journey from Illinois in such weather. John Loughborough was working on a store building when he heard Brother Everts call, "Come down, John!

Brother and Sister White and Brother Hart are here to see you.” He clambered down the ladder and stood beside the sleigh.

[122]

Looking at him, Mrs. White asked solemnly, “What doest thou here, Elijah?”

“I’m doing carpentry work with Brother Mead,” John Loughborough answered.

Mrs. White’s voice was more solemn than before. “What doest thou here, Elijah?”

John dropped his head.

A third time Mrs. White said, “What doest thou here, Elijah?” There was nothing John could say.

On the night before Christmas all the Adventist families in Waukon met in the Andrews home. For a week meetings were held every night. The group studied the message to the Laodicean church, the last Christian church on earth before Jesus comes. They had thought that the rebuke it contained was intended only for the churches that had rejected the message of Jesus’ soon coming. But now they saw that they themselves also were “lukewarm,” that they were “wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.”

They realized that many among them who had taught the truth very earnestly in times past were now forgetting to share their faith with neighbors. When talking with other Waukon settlers, they had much to say about their farms and the houses they were building. But they said little about the glorious new earth and the mansions Jesus was building for them over there.

Now they remembered the old times when they had been on fire for God. Many wept aloud. Jesus saw how sad they were and sent them a message of cheer. In one of the evening meetings, Ellen White was given a vision, during which she slowly and solemnly repeated the words, “Return unto Me, and I will return unto you. I will heal your backslidings and love you freely. Tear down the rubbish from the door of your hearts and open the door, and I will come in and sup with you and you with Me.” The words reminded the repentant group that God still loved them, and everyone felt encouraged.

[123]

Mary Loughborough stood up and said, “Brother and Sister White, I thought we had gotten where you could not find us; but I am glad you have come. I have sinned, and I have made my husband

to sin. God forgive me! I clear away the rubbish. I open the door of my heart. Lord Jesus, come in!"

One of the men confessed that at times there had been so much farm work that he had used the sacred Sabbath hours for weekday toil. Another said he had cut down his offerings because he had wanted more money to invest in land. One after another the members made wrongs right and asked forgiveness for unkind things they had said and done.

Mrs. Loughborough stepped to her husband's side. "John," she said, "I complained because you were away preaching so much of the time and I was left at home alone. Forgive me! Go back, trusting in God, and do His work."

"I have laid down my hammer and driven the last nail," her husband answered.

John Andrews also renewed his promise to return to the special work to which God had called him.

The meeting continued till midnight. At ten o'clock in the morning, the Adventists met for seven more hours without even stopping for lunch.

[124]

During the meetings one brother prayed especially for his son, who had denied any faith in the Bible. The father's prayer was answered. A short time afterward, as that young man was traveling by steamer along the Mississippi, he was detained at a place called Rock Island. He went ashore. With nothing else to do, he began to think seriously. Was there really a God? How could he know? Then he heard a voice speaking in real words that he could hear with his ears, "Believe the Bible; it is the Word of God." At once he answered aloud, "Yes, Lord, I will."

Back at the ship he knelt in his cabin and gave his heart to God. After that he returned home and helped with the farming, at the same time giving Bible lectures and holding studies with his neighbors. Later he became a full-time minister. That young man was George I. Butler, who for many years was president of the General Conference.

When the Waukon company waved good-bye to their visitors from Illinois, tears were falling. Every one of them had pledged to make God first in all things. Never again would they allow the "cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches" to hide His face from them.

John Loughborough returned with the Whites, forsaking his carpentry work with its good wages and not knowing what lay before him. He was willing to go anywhere and do anything for Christ.

Starting with the others on the two-hundred-mile journey through storm and cold, he was thinking not of himself, but of Mary, his wife. Bravely she must now face the hardships of pioneer life without his companionship and help. During the remainder of the winter he spent much time visiting scattered believers. In a few months Mary joined him. For a time they traveled and worked with Elder and Mrs. White. During the summers Elder Loughborough would go out with a tent, conducting evangelistic meetings in new places.

John Andrews remained in Waukon until he had regained his health. Then he came back again into God's work. Never again did any difficulties cause either of these men to leave the gospel service.

[125]

As the sleigh sped homeward over the snow, Elder White said, "I feel many times repaid for facing the prairie winds and storms." His companions drew their overcoats closer around them and tucked in their lap robes. Truly, God had blessed them. His love warmed their hearts.

## Chapter 18—The Preacher was a Thief

[126]

[127]

During the winter of 1849-1850 James and Ellen White held meetings with Adventists in Oswego, New York.

A young man named Hiram Patch and his sweetheart were attending these meetings. They were soon to be married. Both had decided to lay the right foundation for their new home by becoming Christians and joining a church. But which church should they join?

While trying to decide, they were persuaded to attend some revival meetings being conducted by the county treasurer in one of the city churches. He seemed to have a great burden for the unconverted, often wringing his hands in distress as he prayed for sinners.

Hiram Patch and his fiancée were uncertain whether to join the big church where this treasurer preached or the little company of Sabbathkeepers meeting in a home.

During a meeting of these Sabbathkeepers, while Hiram was present, Ellen White was given a vision. Her attention was directed to [Hosea 5:7](#): “They have dealt treacherously against the Lord.” She was told that these words applied to the people who were conducting the revival meetings in the church.

[128] After the vision she said to Hiram Patch, “Wait a month, and you will know for yourself the character of these persons.” Hiram replied, “I will wait.”

Within two weeks the county treasurer became acutely ill while praying in a meeting. He was taken home and put to bed. The county sheriff and a constable were appointed to take over the affairs of the treasurer’s office during his absence.

While checking the account books, they found a shortage of \$1,000. They did not want to believe that this man, so earnest in conducting revivals, could be guilty of stealing. He might have paid it out in some business transaction or deposited it in the bank and neglected to make an entry in the books, they reasoned. So they decided to call on him and give him a chance to explain.

But they agreed to be cautious; for if he had taken the money, he would surely try to conceal the theft. It was arranged that one man should watch at the back of the house while the other entered at the front. Accordingly, the constable hid himself in a shed near the back door while the sheriff knocked on the front door. Almost immediately the constable saw a woman come out the back door with a sack in her hand. He watched her go quickly to a snowbank, dig a hole, deposit the sack, and cover it.

The sheriff chatted a moment with the sick man, then told him of the perplexity at the office, suggesting that probably he could explain the difficulty. The treasurer became excited, raised his hand to heaven, and said, "I call God to witness that I know nothing about the money."

Just then his wife entered the bedroom. "What's the matter? Why are you so excited?" she asked.

"They think we have their money."

The wife also raised her hand and said, "God is my witness that we do not have the money, nor do we know anything about it." As she finished speaking, the constable entered with the sack of money. Holding it out before them, he said, "Madam, what is this? I saw you rush from the house and deposit this in the snowbank, and here it is, the missing sack of money, marked '\$1,000'!"

[129]

It didn't take long for news like that to get around town, and the revival suddenly collapsed. The prediction made in the vision had come true. Hiram and his fiancée united with the Sabbathkeeping company.

That same winter the Whites held meetings also in Camden. Before going there, Ellen was shown the Adventists in that place. Among them she saw a woman who professed to be very holy, but who was a hypocrite, deceiving the church.

This woman taught that it was possible for a person to reach a state of perfection that would place him above the law of God. She herself professed to have reached that perfect state.

During one of the Camden meetings Mrs. White was again shown this woman and was told that she was a pretender who was not living right. After the vision, my grandmother related what she had seen. With dignity the woman rose and said, "God knows my

heart, and if you could see it, you would know that it is pure, and clean." The meeting closed.

[130] Soon afterward the woman became so ill that she thought she was dying. In great agitation she cried, "I must see Sister White; I have a confession to make to her. I told her I was a good woman, that I was pure. It is not so. I am a wicked woman. The man I am living with is not my husband. I left a good husband in England, and one little child, and ran away with this man. We were never married. I have been professing to be a doctor, and have been selling medicine that I swore in court cost me one dollar a bottle, but it cost me only twelve cents a bottle."

No one in the company had known this woman before she joined the believers. No one could have told Mrs. White what kind of person she was. But God knew. Many times He sent warnings of this kind to protect His people from such pretenders and to show how much He hates sin and hypocrisy.

But was it only great sins which were rebuked? Does God overlook what we call "little sins"? Would God, the Creator of the universe, notice so small an act as taking a hairnet? Here's the hairnet story as Grandma White told it:

At one time several young ladies connected with the Healdsburg College were living in her family. Some were students, and some were teachers. One day grandma was dressing in her room and missed her hairnet. It was a substantial one, nicely woven, which she wore whenever she went out. She looked around her room, then searched the house, but could not find it.

When the family came together, she asked, "Has anyone seen my hairnet? I'm sure it was on my dresser last night. It surely will be found; it could not go away by itself." There was no response.

Soon after this she happened to be passing through one of the girls' rooms on her way to another room, when she heard a voice say, "Lift the lid of that trunk." Because it was not her practice to look into other people's personal possessions, she passed on.

Again the voice said, "Lift the lid of that trunk." The command was so insistent that she stopped and lifted the lid. There in the top compartment lay the missing hairnet.

[131] Grandma closed the trunk and made no mention of what she had seen, but once again she asked the girls about the net. She knew now

who had taken it, but she wanted to give the offender a chance to confess. No one answered.

While sitting before the fireplace a little later, grandma had a very brief vision. There flashed before her eyes the picture of a young girl (we will call her Elsie) holding the net over a kerosene lamp and burning it.

Grandma knew now that it was useless for her to wait longer for Elsie to confess; so she called the girl to her and told her about the voice she had heard, and about finding the net in the trunk, and about the brief vision of her burning the net.

Elsie sobbed out the whole story. "I don't know why I took it," she said. "I don't know why I didn't return it when you first asked about it. But after so much was said, I was ashamed to admit that I was the guilty one."

How did Elsie meet this experience? Did she say, "It's no use for me to try to be a Christian; everyone will call me a thief; nobody will have confidence in me"?

No, indeed! She confessed. She accepted God's promised forgiveness. Her failure had shown her that she could not, of herself, do right. She needed the Saviour's help. Right there she gave herself fully to Jesus and made Him her constant companion. From that day she lived a sincere Christian life, which brought joy to all who loved her.

## Chapter 19—Seven Little Sisleys

A large tent had been erected in Battle Creek for special meetings. One evening Elder and Mrs. White were seated on the platform with several ministers, waiting for the meeting to begin.

“James, do you see those people coming into the tent?” Ellen asked. “That mother and her seven children? I’ve seen them before in a vision. They’ve come over from England.”

One of the ministers suggested, “Why not invite them to come up front, and introduce them to the people?”

This was done. There they stood in a row, Mother Sisley, with John, William, Richard, Nellie, Josephine, Maude, and Martha.

Mrs. White stepped close to the group and said to the congregation, “This mother is a widow. She has brought these children all the way from England, where they learned about the seventh-day Sabbath, to be with us here in Battle Creek. Before Father Sisley died, he asked the mother to bring them to America, where they could receive an education among Sabbathkeepers. I hope you will give them a warm welcome and make them feel at home. The Lord has shown me that every one of these children will become a worker in His cause.”

And so it came to be. Years later, when Ernest Lloyd came to Battle Creek as a young man to attend college, he became acquainted with William Sisley. William told Ernest that his older brother John was a minister. Nellie was a nurse. Later she married Evangelist George B. Starr, and for many years they conducted city missions and trained house-to-house Bible instructors. Josephine was a teacher in an Adventist school in Australia. Maude was our first woman missionary to Africa. Richard was a self-supporting missionary in Java. William, Martha, and Martha’s husband became lifetime workers in the Review office.

So we see that Mrs. White’s prediction came true. Although she had not met the Sisley family until they came into the tent that evening, all her words came to pass.

Soon after the seven young Sisleys arrived in Battle Creek, Nellie was present while Mrs. White was in vision. Fourteen-year-old Nellie and her mother were attending an evening meeting listening to Elder White. Mrs. White followed with a short talk, as usual. She warned against the danger of indulging in the “little sins,” and of following the foolish practices of the world. Then without warning she fell backward, but “it seemed as if angel hands were beneath her as she slowly and gently fell,” Nellie said.

Naturally some supposed she had fainted, for the evening was warm and she had spoken very earnestly. One man hurried to bring a glass of water, and several sprang to open the windows. But Elder White said, “There is no cause to be anxious. My wife has not fainted; she is in vision.” In telling of this experience later, Nellie said, “A hush immediately fell over the audience. We seemed to feel a sweet, peaceful quietness, as if angels were in the room.”

My grandfather spoke again: “There may be some of you who have doubts regarding Mrs. White’s inspiration. If there are any such present, I would be glad to have you come forward and try the physical tests as given in the Bible.” He knelt at his wife’s side and lifted her head and shoulders so that they rested on his knee.

[134]

Nellie whispered, “Mother, let’s go up.” She had heard her mother express some doubts regarding the visions. As they were among the first to go forward, Nellie was able to stand near Mrs. White, where she could observe her closely. “Look, Mother,” she said, “she doesn’t seem to notice any of us. She’s looking at something far away—and—and—*she isn’t breathing!*”

Just then two men came forward and stood one on either side of Mrs. White. One was Mr. Aldrich, manager of the Review office, and the other was a press employee. Both were strong men. Speaking to the audience, Elder White said, “You know that at one time when the prophet Daniel was taken into vision he said, ‘There remained no strength in me, neither is there breath left in me.’ Then Daniel tells us that one who had the appearance of a man touched him and strengthened him. Now let us see if Mrs. White’s experience in vision is similar to Daniel’s. You saw her fall in weakness as she entered into the vision. Let us see if she has been strengthened with supernatural power as Daniel was.”

At that time her hands were lightly clasped over her chest. "Now I want you two strong men to take hold of her arms and see if you can pull them apart," Elder White directed. "One of you take hold at each side and pull as hard as you can." They tried to release her hands, but failed.

[135] "Try again; pull harder. You have four hands to her two. Take hold of her fingers and try to separate them one at a time." They tried again, but gave up the attempt. "We are afraid we'll hurt her, or interfere with the vision she's having," they said.

"That's impossible," Elder White assured them. "Nothing you can do to her will harm her or interfere in the least with whatever scenes she is viewing, for she is in God's keeping."

A few minutes later Mrs. White took her hands apart, and began motioning. "Now see if you can hold her hands," James said. Her motions appeared so light and easy that it seemed as if a child could control them. Yet those two strong men could not alter her movements in the least.

James White asked someone to bring a mirror from a home near the church. "You know what happens when a person breathes on a mirror," he said. "It becomes misty from moisture in the breath. I want all of you to be sure that what you have heard about Mrs. White not breathing while in vision is true."

He held the mirror over her mouth for some time, but no moisture gathered on its surface. All could see that she was not breathing, yet she spoke now and then as if in conversation.

Said her husband, "She is conversing with her attending angel, the one who comes to explain to her the meaning of the scenes shown her, and to bring Heaven's messages to God's people on earth."

In a whisper loud enough for Elder White to hear, Nellie asked, "How can she keep her eyes open so long without even once closing the lids?"

[136] "That too is a sign," he answered. "A true prophet's eyes are open while in heavenly vision. Now let's see if we can cause her to close the lids just once." At his suggestion, one of the men lifted a brightly burning lamp from the pulpit stand, removed the shade, and passed it back and forth before her eyes close to her face. There was not the flicker of an eyelid.

“That light is going to hurt her eyes! It will ruin her sight!” the girl exclaimed, almost in tears. Again Elder White quieted her fears: “The light cannot injure her eyes; she is looking at a much brighter light than that.”

To the people watching he said earnestly, “You have all seen that the visions are given to God’s messenger today in the same manner in which they were given to His prophets in Bible times. Yet there is a much stronger proof that the visions are from Heaven than any of these physical signs, and that is the nature of the messages they bring. They confirm faith in the Scriptures as the inspired Word of God, and in Jesus as the divine Son of God, our only Saviour. They point the way to heaven and warn of dangers along the pathway. They give instruction on how to overcome sin and become like Jesus in character.

“And the final proof of their divine source is that they always agree in every point with the instruction recorded in the Bible, which was given through God’s prophets in past ages, and by Jesus Christ and His apostles.”

Nellie said that while Mrs. White was in vision, she continued to look upward and away in the distance. Her expression was perfectly natural, though changing often, at times joyful and again sad. Then she would shrink back, as if viewing scenes of sorrow.

When she came out of vision, her husband asked if she would be willing to tell the people about the things she had seen. She stood up and talked for about half an hour. It was late in the evening, but everyone listened eagerly.

She told them that she had seen the people of God saved in their heavenly home, and she gave a brief description of the beauty and happiness of the new earth. The part of the vision that caused her to look so distressed, she said, was the final judgment scene and the destruction of the wicked. That which had caused her the greatest anguish was seeing among the lost some of her fellow church members. They had started on the pathway to heaven, but had turned aside and lost the way. Some had been overcome by the temptation to take part in worldly pleasures; some had become discouraged by hardships; others had become more interested in gaining money and property than in securing a heavenly mansion.

After coming out of vision, Mrs. White could not see clearly at first. She explained that this was because she had gazed on scenes of such brightness that it required time for her eyes to become adjusted to the dim light of earth. She reminded them of their own experience of looking toward the sun and then turning their eyes away—of how dark everything seemed for a time.

“Oh, I wish I could describe it!” she said. “I have no language in which to tell you even a little of what has been shown me. If you could see what I saw, you would never allow anything in this world to tempt you to live in such a way as to be in danger of losing eternal life.”

## Chapter 20—Ellen Brought Him Back

[138]

“Ellen, I’ve never been so tired in all my life,” James White said with a sigh as he drew on his overcoat and picked up his traveling bag.

“No wonder, my dear, after that late meeting last night.” His wife cast a last look around the room to see that nothing was being left. It was three o’clock in the morning. They had had less than four hours’ rest, and it was now time for them to take the train.

“It’s been a hard trip, James—that seven-hour ride over rough, bumpy roads, the late meetings, then the visiting till after midnight in the homes where we were entertained. The days have been too long and the nights too short. But we must hurry if we catch that three-thirty train. The train for home, James! the train for home!”

“Yes, for home, and some rest, and your good wholesome cooking, after the terrible fare we have had on this journey!” They picked up their bundles, closed the door, and hurried down the dimly lighted street to the station.

But their train missed connections, and they had to wait till late in the afternoon for the next one. It was long past midnight when they finally reached Battle Creek.

In the morning Ellen begged, “James, don’t go to the office today. You should rest at least one day before taking up your work there.” “I *must* go,” he replied firmly, “but I’ll rest tomorrow.” He was off, not to return till late that evening.

[139]

On Wednesday morning he told Willie, “You need not go for the milk today; mother and I will take a walk and stop for it at Brother Lunt’s on our way back.”

While his wife was in the house getting the milk, James went into the garden. Noticing a good ear of corn, he picked it and began stripping off the husks. Suddenly his right arm fell helpless to his side. Ellen, coming out of the house with the little tin pail of milk, saw him stagger. Rushing to his side, she helped him into the house and onto the couch.

With considerable effort, he managed to say, "Pray! pray!"

They prayed, and they sent for the doctor; but he could do nothing. Other physicians made examinations. One of them said, "You cannot expect your husband to recover from this serious stroke." James heard his remark.

After the doctor had left the house, Ellen said, "Never mind what that man said, dear. God can heal you. We're all praying. As I pray, Heaven seems very near. I have the assurance that you will live to continue your work for God."

For weeks Elder White required constant nursing. His wife cared for him during the day, and women of the church took turns at night. There were no Seventh-day Adventist sanitariums then, and very few physicians who knew how to do anything for the sick except prescribe medicines. Ellen could think of only one place in the country where the sick were treated without poisonous drugs. This place the Whites had visited the year before.

[140] She sent a telegram to Elder Loughborough, who met them at Battle Creek, and together they went to a sanitarium in Dansville, New York, where the doctors used water treatments and other natural remedies with good results. Elder Loughborough had also been suffering from overwork and poor food, so the two men decided to spend a few weeks resting. They wanted to see what a vegetarian diet and hydrotherapy treatments would do for them.

The head physician did not believe God would perform miracles in response to prayer and told the two Adventist ministers they were too religious, that if they wanted to get well, they must forget religion and join in sports with the other patients.

One day the fiddlers who played for the dances at the sanitarium passed the hat for contributions. When they came to Mrs. White, she said, "I cannot use my money for such purposes. You think that this dancing keeps up the patients' spirits and helps them get well. But have you noticed that the ones who dance are languid for a day or two afterward, and some are not able to leave their beds? It is not true religion but lack of it which makes a person gloomy and sad. Hearty, willing service to Jesus gives one a sunny religion and brings health."

Daily, James White grew weaker and thinner. He enjoyed the treatments, but not the worldly atmosphere. He longed to be with his Adventist friends.

“Why not go home?” Ellen suggested. “I can give you these treatments there.”

On their return to Battle Creek they stopped at Rochester and called some of the ministers together for special prayer. Yet Elder White was not healed. This did not discourage his wife. “If God should heal you now,” she said, “you might go right on abusing your health by overwork. If we do our part, God will do His. Our part is to obey the laws of life that He has given us.”

That summer Mrs. White carried on her public ministry as best she could, her husband being ill. She spent weekdays caring for him, writing, and visiting church members. On Fridays Edson or Willie would harness Jack and Jim to the carriage and take their father and mother to hold weekend meetings in one of the little churches near Battle Creek. Ellen always insisted that her husband go along; for though he was not well enough to help with the preaching, she was sure the meetings would be an inspiration to him and that the exercise of making the trip would aid in his recovery. [141]

One Thursday morning she said to her boys, “Today we must get ready for our Sabbath appointment at Windsor. We’ll have to clean up the carryall. After the many miles that old carriage has taken us over muddy roads, it surely does present a sad appearance.” So the carryall was brought out, and Edson gave it a thorough washing. Willie took down the ragged side curtains and helped his mother clean and mend them. Then they patched and washed the oilcloth seat covers and laid them out to dry. They were to start early Friday morning, for Windsor was a full day’s drive away.

But in the morning when Willie opened the stable door, he cried, “Mother, oh, Mother! come see what has happened!” The two big water pails and the tub used in washing the carryall were smashed and stamped to pieces. The carefully mended curtains and seat covers were torn into strips. My grandmother sighed when she looked at the ruin.

But when she saw poor old Jack trembling with pain from a gash in his side, she could have cried. The culprit was a neighbor’s big work horse which shared the stable with the two carriage horses.

[142] Left loose, he had spent much of the night in mischief. Jim was unhurt. He had slipped his halter and escaped. Willie found him crowded between the carryall and the stable wall. Jack tried to tell about his sufferings by neighing pitifully.

Ellen took a long look, then said to the boys, "You know who is responsible for this. It's our great enemy, who is always trying to discourage us. But shall we let him? No, never! We'll have to postpone our meeting at Windsor, but we'll not give it up."

One day at a meeting she persuaded Elder White to sit with her on the rostrum. After she had spoken, she said, "Now my husband will address you." She waited anxiously to see what he would do. When he stood up and talked, she could not restrain the joyful tears.

Her next suggestion was rather startling, coming as it did in mid-December: "Let's visit some of our churches in northern Michigan. We can drive to Wright and stay with the Roots, and then go on as we are able." She had decided that her invalid husband would not recover if he remained inactive.

They planned to start on Wednesday; but when they awoke in the morning, heavy snow was falling.

"That puts an end to our trip; we can't start out on a day like this," Elder White said dismally.

"Oh, yes, James; I think we'd better go as planned."

"What? Ninety miles in this kind of storm? It's out of the question!" he protested. "And tell me, Ellen, how can we meet the extra expense?"

Ellen had that all figured out. She had taken up their best carpet and sold it. They made the journey, with a friend named Rogers driving the covered wagon.

[143] During their first Sabbath at Wright, Mrs. White had a big surprise: her husband gave a twenty-minute talk. He helped also in the meeting on Sunday. During the following week he rested. Each day they went for a walk, and often they drove together.

In late January a Mr. Maynard invited the Whites to stay at his country home in Greenville and hold meetings in his neighborhood. Elder White helped with the preaching in nearly every meeting. Praying with the sick and discouraged and cheering the lonely helped him forget his own troubles.

“James, you’re winning the battle; country life is doing you good.” Mrs. White repeated it so often that her husband began to believe it.

They sold their Battle Creek home and bought a small farm near the Maynards at Greenville. There they lived in a three-room shanty while waiting for a house to be built. Planting time came. My grandmother knew that exercise in the garden was just the medicine her husband needed. She called Willie and said, “I want you to go to town and buy three hoes and three rakes. Be sure to buy three of each.”

When Willie brought them home, she said, “Let me have one of the hoes, give one to your father, and take one yourself. Then come with me into the garden.” James groaned as Willie handed him a hoe. He accomplished very little that day, but he went through the motions. He did better with the planting. Next, he helped set out berries and fruit trees.

At haying time Mr. Maynard mowed their grass and was intending to haul it in, but Mrs. White sent Willie over with a note: “If my husband asks you to help us with the haying, please refuse. Tell him how busy you are with your own work. That kind of work is just what he needs to strengthen his muscles and build up his health.” She sent Willie with the same request to the other neighbors. A few days later my grandfather came into the house looking downcast. “Ellen,” he said, “can you imagine what’s the matter with all our neighbors? Not one of them will bring in the hay for us. Even Brother Maynard says his hired man is too busy.”

[144]

“Then let’s show them that we can do the work ourselves,” his wife replied cheerfully. “Willie and I will rake the hay and pitch it onto the wagon if you’ll load and drive the team.” The barn had not yet been built, and the hay was to be stacked near the cowshed. When a load was brought in, James pitched it off the wagon and Ellen built the stack while Willie raked up the next load.

One day while they were hard at work, some of the townspeople drove past in their carriages. They gazed curiously at Mrs. White out there in the field, treading down hay and building a stack. Could this be the woman who recently had been conducting public meetings? But Ellen was not in the least embarrassed. She was happy that the

farm work was building up her husband's health, and nothing could daunt her spirits.

Before the summer was half over, James was working like a regular farmhand. Then he traveled with his wife from state to state, holding meetings as he had done before being stricken with paralysis. His battle for health was won. With God's help, Ellen had brought him back.

During the next fourteen years, James White accomplished some of the most important work of his life, establishing the Battle Creek Sanitarium and College as well as the Pacific Press Publishing Association, and organizing churches and conferences throughout the States.

## Chapter 21—Miracle at a Camp Meeting

[145]

There was great excitement in the sugar-maple grove behind Farmer Root's house. Axes were flying and trees falling. Branches were being trimmed and thrown aside, and the tallest, straightest trunks were neatly piled.

Under a clump of maple trees near the back of the clearing men were constructing a speaker's stand with a shelter over it. Others arranged seats in front of the stand and set smooth tree trunks on the ground in parallel rows, extending planks from one row to another with their ends resting on the trunks. In a short time these seats were ready for use.

Campers began arriving, some by train, some by steamboat across Lake Michigan, others in wagons.

Eager boys and girls joined the workers, clearing brush and raking leaves. They piled branches and brush at the edges of the clearing to be used later for bonfires. Farm wagons loaded with camping supplies stood under trees a short distance away. Horses were being watered, and tethered where they could crop the grass.

Now the homemade tents were going up. For the erection of each tent the men selected two straight tree trunks with forked branches on one end. These they set in the ground, and they laid a longer pole in the crotches for a ridgepole. Women nailed long, wide strips of coarse factory sheeting to the upright poles to form sides for the tent. Some of the strips were sewed together to make tent roofs.

[146]

This was the first general Seventh-day Adventist camp meeting, and it was held as an experiment. People were advised against purchasing expensive factory-made tents. They were to make their own; for then if there were no more camp meetings, the cotton material could be used for other purposes.

Some of the campers made small family tents, but the majority decided to pool their resources and erect community shelters housing fifteen or twenty persons each.

If all of a sudden we could be transported back to that first camp meeting, this is what we would see:

Wagons pull in loaded with straw for use in making sleeping mattresses. The work continues for days in preparation for the great event. Finally the campground appears neat and attractive with its semicircle of glistening white cloth houses and its straight rows of plank seats, sufficient for an audience of two thousand.

Cooking is done on campfires. Milk, eggs, fresh vegetables, and fruit can be purchased at surrounding farms to supplement the food brought from home.

A posted program announces the hours for eating and sleeping, also for preaching services. Time between is for prayer and social meetings in the family tents.

[147] And now the hour has arrived for the opening meeting. At five o'clock Friday afternoon a bell calls the campers to assemble in the beautiful out-of-door auditorium. From all directions they come, bringing pillows and coats to make the plank seats more comfortable. Small children sitting beside their mothers dangle their feet and fidget about, trying to get down onto the grass. Everyone joins in singing a stirring hymn. The ministers welcome the campers and speak a few words outlining the purpose and program of the meeting. Then Mrs. White speaks. She pleads for the people to forget for the time their farms, their crops, their flocks and herds, and to empty their minds of all home cares and make room for God's special blessing.

The short service closes, and the campers return to their tents, drawn by the appetizing aroma rising from large pots of savory soups and stews simmering over campfires. They line up on each side of the dining board inside the tents, and stand while eating. After the meal the board is raised overhead, out of the way, by pulleys attached to the ridgepole. Candles or kerosene lamps are lighted. As twilight descends and the Sabbath hours begin, the campers tuck in for the night, after a hymn and prayer, men and boys sleeping on one side of the curtained aisle, women and girls on the other.

The retiring bell rings. Lights inside the tents are blown out. Elder Andrews makes his rounds of the camp, inquiring at each tent door, "Are you all comfortable for the night?" He requests silence

till the rising bell which will announce the five o'clock devotional meeting in the large tent.

A soft glow like moonlight pervades the camp outside. It emanates from burning pine knots placed in five or six shallow boxes of earth, nailed to six-foot posts and distributed at intervals throughout the camp. A bonfire is also kept burning all night.

At this very first camp meeting a bookstand was constructed from three planks placed as a triangle and loaded with books and tracts. During the first five days of the meeting young John Corliss sold five hundred dollars' worth of literature. (In the years following, John became a great preacher and foreign missionary.)

[148]

The Sabbath meetings were well attended, and on Sunday campers and townspeople filled all the seats.

Every day Elder White gathered the children and told them stories. On the last day he gave each one a small book called *Little Will*. It told how, on the night before Christmas, Willie's father came home early and heard his small son praying for a sled "all painted wed."

Elder White also had surprises for the adults. One day while preaching, he opened a package of small tracts, saying, "The time is coming when these tracts will be scattered like the leaves of autumn," and he threw them out among the audience.

The camp meeting program proceeded according to plan until the day before the camp broke up. Then, quite unexpectedly, came a brisk thundershower. There was a rush for shelter under the two large waterproof tents. The only other dry spot in the camp was inside the J. N. Andrews family tent. Fortunately for the Andrews family, they had brought a factory-made tent of heavy canvas, the only one of its kind on the grounds.

As the campers hung their dripping clothes and bedding to dry on bushes, logs, and tent ropes, they said, "This has been a good meeting, and we vote for another one next year. But never again will we make our own tents!"

Two other camp meetings were held that season, and seven the following year. Soon these sessions were the regular program. Ministers were few, and those able to conduct camp meetings had to rush from one to another with little or no time to rest between. Sometimes James and Ellen White and Andrews and Loughborough did much

[149]

[150]

of the preaching themselves.

Often my grandparents spent the entire summer traveling from one camp meeting to another. Railroads were few and stations far apart. Occasionally friends had to meet them at the station and bring them with horse and carriage ten, twenty, or even forty miles to the campground.

Farmers living at a distance would leave their farms for ten days to two weeks in order to attend these sessions. They would pack their clothes, bedding, and camping necessities into covered wagons and drive the long miles over prairie lands or through forests, camping by the wayside overnight, caring little for summer heat and dust if only they could get to the meetings.

Stoves were sometimes set up in the tents when camp meetings occurred in the fall. At one late meeting in Kansas snow was falling as Mrs. White went from tent to tent visiting the mothers. One family had driven two hundred miles. Looking at the children huddled around the stove in the tent, she said, "This life is the Christian's winter, but someday we'll change climates and leave behind the fierce tempests of pain, sorrow, and disappointment, to enjoy heaven's summer in the mansions above."

From her diaries and from her husband's reports in the *Review* we learn that during the following twelve years either one or both of them attended 106 camp meetings.

[151] Sometimes the Whites were prevented from going because of illness, but oftener they went in spite of it. Five months after Healdsburg College opened in California, a camp meeting was conducted there. Mrs. White was then living in Healdsburg. She wanted very much to attend the meetings, but she was ill with malarial chills and fever. Home treatments did little good. "Take me to the St. Helena Sanitarium," she pleaded. She was placed in a wheelchair and lifted, chair and all, into a baggage car and taken by train to St. Helena, then by carriage to the sanitarium.

After several days of treatment with no apparent improvement, she begged, "Take me home." So a bed was made for her in a spring wagon, and she rode the thirty-five miles over the hills to Healdsburg.

"I *must* go to the camp meeting," she said; "I have many things to say to the people. For one thing, I want to encourage them to give liberally toward building a home for the college students."

The day came for the meeting. "Prepare a place for me in the tent, for I'm going if possible," she insisted.

A couch was placed near the speaker's stand; and Mrs. White was lifted from her sickbed, brought to the tent, and laid where she could hear the sermon. When Elder Waggoner had finished speaking, she said to those near her, "Help me onto my feet." Her son on one side and her nurse on the other assisted her to the desk.

Grasping it with both hands, she began in a feeble voice to say, "This may be the last time you will hear my voice at camp meeting." Her face was deathly pale.

After a few sentences, a dramatic change occurred. Those seated before her saw the natural color creep back into her face, starting at the neck and slowly ascending to her lips, her cheeks, her forehead. Her voice rang out clearly, while the congregation looked on in amazement. "A miracle has been performed in our sight," they said.

She had felt a thrill of healing power. The weakness and fever were gone. Again she took up her public work with vigor. Five times during that camp meeting she spoke with power.

## Chapter 22—The Twelve who Couldn't Wait

“This seems like old times. How thankful I am to be back again in the work!” said James White, as he stacked satchels and bundles on the baggage rack in the train.

John Andrews turned one of the seats over so that two seats faced each other. “I, too, am thankful for better health since I began practicing the instruction God has given us in regard to healthful living,” he said. The two men sat down together.

Mrs. White placed the lunch box on the seat facing them and sat down by it, laying her handbag containing her manuscripts and writing materials where they would be handy. It was late October, and they were on their way to visit churches in the East.

After a few weeks in Maine, they went on to New Hampshire. At the Hillsboro station a team was waiting for them. A ride of twelve miles through sleet and snow brought them a little before Sabbath to the home of Cyrus Farnsworth near the village of Washington. Mrs. Farnsworth was the daughter of Rachel Preston, the Seventh-day Baptist who first brought the Sabbath message to the Adventists in 1844.

[153] During the supper hour a lively conversation developed. “Mrs. Farnsworth, I understand that your husband and his brother William were the first Seventh-day Adventists in the world,” said John Andrews to his hostess.

“That’s right, Elder Andrews; the tracts that convinced you that the seventh day is the true Sabbath were some that my mother passed out to her Adventist friends,” Mrs. Farnsworth replied.

“I was only seventeen years old when I read one of those tracts,” Elder Andrews responded. “We were living at Paris, Maine. Marian Stowell and her brother Oswald, both about my age, read Elder Preble’s tract and kept the very next Sabbath. On Monday they handed the tract to me, and I kept their second Sabbath with them. Then we gave the tract to our parents, and they kept the third. Soon seven Adventist families in our neighborhood were meeting for

worship on God's holy day. We were really in earnest, for we expected Jesus to come soon; and we wanted to be obedient in all things so that we might be ready to meet Him."

"Frederick Wheeler, our pastor, began to preach about the seventh-day Sabbath, and in time nearly all our members began keeping it," Mrs. Farnsworth added. "That's how the Washington, New Hampshire, church became the very first Seventh-day Adventist church in the world. Nearly all the congregation, including the original founders, became Seventh-day Adventists. How long can you remain with us, Elder White?"

"Our travel plan allows us five days here. We hope while on this tour to meet with the little company at Buck's Bridge in New York State. You know, they claim to be the first Seventh-day Adventists to build their own meetinghouse, although the first church in Battle Creek was built about the same time," Elder White answered.

"The Spirit of the Lord has impressed me that your church needs help," said Mrs. White. "I doubt if there's a church anywhere more in need of help than ours," Cyrus Farnsworth replied. "Not long after we began keeping the Sabbath in 1844, Elder Wheeler went to labor in New York State. For years he supported himself and his family while he preached. We've been without a minister much of the time during the twenty-three years since then. Some of our members have become worldly, and many of our young people are unconverted. The husband of one of our faithful sisters has written unkind things about Adventists. He has told our young people, Mrs. White, that you make up the stories you relate as visions, and that no one needs to pay any attention to them. I believe God has sent you here to help us."

[154]

Sabbath morning Elder White spoke in the little Washington church, and Mrs. White in the afternoon. Elder Andrews had charge of the evening meetings held in the Farnsworth home.

While Mrs. White was speaking in one of the meetings, she recognized in the congregation several persons whom she had seen in a vision and for whom she had been given special messages.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell Mead had endured great sorrow and trouble, and they were discouraged. Mrs. White said she had been instructed in the vision to tell them God loved them and would bring them safely through their afflictions.

Mrs. White told one young woman who was married to an unconverted man that she must do what she knew to be right and not let her husband force her to violate her conscience.

[155] Another young girl had started out as a Christian but had drifted away. The message to her was that she had made a mistake in choosing non-Christians as her friends.

While Mrs. White was speaking, a young man of nineteen sat thinking, "I wish she would tackle my father." As if reading his thoughts, Mrs. White turned to the boy's father and said, "I saw that this brother is a slave to tobacco. But the worst of it is that he is trying to deceive his brethren into thinking that he has given it up, as he promised to do when he joined the church."

Some time before this, while working with his father in the woods, the young man had caught sight of a brown stain on the snow and had seen his father quickly kick snow over it to hide the telltale tobacco mark. Now watching his father's face turn red under Mrs. White's rebuke, the young man thought, "Surely she is a true prophet; only an angel could have shown her these things."

When Mrs. White finished, those to whom she had spoken stood up, one after another, and admitted that what she had said about them was true. With tears they asked forgiveness of God and of one another. Parents confessed to their children, and children to their parents. Even the man who had said and written the unkind things about Mrs. White and the Adventists humbly asked forgiveness.

[156] And who was the man who had been chewing tobacco? He was William Farnsworth, the very one who had stood up bravely in church years before and declared that no matter what his brethren decided to do, he was going to keep God's Sabbath. For years he had been a church elder. He *had* given up tobacco—many times. But each time the craving returned so strongly that he bought another plug and hid it away where he could take a chew now and then when he was alone. From this day he fought the habit in earnest and finally, with much prayer, gained the complete victory. And who was the son who saw him hide the tobacco stain in the snow? It was Eugene Farnsworth, who became a successful Seventh-day Adventist evangelist.

The following Wednesday was Christmas Day. In the meeting that morning a special appeal was made to the children and young

people, and thirteen of them stood, saying that they wanted to follow Jesus. That was the happiest Christmas ever for the Adventist company in Washington, New Hampshire. The children were so overjoyed in making the gift of their hearts to Jesus that the presents for one another were nearly forgotten.

In the afternoon Orville Farnsworth took gifts to his cousins, Fred and Rosella Mead. "Come up to my room," said Fred. Then locking the door, he turned to his cousin and said, "Orville, I'm going to be a missionary."

"You a missionary! Surely you're joking!"

"No, Orville, I'm not joking! I wish you could have been at the meeting this morning. I think you would have stood up with Rosella and me and promised to be a Christian." Orville had missed the meeting because it had been his turn to stay at home with his four little brothers.

Fred now pleaded with Orville to give his heart to the Saviour. Together they knelt at the bedside and prayed. Orville surrendered to Jesus.

The day after Christmas the Whites and John Andrews went on their way. Behind them they left a revived church and a band of young missionaries. Those who had become Christians went in search of their young friends who had not come to the meeting. Soon there were eighteen boys and girls requesting baptism.

Their parents told them, "You'll have to wait till the lake thaws in the spring; there's no other good place for baptisms." Twelve of the eighteen said, "We *cannot* wait; we want to be baptized now." They went down to Millen Pond, about a hundred yards from Cyrus Farnsworth's house, and cut out blocks of ice two feet thick and opened a pool of water. Then they cut steps in the ice from the bank to the pool.

We don't know who the hardy minister was who stood in the icy water and baptized those twelve boys and girls. As they came out of the water, they were wrapped in robes and blankets and hurried up the hill to the house. The other six were baptized in the spring.

In later years three of these young people became conference presidents, three became ministers and foreign missionaries, and three of the young women became Bible workers. For fifty years Eugene Farnsworth, one of the eighteen, proclaimed the message

[157]

[158]

in the great cities of America and in Australia. He had the joy of seeing hundreds converted.

His younger sister Loretta was, to our best knowledge, the first woman Bible worker in the denomination. During her long life she brought hundreds of people to the Saviour. She studied the Bible with families, wrote to her young friends, and visited patients in the sanitariums. In later years her husband, A. T. Robinson, was chaplain at Melrose Sanitarium, where she spent much time with the patients. They poured out their troubles to her sympathetic ear, and she prayed with them and read precious promises from God's Word.

Many of the children and grandchildren of that missionary band who stood on Christmas Day and testified that they intended to be Christians are also workers today, either in the homeland or overseas.

## Chapter 23—Ellen’s Surprise

[159]

One day in June a young man alighted at the Battle Creek railway station. As he stood looking around, the station agent asked, “Were you expecting someone to meet you?” The young man held up a paper bearing the address, John N. Andrews, Battle Creek, Michigan. “John Andrews, oh, yes.” The station agent led him to a street and pointed: “Ask for the Review and Herald office; you’ll find Mr. Andrews there.”

The stranger did not find John Andrews at the office, but he was soon surrounded by a friendly group, all eager to learn who he was and where he came from. He could do little more than shake hands, for he could not form one complete sentence in English. Nor did the Review employees understand his French. He tried German, but with no better success.

Elder White took him home to dinner and sent for a friend who spoke French to interpret for them. He learned that the young man’s name was James Erzberger, and that he had just arrived from Europe. He carried an addressed copy of the *Review* with him, and by showing it to steamship and railroad men along the way, had reached Battle Creek. He brought greetings from a company of about fifty new Sabbathkeepers in Switzerland.

But how had these people learned about the Sabbath, and how did they know there were Sabbathkeepers in America? A Polish minister named Czechowski, a former Catholic priest, had joined a Protestant organization while in America and had returned to Europe to preach under their direction. But also, from Seventh-day Adventists he had learned about the Sabbath, which he included as a part of the gospel he preached. Soon he had a company of Sabbathkeeping Swiss converts.

[160]

After he left them to preach elsewhere, one of them obtained a copy of the *Review* and noticed that the publishers also observed the Sabbath. They wrote to the publishers, and the letter started a correspondence which led to their sending Erzberger to Battle Creek.

Elder and Mrs. White took James Erzberger to their home in Greenville. They persuaded John Kellogg to go with them. There the two boys, Johnny Kellogg, seventeen, and Willie White, fifteen, were set to work teaching James Erzberger to speak English. Early each morning, Willie would walk around the house and garden with his pupil, naming objects and asking him to repeat the names after him. On a second trip around, the language student would identify the objects. At the end of an hour John would take over, and thus by alternating, the instructions continued till late afternoon. Then the cook, Adelia Howe, a former public school teacher, spent the evening showing James how to construct sentences with the words he had learned.

[161] In only four weeks Erzberger was able to give an understandable talk in English, and nine weeks later he went with James White and John Andrews to the camp meeting in Clyde, Ohio, where he addressed a large congregation. The people were so moved by his appeal for help for his countrymen that they took up a collection of seventy-six dollars. This was the first foreign missions offering ever given by Seventh-day Adventists.

Ellen White was too ill to go to the Clyde meeting, but she determined to attend the one to follow in Owosso, Michigan. Every day she took her husband's arm and hobbled out to a wide-spreading oak behind the house to pray with James Erzberger for the little company of Swiss Sabbathkeepers and for her healing. Sometimes, when alone in her room, she would creep on hands and knees to her closet and there plead with God for healing. While praying, she felt an assurance that she would be able to go to the meeting.

Doctors at Battle Creek Sanitarium, knowing how ill she was, sent word that she should not attend any camp meetings that season. To make sure that their instructions were obeyed, they sent Dr. Mary Chamberlain to Greenville to care for the patient. The doctor did everything possible to relieve the sciatica which was causing Mrs. White such intense suffering, yet there seemed to be no improvement. Every step was painful. But Ellen White did not give up easily.

One day she said to Dr. Mary, "Please have the carriage brought to the door, and take me out for a short ride to test my strength." On the carriage floor the doctor placed cushions on which Mrs. White could kneel. Although the driver walked the horses slowly,

the jarring caused such intense pain that they had to turn back, lift the patient out, and carry her to her bed.

“That settles the question,” said the doctor.

Mrs. White said nothing.

The morning arrived when the family must start for the Owosso camp meeting sixty miles away. “I want everyone to go who possibly can,” Ellen said. “Dr. Mary, you may as well go with the others. Sister Chapman and Willie can look after me.” So the carryall was loaded with camp supplies, and away they drove. [162]

Soon after the party left, my grandmother called Willie and said, “You know that the easy carriage has been left here, and we still have one horse. I want you to borrow another horse and fix up the back seat so that I can recline in it. We’ll start for Owosso tomorrow morning and drive as far as Orleans, stopping overnight with friends. Then, if I’m able, we’ll go on with them the next day to Ionia, and take the train there for Owosso.”

Mrs. White was impressed that God had work for her at the camp meeting, and she felt she must go in faith.

Obediently Willie carried out his mother’s instructions, and they started the next morning. The day was hot, the roads were sandy, the horses lazy. The sun was blazing overhead when they reached Orleans.

What? Nobody home! The house was closed and the door locked! They drove on to the Wilson home, hoping to find rest and refreshment there, but that house, too, was closed and locked.

“Where are all the folks?” Willie asked a neighbor.

“They’ve all gone to camp meeting. You won’t find an Adventist anywhere in this town.”

“Oh, Mother, what shall we do?” the boy asked. “Shouldn’t we turn around and go home?”

“No,” she replied, “drive on to Ionia.”

Dazed, Willie picked up the reins and urged the tired horses on. The afternoon was hotter than the morning, the sand was deeper, the horses were more exhausted. Sweat dripped from their flanks and from Willie’s forehead. He knew it was nearly time for the train to reach Ionia, and they had several miles yet to go. “Mother, are you suffering? Mother!” [163]

No reply. Was she asleep? Had she fainted? If they missed the train—what then? He applied the whip. They were now within a few blocks of the station, and Willie heard the engine bell. He lashed the horses into a gallop and swung up to the platform as the baggage was being loaded onto the train.

What relief! Willie saw familiar faces at the train windows. Two strong men leaped from the platform, lifted his mother in their arms, and carried her onto the train. A telegram was sent to Elder White to meet the train at Owosso.

“Now, what shall I do next?” the bewildered Willie wondered.

“Willie, drive on to Owosso,” someone shouted from a window of the moving train. “The team will be handy to have on the grounds.” And that is what Willie did.

A few hours later Mrs. White lay on a cot in the family tent, happy to be at camp meeting, though still suffering intensely. Ministers were called in. As they prayed, tears of joy moistened her pillow. She said, “It seems to me this tent is filled with the bright shining of the angels of heaven.”

The next day she was helped to the pulpit, and as she addressed a large assembly, all pain and weakness disappeared. But when she had given her message, she said afterward, “I found myself still a cripple, needing my husband’s arm to lean upon and the arm of my son Edson on the other side.”

[164] Three times during that camp meeting Ellen White spoke to large audiences. When the meetings closed, Willie drove the team home, but without his mother. “I’ll go with your father to the Eastern camp meeting,” she said. As for Dr. Chamberlain, who had been sent from the sanitarium with the special commission to care for Mrs. White, she was embarrassed, to say the least. But the little woman who had outwitted her and all the other doctors now came to her rescue.

“Dr. Chamberlain,” she said, “you can see that the Lord has taken my case in hand, and He is healing me. You can’t object to my attending the camp meetings. I invite you to come with me and take care of me.”

The question was really settled this time. Ellen White and Dr. Chamberlain accompanied James White, John Andrews, James Erzberger, and the other ministers to the meetings that summer.

Their own family tent went with them on the train, packed in a large tin trunk.

Although her steps were still painful, my grandmother was thankful to be able to speak words of cheer to the waiting people.

## Chapter 24—“Where is the Other Man?”

January 4, 1875, was the date set for the dedication of the Battle Creek College, the first Seventh-day Adventist college in the world. And that was what some of the ministers were discussing as they tramped back and forth from meetings to their various lodging places.

“Why should we spend money establishing a college?” they asked. “Don’t we need all the available money to support the ministers? Besides, the coming of the Lord is near; what time will there be to educate young men as ministers?”

An epidemic of flu had been raging in the town. Ellen White had nursed her family through the illness and then had come down with it herself. She did not seem to be recovering, and the sanitarium doctors, afraid her case might turn into pneumonia, urged Elder White to bring her to the sanitarium for treatment. But he hesitated. A ministerial institute was to close that night, and he felt distressed that she was unable to take part in its closing meeting. He requested several of his associates to come to the house and pray for her recovery.

[166] My father, William Clarence, then a young man of twenty, carried grandma downstairs to the parlor. He placed her in a rocking chair and wrapped her in blankets. The brethren were there. Elder Waggoner prayed, then Elder Smith, and then grandpa. Next, grandma started to pray in a weak, hoarse voice. Then without even a pause, she gave that ringing shout, “Glory to God.”

For a moment her hands remained folded. Her lips were closed as she looked intently upward, and she did not breathe. Soon an expression of anxiety clouded her face. She threw aside her blankets, and began pacing back and forth. Raising her hands, she spoke: “Dark! Dark! All dark! So dark!” After a moment of silence her face brightened, and she exclaimed, “A light! A little light! More light! Much light!” She sat down in the rocking chair, and after

a few moments began to breathe again. She looked around at the group gathered for special prayer.

Her husband knelt by her side and said, “Ellen, you have been in vision.”

“Yes,” she answered, and her voice sounded far away.

“Were you shown many things?”

“Yes.”

“Would you like to tell us about them now?”

“Not now.”

The company was dismissed, and she returned to her room. Her husband hastened to the Review office to meet those who were coming to attend the closing meeting of the institute and the college dedication.

Later those who had witnessed the vision learned that she had seen the world shrouded in the mists and fog of error, superstition, false tradition, and worldliness. Then she saw little lights glimmering through the darkness. These grew brighter and brighter and were lifted higher and higher. Each one lighted other lights, which also burned brightly, until the whole world was lighted.

In the early evening Elder White returned home and went to his wife’s room. She told him that all the flu symptoms were gone. He said, “Ellen, there’s to be an important meeting in the church this evening. Do you wish to attend?”

[167]

“Certainly,” she answered. So she dressed for the meeting and walked with her husband through the snow to the church. God had answered the prayers for healing. At the service that evening, she gave a cheering message, and at a meeting the next day she told about the vision.

The men who had questioned building a college were surprised to hear her say that plans must be made to educate many young men as home missionaries and many as foreign missionaries. Seventh-day Adventists had thought God’s work on earth was nearly finished. Three and a half months before this they had sent their first foreign missionary, John Nevins Andrews, to Europe. Now God’s messenger was telling them that a great work remained to be done in all the world, and that many workers must be trained.

In the vision, she had seen in different parts of the world companies of people studying the Bible. They had found the promise

of Christ's return. She saw little groups here and there keeping the seventh-day Sabbath without knowing of any other Sabbathkeepers in the world. She said ministers should be sent to give further instruction to such groups before they became discouraged and gave up the faith.

She had been shown that the time would soon come when Adventists would send ministers to many distant countries. She had seen printing presses running in many foreign lands, producing periodicals, tracts, and books. At this point Elder White interrupted her.

"Ellen, can you tell us the names of those countries?"

[168] "No-o, I don't know the names," she answered. "The picture of the places and the printing presses is very clear, and if I should ever see them I would recognize them; but I didn't hear the names of the places. Oh, yes, I remember, the angel said, 'Australia.'"

Elder S. N. Haskell was present at the meeting, and he said, "I intend to go to Australia." Elder J. O. Corliss, who was there, also said he wanted to go to Australia.

At this time we had one publishing house in Battle Creek, Michigan, and were planning to establish another in California. We had one hospital and one college. Not till ten years later were the first workers sent to Australia, and Elder Haskell and Elder Corliss were among them.

Three months after these pioneer workers left for the continent "down under," Grandma White, with my father and some of her other helpers, sailed for Switzerland. Mother and I were with them. I was three and a half years old.

We arrived in Basel late one evening and were taken to an apartment in the recently built four-story publishing house. This building served as printing house, general offices, and living quarters for the mission staff. The next morning as Elder B. L. Whitney was showing our party around the establishment, grandma said, "This place looks natural to me."

As they entered the pressroom, she said, "I have seen these presses before. These are the very printing presses shown me ten years ago in the vision at Battle Creek." The presses were stopped, and two young men who had been operating them were introduced

to her. She shook hands with them. Then, turning to Elder Whitney, she asked, “Where is the other one?”

Curious as to just how much Mrs. White knew about the affairs of the office, he inquired, “What other one?” “There’s an older man who works in this room, and I have a message for him,” she answered. [169]

“Brother Albert Deichy, the foreman, is in the city on business,” Elder Whitney replied. “You will see him here tomorrow.” When she saw him, she recognized him and delivered the message given her ten years earlier.

A few months later she and my father visited Christiania (now Oslo), Norway. When they entered the new publishing house there, grandma remarked, “This place seems very familiar to me. This is one of the places shown me years ago, where publications were being issued in countries outside the United States.”

Returning with Elder Matteson to his editorial room, she talked with him about the work of the office, just as if she had lived there for some time and knew all about its operations.

Six years later, when for the first time she entered the pressroom of the publishing house in North Fitzroy, Australia, she talked with the workers about different parts of the building and their uses, showing that she was fully acquainted with the place. And she gave them the messages of counsel given her for them seventeen years before in the ten-minute vision in Battle Creek.

But back to that evening in 1875. After the ministerial institute and the college dedication, the workers returned to their various conferences and told their church members about the vision of the presses in foreign lands. At that time Seventh-day Adventists received a new view of the great worldwide work before them. They took fresh courage and dedicated themselves anew to carrying the message of Jesus’ soon coming to all the world.

During the ten years following the vision, three important institutions were established in California—the Pacific Press in Oakland, the Health Retreat (now the St. Helena Sanitarium) near St. Helena, and an academy in Healdsburg which was to grow into Pacific Union College. Another academy (now Atlantic Union College) was opened in South Lancaster, Massachusetts. Missions for training [170]

house-to-house Bible instructors were opened in many large cities. Churches multiplied, and the message took root in foreign lands.

Today, sanitariums, printing houses, colleges, and evangelistic centers circle the globe. The vision of 1875 has been fulfilled a thousandfold. The message will soon have reached the most remote places of earth, and *Jesus will come*.

## Chapter 25—The Secret Sign

[171]

James White died in August, 1881, leaving Ellen to carry on alone with the work which they had shared.

This was the third time that death had come to the White home. Twenty-one years earlier they had lost Herbert, their youngest, at the age of three months. Three years later Henry, their sixteen-year-old son, the “sweet singer” of the family, was taken from them. He had been dearly loved and was now greatly missed. But neither of these bereavements was permitted to darken the parents’ lives. Rather than spend their time in fruitless mourning, they looked forward to the happy resurrection morning when they would again have their little family together.

Soon after James’s funeral my grandmother wrote, “My husband’s death was a heavy blow to me, more keenly felt because so sudden. As I saw the seal of death upon his countenance, my feelings were almost insupportable. I longed to cry out in my anguish. But I knew that this could not save the life of my loved one, and I felt that it would be unchristian to give myself up to sorrow. I sought help and comfort from above, and the promises of God were verified to me. The Lord’s hand sustained me.”

Four years after her husband’s death, Ellen White went to Europe. Six years later with her son William, S. N. Haskell, and a few other workers she boarded the steamship *Alameda* bound for Australia. While crossing the Pacific, she was shown in a night vision many things regarding the work in Australia. She was also given a special message for N. D. Faulkhead, treasurer of the Echo Publishing Company, our printing house in Melbourne. [172]

Mr. Faulkhead was a keen, energetic businessman. He was tall, handsome, and genial, a man deeply loved by his wife and two children and respected by all his associates. When he first accepted the Adventist message, he was enthusiastic in his hope of the soon coming of Jesus. But he was a member of several lodges and held important positions in these secret societies.

As time went on, he gave more and more attention to the lodges and less and less to the work of God. He was often with men interested only in the things of this world, and he attended Adventist meetings less frequently.

His friends at the publishing office begged him to withdraw from the secret societies and give his entire time and strength to the work of God. They reminded him of the words spoken by Jesus, "No man can serve two masters." But his positions in the various lodges brought him much honor, and he refused their advice, for he thought more of the lodges than of anything else in the world.

A few days after reaching Australia, Mrs. White was shown in another vision more about Mr. Faulkhead's danger. She immediately wrote in a very long letter the instruction she had been given for him. But when she was about to mail it, she seemed to hear a voice say, "Not yet, not yet: they will not receive it." So she laid the letter aside. But she felt anxious because in the vision she had seen that Mr. Faulkhead was like a man just ready to fall over a precipice. [173] During the next few months she thought several times of sending him the message; but each time the voice said, "Not yet! not yet!" Nearly a year went by.

Then one day an Adventist who knew nothing of this asked him, "What would you do if Sister White should have a testimony for you?"

"It would have to be a very strong statement to make me believe the Lord had given her a message for me," he replied. He respected Mrs. White and enjoyed visiting with her, but when it came to her testimonies—well, he wasn't sure about them.

But the Holy Spirit was working on his heart. One night he dreamed that Mrs. White had a message for him from God. A few days later, after a board meeting, Elder William White stepped up to Mr. Faulkhead and said, "My mother wishes to see you before you leave."

Though it was late afternoon, he went at once to her room. As he knocked, he thought of his dream.

"Do you have anything for me, Sister White?" he asked as she greeted him.

"Yes, I have a message for you and your wife, and I'd like to have a visit with you when you can arrange it."

Thinking of his dream, he asked eagerly, "Can you give it to me now?"

Mrs. White knew that at last the time had come for her to deliver the message. She went to her writing stand, opened a drawer, and took out a package of typed sheets. She sat down in an easy chair and, with Mr. Faulkhead sitting near, began to read what she had written nearly a year before.

She read a description of some of the meetings of the secret societies to which he belonged, as she had seen them in the vision. As she read, he recognized the very words he had spoken in one of their meetings and the replies the men had made, expressed in the terms and forms of speech peculiar to the society. She even told him where he was sitting when he talked with the men, and what he was advising the men to do.

[174]

"I heard them address you as 'Worshipful Master,'" she said. She described scenes of drinking that had taken place late at night after the regular meetings had closed and he had left.

She warned him of his danger. He was becoming so absorbed in the work of the lodges and so proud of the honors received that he was losing the love he once had for his Saviour. In the vision she had seen him contributing large sums of money to the lodge, whereas at church he searched his purse for small coins. She told him plainly that unless he broke his connection with his associates, he would give up the truth and lose eternal life.

After reading and talking to him for a long time, she said, "I cannot relate all that was given to me," and she unconsciously moved her hands in the same manner the angel had used when he gave her the instruction.

Suddenly Mr. Faulkhead turned pale. In a startled voice he asked, "Sister White, do you know what you did just now?"

"No," she replied, "I'm not aware that I did anything unusual."

Attempting to control his excitement, he exclaimed, "You made a secret sign known only to lodge members!"

The two talked on. Again Mrs. White made another movement with her hands. Again he paled. When he had regained composure, he said, "You did it again, Sister White; again you made a secret sign. This one is known only to the highest order of the society." He told her that only six persons in all Australia were entrusted with a

[175]

[176]

knowledge of that sign. He had learned it himself only a few days before. He said, "It's one that is never divulged to a nonmember, and no woman is ever told about it."

Mr. Faulkhead needed no further evidence that God had revealed these things to Mrs. White in vision. He felt solemn to think that God had noticed *him* and had sent *him* a special message.

Mrs. White's face brightened, for she could see that Mr. Faulkhead believed her words and would receive the counsel.

As Mrs. White continued reading and talking, May Walling, her niece, came to the room. "Aunt Ellen," she said, "you should rest." But Mrs. White said, "May, I have special word from the Lord for Brother Faulkhead, and I must give it to him."

Later my father knocked at the door and protested, "Mother, you're wearing away your strength; you've been talking with Mr. Faulkhead for nearly three hours!"

"Don't disturb us; the Lord is giving me strength for the task," she said quietly. She closed the door, and her son left.

Turning to Mr. Faulkhead, she saw that a great struggle was going on in his mind. Good and evil angels were battling for his soul. Soon his face lightened with heavenly joy. Looking up, he exclaimed, "Lord, I give myself unreservedly to Thee!"

[177] With tears in his eyes, he said to Mrs. White, "I accept the light the Lord has sent me through you. I will act upon it. I'm a member of five lodges, and three others are under my control. I transact all their business. Now I shall attend no more of their meetings, and shall close my business relations with them as fast as possible. I've just taken the highest order in one of the societies, but I shall sever my connection with them all."

It was now nearly time for the late train to leave for his suburban home. When he reached the station it had already pulled out, leaving him to walk the four miles. He chose the quiet streets, for he wanted to think. A great joy filled his heart as he realized that the God who rules the universe and guides the planets had seen his danger and had sent a message just for him.

Early the next morning he was at the publishing house, telling his associates of his decision. The news quickly spread through the offices, causing joy among his friends.

Calling his secretary, he dictated letters of resignation to the lodges. Then, afraid lest he should change his mind, he handed the letters to Elder Daniells to mail.

During the remainder of his life, Mr. Faulkhead gave his time to the work of the Echo office, spreading the message of Jesus' soon return.

Through the years he frequently warned young men not to join secret societies, telling them of the temptations that had come to him. He would often show them a pile of invitations from governors, premiers, and other rich and honored men—invitations to parties of pleasure and revelry. But he said, "Every time I look at them they remind me of the devil's snares."

## Chapter 26—Who Made the Furrow?

A few months after Mrs. White arrived in Australia, she said, “We must have a college in this country.” She also stated that this college should be located on a large piece of land where agriculture and other industries could be taught.

When the brethren heard this, they asked in dismay, “With only about five hundred Adventists in all Australia, how can we support such an expensive enterprise as a college?” But grandma continued talking about a college where Australian young people could receive an education without having to go to America. Finally a group was organized to find suitable property.

They located several large tracts of good land for sale, but the prices were too high. After several months of searching, they came across the Brettville Estate of 1,450 acres of forest land for about three dollars an acre. It was favorably located, seventy-nine miles north of Sydney, New South Wales. The men wrote to Mrs. White, asking her to come and look it over. She boarded a train in Sydney, where she was living at the time, and with Elder George B. Starr and his wife and one or two other friends went to investigate.

While making the journey, she told about a vivid dream she had had several nights before. This kind of dream is sometimes called a night vision. In the dream the same angel who had appeared to her in daytime visions stood by her side and talked with her. It seemed that she was looking over property which was being considered for the college. She thought she was walking with friends through a deep woods when they came to a small clearing and saw in its center a furrow freshly turned with a plow. It was a small furrow, only nine inches deep and six feet long. In her dream, as she stood looking at the furrow, she saw two men approach and begin examining the soil. “This is not good land. The soil is not favorable,” they said.

She looked up and saw an angel standing on the furrow. “False witness has been borne against the land,” she heard him say. The angel then described the various layers of earth and explained the

science of the soil. He said the land was well adapted to raising fruits and vegetables, and would yield well if properly cultivated. He added, "The Lord is able to set a table in the wilderness."

The friends on the train with Mrs. White were glad to hear this dream. They felt sure angels of God were guiding them to the right place for the school.

After traveling for two and a half hours, they got off at a small railway station near a fishing village. Here they were joined by Elder Daniells, Elder William White, and several other conference men. They ate dinner together, then got into three rowboats and paddled up Dora Creek, which was really a small river. When the tide came in from the ocean, the water was salty for several miles, but it became fresh farther up. The pull upstream was a stiff one, and the men took turns at the oars.

The trip was pleasant and the scenery interesting. Trees and thick shrubbery grew along the riverbanks, with some ferns and wild flowers. Birds called from the branches overhanging the water. Some made a sound like the ringing of a bell. Once they were startled by what sounded like a group of boys laughing, but the raucous noise came from the throat of one little bird called the "Laughing Jack."

[180]

At the boat landing on the edge of the property they climbed the bank and entered a forest. It was a clear, crisp day in May—early autumn in Australia. Mrs. White sat down to rest on a log near a fire the men had kindled, while the group divided into teams and started off in various directions.

After a while the Starrs returned, delighted with what they had seen on their tramp through the woods, and exhilarated by the fresh, cool air laden with fragrance from the eucalyptus trees. They suggested that Mrs. White go with them to look around. As they walked through the deep woods, they came upon a small clearing, and there in the center was a freshly turned furrow. It was nine inches deep and six feet long, exactly like the one Mrs. White had seen in the night vision.

While they stood wondering how it came to be there, two members of the inspection party came from opposite directions and stood, one at each end of the furrow. They bent over, took some of the soil in their hands, and began to examine it. One of them said, "This is not good land. The soil is not favorable"—the very words Mrs.

White had heard spoken in her dream. The other man remarked, "It's sandy, and seems to be sour. In my estimation it will not raise a thing."

[181] Then they asked, "How did this furrow come to be here?" They were all puzzled, wondering who could have made it, and how. No plow or other farm implement was in sight. No vehicle had been driven to the spot—no trace of horses' hoofs could be found. The grass had not been trodden down nor the shrubbery disturbed. Yet there was that short freshly turned furrow.

Those who had come up on the train with Mrs. White waited for her to tell the men her dream; and this she did. When they heard what the angel had said, they had no more to say. They believed God knew more about the land than they did. He had sent them word that it would bear good fruit and vegetables, and that settled the question. Everyone felt impressed that God was guiding them to the right place for the school.

The men scattered again, and Mrs. White returned to her seat on the log by the fire. She was happy, for she was thinking about the college which would be established on those grounds and of the hundreds of missionaries who would be trained there.

They made the return trip down the river by starlight. In the evening the company met in a cottage to talk things over. They had requested the government land expert to visit the place. His report was very unfavorable. In his opinion the land was so poor that "if a bandicoot [a small animal something like a rabbit] were to hop across the estate, he would have to carry his lunch pail with him."

The committee must now choose between the report of the scientifically trained man and the words of the angel. They talked a long time. They discussed times in past years when God had especially blessed His people because they followed His counsel. Now He had spoken to them through His angel, and they decided to let His word settle the question. They voted unanimously to locate the school on that property.

[182] A few months later the Australasian Union Conference approved their decision, and the college project was launched. The estate was named Avondale because of the many streams of clear water running through it. The next question was how they were to pay for the land. Money had been borrowed for the down payment, but where would

the \$4,500 come from to repay the loan and finish paying for the property? Although the church was growing rapidly, there were still fewer than one thousand Adventists in all Australia. They had little money and no rich friends. But the brethren had followed the counsel of God, and now He honored their faith.

About this time a Mrs. Wessels of South Africa, her daughter Anna, and her daughter's husband visited the new school estate, and Anna gave \$5,000. This finished paying for the land and left a little over. Grandma White later borrowed another \$5,000 from Mrs. Wessels and lent it to the school to start the building construction.

An old abandoned hotel in Cooranbong Village, within walking distance of the new school site, was rented as temporary quarters, and a night school was begun. In this same building lived the young men who had come to work up credit toward future school expenses by clearing land for orchard and garden. In the evenings they attended classes. Because there were no bulldozers or motorized farm implements, the giant eucalyptus trees had to be dug out with pick and shovel and the land plowed with oxen and horses.

They bought a sawmill to transform the mammoth trees into timber. A second story was added to the building which housed the sawmill, and Sabbath services were held there. The night school was moved from the old hotel building to the sawmill loft.

On October 5, 1896, about thirty-five people gathered to watch Mrs. White lay the corner brick of the first building, a girls' dormitory. As a girl in my teens I was present, and I remember that the outlook seemed discouraging. So little money and so few people to accomplish the great work undertaken! Noticing the sober looks on some of the faces, grandma said, "Cheer up, children; this is a resurrection, not a funeral."

[183]

School opened on April 28, 1897, with four teachers and ten students. Within a month other students and teachers arrived, and the school grew rapidly. As soon as the girls' dormitory could be used, Sabbath services and some college classes were conducted in its dining room. Cots were set up in the sawmill loft, curtains were hung between them, and it became home for some of the young men students that first year. God blessed the school from the beginning. There was not one case of sickness among the students and teachers that first winter.

And what about the land? Did it produce as the angel predicted? Within a remarkably short time from the planting, vineyard and orchard began to bear delicious fruit. The school garden provided green vegetables and melons in abundance. The entire school community prospered. A stalk of sweet corn brought into our cottage from the garden reached nearly to the ceiling.

About a year after school opened, Australia suffered a severe drought. Cattle and sheep died by the thousands. A horse could be purchased for a shilling (equal to about twenty-five cents at the time), and a sheep for sixpence (half a shilling). I remember how my sister and I begged father to buy us a pony, but we were too far from the markets to make such a purchase practical. It was a wilting summer, with the thermometer registering as high as 116° F. inside our cottage.

[184] Miraculously, the drought missed the school property. A Sydney newspaper, commenting on the sad condition of the country in general, made the statement that the one exception was the Avondale School Estate, which it compared to an oasis in the desert.

That was more than half a century ago. Now each year, on the opening day of school, the new students walk around an artistically arranged campus, looking at the substantial buildings where they may study the arts and sciences or acquire useful skills and trades while working to earn their school expenses. They are conducted through the health food factory, a thriving industry sending its products to all parts of Australia. The factory building stands on the banks of Dora Creek, near the boat landing.

Returning to the campus, they are shown a little stone monument near the music hall. On it they read an inscription telling the story of the furrow, and they are reminded that God sent an angel from heaven to give special help in finding the right place for Australasian Missionary College, now called Avondale College.

## Chapter 27—Twenty-three Miles to a Doctor

[185]

“Oh, Ella, why did you clear the table?” “I didn’t clear it, Mamma. It was like this when I came in.”

“Did you do it, Mabel? Tell me, is this a joke? Where did you put the tablecloth?”

“No, Mamma, I didn’t touch anything.”

“But I had the tablecloth on and the silverware out. Where is the silverware? And where’s that loaf of bread I left on the serving table when I was called to the door? Who’s been in the kitchen? Did you see anyone come into the house, Mabel?”

“No, but I saw a tall lady come out; and it looked as though she was carrying something under her apron.”

“So that’s what was going on while our neighbor lady was entertaining me in the front room! The two women were evidently working together. While one was so kindly telling me where I could buy the best strawberries, the other came in the back door and picked up whatever she could lay her hands on. That reminds me of what the groceryman told your father. He said, ‘Be sure to lock your doors when you go out; for there’s nothing too hot or too heavy for some people to carry away.’”

After that we were more careful about turning the key when we left the house. We watched the clothesline on washday. And we tried to remember not to leave anything of value in the yard. But even though we took the best of precautions, articles occasionally disappeared. At this time we were living in a rented house in Cooranbong, waiting for our cottage to be built across the road from Grandma White’s home near Avondale.

[186]

One day when we returned from church, mother sent me to get a rice pudding from the cooler house, a small stone building by the kitchen door. But the pudding was gone, dish and all, and with it a pitcher of milk.

When we told grandma about it, she said, “Don’t any of you say a word about this to anyone!” She made friendly visits around the

neighborhood, even calling on the family suspected of the thievery. “We’re coming to live here among you,” she told them, “and I trust you’ll find us pleasant neighbors. We’re establishing a school nearby where you can send your children to receive an education. We’re ready to help you in any way we can.”

Not long after this grandma had the opportunity she was looking for to help her neighbors. Although the surrounding country was sparsely settled and without telephones, word spread rapidly that Mrs. White had a nurse in her family, Miss Sara McEnterfer, from the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium. This was welcome news, for the nearest hospital or doctor’s office was at Newcastle, twenty-three miles up the railway line. The first call for help came from a home where a little boy had scalded his leg by upsetting a pot of boiling tea.

[187] When the “famous nurse from Battle Creek” reached the house, she found the six-year-old patient suffering from a very sore leg. It had become infected, and for some time the little fellow had cried day and night with pain. Every morning for nearly two weeks Aunt Sara, as she soon came to be called throughout the neighborhood, drove with grandma’s horse and carriage to the home and treated the scalded leg until it was entirely healed. After that calls for help came thick and fast.

Soon the Avondale school was opened, though the buildings were not quite finished. Grandma and her family of helpers had settled at Sunnyside, and grandma was busy with her writing. Four typewriters were clicking away as everyone worked earnestly copying, duplicating, and addressing pieces ready to mail—articles, letters, and book manuscripts. Our family had moved into the new cottage across the road.

One day a man came riding up to Sunnyside on horseback. All in one breath he said, “We have a very sick boy at our house, and we don’t know what to do for him. Someone told us that a nurse lives here. Could she help us?”

When Aunt Sara reached the house, she found a boy of nine lying on a cot. His head was hot with fever, and his eyes were red and swollen from crying. His mother was in bed with a new baby, and his aunt was doing her best to take care of all three.

“Now tell me all about what happened,” the nurse said.

“About a week ago, when Willie was driving a calf out of the yard, he stepped into a hole where some broken glass had been thrown and cut a gash in his ankle an inch and a half long and as deep as the bone,” the aunt explained. “His mother rubbed lard on the cut and tied it up, but it grew worse every day, and became so bad that his father took him to a doctor in Newcastle. The doctor cleaned and dressed the wound and sent some medicine for the boy to take, and said to apply bread-and-milk poultices every few hours.

“Then the baby came, and the boy’s mother was laid up. I have to take care of Willie, but I don’t know what to do for him. I don’t even know how to make the poultices. His father didn’t ask the doctor how they should be made. [Aunt Sara learned that they had been soaking the bread in milk and laying it on the wound cold.] The doctor said if the leg got worse to bring the boy back; he might have to amputate. Then we heard about Mrs. White and the Battle Creek nurse that lives with her, and so we sent for you; and we’re so glad you’ve come to help us!” [188]

Aunt Sara examined the patient. “It’s blood poisoning, and a serious case,” she said. “Put the kettle on and heat water immediately. We’ll do all we can to save that leg.” She had brought her flannel fomentation cloths, as she always did when called out on duty. For two hours without interruption she applied alternate hot and cold fomentations, then dressed the wound. Before she had finished, the patient was asleep. After telling Willie’s aunt how to continue the treatments, the nurse left, promising to return the next day.

When she returned the following morning, she found that the aunt had slipped while carrying a kettle of boiling water and had scalded her leg from the ankle to the knee. She was in so much pain that she could scarcely get around. So the nurse had two patients instead of one. She decided to bring them to Sunnyside, where she could care for them both. Willie’s father carried the boy to the carriage and then helped the aunt in.

All the way home, Aunt Sara was wondering where she could find room in the house for those two sick folks. The four upstairs bedrooms served also as office workrooms. The cook and a girl attending school occupied a room over the carriage barn. Overnight guests were in the parlor. But Aunt Sara was used to contriving. She managed to find a vacant spot where she could set up a cot for the [189]

aunt until the guests had left. She brought the boy across the road to our cottage.

It was my duty, as soon as school was dismissed, to stoke the kitchen stove and keep plenty of hot water ready for Willie's treatments. We gave him alternate hot and cold leg baths several times a day. Aunt Sara came over every evening and applied charcoal poultices. Once when she removed the poultice, a piece of glass the size of a kernel of wheat was lying on the surface of the wound. As the leg healed, the treatments were given less frequently.

At the end of ten days the patients were taken home, and Willie astonished the neighbors with his story about the wonderful cure "just with hot and cold water and charcoal." From that time on, Miss McEnterfer was frequently called to give help and instruction in caring for the sick. No charge was ever made, although at times she had to travel long distances.

The calls for help came so fast that she could not keep up with them and attend to her other duties. Mrs. Rodd, an Adventist sister who was a practical nurse, volunteered her services, and during the next two years, she, with the help of her husband, treated 240 people. They drove hundreds of miles with horse and buggy to homes scattered in surrounding villages and through the forest.

[190] Most of the patients these two nurses treated made rapid recovery, but not all. One day when Aunt Sara answered an urgent call, she found a young man with a raging fever. He was lying in a small room which had no window and only one door. The entire family crowded close around his bed, waiting for him to die, and—as Aunt Sara said—hastening his death by shutting out what little fresh air might otherwise have reached him. She dismissed the weeping relatives and gave the patient treatments to reduce his fever. Then she had him moved into a more airy room. For several hours she worked over him, applying cold compresses and hot footbaths, and giving sponge baths and other treatments, until his fever was greatly reduced and he said he felt better. After giving instruction for his further care, she left for the night.

The family had already called a physician; when he arrived that evening from Newcastle, he examined the patient and approved the treatment given. Before he left, a member of the family asked, "Shall we give the patient spirits to keep up his strength?"

“A little if you choose,” was the answer.

Other members of the family shared the bottle. With reasoning powers thus dulled by liquor, they began giving the sick man frequent drinks. That night he died in a drunken fit.

When Grandma White saw the great need, she said, “We must have a place where the sick in the neighborhood can be treated intelligently, a place where students in the nursing class can get practical experience. Caring for the suffering people who live around here will be the best sermon we can preach.” She wrote letters to friends telling them of the need for a little sanitarium in connection with the Avondale school. The school gave a piece of land near the new church, which was only a ten-minute walk from the college buildings. Students cut down some eucalyptus trees, and then worked overtime transforming them into lumber.

A combined clearing bee and picnic was announced. The school was closed for a day so that teachers and pupils could help clear the building site. Families living on the school estate or nearby laid their usual work aside and brought their tools. The men grubbed out trees and bushes and piled them in heaps for an evening bonfire. Children raked leaves and cleared away rocks. At noon we spread our lunch on the ground. Every housewife had brought extra food to share with those who had none. [191]

Nearly every mail brought gifts of money from friends far and near. When all was ready, carpenters, painters, and plumbers volunteered their spare-time services free of charge. Within a few weeks a twenty-five-bed hospital was ready to begin its healing ministry, but even before the rooms were finished and furnished, patients began to arrive. The building and its furnishings were modest, and the charges moderate. It is doubtful if any patient was ever refused care because he was too poor to pay.

## Chapter 28—Testimony to a Young Girl

These stories cover only a few incidents in the life of Ellen White. When she was seventeen years of age, the family physician had offered little hope that she could live more than three months at the longest. But God added seventy years to her life. He gave her strength to do a marvelous work.

Yet it was not Ellen White who did this great work. It was God working through a weak human being, using her lips, her voice, her pen, to speak for Him.

Although she had no money and no means of travel, God opened the way for her to go wherever He sent her. He strengthened her and gave her a voice. She cared for that voice, using it for God's glory, and it grew stronger as she continued using it for Him.

Many years later at the Groveland camp meeting near Boston she spoke to an audience of twenty thousand people. Even those seated in the back of the mammoth tent or standing outside declared afterward that they could hear her distinctly as she addressed them for an hour. When we stop to think that there were no loudspeakers then, we realize what a wonderful voice God gave her.

Soon after she began relating her visions, she was told, "Write out the instruction I give you for the people."

[193] She answered, "I cannot write, Lord." Her hand trembled so that her writing could scarcely be read. After making many attempts to write, she had given up trying.

But one night the angel of the Lord came to her bedside and repeated, "You *must* write out the instructions that I give you."

Again she said, "I cannot write."

Again the command was given, "Write!"

Taking up a writing board from the table, she laid it on her lap, took up her pen, and began. She found that she could write easily. Her hand, which had been so weak and shaky, was tracing words that were plain and legible. The Lord had worked a miracle.

No one knows how many pages Ellen White wrote with her own hand. In the vault where her writings are kept at the General Conference Office in Washington, D.C., there are sixty thousand typewritten pages, copied from her handwriting or from shorthand reports of her sermons and interviews. Much of what she wrote has been printed in books and articles; and besides these there are thousands of pages containing personal messages written in letters to individuals.

Most of her writing was done alone in her room during the early morning hours. Often in the night an angel came to her with a message for God's people—to strengthen their faith in the Bible and to help them understand and follow its teachings more perfectly.

She would arise, dress, and if it was cool, light a fire on the hearth. Then, after earnest prayer, she would sit in her armchair with her lapboard before her and write out the messages received during the night. Often when she came down to the breakfast table, she would have in her hand twelve, fourteen, or as many as sixteen large pages, closely hand written, which she had penned while others were sleeping. She would hand this writing to one of her copyists to be typed and duplicated, and copies would be sent to the people for whom it was intended. These messages for individuals or churches were called testimonies. Some of them have been printed in books.

[194]

[195]

Mrs. White also wrote many books which have been printed in numerous languages and are read by Christian people throughout the world. If we read and study these books, we will understand the Bible better and receive help to become the kind of persons who can live with Jesus in the new earth.

You have been told about Mrs. White's public visions—some to help conference presidents, or managers of sanitariums, printing houses, and colleges. But not all were for them, nor for ministers, Bible teachers, and doctors, nor even for mothers and fathers.

Some were for young people. Once when I was fourteen and we were living in Australia, God gave grandmother a testimony especially for me.

The young people in our home had returned one evening from night classes conducted in the sawmill loft. As I knelt by my bedside to pray that night, I realized that I was not living as close to my Saviour as I had in the past. I was not enjoying His blessing as I had

three years before, at the time of my baptism. I asked God for help that I might again have joy and peace in my heart. But I seemed to be drifting farther and farther from Him, even as I prayed. My prayer seemed to reach no higher than the ceiling.

After remaining on my knees for a long time, I lay down with the silent prayer, "Please, dear God, help me to correct what is wrong, that I may once more enjoy Your smile of approval."

[196] Soon after this—the following afternoon, as I remember—grandma's carriage stopped in front of our house. She did not greet us with her usual cheery "Good afternoon," but said very seriously, "Willie, call your family together; I have words to speak to them." (Grandma always called our father Willie.)

We came into the front room—father, mother, Mabel, and I, with our little twin brothers. As usual Mabel picked up Baby Henry and I took little Herbert on my lap.

Grandma said, "Will someone take care of the twins? I want Ella and Mabel to give me all their attention, for I have a solemn message for them."

When we were quietly seated, Grandma took from the small satchel in which she carried her writings a manuscript written that morning, and she began reading it to us:

"I was unable to sleep after eleven o'clock. In the night season I had been instructed of God. I have been made to feel deeply. One stood in our midst. Willie, his wife May, and several others were present. Words of deep import were spoken."

The next several sentences were addressed to our parents. They were told that our household was too large; there was too much noise and confusion in the home, too much forgetfulness of God in daily duties. There should be more time for Bible study.

We were living in an old dilapidated dwelling, the only house available, and we were caring for several boarders, including an invalid gentleman eighty years old.

Grandma read on. We children, she said, should be taught to form orderly habits, to keep our clothing clean and mended. How I hated mending! I lost a sentence or two, thinking about it. Bringing my thoughts back, I listened more carefully.

[197] "Let a living faith run like threads of gold through the daily experiences, in the performance of little duties. 'Whatsoever ye

do, do all to the glory of God.’ Then there will be a looking unto Jesus; love for Him will be the continual motive, giving vital force to everything that is undertaken.”

Words were then addressed directly to us girls: “Your mother needs your help as members of the firm. Be true to home duties. Take heed to her counsel and instruction. Respect her words. Obey her requests. This is a part of your education that will fit you to become members of the family above.”

As grandma continued, I realized that most of the testimony was meant especially for me. My name was mentioned several times. I was told that my work was to set a right example before my younger sister by being a living Christian in the home, faithful in all the little duties, heeding every suggestion mother made, yet not waiting for her to tell me what to do when I could see what needed to be done.

I should keep my room in order, carefully removing all dust and dirt. The kitchen was to be kept neat and clean.

Interrupting grandma, I asked, “Did the angel say all those things, or did you think of them yourself as you were writing?”

Grandma replied, “The angel talked with me in the night, and I wrote down the messages that were given to me for you and Mabel and for your parents.”

Then she read on: “Books are to be laid aside for their proper season, and no more study should engross the mind than can be attended to without neglecting the household duties. You may fill your place in the household as a thoughtful, care-taking, practical Christian, working for Jesus, doing the little duties that are often disagreeable but which must be done and not delayed.”

[198]

We were told not to be discouraged. Angels were watching to see how they could work with us to help us develop Christlike characters.

Grandma drew Mabel and me close to her. Lifting Mabel to her lap, she then put an arm around me, as she read the last words of the testimony:

“In doing your daily duties promptly, neatly, faithfully, you are missionaries. You are bearing witness for Christ. You are showing that the religion of Christ does not, in principle or practice, make you untidy, coarse, disrespectful to your parents by taking little heed to their counsel and instruction. Bible religion practiced will make

you kind, thoughtful, faithful. You will not neglect the little things that should be done to give a neat, wholesome appearance even to the kitchen, which has shown unfaithfulness. ‘He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.’”

Grandma finished reading. She laid the manuscript in mother’s hands and stood up.

I immediately fled upstairs to my room, buried my face in a pillow, and cried. My thoughts were bitter and resentful. Why did I have to spend so much time sweeping and scrubbing and washing dishes? I needed time for study! I wanted to stand high in my classes at night school.

[199] Then suddenly, as if struck by lightning, I remembered—my prayer. Only the night before I had asked God for help. Was this His answer? Had the great God in heaven heard the cry of a little girl and sent His angel with the answer to her question? Yes. God *had* heard me. He *did* love me! He had sent this message of reproof *because* He loved me! Tears of repentance took the place of the wicked, rebellious tears of a few moments before. I knelt where the previous night I had prayed and had felt forsaken of God. But He had *not* forsaken me!

As soon as I could wash away the tear stains, I hurried down to the room where father, mother, and Mabel were talking together. Grandma had left. I threw myself into mother’s arms.

“Ella,” father said tenderly, “you’ve had a hard time these past months. Life has not been easy for any of us. But these trials will pass. Soon our cottage will be finished, and we’ll be living there—just we four and the babies.

“No more rough board floors to scrub. We’ll have a new cook-stove, not like this old cracked one that smokes up the kitchen. The green eucalyptus branches from the clearing that I’ve been chopping for firewood will have had time to dry out and will burn better.”

“And we’ll have a bathroom, won’t we, Daddy, with a bathtub?” Mabel volunteered happily. “We won’t have to carry the washtub and all the water upstairs on bath nights anymore!”

Mother squeezed my hand. “Think of it, Ella, there’ll be a sink in the kitchen, and water on tap from a big tank outside. But, Will, did you forget? If Joe Mills comes to live with us and go to school,

there'll be five in the family besides the twins, instead of four. Just the same, I'm glad he's coming."

"Yes," said father. "Joe's a handy little fellow. He can take care of the garden and help you about the house."

"And milk the cow!" I announced emphatically, thinking of another burden which would be rolled off my shoulders.

"And I'll have only five lamps to trim and clean instead of eleven, and only five globes to polish every day," said Mabel jubilantly. [200]

Father was smiling as he rose to leave the room. "I won't have to be away from home as much as I have been this past year," he said. "We'll take our books to the woods on Sabbath afternoons. We can get acquainted with the gorgeous birds in these Australian forests, and we can collect new specimens of ferns and flowers."

For some minutes I had been thinking about a sticky saucepan I had left soaking, well hidden in a corner behind the kitchen stove. As soon as I could be sure no one was looking, I took it to the sandpile behind the house and gave it a good scouring. Then I looked around the kitchen, straightened things up here and there, and thoroughly scrubbed the table.

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," I repeated to myself. "Hereafter I shall try to do every task as carefully and faithfully as though I could look up and see Jesus observing everything I do."

And now, boys and girls, we have room for no more stories in this book.

Perhaps someday in the glorious new earth you and I may sit down beside my dear grandmother, Ellen White, and tell her how thankful we are for the lovely things she wrote that helped us to become more like Jesus and prepared us for a glad welcome to our heavenly home and our family above.