

**Life Sketches of James White and Ellen White****1880****By Ellen G. White****Chapter 1—Parentage and Early Life**

At the age of nine years an accident happened to me which was to affect my whole life. In company with my twin sister and one of our school-mates, I was crossing a common in the city of Portland, Maine, when a girl about thirteen years of age, also a member of our school, becoming angry at some trifle, followed us, threatening to strike us. Our parents had taught us never to contend with any one, but if we were in danger of being abused or injured, to hasten home at once. We were doing this with all speed, but the girl followed us as rapidly, with a stone in her hand. I turned my head to see how far she was behind me, and as I did so, she threw the stone and it hit me on the nose. A blinding, stunning sensation overpowered me, and I fell senseless.

When consciousness again returned, I found myself in a merchant's store; my garments were covered with blood which was pouring from my nose and streaming over the floor. A kind stranger offered to take me home in his carriage, but I, not realizing my weakness told him that I preferred to walk home rather than soil his carriage with blood. Those present were not aware that my injury was so serious and allowed me to have my own way; but after walking only a few rods I grew faint and dizzy. My twin sister and my school-mate carried me home.

I have no recollection of anything further for some time after the accident. My mother said that I noticed nothing but lay in a stupor for three weeks; no one but herself thought it possible for me to recover. For some reason she felt that I would live. A kind neighbor, who had been very much interested in my behalf, at one time thought me to be dying. She wished to purchase a burial robe for me, but my mother said, 'Not yet,' for something told her that I would not die.

When I again aroused to consciousness, it seemed to me that I had been asleep. I did not remember the accident and was ignorant of the cause of my illness. As I began to gain a little strength, my curiosity was aroused by overhearing those who came to visit me say: 'What a pity! 'I should not have known her,' etc. I asked for a looking-glass, and upon gazing into it, was shocked at the change in my appearance. Every feature of my face seemed changed. The bones of my nose had been broken which caused this disfigurement.

The idea of carrying my misfortune through life was insupportable. I could see no pleasure in my existence. I did not wish to live, and yet dared not die for I was unprepared. Friends often visited my parents and looked with pity upon me, and advised them to prosecute the father of the girl who had, as they said, ruined me. But my mother was for peace; she said that if such a course could bring me back my health and natural looks would be something gained, but as this was impossible, it was best not to make enemies by following such advice.

Physicians thought that a silver wire might be put in my nose to hold it in shape. This would have been very painful, and they feared it would be of little use, as I had lost so much blood and sustained

such a nervous shock that my recovery was very doubtful. Even if I revived it was their opinion I could live but a short time. I was reduced almost to a skeleton.

At this time I began to pray the Lord to prepare me for death. When Christian friends visited the family, they would ask my mother if she had talked to me about dying. I overheard this and it roused me. I desired to become a Christian and prayed earnestly for the forgiveness of my sins. I felt a peace of mind resulting, and loved every one, feeling desirous that all should have their sins forgiven and love Jesus as I did.

I well remember one night in winter when the snow was on the ground, the heavens were lighted up, the sky looked red and angry, and seemed to open and shut, while the snow looked like blood. The neighbors were very much frightened. Mother took me out of bed in her arms and carried me to the window, I was happy; I thought Jesus was coming, and I longed to see him. My heart was full, I clapped my hands for joy, and thought my sufferings were ended. But I was disappointed; the singular appearance faded away from the heavens, and the next morning the sun arose the same as usual.

I gained strength very slowly. As I became able to join in play with my young friends, I was forced to learn the bitter lesson that one's personal appearance makes a difference in the treatment they receive from the majority of their companions. At the time of my misfortune, my father was absent in Georgia. When he returned he embraced my brother and sisters and then inquired for me. I, timidly shrinking back, was pointed out by my mother, but my own father did not recognize me. It was hard for him to believe that I was his little Ellen, whom he had left only a few months before a health, happy child. This cut my feelings deeply, but I tried to appear cheerful though my heart seemed breaking.

Many times in those childish days, I was made to feel my misfortune keenly. My feelings were unusually sensitive and caused me great unhappiness. Often with wounded pride mortified and wretched in spirit, have I sought a lonely place and gloomily contemplated the trials I was daily doomed to bear.

The relief of tears was denied me. I could not weep readily as could my twin sister, so though my heart was heavy and ached as if it were breaking. I could not shed a tear. I often felt that it would greatly relieve me to weep away my overcharged feelings. Sometimes the kindly sympathy of friends banished my gloom and removed, for a time, the leaden weight that oppressed my heart. How vain and empty seemed the pleasures of earth to me then! How changeable the friendships of my young companions yet these little school-mates were not unlike a majority of the great world's people. A pretty face, a handsome dress attracts them, but let misfortune take these away and the fragile friendship grows cold or is broken. But when I turned to my Saviour, he comforted me. I sought the Lord earnestly in my trouble and received consolation, [for I] believed that Jesus loved even me.

My health seemed to be completely shattered. For two years I could not breathe through my nose, and was able to attend school but little. It seemed impossible for me to study and retain what I learned. The same girl who was the cause of my misfortune, was appointed monitor by our teacher, and it was among her duties to assist me in my writing and other lessons. She always seemed sincerely sorry for the great injury she had done me, although I was careful not to remind her of it.

She was tender and patient with me, and seemed sad and thoughtful as she saw me laboring, under serious disadvantages, to get an education.

My nervous system was prostrated, and my hand trembled so that I made but little progress in writing and could get no farther than the simple copies in coarse hand. As I endeavored to bend my mind to my studies, the letters on the page would run together great drops of perspiration would stand upon my brow, and a faintness and giddiness would seize me. I had a bad cough, and my whole system seemed debilitated. My teachers advised me to leave school and not pursue my studies further till my health would warrant it. It was the hardest struggle of my young life to yield to my feebleness, and decide that I must give up my studies and relinquish the cherished hope of acquiring an education.

My ambition to become a scholar had been very great, and when I pondered over my disappointed hopes, and the thought that I was to be an invalid for life, despair seized me. The future stretched out before me dark and cheerless, without one ray of light. I was unreconciled to my lot, and at times murmured against the providence of God in thus afflicting me. I concealed my troubled feelings from my family and friends, fearing that they could not understand me. This was a mistaken course. Had I opened my mind to my mother, she might have instructed, soothed, and encouraged me.

After I had struggled with this unreconciled spirit for days the tempter came under a new guise and increased my distress by condemning me for having allowed such rebellious thoughts to take possession of my mind. My conscience was perplexed and I knew no way to extricate myself from the labyrinth in which I was wandering.

The happy confidence in the Saviour's love that I had enjoyed during my illness, was gone. I had lost the blessed consciousness that I was a child of God, and felt that the hopes of my heart had deceived me. It was my determination not to again put confidence in my feelings, until I knew for a certainty that the Lord had pardoned my sins.

At times my sense of guilt and responsibility to God lay so heavy upon my soul, that I could not sleep but lay awake for hours, thinking of my lost condition and what was best for me to do. The consequences of my unfortunate accident again assumed gigantic proportions in my mind. I seemed to be cut off from all chance of earthly happiness, and doomed to continual disappointment and mortification. Even the tender sympathy of my friends pained me, for my pride rebelled against being in a condition to excite their pity. My prospect of worldly enjoyment was blighted, and heaven seemed closed against me.

I had the highest reverence for Christians and ministers of the gospel, but religion seemed too holy and sacred for me to obtain. An inconceivable anguish bore me down until it seemed impossible for me to longer live beneath the burden. I locked my secret agony within my heart and did not seek the advice of experienced Christians as I should have done.

No one conversed with me on the subject of my soul's salvation, and no one prayed with me. I felt that Christians were so far removed from me, so much nobler and purer than myself, that I dared not approach them on the subject that engrossed my thoughts, and was ashamed to reveal the lost and wretched condition of my heart.

In March, 1840, William Miller visited Portland, Me., and gave his first course of lectures on the second coming of Christ. These lectures produced a great sensation, and the Christian church, on Casco street, that Mr. Miller occupied, was crowded day and night. No wild excitement attended these meetings, but a deep solemnity pervaded the minds of those who heard his discourses. Not only was there manifested a great interest in the city, but the country people flocked in day after day, bringing their lunch baskets, and remaining from morning until the close of the evening meeting.

Mr. Miller dwelt upon the prophecies comparing them with Bible history, that the end of the world was near. I attended these meetings in company with my friends and listened to the strange doctrines of the preacher. Four years previous to this, on my way to school, I had picked up a scrap of paper containing an account of a man in England, who was preaching that the earth would be consumed in about thirty years from that time. I took this paper home and read it to the family.

In contemplating the event predicated, a great terror seized me; for the time seemed so short for the conversion and salvation of the world. I had been taught that a temporal millennium would take place prior to the coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven. Such a deep impression was made upon my mind by the little paragraph on the waste scrap of paper, that I could scarcely sleep for several nights, and prayed continually to be ready when Jesus came.

But now I was listening to the most solemn and powerful sermons to the effect that Christ was coming in 1843, only a few short years in the future. The preacher traced down the prophecies with a keen exactitude that struck conviction to the hearts of his hearers. He dwelt upon the prophetic periods, and piled up proof to strengthen his position. Then his solemn and powerful appeals and admonitions to those who were unprepared, held the crowds as if spell-bound.

Special meetings were appointed where sinners might have an opportunity to seek their Saviour and prepare for the fearful events soon to take place. Terrible conviction spread through the entire city. Prayer-meetings were established, and there was a general awakening among the various denominations, for they all felt more or less influence that proceeded from the teaching of the near coming of Christ. When sinners were invited forward to the anxious seat, hundreds responded to the call, and I, among the rest, pressed through the crowd and took my humble place with the seekers. But there was a hopeless feeling in my heart that I could never become worthy to be called a child of God. A lack of confidence in myself and a conviction that it would be impossible to make any one understand my feelings, prevented me from seeking advice and aid from my Christian friends. Thus I wandered needlessly in darkness and despair, while they, not penetrating my peculiar reserve, were entirely ignorant of my true state.

One evening my brother Robert and myself were returning home from a meeting where we had listened to a most impressive discourse on the approaching reign of Christ upon the earth, followed by an earnest and solemn appeal to Christians and sinners, urging them to prepare for the Judgment and the coming of the Lord. My soul had been stirred within me by what I had heard. And so deep was the sense of conviction in my heart, that I feared the Lord would not spare me to reach home.

These words kept ringing in my ears, The great day of the Lord is at hand! Who shall be able to stand when he appeareth! The language of my heart was, 'Spare me, O Lord, through the night! Take me nor away in my sins, pity me, save me!' For the first time, I tried to explain my feelings to my

brother Robert, who was two years older than myself; I told him that I dared not rest nor sleep until I knew that God had pardoned my sins.

My brother made no immediate response, but the cause of this silence was soon apparent to me; he was weeping in sympathy with my distress. This encouraged me to confide in him still more, to tell him that I had coveted death in the days when life seemed so heavy a burden for me to bear; but now the thought that I might die in my present sinful state and be eternally lost, filled me with inexpressible terror. I asked him if he thought God would spare my life through that one night, if I spent it agonizing in prayer to him. He answered, 'I think he will if you ask him with faith, and I will pray for you and for myself. Ellen, we must never forget the words we have heard this night.'

Arriving at home, I spent most of the long hours of darkness in prayer and tears. One special reason that prompted me to conceal my feelings from my friends, was the dread of hearing a word of discouragement. My hope was so small, and my faith so weak, that I feared if another took a similar view of my condition, it would plunge me into absolute despair. Yet my heart longed for some one to tell me what I should do to be saved, what steps to take to meet my Saviour and give myself entirely up to the Lord. I regarded it a great thing to be a Christian, and felt that it required some peculiar effort on my part.

My mind remained in this condition for months. I had usually attended the Methodist meetings with my parents; but since becoming interested in the soon appearing of Christ, I had attended the meetings on Casco street. The following summer my parents went to the Methodist camp-meeting at Buxton, Me., taking me with them. I was fully resolved to seek the Lord in earnest there, and obtain, if possible, the pardon of my sins. There was a great longing in my heart for the Christian's hope and the peace that comes of believing.

Some things at this camp-meeting perplexed me exceedingly. I could not understand the exercises of many persons during the conference meetings at the stand and in the tents. They shouted at the top of their voices, clapped their hands, and appeared greatly excited. Quite a number fell, through exhaustion it appeared to me, but those present said they were sanctified to God, and this wonderful manifestation was the power of the Almighty upon them after lying motionless for a time, these persons would rise and again talk and shout as before.

In some of the tents, meetings were continued through the night, by those who were praying for freedom from sin, and the sanctification of the Spirit of God. Quite a number became sick in consequence of the excitement and loss of sleep, and were obliged to leave the ground. These singular manifestations brought no relief to me, but rather increased my discouragement. I despaired of ever becoming a Christian if, in order to obtain the blessing, it was necessary for me to be exercised as these people were. I was terrified by such peculiar demonstrations, and at a loss to understand them.

At length I was greatly relieved while listening to a discourse from the words: 'I will go in unto the king,' 'and if I perish, I perish.' In his remarks the speaker referred to those who were wavering between hope and fear, longing to be saved from their sins and receive the pardoning love of Christ, yet held in doubt and bondage by timidity and fear of failure. He counseled such ones to surrender themselves to God and venture upon his mercy without delay. They would find a gracious Saviour ready to present to them the scepter of mercy even as Ahasuerus offered to Esther the signal of his

favor. All that was required of the sinner, trembling in the presence of his Lord, was to put forth the hand of faith and touch the scepter of his grace. That touch insured pardon and peace.

Those who were waiting to make themselves more worthy of divine favor, before they dared venture to claim the promises, were making a fatal mistake. Jesus alone cleanses from sin; he only can forgive our transgressions. He has pledged himself to listen to the petition and grant the prayer of those who come to him in faith. Many had a vague idea that they must make some wonderful effort in order to gain the favor of God. But all self-dependence is vain. It is only by connecting with Jesus through faith that the sinner becomes a hopeful, believing child of God.

These words comforted me and gave me views of what I must do to be saved. Soon after this I passed into a tent where the people were praying and shouting, some confessing their sins and crying for mercy, while others were rejoicing in their newfound happiness. My attention was attracted to a little girl who seemed to be in great distress. Her face would pale and flush by turns, as though she were passing through a severe conflict.

Tightly clasped in her arms was a pretty little parasol. Occasionally she would loosen her hold on it for a moment as if about to let it fall, then her grasp would tighten upon it again; all the time she seemed to be regarding it with a peculiar fascination. At last she cried out: 'Dear Jesus, I want to love thee and go to heaven! Take away my sins! I give myself to thee, parasol and all.' She threw herself into her mother's arms weeping and exclaiming: 'Ma, I am so happy, for Jesus loves me, and I love him better than my parasol or anything else!'

The face of the child was fairly radiant, she had surrendered her little all. In her childish experience she had fought the battle and won the victory. There was much weeping and rejoicing in the tent. The mother was deeply moved and very joyful that the Lord had added her dear child as a lamb to his fold. She explained to those present that her little daughter had received the parasol as a present not long before. She was very much delighted with it, and had kept it in her hands most of the time, even taking it to bed with her.

During the meeting her tender heart had been moved to seek the Saviour. She had heard that nothing must be withheld from Jesus; that nothing short of an entire surrender of ourselves and all we have would be acceptable with him. The little parasol was the child's earthly treasure upon which her heart was set, and, in the struggle to give it up to the Lord, she had passed through a trial keener perhaps than that of the mature Christian, who sacrifices this world's treasures for the sake of Christ.

It was afterwards explained to the little girl, that since she had relinquished her parasol to Jesus, and it no longer stood between herself and her love for him, it was right for her to retain it and use it in a proper manner.

Many times in after life that little incident had been brought to my mind. When I saw men and women holding desperately to the riches and vanity of earth, yet anxiously praying for the love of Christ, I would think: 'How hard it is to give up the parasol!' Yet Jesus gave up heaven for our sake, and became poor that we, through his poverty and humiliation, might secure eternal riches.

I now began to see my way more clearly, and the darkness began to pass away. I saw that, in my despair of at once attaining to the perfection of Christian character, I had scarcely dared to make the

trial of serving God. I now earnestly sought the pardon of my sins and strove to give myself entirely to the Lord. But my mind was often in great distress, for I did not experience the spiritual ecstasy that I considered would be the evidence of my acceptance with God, and dared not believe myself converted without it. How much I needed instruction concerning the simplicity of faith.

While bowed at the altar with others who were seeking the Lord, all the language of my heart was: 'Help, Jesus, save me or I perish! I will never cease to entreat till my prayer is heard and my sins forgiven!' I felt my needy, helpless condition as never before. As I knelt and prayed, suddenly my burden left me and my heart was light. At first a feeling of alarm came over me and I tried to resume my load of distress again. It seemed to me that I had no right to feel joyous and happy. But Jesus seemed very near me; I felt able to come to him with all my griefs, misfortunes and trials, even as the needy ones came to him for relief when he was upon earth. There was a surety in my heart that he understood my peculiar trials and sympathized with me. I can never forget this precious assurance of the pitying tenderness of Jesus toward one so unworthy of his notice. I learned more of the divine character of Christ in the short period when bowed among the praying ones than ever before.

One of the mothers in Israel came to me and said: 'Dear child, have you found Jesus?' I was about to answer, 'Yes,' when she exclaimed: 'Indeed you have, his peace is with you, I see it in your face!' Again and again I said to myself, 'Can this be religion? Am I not mistaken?' It seemed too much for me to claim, too exalted a privilege. Though too timid to openly confess it, I felt that the Saviour had blessed me and pardoned my sins.

Soon after this the meeting came to a close and we started for home. My mind was full of the sermons, exhortations and prayers we had heard. Everything in nature seemed changed. During the meeting, clouds and rain prevailed a greater part of the time and my feelings had been in harmony with the weather. Now the sun shone bright and clear and flooded the earth with light and warmth. The trees and grass were a fresher green, the sky a deeper blue. The earth seemed to smile under the peace of God. So the rays of the Sun of Righteousness had penetrated the clouds and darkness of my mind, and dispelled its gloom.

It seemed to me that every one must be at peace with God and animated by his Spirit. Everything my eyes rested upon seemed to have undergone a change. The trees were more beautiful, and the birds sang sweeter than ever before; they seemed to be praising the Creator in their songs. I did not care to talk, for fear this happiness might pass away, and I should lose the precious evidence of Jesus' love for me.

As we neared our home in Portland, we passed men at work upon the street. They were conversing upon ordinary topics with each other, but my ears were deaf to everything but the praise of God, and their words came to me as grateful thanks and glad hosannas. Turning to my mother, I said: 'Why, these men are all praising God, and they haven't been to the camp-meeting.' I did not then understand why the tears gathered in my mother's eyes, and a tender smile lit up her face, as she listened to my simple words, that recalled a similar experience of her own.

My mother was a great lover of flowers, and took much pleasure in cultivating them, and thus making her home attractive and pleasant for her children. But our garden had never before looked so lovely to me as upon the day of our return. I recognized an expression of the love of Jesus in every

shrub, bud, and flower. These things of beauty seemed to speak in mute language of the love of God.

There was a beautiful pink flower in the garden called the rose of Sharon. I remember approaching it and touching the delicate petals reverently; they seemed to possess a sacredness in my eyes. My heart overflowed with tenderness and love for these beautiful creations of God. I could see divine perfection in the flowers that adorned the earth. God tended them, and his all-seeing eye was upon them. He had made them and called them good. 'Ah,' thought I, 'If he so loves and cares for the flowers that he has decked with beauty, how much more tenderly will he guard the children who are formed in his image.' I repeated softly to myself, 'I am a child of God, his loving care is around me, I will be obedient and in no way displease him, but will praise his dear name and love him always.'

My life appeared to me in a different light. The affliction that had darkened my childhood seemed to have been dealt me in mercy for my good, to turn my heart away from the world and its unsatisfying pleasures and incline it towards the enduring attractions of heaven.

Soon after our return from the camp-meeting, I, with several others, was taken into the church on probation. My mind was very much exercised on the subject of baptism. Young as I was, I could see but one mode of baptism authorized by the Scriptures, and that was immersion. My sisters tried in vain to convince me that sprinkling was Bible baptism. The Methodist minister consented to immerse the candidates if they conscientiously preferred that method, although he intimated that sprinkling would be equally acceptable with God.

Finally the day was appointed for us to receive this solemn ordinance. Although usually enjoying, at this time, great peace, I frequently feared that I was not a true Christian, and was harassed by perplexing doubts as to my conversion. It was a windy day when we, twelve in number, were baptized, walking down into the sea. The waves ran high and dashed upon the shore, but in taking up this heavy cross, my peace was like a river. When I arose from the water, my strength was nearly gone for the power of the Lord rested upon me. I felt that henceforth I was not of this world, but had risen from the watery grave into a newness of life.

My cousin Hannah made confession of her faith at the same time that I did. She wished to be baptized by immersion, but her father, who was not a Christian, would not consent to this although we urged him to do so. So she knelt before the altar and had a few drops of water sprinkled upon her head. As I witnessed the ceremony, my heart rejoiced that I had not submitted to receive sprinkling for baptism, feeling confident that there was no Scripture to sustain it.

The same day in the afternoon, I was received into the church in full membership. A young woman, arrived at the age of maturity, stood by my side and was also a candidate for admission to the church with myself. My mind was peaceful and happy till I noticed the gold rings glittering upon this sister's fingers, and the large showy ear-rings in her ears. I then observed that her bonnet was adorned with artificial flowers and trimmed with costly ribbons, arranged in bows and puffs. My joy was dampened by this display of vanity in one who professed to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

I expected that the minister would give some whispered reproof or advice to this sister, but he was apparently regardless of her showy apparel and no rebuke was administered. We both received the



right hand of fellowship. The hand decorated with jewels was clasped by the representative of Christ, and both our names were registered upon the church book.

I can now look back upon my youthful experience and see how near I came to making a fatal mistake. I had read many of the religious biographies of children who had possessed numberless virtues and lived faultless lives. I had conceived a great admiration for the paragons of perfection there represented. But far from encouraging me in my efforts to become a Christian, these books were as stumbling-blocks to my feet. I despaired of ever attaining to the perfection of the youthful characters in those stories who lived the lives of saints and were free from all the doubts, and sins, and weaknesses under which I staggered. Their faultless lives were followed by a premature but happy death, and the biographers tacitly intimated that they were too pure and good for earth, therefore, God in his divine pity had removed them from its uncongenial atmosphere. The similarity of these avowedly true histories seemed to point the fact to my youthful mind, that they really presented a correct picture of a child's Christian life.

I repeated to myself again and again, 'If that is true, I can never be a Christian. I can never hope to be like those children,' and was driven by this thought to discouragement and almost to despair. But when I learned that I could come to Jesus just as I was, that the Saviour had come to ransom just such unworthy sinners, then light broke upon my darkness, and I could claim the promises of God.

Later experience has convinced me that these biographies of immaculate children mislead the youth. They extol the amiable qualities of their characters, and suppress their faults and failures. If they were represented as struggling with temptations, occasionally vanquished, yet triumphing over their trials in the end, if they were represented as subject to human frailties, and beset by ordinary temptations, then children would see that they had experienced like trials with themselves, yet had conquered through the grace of God. Such examples would give them fresh courage to renew their efforts to serve the Lord, hoping to triumph as those before them had done.

But the sober realities and errors of the young Christian's life were vigorously kept out of sight, while the virtues were so exaggerated as to lift them from above the common level of ordinary children, who naturally despair of ever reaching such excellence and therefore give up the effort, in many cases, and gradually sink into a state of indifference.

I again became very anxious to attend school and make another trial to obtain an education. But upon attempting to resume my studies my health rapidly failed, and it became apparent that if I persisted in attending school it would be at the expense of my life. I had found it difficult to enjoy religion in a large female seminary, surrounded by influences calculated to attract the mind and lead it from God.

I felt a constant dissatisfaction with myself and my Christian attainments, and did not continually realize a lively sense of the mercy and love of God. Feelings of discouragement would come over me, and this caused me great anxiety of mind. I heard much in regard to sanctification, but had no defined idea in regard to it. This blessing seemed away beyond my reach, a state of purity my heart could never know. The manner in which it was preached and taught made it appear a human impossibility.

In June, 1842, Mr. Miller gave his second course of lectures in the Casco street church, in Portland. I felt it a great privilege to attend these lectures, for I had fallen upon discouragements and did not feel prepared to meet my Saviour. This second course created much more excitement in the city than the first. The different denominations, with a very few exceptions, closed the doors of their churches against Mr. Miller. Many discourses from the various pulpits sought to expose the alleged fanatical errors of the lecturer. But crowds of anxious listeners attended his meetings, while many were unable to enter the house, which was literally packed.

The congregations were unusually quiet and attentive. His manner of preaching was not flowery or oratorical, but he dealt in plain and startling facts that roused his hearers from the apathy in which they had been locked. He substantiated his statements and theories by Scripture as he progressed. A convincing power attended his words that seemed to stamp them as the language of truth.

He was courteous and sympathetic. When every seat in the house was full, and the platform and places about the pulpit seemed crowded, I have seen him leave the desk and walk down the aisle, and take some feeble old man or woman by the hand and find a seat for them, then return and resume his discourse. He was indeed rightly called Father Miller, for he had a watchful care over those who came under his ministrations, was affectionate in his manner, of genial and tender heart.

He was a very interesting speaker, and his exhortations, both to professed Christians and the impenitent, were appropriate and powerful. Sometimes a solemnity so marked as to be painful, pervaded his meetings. A sense of the impending crisis of human events impressed the minds of the listening crowds. Many yielded to the conviction of the Spirit of God. Gray-haired men and aged women, with trembling steps, sought the anxious-seats. Those in the strength of maturity, the youth and children, were deeply stirred. Groans and the voice of weeping and of praising God were mingled together at the altar of prayer.

I believed the solemn words spoken by the servant of God, and my heart was aggrieved when they were opposed or made the subject of jest. I attended the meetings on Casco street quite frequently, and believed that Jesus was soon to come in the clouds of heaven; but my great anxiety was to be ready to meet him. My mind constantly dwelt upon the subject of holiness of heart. I longed above all things to obtain this great blessing, and feel that I was entirely accepted of God.

Among the Methodists I had heard much in regard to sanctification. I had seen people lose their physical strength under the influence of strong mental excitement, and had heard this pronounced to be the evidence of sanctification. But I could not comprehend what was necessary in order to be fully consecrated to God. My Christian friends said to me: 'Believe in Jesus now! Believe that he accepts you now!' This I tried to do but found it impossible to believe that I had received a blessing which, it seemed to me, should electrify my whole being. I wondered at my own hardness of heart in being unable to experience the exaltation of spirit that others manifested. It seemed to me that I was different from them, and forever shut out from the perfect joy of holiness of heart.

My ideas concerning justification and sanctification were confused. These two states were presented to my mind as separate and distinct from each other. Yet I failed to comprehend the difference or understand the meaning of the terms, and all the explanations of the preachers increased my difficulties. I was unable to claim the blessing for myself, and wondered if it was only to be found

among the Methodists, and if, in attending the Advent meetings, I was not shutting myself away from that which I desired above all else, the sanctifying Spirit of God.

Still, I observed that some of those who pretended to be sanctified, manifested a bitter spirit when the subject of the soon coming of Christ was introduced; this did not seem to me a manifestation of the holiness which they professed. I could not understand why ministers from the pulpit should so oppose the doctrine that Christ's second coming was near at hand. Reformation had followed the preaching of this belief and many of the most devoted ministers and laymen had received it as the truth. It seemed to me that those who sincerely loved Jesus would be ready to accept the tidings of his coming, and rejoice that it was near at hand.

I felt that I could only claim what they called justification. In the word of God I read that without holiness no man should see God. Then there was some higher attainment that I must reach before I could be sure of eternal life. I studied over the subject continually, for I believed that Christ was soon to come, and feared he would find me unprepared to meet him. Words of condemnation rang in my ears day and night and my constant cry to God was, What shall I do to be saved? In my mind the justice of God eclipsed his mercy and love.

I had been taught to believe in an eternally burning hell, and the horrifying thought was ever before me that my sins were too great to be forgiven, and that I should be forever lost. The frightful descriptions that I had heard of souls lost in perdition sank deep into my mind. Ministers in the pulpit drew vivid pictures of the condition of the damned. They taught that God never proposed to save any but the sanctified. The eye of God was upon us always; every sin was registered and would meet its just punishment. God himself was keeping the books with the exactitude of infinite wisdom, and every sin we committed was faithfully recorded against us.

The devil was represented as eager to seize upon his prey and bear us to the lowest depths of anguish, there to exult over our sufferings in the horrors of an eternally burning hell, where, after the tortures of thousands upon thousands of years, the fiery billows would roll to the surface the writhing victims, who would shriek, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' Then the answer would thunder down the abyss, 'Through all eternity!' Again the molten waves would engulf the lost, carrying them down into the depths of an ever restless sea of fire.

While listening to these terrible descriptions, my imagination would be so wrought upon that the perspiration would start from every pore, and it was difficult to suppress a cry of anguish, for I seemed to already feel the pains of perdition. Then the minister would dwell upon the uncertainty of life. One moment we might be here, and the next in hell, or one moment on earth, and the next in heaven. Would we choose the lake of fire and the company of demons, or the bliss of heaven with angels for our companions. Would we hear the voice of wailing and the cursing of lost souls through all eternity, or sing the songs of Jesus before the throne.

Our heavenly father was presented before my mind as a tyrant, who delighted in the agonies of the condemned; not the tender, pitying Friend of sinners who loves his creatures with a love past all understanding, and desires them to be saved in his kingdom.

My feelings were very sensitive. I dreaded giving pain to any living creature. When I saw animals ill-treated my heart ached for them. Perhaps my sympathies were more easily excited by suffering,

because I myself had been the victim of thoughtless cruelty, resulting in the injury that had darkened my childhood. But when the thought took possession of my mind that God delighted in the torture of his creatures, who were formed in his image, a wall of darkness seemed to separate me from him. When I reflected that the Creator of the universe would plunge the wicked into hell, there to burn through the ceaseless rounds of eternity, my heart sank with fear, and I despaired that so cruel and tyrannical a being would ever condescend to save me from the doom of sin.

I thought that the fate of the condemned sinner would be mine, to endure the flames of hell forever, even as long as God himself existed. This impression deepened upon my mind until I feared that I would lose my reason. I would look upon the dumb beasts with envy, because they had no soul to be punished after death. Many times the wish arose that I had never been born.

Total darkness settled upon me and there seemed no way out of the shadows. Could the truth have been presented to me as I now understand it, my despondency would have taken flight at once, much perplexity and sorrow would have been spared me. If the love of God had been dwelt upon more and his stern justice less, the beauty and glory of his character would have inspired me with a deep and earnest love for my Creator.

I have since thought that many inmates of the lunatic asylums were brought there by experiences similar to my own. Their tender consciences have been stricken with a sense of sin, and their trembling faith dared not claim the promised pardon of God. They have listened to descriptions of the orthodox hell until it has seemed to curdle the very blood in their veins, and burnt an impression upon the tablets of their memory. Waking or sleeping, the frightful picture has ever been before them, until reality has become lost in imagination, and they see only the wreathing flames of a fabulous hell and hear only the shrieking of the damned. Reason has become dethroned and the brain is filled with the wild phantasy of a terrible dream. Those who teach the doctrine of an eternal hell, would do well to look more closely after their authority for so cruel a belief.

I had never prayed in public, and had only spoken a few timid words in prayer-meeting. It was now impressed upon me that I should seek God in prayer at our small social meetings. This I dared not do, fearful of becoming confused, and failing to express my thoughts. But the duty was impressed upon my mind so forcibly that when I attempted to pray in secret I seemed to be mocking God, because I had failed to obey his will. Despair overwhelmed me, and for three long weeks no ray of light pierced the gloom that encompassed me about.

My sufferings of mind were intense. Sometimes for a whole night I would not dare to close my eyes, but would wait until my twin sister was fast asleep, then quietly leave my bed and kneel upon the floor, praying silently with a dumb agony that cannot be described. The horrors of an eternally burning hell were ever before me. I knew that it was impossible for me to live long in this state, and I dared not die and meet the terrible fate of the sinner. With what envy did I regard those who realized their acceptance with God. How precious did the Christian's hope seem to my agonized soul.

I frequently remained bowed in prayer nearly all night, groaning and trembling with inexpressible anguish and a hopelessness that passes all description. Lord have mercy! was my plea, and, like the poor publican, I dared not lift my eyes to heaven but bowed my face upon the floor. I became very much reduced in flesh and strength, yet kept my suffering and despair to myself.

While in this state of despondency, I had a dream that made a powerful impression upon my mind, but in no wise lifted the veil of melancholy that darkened my life. I dreamed of seeing a temple, to which many people were flocking. Only those who took refuge in that temple would be saved when time should close. All who remained outside would be forever lost. The multitudes without who were going about their various ways, were deriding and ridiculing those who were entering the temple, and told them that this plan of safety was a cunning deception, that in fact there was no danger whatever to avoid. They even laid hold of some to prevent them from hastening within the walls.

Fearing to be laughed at and ridiculed, I thought best to wait until the multitude were dispersed or until I could enter unobserved by them. But the numbers increased instead of diminishing, and fearful of being too late, I hastily left my home and pressed through the crowd. In my anxiety to reach the temple I did not notice or care for the throng that surrounded me. On entering the building I saw that the vast temple was supported by one immense pillar, and to this was tied a Lamb all mangled and bleeding. We who were present seemed to know that this Lamb had been torn and bruised on our account. All who entered the temple must come before it and confess their sins.

Just before the Lamb, were elevated seats upon which sat a company of people looking very happy. The light of heaven seemed to shine upon their faces and they praised God and sang songs of glad thanksgiving that seemed to be like the music of the angels. These were they who had come before the Lamb, confessed their sins, been pardoned, and were now waiting in glad expectation of some joyful event.

Even after having entered the building, a fear came over me, and a sense of shame that I must humiliate myself before these people. But I seemed compelled to move forward, and was slowly making my way around the pillar in order to face the Lamb, when a trumpet sounded, the temple shook, shouts of triumph arose from the assembled saints, an awful brightness illuminated the building, then all was intense darkness. The happy people had all disappeared with the brightness, and I was left alone in the silent horror of night.

I awoke in agony of mind and could hardly convince myself that I had been dreaming. It seemed to me that my doom was fixed, that the Spirit of the Lord had left me never to return. My despondency deepened if that were possible. Soon after this I had another dream. I seemed to be sitting in abject despair with my face in my hands, reflecting like this: If Jesus were upon earth I would go to him, throw myself at his feet and tell him all my sufferings. He would not turn away from me, he would have mercy upon me, and I should love and serve him always. Just then the door opened, and a person of beautiful form and countenance entered. He looked upon me pitifully and said: 'Do you wish to see Jesus? He is here, and you can see him if you desire to do so. Take everything you possess and follow me.'

I heard this with unspeakable joy, and gladly gathered up all my little possessions, every treasured trinket, and followed my guide. He led me to a steep and apparently frail stairway. As I commenced to ascend the steps, he cautioned me to keep my eyes fixed upward, lest I should grow dizzy and fall. Many others who were climbing up the steep ascent fell before gaining the top.

Finally we reached the last step and stood before a door. Here my guide directed me to leave all the things that I had brought with me. I cheerfully laid them down; he then opened the door and bade me enter. In a moment I stood before Jesus. There was no mistaking that beautiful countenance. Such a radiant expression of benevolence and majesty could belong to no other. As his gaze rested upon me I knew at once that he was acquainted with every circumstance of my life and all my inner thoughts and feelings.

I tried to shield myself from his gaze, feeling unable to endure his searching eyes, but he drew near with a smile, and, laying his hand upon my head, said: 'Fear not.' The sound of his sweet voice thrilled my heart with a happiness it had never before experienced. I was too joyful to utter a word, but, overcome with ineffable happiness sank prostrate at his feet. While I was lying helpless there, scenes of beauty and glory passed before me, and I seemed to have reached the safety and peace of heaven. At length my strength returned and I arose. The loving eyes of Jesus were still upon me, and his smile filled my soul with gladness. His presence filled me with a holy reverence and an inexpressible love.

My guide now opened the door, and we both passed out. He bade me take up again all the things I had left without. This done, he handed me a green cord coiled up closely. This he directed me to place next my heart, and when I wished to see Jesus take it from my bosom and stretch it to the utmost. He cautioned me not to let it remain coiled for any length of time, lest it should become knotted and difficult to straighten. I placed the cord near my heart and joyfully descended the narrow stairs, praising the Lord and joyfully telling all whom I met where they could find Jesus. This dream gave me hope. The green cord represented faith to my mind, and the beauty and simplicity of trusting in God began to dawn upon my benighted soul.

I now confided all my sorrows and perplexities to my mother. She tenderly sympathized with and encouraged me, advising me to go for counsel to Elder Stockman who then preached the Advent doctrine in Portland. I had great confidence in him, for he was a devoted servant of Christ. Upon hearing my story, he placed his hands affectionately upon my head, saying with tears in his eyes: 'Ellen, you are only a child. Yours is a most singular experience for one of your tender age. Jesus must be preparing you for some special work.'

He then told me that even if I were a person of mature years and thus harassed by doubt and despair, he should tell me that he knew there was hope for me, through the love of Jesus. The very agony of mind I had suffered was positive evidence that the Spirit of the Lord was striving with me. He said that when the sinner becomes hardened in guilt he does not realize the enormity of his transgression, but flatters himself that he is about right and in no particular danger. The Spirit of the Lord leaves him and he becomes careless and indifferent or recklessly defiant. This good man told me of the love of God for his erring children, that instead of rejoicing in their destruction he longed to draw them to himself in simple faith and trust. He dwelt upon the great love of Christ and the plan of redemption.

He spoke of my early misfortune, and said it was indeed a grievous one, but he bade me believe that the hand of a loving Father had not been withdrawn from me; that in the future life, when the mist that then darkened my mind had vanished, I would discern the wisdom of the providence which had seemed so cruel and mysterious. Jesus said to his disciples: 'What I do thou knowest not now, but

thou shalt know hereafter.' In the great future we should no longer see as through a glass darkly, but come face to face with the great beauties of divine love.

'Go free, Ellen,' said he with tears in his eyes, 'Return to your home trusting in Jesus, for he will not withhold his love from any true seeker.' He then prayed earnestly for me, and it seemed that God would certainly regard the prayer of this saint, even if my humble petitions were unheard. My mind was much relieved, and the wretched slavery of doubt and fear departed as I listened to the wise and tender counsel of this teacher in Israel. I left his presence comforted and encouraged.

During the few minutes in which I received instruction from Elder Stockman, I had obtained more knowledge on the subject of God's love and pitying tenderness, than from all the sermons and exhortations to which I had ever listened. I returned home and again went before the Lord, promising to do and suffer anything he might require of me, if only the smiles of Jesus might illumine my heart. The same duty was presented to me that had troubled my mind before, to take up my cross among the assembled people of God. An opportunity was not long wanting; there was a prayer-meeting that evening which I attended.

I bowed trembling during the prayers that were offered. After a few had prayed, I lifted up my voice in prayer before I was aware of it, and in that moment the promises of God appeared to me like so many precious pearls that were to be received only for the asking. As I prayed, the burden and agony of soul that I had endured so long, left me, and the blessing of the Lord descended upon me like the gentle dew. I praised God from the depths of my heart. Everything seemed shut out from me but Jesus and his glory, and I lost consciousness of what was passing around me.

When I again awoke to realization, I found myself cared for in the house of my uncle where we had assembled for the prayer meeting. Neither my uncle nor aunt enjoyed religion, although the former once made a profession but had since backslidden. I was told that he had been greatly disturbed while the power of God rested upon me in so special a manner, and had walked the floor, sorely troubled and distressed in his mind. When I was first struck down, some of those present were greatly alarmed, and were about to run for a physician, thinking that some sudden and dangerous indisposition had attacked me, but my mother bade them let me alone, for it was plain to her, and to the other experienced Christians, that it was the wondrous power of God that had prostrated me.

The next day I had recovered sufficiently to go home, but a great change had taken place in my mind. It seemed to me that I could hardly be the same person that left my father's house the previous evening. This passage was continually in my thoughts: 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' My heart was full of happiness as I softly repeated these words.

Faith now took possession of my heart. I felt an inexpressible love for God, and had the witness of his Spirit that my sins were pardoned. My views of the Father were changed. I now looked upon him as a kind and tender parent, rather than a stern tyrant compelling men to a blind obedience. My heart went out towards him in a deep and fervent love. Obedience to his will seemed a joy; it was a pleasure to be in his service. My path was radiant before me; no shadow clouded the light that revealed to me the perfect will of God. I felt the assurance of an indwelling Saviour, and realized the truth of what Christ had said: 'He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'

Everything in nature seemed to possess a glory, and seemed to reflect the loving smiles of God. My peace and happiness was in such marked contrast with my former gloom and anguish that it seemed to me as if my soul had been rescued from hell and transported to heaven. I could even praise God for the misfortune that had been the trial of my life, for it had been the means of concentrating my thoughts upon eternity. Naturally proud and ambitious, I might not have been inclined to give my heart to Jesus had it not been for the sore affliction that had cut me off, in a manner, from the triumphs and vanities of the world.

For six months not a shadow clouded my mind, nor did I neglect one known duty. My whole endeavor was to do the will of God and keep Jesus and heaven continually in my mind. I was surprised and enraptured with the clear views now presented to my mind of the atonement and the work of Jesus Christ. I will not attempt to farther explain the exercises of my mind, suffice it to say that old things had passed away, all things had become new. There was not a cloud to mar my perfect bliss. I longed to tell the story of Jesus' love, but felt no disposition to engage in common conversation with any one. My heart was so filled with love to God and the peace that passeth understanding, that I loved to meditate and to pray.

The night after receiving so great a blessing I attended the Advent meeting. When the time arrived for the followers of Christ to speak in his favor, I could not remain silent, but rose and related my experience. Not a thought had entered my mind of what I should say; but the simple story of Jesus' love to me fell from my lips with perfect freedom, and my heart was so happy to be liberated from its thralldom of dark despair that I lost sight of the people about me and seemed to be alone with God. I found no difficulty in expressing my peace and happiness, except for the tears of gratitude that choked my utterance, as I told of the wondrous love that Jesus had shown for me.

Elder Stockman was present. He had so recently seen me in deep despair, and had endeavored to encourage and inspire me with hope, that the remarkable change in my appearance and feelings touched his heart and he wept aloud, rejoicing with me and praising God for this proof of his tender mercy and loving kindness. My heart was so over-flowing with joy that I wanted to tell others how much the Lord had done for me.

I occasionally attended the Christian church, where Elder Brown was pastor. During a conference meeting I was invited to relate my experience, which was considered a marked one, and I felt not only great freedom of expression, but happiness in telling my simple story of the love of Jesus and the joy of being accepted of God. I told of my wonderful deliverance from the bondage of doubt and despair, and the joy that I experienced in the hope of salvation. As I spoke in simple language, with subdued heart and tearful eyes, my soul seemed drawn toward heaven in an ecstasy of thanksgiving. The melting power of the Lord came upon the assembled people. Many were weeping and others praising God.

Sinners were invited to arise for prayers, and many responded to the call. My heart was so thankful to God for the unspeakable blessing he had given me, that I longed to have others participate in this sacred joy. My mind was deeply interested for those who might be suffering under a sense of the Lord's displeasure and the burden of sin. While relating my experience, I felt that no one could resist the evidence of God's pardoning love that had wrought such a wonderful change in me. The reality of true conversion seemed so plain to me that I felt like helping my young friends into the light, and at every opportunity exerted my influence toward this end.



I arranged meetings with my young friends, some of whom were considerably older than myself, and a few were married persons. A number of them were vain and thoughtless, my experience sounded to them like an idle tale, and they did not heed my entreaties. But I determined that my efforts should never cease till these dear souls, for whom I had so great an interest, yielded to God. Several entire nights were spent by me in earnest prayer for those whom I had sought out and brought together for the purpose of laboring and praying with them.

Some of these had met with us from curiosity to hear what I had to say, others thought me beside myself to be so persistent in my efforts, especially when they manifested no concern on their own part. But at every one of our little meetings I continued to exhort and pray for each one separately, until my labors were crowned with success, and every one had yielded to Jesus, acknowledging the merits of his pardoning love. Every one was converted to God.

Night after night in my dreams I seemed to be laboring for the salvation of souls. At such times special cases were presented to my mind, which I afterwards sought out and prayed with. In every instance but one these persons yielded themselves to the Lord. Some of our more formal brethren feared that I was too zealous and solicitous for the conversion of souls, but time seemed to me so short that it behooved all who had a hope of a blessed immortality, and looked for the soon coming of Christ, to labor without ceasing for those who were still in their sins and standing on the awful brink of ruin.

Though very young, the plan of salvation was so clear to my mind, and my personal experience had been so marked, that, upon carefully considering the matter, I knew it was my duty to continue my efforts for the salvation of precious souls, and to pray and confess Christ at every opportunity. My entire being was offered to the service of my Master. Let come what would, I determined to please God, and live as one who expected the Saviour to come and reward the faithful. I felt like a little child coming to God as to my father and asking him what he would have me to do. Then as my duty was made plain to me, it was my greatest happiness to perform it. Peculiar trials sometimes beset me. Those older in experience than myself endeavored to hold me back and cool the ardor of my faith, but with the smiles of Jesus brightening my life, and the love of God in my heart, I went on my way with a joyful spirit.

As I recall the youthful experience of my early life, my brother, the confidant of my hopes and fears, the earnest sympathizer with me in my Christian experience comes to my mind with a flood of tender memories. He was one of those to whom sin presents but few temptations. Naturally devotional, he never sought the society of the young and gay, but chose rather the company of Christians, whose conversation would instruct him in the way of life. His manner was serious beyond his years, he was gentle and peaceful, and his mind was almost constantly filled with religious thoughts. His life was pointed to, by those who knew him, as a pattern to the youth, a living example of the grace and beauty of true Christianity.

My father's family still occasionally attended the Methodist church and also the class-meetings held in private houses. One evening my brother Robert and myself went to class-meeting. The Methodist presiding elder was present. When it came my brother's turn, he spoke with great humility, yet with clearness, of the necessity for a complete fitness to meet our Saviour, when he should come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. While speaking, a heavenly light irradiated his usually pale countenance. He seemed to be carried in spirit above present surroundings, and spoke as if in

the presence of Jesus. When I was called upon to speak, I arose, free in spirit, with a heart full of love and peace. In my simple way I told the story of my great suffering under the conviction of sin, how that I had at length received the blessing so long sought, an entire conformity to the will of God, and expressed my joy in the tidings of the soon coming of my Redeemer to take his children home.

In unsuspecting simplicity I expected that my Methodist brethren and sisters would understand my feelings and rejoice with me. But I was disappointed; several sisters groaned and moved their chairs noisily, turning their backs upon me. I could not think what had been said to offend them, and spoke very briefly, feeling the chilling influence of their disapprobation. When I had ceased speaking, Elder B. asked me if it would not be more pleasant to live a long life of usefulness, doing others good, than for Jesus to come speedily and destroy poor sinners. I replied that I longed for the coming of Jesus. Then sin would have an end, and we should enjoy sanctification forever, with no devil to tempt and lead us astray.

He then inquired if I would not rather die peacefully upon my bed than to pass through the pain of being changed, while living, from mortality to immortality. My answer was that I wished for Jesus to come and take his children; that I was willing to live or die as God willed, and could easily endure all the pain that could be borne in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye; that I desired the wheels of time to roll swiftly round, and bring the welcome day when these vile bodies should be changed, and fashioned like unto Christ's most glorious body. I also stated that when I lived nearest to the Lord, then I most earnestly longed for his appearing. Here some present seemed to be greatly displeased.

When the presiding elder addressed others in the class he expressed great joy in anticipating the temporal millennium of a thousand years, when the earth would be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea. He longed to see this glorious period ushered in, and appeared to be in an ecstasy over the expected event. After the meeting closed I was conscious of being treated with marked coldness by those who had formerly been kind and friendly to me. My brother and I returned home feeling sad that we should be so misunderstood by our brethren, and that the subject of the near coming of Jesus should awaken such bitter antagonism in their breasts.

Yet we were thankful that we could discern the precious light, and rejoice in looking for the coming of the Lord. On the way we talked seriously concerning the evidences of our new faith and hope. 'Ellen,' said Robert, 'are we deceived? Is this hope of Christ's soon appearing upon earth a heresy, that ministers and professors of religion oppose it so bitterly? They say that Jesus will not come for thousands and thousands of years. If they even approach the truth, then the world cannot come to an end in our day.'

I dared not give unbelief a moment's encouragement, but quickly replied, 'I have not a doubt but that the doctrine preached by Mr. Miller is the truth. What power attends his words, what conviction is carried home to the sinner's heart.'

We talked the matter over candidly, as we walked along, and decided that it was our duty and privilege to look for our Saviour's coming, and that it would be safest to make ready for his appearing and be prepared to meet him with joy. If he did come, what would be the prospect of those who were now saying, 'My Lord delayeth his coming,' and had no desire for his appearance? We wondered how ministers dared to quiet the fears of sinners and backsliders by saying peace,

peace, while the message of warning was being given by a few faithful souls all over the land. The period seemed very solemn to us; we felt that we had no time to lose.

Said Robert: 'A tree is known by its fruits. What has this belief done for us? It has convinced us that we were not ready for the coming of the Lord, that we must become pure in heart or we could not meet our Saviour in peace. It has aroused us to seek for new strength and grace from God. What has it done for you, Ellen? Would you be what you are now if you had never heard the doctrine of Christ's soon coming? What hope has inspired your heart; what peace, joy, and love has it given you. And for me, it has done everything. I love Jesus, and all Christians. I love the prayer-meeting. I find great joy in reading my Bible and in prayer. If this precious faith has done so great a work for us, will it not do as much for all those who will believe it, and earnestly long for the appearing of the Lord.'

We both felt strengthened by this conversation, and resolved that we would not be turned from our honest convictions of truth, and the blessed hope of Christ's soon coming in the clouds of heaven. Not long after this we again attended the class-meeting. We really wanted an opportunity to speak of the precious love of God that animated our souls. I particularly wished to tell of the Lord's goodness and mercy to me. So great a change had been wrought in me that it seemed my duty to improve every opportunity of testifying to the unsurpassed love of my Saviour.

When my turn came to speak, I stated the evidences I enjoyed of Jesus' love, and that I looked forward with glad expectation to meeting my Redeemer soon. The belief that Christ's coming was near had stirred my soul to seek more earnestly for the sanctification of the Spirit of God. Here the class-leader interrupted me, saying: 'You received sanctification through Methodism, through Methodism, sister, not through an erroneous theory.' My heart was full of love and happiness, but I felt compelled to confess the truth, that it was not through Methodism my heart had received its new blessing, but by the stirring truths heard concerning the personal appearance of Jesus. Through them I had found peace, joy, and perfect love. Thus my testimony closed, the last that I was to bear in class with my Methodist brethren.

Robert then spoke in his meek way, yet in so clear and touching a manner that some wept and were much moved; but others coughed dissentingly and seemed quite uneasy. After leaving the classroom, we again talked over our faith, and marvelled that our Christian brethren and sisters could so illy endure to have a word spoken in reference to our Saviour's coming. We thought if they loved Jesus as they should, it would not be so great an annoyance to hear of his second advent, but, on the contrary, they would hail the news with great joy.

We were convinced that we ought no longer to attend the Methodist class-meeting. The hope of the glorious appearing of Christ filled our souls, and would find expression when we rose to speak. This seemed to kindle the ire of those present against the two humble children who dared, in the face of opposition, to speak of the faith that had filled their hearts with peace and happiness. It was evident that we could have no freedom in the class-meeting, for our simple testimony provoked sneers and taunts that reached our ears at the close of the meeting from brethren and sisters whom we had respected and loved.

The Adventists held meetings at this time in Beethoven Hall. My father, with his family, attended them quite regularly, for we greatly prized the privilege of hearing the doctrine of Christ's personal and soon appearing upon earth. The period of the second advent was thought to be in the year

1843. The time seemed so short in which souls could be saved, that I resolved to do all that was in my power to lead sinners into the light of truth. But it seemed impossible for one so young, and in feeble health, to do much in the great work.

There were three sisters of us at home, Sarah, who was several years the oldest, my twin sister Elizabeth, and myself. We talked the matter over among ourselves, and decided to earn what money we could and spend it in buying books and tracts to distribute gratuitously among the people. This was the best we could do, and we did this little gladly. I could earn only twenty-five cents a day, but my dress was plain, nothing was spent for needless ornaments, or ribbons, for vain display appeared sinful in my eyes; so I had ever a little fund in store with which to purchase suitable books. These were placed in the hands of experienced persons to send abroad.

Every leaf of this printed matter seemed precious in my eyes, for they were as messages of light to the world, bidding them to prepare for the great event near at hand. Day after day I sat in bed propped up with pillows, performing my allotted task with trembling fingers. How carefully would I lay aside the precious bits of silver taken in return, and which was to be expended in reading matter that might enlighten and arouse those who were in darkness. I had no temptation to spend my earnings for my own personal gratification; the salvation of souls was the burden of my mind, and my heart ached for those who flattered themselves they were living in security, while the message of warning was being given to the world.

One day I was listening to a conversation between my mother and a sister, in reference to a discourse which they had recently heard, to the effect that the soul had not natural immortality. Some of the minister's proof texts were repeated. Among them I remember these impressed me very forcibly:

'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' A living dog is better than a dead lion, for the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything.' 'Which in his times he shall show who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto.' 'To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, eternal life.' 'Why,' said my mother, after quoting the foregoing passage, 'should they seek for what they already have?'

I listened to these new ideas with an intense and painful interest. When alone with my mother, I inquired if she really believed that the soul was not immortal? Her reply was she feared we had been in error on that subject as well as upon some others.

'But mother,' said I, 'Do you really believe that the soul sleeps in the grave until the resurrection? Do you think that the Christian, when he dies, does not go immediately to heaven, nor the sinner to hell?'

She answered: 'The Bible gives us no proof that there is an eternally burning hell. If there is such a place, it should be mentioned in the Sacred Book.'

'Why mother!' cried I, in astonishment, 'This is strange talk for you! If you believe this strange theory, do not let any one know of it, for I fear that sinners would gather security from this belief and never desire to seek the Lord.'

‘If this is sound Bible truth,’ she replied, ‘instead of preventing the salvation of sinners, it will be the means of winning them to Christ. If the love of God will not induce the rebel to yield, the terrors of an eternal hell will not drive him to repentance. Besides it does not seem a proper way to win souls to Jesus, by appealing to one of the lowest attributes of the mind, abject fear. The love of Jesus attracts, it will subdue the hardest heart.’ It was some months after this conversation before I heard anything farther concerning this doctrine; but during this time, my mind had been much exercised upon the subject. When I heard it preached I believed it to be the truth. From the time that light in regard to the sleep of the dead dawned upon my mind, the mystery that had enshrouded the resurrection vanished, and the great event itself assumed a new and sublime importance. My mind had often been disturbed by its efforts to reconcile the immediate reward or punishment of the dead, with the undoubted fact of a future resurrection and judgment. If the soul, at death, entered upon eternal happiness or misery, where was the need of a resurrection of the poor moldering body?

But this new and beautiful faith taught me the reason that inspired writers had dwelt so much upon the resurrection of the body, it was because the entire being was slumbering in the grave. I could now clearly perceive the fallacy of our former position on this question. The confusion and uselessness of a final judgment, after the souls of the departed had already been judged once and appointed to their lot, was very apparent to me now. I saw that the hope of the bereaved was in looking forward to the glorious day when the Life-giver shall break the fetters of the tomb, and the righteous dead shall arise and leave their prison-house, to be clothed with glorious immortal life.

Our family were all interested in the doctrine of the Lord’s soon coming. My father had long been considered one of the pillars of the Methodist church where he lived, and the whole family had been active members, but we made no secret of our new belief, although we did not urge it upon others on inappropriate occasions, or manifest any antagonism toward our church. However, the Methodist minister made us a special visit, and took the occasion to inform us that our faith and Methodism could not agree. He did not inquire our reasons for believing as we did, nor make any reference to the Bible in order to convince us of our error; but he stated that we had adopted a new and strange belief that the Methodist church could not accept.

My father replied that he must be mistaken in calling this a new and strange doctrine, that Christ himself had preached his second advent to his disciples. He had said, ‘

In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also.”

‘When he was taken up to heaven before their eyes and a cloud received him out of their sight, as his faithful followers stood gazing after their vanishing Lord,

Behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.”

‘And,’ said my father, warming with his subject, ‘the inspired Paul wrote a letter to encourage his brethren in Thessalonica, saying,

And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power; when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day."

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

'This is high authority for our faith. Jesus and his apostles dwell upon the event of the second advent with joy and triumph; and the holy angels proclaim that Christ who has ascended up into heaven shall come again. This is our offense, believing the word of Jesus and his disciples. This is a very old doctrine, and bears no taint of heresy.' The minister did not attempt to refer to a single text that would prove us in error, but excused himself on the plea of a want of time. He advised us to quietly withdraw from the church and avoid the publicity of a trial. We were aware that others of our brethren were meeting with similar treatment, for a like cause, and we did not wish it understood that we were ashamed to acknowledge our faith, or were unable to sustain it by Scripture; so my parents insisted that they should be acquainted with the reasons for this request.

The only answer to this was an evasive declaration that we had walked contrary to the rules of the church, and the best course would be to voluntarily withdraw from it to save a trial. We answered that we preferred a regular trial, and demanded to know what sin was charged to us, as we were conscious of no wrong in looking for and loving the appearing of the Saviour.

Not long after, we were notified to be present at a meeting to be held in the vestry of the church. There were but few present. The influence of my father and his family was such that our opposers had no desire to present our cases before a larger number of the congregation. The single charge preferred was that we had walked contrary to their rules. Upon our asking what rules we had violated, it was stated, after a little hesitation, that we had attended other meetings and had neglected to meet regularly with our class. We stated that a portion of the family had been in the country for some time past, that none who remained in the city had been absent from class-meeting more than a few weeks, and they were morally compelled to remain away because the testimonies they bore met with such marked disapprobation. If the hope of their Saviour's soon coming was mentioned, a feeling of displeasure was manifested against them, and they were conscious of arousing a bitter spirit of antagonism. We also reminded them that certain persons who had not attended class-meeting for a year were yet held in good standing.

It was asked if we would confess that we had departed from their rules, and if we would also agree to conform to them in future. We answered that we dared not yield our faith nor deny the sacred truth of God; that we could not forego the hope of the soon coming of our Redeemer; that after the manner which they called heresy we must continue to worship the Lord. My father in his defense received the blessing of God, and we all left the vestry with free spirits and happy in the consciousness of right and the approving smile of Jesus. We felt the assurance that God was on our side, and he was stronger than all that were against us.

The next Sunday, at the commencement of love-feast, the presiding elder read off our names, seven in number, as discontinued from the church. He stated that we were not expelled on account of any wrong or immoral conduct, that we were of unblemished character and enviable reputation; but we had been guilty of walking contrary to the rules of the Methodist church. He also declared that a door was now open and all who were guilty of a similar breach of the rules, would be dealt with in like manner.

There were many in the church who waited for the appearing of the Saviour, and this implied threat was made for the purpose of frightening them into subjection. In some cases this policy brought about the desired result, and the favor of God was sold for a place in the Methodist church. Many believed, but dared not confess their faith lest they should be turned out of the synagogue. But some left soon afterward and joined the company of those who were looking for the Saviour.

At this time the words of the prophet were exceedingly precious: 'Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed.'

For six months not a cloud intervened between me and my Saviour. Whenever there was a proper opportunity I bore my testimony, and was greatly blessed. At times the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me with such power that my strength was taken from me. This was a trial to some who had come out from the formal churches, and remarks were often made that grieved me much. Many could not believe that one could be so overpowered by the Spirit of God as to lose all strength. My position was exceedingly painful. I began to reason with myself whether I was not justified in withholding my testimony in meeting, and thus restrain my feelings when there was such an opposition in the hearts of some who were older in years and experience than myself.

I adopted this plan of silence for a time, trying to convince myself that to repress my testimony would not hinder me from faithfully living out my religion. I often felt strongly impressed that it was my duty to speak in meeting, but refrained from doing so, and was sensible of having thereby grieved the Spirit of God. I even remained away from meetings sometimes because they were to be attended by those whom my testimony annoyed. I shrank from offending my brethren, and in this allowed the fear of man to break up that uninterrupted communion with God which had blessed my heart for so many months.

We had appointed evening prayer-meetings in different localities of the city to accommodate all who wished to attend them. The family who had been most forward in opposing me attended one of these. Upon this occasion, while those assembled were engaged in prayer, the Spirit of the Lord came upon the meeting, and one of the members of this family was prostrated as one dead. His relatives stood weeping around him, rubbing his hands and applying restoratives. At length he gained sufficient strength to praise God, and quieted their fears by shouting with triumph over the marked evidence he had received of the power of the Lord upon him. This young man was unable to return home that night.

This was believed by the family to be a demonstration of the Spirit of God, but did not convince them that it was the same divine power that had rested upon me at times, robbing me of my natural strength, and filling my soul with the unbounded peace and love of Jesus. They were free to say that not a doubt could be entertained of my sincerity and perfect honesty, but they considered me

selfdeceived in taking that for the power of the Lord which was only the result of my own overwrought feelings.

My mind was in great perplexity, in consequence of this opposition, and, as the time drew near for our regular meeting, I was in doubt whether or not it was best for me to attend it. For some days previous I had been in great distress on account of the feeling manifested towards me. Finally I decided not to go, and thus escape the criticism of my brethren. In trying to pray, I repeated these words again and again, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' The answer that came to my heart seemed to bid me trust in my heavenly Father and wait patiently to know his will. I yielded myself to the Lord with the simple trust of a little child, remembering he had promised that those who follow him shall not walk in darkness.

My duty impelled me to go to the meeting, and I went with the full assurance in my mind that all would be well. While we were bowed before the Lord, my heart was drawn out in prayer, and filled with a peace that only Christ can give. My soul rejoiced in the love of the Saviour, and physical strength left me. With child-like faith I could only say, 'Heaven is my home, and Christ my Redeemer.'

One of the family before mentioned, as being opposed to the manifestations of the power of God upon me, on this occasion, stated his belief that I was under an excitement which he thought it my duty to resist, but instead of doing so he thought I encouraged it, as a mark of God's favor. His doubts and opposition did not affect me at this time, for I seemed shut in with the Lord, and lifted above all outward influence. But he had scarcely stopped speaking when a strong man, a devoted and humble Christian, was struck down before his eyes, by the power of God, and the room was filled with the Holy Spirit.

Upon sufficiently recovering, I was very happy in bearing my testimony for Jesus, and in telling of his love for me. I confessed my lack of faith in the promises of God, and my error in checking the promptings of his Spirit from fear of men, but that, notwithstanding my distrust, he had bestowed upon me unlooked for evidence of his love and sustaining grace. The brother who had opposed me then rose, and with many tears confessed that his feelings in regard to me had been all wrong. He humbly asked my forgiveness, and said, 'Sister Ellen, I will never again lay a straw in your way. God has shown me the coldness and stubbornness of my heart, which he has broken by the evidence of his power. I have been very wrong.' Then, turning to the people, he said, 'When sister Ellen seemed so happy I would think, Why don't I feel like that? Why don't Brother R. receive some such evidence? for I was convinced that he was a devoted Christian, yet no such power had fallen upon him. I offered a silent prayer that, if this was the holy influence of God, Brother R. might experience it this evening.

'Almost as the desire went up from my heart, Brother R. fell, prostrated by the power of God, crying, Let the Lord work! My heart is convinced that I have been warring against the Holy Spirit, but I will grieve it no more by stubborn unbelief. Welcome, light! Welcome, Jesus! I have been backslidden and hardened, feeling offended if any one praised God and manifested a fullness of joy in his love; but now my feelings are changed, my opposition is at an end, Jesus has opened my eyes, and I may yet shout his praises myself. I have said bitter and cutting things of Sister Ellen, that I sorrow over now, and pray for her forgiveness as well as that of all who are present.'



Brother R. then bore his testimony. His face was lighted with the glory of heaven, as he praised the Lord for the wonders he had wrought that night. Said he, 'This place is awfully solemn because of the presence of the Most High. Sister Ellen, in future you will have our help and sustaining sympathies, instead of the cruel opposition that has been shown you. We have been blind to the manifestations of God's Holy Spirit!

There had never been a question as to my perfect sincerity, but many had thought me young and impressible, and that it was my duty to restrain my feelings, which they regarded as the effect of excitement. But all the opposers were now brought to see their mistake and to confess that the work was indeed of the Lord. In a prayer-meeting soon after, the brother who had confessed that he was wrong in his opposition, experienced the power of God in so great a degree that his countenance shone with a heavenly light, and he fell helpless to the floor. When his strength returned, he again acknowledged that he had been ignorantly warring against the Spirit of the Lord in cherishing the feeling he had against me.

In another prayer-meeting still another member of the same family was exercised in a similar manner and bore the same testimony. A few weeks after, while the large family of Brother P. were engaged in prayer at their own house, the Spirit of God swept through the room and prostrated the kneeling suppliants. My father came in soon after, and found them all, both parents and children, helpless under the power of the Lord.

Cold formality began to melt before the mighty influence of the Most High. All who had opposed me, confessed that they had grieved the Holy Spirit by so doing, and they united in sympathy with me and in love for the Saviour. My heart was glad that divine mercy had smoothed the path for my feet to tread, and rewarded my faith and trust so bounteously. Unity and peace now dwelt among our people who were looking forward toward the coming of the Lord.

How carefully and tremblingly did we approach the time of expectation. We sought, as a people, with solemn earnestness to purify our lives that we might be ready to meet the Saviour at his coming. Notwithstanding the opposition of ministers and churches, Beethoven Hall, in the city of Portland, was nightly crowded, and especially was there a large congregation on Sundays. Elder Stockman was a man of deep piety. He was in feeble health, yet when he stood before the people he seemed to be lifted above physical infirmity, and his face was lighted with the consciousness that he was teaching the sacred truth of God.

There was a solemn, searching power in his words that struck home to many hearts. He sometimes expressed a fervent desire to live until he should welcome the Saviour coming in the clouds of heaven. Under his ministration, the Spirit of God convicted many sinners, and brought them into the fold of Christ. Meetings were still held at private houses in different parts of the city with the best results. Believers were encouraged to work for their friends and relatives, and conversions were multiplying day by day.

In the district where my father's family properly belonged, these evening meetings were held at the house of a sea-captain. He made no profession of religion, but his wife was a sincere lover of the truth. The captain finally became convicted through the influence of the meetings, professed Christ and embraced the belief that he was soon coming to the world.

All classes flocked to the meetings at Beethoven Hall. Rich and poor, high and low, ministers and laymen were all, from various causes, anxious to hear for themselves the doctrine of the second advent. The crowd was such that fears were expressed that the floor might give way beneath its heavy load; but the builder, upon being consulted, quieted such apprehensions and established confidence in regard to the strength of the building. Many came who, finding no room to stand, went away disappointed.

The order of the meetings was simple. A short and pointed discourse was usually given, then liberty was granted for general exhortation. There was, as a rule, the most perfect stillness possible for so large a crowd. The Lord held the spirit of opposition in check, while his servants explained the reasons of their faith. Sometimes the instrument was feeble, but the Spirit of God gave weight and power to his truth. The presence of the holy angels was felt in the assembly, and numbers were daily being added to the little band of believers.

On one occasion, while Elder Stockman was preaching, Elder Brown, a Christian Baptist minister, whose name has been mentioned before in this narrative, was sitting in the desk listening to the sermon with intense interest. He became deeply moved, and suddenly his countenance grew pale as the dead, he reeled in his chair, and Elder Stockman caught him in his arms just as he was falling to the floor, and laid him on the sofa behind the desk, where he lay powerless until the discourse was finished.

He then arose, his face still pale, but shining with light from the Sun of righteousness, and gave a very impressive testimony. He seemed to receive holy unction from above. He was usually slow of speech, with an earnest manner, entirely free from excitement. On this occasion, his solemn, measured words carried with them a new power, as he warned sinners and his brother ministers to put away unbelief, prejudice and cold formality, and, like the noble Bereans, searched the sacred writings, comparing scripture with scripture, to ascertain if these things were not true. He entreated the ministers present not to feel themselves injured by the direct and searching manner in which Elder Stockman had presented the solemn subject that interested all minds.

Said he, 'We want to reach the people, we want sinners to be convicted and become truly repentant to God before it is too late for them to be saved, lest they shall take up the lamentation, The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. Brethren in the ministry say that our arrows hit them; will they please stand aside from between us and the people, and let us reach the hearts of sinners? If they make themselves a target for our aim they have no reason to complain of the wounds they receive. Stand aside brethren and you will not get hit!'

He related his own experience with such simplicity and candor, that many who had been greatly prejudiced were affected to tears. The Spirit of God was felt in his words and seen upon his countenance. With a holy exaltation he boldly declared that he had taken the word of God as his counselor, that his doubts had been swept away and his faith confirmed. With sanctified earnestness he invited his brother ministers, church members, sinners and infidels to examine the Bible for themselves and charged them to let no man turn them from the purpose of ascertaining what was the truth.

Elder Brown neither then nor afterwards severed his connection with the Christian Baptist church, but was looked upon with great reverence and respect by his people. When he had finished

speaking, those who desired the prayers of the people of God were invited to rise. Hundreds responded to the call. The sea-captain who had been recently converted, sprang to his feet with tears raining down his cheeks. He was unable to express his feelings in words, and stood for a moment the picture of mute thanksgiving; then he involuntarily raised his hat, and swung it above his head with the free movement of an old sailor, and in the abandonment of his joy, shouted, 'Hurrah for God! I've enlisted in his crew, he is my captain! Hurrah for Jesus Christ!' He sat down overpowered by the intensity of his emotions, his face glowing with the radiance of love and peace. This singular testimony, so characteristic of the bluff mariner, was not received with laughter, for the Spirit of God that animated the speaker lent his extraordinary words a strange solemnity that was felt through all that dense crowd.

Others followed with their testimonies. The voice of Brother Abbot rung through the hall in notes of warning to the world. He repeated the evidences of the soon coming of Christ, and that vast crowd listened in sacred silence to his stirring words. The Holy Spirit rested upon the assembly. Heaven and earth seemed to approach each other. The meeting lasted until a late hour of the night. The power of the Lord was felt upon young, old, and middle aged. Some Methodists and Baptists who were present seemed to fully unite with the spirit of the meeting.

As we returned to our homes by various ways, a voice praising God would reach us from one direction, and, as if in response, voices from another and still another quarter, shouted, 'Glory to God, the Lord reigneth!' Men sought their homes with praises upon their lips, and the glad sound rang out upon the still night air. No one who attended these meetings can ever forget those scenes of deepest interest.

Those who sincerely love Jesus can appreciate the feelings of those who watched with the most intense interest for the coming of their Saviour. The point of expectation was nearing. The time when we hoped to meet him was close at hand. We approached this hour with a calm solemnity. The true believers rested in a sweet communion with God, an earnest of the peace that was to be theirs in the bright hereafter. Those who experienced this hope and trust can never forget those precious hours of waiting.

Worldly business was for the most part laid aside for a few weeks. We carefully scrutinized every thought and emotion of our hearts as if upon our death-beds and in a few hours to close our eyes forever upon earthly scenes. There was no making 'ascension robes' for the great event; we felt the need of internal evidence that we were prepared to meet Christ, and our white robes were purity of soul, character cleansed from sin by the atoning blood of our Saviour.

But the time of expectation passed. This was the first close test brought to bear upon those who believed and hoped that Jesus would come in the clouds of heaven. The disappointment of God's waiting people was great. The scoffers were triumphant and won the weak and cowardly to their ranks. Some who had appeared to possess true faith seemed to have been influenced only by fear, and now their courage returned with the passing of the time, and they boldly united with the scoffers declaring they had never been duped to really believe the doctrine of Miller, who was a mad fanatic. Others, naturally yielding or vacillating, quietly deserted the cause. I thought if Christ had surely come, what would have become of those weak and changing ones? Where would have been their robes of righteousness? They professed to love and long for the coming of Jesus, but when he

failed to appear they seemed greatly relieved and went back to a state of carelessness and disregard of true religion.

We were perplexed and disappointed, yet did not renounce our faith. Many still clung to the hope that Jesus would not long delay his coming; the word of the Lord was sure, it could not fail. We felt that we had done our duty, we had lived up to our precious faith, we were disappointed but not discouraged; the signs of the times denoted that the end of all things was near at hand, we must watch and hold ourselves in readiness for the coming of the Master at any time. We must wait with hope and trust, not neglecting the assembling of ourselves together for instruction, encouragement and comfort, that our light might shine forth into the darkness of the world.

Calculation of the time was so simple and plain that even the children could understand it. From the date of the decree of the king of Persia, found in Ezra 7, which was given in 457 before Christ, the 2300 years of Daniel 8:14 must terminate with 1843. Accordingly we looked to the end of this year for the coming of the Lord. We were sadly disappointed when the year entirely passed away and the Saviour had not come.

It was not at first perceived that if the decree did not go forth at the beginning of the year 457 B. C., the 2300 years would not be completed at the close of 1843. But it was ascertained that the decree was given near the close of the year 457, B.C., and therefore the prophetic period must reach to the fall of the year 1844. Therefore the vision of time did not tarry, though it had seemed to do so. We learned to rest upon the language of the prophet, 'For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie. Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.'

God tested and proved his people by the passing of the time in 1843. The mistake made in reckoning the prophetic periods was not at once discovered even by learned men who opposed the views of those who were looking for Christ's coming. These profound scholars declared that Mr. Miller was right in his calculation of the time, though they disputed him in regard to the event that would crown that period. But they, and the waiting people of God, were in a common error on the question of time.

We fully believe that God, in his wisdom, designed that his people should meet with a disappointment, which was well calculated to reveal hearts and develop the true characters of those who had professed to look for and rejoice in the coming of the Lord. Those who embraced the first angel's message (see Revelation 14:6, 7) through fear of the wrath of God's judgments, not because they loved the truth and desired an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven, now appeared in their true light. They were among the first to ridicule the disappointed ones who sincerely longed for and loved the appearing of Jesus. This most searching test of God revealed the true characters of those who would shirk responsibility and stigma by denying their faith in the hour of trial.

Those who had been disappointed were not left in darkness; for in searching the prophetic periods with earnest prayers, the error was discovered, and the tracing of the prophetic pencil down through the tarrying time. In the joyful expectation of the coming of Christ, the apparent tarrying of the vision had not been taken into account, and was a sad and unlooked for surprise. Yet this very trial was highly necessary to develop and strengthen the sincere believers in the truth.

Our hopes now centered on the coming of the Lord in 1844. This was also the time for the message of the second angel, who, flying through the midst of heaven, cried, 'Babylon is fallen, is fallen, that great city!' Many left the churches in obedience to the message of the second angel. Near its close the Midnight Cry was given: 'Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him!' Light was being given concerning this message, in every part of the land, and the cry aroused thousands. It went from city to city, from village to village, and into the remote country regions. It reached the learned and talented, as well as the obscure and humble.

This was the happiest year of my life. My heart was full of glad expectation; but I felt great pity and anxiety for those who were in discouragement and had no hope in Jesus. We united, as a people, in earnest prayer for true inward experience and the unmistakable evidence of our acceptance with God.

We needed unbounded patience, for the scoffers were many. We were frequently greeted by scornful allusions to our former disappointment. 'You have not gone up yet; when do you expect to go up?' and similar sarcasms were often vented upon us by our worldly acquaintances, and even by some professed Christians, who accepted the Bible yet failed to learn its great and important truths. Their blinded eyes seemed to see but a vague and distant meaning in the solemn warning, 'God hath appointed a day in the which he will judge the world,' and in the assurance that the saints will be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air.

The formal churches used every means to prevent the belief in Christ's soon coming from spreading. No liberty was granted in their meetings to those who dared mention a hope of the soon coming of Christ. Professed lovers of Jesus scornfully rejected the tidings that he whom they claimed as their best friend was soon to visit them. They were excited and angered against those who proclaimed the news of his coming and who rejoiced that they should speedily behold him in his glory.

Every moment seemed precious and of the utmost importance to me. I felt that we were doing work for eternity, and that the careless and uninterested were in the greatest peril. My faith was unclouded, and I appropriated the precious promises of Jesus to myself. He had said to his disciples, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' I firmly believed that whatever I asked in accordance with the will of God would certainly be granted to me. I sank in humility at the feet of Jesus with my heart in harmony with the divine will.

I often visited families and engaged in earnest prayer with those who were oppressed by fears and despondency. My faith was so strong that I never doubted for a moment that God would answer my prayers, and without a single exception the blessing and peace of Jesus rested upon us in answer to our humble petitions, and the hearts of the despairing ones were made joyful by light and hope.

With diligent searching of hearts and humble confessions we came prayerfully up to the time of expectation. Every morning we felt that it was our first business to secure the evidence that our lives were right before God. We realized that if we were not advancing in holiness we were sure to retrograde. Our interest for each other increased; we prayed much with and for one another. We assembled in the orchards and groves to commune with God and to offer up our petitions to him, feeling more clearly in his presence when surrounded by his natural works. The joys of salvation were more necessary to us than our food and drink. If clouds obscured our minds we dared not rest or sleep till they were swept away by the consciousness of our acceptance with the Lord.

My health was very poor, my lungs were seriously affected, and my voice failed. The Spirit of God often rested upon me with great power, and my frail body could scarcely endure the weight of glory that flooded my soul. The name of Jesus filled me with rapture, I seemed to breathe in the atmosphere of heaven, and rejoiced in the prospect of soon meeting my Redeemer and living in the light of his countenance forever.

The waiting people of God approached the hour when they fondly hoped their joys would be complete in the coming of the Saviour. But the time again passed unmarked by the advent of Jesus. Mortality still clung to us, the effects of the curse were all around us. It was hard to take up the vexing cares of life that we thought had been laid down forever. It was a bitter disappointment that fell upon the little flock whose faith had been so strong and whose hope had been so high. But we were surprised that we felt so free in the Lord, and were so strongly sustained by his strength and grace.

The experience of the former year was, however, repeated to a greater extent. A large class renounced their faith. Some, who had been very confident, were so deeply wounded in their pride that they felt like fleeing from the world. Like Jonah they complained of God and chose death rather than life. Those who had built their faith upon the evidence of others and not upon the Word of God were now as ready to again exchange their views. The hypocrites, who had hoped to deceive the Almighty as well as themselves, with their counterfeit penitence and devotion, now felt relieved from impending danger, and launched into open opposition to the cause they had lately professed to love.

The weak and the wicked united in declaring that there could be no more fears or expectations now. The time had passed, the Lord had not come, and the world would remain the same for thousands of years. This second great test revealed a mass of worthless drift that had been drawn into the strong current of the Advent faith, and been borne along for a time with the true believers and earnest workers.

We were disappointed but not disheartened. We resolved to submit patiently to the process of purifying that God deemed needful for us; to refrain from murmuring at the trying ordeal by which the Lord was purging us from the dross and refining us like gold in the furnace. We resolved to wait with patient hope for the Saviour to redeem his tried and faithful ones.

We are firm in the belief that the preaching of definite time was of God. It was this that led men to search the Bible diligently, discovering truths they had not before perceived. Jonah was sent of God to proclaim in the streets of Nineveh that within forty days the city would be overthrown; but God accepted the humiliation of the Ninevites and extended their period of probation. Yet the message that Jonah brought was sent of God, and Nineveh was tested according to his will. The world looked upon our hope as a delusion and our disappointment as its consequent failure; but though we were mistaken in the event that was to occur at that period, there was no failure in reality of the vision that seemed to tarry.

The words of the Saviour in the parable of the wicked servant apply very forcibly to those who ridicule the near coming of the Son of man. But and if that servant say in his heart, My lord delayeth his coming; and shall begin to beat their fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken; the

lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour when he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and shall appoint him his portion with the hypocrites.

We found everywhere the scoffers which Peter says shall come in the last days, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. But those who had looked for the coming of the Lord were not without comfort, they had obtained valuable knowledge in the searching of the word. The plan of salvation was plainer to their understanding. Every day they discovered new beauties in its sacred pages and a wonderful harmony running through all, one scripture explaining another and no word used in vain.

Our disappointment was not so great as that of the disciples. When the Son of man rode triumphantly into Jerusalem they expected him to be crowned king. The people flocked from all the region about and cried, 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' And Jesus, when the priests and elders besought him to still the multitude, declared that if they should hold their peace even the stones would cry out, for prophecy must be fulfilled. Yet in a few days these very disciples saw their beloved Master, whom they believed would reign on David's throne, stretched upon the cruel cross above the mocking, taunting Pharisees. Their high hopes were drowned in bitter disappointment, and the darkness of death closed about them.

Yet Christ was true to his promises. Sweet was the consolation he gave his people, rich the reward of the true and faithful.

Mr. Miller and those who were in union with him supposed that the cleansing of the sanctuary, spoken of in Daniel 8:14, meant the purifying of the earth prior to its becoming the abode of the saints. This was to take place at the advent of Christ, therefore we looked for that event at the end of the 2300 days, or years. But after our disappointment the Scriptures were carefully searched with prayer and earnest thought, and after a period of suspense as to our true position, light poured in upon our darkness; doubt and uncertainty was swept away.

Instead of the prophecy of Daniel 8:14 referring to the purifying of the earth, it was now plain that it pointed to the closing work of our High Priest in heaven, the finishing of the atonement, and the preparing of the people to abide the day of his coming.

I might give a more detailed explanation of the passing of the time as considered in the light of prophecy, but it is not in the legitimate province of this work to do so. I merely designed to give as brief an account as possible of these important events with which my life was so closely interwoven that they cannot consistently be omitted from these pages. I would, however, refer those readers who desire further information, to works on this subject which give a full exposition of it. Address Review and Herald Battle Creek, Mich., or Signs of the Times, Oakland, Cal.

I now return to my personal history from which I have necessarily digressed. After the passing of the time in 1844, my health rapidly failed, I could only speak in a whisper or broken tone of voice. One physician stated that my disease was dropsical consumption, he pronounced my right lung decayed and the left one considerably diseased, while the heart was seriously affected. He thought that I could live but a short time, and might die suddenly at any time. It was very difficult for me to

breathe when lying down, and at night I was bolstered in almost a sitting posture, and was frequently wakened by coughing and bleeding at the lungs.

About this time, while visiting a dear sister in Christ, whose heart was knit with mine, the first vision was given to me. There were but five of us, all women, kneeling quietly in the morning at the family altar, when this event transpired. I related this vision to the believers in Portland, who had full confidence that these manifestations were of God. A power attended them that could only emanate from the divine. A solemn sense of eternal interests was constantly upon me. An unspeakable awe filled me, that I, so young and feeble, should be chosen as the instrument by which God would give light to his people. While under the power of the Lord I was so inexpressibly happy, seeming to be surrounded by radiant angels in the glorious courts of heaven, where all is peace and joy, that it was a sad and bitter change to wake up to the unsatisfying realities of mortal life.

In a second vision, which soon followed the first, I was shown the trials through which I must pass, and that it was my duty to go and relate to others the things that God had revealed to me. It was shown me that my labors would meet with great opposition, and that my heart would be wrought with anguish, but that the grace of God would be sufficient to sustain me through all. The teaching of this vision troubled me exceedingly, for it pointed that my duty was to go out among the people and teach the truth.

My health was so poor that I was in actual bodily suffering, and, to all appearance, had but a short time to live. I was but seventeen years of age, small and frail, unused to society, and naturally so timid and retiring that it was painful for me to meet strangers. I prayed earnestly for several days and far into the night, that this burden might be removed from me and laid upon someone else more capable of bearing it. But the light of duty never changed, and the words of the angel sounded continually in my ears, 'Make known to others what I have revealed to you.'

I was unreconciled to going out into the world, its sneers and opposition rose before my mind in formidable array. I had little self-confidence. Hitherto when the Spirit of God had urged me to duty I had risen above myself, forgetting all fear and timidity in the great theme of Jesus' love and the wonderful work he had done for me. The constant assurance that I was fulfilling my duty and obeying the will of the Lord, gave me a confidence that surprised me and was foreign to my nature. At such times I felt willing to do or suffer anything in order to help others into the light and peace of Jesus.

But it seemed impossible for me to accomplish this work that was presented before me; to attempt it seemed certain failure. The trials attending it appeared more than I could endure. How could I, a child in years, go forth from place to place unfolding to the people the holy truths of God! My heart shrank in terror from the thought. My brother Robert, but two years my senior, could not accompany me, for he was feeble in health and his timidity greater than mine; nothing could have induced him to take such a step. My father had a family to support and could not leave his business; but he repeatedly assured me that if God had called me to labor in other places, he would not fail to open the way for me. But these words of encouragement were little comfort to my desponding heart; the path before me seemed hedged in with difficulties that I was unable to surmount.



I really coveted death as a release from the responsibilities that were crowding upon me. At length the sweet peace I had so long enjoyed left me, and my soul was plunged in despair. My prayers all seemed vain, and my faith was gone. Words of comfort, reproof or encouragement were alike to me, for it seemed that no one could understand me but God, and he had forsaken me. The company of believers in Portland were ignorant concerning the exercises of my mind that had brought me into this state of despondency, but they knew that for some reason my mind had become depressed, and they felt that this was sinful on my part, considering the gracious manner in which the Lord had manifested himself to me.

A great fear possessed me that God had taken his favor from me forever. As I contemplated the light that had formerly blessed my soul, it seemed doubly precious as contrasted with the darkness that now enveloped me. Meetings were held at my father's house, but my distress of mind was so great that I did not attend them for some time. My burden grew heavier until the agony of my spirit seemed more than I could bear.

At length I was induced to be present at one of the meetings in my own home. The church made my case a special subject of prayer. Father Pearson, who in my earlier experience had opposed the manifestations of the power of God upon me, now prayed earnestly for me and counseled me to surrender my will to the will of the Lord. Like a tender father he tried to encourage and comfort me, bidding me believe I was not forsaken by the Friend of sinners.

I felt too weak and despondent to make any special effort for myself on this occasion, but my heart united with the petitions of my friends. I cared little now for the opposition of the world, and felt willing to make every sacrifice if only the favor of God might be restored to me. While prayer was being offered for me, the thick darkness that had encompassed me rolled back and a sudden light came upon me. My strength was taken away. I seemed to be carried to heaven and into the presence of the angels. One of these radiant beings again repeated the words, 'Make known to others what I have revealed to you.'

One great fear that haunted me was that if I obeyed the call of duty and went out into the open field, declaring myself to be one favored of the Most High with visions and revelations for the people, I might fall a prey to sinful exaltation and be lifted above the station that was right for me to occupy, bring upon myself the displeasure of God, and lose my own soul. I had before me several cases such as I have here described, and my heart had shrunk from the trying ordeal.

I now entreated that if I must go and relate what the Lord had shown me I should be preserved from undue exaltation. Said the angel, 'Your prayers are heard and shall be answered. If this evil that you dread threatens you, the hand of God will be stretched out to save you, by affliction he will draw you to himself and preserve your humility. Deliver the message faithfully. Endure unto the end and you shall eat the fruit of the tree of life and drink of the water of life.'

After recovering consciousness of earthly things, I committed myself to the Lord ready to do his bidding whatever that might be. Providentially the way opened for me to go with my brother-in-law to my sisters in Portland, thirty miles from my home. I there had an opportunity to bear my testimony.

For three months my throat and lungs had been so diseased that I could talk but little and that in a low and husky tone. On this occasion I stood up in meeting and commenced speaking in a whisper. I continued thus for about five minutes, when the soreness and obstruction left my throat and lungs, my voice became clear and strong, and I spoke with perfect ease and freedom for nearly two hours. When my message was ended my voice was gone until I stood before the people again, when the same singular restoration was repeated. I felt a constant assurance that I was doing the will of God, and saw marked results attending my efforts.

The way providentially opened for me to go to the eastern part of Maine. Brother Wm. Jordan was going on business to Orlington [Orrington], accompanied by his sister, and I was urged to go with them. I felt somewhat reluctant to do so, but as I had promised the Lord to walk in the path he opened before me, I dared not refuse. At Orlington [Orrington] I met Elder James White. He was acquainted with my friends and was himself engaged in the work of salvation.

The Spirit of God attended the message I bore, hearts were made glad in the truth, and the desponding ones were cheered and encouraged to renew their faith. At Garland a large number collected from different quarters to hear my message. But my heart was very heavy for I had just received a letter from my mother begging me to return home for false reports were being circulated concerning me. This was an unexpected blow. My name had always been free from the shadow of reproach, and my reputation was very dear to me. I also felt grieved that my mother should suffer on my account; her heart was bound up in her children and she was very sensitive in regard to them. If there had been an opportunity I should have set out for home immediately; but this was impossible.

My sorrow was so great that I felt too depressed to speak that night. My friends urged me to trust in the Lord; and at length the brethren engaged in prayer for me. The blessing of the Lord soon rested upon me and I bore my testimony that evening with great freedom. There seemed to be an angel standing by my side to strengthen me. Shouts of glory and victory went up from that house, and the presence of Jesus was felt in our midst.

Soon after I went to Exeter, a small village not far from Garland. Here a heavy burden rested upon me from which I could not be free until I related what had been shown me in regard to some fanatical persons who were present. This I did, mentioning that I was soon to return home and had seen that these persons were anxious to visit Portland; but they had no work to do there, and would only injure the cause by their fanaticism. I declared that they were deceived in thinking that they were actuated by the Spirit of God. My testimony was very displeasing to these persons and their sympathizers. It cut directly across their anticipated course and in consequence aroused in them feelings of bitterness and jealousy towards me.

I now returned to Portland, having traveled and labored for three months bearing the testimony that God had given me, and experiencing his approbation at every step.

Soon after quite a number of us were assembled at the house of Brother Howland in Topsham. Sister Frances Howland, a very dear friend of mine, was sick with the rheumatic fever and under the doctor's care. Her hands were so badly swollen that we could not distinguish the joints. As we sat together speaking of her case, Brother Howland was asked if he had faith that his daughter could be healed in answer to prayer. He answered that he would try to believe that she might, and presently

declared that he did believe it possible. We all then knelt in earnest prayer to God in her behalf. We claimed the promise, 'Ask and ye shall receive.'

The blessing of God attended our prayers, and we had the assurance that God was willing to heal the afflicted one. Elder D. cried out, 'Is there a sister here who has the faith to go and take her by the hand and bid her arise in the name of the Lord?'

Sister Frances was lying in the chamber above, and before he ceased speaking Sister Curtis was on her way to the stairs. She entered the sick room with the Spirit of God upon her, and taking the invalid by the hand said, 'Sister Frances, in the name of the Lord arise and be whole.' New life shot through the veins of the sick girl, a holy faith took possession of her, and obeying its impulse, she rose from her bed, stood upon her feet, walked the room praising God for her recovery. She was soon dressed and came down into the room where we were assembled, her countenance lighted up with unspeakable joy and gratitude.

The next morning she took breakfast with us. Soon after, as Elder White was reading from the fifth chapter of James, for family worship, the doctor came into the hall, and, as usual, went up stairs to visit his patient. Not finding her there, he hurried down and with a look of alarm opened the door of the large kitchen where we were all sitting, his patient in our midst. He gazed upon her with astonishment and at length ejaculated, 'So Frances is better!'

Brother Howland answered, 'The Lord has healed her,' and the reader resumed his chapter where he had been interrupted, 'Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him.' The doctor listened with a curious expression of mingled wonder and incredulity upon his face, nodded, and hastily left the room. The same day Sister Frances rode three miles and returned home in the evening; although it was rainy she sustained no injury, and continued to rapidly improve in health. In a few days, at her request she was led down into the water and baptized. And although the weather and the water were very cold, and her disease rheumatic fever, she received no injury, but from that time was free from the disease, and in the enjoyment of her usual health.

At this time Brother Wm. Hyde was very sick with bloody dysentery. His symptoms were alarming, and the physician pronounced his case almost hopeless. We visited him and prayed with him, but he had come under the influence of certain fanatical persons, who were bringing dishonor upon our cause. We wished to remove him from their midst, and petitioned the Lord to give him strength to leave that place. He was strengthened and blessed in answer to our prayers, and rode four miles to the house of Brother Patten. But after arriving there he seemed to be rapidly sinking.

The fanaticism and errors into which he had fallen through evil influence seemed to hinder the exercise of his faith. He gratefully received the plain testimony borne him, and made humble confession of his fault. Only a few who were strong in faith were permitted to enter the sick room. The fanatics whose influence over him had been so injurious, and who had persistently followed him to Brother Patten's, were positively forbidden to come into his presence, while we prayed fervently for his restoration to health. I have seldom known such a reaching out to claim the promises of God. The salvation of the Holy Spirit was revealed, and power from on high rested upon our sick brother and upon all present.

Brother Hyde immediately dressed and walked out of the room praising God, with the light of heaven shining upon his countenance. A farmer's dinner was ready upon the table. Said he, 'If I were well I should partake of this food; and as I believe God has healed me, I shall carry out my faith.' He sat down to dinner with the rest and ate heartily without injury. His recovery was perfect and lasting.

From Topsham we returned to Portland and found there quite a number of our faith from the East. Among them were the very fanatics to whom I had borne my testimony at Exeter, declaring that it was not their duty to visit Portland. These persons had laid aside reason and judgment; they trusted every impression of their excitable and over-wrought minds. Their demonstrative exercises, while claiming to be under the Spirit of God, were unworthy of their exalted profession. We trembled for the church that was to be subjected to this spirit of fanaticism. My heart ached for God's people. Must they be deceived and led away by this false enthusiasm? I faithfully pronounced the warnings given me of the Lord; but they seemed to have little effect except to make these persons of extreme views jealous of me.

These false impressions of theirs might have turned me from my duty, had not the Lord previously showed me where to go and what to do. Although so young and inexperienced, I was preserved from falling into the snare of the enemy, through the mercy of God, in giving me special instructions whom to fear and whom to trust. Had it not been for this protection I now see many times when I might have been led from the path of duty.

About this time I was shown that it was my duty to visit our people in New Hampshire. My constant and faithful companion at this time was Sister Louisa Foss, the sister of my brother-inlaw. She has been dead several years; but I can never forget her kind and sisterly attention to me in my journeyings. We were also accompanied by Elder Files and his wife, who were old and valued friends of my Family, Brother Ralph Haskins and Elder White.

We were cordially received; but there were wrongs existing in that field which burdened me much. We had to meet a spirit of self-righteousness that was very depressing. I had previously been shown the pride and exaltation of certain ones whom we visited, but had not the courage to meet them with my testimony. Had I done so, the Lord would have sustained me in doing my duty.

While visiting at the house of Elder Morse, the burden did not leave me, but I did not yet feel sufficiently strong to relieve my mind and place the oppressive burden upon those to whom it belonged. During our stay at this house I was very ill. Prayer was offered in my behalf, the Spirit of God rested upon me, and I was taken off in vision. While in this state, some things were shown me concerning the disappointment of 1844, in connection with the case of Elder Morse. He had been a firm and consistent believer that the Lord would come at that time. He was bitterly disappointed when the period passed without bringing the event that was expected. He was perplexed and unable to explain the delay.

He did not renounce his faith as some did, calling it a fanatical delusion; but he was bewildered, and could not understand the position of God's people on prophetic time. He had been so earnest in declaring that the coming of the Lord was nigh, that when the time passed, he was despondent and did nothing to encourage the disappointed people, who were like sheep without a shepherd, left to be devoured by wolves.

The case of Jonah was presented before me. God commanded him to go into Nineveh and deliver the message that he gave him. Jonah obeyed, and for the space of three days and nights the solemn cry was heard throughout the streets of the wicked city, 'Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown!' The city was a marvel of wealth and magnificence; yet the king believed the warning and humbled himself and his people before the Lord in fasting and sackcloth.

A merciful God accepted their repentance and lengthened the days of their probation. He turned away his fierce anger and awaited the fruits of Nineveh's humiliation. But Jonah dreaded being called a false prophet. He murmured at the compassion of God in sparing the people whom he had warned of destruction by the mouth of his prophet. He could not bear the thought of standing before the people as a deceiver. He overlooked the great mercy of God toward the repentant city, in the personal humiliation of seeing his prophecy unfulfilled.

Elder Morse was in a similar condition to that of the disappointed prophet. He had proclaimed that the Lord would come in 1844. The time had passed. The check of fear that had partially held the people was removed, and they indulged in derision of those who had looked in vain for Jesus. Elder Morse felt that he was a bye-word among his neighbors, an object of jest. He could not be reconciled to his position. He did not consider the mercy of God in granting the world a longer time to prepare for his coming; that the warning of his judgment might be heard more widely, and the people tested with greater light. He only thought of the humiliation of God's servants.

I was shown that although the event so solemnly proclaimed did not occur, as in the case of Jonah, the message was none the less of God, and accomplished the purpose that he designed it should. Subsequent light upon the prophecies revealed the event which did take place, in the High Priest entering the most holy place of the sanctuary in heaven to finish the atonement for the sins of man. Nevertheless God willed for a wise purpose that his servants should proclaim the approaching end of time.

Instead of being discouraged at his disappointment, as was Jonah, Elder Morse should gather up the rays of precious light that God had given his people and cast aside his selfish sorrow. He should rejoice that the world was granted a reprieve, and be ready to aid in carrying forward the great work yet to be done upon the earth, in bringing sinners to repentance and salvation.

It has been reported that on the occasion of the vision I declared that in forty days the end of the world would come. No such words were uttered by me. I had no light concerning the end of time. The subject of Nineveh, her lengthened probation, and the consequent grief of Jonah, was presented to me as a parallel case with our own disappointment in 1844. The case of Elder Morse was presented to me as one that represented the condition of a large class of our people at that time. Their duty was plainly marked; it was to trust in the wisdom and mercy of God and patiently labor as his providence opened the way before them.

It was difficult to accomplish much good in New Hampshire. We found little spirituality there. Many pronounced their experience in the movement of 1844 a delusion; it was hard to reach this class, for we could not accept the position they ventured to take. A number who were active preachers and exhorters in 1844, now seemed to have lost their moorings, and did not know where we were in prophetic time; they were fast uniting with the spirit of the world.

Upon one occasion when I was delivering the message that the Lord had given me for the encouragement of his people, I was interrupted several times by a certain minister. He had been very active in preaching definite time; but when the appointed period passed, his faith utterly failed, and he wandered in darkness, doubting and questioning everything. He was ever ready to array himself against any one who claimed more light than he possessed. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, as I related what he had shown me. This minister interrupted me several consecutive times; but I continued speaking, when he became very angry and excited, violently opposing what I said. He raised his voice to a high key, and abused me till he was forced to stop from sheer exhaustion. In a few moments he left the house, being seized with hemorrhage of the lungs. He rapidly failed from that time, and died not long after.

Our testimony was welcomed by some, but many received us suspiciously. Fanaticism and spiritual magnetism seemed to have destroyed the spirit of true godliness. Many appeared unable to discern or appreciate the motives that led me in my feebleness, to travel and bear my testimony to the people. Those who had little interest for the salvation of souls, and whose hearts had turned from the work of preparation, could not comprehend the love of God in my soul that quickened my desire to help those in darkness to the same light that cheered my path. Could they also have seen what had been revealed to me of God's matchless love for men, manifested in giving his only Son to die for them, they would not have doubted my sincerity.

I believed all that had been shown me in vision. Truth was to me a living reality, and my labor was for eternity. However, others might view my work, the weight of its importance was heavy on my soul. In feeble health I was toiling to do good to others unto eternal life. Moments seemed precious to me, delays dangerous.

In New Hampshire we had to contend with a species of spiritual magnetism, of a similar character with mesmerism. It was our first experience of this kind, and happened thus: Arriving at Claremont, we were told there were two parties of Adventists; one holding fast their former faith, the other denying it. At other places we had visited and labored with this latter class, and found that they were so buried in worldliness, and had so far adopted the popular view in regard to our disappointment that we could not reach nor help them.

But we were now pleased to learn that there was a little company here who believed that in their past experience they had been led by the providence of God. We were directed to Elders Bennett and Bellings as persons holding similar views with ourselves. We discovered that there was much prejudice against these men, but concluded that they were persecuted for righteousness' sake. We called on them and were kindly received and courteously treated. We soon learned that they professed sanctification, claiming they were above the possibility of sin, being entirely consecrated to God. Their clothing was excellent, and they had an air of ease and comfort.

Presently a little boy about eight years old entered, literally clad in dirty rags. We were surprised to find that this little specimen of neglect was the son of Elder Bennett. The mother looked exceedingly ashamed and annoyed; but the father, utterly unconcerned, continued talking of his high spiritual attainments without the slightest recognition of his little son. But his sanctification had suddenly lost its charm in my eyes. Wrapped in prayer and meditation, throwing off all the toil and responsibilities of life, this man seemed too spiritually minded to notice the actual wants of his family, or give his children the least fatherly attention. He seemed to forget that the greater our love to God, the

stronger should be our love and care for those whom he has given us; that the Saviour never taught idleness and abstract devotion, to the neglect of the duties laying directly in our path.

This husband and father declared that the heavenly attainment of true holiness carried the mind above all earthly thoughts. Still he sat at the table and ate temporal food; he was not fed by a miracle, and some one must provide that food, although he troubled himself little about that matter, his time was so devoted to spiritual things. Not so his wife, upon whom rested the burden of the family. She toiled unremittingly in every department of household labor to keep up the home. The husband declared that she was not sanctified, but allowed worldly things to draw her mind from religious subjects.

I thought of our Saviour as a constant worker for the good of others. He said 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' The sanctification that he taught was shown in deeds of kindness and mercy, and the love that counteth others better than themselves.

While at this house a sister of Elder Bennett requested a private interview with me. She had much to say concerning entire consecration to God, and endeavored to draw out my views in regard to that subject. I felt that I must be guarded in my expressions. While talking, she held my hand in hers, and with the other softly stroked my hair. I felt that angels of God would protect me from the unholy influence this attractive young lady was seeking to exercise over me, with her fair speeches, and gentle caresses. She had much to say in regard to the spiritual attainments of Elder Bennett, and his great faith. Her mind seemed very much occupied with him and his experience. I was glad to be relieved at length from this trying interview.

These persons, who made such lofty professions, were calculated to deceive the unwary. They had much to say of love and charity covering a multitude of sins. I could not unite with their views and feelings; but felt that they were wielding a terrible power for evil. I wished to escape from their presence as soon as possible.

Elder Bennett, in speaking of faith, said, 'All we have to do is to believe, and whatever we ask of God will be given us.'

Elder White suggested that there were conditions specified. 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' Said he, 'Your theory of faith must have a foundation; it is as empty as a flour-barrel with both heads out. True charity never covers up unrepented and unconfessed sins. She only drops her mantle over the faults that are confessed and renounced. True charity is a very delicate personage, never setting her pure foot outside of Bible truth.' As soon as the views of these people were crossed, they manifested a stubborn, self-righteous spirit that rejected all instruction. Though professing great humiliation they were boastful in their sophistry of sanctification, and resisted all appeals to reason. We felt that all our efforts to convince them of their error were useless, as they took the position they were not learners but teachers."

## Chapter 2—Trials and Victories

While in New Hampshire we visited at the house of Brother Collier, where we proposed to hold a meeting. We supposed this family were in union with those whom we had met at Elder Bennett's, mentioned in the preceding chapter. We asked some questions in reference to these men; but Brother Collier gave us no information. Said he, 'If the Lord sent you here, you will ascertain what spirit governs them, and will solve the mystery for us.'

Both of these men attended the meeting at Brother C's. While I was earnestly praying for light and the presence of God, they began to groan and cry 'Amen!' apparently throwing their sympathy with my prayer. Immediately my heart was oppressed with a great weight, the words died upon my lips, darkness overshadowed the whole meeting.

Elder White arose and said, 'I am distressed. The Spirit of the Lord is grieved. I resist this influence in the name of the Lord! O God, rebuke this foul spirit!'

I was immediately relieved, and rose above the shadows. But again, while speaking words of encouragement and faith to those present, their groanings and amens chilled me. Once more Elder White rebuked the spirit of darkness, and again the power of the Lord rested upon me, while I spoke to the people. These agents of the evil one were then so bound as to be unable to exert their baneful influence any more that night.

After the meeting Elder White said to Brother Collier, 'Now I can tell you concerning those two men. They are acting under a Satanic influence, yet attributing all to the Spirit of the Lord.'

'I believe God sent you to encourage us,' said Brother Collier. 'We call their influence mesmerism. They affect the minds of others in a remarkable way, and have controlled some to their great damage. We seldom hold meetings here, for they intrude their presence, and we can have no union with them. They manifest deep feeling, as you observed tonight, but they crush the very life from our prayers, and leave an influence blacker than Egyptian darkness. I have never seen them tied up before tonight.'

During family prayer that night the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, and I was shown many things in vision. These professed ministers were presented to me as doing great injury to the cause of God. While professing sanctification they were transgressing the sacred law. They were corrupt at heart and all those in unison with them were under a Satanic delusion and obeying their own carnal instincts instead of the word of God. These two men exerted a marked and peculiar power over the people, holding their attention and winning their confidence through a baneful mesmeric influence that many who were innocent and unsuspecting attributed to the Spirit of the Lord. Those who followed their teachings were terribly deceived and led into the grossest errors.

I was shown that the daily lives of these men were in direct contrast with their profession. Under the garb of sanctification they were practicing the worst sins and deceiving God's people. Their deception was all laid open before me, and I saw the fearful account that stood against them in the great book of records, and their terrible guilt in professing entire holiness, while their daily acts were



offensive in the sight of God. Some time after this, the characters of these persons were developed before the people and the vision given in reference to them was fully vindicated.

These men claimed to be sanctified, and that they could not sin. 'Believe in Jesus Christ,' was their cry, 'only believe and this is all that is required of us; only have faith in Jesus.' The words of John came forcibly to my mind: 'If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.' I was shown that those who triumph, and claim that they are sinless, show in this very boasting that they are far from being without the taint of sin. The more clearly fallen man comprehends the character of Christ, the more distrustful will he be of himself, and the more imperfect will his works appear to him in contrast with those which marked the life of the spotless Redeemer. But those who are at a great distance from Jesus, whose spiritual senses are so clouded by error that they cannot comprehend the divine character of the great Exemplar, conceive of him as altogether such an one as themselves, and talk of their own perfection of holiness with a high degree of satisfaction. They really know little of themselves, and less of Christ. They are far from God.

Those who have experienced the cleansing efficacy of the blood of Christ upon their hearts will be like their Master, pure, peaceable, and lowly of heart. No matter how bold and earnest one may be in his claims of spiritual soundness, and perfection of character, if he lacks Christian grace and humility, the dregs of the disease of sin is in his nature, and, unless it is purged from him, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. The truly holy, who walk with God like Enoch of old, will not be boastful of their purity, but be courteous, humble, unselfish, free from spiritual pride and exaltation. Those who know most of God, and keep their eye fixed on the Author and Finisher of their faith will see nothing good or great in themselves. They will feel, after doing all in their power to be faithful, that they are yet unprofitable servants.

They who claim to be sinless are in the position of the Pharisee, who made boast before God of his alms-giving, thanking God that he was not like the publican. But the poor publican had no piety or goodness to boast of, but, bowed down with grief and shame, sent up from his stricken soul a longing cry for God's mercy. He dared not even cast his sinful eyes toward heaven, but beat his breast and prayed, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner.' The sin-pardoning Redeemer tells us that this man went to his house justified rather than the other. Those who are whole need not a physician, and those who consider themselves sinless do not experience that yearning for the wisdom, light and strength of Jesus. They are content with their attainments, and hear not the blessed words, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' They feel no necessity for growth in grace. They feel not as Paul did, that he must keep his body under, lest, after preaching to others, he should himself be a cast-away. The apostle declared that he died daily. He was every day battling with temptation, and hiding himself in Christ. Men who boast of their holiness are far from God; they have not Jesus in their hearts, and do not realize their own unworthiness.

Next morning we started on our way to Springfield. The road was very bad. We had to travel over bare ground, and then through snow drifts that still remained. I fell from the wagon and so injured my side that I rode many miles in great pain, and was not able to walk into the house when we arrived at our destination. That night I could not rest nor sleep, my sufferings were so great. Sister Foss and myself united in pleading with God for his blessing and relief from pain. About midnight the

blessing sought rested upon me. Those in the house were awakened by hearing my voice while in vision. This was the first time I had a view of the voice of God in connection with the time of trouble.

That night it was shown me that reproach was being brought upon the cause of God in Maine, and his children were being disheartened and scattered by a fanatical spirit. Persons in whom we had placed confidence, J. T. and J. H., under a cloak of godliness were casting fear among the trembling, conscientious ones. I saw that it was duty to go and bear our testimony in Maine.

We soon returned to Portland, and found the brethren in great discouragement and confusion. A meeting was appointed at the house of Sister Hanes that I might have an opportunity to relate what had been shown me. While praying for strength to discharge that painful duty, the Spirit of God rested upon me and I was taken off in vision, and in the presence of J. T., was again shown his ungodly course. Those present said I talked it out before him. After coming out of vision he said I was under a wrong influence. He acknowledged that the part of my testimony which had no reference to his course was right, but that which reproved his conduct was wrong. He said it would take a critical spiritual observer to detect the difference; that this was the same spirit that had always followed him to crush him. I was convinced that J. T. would from that time resist and oppose my testimony and would deceive souls to their ruin; my heart was oppressed as I thought of the cause of God which would be reproached through the influence of this man. I left the meeting in anguish of spirit, for I had a message for his wife, a message of comfort to her sorrowing heart. I found her weeping at home and grieving as though her heart would break. I related the vision of reproof given me for her husband which she confirmed. We learned from united testimony, that honest, precious souls had been told by these fanatics that they were rejected of God. These cruel words coming from men whom they believed to be men of God, wholly overthrew some, while others were much discouraged for a time; but comforting testimonies were given me of God for them which gave them hope and courage. We also learned that these officious ones had been making my father's house their home. J. T. and J. H. who were leaders in this rank fanaticism, followed impressions and professed to have burdens from God. These impressions and burdens the Lord had nothing to do with, for they led to corruption, instead of purity and holiness.

My parents were disgusted as they saw reason and judgment laid aside by them, and protested against their fanatical course. But finding that they could not be freed from this company, they closed their house, and left the city for Poland, where my two married sisters were living. This did not suit J. T., and when we arrived at Portland he told me that my father was a doomed man; that my mother and sisters might be saved, but my father would be lost. The reason offered was because my father would not give him possession of his house when he left it. We then went to Poland, where my parents rehearsed their trials, and mentioned incidents which occurred at Portland, all of which confirmed the vision given me in New Hampshire.

As I returned to Portland, evidences increased of the desolating effects of fanaticism in Maine. The fanatical ones seemed to think that religion consisted in great excitement and noise. They would talk in a manner that would irritate unbelievers, and have an influence to cause them to hate them and the doctrines they taught. Then they would rejoice that they suffered persecution. Unbelievers could see no consistency in their course. The brethren in some places were prevented from assembling for meetings. The innocent suffered with the guilty. I carried a sad and heavy heart much of the time. It seemed so cruel that the cause of Christ should be injured by the course of these injudicious men.

They were not only ruining their own souls, but placing a stigma upon the cause not easily removed. And Satan loved to have it so. It suited him well to see the truth handled by unsanctified men; to have it mixed with error, and then altogether trampled in the dust. He looked with triumph upon the confused, scattered state of God's children.

J. T. labored with some success to turn my friends and even my relatives against me. Why did he do this? Because I had faithfully related that which was shown me respecting his unchristian course. He circulated falsehoods to destroy my influence and to justify himself. My lot seemed hard.

Discouragements pressed heavily upon me; and the condition of God's people so filled me with anguish that for two weeks I was prostrated with sickness. My friends thought I could not live; but brethren and sisters who sympathized with me in this affliction met to pray for me. I soon realized that earnest, effectual prayer was being offered in my behalf. Prayer prevailed. The power of the strong foe was broken, and I was released, and immediately taken off in vision. In this view I saw that human influence should never afflict me again in like manner. If I felt a human influence affecting my testimony, no matter where I might be, I had only to cry to God, and an angel would be sent to my rescue. I already had one guardian angel attending me continually, but when necessary, the Lord would send another to strengthen, and raise me above the power of every earthly influence. Then I saw for the first time the glory of the new earth.

With Jesus at our head we all descended from the city down to this earth, on a great and mighty mountain, which could not bear Jesus up, and it parted asunder, and there was a vast plain. Then we looked up and saw the great city, with twelve foundations, twelve gates, three on each side, and an angel at each gate. We all cried out. 'The city, the great city, it's coming! it's coming down from God out of heaven!' And it came down and settled on the place where we stood. Then we began to look at the glorious things outside of the city. There I saw most beautiful houses, which were to be inhabited by the saints. These had the appearance of silver, supported by four pillars set with pearls, most glorious to behold, and in each was a golden shelf. I saw many of the saints go into the houses, take off their glittering crowns and lay them on the shelf, then go out into the field by the houses to do something with the beautiful flowers and trees growing spontaneously everywhere. A glorious light shone above their heads, and they were continually offering praises to God.

I saw a field of tall grass most glorious to behold; it was living green, and had a reflection of silver and gold, as it proudly waved to the glory of King Jesus. We entered a field full of all manner of beasts. The lion, the lamb, the leopard and the wolf were all together in perfect union. We passed through the midst of them, and they followed on peaceably after. Then we entered a wood, not like the dark woods we have here; but light and beautiful. The branches of the trees waved to and fro as though making obeisance to God. We passed through the woods, for we were on our way to Mount Zion. As we were traveling along, we met a company who were also gazing with delighted wonder at the glories of the place. I noticed red as a border on their garments; their crowns were brilliant and their robes were pure white. As we greeted them I asked Jesus who they were. He said they were martyrs who had been slain for Him. With them was a great number of little ones who also had a hem of red on their garments. These, said Christ are children who were murdered for my sake and for the faith of their parents.

Mount Zion was just before us, and on the mount was a building which looked to me like a temple. About it were seven other mountains, on which grew roses and lilies. I saw the little ones climb, or if

they chose, use their little wings and fly to the top of the mountains, and pluck the never-fading flowers. There were all kinds of trees to beautify the place; the box, pine, fir, olive, myrtle and pomegranate, and the fig tree, bowed down with the weight of its timely figs, made the place all over glorious. As we were about to enter the temple, Jesus raised his lovely eyes and said, Only the one hundred and forty-four thousand enter this place, and we shouted Alleluia.

The temple was supported by seven pillars, all of transparent gold, set with pearls most glorious. The things I saw there I can but faintly describe. Oh! that I could talk in the language of Canaan, then could I tell something of the glory of the better world. I saw there tables of stone in which the names of the one hundred and forty-four thousand were engraved in letters of gold. After we beheld the glory of the temple, we went out, and Jesus left us, and went to the city. Soon we heard his lovely voice again, saying, 'Come, my people, you have come out of great tribulation, and have done my will, and suffered for me; come to the marriage supper; for I will gird myself and serve you.' We shouted Alleluia, glory, and entered into the city. And I saw a table of pure silver, it was many miles in length, yet our eyes could extend over it. I saw the fruit of the tree of life, the manna, almonds, figs, pomegranates, grapes, and many other kinds of fruit. I asked Jesus to let me eat of the fruit. He said, Not now. Those who eat of the fruit of this land, go back to earth no more. But in a little while, if faithful, you shall both eat of the fruit of the tree of life, and drink of the water of the fountain. And he said, You must go back to earth again and relate to others what I have revealed to you. Then an angel bore me gently down to this dark world.

Brother Hyde, who was present during this vision, composed the following verses, which have gone the rounds of the religious papers, and have found a place in several hymn books. Those who have published, read and sung them have little thought that they originated from a vision of a girl, persecuted for her humble testimony.

We have heard from the bright, the holy land, We have heard, and our hearts are glad; For we were a lonely pilgrim band, And weary and worn and sad. They tell us the pilgrims have a dwelling there. No longer are homeless ones; And we know that the goodly land is fair, Where life's pure river runs.

They say green fields are waving there, That never a blight shall know; And the deserts wild are blooming fair, And the roses of Sharon grow. There are lovely birds in the bowers green— Their songs are blithe and sweet; And their warblings gushing ever new The angel's harpings greet.

We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crowns, And the silvery band in white; Of the city fair with pearly gates, All radiant with light. We have heard of the angels there, and saints, With their harps of gold, how they sing; Of the mount, with the fruitful tree of life, Of the leaves that healing bring.

The King of that country, he is fair, He's the joy and the light of the place; In his beauty we shall behold him there, And bask in his smiling face, We'll be there, we'll be there in a little while; We'll join the pure and the blest; We'll have the palm, the robe, the crown, And forever be at rest.

About this time I was subjected to a severe trial. If the Spirit of God rested upon a brother or sister in meeting, and they glorified God by praising him, some raised the cry of mesmerism. And if it pleased the Lord to give me a vision in meeting, some would say that it was excitement and mesmerism. Grieved and desponding, I often went alone to some retired place to pour out my soul before Him who invites the weary and heavy laden to come and find rest. As my faith claimed the promises, Jesus seemed very near. The sweet light of heaven shone around me, I seemed to be encircled by the arms of Jesus, and there have I been taken off in vision. Then I would relate what God had revealed to me alone, where no earthly influence could affect me, but was grieved and astonished to hear some intimate that those who lived nearest to God were most liable to be deceived by Satan.

According to this teaching, I could see no safety in the Christian religion, our only safety from delusion was to remain quite a distance from God, in a backslidden state. Oh, thought I, has it come to this, that those who honestly go to God alone to plead his promises, and to claim his salvation, are to be charged with being under the foul influence of mesmerism? Do we ask our kind Father in heaven for bread, only to receive a stone or scorpion? These things wounded my spirit, and wrung my soul with keen anguish, well nigh to despair. Many would have me believe that there was no Holy Spirit, and that all the exercises that holy men of God experienced, were only mesmerism or the deceptions of Satan.

At this time visions were given me to correct the errors of those who had taken extreme views of some texts of scripture, and refrained wholly from labor, and rejected all those who would not receive their views on this point, and some other things which they held to be religious duties. God revealed these errors to me in vision, and sent me to his erring children to declare them; but many of them wholly rejected the message, and charged me with conforming to the world. On the other hand, the nominal Adventists charge me with fanaticism, and I was falsely, and by some, wickedly, represented as being the leader of the fanaticism I was laboring constantly to arrest by bearing my testimony given me of God. Different times were set for the Lord to come, and were urged upon the brethren. But the Lord showed me that they would pass by, for the time of trouble must come before the coming of Christ, and that every time that was set, and passed, would only weaken the faith of God's people. For this I was charged with being the evil servant that said, 'My Lord delayeth his coming.'

The above, relative to time-setting, was printed nearly thirty years ago, and the books have been circulated everywhere. Yet some ministers claiming to be well acquainted with me, make the statements that I have set time after time for the Lord to come and those times have passed, therefore my visions are false. These false statements no doubt are received by many as truth. Those who know me and are acquainted with my labors will make no such report in candor. This is the testimony I have borne ever since the passing of the time in 1844: 'Time after time will be set by different ones which will pass by; and the influence of this time-setting will be to destroy the faith of God's people.' If I had seen in vision, and borne my testimony to definite time, I could not have written and published, in the face of this testimony, that all times that should be set would pass, for the time of trouble must come before the coming of Christ. Certainly for the last thirty years, that is, since the publication of this statement, I would not be inclined to set time for Christ to come, and thus place myself under the same condemnation with those whom I was reproofing. I had no vision until 1845 which was after the passing of the time of general expectation in 1844. I was then shown that many would be deceived, and would set different times for the Lord to come, and urge them

upon their brethren. But the Lord showed me that these times would pass; for the time of trouble must come before the coming of Christ; and that every time thus set and passed, would only weaken the faith of God's people. Has not this testimony which has been before the public nearly thirty years in published form been fulfilled in every particular? The First-day Adventists have set time after time, and notwithstanding the repeated failures, they have gathered courage to set new times. God has not led them in this. Many of them have denounced the prophetic time, and the fulfillment of marked events in prophecy, because the time passed in 1844, and did not bring the expected event. They rejected the true prophetic time, and the enemy has had power to bring strong delusions upon them that they should believe a lie. I have borne the testimony since the passing of the time in 1844, that there should be no definite time set by which to test God's people. The great test on time was in 1843 and 1844; and all who have set time since these great periods marked in prophecy were deceiving and being deceived.

Up to the time of my first vision I could not write. My trembling hand was unable to hold my pen steadily. While in vision I was commanded by an angel to write the vision. I obeyed, and wrote readily. My nerves were strengthened, and my hand became steady.

It was a great cross for me to relate to individuals what had been shown me concerning their wrongs. It caused me great distress to see others troubled or grieved. And when obliged to declare the messages, I often softened them down, and related them as favorably for the individual as I could, and then would go by myself and weep in agony of spirit. I looked upon those who had only their own souls to care for, and thought if I were in their condition I would not murmur. It was hard to relate the plain, cutting testimonies given me of God. I anxiously watched the result, and if the individual reprov'd, rose up against the reproof, and afterwards opposed the truth, these queries would arise in my mind: Did I deliver the message just as I should? Oh, God! could there not have been some way to save them? And then such distress hung upon my soul, that I often felt death would be a welcome messenger, and the grave a sweet resting place.

I did not realize that I was unfaithful in thus questioning and doubting, and did not see the danger and sin of such a course, until in vision I was taken into the presence of Jesus. He looked upon me with a frown, and turned his face from me. It is not possible to describe the terror and agony I then felt. I fell upon my face before him, but had no power to utter a word. Oh, how I longed to be covered and hid from that dreadful frown. Then could I realize, in some degree, what the feelings of the lost will be when they cry, 'Mountains and rocks fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.'

Presently an angel bade me rise, and the sight that met my eyes can hardly be described. A company was presented before me whose hair and garments were torn, and whose countenances were the very picture of despair and horror. They came close to me, and took their garments and rubbed them on mine. I looked at my garments, and saw that they were stained with blood. Again I fell like one dead, at the feet of my accompanying angel. I could not plead one excuse, and longed to be away from such a holy place. Again the angel raised me up on my feet, and said, 'This is not your case now, but this scene has passed before you to let you know what your situation must be, if you neglect to declare to others what the Lord has revealed to you. But if you are faithful to the end, you shall eat of the tree of life, and shall drink of the river of the water of life. You will have to suffer

much, but the grace of God is sufficient.' I then felt willing to do all that the Lord might require me to do, that I might have his approbation, and not feel his dreadful frown.

While visiting my sisters in Poland, I was afflicted with sickness. Those present united in prayer in my behalf, and the disease was rebuked. Angels seemed to be in the room, and all was light and glory. I was again taken off in vision, and shown that I must go about three miles to a meeting, and when there should learn what the Lord would have me do. We went and found quite a large gathering of the brethren and sisters. None had known of any special meeting. J. T. was there. He had boasted that he understood the art of mesmerism, and that he could mesmerize me; that he could prevent me from having a vision, or relating a vision in his presence. There were many present who had heard this boast. I arose in the congregation. My visions came up fresh before me, and I commenced relating them, when I felt a human influence being exerted against me. I looked at J. T. He had his hand up to his face, and was looking through his fingers, his eyes intently fixed upon me. His lips were compressed, and a low groan now and then escaped him. In a moment I remembered the promise which the Lord had given me, that if I was in danger of being affected by a human influence, to ask for another angel, who would be sent to protect me. I then turned to this man, and related what the Lord had shown me in Portland; and, raising my hands to heaven earnestly cried, 'Another angel, Father! another angel!' I knew that my request was granted. I felt shielded by the strong Spirit of the Lord, and was borne above every earthly influence, and with freedom finished my testimony. The friends were comforted, and rejoiced in the Lord. J. T. was asked why he had not stopped my relating the vision. He answered, 'Oh, some of you would have her talk.' We returned to my sister's with strong confidence, rejoicing in God.

Some in Paris, Maine, believed that it was sin to work. Elder Stevens was leader in this error, and exerted a strong influence over others. He had been a Methodist preacher and was considered an humble, faithful Christian. He had won the confidence of many by his zeal for the truth, and apparent holy living, which caused some to believe him especially directed of God. The Lord gave me a reproof for him, that he was going contrary to the word of God in abstaining from labour, and urging his errors upon others, denouncing all who did not receive them. He rejected every evidence which the Lord gave to convince him of his error, and was firm to take nothing back in his course. He followed impressions and went weary journeys, walking great distances, where he would only receive abuse, and considered that he was suffering for Christ's sake. His reason and judgment were laid aside.

The Lord gave me a faithful message for this man, and I was sent long distances to warn the people of God against the errors he was urging upon them. At one time I was shown that I must go to Paris, Maine, for there was a meeting appointed which I must attend. I followed the direction given me, and there learned that Elder S. had notified the brethren that there was to be a great meeting the next day at the house of Brother C., where important matter was to be brought out, and he urged all to attend.

The next morning we went to the place appointed for meeting. When Elder S. came in and saw us present he seemed troubled. The meeting commenced with prayer. Then as I tried to pray, the blessing of the Lord rested upon me, and I was taken off in vision. Elder Stevens had declared that he would listen to nothing but Bible. I was shown the teachings of the Bible in contrast with his errors. I then saw that the frown of God was upon Elder S.; that he was leading honest, conscientious souls

astray. They feared to differ with him. Yet they saw inconsistencies in his faith, and their judgment told them he was wrong. His object in appointing that meeting was to make an effort to strengthen the cords of error with which he had bound these souls.

I saw that God would work for the salvation of his people; that Elder S. would soon manifest himself, and all the honest would see that it was not a right spirit that actuated him, and that his career would soon close.

Soon after this the snare was broken, and he could have but little influence over souls. He denounced the visions as being of the devil, and continued to follow his impressions, until Satan seemed to take full control of his mind. His friends at length were obliged to confine him, where he made a rope of some of his bed clothing with which he hung himself. Thus ended his career.

After returning home to Portland, I was shown that I must go to Portsmouth the next day and bear my testimony there. My sister Sarah traveled with me, and Elder White accompanied us. I had no means with which to pay my fare, but prepared to go, trusting in the Lord to open the way. The first car bell was ringing, as I put on my bonnet. I looked out of the window, and saw a good brother driving very fast up to the gate. His horse was reeking with sweat. He quickly entered the house, and asked, 'Is there any one here who needs means? I was impressed that some one here needed money.' We hastily related that we were going to Portsmouth at the Lord's bidding, and had nothing to go with, but resolved to start, trusting in the providence of God to open the way. The brother handed us money enough to carry us to Portsmouth and back. Said he, 'Take a seat in my wagon, and I will carry you to the depot.' On the way to the cars he told us that while on the road to my father's, his horse would come with great speed the whole distance of twelve miles. We had just taken our seats in the cars when the train started. Here the Lord tested and proved us, and strengthened our faith as we were brought into a very straight place, and were carried through by the manifestation of his providence. I had freedom in bearing my testimony in Portsmouth.

I was then shown that I must visit Massachusetts, and there bear my testimony. When we reached Boston, I learned that J. T. who opposed me in Maine, had arrived a few hours before. We considered that our being sent to Massachusetts just at that time, was to save God's people from falling under his influence. It was arranged that I should go to Roxbury and there relate my message. I found a large company collected in a private house. I felt the opposition that existed in the hearts of my brethren and sisters, yet in the strength of the Lord delivered my unpopular message. As I was speaking, a sister who had been opposed to me, arose and interrupted me. She grasped my hand, saying, I said that the devil sent you, but I can doubt no longer, and she declared to those present that I was a child of God, and that he had sent me. All in the meeting were greatly blessed. The power of the Lord attended the testimony, and every heart was comforted and refreshed. The leader of the meeting arose, his countenance beaming with joy, and said, 'The same power attends this that attended the truth in 1844. I do not expect to find another so green a spot this side of our deliverance.' We next visited the family of Brother Nichols in Dorchester, and had a meeting there of the deepest interest. Again the leader of the meeting at Roxbury testified that the Lord had abundantly blessed him, and that he could go forty days on the strength he there received. But J. T. was exerting his influence to discourage and close up my way by spreading lying reports concerning me. The leader who had been made so happy as he received my testimony, fell under his influence,



and as his mind turned, he became unsettled, then unstable, unhappy, and finally went into the spiritual view of the second advent, and received the grossest errors.

I next visited Randolph, New Bedford and Carver. The Lord gave me liberty in all these places to bear my testimony, which was generally received, and the desponding and weak were strengthened. I made my home at the house of Brother O. Nichols. They were ever ready with words of encouragement to comfort me when in trial, and their prayers often ascended to heaven in my behalf, until the clouds were dispersed, and the light of heaven again cheered me. Nor did their kindness end here. They were attentive to my wants, and generously supplied me with means to travel. They were reproached because they believed me to be a child of God, chosen to bear a special testimony to his people, and on account of this they were obliged to be in almost constant conflict, for many left no means untried to turn them against me. A faithful record is kept of their acts of love and benevolence. They will not lose their reward. He that seeth in secret is acquainted with every kind and generous act, and will reward them openly.

In a few weeks I visited Carver, and found that a few had been influenced by the false reports of J. T. But in many instances where the way had been previously closed up for me to bear my testimony, it was now opened, and I had more friends than I had before. There was a young sister in the house where we tarried who was subject to fits, and she was afflicted with this most distressing disease while we were there. All seemed to be alarmed. Some said, 'Go for the doctor;' others, 'Put on the tea-kettle for hot water.' I felt the spirit of prayer. We prayed to the Lord to deliver the afflicted. In the name and strength of Jesus I put my arms around her, and lifted her up from the bed, and rebuked the power of Satan, and bade her, Go free. She instantly recovered from the fit and praised the Lord with us. We had a solemn, refreshing season in this place. We told them that we had not come to defend character, nor to expose the wickedness of men who were laboring to destroy our influence, but to do our Master's will, and God would take care of the result of the efforts made by designing men. Our hearts were strengthened, and the church encouraged.

About this time Sister C. S. Minor came from Philadelphia, and we met in Boston. Different errors were affecting the Adventist people. The spiritual view of Christ's coming, that great deception of Satan, was ensnaring many, and we were often obliged, through a sense of duty, to bear a strong testimony against it. Sister M.'s influence was in favor of the idea of a spiritual second advent, which prevailed at that time, although she felt unwilling to acknowledge it. Those who stood clear from this influence were obliged to be decided, and have nothing to do with it, but in the fear of God bear their testimony against it.

As we were about to journey to New Bedford, a special message came from Sister M. for me to come and relate what the Lord had shown me. Brother Nichols took my sister and myself to the house where quite a number were collected. There were individuals present whom I had been shown were strong fanatics. They dealt in a human or Satanic influence, and called it the Spirit of God. I had not seen them before with my natural eyes, yet their countenances were familiar; for their errors and corrupting influence had been shown me, and I felt forbidden to relate my vision in such a company. There were some present that we loved; but they had been led away in this deception. The leading ones considered this a favorable opportunity to exert their influence over me, and cause me to yield to their views.

I knew their only object was to mangle the visions, spiritualize away their literal meaning, throw a Satanic influence upon me, and call it the power of God. Sister Minor addressed me, urging me to relate the visions. I respected her, but knew she was deceived in regard to that company. I refused to relate my vision to them. We told them we had no fellowship with their spirit, and in the name of the Lord would resist it. They flattered, but it had no effect. Then they tried to terrify me, commanding me. They said it was my duty to tell them the visions. I faithfully warned those whom I believed to be honest, and begged them to renounce their errors, and leave the company that was leading them astray. I left them, free from their influence and spirit. A portion of that company in a few weeks were left to run into the basest fanaticism.

Those were troublesome times. If we had not stood firmly then, we should have made shipwreck of our faith. Some said we were stubborn; but we were obliged to set our faces as a flint, and turn not to the right hand nor to the left. Those who believed in the spiritual coming of Christ, were insinuating, like the serpent in the garden. When it suited their purpose they would profess such a mild, meek spirit, that we had to be on our guard, strengthened on every side with Scripture testimony concerning the literal, personal appearing of our Saviour.

I had often been shown the lovely Jesus, that he is a person. I had asked him if his Father was a person, and had a form like himself. Said Jesus, 'I am in the express image of my Father's person.' I had often seen that the spiritual view took away the glory of heaven, and that in many minds the throne of David, and the lovely person of Jesus had been burned up by the fire of spiritual interpretation.

By invitation of Brother and Sister Nichols, my sister and myself again went to Massachusetts, and made their house our home. There was in Boston and vicinity a company of fanatical persons, who held that it was a sin to labor. Their principal message was, 'Sell that ye have, and give alms.' They said they were in the jubilee, the land should rest, and the poor must be supported without labor. Sargent, Robbins, and some others, were leaders. They denounced my visions as being of the devil, because I had been shown their errors. They were severe upon all who did not believe with them. While we were visiting at the house of Brother S. Nichols, Sargent and Robbins came from Boston to obtain a favour of Brother Nichols, and said they had come to have a visit, and tarry over night with him. Brother Nichols replied that he was glad they had come, for Sisters Sarah and Ellen were in the house, and he wished them to become acquainted with us. They changed their minds at once, and could not be persuaded to come into the house. Brother Nichols asked if I could relate my message in Boston, and if they would hear, and then judge. 'Yes,' said they, 'Come into Boston next Sabbath, we would like the privilege of hearing her.'

We accordingly designed to visit Boston, but in the evening, at the commencement of the Sabbath, while engaged in prayer, I was shown in vision that we must not go into Boston, but in an opposite direction to Randolph; that the Lord had a work for us to do there. We went to Randolph, and found a large room full collected, and among them those who said they would be pleased to hear my message in Boston. As we entered, Robbins and Sargent looked at each other in surprise and began to groan. They had promised to meet me in Boston, but thought they would disappoint us by going to Randolph, and while we were in Boston, warn the brethren against us. They did not have much

freedom. During intermission one of their number remarked that good matter would be brought out in the afternoon. Robbins told my sister that I could not have a vision where he was.

In the afternoon while we were pleading with God in prayer, the blessing of the Lord rested upon me, and I was taken off in vision. I was again shown the errors of these wicked men and others united with them. I saw that they could not prosper, their errors would confuse and distract; some would be deceived by them; but that truth would triumph in the end, and error be brought down. I was shown that they were not honest, and then I was carried into the future and shown that they would continue to despise the teachings of the Lord, to despise reproof, and that they would be left in total darkness, to resist God's Spirit until their folly should be made manifest to all. A chain of truth was presented to me from the Scriptures, in contrast with their errors. When I came out of vision, candles were burning. I had been in vision nearly four hours.

As I was unconscious to all that transpired around me while in vision, I will copy from Brother Nichols' description of that meeting.

'Sister Ellen was taken off in vision with extraordinary manifestations, and continued talking in vision with a clear voice, which could be distinctly understood by all present, until about sundown. The opposition was much exasperated, as well as excited, to hear Sister E. talk in vision, which they declared was of the devil; they exhausted all their influence and bodily strength, to destroy the effect of the vision. They would unite in singing very loud, and then alternately would talk and read from the Bible in a loud voice, in order that she might not be heard, until their strength was exhausted, and their hands would shake so they could not read from the Bible. But amidst all this confusion and noise, Sister Ellen's clear and shrill voice, as she talked in vision, was distinctly heard by all present. The opposition of these men continued as long as they could talk and sing, notwithstanding some of their own friends rebuked them, and requested them to stop. But Robbins said,

You are bowed to an idol; you are worshiping a golden calf."

'Mr. Thayer, the owner of the house, was not fully satisfied that her vision was of the devil, as Robbins declared it to be. He wanted it tested in some way. He had heard that visions of Satanic power were arrested by opening the Bible and laying it on the person in vision, and asked Sargent if he would test it in this way, which he declined to do. Then Thayer took a heavy, large quarto family Bible which was lying on the table, and seldom used, opened it, and laid it upon Sister Ellen while in vision, as she was then inclined backward against the wall in the corner of the room. Immediately after the Bible was laid upon her, she arose upon her feet, and walked into the middle of the room, with the Bible open in one hand, and lifted as high as she could reach, and with her eyes steadily looking upward, declared in a solemn manner,

The inspired testimony from God," or words of the same import. While the Bible was thus extended in one hand, and her eyes looking upwards, and not on the Bible, she continued for a long time, to turn over the leaves with her other hand, and place her finger upon certain passages, and correctly repeat their words with a solemn voice. Many present looked at the passages where her finger was pointed, to see if she repeated them correctly, for her eyes at the same time were looking upwards. Some of the passages referred to were judgments against the wicked and blasphemers, and others were admonitions and instructions relative to our present condition.

'In this state she continued all the afternoon until near sunset, when she came out of vision. When she arose in vision upon her feet, with the heavy open Bible in her hand, and walked the room, uttering the passages of scripture, these men were silenced. For the remainder of the time they were troubled, with many others; but they shut their eyes and braved it out without making any acknowledgment of their feelings.'

Opposition to our faith increased in Portland. One evening as we were engaged in prayer, the window was broken in just above my head, and the glass came down upon me. I continued praying. One man in his blind rage was cursing and swearing while we continued to plead with God, that when his indignation should come upon the shelterless head of the poor sinner, we might be hid in the secret of his pavilion. The man's voice hushed, and he was seen hastening from the place. He could not endure the sound of prayer, nor the thought of the judgment.

Some of our wicked, profane neighbors complained that they were disturbed by our frequent praying, and we were several times interrupted by them. One afternoon an officer was sent to visit us, while some of our neighbors raised their windows to hear the result. Father was away at his business, and mother stepped to the door. He told her that complaints had reached him that we disturbed the peace of the neighborhood by noisy praying, and sometimes praying in the night, and he was requested to attend to the matter. Mother answered that we prayed morning and night, and sometimes at noon, and should continue to do so; that Daniel prayed to his God three times a day, notwithstanding the king's decree.

He said he had no objection to prayer; if there was more of it in the neighbourhood, it would be better. 'But,' said he, 'they complain of your praying in the night.' He was told that if any of the family were sick, or in distress of mind in the night, it was our custom to call upon God for help, and we found relief. He was referred to our near neighbor who used strong drink. His voice was often heard cursing and blaspheming God. Why did not the neighbors send you to him, to still the disturbance he causes in the neighborhood? He serves his master, we serve the Lord our God. His curses and blasphemy seem not to disturb the neighbors, while the voice of prayer greatly troubles them. 'Well,' said the officer, 'what shall I tell them that you will do?' My mother replied, 'Serve God, let the consequences be what they may.' The officer left, and we had no further trouble from that quarter.

A few days after, while our family were quietly engaged in evening prayer, some young men, imitating the example of their parents, commenced making a noise around the house. At length they ran for an officer. He came, and they told him to listen. Said he, 'Is this what you have called me out for? That family is doing what every family ought to do. They are making no disturbance; and if you call me for this purpose again, I will put you in the lock-up, for disturbing a peaceable family while attending to their religious duties. After this we were not molested.

That summer the neighbors were terrified by frequent thunder and lightning. A number were instantly killed; and if there was an appearance of a thunderstorm, some parents sent their children to our house to invite one of the family to visit them, and stay until the storm was over. The children innocently told the whole story, saying: 'Ma says the lightning will not strike a house where the Advent people are.' One night there was a fearful storm. The heavens presented a continual sheet of lightning. A few rushed from their beds into the street, calling upon God for mercy, saying, 'The judgment day has come.' My brother Robert, who was a devoted Christian, was very happy. He went

out of the house and walked to the head of the street, praising the Lord. He said he never prized the hope of the Christian as he did that night, when he saw the terror and insecure position of those who had no hope in Christ.

While on a visit to New Bedford, Massachusetts in 1846, I became acquainted with Elder Joseph Bates. He had early embraced the Advent faith, and was an active laborer in the cause. I found him to be a true Christian gentleman, courteous and kind. He treated me as tenderly as though I were his own child. The first time he heard me speak, he manifested deep interest. After I had ceased speaking he arose and said, 'I am a doubting Thomas. I do not believe in visions. But if I could believe that the testimony the sister has related tonight was indeed the voice of God to us, I should be the happiest man alive. My heart is deeply moved. I believe the speaker to be sincere, but cannot explain in regard to her being shown the wonderful things she has related to us.'

Elder Bates was keeping the Sabbath, and urged its importance. I did not feel its importance, and thought that Elder B. erred in dwelling upon the fourth commandment more than upon the other nine. But the Lord gave me a view of the heavenly sanctuary. The temple of God was opened in heaven, and I was shown the ark of God covered with the mercy-seat. Two angels stood one at either end of the ark, with their wings spread over the mercy-seat, and their faces turned toward it. This my accompanying angel informed me represented all the heavenly host looking with reverential awe toward the law of God which had been written by the finger of God. Jesus raised the cover of the ark, and I beheld the tables of stone on which the ten commandments were written. I was amazed as I saw the fourth commandment in the very center of the ten precepts, with a soft halo of light encircling it. Said the angel, 'It is the only one of the ten which defines the living God who created the heavens and the earth and all things that are therein. When the foundations of the earth were laid, then was also laid the foundation of the Sabbath. I was shown that if the true Sabbath had been kept there would never have been an infidel or an atheist. The observance of the Sabbath would have preserved the world from idolatry. The fourth commandment has been trampled upon, therefore we are called upon to repair the breach in the law and plead for the broken down Sabbath. The man of sin who exalted himself above God, and thought to change times and laws, brought about the change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week. In doing this he made a breach in the law of God. Just prior to the great day of God, a message is sent forth to warn the people to come back to their allegiance to the law of God which antichrist has broken down. Attention must be called to the breach in the law by precept and example. I was shown that the third angel proclaiming the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, represents the people who receive this message and raise the voice of warning to the world, to keep the commandments of God and his law as the apple of the eye, and that in response to this warning many would embrace the Sabbath of the Lord.

### **Chapter 3—Marriage and United Labors**

August 30, 1846, I was married to Elder James White. In a few months we attended a conference in Topsham, Maine. Elder Joseph Bates was present. He did not then fully believe that my visions were of God. It was a meeting of much interest; but I was suddenly taken ill and fainted. The brethren prayed for me, and I was restored to consciousness. The Spirit of God rested upon us in Brother C.'s humble dwelling, and I was wrapt in a vision of God's glory, and for the first time had a view of other

planets. After I came out of vision I related what I had seen. Elder B. then asked if I had studied astronomy. I told him I had no recollection of ever looking into an astronomy. Said he, 'This is of the Lord.' I never saw him as free and happy before. His countenance shone with the light of heaven, and he exhorted the church with power.

I was shown that I would be much afflicted, and that we would have a trial of our faith on our return to Gorham, where my parents had moved. On our return I was taken very sick, and suffered extremely. My parents, husband and sisters, united in prayer for me; but I suffered on for three weeks. Our neighbors thought I could not live. I often fainted like one dead, but in answer to prayer revived again. My agony was such that I plead with those around me not to pray for me, for I thought their prayers were protracting my sufferings. Brother and Sister Nichols, of Dorchester, Mass., heard of my afflictions, and their son Henry visited us, bringing things for my comfort. My sufferings increased until every breath came with a groan. The neighbors gave me up to die. Many prayers had been offered to God in my behalf, yet it pleased the Lord to try our faith. After others had prayed, Brother Henry commenced praying, and seemed much burdened, and with the power of God resting upon him, rose from his knees, came across the room, and laid his hands upon my head, saying, 'Sister Ellen, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole,' and fell back prostrated by the power of God. I believed that the work was of God, and the pain left me. My soul was filled with gratitude and peace. The language of my heart was, There is no help for us but in God. We cannot be in peace only as we rest in him and wait for his salvation.

The next day there was a severe storm, and none of the neighbors came to our house. I was able to be up in the sitting room. And as some saw the windows of my room raised they supposed I was not living. They knew not that the Great Physician had graciously entered the dwelling, rebuked the disease, and set me free. The next day we rode thirty-eight miles to Topsham. Inquiries were made of my father, at what time the funeral would be. Father asked, 'What funeral?' 'Why, the funeral of your daughter.' Father replied, 'She has been healed by the prayer of faith, and is on her way to Topsham.'

Soon we took passage in the steamboat at Portland for Boston. The boat rolled fearfully, and the waves dashed into the cabin windows. The large chandelier fell to the floor with a crash. The tables were set for breakfast, but the dishes were thrown upon the floor. There was a great fear in the ladies' cabin. Many were confessing their sins, and crying to God for mercy. Some were calling upon the Virgin Mary to keep them, while others were making solemn vows to God that if they reached land they would devote their lives to his service. It was a scene of terror and confusion. As the boat rocked, one lady above me fell out of her berth to the floor, crying out at the top of her voice. Another turned to me and asked, 'Are you not terrified? I suppose it is a fact that we may never reach land.' I told her I had made Christ my refuge, and if my work was done, I might as well lie in the bottom of the ocean as in any other place; but if my work was not done, all the waters of the ocean could not drown me. My trust was in God, that he would bring us safe to land if it was for his glory.

At this time I prized the Christian's hope. This scene brought vividly to my mind the day of the Lord's fierce anger, when the storm of his wrath will come upon the poor sinner. Then there will be bitter cries, tears and confession of sin, and pleading for mercy when it will be too late. 'Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded, but ye have set at naught

all my counsel, and would none of my reproof, I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh.' Through the mercy of God we were all landed safe. But some of the passengers who manifested much fear in the storm made no reference to it only to make light of their fears. The one who had so solemnly promised that if she was preserved to see land she would be a Christian, as she left the boat mockingly cried out, 'Glory to God, I am glad to step on land again.' I asked her to go back a few hours, and remember her vows to God. She turned from me with a sneer.

I was forcibly reminded of death-bed repentance. Some who serve themselves and Satan all their lives, as sickness subdues them, and a fearful uncertainty is before them, manifest some sorrow for sin, and perhaps say they are willing to die, and their friends make themselves believe that they have been truly converted and fitted for heaven. But if these should recover they would be as rebellious as ever. I am reminded of Proverbs 1:27, 28: 'When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you, then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me.'

August 26, 1847, our eldest son, Henry Nichols White, was born. In October Brother and Sister Howland kindly offered us a part of their dwelling which we gladly accepted, and commenced house-keeping with borrowed furniture. We were poor and saw close times. My husband worked at hauling stone on the railroad, which wore the skin on his fingers through, and the blood started in many places. We had resolved not to be dependent, but to support ourselves, and have wherewith to help others. But we were not prospered. My husband worked very hard, but could not get what was due him for his labor. Brother and Sister H. freely divided with us whenever they could; but they were in close circumstances. They fully believed the first and second messages, and had generously imparted of their substance to forward the work, until they were dependent on their daily labor.

My husband left the railroad, and with his axe went into the woods to chop cord-wood. With a continual pain in his side he worked from early morning till dark to earn about fifty cents a day. He was prevented from sleeping nights by severe pain. We endeavored to keep up good courage and trust in the Lord. I did not murmur. In the morning I felt grateful to God that he had preserved us through another night, and at night I was thankful that he had kept us through another day. One day when our provisions were gone, husband went to his employer to get money or provisions. It was a stormy day, and he walked three miles and back in the rain, passing through the village of Brunswick, where he had often lectured, carrying a bag of provisions on his back, tied in different apartments. As he entered the house very weary my heart sunk within me. My first feelings were that God had forsaken us. I said to my husband, Have we come to this? Has the Lord left us? I could not restrain my tears, and wept aloud for hours until I fainted. Prayer was offered in my behalf. When I breathed again, I felt the cheering influence of the Spirit of God. I regretted that I had sunk under discouragement. We desire to follow Christ and be like him; but we sometimes faint beneath trials and remain at a distance from him. Sufferings and trials bring us nigh to Jesus. The furnace consumes the dross and brightens the gold.

At this time I was shown that the Lord had been trying us for our good, and to prepare us to labor for others; that he had been stirring up our nest, lest we should settle down in ease, and that our work was to labor for souls; that if we had been prospered, home would be so pleasant that we would be unwilling to leave it to travel, and that we had been suffering trial to prepare us for still greater conflicts that we would suffer in our travels. We soon received letters from brethren in different

States inviting us to come and visit them; but we had no means to take us out of the State. Our reply was that the way was not open before us. I thought that it would be impossible for me to travel with my child, and that we did not wish to be dependent, and were careful to live within our means. We were resolved to suffer rather than get in debt. I allowed myself and child one pint of milk each day. One morning before my husband went to his work he left me nine cents to buy milk for three mornings. It was quite a study with me whether to buy the milk for myself and child or get an apron for him. I gave up the milk, and purchased the cloth for an apron to cover the bare arms of my child.

But little Henry was soon taken very sick, and grew worse so fast that we were much alarmed. He lay in a stupid state. His breathing was quick and heavy. We gave remedies with no success. We called in one of experience, who said he was a very sick child, and that his recovery was doubtful. We had prayed for him, but there was no change. We had made the child an excuse for not traveling and laboring for the good of others, and we feared the Lord was about to remove him. Once more we went before the Lord, praying that he would have compassion upon us, and if the child was to be taken from us in wrath, because we had not been willing to travel, to spare the life of the child, and we would go forth trusting in him wherever he might send us.

Our petitions were fervent and agonizing. By faith we claimed the promises of God. We believed the child would recover. From that hour he began to amend. Light from heaven was breaking through the clouds, and shining upon us again. Hope revived. Our prayers were graciously answered. Sister Frances Howland offered to take care of the child, while we should lie down for an hour's rest. It was daylight when we awoke. The child had slept sweetly through the night, and was fast recovering.

While at Topsham we received a letter from Brother Chamberlain of Connecticut, urging us to attend a conference in that State. We decided to go if we could obtain means. Husband settled with his employer, and found that there was ten dollars due him. With five of this I purchased articles of clothing which we much needed, and then patched my husband's overcoat, even piecing the patches, making it difficult to tell the original cloth in the sleeves. We had five dollars left to take us to Dorchester. Our trunk contained nearly everything we possessed on earth. We enjoyed peace of mind and a clear conscience, and this we prized above earthly comforts. We called at the house of Brother Nichols, and as we left, Sister N. handed my husband five dollars, which paid our fare to Middletown, Conn. We were strangers in that city, and had never seen one of the brethren in the State. We had but fifty cents left. My husband did not dare to use that to hire a carriage, so he threw the trunk upon a pile of boards, and we walked on in search of some one of like faith. We soon found Brother C. who took us to his house.

The conference was held at Rocky Hill, in the large, unfinished chamber of Brother Belden's house. I will here give an extract of a letter from my husband to Brother Howland respecting that meeting. 'April 20, Brother B. sent his wagon to Middletown for us and the scattered brethren in that city. We arrived at this place about four in the afternoon, and in a few minutes, in came Brethren Bates and Gurney. We had a meeting that evening of about fifteen. Friday morning the brethren came in until we numbered about fifty. These were not all fully in the truth. Our meeting that day was very interesting. Brother Bates presented the commandments in a clear light, and their importance was urged home by powerful testimonies. The word had effect to establish those already in the truth, and to awaken those who were not fully decided.'



Soon after this we were invited to attend a conference at Volney, N. Y., August, 1848. Two years before this I had been shown that we should visit New York at some future time. Brother Edson wrote that the brethren were generally poor, and that he could not promise that they would do much toward defraying our expenses. We had no means to travel with. My husband was suffering with dyspepsia, and his diet was very spare. But the way opened for him to get work in the field to mow hay. It seemed then that we must live by faith. When we arose in the morning we bowed beside our bed, and asked God to give us strength to labor through the day. We would not be satisfied unless we had the assurance that the Lord heard us pray. My husband then went forth to swing the scythe, not in his own strength, but in the strength of the Lord. At night when he came home, we would again plead with God for strength to earn means to spread his truth. We were often greatly blessed. I will give an extract from a letter he wrote to Brother Howland, July 2, 1848.

‘It is rainy today so that I do not mow, or I should not write. I mow five days for unbelievers, and Sunday for believers, and rest on the seventh day, therefore I have but very little time to write. God gives me strength to labor hard all day. Praise the Lord! I hope to get a few dollars to use in his cause.’ Again he wrote to Brother H. July 23: ‘We have suffered from labor, fatigue, pain, hunger, cold, and heat, while endeavoring to do our brethren and sisters good, and we hold ourselves ready to suffer more if God requires. I rejoice today that ease, pleasure and comfort in this life are a sacrifice on the altar of my faith and hope. If our happiness consists in making others happy we are happy indeed. The true disciple will not live to gratify beloved self, but for Christ, and for the good of his little ones. He is to sacrifice his ease, his pleasure, his comfort, his convenience, his will, and his own selfish wishes for Christ’s cause, or never reign with him on his throne.’

My husband earned forty dollars in the hay field. With a part of this we purchased some clothing, and had means left to take us to Western New York and to return. I had been troubled with a pain in my lungs and a severe cough, but I believed the Lord would give me strength to endure the long journey. We left our little Henry, then ten months old, in Sister Bonfoey’s care at Middletown. This was a severe trial to me. I had not been separated from him before for one night. My health was poor, and it was impossible for me to travel and have the care of our child, and we dared not let our affection for the child keep us from the path of duty. Jesus laid down his life to save us. How small is any sacrifice we can make compared with his. We took the steamboat for New York City. On board the boat I coughed almost incessantly. Remarks were made as follows: ‘That cough will carry her to the grave-yard. She cannot live long.’ Some said that I would not live to see New York. But I knew in whom I believed. He that had bid me go would give me relief when it would best glorify him. One word from him would heal my irritated throat and lungs.

The next morning we reached New York City, and called upon Brother Moody. We there met Brethren Bates and Gurney. My cough increased. I knew I must have relief soon. I had not had a good night’s rest for weeks. I followed the directions given in the fifth chapter of James, and asked the brethren to pray for me. They prayed earnestly, but as often as I attempted to pray I was broken off by severe coughing. I relied upon the promise of God, ‘Ask, and ye shall receive.’ I tried to tell those present that I believed, but severe coughing prevented my speaking. I retired to rest trusting in the Lord. I commenced coughing as usual, but soon fell asleep, and did not awake till daylight. I then awoke with gratitude in my heart, and the praise of God on my lips. I felt the blessing of Heaven resting upon me. My cough was gone. In the morning my friends noticed a pimple on my face which

increased and spread and did not leave me for several years. I was not troubled again with a cough on that journey.

Our first conference in Western New York was at Volney in Brother Arnold's barn. There were about thirty-five present, all that could be collected in that part of the State, but there were hardly two agreed. Each was strenuous for his views, declaring that they were according to the Bible. All were anxious for an opportunity to advance their sentiments and preach to us. They were told that we had not come so great a distance to hear them, but we had come to teach them the truth. Brother Arnold held that the one thousand years of the twentieth chapter of the Revelation were in the past, and that the one hundred and forty-four thousand of the Revelation were those raised at Christ's resurrection. And as we had the emblems of our dying Lord before us, and were about to commemorate his sufferings, Brother A. arose and said he had no faith in what we were about to do, that the Lord's supper was a continuation of the passover to be observed but once a year.

These strange differences of opinion rolled a heavy weight upon me, especially as Brother A. spoke of the one thousand years being in the past. I knew that he was in error, and great grief pressed my spirits, as it seemed to me that God was dishonored, and I fainted under the burden. Brethren Bates, Chamberlain, Gurney, Edson and my husband, prayed for me. Some feared I was dying. But the Lord heard the prayers of his servants, and I revived. The light of Heaven rested upon me. I was soon lost to earthly things. My accompanying angel presented before me some of the errors of those present, and also the truth in contrast with their errors, that these discordant views which they claimed to be according to the Bible were only according to their opinion of the Bible, and that they must yield their errors and unite upon the third angel's message. Our meeting ended victoriously. Truth gained the victory. Those who held the strange diversity of errors there confessed them and united upon the third angel's message of present truth, and God greatly blessed them and added many to their numbers.

From Volney we went to Port Gibson to attend a meeting in Brother Edson's barn. There were those present who loved the truth but were listening to, and cherishing error. But the Lord wrought for us in power before the close of that meeting. I was again shown in vision the importance of the brethren in Western New York laying their differences aside, and uniting upon Bible truth. When we left Brother Edson's we intended to spend the next Sabbath in New York City. But we were too late for the packet, so we took a line boat, designing to change when the next packet came along. And as we saw the packet approaching we commenced making preparations to step aboard; but the packet did not stop, and we had to spring aboard while the boat was in motion. Brother Bates was holding the money for our fare in his hand, saying to the captain of the boat, 'Here, take your pay.' As he saw the boat moving off he sprang to get aboard, but his foot struck the edge of the boat, and he fell back into the water. He then commenced swimming to the boat, with his pocket-book in one hand and a dollar bill in the other. His hat came off, and in saving it he lost the bill, but held fast his pocketbook. The packet halted for him to get aboard. but his clothes were wet with the dirty water of the canal, and as we were near Centerport, we decided to call at the home of Brother Harris, and put them in order. Our visit proved a benefit to that family. Sister H. had been a sufferer for years with catarrh. She had used snuff for this affliction and said she could not live without it. She suffered much pain in her head. We recommended her to go to the Lord, the Great Physician, who would heal her affliction. She decided to do so, and we had a season of prayer for her. She left the use of

snuff entirely. Her difficulties were greatly relieved, and her health from that time was better than it had been for years.

While at Brother Harris' I had an interview with a sister who wore gold, and yet professed to be looking for Christ's coming. We spoke of the express declarations of Scripture against it. But she referred to where Solomon was commanded to beautify the temple, and to the statement that the streets of the city of God were pure gold. She said that if we could improve our appearance by wearing gold so as to have influence in the world it was right. I replied that we were poor fallen mortals, and instead of decorating these bodies because Solomon's temple was gloriously adorned, we should remember our fallen condition, and that it cost the sufferings and death of the Son of God to redeem us. This should cause in us self-abasement. Jesus is our pattern. If he would lay aside his humiliation and sufferings, and cry, If any man will come after me, let him please himself, and enjoy the world, and he shall be my disciple, the multitude would believe, and follow him. But Jesus will come to us in no other character than the meek, crucified One. If we would be with him in heaven, we must be like him on earth. The world will claim its own, and whoever will overcome, must leave what belongs to it.

We took the packet on our way to Madison county, N. Y. It left us within twenty-five miles of Brother Abbey's. Here we hired a carriage to complete the journey. It was Friday when we arrived at the house, and it was proposed that one should go to the door and make inquiries, so that if we should be disappointed in receiving a welcome we could return with the driver, and keep the Sabbath at a public house. Sister Abbey came to the door, and my husband introduced himself as one who kept the Sabbath. Said she, 'I am glad to see you. Come in.' He replied, 'There are three more in the carriage with me. I thought if we all came in together, we might frighten you.' 'I am never frightened at Christians,' was the reply. Heartily were we welcomed by Sister A. and her family. She expressed much joy at seeing us, and when Brother Bates was introduced she said, 'Can this be Brother Bates who wrote that hewing book on the Sabbath? And come to see us? I am unworthy to have you come under my roof. But the Lord has sent you to us, for we are all starving for the truth.'

A child was sent to the field to inform Brother Abbey that four Sabbath-keepers had come. He was in no hurry, however, to make our acquaintance, for he had previously been imposed upon by some who had often visited them, professing to be God's servants, but whose work was to scatter error among the little flock who were trying to hold fast the truth. Brother and Sister A. had warred against them so long that they dreaded to come in contact with them. Brother A. thought we were of the same class. When he came into the house he received us coldly, and then commenced asking a few plain, direct questions, whether we kept the Sabbath and believed the past messages to be of God. When he had become satisfied that we had come with truth, he joyfully welcomed us. This dear family were just coming out from the furnace of affliction. They had been visited with that dreadful scourge, small-pox, and were just recovering.

While we were there, we had an exhibition of some of the trials they had passed through from those visiting them who made great pretensions, but were Satan's agents to worry and devour. A spiritualizer came in, and talked in such a fanatical and blasphemous manner that it was painful to hear him. He at last declared himself to be Jesus Christ, and that there would be no literal, personal appearing of Jesus. My spirit was stirred within me. I could hold my peace no longer. I told him that my Saviour did not bear such a disgusting appearance as he manifested. Then I described the lovely

person of Jesus, his glorious appearance in the clouds of heaven, as he comes to earth the second time; with what majesty and power he rides forth upon the cloudy chariot, escorted by all the angelic host, and with the glory of the Father. He grew angry, and raised his umbrella as if to strike me. He was vehement. In great rage he left the house, showering denunciations upon us as he went. But a sweet spirit rested upon us.

Our meetings in that place were cheering to the few who loved the truth. We felt to rejoice that the Lord in his providence had directed us that way. We enjoyed the presence of God together, and were comforted to find a few who had stood firm all through the scattering time, and held fast the messages through the mist and fog of spiritualizing and fanaticism. This dear family helped us on our way after a godly sort. We continued our journey to Brooklyn, and held meetings in Brother Moody's house.

Thursday afternoon, we were to take the boat for Middletown, Conn. It was our last opportunity to get to our appointment at Rocky Hill, unless we should travel on the Sabbath. We had a season of prayer before leaving. All present did not realize that the boat would not wait for us, and the season of prayer was made too long for the occasion, and we had but a few moments to get to the boat. I took my husband's arm, and we ran about a mile to reach the boat. Brethren Gurney and Bates were on the boat waiting for us. The captain was about to withdraw the plank, when Brother Bates interceded, telling him that he had friends that were detained, and he must wait a few moments. He was prevailed upon to wait five minutes. He then declared he would not wait another moment. Just then we appeared in sight. Brother Bates cried out, 'They are coming! They must go on the boat tonight! You must wait!' We sprung upon the plank as it was being withdrawn, the boat started, and we were on our way.

At Middletown we met Sister Bonfoey and our little Henry. My child grew feeble. We had used simple herbs, but they had no effect. The neighbors who came in said we could not keep him long, for he would die with consumption. One advised us to use one medicine, another something else. But it did not affect the child favorably. Finally he could take no nourishment. Townsend's Sarsaparilla was recommended as the last resort. We concluded to try it. We could send by a friend to Hartford that day, and must decide in a few moments. I went before the Lord in my room alone, and while praying obtained the evidence that our only source of help was in the Lord. If he did not bless and heal the child, medicine could not save him.

I there decided to venture the life of the child upon the promises of God. I had a lively sense of his willingness and power to save, and there alone before God exclaimed, 'We will believe, and show to these unbelieving neighbors, who are expecting the death of the child, that there is a God in Israel, whose ear is open to the prayers of his children. We will trust alone in thee.' I felt the power of God to that degree that for a short time I was helpless. My husband opened the door to say to me that the friend was waiting for our decision, and asked, 'Shall we get the Sarsaparilla?' I answered, 'No, tell him we will try the strength of God's promises.'

The neighbors looked upon me with astonishment. They were confident the child would die. That night we anointed him, and my husband prayed for him, laying his hands upon him in the name of the Lord. He looked up with a smile. A light seemed to rest upon his features, and we there had the

evidence that the Lord had answered our prayers. We gave him no more medicine. He gained strength fast, and the next day could stand upon his feet.

We were anxious to visit the brethren in Maine, but the sickness of our child had hindered us. We immediately made preparations for our journey. The first day we rode to Hartford. The child seemed very weary, and could not sleep. We again sought unto the Lord, who heard our prayer, and the nerves of the child were quieted; and while we were praying he fell into a sweet sleep and rested undisturbed through the night. The next day we traveled about one hundred and forty miles to the good home of Brother Nichols in Dorchester, Mass. The powers of darkness were again permitted to afflict the child. He would cling to my neck, and then with both hands seem to be fighting off something, crying, No, no, and then again cling with all his strength to me. We could not tell what these strange actions meant, but thought he must see something invisible to us. Satan was unwilling to lose his prey. Was he troubling the child? or were his evil angels by their presence exciting his fears, and causing him to act thus? In our season of prayer that morning we rebuked the power of the enemy, and our child was no more afflicted. We took the boat Portland, but I was very sick, and could not take care of my child. I fainted a number of times. When I grew better my little Henry expressed great joy. He would climb upon the sofa, throw his little arms around my neck, and kiss me many times. He was then one year old.

Again I was called to deny self for the good of souls. We must sacrifice the company of our little Henry, and go forth to give ourselves unreservedly to the work. My health was poor, and he would necessarily occupy a great share of my time. It was a severe trial, yet I dared not let my child stand in the way of our duty. I believed that the Lord had spared him to us when he was very sick, and that if I should let him hinder me from doing my duty, God would remove him from me. Alone before the Lord, with most painful feelings and many tears, I made the sacrifice, and gave up my only child for another to have a mother's care and feelings. We left him in Brother Howland's family in whom we had the utmost confidence. They were willing to bear burdens to leave us as free as possible to labor in the cause of God. We knew that they could take better care of Henry than we could while journeying with him, and it was for his good that he should have a steady home and good discipline, that his sweet temper be not injured. It was hard parting with my child. His little sad face, as I left him, was before me night and day; yet in the strength of the Lord I put him out of my mind, and sought to do others good. Brother Howland's family had the whole charge of Henry for five years, without any recompense, and provided him all his clothing, except a present I would bring him once a year, as Hannah did Samuel.

One morning during family prayers at Brother Howland's, I was shown that it was our duty to go to Dartmouth, Mass. Soon after, my husband went to the postoffice and brought a letter from Brother Collins, urging us to come to Dartmouth, for their son was very sick. We immediately went and found that the young man, thirteen years old, had been sick nine weeks with the whooping cough, and was wasted almost to a skeleton. He had fits of coughing which would stop his breath, and his father was obliged to rush to the door with him in his arms that he might regain his breath. The parents thought him to be in consumption, and were greatly distressed that their only son must be taken from them. We felt a spirit of prayer for him, and earnestly besought the Lord to spare his life. We believed that he would get well, although to all appearances there was no possibility of his recovery. It was a powerful season. My husband raised him in his arms, and exclaimed, 'You will not die, but live!' We believed that God would be glorified in his recovery. We left Dartmouth, and were

absent about eight days. When we returned, the sick boy came out to meet us. He had gained four pounds in flesh. We found the household rejoicing in God for his wonderful work.

We then received a request to visit Sister Hastings of New Ipswich, N. H. She was greatly afflicted. We made it a subject of prayer, and obtained evidence that the Lord would go with us. We tarried on our way with Brother Nichols' family. They informed us of the affliction of Sister Temple of Boston. There was a sore upon her arm which caused her much suffering. It had extended over the bend of the elbow. She had suffered such agony that she had resorted to human means until she saw it was of no use. The last effort drove the disease to her lungs, and unless she should obtain immediate help, the disease would end in consumption. She left word for us to come and pray for her. We went with trembling, having tried in vain to get the assurance that God would work for us. We went into the sick room relying upon the naked promises of God which seemed so firm that we felt that we could venture out upon them. Her arm was in such a condition that we could not touch it, and were obliged to pour the oil upon it. Then we united in prayer, and claimed the promises of God. The pain and soreness left the arm while we were praying, and we left her recovering.

We found Brother Hastings' family in deep affliction. Our dear Sister H. met us with tears, exclaiming, 'The Lord has sent you to us in time of great need.' She had an infant about eight weeks old which cried continually when awake. This, added to her wretched state of health, was fast wearing away her strength. We prayed earnestly to God for the mother, following the direction given in James, and we had the assurance that our prayers were heard. Jesus was in our midst to break the power of Satan, and release the captive. But we felt sure that the mother could not gain much strength until the cries of the child should cease. We anointed the child and prayed over it, believing that the Lord would give both mother and child peace and rest. It was done. The cries of the child ceased, and we left them doing well. The gratitude of the mother could not be expressed. Our interview with that dear family was precious. Our hearts were knit together; especially was the heart of Sister Hastings knit with mine as were those of David and Jonathan. Our union was not marred while she lived.

In about one year from that time while in Oswego, N. Y., a sad letter reached us, giving information of Sister H.'s sudden death. This news fell upon me with crushing weight. It was difficult to be reconciled to it. She was capable of doing much good in the cause of God. She was a pillar in the cause of truth, and it seemed indeed to us like a mysterious providence that she should be laid away from our sight in the grave, and her talents be hid. But God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Her death was indeed to save her children. Her earnest prayers had gone up to God, to save them in any way that he should choose. The mother was snatched away, and then her faithful admonitions, her earnest prayers and many tears were regarded, and had an influence upon the smitten flock. We visited the place after the mother's death, in June, 1850, and found the father bereaved and lonely, but living for God, and bearing well his double burden. He was comforted in his great grief by seeing his children turning unto the Lord, and earnestly seeking a preparation to meet their dear mother when the Life-giver shall break the fetters of the tomb, release the captive, and bring her forth immortal. My husband baptized the four eldest children. Since that visit the eldest daughter has died in hope, and rests in the silent grave.

On our return from New Ipswich to Boston, about eight days after we had prayed for Sister Temple, we found her at the wash-tub in the enjoyment of good health.

Again we visited Connecticut, and in June, 1849, Sister Clarissa M. Bonfoey proposed to live with us. Her parents had recently died, and a division of furniture at the homestead, had given her everything necessary for a small family to commence housekeeping. She cheerfully gave us the use of these things, and did our work. We occupied a part of Brother B.'s house at Rocky Hill. Sister Bonfoey was a precious child of God. She possessed a cheerful and happy disposition, never gloomy, yet not light and trifling.

My husband attended meetings in New Hampshire and Maine, and during his absence I was much troubled, fearing he might take the cholera which was then prevailing. But one night I dreamed that many were dying with the cholera. My husband proposed that we should walk out, and in our walk I noticed that his eyes looked bloodshot, his countenance flushed, and his lips pale. I told him I feared that he would be an easy subject for the cholera. Said he, 'Walk on a little further and I will show you a sure remedy for the cholera.' As we walked on we came to a bridge over a stream of water, when he abruptly left me and plunged out of sight into the water. I was frightened; but he soon arose, holding in his hand a glass of sparkling water. He drank it, saying, 'This water cures all manner of diseases.' He plunged in again out of sight, brought up another glass of clear water, and as he held it up, repeated the same words. I felt sad that he did not offer me some of the water. Said he, 'There is a secret spring in the bottom of this river which cures all manner of diseases, and all who obtain it must plunge at a venture. No one can obtain it for another. Each must plunge for it himself.' As he drank the glass of water, I looked at his countenance. His complexion was fair and natural. He seemed to possess health and vigor. When I awoke, all my fears were dispelled, and I trusted my husband to the care of a merciful God, fully believing that he would return him to me in safety.

On his return, my husband was impressed that it was his duty to write and publish the present truth. He was greatly encouraged and blessed as he decided thus to do. But again he would be in doubt and perplexity as he was penniless. There were those who had means, but they chose to keep it. He at length gave up in discouragement, and decided to look for a field of grass to mow. As he left the house, a burden was rolled upon me, and I fainted. Prayer was offered for me, and I was blessed, and taken off in vision. I saw that the Lord had blessed and strengthened my husband to labor in the field one year before; that he had made a right disposition of the means he there earned; and that he would have a hundred fold in this life, and, if faithful, a rich reward in the kingdom of God; but that the Lord would not now give him strength to labor in the field, for he had another work for him; that if he ventured into the field he would be cut down by sickness; but that he must write, write, write, and walk out by faith. He immediately commenced to write, and when he came to some difficult passage we would call upon the Lord to give us the true meaning of his word.

My husband then began, to publish a small sheet at Middletown, eight miles from Rocky Hill, and often walked this distance and back again, although he was then lame. When he brought the first number from the printing-office, we all bowed around it, asking the Lord, with humble hearts and many tears, to let his blessing rest upon the feeble efforts of his servant. He then directed the paper to all he thought would read it, and carried it to the post office in a carpetbag. Every number was taken from Middletown to Rocky Hill, and always before preparing them for the post office, they were spread before the Lord, and earnest prayers mingled with tears, were offered to God that his blessing would attend the silent messengers. Very soon letters came bringing means to publish the paper, and the good news of many souls embracing the truth.

July 28, 1849, my second child, James Edson White, was born. When he was six weeks old we went to Maine. September 14, a meeting was appointed at Paris. Those who observed the Sabbath of the Lord had not had a meeting for one year and a half. Brethren Bates, Chamberlain and Ralph were present, also brethren and sisters from Topsham. One F. T. Howland, a notable fanatic, was present. He had long troubled God's children with his errors and harsh spirit. Honest souls whom the Lord loved, but who had long been in error, were at the meeting. While engaged in prayer the Spirit of the Lord rested upon Brother S. Howland. His face was white, and a light seemed to rest upon it. He went towards F. T. Howland, and in the name of the Lord bid him leave the assembly of the saints. Said he, 'You have torn the hearts of God's children and made them bleed. Leave the house, or God will smite you.' That rebellious spirit, never before known to fear or to yield, sprang for his hat and in terror left the house. The power of God descended something as it did on the day of Pentecost, and five or six who had been deceived and led into error and fanaticism, fell prostrate to the floor. Parents confessed to their children, and children to their parents, and to one another. Brother J. N. Andrews with deep feeling exclaimed, 'I would exchange a thousand errors for one truth.' Such a scene of confessing and pleading with God for forgiveness we have seldom witnessed. That meeting was the beginning of better days to the children of God in Paris, to them a green spot in the desert. The Lord was bringing out Brother Andrews to fit him for future usefulness, and was giving him an experience that would be of great value to him in his future labors. He was teaching him that he should not be influenced by the experience of others, but decide for himself concerning the work of God.

At that meeting I learned that my mother had stepped upon a rusty nail which had passed through her foot. She had tried every remedy, but nothing removed the inflammation, or relieved the pain. We went immediately to Gorham, and found her foot dreadfully swollen. The neighbors had proposed every remedy they could think of, but they accomplished nothing. Mother was threatened with lock jaw. The next morning we united in prayer for her. I believed that God would restore her to perfect soundness. She was unable to kneel. With a deep sense of my unworthiness, I knelt at my mother's feet and besought the Lord to touch her with his healing power. We all believed that the Lord heard prayer. With the Spirit of the Lord resting upon me, I bid her in the name of the Lord rise up and walk. His power was in the room, and shouts of praise went up to God. Mother arose and walked the room, declaring that the work was done, that the soreness was gone, and that she was entirely relieved from pain. That day she rode thirty-eight miles to Topsham to attend a conference there, and had no more trouble with her foot.

Some present at the meeting were anxious to have us visit New York State again; but feeble health sunk my spirits, and it was a time of despondency with me. I told them that I dared not venture unless the Lord should strengthen me for the task. They prayed for me, and the clouds were scattered, yet I did not obtain that strength I so much desired. I resolved to walk out by faith and go, clinging to the promise, 'My grace is sufficient for you.' God had been my helper hitherto, and why should I now doubt? The language of my heart was, 'I will still trust in the strong arm of Jehovah. If like Paul I am to be troubled with a thorn in the flesh, I will not murmur. It will cause me to feel my dependence upon God, and to walk tremblingly before him.' On that journey our faith was tried, but we obtained the victory. My strength increased, and I could rejoice in God. All the strength the Lord had given me was needed to labor in New York. Many had united upon the truth since our first visit, but there was much to be done for them. I will here give an extract of a letter written by my husband, from Volney, N. Y., November 13, 1849:—



'Dear Brother Howland: November 3, we attended a conference at Oswego. There was a large gathering. The increase of Sabbathkeepers since last spring in this region has been more than one half. But there are trials here of a serious nature. We find work enough. Here are some fiery spirits who have much zeal and but little judgment, whose principal message is, 'Sell that ye have and give alms.' They press the truth in such a manner and spirit as to disgust, try, and harden those who have hundreds of dollars they might use in the cause of God. Thus a sore dividing spirit exists. The Lord has revealed these things to my wife, and she has borne her testimony that both parties were wrong. This testimony I think is received. Tobacco and snuff are being cleared from the camp with very few exceptions. Selling is a subject that should be treated in a cautious manner. A great responsibility rests upon God's stewards. With their money they may ruin some of us, and by withholding it from those whom God has called to feed the flock, souls may sink, and starve, and die. The Lord will straighten out all who will be straightened. His work will move on.'

Our labors at this time were difficult. Some of the poor seemed to be envious of the rich, and it needed much wisdom to reprove the errors of the poor without strengthening the hands of the rich. If we reproved the selfishness of the rich, the poorer class would respond, 'Amen.' We presented before both classes the responsibility resting upon the wealthy to make a right use of that which God had lent them, and held up before them the suffering cause of God which was the true object of their liberalities. I was also shown that it was not the duty of the wealthy to help those who had health and could help themselves, that some were in very poor circumstances who need not be thus situated. They were not diligent in business. They lacked economy and good management, and it was their duty to reform. Instead of receiving help from their brethren, they should carefully husband their time and provide for their own families and have something with which to help the cause of God. They were as accountable to God for the strength which he had given them as the rich man is for his property.

Some of the poor were zealous to attend every conference, taking their whole families with them, consuming a number of days to get to the place of meeting, and then burdening those who provided for the meeting, with their unruly children. These persons were no help in the meetings and they manifested no fruits of receiving any benefit themselves. They seemed to possess a careless, loafing spirit which was an injury to the cause. In this way precious time for which they were accountable was wasted, and in cold weather they must suffer unless helped by their brethren. These things stood in the way of those who had means, as they were constantly vexed with the course of these individuals. And as we labored for the good of the wealthy, these stood directly in our way. It was difficult to impress both classes with a sense of their duty. Yet after much labor and many trials, there seemed to be a reform, and there was more order in the church. The Lord blessed our labors, and often revealed himself to us in remarkable power.

We designed going to Lorraine to hold a meeting, but our little Edson was taken very sick. We carried this matter before the Lord, and felt it to be our duty to go, trusting in him. We prayed for our sick child, and then I took him in my arms in winter, and rode thirty miles, keeping my heart uplifted to God for his recovery. When we arrived the child was in a perspiration, and was better. But again our faith was tried. In the course of the meeting the fever returned upon the child. He was suffering with inflammation upon the brain. All night we watched over him, earnestly praying that the disease might be effectually rebuked. We tried to exercise faith, regardless of appearance. Our petitions were heard, and the child recovered. It did seem to us that an angel of God touched him.

Our meeting in Lorraine was greatly blessed of God. The hearts of the scattered ones were comforted, and some acknowledged with tears that they had been fed with truth. We returned to Volney free in the Lord.

We then decided that it was our duty to labor in the State of New York. My husband felt a burden upon him to write and publish. We rented a house in Oswego, borrowed furniture from our brethren, and commenced housekeeping. There my husband wrote, published, and preached. It was necessary for him to keep the armor on every moment, for he often had to contend with professed Adventists who were advocating error, preaching definite time, and were seeking to prejudice all they could against our faith. We took the position that the time they set would pass by. I was shown that the honestly deceived would then see the deception of some whom they then had confidence in, who were zealously preaching time, and they would be led to search for truth.

We visited Camden about forty miles from Oswego. Previous to going I was shown the little company who professed the truth there, and among them, saw a woman who professed much piety, but was a hypocrite, and was deceiving the people of God. Sabbath morning quite a number collected, but the deceitful woman was not present. I inquired of a sister if this was all their company. She said it was. This woman lived four miles from the place, and the sister did not think of her. Soon she entered, and I immediately recognized her as the woman whose real character the Lord had shown me. In the course of the meeting she talked quite lengthily, and said that she had perfect love, and enjoyed holiness of heart, that she did not have trials and temptations, but enjoyed perfect peace and submission to the will of God. The brethren and sisters were strangers to me, and they seemed to have confidence in her, and I feared that they would not receive my testimony if I should state what had been shown me in regard to her. I inquired concerning this person, and was informed that she appeared to be the most zealous one among them. I left the meeting with sad feelings, and returned to Brother Preston's. That night I dreamed that a secret closet was opened to me, filled with rubbish, and I was told that it was my work to clear it out. By the light of a lamp I removed the rubbish, and told those with me that the room could be supplied with more valuable things.

Sunday morning we met with the brethren, and my husband arose to preach on the parable of the ten virgins. He had no freedom in speaking, and proposed that we have a season of prayer. We bowed before the Lord and engaged in earnest prayer. The dark cloud was lifted, and I was taken off in vision, and again shown the case of this woman. She was represented to me as being in perfect darkness. Jesus frowned upon her and her husband. That withering frown caused me to tremble. I saw that she had acted the hypocrite, professing holiness while her heart was full of corruption. After I came out of vision I related with trembling, yet with faithfulness, what I had seen. I was severely tried, and anxious for the people of God. Would those present believe the testimony? The woman put on a calm appearance and said, 'I am glad the Lord knows my heart. He knows that I love him.' Then her husband rose in anger, and laying his hand on the Bible said, 'The Bible is all we want, I shall not give up the Bible for visions.' His wife affected to check him, saying, 'Don't, husband, dear, don't talk; the Lord knows me, and will take care of it all.' Then she vindicated herself, saying, 'If my heart could only be opened that you might see it.' I knew the minds of some were unsettled, whether to believe what the Lord had shown me, or let her appearance weigh against the testimony borne. Her appearance was perfectly calculated to gain their sympathy. But I had discharged a painful duty and God would take care of the result. At the close of the meeting she stated that she

had no hard feelings against me, and that she should pray for me, and if I got to heaven I would see her there. We returned with Brother P.'s family, and that night the Lord met with us. I believed that the Lord would show his people the truth, and justify the vision. The neighbors said that I had abused the poor woman.

Not long after this, terrible fear seized this woman. A horror rested upon her, and she began to confess. She even went from house to house among her unbelieving neighbors, and confessed that the man she had been living with for years was not her husband, that she ran away from England and left a kind husband and one child. She also confessed that she had professed to understand medicine, and had taken oath that the bottles of mixture she made cost her one dollar when they cost her only twelve cents, that she had taken thirty dollars from a poor man by taking a false oath. Many such wicked acts she confessed, and her repentance seemed to be genuine. In some cases she restored where she had taken away wrongfully. In one instance she started on foot forty miles to confess. We could see the hand of God in this matter. He gave her no rest day nor night, until she confessed her sins publicly. This fully justified in the minds of the brethren and those also of their neighbors who sympathized with her for a time what God had shown me of her vileness under the garb of sanctification.

While in Oswego, N. Y., we decided to visit Vermont and Maine. I left my little Edson, then nine months old, in the care of Sister Bonfoey while we went on our way to do the will of God. We labored very hard, suffering many privations to accomplish but little. We found the brethren and sisters in a scattered and confused state. Almost every one was affected by some error, and all seemed zealous for their own opinions. We often suffered intense anguish of mind in meeting with so few who were ready to listen to Bible truth, while they eagerly cherished error and fanaticism. We were obliged to make a tedious route of forty miles by stage to get to Sutton, the place of our appointment. I was sick, and rode in much pain. My husband feared every moment that I would faint, and often whispered to me to have faith in God. Our silent yet earnest prayers were going up to heaven for strength to endure. Every ten miles the horses were changed. This was a great relief to me as I could step into a hotel a few minutes and rest by lying down. The Lord heard us pray, and strengthened me to finish the journey.

The first night after reaching the place of meeting, despondency pressed upon me. I tried to overcome it, but it seemed impossible to control my thoughts. My little ones burdened by mind. We had left one in the State of Maine two years and eight months old, and another babe in New York, nine months old. We had just performed a tedious journey in great suffering, and I thought of those who were enjoying the society of their children in their own quiet homes. I reviewed our past life, calling to mind expressions which had been made by a sister only a few days before, who thought it must be very pleasant to be riding through the country without anything to trouble me. It was just such a life as she should delight in. At that very time my heart was yearning for my children, especially my babe, in New York, and I had just come from my sleeping room where I had been battling with my feelings, and with many tears had besought the Lord for strength to subdue all murmuring, and that I might cheerfully deny myself for Jesus' sake. I thought that perhaps all regarded my journeyings in this light, and had not the least idea of the self-denial and sacrifice required to travel from place to place, meeting cold hearts, distant looks and severe speeches, separated from those who are closely entwined around my heart.

While riding in the cars to that meeting I was unable to sit up. My husband made a bed on the seat, and I laid down with aching head and heart. The burden borne for others I dreaded above everything else. These things came before me the following night, and I found myself saying, 'It won't pay! So much labor to accomplish so little.' In this state of mind I fell asleep and dreamed that a tall angel stood by my side, and asked me why I was sad. I related to him the thoughts that had troubled me, and said, 'I can do so little good, why may we not be with our children, and enjoy their society?' Said he, 'You have given to the Lord two beautiful flowers, the fragrance of which is as sweet incense before him, and is more precious in his sight than gold or silver, for it is a heart gift. It draws upon every fiber of the heart as no other sacrifice can. You should not look upon present appearances, but keep the eye single to your duty, single to God's glory, and follow in his opening providence, and the path shall brighten before you. Every self-denial, every sacrifice is faithfully recorded, and will bring its reward.'

The blessing of the Lord attended our conference at Sutton, and after the meeting closed we went on our way to Canada East. My throat troubled me much, and I could not speak aloud, or even whisper, without suffering. We rode praying as we went for strength to endure the journey. About every ten miles we were obliged to stop that I might rest. My husband braided the tall grass and tied the horse to it, giving him a chance to feed, then spread my cloak upon the grass for a resting place for me. Thus we continued until we arrived at Melbourne. We expected to meet opposition there. Many who professed to believe in the near coming of our Saviour fought against the law of God. We felt the need of strength from God. I could not speak aloud, and often inquired, For what have I come this long distance? Again we tried to exercise faith, knowing that our only help was in God. We prayed that the Lord would manifest himself unto us. My earnest prayer was that the disease might leave my throat, and that my voice might be restored. I had the evidence that the hand of God there touched me. The difficulty was instantly removed, and my voice was clear. The candle of the Lord shone about us during that meeting, and we enjoyed great freedom. The children of God were greatly strengthened and encouraged.

We then returned to Vermont, and again my voice failed me, yet we met our appointment at Johnson, and found quite a number of brethren and sisters collected. Some were in a perplexed and tried condition. Certain fanatics had imposed upon them, and cast a fear over them which held them in bondage. The conscientious were so fearful of offending God, and had so little confidence in themselves, that they dared not rise and assert their liberty. The night after we arrived I fainted a number of times through weakness. But in answer to prayer I was revived, and strength was given me of the Lord to go through the meeting. We knew that on the next day we should have to battle with the powers of darkness, and that Satan would muster his forces. In the morning the two individuals, Libbey and Bailey, who had so long deceived and oppressed God's children came into the meeting with two women dressed in white linen to represent the righteousness of the saints, and with their long, black hair, hanging loose about their shoulders. I had a message for them, and while I was speaking L. kept his black eyes fastened upon me, but I had no fear of his influence. Strength was given me from Heaven to rise above their satanic power. The children of God who had been held in bondage began to breathe free, and rejoice in the Lord.

As our meeting progressed, these fanatics sought to rise and speak, but they could not find opportunity. But as prayer was being offered at the close of the meeting, B. came to the door and commenced speaking. The door was closed upon him. He opened it and again began to speak. The

power of God fell upon my husband, and the color left his face, as he arose from his knees, and laid his hand upon B., exclaiming, 'The Lord does not want your testimony here. The Lord does not want you here to distract and crush his people!' The power of God filled the room, and B. commenced to fall backward against the house. The power of God in the house was painful to that fanatical party. B. looked terrified. He staggered and came near falling to the floor. The place was awful on account of the presence of the Lord. All that company of darkness left the place, and the sweet Spirit of the Lord rested upon his dear, tried children. The cause of God in Vermont had been cursed by fanatical spirits, but at this meeting these wicked persons received a check from which they never recovered.

From Vermont we returned to the State of New York, very anxious to see our child whom we had left. We had been from him five weeks, and as we met him and he clasped his little arms about my neck and laid his head upon my shoulder, I saw that a great change had taken place in him. He was very feeble. My feelings cannot be described. It was difficult to suppress murmuring feelings. These thoughts would arise, I left him in the hands of God to go and do his work, and now I find him in this condition. My agonized feelings found relief in tears. Then I became more calm and reconciled to the will of God. We tried to look at the child's case in as favorable a light as possible, and were comforted with these words, 'The Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.' We felt that our only hope was in God, and prayed for the child and obtained signal answers to our prayers. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon us, and his symptoms became more favorable, so that we journeyed with him to Oswego to attend a conference there.

From Oswego we went to Centerport in company with Brother and Sister Edson, and made it our home at Brother Harris', where we published a monthly magazine, called the Advent Review. My child grew worse, and three times a day we had special seasons of prayer for him. Sometimes he would be blessed, and the progress of disease would be stayed, then our faith would be severely tried as his symptoms became alarming. At one time we left him to go about two miles to Port Byron. Brother R. accompanied us intending to take the packet to Port Gibson. When we returned Sister H. met us at the door much agitated, saying, 'Your babe is struck with death!' We hastened to the child who lay unconscious. His little arms were purple. The death dampness seemed to be on his brow, and his eyes were dim. Oh, the anguish of my heart then! I could give up my child. I did not idolize him, but I knew that our enemies were ready to triumph over us and say, 'Where is their God!' I then said to my husband, There is but one thing more that we can do, that is to follow the Bible rule, and call the elders; but where should we go? We thought of Brother R. who had just left on the line-boat, intending to step aboard the first packet. In a moment we were decided for my husband to go for Brother R., drive on the tow-path until he overtook the line-boat, and bring him back. He drove five miles before overtaking the boat. While my husband was gone we were praying for the Lord to spare the life of the child until his father returned. Our petitions were answered. When they arrived, Brother R. anointed the child and prayed over him. We all united in the prayer offered. The child opened his eyes and knew us. A light shone upon his features, and the blessing of God rested upon us all. We had the assurance that the power of the enemy was broken.

The next morning I was greatly depressed in spirits. Such queries as this troubled me, Why was not God willing to hear our prayers and raise the child to health? Satan, ever ready with his temptations, suggested that it was because we were not right. I could think of no particular thing wherein I had grieved the Lord, yet a crushing weight seemed to be on my spirits, driving me to despair. I doubted my acceptance with God, and could not pray. I had not courage so much as to lift my eyes to heaven.

I suffered intense anguish of mind until my husband besought the Lord in my behalf. He would not yield the point until my voice was united with his for deliverance. It came, and I began to hope, and my trembling faith grasped the promises of God. Then Satan came in another form. My husband was taken very sick. His symptoms were alarming. He cramped at intervals, and suffered excruciating pain. His feet and limbs were cold. I rubbed them until I had no strength to do so longer. Brother Harris was away some miles at his work, and there were only Sisters Harris and Bonfoey and my sister Sarah present, and I was just gathering courage to dare believe in the promises of God. If ever I felt my weakness it was then. We knew that something must be done immediately. Every moment his case was growing more critical. It was clearly a case of cholera. He asked us to pray, and we dared not refuse, and in great weakness we bowed before the Lord. With a deep sense of my unworthiness, I laid my hands upon his head, and prayed the Lord to reveal his power. A change was effected immediately. The natural color of his face returned, and the light of Heaven beamed upon his countenance. We were all filled with gratitude unspeakable. We never had witnessed a more remarkable answer to prayer.

That day was appointed for us to go to Port Byron to read the proof-sheets of the paper that was being printed at Auburn. It appeared to us that Satan was trying to hinder the publication of truth that we were laboring to get before the people. We felt that we must walk out upon faith. My husband said he would go to Port Byron for the proof-sheets, and we helped him harness the horse, and then I accompanied him. The Lord strengthened him on the way. He received his proof and a note stating that the paper would be off next day, and we must be at Auburn to receive it. That night we were awakened by the screams of our little Edson who slept in the room above us. It was about midnight. Our little boy would cling to Sr. B., then with both hands fight the air, for we could see nothing, and then in terror he would cry, No, no, and cling closer to us. We knew this was Satan's work to annoy us, and we knelt in prayer, and husband rebuked the evil spirit in the name of the Lord, and Edson quietly fell asleep in Sr. B.'s arms, and rested well through the night.

Then my husband was again attacked. He was in much pain. I knelt at the bedside and prayed the Lord to strengthen our faith. I knew the Lord had wrought for him, and rebuked the disease, and we could not ask him to do what had already been done. But we prayed that the Lord would carry on his work. We repeated these words, 'Thou hast heard prayer! Thou hast wrought! We believe without a doubt! Carry on the work thou hast begun!' Thus we plead two hours before the Lord, and while we were praying, he fell asleep and rested well till daylight. He then arose very weak, but we would not look at appearance. We trusted the promise of God. He said it should be done, and we believed and determined to walk out by faith. We were expected at Auburn that day to receive the first number of the paper. We believed that Satan was trying to hinder us, and my husband decided he should go, trusting in the Lord. Brother H. made ready the carriage, and Sister B. accompanied us. My husband had to be helped into the wagon, yet every mile we rode he gained strength. We kept our minds stayed upon God, and our faith in constant exercise as we rode on peaceful and happy. We hired a room in a hotel for the purpose of reading proof for the last time and in the afternoon as I looked out of the window I saw my husband carrying a heavy case of type from one office to another. This alarmed me, but the Lord gave him strength, and when we received the paper all finished, and rode back to Centerport, we felt sure that we were in the path of duty. The blessing of God rested upon us. We had been greatly buffeted by Satan, but through Christ strengthening us we had come off victorious. We had a large bundle of papers with us containing precious truth for the people of God.

Our child was recovering, and Satan was not permitted to afflict him again. We worked early and late, sometimes not allowing ourselves time to sit at the table to eat our meals, but having a piece by our side we would eat and work at the same time. By overtaxing my strength in folding large sheets, I brought on a severe pain in my shoulder which did not leave me for years. We had been anticipating a journey East, and our child was again well enough to travel. We took the packet for Utica. There was on the boat a young woman from Centerport who was busy relating to others some things concerning us. And they would occasionally promenade back and forth the length of the boat to get a view of me. They had been informed that I had visions, and the young lady was heard to say, 'They are such a strange people! They can be heard praying at all times in the day, and often in the night. Most of their time is spent in prayer.' Many curious eyes were turned towards us, to examine us, especially the one who had visions. There was at one time some trouble on the boat. The chamber-maid had been abused by one of the passengers. She went with her complaint to the captain of the boat, and gained many sympathizers. While she was describing the one who had abused her, many eyes were turned towards me, as the dress described answered very nearly to my dress. It was whispered round, 'It is her! It is her! The one that has visions! What a shame!' And a zealous one spoke up and asked if it was me, pointing towards me. 'Oh no, no,' said she in her Irish tongue, 'Surely she is as nice a little woman as there is on the boat.' I could but notice how gladly they would have had me the guilty one, because I had visions.

Next they inquired if I believed in the spirit rapping that had just commenced in Rochester. I told them that I believed there was a reality in it, but it was an evil spirit instead of a good one. They looked at each other and said, 'What blasphemy! I would not repeat those words for my life.' With religious horror they withdrew from our company, and manifested a fear to approach us afterwards. Some were very curious to know what physician had been attending my child. We told them we had not applied to any earthly physician. A minister and his wife and children were on board. Two of their children were very sick, and the mother inquired in regard to the remedies we had used. I told her the course we had pursued, that we had followed the prescription of the apostle James, chapter 5, and the Lord had wrought for us as no earthly physician could, and we were not afraid to trust our child in his hands, and he was fast improving. The only answer was, 'If that was my child, and I had no physician, I should know it would die.' At Utica we parted with Sister B., my sister S. and our child, and went on our way to the East, while Brother Abbey took them home with him. We had to make some sacrifice in our feelings to separate from those who were bound to us by tender ties; especially did our hearts cling to little Edson whose life had been so much in danger. We then journeyed to Vermont and held a conference at Sutton."

#### **Chapter 4—Publishing and Traveling**

My husband soon commenced the publication of the Advent Review and Sabbath Herald at Paris Maine. The brethren there were all poor, and we suffered many privations. We boarded in Brother A.'s family. We were willing to live cheaply that the paper might be sustained. My husband was a dyspeptic. We could not eat meat or butter, and were obliged to abstain from all greasy food. Take these from a poor farmer's table and it leaves a very spare diet. Our labors were so great that we needed nourishing food. We had much care, and often sat up as late as midnight, and sometimes until two or three in the morning to read proof-sheets. We could have better borne these extra exertions could we have had the sympathy of our brethren in Paris, and had they appreciated our

labors and the efforts we were making to advance the cause of truth. Mental labor and privation reduced the strength of my husband very fast.

About this time we received a special invitation to attend a conference at Waterbury, Vt. We decided to go, but let Brethren R. and A. have our horse to visit the brethren in Canada and Northern Vermont, while we took the cars for Boston and New Ipswich, N. H. It took us two days to go forty miles to Washington, by private conveyance. The blessing of the Lord attended our meetings in that place. We then rode fifteen miles to visit Brother S. who was befogged with spiritualism. We were anxious he should attend the conference at Waterbury. But he had no horse, and to help him, we told him if he would get a horse we would ride in the sleigh with him, and give him our fare which would be about five dollars on the cars. He purchased a horse for thirty dollars. It was in mid-winter, and we suffered with cold, but we were anxious to see Elder Joseph Baker who was shut up at home, and encourage him to attend the Waterbury meeting. Weary, cold and hungry, we arrived at Brother B.'s. Next morning we had a solemn season of prayer, and Brother B. was deeply affected. We urged him to attend the conference. He said he had not health and strength to drive his horse through the cold. My husband handed him five dollars to pay his fare on the cars. He was very reluctant to accept it, but said, 'If it is your duty to give me this, I will go.' We were the greater part of three days more in reaching Waterbury. There were three of us in an open sleigh, without a buffalo robe or even a horse-blanket to protect us from the cold, and we suffered very much.

At this meeting we had to labor against a great amount of unbelief, and this was not all we had to meet. Satan had tempted some of the brethren to think that we had too good a horse, although we had given it up for others to use, and had come that journey in the tedious manner described. Jealousy was aroused by N. A. H. that Brother White was making money, and it awakened the same feelings in those who should have stood in our defense. As N. A. H. was very poor, my husband, only seven or eight months before, handed him twenty dollars which was put into his hands to help the cause, took his coat from his back and gave it to him, and interested the brethren in his behalf, so that a horse and carriage were given him at the conference at Johnson. But this was the reward he received. We were forced to wade through a tide of oppression. It seemed that the deep waters would overflow us, and that we should sink.

At the close of that meeting means was raised to defray the expenses of those who had come to the meeting. The question was asked, how it should be appropriated. A brother, who knew our poverty, and that we suffered for suitable food and clothing, hastily took the means and placed it in the hands of one whom my husband had helped to the meeting. And although we had been specially invited to attend the conference, we received nothing to defray our traveling expenses. But the Lord did not forsake us in our extremity. While engaged in prayer around the family altar, I was taken off in vision and shown some things concerning this cruel work. I saw that it had been carried on underhanded, and was as cruel as the grave. We found some relief, still our spirits were almost crushed to receive such treatment from our brethren. We then went to Waitsfield and Granville, and visited the family of our dear Sister Rice, who rests in the grave, and tried to aid them a little in their need. Brother K. took us to Bethel. We ascended a long mountain, and suffered with the cold extremely. We were five hours going fifteen miles. We held meetings among dark spirits, but Brother Philips there embraced the truth. We then returned to Massachusetts and Maine. But the influence that had worked against us in Vermont effected individuals in other States, and one good brother in Massachusetts wrote us many pages of reproof. He had received prejudice from others.



My husband was borne down with care, and suffering from severe colds taken on the journey to the Waterbury meeting and in returning, which had settled on his lungs. He sunk beneath his trials. He was so weak he could not get to the printing office without staggering. Our faith was tried to the uttermost. We had willingly endured privation, toil and suffering, yet but few seemed to appreciate our efforts, when it was even for their good we had suffered. We were too much troubled to sleep or rest. The hours in which we should have been refreshed with sleep, were often spent in answering long communications occasioned by the leaven of envy which commenced to work at the Waterbury meeting; and many hours while others were sleeping we spent in agonizing tears, and mourning before the Lord. At length my husband said, 'Wife, it is no use to try to struggle on any longer. These things are crushing me, and will soon carry me to the grave. I cannot go any farther. I have written a note for the paper stating that I shall publish no more.' As he stepped out of the door to carry it to the printing office, I fainted. He came back and prayed for me, and his prayer was answered, and I was relieved.

The next morning, while at family prayer, I was taken off in vision and was shown concerning these matters. I saw that my husband must not give up the paper, for such a step was just what Satan was trying to drive him to take, and he was working through agents to do this. I was shown that he must continue to publish, and that the Lord would sustain him, and those who had been guilty in casting upon him such burdens would have to see the extent of their cruel course, and come back confessing their injustice, or the frown of God would rest upon them; that it was not against us merely they had spoken and acted, but against Him who had called us to fill the place he wished us to occupy, and that all their suspicions, jealousy, and secret influence which had been at work, was faithfully chronicled in heaven, and would not be blotted out until every one who had taken a part in it should see the extent of their wrong course, and retrace every step. The exposures of that journey to Vermont my husband felt for years, and were not overcome until a few years since, when the Lord mercifully healed him in answer to prayer. The brother referred to in Massachusetts, was convinced that he was wrong, and wrote a humble acknowledgement which melted us to tears. But he was not satisfied to confess with pen and ink, but came all the way to Paris, Maine, to see us, and confess his error, and our hearts were more firmly united than ever. He had been influenced by one in whom he had the utmost confidence.

We soon received urgent invitations to hold conferences in different States, and decided to attend general gatherings at Boston, Mass., Rocky Hill, Ct., Camden and West Milton, N. Y. These were all meetings of labor, but very profitable to our scattered brethren.

The conference at West Milton was held in a barn which was well filled. This was an interesting and profitable meeting. We tarried at Ballston Spa a number of weeks, until we became settled in regard to publishing at Saratoga Springs, then rented a house, and with borrowed household stuff commenced housekeeping, and here my husband published the second volume of the Advent Review and Sabbath Herald.

Sister Annie Smith, who now sleeps in Jesus, came to live with us and assist in the work. Her help was needed. My husband expresses his feelings at this time in a letter to Brother Howland, dated February 20, 1852, as follows: 'We are usually well, all but myself. I cannot long endure the labors of traveling, and the care of publishing. Wednesday night we worked until 2 o'clock in the morning, folding and wrapping No. 12 of the Review and Herald; then I retired and coughed till daylight. Pray

for me. The cause is prospering gloriously. Perhaps the Lord will not have need of me longer, and will let me rest in the grave. I hope to be free from the paper. I have stood by it in extreme adversity, and now when its friends are many, I feel free to leave it, if some one can be found who will take it. I hope my way will be made clear. May the Lord direct. We hope to hear from you and your dear family, and from our little Henry. I can hardly pen these lines from incessant coughing. Consumption is my portion unless God delivers immediately.'

While at Saratoga we met with many discouragements. The brethren in that vicinity were not in a prosperous condition. There were errors and wrong influences to be corrected. H. C. had but little of this world's goods, and took an extreme position on the subject of selling and giving alms, and was dissatisfied with his wealthy brethren because they were not more liberal. They were accused by him of being worldly-minded, covetous and selfish. Neither party was right. Some of those possessing property were covetous, and on the other hand, H. C. did not employ his time and strength as he should, that he might provide for his own, and have something himself to aid the cause. His course cut off our testimony, while we tried to hold up the true object which called for means. Brother S. was willing to do anything for the cause of God when a suitable object was presented, but he did not feel called upon to sell his home farm, while he had available means which would meet the present wants of the cause. But H. C.'s family gave him no rest. 'Sell that ye have and give alms, and help the poorer brethren,' was their cry. Brother S. was desponding, and this reason was assigned, 'He is covetous, and God will not bless him until he disposes of his possessions.' But it was H. C. who was covetous. He coveted the good things of Brother S., and felt tried if he was not willing to divide with him the fruits of his hard labor in cultivating his land, while H. C. took an easy course, trusting in the Lord as he said, and did but very little.

Often did this oppressed brother come from Milton to Saratoga to ask our advice as to the course he should pursue. Said he, 'They say this heavy weight about my heart is the frown of God upon me because I do not sell.' He said he had ready means to use wherever the Lord called. We told him not to sink in discouragement, that if it was his duty to sell, the Lord was as willing to let him know it and feel the burden, as to teach it to his brethren. Once he came to see us, dizzy and distressed, having become nearly blind on the way. We felt sure his distress was in consequence of disease of the heart and told him so, that it was not because of neglected duty, for he was willing to do anything. The next day Brother S. handed us thirty dollars which was much needed by one of the brethren to enable him to labor in the gospel field. After we moved from Saratoga Springs to Rochester, we received a letter informing us that Brother S. was dead. He died of apoplexy. Oh, thought I, some who have oppressed that dear brother, and reproached him so unsparingly, and had false dreams and burdens which they spun out of their own bowels to extort from him means which should have been applied to God's cause, will have to give an account of these things. He received no sympathy from them while his heart was pressed as though a heavy weight was upon it. When in distress he was told, 'When you do your duty, sell and give alms, you will be free and in the light.' That aching heart is now still. He rests until the morning of the resurrection when we believe he will come forth immortal. Our testimony at Saratoga and vicinity was rejected by the covetous poor and also by the rich. We moved to Rochester and the cause went down.

In a vision given me at Saratoga Springs I was shown a company in Vermont with a woman among them who was a deceiver, and the church must be enlightened as to her character lest poisonous error should become deeply rooted among them. I had not seen the brethren in that part of the

State with my natural eyes. We visited them, and as we entered Brother B.'s dwelling a woman came forward to receive me whom I thought to be Sister B.'s mother. I was about to salute her when the light fell upon her face and lo! it was Mrs. C., the woman I had seen in vision. I dropped her hand instantly and drew back. She noticed this and remarked upon it afterwards. The church in Vergennes and vicinity collected together for meeting. There was confusion of sentiment among them. Brother E. E. held the age to come and some were in favor of S. Allen, a notable fanatic, who held views of a dangerous character which if carried out would lead to spiritual union and breaking up of families. I delivered the message in the Sabbath meeting which the Lord had given me. Sunday noon Mrs. C. was talking quite eloquently in regard to backbiting. She was very severe, for she had heard that speeches had been made against her fanatical proceedings. Just then Sister B. entered saying, 'Will you please walk out to dinner?' Mrs. C. instantly replied, saying, 'This kind goeth not out save by fasting and prayer. I do not wish any dinner.' In a moment my husband was upon his feet. The power of God was upon him, and the color had left his face. Said he, 'I hope it will go out! In the name of the Lord, I hope it will go out!' and said he to Mrs. C., 'That evil spirit is in you, and I hope it will go out! I rebuke it in the name of the Lord!' She seemed to be struck dumb. Her glib, smart tongue was stilled for once.

But she had sympathizers. This is generally the case. It commenced with the fall of Satan in heaven, and angels who sympathized with him fell also. Those who are wrong and co-workers with Satan will ever find those who will sympathize with them when they are reprov'd. These sympathizers have great fear that the feelings of those who receive just reproof will be hurt. Brother and Sister B. sympathized with this deceitful woman. They thought her to be about right. But we did not feel discouraged. The Lord had taken this matter in his own hands, and would deliver his church who had been burdened and oppressed.

That afternoon as we united in prayer, the blessing of the Lord rested upon us, and I was again shown the case of this deceived woman, and the danger of the church in listening to such teaching as came from her lips. Her course was calculated to disgrace the cause of God. Mrs. C. had a lawful protector and with him should she abide or in his company travel, and that by her fanatical course she had forfeited all claims to Christian fellowship, and that the course of H. A. and Mrs. C. should be protested against, and if the church did not cut loose from those who pursued such a course, and lift their voices against it, they would incur God's frown and be partakers with them in their evil deeds, and that the Lord had sent us to the church with a message which if received would save them from greater danger than they yet realized.

Many had known and deeply felt these wrongs, but others had viewed things differently. But the brethren began to breathe free again, and receive strength to bear their plain testimony against wrongs which they knew had existed. They knew that I had not received information from any earthly source, and that the Lord had revealed these things to me, and they testified that I had related the matter better than those could who were acquainted with all the circumstances. We had another interview with Brother and Sister B. The Lord was opening their eyes to see things in their true light. We returned from that journey with feelings of satisfaction, knowing that the Lord had wrought for his people.

April, 1852, we moved to Rochester, N. Y., under most discouraging circumstances. We had not money enough to pay the freight on the few things we had to move by railroad, and were obliged to move out by faith. I will give a few extracts of a letter to Brother Howland's family, dated April 16, 1852: 'We are just getting settled here in Rochester. We have rented an old house for one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. We have the press in the house. Were it not for this we should have to pay fifty dollars a year for Office room. You would smile could you look in upon us and see our furniture. We have bought two old bedsteads for twenty-five cents each. My husband brought me home six old chairs, no two of them alike, for which he paid one dollar, and soon he presented me with four more old chairs without any seating, for which he paid sixty-two cents for the lot. The frames were strong, and I have been seating them with drilling. Butter is so high we do not purchase it, neither can we afford potatoes. We use sauce in the place of butter, and turnips for potatoes. Our first meals were taken on a fire board placed upon two empty flour barrels. We are willing to endure privations if the work of God can be advanced. We believe the Lord's hand was in our coming to this place. There is a large field for labor and but few laborers. Last Sabbath our meeting was excellent. The Lord refreshed us with his presence.'

Soon after our family became settled in Rochester, we received a letter from my mother informing us of the dangerous illness of my brother Robert, who lived with my parents in Gorham, Me. Wrong influences had affected him, and separated him in faith from us. He became bewildered as to our position and was unwilling to listen to any evidence in favor of the third message. He did not oppose, but entirely evaded the matter. This caused us many sad hours. When the news of his sickness reached us, my sister Sarah decided to go immediately to Gorham. To all appearance my brother could not live but a few days, yet contrary to the expectations of all he lingered six months, a great sufferer. My sister faithfully watched over him until the last. As soon as he was afflicted his voice was often heard pleading with God for the light of his countenance, and upon his sick bed he weighed the evidences of our position, and fully embraced the third message. He grieved that he had not looked into the subject before, and would frequently exclaim, 'How plain! How clear that there must be a third message as well as a first and second,' and he would say, 'The third angel followed them, the two former, it is all plain now. I have deprived myself of many blessings that I might have enjoyed. I thought that brother White and sister Ellen were in error. I have felt wrong towards them and want to see them once more.'

My brother seemed to be ripening for heaven. He took no interest in worldly matters, and felt grieved when any conversation, except that of a religious character was introduced in his room. He seemed to be holding communion with God daily and to regard every moment as very precious, to be spent in preparing for his last change. We had the privilege of visiting him before his death. It was an affecting meeting. He was much changed yet his wasted features were lighted up with joy. Bright hope of the future constantly sustained him. He did not once murmur or express a wish to live. We had seasons of prayer in his room, and Jesus seemed very near. We were obliged to separate from our dear brother, expecting never to meet him again this side of the resurrection of the just. The bitterness of the parting scene was much taken away by the hope he expressed of meeting us where parting would be no more.

My brother continued to fail rapidly. If he felt a cloud shutting Jesus from him, he would not rest until it was dispelled, and bright hope again cheered him. To all who visited him he conversed upon the goodness of God, and would often lift his emaciated finger, pointing upwards, while a heavenly

light rested upon his countenance, and say, 'My treasure is laid up on high.' It was a wonder to all that his life of suffering was thus protracted. He had hemorrhage of the lungs, and was thought to be dying. Then an unfulfilled duty presented itself to him. He had again connected himself with the Methodist church, from which he was expelled in 1843 with the other members of the family on account of his faith. He said he could not die in peace until his name was taken from the church-book, and requested father to go immediately and have it taken off. In the morning father visited the minister, stating my brother's request. He said that he would visit him, and then if it was still his wish to be considered no longer a member of their church, his request should be granted. Just before the minister arrived my brother had a second hemorrhage and whispered his fears that he should not live to do this duty. The minister visited him, and he immediately expressed his desire, and told him he could not die in peace until his name was taken from the church-book, and that he should not have united with them again if he had been standing in the light. He then spoke of his faith, and hope, and the goodness of God to him. A heavenly smile was upon his countenance, and those lips, a few moments before stained with blood, were opened to praise God for his great salvation. As the minister left the room he said to my parents, 'That is a triumphant soul, I never saw so happy a soul before.' Soon after this my brother fell asleep in Jesus, in full hope of having a part in the first resurrection. The following lines were written upon his death by Sister Annie R. Smith:

"He sleeps in Jesus—peaceful rest— No mortal strife invades, his breast; No pain, or sin, or woe, or care, Can reach the silent slumberer there.

"He lived, his Saviour to adore, And meekly all his sufferings bore. He loved, and all resigned to God; Nor murmured at his chastening rod.

"Does earth attract thee here?' they cried, The dying Christian thus replied: While pointing upward to the sky, 'My treasure is laid up on high.'

"He sleeps in Jesus—soon to rise, When the last trump shall rend the skies; Then burst the fetters of the tomb, To wake in full, immortal bloom. "He sleeps in Jesus—cease thy grief; Let this afford thee sweet relief— That, freed from death's triumphant reign, In heaven will he live again.

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We toiled on in Rochester through much perplexity and discouragement. The cholera visited R., and while it raged, all night long the carriages bearing the dead were heard rumbling through the streets to Mount Hope cemetery. This disease did not cut down merely the low, but it took from every class in society. The most skillful physicians were laid low, and borne to Mount Hope. As we passed

through the streets in Rochester, at almost every corner we would meet wagons with plain pine coffins in which to put the dead. Our little Edson was attacked and we carried him to the great Physician. The disease was stayed in its progress. I took him in my arms and in the name of Jesus rebuked the disease. He felt relief at once and as a sister commenced praying for the Lord to heal him the little fellow of three years looked up in astonishment and said, 'They need not pray any more, for the Lord has healed me.' He was very weak, but the disease made no further progress, and he gained no strength. Our faith was still to be tried. For three days he ate nothing, and we had appointments out for two months, reaching from Rochester, N. Y., to Bangor, Me., and this journey we were to perform with our good horse Charlie, given to us by brethren in Vermont, and covered carriage. We hardly dared to leave the child in so critical a state, but decided to go unless there was a change for the worse. In two days we must commence our journey in order to reach the first appointment. We presented the case before the Lord, taking it as an evidence that if the child had appetite to eat we would venture. The first day there was no change for the better. He could not bear the least food. The next day about noon he called for broth and it nourished him.

We commenced our journey that night. About four o'clock I took my sick child upon a pillow and we rode twenty miles. He seemed very nervous that night. He could not sleep and I held him in my arms nearly the whole night. My husband would frequently awake, and as he heard the sound of my rocking-chair would groan, for he thought of the tedious journey before us. I obtained no sleep through the night.

The next morning we consulted together whether to return to Rochester, or go on. The family who had entertained us said we would bury the child on the road. And to all appearance it would be so. But I dared not go back to Rochester. We believed the affliction of the child was the work of Satan to hinder us from traveling, and we dared not yield to him. I said to my husband, 'If we go back I shall expect the child to die. He can but die if we go forward. Let us proceed on our journey trusting in the Lord.' We had a journey before us of about one hundred miles to perform in two days, yet we believe that the Lord would work for us in this time of extremity. I was much exhausted and feared I should fall asleep and let the child fall from my arms, so I laid him upon my lap and tied him to my waist and we both slept that day over much of the distance. The child revived and continued to gain strength the whole journey and we brought him home quite rugged.

The Lord greatly blessed us on our journey to Vermont. My husband had much care and labor. At the different conferences he did most of the preaching, sold books, and took pay for the papers. And when one conference was over we would hasten to the next. At noon we would feed the horse by the roadside and eat our lunch. Then my husband, with paper and pencil upon the cover of our dinner-box, or the top of his hat would write articles for the Review and Instructor. Our meeting at Wolcott was of special interest. A canvas was attached to the house to accommodate the people. The Lord blessed us with freedom and the truth affected hearts. I had a vision in the congregation and had perfect liberty in relating it. I there became acquainted with our dear Sister Pierce, who was in despair. My heart was drawn out in sympathy and love for her as I had been in a similar state of mind. At this meeting our dear Brother Benson was convicted of the truth. He believed the vision he witnessed to be the power of God, and was affected by it. He fully embraced the truth. Others decided at that meeting to obey all of God's commandments and live. Since that meeting we have met Brother B.'s cheerful countenance in every conference we have attended in Vermont. But we

shall meet him in this mortal state no more. He died in hope, and will rest in the silent grave until the resurrection of the just.

Again at Panton, Vt., the Lord met with his people. Brother and Sister Pierce were present. The Spirit of the Lord affected hearts in that meeting. Brother E. Churchill was much broken in spirit, and decided fully to take his stand with the remnant people of God. At this meeting the Lord revealed himself to me and I was taken off in vision. A comforting message was given me for Sister Pierce. The following is their statement:—

‘My wife has for many years been subject to occasional, and sometimes protracted, seasons of the most hopeless despair. They began with her when quite young, and have from time to time afflicted her till since we embraced the present, the last message of truth. Some time after having embraced the Sabbath, and some other truths pertaining to the present message, the climax of darkness settled down upon her laboring mind, insomuch that the most encouraging conversation, elicited from the most cheering promises of the Bible, appeared to have no good effect upon her mind whatever. And although naturally possessed of a social disposition, and a cast of mind very favorable to friendly associations, yet so great was the weight of her mental oppression, and so vividly, in her estimation, was portrayed before the mind her forlorn, abject and wretched condition, that she was disinclined to participate in what by her had usually been deemed interesting social interviews, and rather inclined to absent herself from the presence of those who belonged to the circle of her acquaintance generally, and even some of her most endeared friends. Further, she had no disposition to attend any religious meetings, nor could she scarcely stimulate herself to go about the business of her usual avocation.

‘This state of mind commenced, I believe, in the month of May, 1852, and continued with increased severity until the first of September following—the time of the Wolcott meeting, which myself and some other of her especial friends constrained her to attend. Nor was the weight of that mental anguish essentially abated then. Though she realized that it was an interesting meeting, that the Spirit of the Lord was there; and though the gift of prophecy was especially developed through Sister White, in a manner that satisfactorily convinced her that the visions were of God, yet at that time she had no hope that she had any part or lot in the matter of interest which then passed before her. Thus she remained till the time of the Panton meeting, four weeks afterwards. It was at this meeting the Lord gave Sister White a vision, a part of which so clearly showed up her case, and so perfectly instructed her what to do, that from that time forward the scene with her was in a great measure the most happily changed. Previously those seasons of despair had worn off more gradually; but in this case it seemed that the word was spoken, and the work was done. For even on our return from the meeting, instead of gloom and horror being depicted on her countenance it was lighted up with cheering hope.

‘Those sleepless hours and restless nights which before had been the effect of a mind tortured with forebodings more dreadful than it seemed able to endure, have scarcely since recurred to disturb our accustomed repose. Instead of a manifest shrinking from the attendance of religious meetings, which only seemed to aggravate her woes, she then engaged zealously in the work necessary in order to establish meetings periodically at our own house.

‘I believe this favorable change in her condition at that time to be exclusively the effect of the visions then given. Untiring efforts had previously been put forth by those who had been in a similar

condition, in conversation eliciting many of the great and precious promises, to try to buoy up the sinking mind, but it all produced no beneficial effect. Truly I have since believed there was occasion for gratitude that this gift is in the church.

‘Stephen Pierce.

‘According to my best recollection, the above account of my mental trials, and the effect of Sister White’s visions, written by my husband, is essentially correct.

‘Almira Pierce.’

While we were absent from Rochester on this eastern tour the foreman of the Office was attacked with cholera. He was an unconverted young man. The lady of the house where he boarded died with the same disease, also her daughter. He was then brought down and no one ventured to take care of him, fearing the disease. The Office hands watched over him until the disease seemed checked, then took him to our house. He had a relapse and a physician attended him and exerted himself to the utmost to save him, but at length told him that his case was hopeless, that he could not survive through the night. Those interested for him could not bear to see the young man die without hope. They prayed around his bedside while he was suffering great agony. He also prayed that the Lord would have mercy upon him, and forgive his sins. Yet he obtained no relief. He continued to cramp and toss in restless agony. The brethren continued in prayer all night that he might be spared to repent of his sins and keep the commandments of God. He at length seemed to consecrate himself to God, and promised the Lord he would keep the Sabbath and serve him. He soon felt relief. The next morning the physician came, and as he entered, said, ‘I told my wife about one o’clock this morning that in all probability the young man was out of his trouble.’ He was told that he was alive. The physician was surprised and immediately ascended the stairs to his room, and as he examined his pulse, said, ‘Young man, you are better, the crisis is past, but it is not my skill that saved you, but a higher power. With good nursing you may get about again.’ He gained rapidly, and soon took his place in the Office, a converted man.

After we returned from our eastern journey I was shown that we were in danger of taking burdens upon us that God did not require us to bear. We had a part to act in the cause of God, and should not add to our cares by increasing our family to gratify the wishes of any. I saw that to save souls we should be willing to bear burdens; and that we should open the way for my husband’s brother Nathaniel and sister Anna to come and live with us. They were both invalids, yet we felt to extend to them a cordial invitation to come to our house. This they accepted. As soon as we saw Nathaniel we feared that consumption had marked him for the grave. The hectic flush was upon his cheek, yet we hoped and prayed that the Lord would spare him, that his talent might be employed in the cause of God. But the Lord saw fit to order otherwise. Nathaniel and Anna came into the truth cautiously yet understandingly. They weighed the evidences of our positions, and conscientiously decided for the truth.

Nathaniel died May 6, 1853, in the 22d year of his age. The following particulars of his sickness and death, are from a letter I wrote to our bereaved parents:—



'Dear Nathaniel, we miss him much. It seems hard for us to realize that we are no more to have his society here. He bore up through his sickness with remarkable cheerfulness and fortitude. I never heard him groan but once, and that was the Tuesday before he died. I loved him when he first came because he was brother to my husband, and I felt that I could do anything for his comfort, but soon he seemed as near to me as a natural brother. I read some in the Bible to him Wednesday, and told him about my poor brother Robert, who, after six months of great suffering, died of consumption. Said he, "I should not wish to have such lingering sickness as he had." He enjoyed his mind well, and told us not to look sad when we came into his room. Said he, "I am happy; the Lord blesses me abundantly. I have obtained the victory over impatience, and have the evidence that the Lord loves and owns me as his child." That night he suffered much with wakefulness. Thursday morning he expressed his joy that the long night had passed, and day had finally come. As he walked out to breakfast in the large parlor that morning, he looked around the room, and said, "Any one cannot help but get well in such a beautiful house as this, with such large, airy rooms."

'Anna generally took his meals to him from choice, and then sat by his side while he ate; as she did not wish to eat until after he had. Said he, "Ellen, I wish you would make Anna sit down and eat with the rest of the family, for there is no need of her sitting by me while I eat." He seemed to love Anna very much, and through his sickness often spoke of his coming to Rochester to accompany her, because she was so feeble, and now she was waiting upon him, and often said, "Anna, you did not know when you made up your mind to come to Rochester that you were coming to wait upon me." That night [Thursday] we went into his room and prayed with him, and he was abundantly blessed. He praised the Lord aloud, while his face lighted up with the glory of God. We especially prayed that he might have sleep and rest that night. He rested very well through the night. Friday morning, the last morning that he lived, he called us into his room. He said that he wished us to pray there, but first he had something to say. He then with remarkable clearness called up little things that had transpired while he had been with us, and every word that he thought he had spoken hastily or wrong he confessed heartily. He confessed wherein he had distrusted God in times past, and asked forgiveness of the family. "I regret," said he, "that I have been unreconciled to my sickness. I have felt that I could not have it so, and that the Lord dealt hard with me. But I am now satisfied it is just; for nothing but this sickness could bring me where I am. God has blessed me much of late, and has forgiven me all my sins. It often seems that if I should reach out my hand I could embrace Jesus, he is so near. I know that I love God and he loves me."

'After he had said what he wished to, we united in prayer. It was a sweet season. He manifested great interest while we were Publishing and Traveling 133 praying, responding to our prayers, saying, "Amen! Praise the Lord! Glory to God! I will praise him, for he is worthy to be praised! His name is Jesus, and he will save us from our sins!" He prayed earnestly and in faith for a full consecration to God's will, to be baptized with his Spirit, and purified by his blood. Said he, "Thou hast forgiven me all my sins. Thou hast sanctified me to thyself, and I will honor thee as long as I have breath." His face shone, and he looked very happy. He said that the room seemed light, and he loved us all. After we arose from prayers he said, "Anna, I love you, come here." She went to his bedside, and he embraced her, and said, "I am very happy, the Lord has blessed me." Nathaniel was triumphant in God through the day, although he was very sick. I remained in his room and entertained him by reading the Bible and conversing with him. As I read he would say, "How appropriate that is! How beautiful! I must remember that!"

'I then said, "Nathaniel you are very sick. You may die in two hours, and unless God interposes, you cannot live two days," He said, very calmly, "Oh, not so soon as that, I think." He immediately arose from the bed, sat in the rocking-chair, and commenced talking. He began back to the time when he was converted, and told how much he enjoyed, and how afraid he was of sinning, and then when he began to forget God, and lose the blessing, how high his hopes were raised. He "meant to be a man in the world, to get an education and fill some high station." And then he told how his hopes had died, as afflictions had pressed heavily upon him, and how hard it was for him to give up his expectations. He said he felt he could not have it so, he would be well, he would not yield to it. Then he spoke of his coming to Rochester. How trying it was to have us wait upon him, and to be dependent. "It seemed to me," said he, "that the kindness of you all was more than I could bear, and I have desired to get well to pay you for all this." He then spoke of his embracing the Sabbath. Said he, "At first I was not willing to acknowledge the light I saw. I wished to conceal it, but the blessing of God was withheld from me until I acknowledged the Sabbath. Then I felt confidence towards God." Said he, "I love the Sabbath now. It is precious to me. I now feel reconciled to my sickness. I know that it is the only thing that will save me. I will praise the Lord, if he can save me through affliction."

At our usual supper-time, we prepared poor Nathaniel's supper, but he soon said that he was faint, and did not know but he was going to die. He sent for me, and as soon as I entered the room, I knew that he was dying, and said to him, "Nathaniel dear, trust in God, he loves you, and you love him. Trust right in him as a child trusts in its parents." Don't be troubled. The Lord will not leave you. Said he, "Yes, yes." We prayed and he responded, "Amen, praise the Lord!" He did not seem to suffer pain. He did not groan once, nor struggle, nor move a muscle of his face, but breathed shorter and shorter until he fell asleep.' The following lines occasioned by his death, were written by Sister Annie R. Smith:—

"Gone to thy rest, brother! peaceful thy sleep; While o'er thy grave bending, in sorrow we weep, For the loved and the cherished, in life's early bloom, Borne from our number, to the cold, silent tomb. "Sweet be thy slumber! in quiet repose; Beneath the green turf, and the blossoming rose; Oh, soft is thy pillow, and lowly thy bed; Mournful the cypress that waves o'er the dead.

"Dark though the pinion that shaded his brow, The truth which he followed illumined it now; In the arms of his Saviour he fell to his rest, Where woes that await us pervade not his breast.

"Weep not for the Christian whose labor is done; Who, faithful to duty, the treasure has won. The jewel was fitted forever to shine, A gem in the casket, immortal, divine.

"Not long will earth's bosom his precious form hide, And death's gloomy portals from kindred divide; For swiftly approaching, we see the bright day, That brings the glad summons, Arise! come away!"

After Nathaniel's death, my husband was much afflicted. Trouble and anxiety of mind had prostrated him. He had a high fever, and was confined to his bed. We united in prayer for him, and he was relieved, but still remained very weak. He had appointments out for Mill Grove, N. Y., and Michigan, and feared that he could not fill them. We decided, however, to venture as far as Mill Grove, and if he grew no better to return home. While at Elder R. F. Cottrell's, at Mill Grove, he suffered such extreme weakness that he thought he could go no farther. We were in great perplexity. Must we be driven from the work by bodily infirmities? Would Satan be permitted to exercise his power upon us, and contend for our usefulness and lives as long as we remain in the world? We knew that God

could limit the power of Satan. He may suffer us to be tried in the furnace, but will bring us forth purified and better fitted for his work.

I went into a log house near by, and there poured out my soul before God in prayer that he would rebuke the fever and strengthen my husband to endure the journey. The case was urgent, and my faith firmly grasped the promises of God. I there obtained the evidence that if we should proceed on our journey to Michigan the angel of God would go with us. When I related to my husband the exercise of my mind, he said that his mind had been exercised in a similar manner, and we decided to go trusting in the Lord. My husband was so weak that he could not buckle the straps to his valise and called Brother Cottrell to do it for him. Every mile we traveled he felt strengthened. The Lord sustained him. And while he was upon his feet preaching the word I felt assured that angels of God were standing by his side to sustain him in his labors.

At Jackson we found the church in great confusion. In their midst the Lord showed me their condition, and I related that portion of it which was clear before me which related to the wrong course of one present. C. and R. were greatly prejudiced against this sister and cried out, Amen! amen!' and manifested a spirit of triumph over her, and would frequently say, 'I thought so! It is just so!' I felt very much distressed, and sat down before I had finished relating the vision. Then C. and R. arose and exhorted others to receive the vision, and manifested such a spirit that my husband reproved them. The meeting closed in confusion. While at family prayer that night at Brother S.'s I was again taken off in vision, and that portion of the vision that had passed from me was repeated, and I was shown the overbearing course of R. and C., that their influence in the church was to cause division. They possessed an exalted spirit, and not the meek spirit of Christ. I saw why the Lord had hid from me the part of the vision that related to them. It was that they might have opportunity to manifest before all what spirit they were of. The next day a meeting was called, and I related the things which the Lord had shown me the evening before. C. and R., who zealously advocated the visions the day before, were dissatisfied when shown to be wrong, and did not receive the message. They had stated before I came to the place that if I saw things as they looked upon them, they should know that the visions were of God, but if I saw that they had taken a wrong course, and that the ones whom they regarded wrong were not faulty, they should know the visions were incorrect. But both parties were shown me to be wrong, especially C. and R. and some others. They now began to fight against my testimony, and here commenced what is called the 'Messenger party.' I will here give an extract from a letter written to my parents in Gorham, Me., June 23, 1853:—

'While in Michigan we visited Tyrone, Jackson, Sylvan, Bedford and Vergennes. My husband in the strength of God endured the journey and his labor well. His strength did not entirely fail him but once. He was unable to preach at Bedford. He went to the place of meeting, and stood up in the desk to preach, but became faint and was obliged to sit down. He asked brother Loughborough to take the subject where he had left it, and finish his discourse. He went out of the house into the open air and lay upon the green grass until he had somewhat recovered, when brother Kelsey let him take his horse, and he rode alone one mile and a half to Brother Brooks'. Brother Loughborough went through with the subject with much freedom. All were interested in the meeting. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon me and I had perfect freedom in bearing my testimony. The power of God was in the house, and nearly every one present was affected to tears. Some took a decided stand for the truth. After the meeting closed, we rode through the woods to a beautiful lake, where six were buried with Christ in Baptism. We then returned to Brother B.'s and found my husband more

comfortable. While alone that day his mind had been excised upon the subject of Spiritualism, and he there decided to write the book entitled, 'Signs of the Times.' Next day we journeyed to Vergennes, traveling over rough log-ways and sloughs. Much of the way I rode in nearly a fainting condition, but our hearts were lifted to God in prayer for strength, and we found him a present help, and were able to accomplish the journey, and bear our testimony there.'

Soon after our return my husband engaged in writing the 'Signs of the Times.' His health was poor. He was troubled with aching head and cold feet. He could sleep but little, but the Lord was his support. When his mind was in a confused, suffering state, we would bow before the Lord, and in our distress cry unto him. He heard our earnest prayers and often blessed my husband so that with refreshed spirits he went on with the work. Many times in the day did we thus go before the Lord in earnest prayer. That book was not written in his own strength. In the fall of 1853 we attended conferences at Buck's Bridge, N.Y., Stowe, Vt., Boston, Dartmouth and Springfield, Mass., Washington, N. H., and New Haven, Vt. This was a laborious and rather discouraging journey. Many had embraced the truth, who were unsanctified in heart and life, and the elements of strife and rebellion were at work, and it was necessary that a movement should take place to purify the church. The 'Messenger party' soon drew off and the cause was relieved.

In the winter and spring I suffered much with heart disease. It was difficult for me to breathe lying down, and I could not sleep unless raised in nearly a sitting posture. My breath often stopped, and fainting fits were frequent. But this was not all my trouble. I had upon my left eye-lid a swelling which appeared to be a cancer. It had been more than a year increasing gradually until it was quite painful and affected my sight. In reading or writing I was forced to bandage the afflicted eye. And I was constantly afflicted with the thought that my eye might be destroyed with a cancer. I looked back to the days and nights spent in reading proof-sheets, which had strained my eyes, and thought, If I lose my eye, and my life, I shall be a martyr to the cause.

A celebrated physician visited Rochester, who gave counsel free. I decided to have him examine my eye. He thought the swelling would prove to be a cancer. He felt my pulse and said, 'You are much diseased, and will die of apoplexy before that swelling will break out. You are in a dangerous condition with disease of the heart.' This did not startle me, for I had been aware that unless I received speedy relief I must lie in the grave. Two other women had come for counsel who were suffering with the same disease. The physician said that I was in a more dangerous condition than either of them, and it could not be more than three weeks before I would be afflicted with paralysis. I inquired if he thought his medicine would cure me. He did not give me much encouragement. I purchased some of his medicine. The eye-wash was very painful, and I received no benefit from it. I was unable to use the remedies that physician prescribed.

In about three weeks I fainted and fell to the floor, and remained nearly unconscious about thirty-six hours. It was feared that I could not live, but in answer to prayer again I revived. One week later, while conversing with sister Anna, I received a shock upon my left side. My head was numb, and I had a strange sensation of coldness and numbness in my head, with pressure, and severe pain through my temples. My tongue seemed heavy and numb; I could not speak plainly. My left arm and side were helpless. I thought I was dying, and my great anxiety was to have the evidence in my sufferings that the Lord loved me. For months I had suffered such constant pain in my heart that I did not have one joyful feeling. My spirits were constantly depressed. I had tried to serve God from

principle without feeling, but I now thirsted for the salvation of God, that I might realize his blessing notwithstanding the pain in my heart.

The brethren and sisters came together to make my case a special subject of prayer. My desire was granted. Prayer was heard, and I received the blessing of God, and had the assurance that he loved me. But the pain continued, and I grew more feeble every hour. The brethren and sisters again came together to present my case to the Lord. I was then so weak that I could not pray vocally. My appearance seemed to weaken the faith of those around me. Then the promises of God were arrayed before me as I had never viewed them before. It seemed to me that Satan was striving to tear me from my husband and children and lay me in the grave, and these questions were suggested to my mind, Can you believe the naked promise of God? Can you walk out by faith, let the appearance be what it may? Faith revived. I whispered to my husband, 'I believed that I shall recover.' He answered, 'I wish I could believe it.' I retired that night without relief, yet relying with firm confidence upon the promises of God. I could not sleep, but continued my silent prayer to God. Just before day I slept.

As I awoke, the rising sun was seen from my window. I was perfectly free from pain. The pressure upon my heart was gone, and I was very happy. I was filled with gratitude. The praise of God was upon my lips. Oh, what a change! It seemed to me that an angel of God had touched me while I was sleeping. I awoke my husband and related to him the wonderful work that the Lord had wrought for me. He could scarcely comprehend it at first; but when I arose and dressed and walked around the house, and he witnessed the change in my countenance, he could praise God with me. My afflicted eye was free from pain. In a few days the cancer was gone, and my eyesight was fully restored. The work was complete.

Again I visited the physician, and as soon as he felt my pulse he said, 'Madam, you are better. An entire change has taken place in your system; but the two women who visited me for counsel when you were last here are dead.' I stated to him that his medicine had not cured me, as I could take none of it. After I left, the doctor said to a friend of mine, 'Her case is a mystery. I do not understand it.'"

## **Chapter 5— God's Providences**

We soon visited Michigan again, and I endured riding over log-ways, and through mud-sloughs, and my strength failed not. We felt that the Lord would have us visit Wisconsin, and were to take the cars at Jackson at ten in the evening. About five in the afternoon a young man of very pleasing appearance called at Brother Palmer's and inquired if they wished books bound, and stated that he was going out on the evening train, and would bind them at Marshall, and return them in a few weeks.

As we were preparing to take the train we felt very solemn, and proposed a season of prayer. And as we there committed ourselves to God, we could not refrain from weeping. We went to the depot with feelings of deep solemnity. We looked for seats in a forward car, which had high backs, with the hope that we might sleep some that night, but were disappointed. We passed back into the next car, and there found seats. I did not, as usual when traveling in the night, lay off my bonnet, but held my carpet-bag in my hand, as if waiting for something. We both spoke of our singular feelings.

The train had run about three miles from Jackson when its motion became very violent, jerking backward and forward, and finally stopping. I opened the window and saw one car raised nearly upon one end. I heard most agonizing groans. There was great confusion. The engine had been thrown from the track. But the car we were in was on the track, and was separated about one hundred feet from those before it. The baggage car was not much injured, and our large trunk of books was safe. The second-class car was crushed, and the pieces, with the passengers, were thrown on both sides of the track. The car in which we tried to get a seat was much broken, and one end was raised upon the heap of ruins. The coupling did not break, but the car we were in was unfastened from the one before it, as if an angel had separated them.

We hastily left the car; and my husband took me in his arms, and, wading in the water, carried me across a swampy piece of land to the main road. Four were killed or mortally wounded. One of them was the young book-binder referred to. Many were much injured. We walked one-half mile to a dwelling, where I remained while my husband rode to Jackson with a messenger sent for physicians. I had opportunity to reflect upon the care which God has for those who serve him. What separated the train, leaving our car back upon the track? I have been shown that an angel was sent to preserve us. We reached the home of Brother Smith in Jackson, about two o'clock, thankful to God for his preserving care.

We took the afternoon train for Wisconsin. Our visit to that State was blessed of God. Souls were converted as the result of our efforts, yet it was a hard field of labor. The Lord strengthened me to endure the tedious journey. We returned from Wisconsin much worn, desiring rest; but were distressed to meet sister Anna afflicted. She had changed much in our absence. We also found brethren and sisters assembled at our house for Conference. Without rest we were obliged to engage in the meeting. After the labor of the Conference was over, Sister Bonfoey was taken down with fever and ague, and was a great sufferer for several weeks. It was a sickly summer. Deep affliction was in our family, and we felt the necessity of help from God. Many and fervent were our prayers that his blessing might be felt throughout our dwelling. Especially was sister Anna a subject of our earnest prayers; but she did not seem to feel her danger, and unite with us for the recovery of health, until disease had fastened upon her, and she was brought very low.

Trials thickened around us. We had much care. The Office hands boarded with us, and our family numbered from fifteen to twenty. The large Conferences and the Sabbath meetings were held at our house. We had no quiet Sabbaths; for some of the sisters usually tarried all day with their children. Our brethren and sisters generally did not consider the inconvenience and additional care and expense brought upon us. As one after another of the Office hands would come home sick, needing extra attention, I was fearful that we should sink beneath the anxiety and care. I often thought that we could endure no more; yet trials increased, and with surprise I found that we were not overwhelmed. We learned the lesson that much more suffering and trial could be borne than we had once thought possible. The watchful eye of the Lord was upon us, to see that we were not destroyed.

August 29, 1854, another responsibility was added to our family in the birth of Willie. He took my mind somewhat from the troubles around me. About this time the first number of the paper falsely called the Messenger of Truth was received. Those who slandered us through that paper had been reproved for their faults and wrongs. They would not bear reproof, and in a secret manner at first,

afterward more openly, used their influence against us. This we could have borne, but some of those who should have stood by us were influenced by these wicked persons, some of whom were comparative strangers to them; yet they readily sympathized with them, and withdrew their sympathy from us, notwithstanding they had acknowledged that our labors among them had been signally blessed of God.

The Lord had shown me the character and final come-out of that party; that his hand was against them, and his frown upon those connected with that paper. And although they might appear to prosper for a time, and some honest ones be deceived, yet truth would eventually triumph, and every honest soul would break away from the deception which had held them, and come out clear from the influence of those wicked men; as God's hand was against them, they must go down.

Sister Anna continued to fail. Father and mother White, and her sister, E. Tenny, came from Maine to visit her in her affliction. Anna was calm and cheerful. This interview with her parents and sister she had much desired. She bade her parents and sister farewell, as they left to return to Maine, to meet them no more until the trump of God shall call forth the precious dust to health and immortality. In the last days of her sickness, with her own trembling hands she arranged her things, leaving them in order, and disposed of them according to her mind. She expressed the greatest interest that her parents should embrace the Sabbath, and live near us. 'If I thought this would ever be,' said she, 'I could die perfectly satisfied.'

The last office performed by her emaciated, trembling hand, was to trace a few lines to her parents. And has not God regarded her last wishes and prayers for her parents? In less than two years, father and mother White were keeping the Bible Sabbath, happily situated within less than one hundred feet from our door. We would have kept Anna with us; but we were obliged to close her eyes in death, and habit her for the tomb, and lay her away to rest. Long had she cherished a hope in Jesus, and she looked forward with pleasing anticipation to the morning of the resurrection. We laid her beside dear Nathaniel in Mount Hope Cemetery.

After Anna's death, my husband's health became very poor. He was troubled with cough and soreness of lungs, and his nervous system was prostrated. His anxiety of mind, the burdens which he bore in Rochester, his labor in the Office, the sickness and repeated deaths in the family, the lack of sympathy from those who should have shared his labors, together with his traveling and preaching, were too much for his strength, and he seemed to be fast following Nathaniel and Anna to a consumptive's grave. That was a time of gloom and darkness. A few rays of light occasionally parted these heavy clouds, giving us a little hope, or we should have sunk in despair. It seemed at times that God had forsaken us.

The 'Messenger party,' the most of whom had been reprov'd for their wrongs, framed all manner of falsehoods concerning us. These words of the Psalmist were often brought forcibly to my mind: 'Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity; for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.' Some of the writers of that sheet even triumphed over the feebleness of my husband, saying that God would take care of him, and remove him out of the way. When he read this he felt some as Wickliffe did as he lay sick. Faith

revived, and my husband exclaimed, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord, and may yet preach at their funeral.'

The darkest clouds seemed to shut down over us. Wicked men, professing godliness, under the command of Satan were hurried on to forge falsehoods, and to bring the strength of their forces against us. If the cause of God had been ours alone, we might have trembled; but it was in the hands of Him who could say, No one is able to pluck it out of my hands. Jesus lives and reigns. We could say before the Lord, The cause is thine, and thou knowest that it has not been our own choice, but by thy command we have acted the part we have in it.

My husband became so feeble that he resolved to free himself from the responsibilities of publishing, which had been urged upon him. He was editor and proprietor of the Review and Herald, until it reached Vol. vii., No. 9. No one ever asked him to give the Review, Instructor, and the publication of books, into other hands, or leave the position of editor. No one suggested anything of the kind to him. It was his choice that he might be relieved, and that the Office might be established beyond the influence of those men who had cried, Speculation! He never claimed the property at the Office which had been donated to be used for the benefit of the cause. He called upon the church to take the Office at Rochester, and establish it where they pleased, and suggested that it be managed by a publishing committee, and that no one connected with the Office should have a personal interest in it.

As no others claimed the privilege, the brethren in Michigan opened the way for the Office to be removed to Battle Creek. At that time my husband was owing between two and three thousand dollars, and all he had besides the books on hand was accounts for books, and some of them doubtful. The cause had apparently come to a halt, and orders for publications were very few and small, and he feared that he would die in debt. Brethren in Michigan assisted us in obtaining a lot and building a house. The deed was made in my name, so that I could dispose of it at pleasure after the death of my husband.

Those were days of sadness. I looked upon my three little boys, soon, as I feared, to be left fatherless, and thoughts like these forced themselves upon me: My husband dies a martyr to the cause of present truth; and who realizes what he has suffered, the burdens he has for years borne, the extreme care which has crushed his spirits, and ruined his health, bringing him to an untimely grave, leaving his family destitute and dependent? Some who should have stood by him in this trying time, and with words of encouragement and sympathy helped him to bear the burdens, were like Job's comforters, who were ready to accuse and press the weight upon him still heavier. I have often asked the question, Does God have no care for these things? Does he pass them by unnoticed? I was comforted to know that there is One who judgeth righteously, and that every sacrifice, every self-denial, and every pang of anguish endured for his sake, is faithfully chronicled in Heaven, and will bring its reward. The day of the Lord will declare and bring to light things that are not yet made manifest.

About this time I was shown that my husband must not labor in preaching, or with his hands; that a little over-exercise then would place him in a hopeless condition. At this he wept and groaned. Said he, 'Must I then become a church pauper?' Again I was shown that God designed to raise him up gradually; that we must exercise strong faith, for in every effort we should be fiercely buffeted by Satan; that we must look away from outward appearance, and believe. Three times a day we went



alone before God, and engaged in earnest prayer for the recovery of his health. This was the whole burden of our petitions, and frequently one of us would be prostrated by the power of God. The Lord graciously heard our earnest cries, and my husband began to recover. For many months our prayers ascended to heaven three times a day for health to do the will of God. These seasons of prayer were very precious. We were brought into a sacred nearness to God, and had sweet communion with him. I cannot better state my feelings at this time than they are expressed in the following extracts from a letter I wrote to Sister Howland:—

‘I feel thankful that I can now have my children with me, under my own watchcare, and can better train them in the right way. For weeks I have felt a hungering and thirsting for salvation, and we have enjoyed almost uninterrupted communion with God. Why do we stay away from the fountain, when we can come and drink? Why do we die for bread, when there is a storehouse full? It is rich and free. O my soul, feast upon it, and daily drink in heavenly joys. I will not hold my peace. The praise of God is in my heart, and upon my lips. We can rejoice in the fullness of our Saviour’s love. We can feast upon his excellent glory. My soul testifies to this. My gloom has been dispersed by this precious light, and I can never forget it. Lord, help me to keep it in lively remembrance. Awake, all the energies of my soul! Awake, and adore thy Redeemer for his wondrous love.

‘Souls around us must be aroused and saved, or they perish. Not a moment have we to lose. We all have an influence that tells for the truth, or against it. I desire to carry with me unmistakable evidences that I am one of Christ’s disciples. We want something besides Sabbath religion. We need the living principle, and to daily feel individual responsibility. This is shunned by many, and the fruit is carelessness, indifference, a lack of watchfulness and spirituality. Where is the spirituality of the church? Where are men and women full of faith and the Holy Spirit? My prayer is, Purify thy church, O God. For months I have enjoyed freedom, and I am determined to order my conversation, and all my ways, aright before the Lord.

‘Our enemies may triumph. They may speak bitter words, and their tongue frame slander, deceit, and falsehood, yet will we not be moved. We know in whom we have believed. We have not run in vain, neither labored in vain. A reckoning day is coming, when all will be judged according to the deeds done in the body. It is true the world is dark. Opposition may wax strong. The trifler and scorner may grow bold in his iniquity. Yet for all this we will not be moved, but lean upon the arm of the Mighty One for strength.

‘God is sifting his people. He will have a clean and holy church. We cannot read the heart of man. But the Lord has provided means to keep the church pure. A corrupt people has arisen who could not live with the people of God. They despised reproof, and would not be corrected. They had an opportunity to know that their warfare was an unrighteous one. They had time to repent of their wrongs; but self was too dear to die. They nourished it, and it grew strong, and they separated from the trusting people of God, that he was purifying unto himself. We all have reason to thank God that a way has been opened to save the church; for the wrath of God must have come upon us, if these corrupt individuals had remained with us.

‘Every honest one that may be deceived by these disaffected ones, will have the true light in regard to them, if every angel from Heaven has to visit them, and enlighten their minds. We have nothing to fear in this matter. As we near the Judgment all will manifest their true character, and it will be made plain to what company they belong. The sieve is moving. Let us not say, Stay thy hand, O God.

The church must be purged, and will be. God reigns; let the people praise him. I have not the most distant thought of sinking down. I mean to be right and do right. The Judgment is to set and the books be opened, and we are to be judged according to our deeds. All the falsehoods that may be framed against me will not make me any worse, nor any better, unless they have a tendency to drive me nearer my Redeemer.'

About this time I wrote as follows, which appeared in the Review for January 10, 1856: 'We have felt the power and blessing of God for a few weeks past. He has been very merciful. He has wrought in a wonderful manner for my husband. We have brought him to our great Physician in the arms of our faith, and like blind Bartimaeus have cried, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on us;'' and we have been comforted. The healing power of God has been felt. All medicine has been laid aside, and we rely alone upon the arm of our great Physician. We are not yet satisfied. Our faith says, Entire restoration. We have seen the salvation of God, yet we expect to see and feel more. I believe without a doubt that my husband will yet be able to sound the last notes of warning to the world. For weeks past our peace has been like a river. Our souls triumph in God. Gratitude, unspeakable gratitude, fills my soul for the tokens of God's love which we have of late felt and seen. We feel like dedicating ourselves anew to God.'

From the time we moved to Battle Creek, the Lord began to turn our captivity. We found sympathizing friends in Michigan who were ready to share our burdens and supply our wants. Old, tried friends in Central New York, and New England, especially in Vermont, sympathized with us in our afflictions, and liberally assisted us in time of distress. At the Conference at Battle Creek in November, 1856, God wrought for us. The minds of the servants of God were exercised as to the gifts of the church. If God's frown had been brought upon his people because the gifts had been slighted and neglected, there was a pleasing prospect that his smiles would again be upon us, and he would graciously revive the gifts, and they would live in the church to encourage the fainting soul, and to correct and reprove the erring. New life was given to the cause, and success attended the labors of our preachers.

The publications were called for, and proved to be just what the cause demanded; so that by turning them out to the Committee at a discount, my husband was enabled to pay all his debts. His cough ceased, and the pain and soreness left his lungs and throat, and he was gradually restored to health, so as to preach three times on the Sabbath and three times on first-day with ease. This wonderful work in his restoration is of God, and he shall have all the glory.

The paper called the Messenger of Truth soon went down, and the discordant spirits who spoke through it are now scattered to the four winds. We leave them, with the falsehoods they have framed. They will have to render an account to God. All their sins are faithfully registered in Heaven, and they will be judged according to their deeds.

The publication of the Review, Instructor, and books, was commenced under most discouraging circumstances. The friends and supporters of the cause were then very few, and generally poor; and it was by extreme labor and economy that the truth was published. For several years we suffered more or less for want of suitable food and clothing, and deprived ourselves of needed sleep, laboring from fourteen to sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, for want of means and help to push forward the work.

Again, the present truth was not then as clear as now. It has been opening gradually. It required much study and anxious care to bring it out link after link. By care and incessant labor and anxiety has the work moved on, until the great truths of our message are clear. And now, as there are many writers, it is a light task to conduct the Review compared with what it was at first. In the struggle to bring up the Review and Instructor where the number of paying subscribers would be sufficient to meet the expenses, and in the publication of numerous tracts, pamphlets, and books, my husband nearly lost his life. He then gave all away into the hands of the Publishing Committee as the property of the church, like a man who commences in poverty to make a farm, and when he has spent the strength of manhood in improving it, gives it to others.

I do not make these statements with one murmuring feeling. It is a pleasure to me in this work to state the facts in the case. We have acted from choice, for the good of the cause. Its prosperity and the confidence of its true friends are worth a thousand times more to us than the good things of this life. We are raised above want; and this is sufficient for all true believers in the third message. For this we feel grateful to God. I would here express our gratitude to our friends who lent my husband money without interest to publish with. This enabled him to purchase stock at the lowest rates, publish large editions of our books, and manage his business to advantage. Had it not been for this, the Office must have gone down, unless sustained in some other way.

Our numerous personal friends have been liberal. Many to whom I sent the several numbers of the Testimonies, sent to me in return, some tenfold, and some more. Some who have never helped us have appeared to feel very much annoyed to see us raised above want and dependence. But if the Lord has put it into the hearts of our personal friends to raise us above want, that our testimony may not be crippled by the galling sense of dependence, I do not see how these persons can help it.

In December, 1855, I fell and sprained my ankle, which confined me to crutches six weeks. The confinement was an injury to my lungs. I attended meeting in my afflicted state, and tried to labor for the good of some souls who seemed to manifest interest to become Christians. At the close of one of these meetings I felt very weary; but a request came for us to visit a family, and pray for some of their children who had been afflicted. My judgment told me that I had not strength to go farther. But I finally consented to go. While praying, something seemed to tear on my left lung. After I returned home, I could not breathe without pain. My lung seemed to be filling. Our family bowed before the Lord, and earnestly prayed that I might be relieved. I found relief, but discharged blood from my lung. I have not been entirely free from pain in the left lung since that time. After this, I suffered with a dull, heavy pain in my head, which increased for three weeks, when it became intense. I tried every means in my power to remove it; but the pain overcame me. It was inflammation of the brain. I entreated those around me not to let me sleep, fearing I should never wake to consciousness. I did not expect to live, and wished to spend my moments, while reason lasted, in talking with my husband and children, and giving them up into the hands of God. At times my mind wandered, and then again I realized my critical situation. My husband called for a few who had faith to pray for me. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, and my grateful thanks ascended to our great Physician who had mercifully relieved me.

A Conference was held at Battle Creek in May, 1856. While we were very busy preparing for the meeting, I was startled by a scream of distress. My little Willie, then about twenty months old, was brought to me by Sister Fraser apparently lifeless. While playing around a tub of dirty suds, he had

fallen into it, and had not one of his little feet appeared above the dark surface, he would not have been discovered in season to save him. His arms and face were purple, and he was entirely breathless. We cut off his wet clothes, and rolled him on the grass, when he manifested a faint sign of life. We took him before a fire, and by heating flannels produced some heat in his body. He breathed with difficulty. I kissed him, and he opened his eyes languidly, and tried to return the token of affection with his pale, cold lips.

The Lord spared our dear babe to us, when to all appearance he was already in death's embrace. Oh, how grateful we felt to God for his mercy to us! I felt very solemn as I heard in the still evening the cry, "Child lost!" and then the description of some mother's little one whose fate was in uncertainty. I clasped my little Willie to my heart, which throbbed with love and gratitude to the Lord who had spared our dear boy.

But we were yet to pass through another severe trial. At the Conference a very solemn vision was given me. I saw that some of those present would be food for worms, some subjects for the seven last plagues, and some would be translated to Heaven at the second coming of Christ, without seeing death. Sister Bonfoey remarked to a sister as we left the meeting-house, 'I feel impressed that I am one who will soon be food for worms.' The Conference closed Monday. Thursday, Sister B. sat at the table with us apparently well. She then went to the Office as usual, to assist in mailing the Review. In about two hours she sent for me. She had been suddenly taken very ill. My health had been very poor, yet I hastened to suffering Clara. In a few hours she seemed some better.

The next morning we had her brought home in a large chair, and she was laid upon her own bed, from which she was never to rise. Her symptoms became alarming, and we had fears that a tumor, which had troubled her for nearly ten years, had broken inwardly. It was so, and mortification was doing its work. Friday evening, about seven o'clock she fell asleep. She had her senses until her eyes closed in death. She stated that her pilgrimage was ended, and that she had no fears of death. We united in prayer, and she responded. She kissed us, and bade us an affectionate farewell. She seemed very solicitous for my health, and was grieved if I manifested distress. We were unprepared for her death. To lose her was a living loss. Eight years she had shared our joys and trials, and she had never proved untrue. We have missed her cheerful society, and her sisterly affection, and her care in our family. We laid her in Oak Hill Cemetery to rest until the sleeping saints awake to immortality.

Immediately after the funeral my health failed rapidly. I had a severe cough, and raised some blood. I thought that I, too, should soon rest in the grave. There was to be a tent-meeting at Monterey, and we were invited to attend. My children were my greatest anxiety. How could I leave them? They had been deprived of our care so much that they needed attention from one who could feel an interest for them. I left them, with a mother's keenest feelings, and thought, as I parted with them, that I might not be permitted to return to them alive. I was assured by one of the sisters that my children need not trouble my mind, that she would have especial care for them. I rode in much suffering to Monterey, Mich., coughing almost incessantly.

Sabbath morning we retired to a grove to have a season of prayer. We were soon to go to the tent, and I was so weak that it was impossible for me to sit up long at a time. We felt like pleading with the Lord for his sustaining grace. We there committed my case to Him who while on earth was ever touched with human woe, and claimed the promises for strength and grace. The Spirit of the Lord

rested upon me, and with a firm trust in the promises of God, we went to the meeting. I bore my testimony during that meeting five times, and continued to grow stronger. My cough did not leave me at once, yet I knew the Lord Had given me strength as I needed it; for nothing but his power could have carried me through that meeting.

When I returned home, I found that my children had been neglected by those who had assured me that they should have their care. I felt grieved. My greatest anxiety had been for my children, to bring them up free from evil habits. Our work had been to travel, and then write and publish. Henry had been from us five years, and Edson had received but little of our care. For years at Rochester, our family was very large, and our home like a hotel, and we from that home much of the time. I often felt grieved as I thought of others who would not take burdens and cares, who could ever be with their children, to counsel and instruct them, and to spend their time almost exclusively in their own families. And I have inquired, Does God require so much of us, and leave others without burdens? Is this equality? Are we to be thus hurried on from one care to another, one part of the work to another, and have but little time to bring up our children? Many nights, while others have been sleeping, have been spent by me in bitter weeping.

I would plan and frame some course more favorable for my children, then objections would arise which would sweep away these calculations. I was keenly sensitive to faults in my children, and every wrong they committed brought on me such heartache as to affect my health. I have wished that some mothers could be circumstanced for a short time as I have been for years; then they would prize the blessings they enjoy, and could better sympathize with me in my privations. We have prayed and labored for our children, and have restrained them. We have not neglected the rod, but before using it have first labored to have them see their faults, and then have prayed with them. We have our children understand that we should merit the displeasure of God, if we excused them in sin. And our efforts have been blessed to the good of our children. Their greatest pleasure is to please us. They are not free from faults, but we believe that they will yet be numbered with the lambs of Christ's fold.

## **Chapter 6— Loss of Children**

In 1860 death stepped over our threshold, and broke the youngest branch of our family tree. Little Herbert, born September 20, 1860, died December 14 of the same year. When that tender branch was broken, how our hearts did bleed none may know but those who have followed their little ones of promise to the grave. But oh, when our noble Henry died, [The death of Henry N. White occurred at Topsham, Maine, December 8, 1863.] at the age of sixteen,—when our sweet singer was borne to the grave, and we no more heard his early song,—ours was a lonely home. Both parents and the two remaining sons felt the blow most keenly. But God comforted us in our bereavements, and with faith and courage we pressed forward in the work He had given us, in bright hope of meeting our children who had been torn from us by death, in that world where sickness and death will never come.

## **Chapter 7— The death of Elder James White**

Notwithstanding the labors, cares, and responsibilities with which my husband's life had been crowded, his sixtieth year found him active and vigorous in mind and body. Three times had he fallen under a stroke of paralysis; yet by the blessing of God, a naturally strong constitution, and strict attention to the laws of health, he had been enabled to rally. Again he traveled, preached, and wrote

with his wonted zeal and energy. Side by side we had labored in the cause of Christ for thirty-five years; and we hoped that we might stand together to witness the triumphant close. But such was not the will of God. The chosen protector of my youth, the companion of my life, the sharer of my labors and afflictions, was taken from my side, and I was left to finish my work and to fight the battle alone.

The spring and early summer of 1881 we spent together at our home in Battle Creek. My husband hoped to arrange his business so that we could go to the Pacific coast and devote ourselves to writing. He felt that we had made a mistake in allowing the apparent wants of the cause and the entreaties of our brethren to urge us into active labor in preaching when we should have been writing. My husband desired to present more fully the glorious subject of redemption, and I had long contemplated the preparation of important books. We both felt that while our mental powers were unimpaired we should complete these works,—that it was a duty which we owed to ourselves and to the cause of God to rest from the heat of battle, and give to our people the precious light of truth which God had opened to our minds.

Some weeks before the death of my husband, I urged upon him the importance of seeking a field of labor where we would be released from the burdens necessarily coming upon us at Battle Creek. In reply he spoke of various matters which required attention before we could leave,—duties which some one must do. Then with deep feeling he inquired: “Where are the men to do this work? Where are those who will have an unselfish interest in our institutions, and who will stand for the right, unaffected by any influence with which they may come in contact?”

With tears he expressed his anxiety for our institutions at Battle Creek. Said he: “My life has been given to the upbuilding of these institutions. It seems like death to leave them. They are as my children, and I cannot separate my interest from them. These institutions are the Lord’s instrumentalities to do a specific work. Satan seeks to hinder and defeat every means by which the Lord is working for the salvation of men. If the great adversary can mould these institutions according to the world’s standard, his object is gained. It is my greatest anxiety to have the right man in the right place. If those who stand in responsible positions are weak in moral power and vacillating in principle, inclined to lead toward the world, there are enough who will be led. Evil influences must not prevail. I would rather die than live to see these institutions mismanaged, or turned aside from the purpose for which they were brought into existence.

“In my relations to this cause I have been longest and most closely connected with the publishing work. Three times have I fallen, stricken with paralysis, through my devotion to this branch of the cause. Now that God has given me renewed physical and mental strength, I feel that I can serve His cause as I have never been able to serve it before. I must see the publishing work prosper. It is interwoven with my very existence. If I forget the interests of this work, let my right hand forget her cunning.”

We had an appointment to attend a tent meeting at Charlotte, Sabbath and Sunday, July 23 and 24. We decided to travel by private conveyance. On the way, my husband seemed cheerful, yet a feeling of solemnity rested upon him. He repeatedly praised the Lord for mercies and blessings received, and freely expressed his own feelings concerning the past and future: “The Lord is good, and greatly to be praised. He is a present help in time of need. The future seems cloudy and uncertain, but the Lord would not have us distressed over these things. When trouble comes, He will give us grace to

endure it. What the Lord has been to us, and what He has done for us, should make us so grateful that we would never murmur or complain.

“It has seemed hard to me that my motives should be misjudged, and that my best efforts to help, encourage, and strengthen my brethren should again and again be turned against me. But I should have remembered Jesus and His disappointments. His soul was grieved that He was not appreciated by those He came to bless. I should have dwelt upon the mercy and loving-kindness of God, praising Him more, and complaining less of the ingratitude of my brethren. Had I ever left all my perplexities with the Lord, thinking less of what others said and did against me, I should have had more peace and joy. I will now seek first to guard myself, that I offend not in word or deed, and then to help my brethren make straight paths for their feet. I will not stop to mourn over any wrong done to me. I have expected more of men than I ought. I love God and His work, and I love my brethren also.”

Little did I think, as we travelled on, that this was the last journey we should ever make together. The weather changed suddenly from oppressive heat to chilling cold. My husband took cold, but thought his health so good that he would receive no permanent injury. He labored in the meetings at Charlotte, presenting the truth with great clearness and power. He spoke of the pleasure he felt in addressing a people who manifested so deep an interest in the subjects most dear to him. “The Lord has indeed refreshed my soul,” he said, “while I have been breaking to others the bread of life. All over Michigan the people are calling eagerly for help. How I long to comfort, encourage, and strengthen them with the precious truths applicable to this time!”

On our return home, my husband complained of slight indisposition, yet he engaged in his work as usual. Every morning we visited the grove near our home, and united in prayer. We were anxious to know our duty. Letters were continually coming in from different places, urging us to attend the camp meetings. Notwithstanding our determination to devote ourselves to writing, it was hard to refuse to meet with our brethren in these important gatherings. We earnestly pleaded for wisdom to know the right course.

Sabbath morning, as usual, we went to the grove together, and my husband prayed most fervently three times. He seemed reluctant to cease pleading with God for special guidance and blessing. His prayers were heard, and peace and light came to our hearts. He praised the Lord, and said: “Now I give it all up to Jesus. I feel a sweet, heavenly peace, an assurance that the Lord will show us our duty; for we desire to do His will.” He accompanied me to the Tabernacle, and opened the services with singing and prayer. It was the last time he was ever to stand by my side in the pulpit.

On the following Monday he had a severe chill, and the next day I too was attacked. Together we were taken to the Sanitarium for treatment. On Friday my symptoms became more favorable. The doctor then informed me that my husband was inclined to sleep, and that danger was apprehended. I was immediately taken to his room, and as soon as I looked upon his countenance I knew that he was dying. I tried to arouse him. He understood all that was said to him, and responded to all questions that could be answered by yes or no, but seemed unable to say more. When I told him I thought he was dying, he manifested no surprise. I asked if Jesus was precious to him. He said, “Yes, oh, yes.” “Have you no desire to live?” I inquired. He answered, “No.” We then knelt by his bedside, and I prayed for him. A peaceful expression rested upon his countenance. I said to him: “Jesus loves you. The everlasting arms are beneath you.” He responded, “Yes, yes.”

Brother Smith and other brethren then prayed around his bedside, and retired to spend much of the night in prayer. My husband said he felt no pain; but he was evidently failing fast. Dr. Kellogg and his helpers did all that was in their power to hold him back from death. He slowly revived, but continued very weak.

The next morning he seemed slightly to revive, but about noon he had a chill, which left him unconscious. At 5 P.M., Sabbath, August 6, 1881, he quietly breathed his life away, without a struggle or a groan.

The shock of my husband's death—so sudden, so unexpected—fell upon me with crushing weight. In my feeble condition I had summoned strength to remain at his bedside to the last; but when I saw his eyes closed in death, exhausted nature gave way, and I was completely prostrated. For some time I seemed balancing between life and death. The vital flame burned so low that a breath might extinguish it. At night my pulse would grow feeble, and my breathing fainter and fainter till it seemed about to cease. Only by the blessing of God and the unremitting care and watchfulness of physician and attendants was my life preserved.

Though I had not risen from my sick-bed after my husband's death, I was borne to the Tabernacle on the following Sabbath to attend his funeral. At the close of the sermon I felt it a duty to testify to the value of the Christian's hope in the hour of sorrow and bereavement. As I arose, strength was given me, and I spoke about ten minutes, exalting the mercy and love of God in the presence of that crowded assembly. At the close of the services I followed my husband to Oak Hill Cemetery, where he was laid to rest until the morning of the resurrection.

My physical strength had been prostrated by the blow, yet the power of divine grace sustained me in my great bereavement. When I saw my husband breathe his last, I felt that Jesus was more precious to me than He ever had been in any previous hour of my life. When I stood by my first-born, and closed his eyes in death, I could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name \*253+ of the Lord." And I felt then that I had a comforter in Jesus. And when my latest born was torn from my arms, and I could no longer see its little head upon the pillow by my side, then I could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And when he upon whose large affections I had leaned, with whom I had labored for thirty-five years, was taken away, I could lay my hands upon his eyes, and say, "I commit my treasure to Thee until the morning of the resurrection."

When I saw him passing away, and saw the many friends sympathizing with me, I thought: What a contrast to the death of Jesus as He hung upon the cross! What a contrast! In the hour of His agony, the revilers were mocking and deriding Him. But He died, and He passed through the tomb to brighten it, and to lighten it, that we might have joy and hope even in the event of death; that we might say, as we lay our friends away to rest in Jesus, "We shall meet them again."

At times I felt that I could not have my husband die. But these words seemed to be impressed on my mind: "Be still, and know that I am God." Psalm 46:10. I keenly feel my loss, but dare not give myself up to useless grief. This would not bring back the dead. And I am not so selfish as to wish, if I could, to bring him from his peaceful slumber to engage again in the battles of life. Like a tired warrior, he has lain down to sleep. I will look with pleasure upon his resting place. The best way in which I and my children can honor the memory of him who has fallen, is to take the work where he left it, and in



the strength of Jesus carry it forward to completion. We will be thankful for the years of usefulness that were granted to him; and for his sake, and for Christ's sake, we will learn from his death a lesson which we shall never forget. We will let this bereavement make us more kind and gentle, more forbearing, patient, and thoughtful toward the living.

I take up my life work alone, in full confidence that my Redeemer will be with me. We have only a little while to wage the warfare; then Christ will come, and this scene of conflict will close. Then our last efforts will have been made to work with Christ, and advance His kingdom. Some who have stood in the forefront of the battle, zealously resisting incoming evil, fall at the post of duty; the living gaze sorrowfully at the fallen heroes, but there is no time to cease work. They must close up the ranks, seize the banner from the hand palsied by death, and with renewed energy vindicate the truth and the honor of Christ.

As never before, resistance must be made against sin—against the powers of darkness. The time demands energetic and determined activity on the part of those who believe present truth. If the time seems long to wait for our Deliverer to come; if, bowed by affliction and worn with toil, we feel impatient to receive an honorable release from the warfare, let us remember—and let the remembrance check every murmur—that we are left on earth to encounter storms and conflicts, to perfect Christian character, to become better acquainted with God our Father, and Christ our elder Brother, and to do work for the Master in winning many souls to Christ. “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.” Daniel 12:3