

## Ellen G. Whie 1881 Letters

Lt 1, 1881

Haskell, S. N.

Battle Creek, Michigan

April 22, 1881

Dear Brother Haskell:

I did not attend the Spring Arbor meeting. My husband did. I remained at Newton and had a very interesting time with a few. The Lord gave me special liberty. I was led out in prayer and I had great freedom in prayer while at Brother Hilliard's. Sister H. had been in a despairing state for some years. The Lord gave me words to speak to her that brought comfort to her mind. She was so thankful for our visit.

I wrote Elder [G. I.] Butler from Newton in reference to a question he asked in regard to Elder [J. N.] Andrews. He seemed to feel a special burden that some one should go to Europe to assist Elder Andrews and take care of him during his illness. There is Brother and Sister Ings close by, and Elder [J. N.] Loughborough. It looks [in] every way consistent that Elder L. should see Elder Andrews and be with him. If a nurse is wanted, Brother and Sister Ings are just the ones to attend him.

I cannot see any need of taking Buel Whitney from the field of his labors to leave no one in his place to go to Europe. There are but few true laborers in the field at the present time. As matters now stand in Battle Creek, I think it wise for me to go to Colorado. My husband is in full unison with this. I think he is making great changes for the better. He did propose to hold camp meetings in different places in Michigan, and he and I attend them, for the people seem to be starving for good spiritual meat. But thinking and praying over the matter has settled me that it would not be best. Should my husband now labor ever so faithfully, all he would do would be criticized, and suspicions that had no foundation would be created, [even] if he did his best. And I should be held in the very same light by those who are on the doubting side of the Testimonies. I think that the future year's labor would be lost, with great discouragement to myself.

I cannot see which way to turn. This one comes to me with perplexities and discouragements, and another writes, and it is one thing after another that is constantly arising. There is no genuine faith in my testimonies in the sanitarium. I see no prospect of doing them any good. Elder McCoy wrote my husband a letter making wild, exaggerated statements just before he left. He then stated that a production purporting to be a testimony had been circulated to friend or foe, and he expected that it would appear in the Moon next.

But I will not attempt to report all that was written. As things now stand my hands are completely tied. I feel helpless and hopeless as far as my efforts are concerned.

Dear Brother Haskell, I fear greatly that there has not been a full understanding of the true state of the tract and missionary work. I tell you from what God has shown me, it had become worked up so minutely that it became intricate. I want you should see it as it is, and as it has been overdone and [has] swallowed up other important interests. You should see it as it was presented to me: that time,

labor, and money have been spent in the mechanical working that reduces it to a system and form almost destitute of true godliness. I speak the things I know, that while time has been devoted to this work, it has been at the neglect of other work just as important.

But most of all, the churches are backsliding over these things. Souls are in peril. Many are famishing for wholesome gospel truth. The hours that are devoted in the gatherings of our people to educate them how to do missionary work should be more earnestly devoted to teach men how to become Christians and to feed the flock with pure provender, thoroughly winnowed. Our people are having a famine for the Word of the Lord. They are dying for [the] meat of nourishment. Your study, your planning to such an extent [as] to make the tract and missionary working successful, has deprived the people of the very help they should have from you.

If the people do all the work laid out for them to do, which seems essential to keep the work in activity, there is not sufficient attention and labor devoted to the spiritual, devotional exercises of the church; and when our people meet together at [the] quarterly meeting, most of the time is occupied on Sunday in business meetings. The outsiders come in and lose all interest and go out again. The very day [that it is] the most important to present truth to unbelievers has been lost to them in consequence of so much being said in regard to the tract and missionary work.

Now I have written this before to you, but did not send it, for matters have so shaped themselves that even my brethren will say that Brother White has been talking to her until she sees as she does. I know this is the impression.

Now we shall leave for Colorado in a few weeks. I feel powerless to try to help anywhere. My husband's course, you well know, I have had no sympathy with. But at the same time, if I speak the very things shown, it might appear that I was favoring his ideas. I feel sad, hedged in completely, and I will go away. It is best for James to be alone. He has injured his influence, and if he goes now, others will take some responsibilities in regard to Battle Creek to set things in order. Battle Creek has been wretchedly neglected. Such a church needs continued labor, and an influence exerted here constantly to build up. But as things now stand, we can do nothing. We will, take our things away. If James remains here, he will take more or less responsibilities, and he will become entangled in matters and things that he cannot help.

I feel free now to go to Colorado. I have thought of going to New England and bearing my testimony, but I do not feel that things are all right at South Lancaster. A serious evil is growing in New England. Many hang more heavily upon you than upon their Saviour, and many stand as detective officers to watch and to report discouraging things to you. They had by far better be praying. Brother Robinson is becoming spoiled as a laborer. He is becoming narrowed down. No one could go into New England and labor with any encouragement in the present state of things. I look upon it, that every one is shut out that does not do things after a certain fashion or plan. And I tell you frankly, you are somewhat to blame for this molding of things.

Well, you may say, as others have said, "Sister White has been prejudiced." Not a bit of it. I felt it all when in New England last year and the year before last, but have said these things to you only. No one has had any conversation with me on these things, but I feel over them deeply, and speak now because I must speak. I have confidence in you, my brother, just as firmly as I have had, but I fear that you may be making mistakes somewhat after the order my husband has made, and I want you

to shun the dangers and perils of any such life. You will, unless guarded, carry things you take hold of to extremes. I entreat of you not to concentrate your mind on one or two things, and neglect other matters.

Professor [G. H.] Bell has been cautioned again and again in regard to making the Sabbath School work like a machine, but he has not heeded the testimony. He is getting matters so fine, he will have a big reaction by and by. I know whereof I speak. You, working, burden-bearing men, must become [as] level [and] evenly balanced as possible. You need to cling more firmly to simplicity. The fewer rules, the fewer plans introduced into your tract and missionary workings, the more spirit will be in your work, for it will cost less to run it and will take less time. I tell you, these things I have written need your candid consideration.

I beg of you, do not neglect, as you have done, to recommend and urge the people everywhere to take the Review as well as the Signs of the Times. I think the Review Publishing House has not been treated by you as it should have been. You had your mind fastened on one thing, the extension of the Signs, and you have let this absorb everything else. This is seen and felt by our people at large. You should come out in the Signs frequently and urge your brethren to take the Review, our church paper. But do not let there be a divorcing of your interests from the Review.

I consent to go to Colorado, hoping you will have more freedom to write and to unite your interests more fully with the Review. I also go thinking that it will remove other difficulties. There will be no danger of my husband's giving expression to his mind, although they may be truths, which will make confusion. I have now expressed hurriedly but freely.

With respect.

Lt 1a, 1881

White, W. C.; White, Mary

Battle Creek, Michigan

January 6, 1881

Dear Children, Willie and Mary:

Last Saturday night I fell heavily, after getting out of a sleigh to attend my appointment to speak to the people evening after the Sabbath. I was thrown into a nervous chill for one hour. Father held me up part of the time, and part of the time I knelt with my knee in a chair. I was taken to the carriage in a chair by three men. Sunday I was taken to the office to attend two board meetings and carried up in a chair.

I have not been able to step on my right foot at all. I use crutches. Dr. [J. H.] Kellogg came Tuesday morning and told me I had a very bad ankle. The ligaments were torn loose from the ankle, which swung the heel round out of place. He said I would not be able to use it at all for six weeks and perhaps not for two months. He fears it will always be weak in spite of everything they can do. He put it in splints, but I was so nervous I could not keep them on through the night. Last night succeeded better. He did not bring the heel fully in place. Tonight he has brought it nearer in place. It is quite painful. You see what my prospect is. Notwithstanding, I am not discouraged.

We have had quite a hard time. Father has been in such a state of mind I feared he would lose his reason. But he is concluding to lay off the burdens of office matters and go to writing. I hope he will do so, for he will surely come out a perfect wreck unless he does change. I want him to go to California. I am sure he will have different feelings if he does. He imagines so many things and takes such positions it is enough to wear the soul out of us. He is feeling different now and I hope will continue to do so.

I read Mary's very interesting letter yesterday. Was glad to hear from her and hope she will favor us as often as possible with more of the same.

I am at times in such perplexity and distress of mind I covet retirement or death, but then I gather courage again. Elders [S. N.] Haskell and [G. I.] Butler are here. How long they will remain I cannot say. I am too tired to write much and my crippled ankle is too painful, so I must say good night.

Spoons came all safe, thank you. Mary, use any of those old clothes you choose for Sister Baker. I wish you would tell me what became of our eight-day clock. Do you know anything about it? Is it lent to any one? Just write me if you have any knowledge of it.

Mother.

Lt 2, 1881

Haskell, S. N.

Battle Creek, Michigan

June 28, 1881

Dear Brother Haskell:

I received a letter from your wife stating that you were in a very poor state of health. I am very sorry for this. I have felt fearful that you would go on and on without rest or recreation until it would come to this. I beg of you to stop now just where you are; get away somewhere, [even] if it is to Europe, but do not go to work; go to rest. You must have it. Cannot you see that you are sinning against the Lord by your neglect to cherish the body that He has given you? Your labors will not tell with efficiency anywhere unless you have calmer nerves; you need them now, if ever.

Will you refuse to attend one of these camp meetings, and will you work only when you have sufficient strength to work?

I am feeling sad over many things. I think you and Elder [G. I.] Butler should have made more earnest efforts to have harmony between you and my husband; you knew his active mind. The more and longer this state of disunion continues, the less and less favorable for a union. I am sure Satan is well pleased over the state of things. But I will not say anything to afflict you.

I was thinking of our camp meetings: you [are] wholly unprepared to attend them, and I am really somewhat afraid of Elder [D. M.] Canright's position. The people everywhere are discouraged. I know that the tract and missionary work as a whole is of God. I also know that it is burdened with extra machinery which is wearing to the life and flesh. I think something might have been said and

done by you both, Elder Haskell and Butler. I thought, had you sense of the harm which this disunion is creating, you would come together, talk things over, and pray over the matter, and have union come again. I believe the blessing of God would attend such an effort. That there is some unneeded stiffness on the part of you two men, I cannot deny. But after the Iowa meetings, I had little hope of union at the Wisconsin [camp meeting]. I had less confidence at its close, far less. I cannot, as things are, do anything in camp meetings. I fear my husband might say something to make matters worse.

As for Dr. Kellogg, I fully believe he is prompted by Satan if ever a man was. He acts as all those in Battle Creek [act] who have [been] set in condemnation of my husband. [They are] tenfold worse in the very things they accuse him of, than he has ever done.

But I say, Do, my brother, take care of yourself; do not throw your life away, but preserve it to do service for God. Satan would triumph if you should become useless or die.

Come to the law of God, live in accordance with the laws of life and health. Be true to yourself. We must live, if we can, till we get over this hard-testing, proving time. Then we shall see brighter days.

I am now settled and have begun to complete volume four, Spirit of Prophecy. I have great freedom in writing and great freedom in speaking to the people. Do not be discouraged one bit. Trust in the Lord. All things will come out all right.

We have had great power in speaking to the people at Battle Creek. I feel deeply over the backslidden state of the people. May the Lord help and strengthen and bless you is my prayer.

Lt 2a, 1881

Children

Battle Creek, Michigan

April 6, 1881

Dear Children:

Very few times have I written 1881. At its very commencement I was made a cripple and up to this time walk on crutches.

But I am not going to write much. I am too nervous. I am better than I have been. I am improving, but it is slow. We will not attend the camp meetings this season. I fear I am not strong enough. I wish I could write, but my head will not let me.

I received a letter from Brother [S. N.] Haskell. I view Eld. [D. M.] Canright as he does, first in the fire and then in the water. I have considerably more courage in the Lord, not because I have happy flights of feeling, but because I trust God's Word and myself in His hands. I think Elder Haskell should cease from labor entirely for a season and rest. I think he will displease God if he pursues the course he has done. God lives and reigns and He does not require that much of us, that we shall quickly kill ourselves and that be the end of us. A living dog is better than a dead lion, for the living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything.

April 8

Otsego, [New York]

Since commencing my letter to you, I have come here to Otsego. I hardly dared venture, but the sun has shown today. We had a light carriage and an excellent span of horses, so we were brought right along, not very much wearied. But after sitting from eight a.m., until half past four p.m., I find relief in using my faithful crutches and walking from room to room. I see I am growing stronger but can endure so little.

I spoke last Sabbath forenoon and then, being urged, attended conference meeting and spoke about fifteen minutes. We had a very interesting meeting, but it was too much for me. All next day I was almost blind and so nervous I knew not what to do with myself.

Carrie Haskins has been with me two weeks and has been giving me treatment consisting chiefly of sitz baths and movements.

Since commencing this letter I have seen Elder Canright only a few minutes. He seemed very much surprised that reports should be made of the character of his labors at Danvers. He seems to think his labors were of a right nature and the influence good. He says he wrote back to Danvers what had been reported and they returned answer they were surprised at any such report. He is very anxious we should connect together and be convinced that he was laboring all right. He has just been in with his intended, introduced [her]. She is a girl highly thought of and intelligent. She is a school teacher, not perhaps devotional, but is a Sabbathkeeper. Her mother has been a Sabbathkeeper for many years. Her father makes no professions of religion. Elder Canright will be married in two weeks. I will say we must be careful how we treat our ministers for there are few enough.

I have [a] great many questions in regard to Elder Canright but do not think it best to let him know we regard him with suspicion. There is much lost by holding off and appearing distant and unsympathizing with those who are under temptation and who err from the truth; but everything is too deep for me now. I just let my mind stop running.

I dreamed, about two days before Brother Haskell's letter, of being in California and speaking to the people, and again I dreamed of being in a field of fruit. I held up some clusters of tomatoes not fully ripe but ripening and asked others to see how full and perfect was the fruit, and I was surrounded with it.

All have just left for meeting. I am the only one there is in the house. I am at Brother Leighton's. Elder Canright speaks tonight.

April 11

Home again

I would so much love to see you all, but I try to be reconciled to being away from my children. We certainly have a very nice home. All that nature could do to make it lovely has been done, but I fear the climate for me.

I am very glad to hear such good news from Oakland. May the Lord still work for you all in power is my prayer.

I find some cotton stockings which I will send by mail. You did not tell me what way to send them. Cotton stockings are not knit in the knitting factory. I have made two new shirts for Willie [White] and will make more if you desire it. I was not pleased with the polonaise made for you. That little narrow piece would not have [been] put on it if it had been done by my dressmaker.

Did you get the handkerchiefs all right? Twelve for you, six for Willie. Your boxes are safely stored in my chambers in the very boxes you made for them. They will be safe. Can we do any other sewing for you? I have a dressmaker who will make garments very nice, but will not cut; but this can be done mostly by myself. I cut out most of your things; and some things, when [I was] too weak to cut, were laid down before me, and [I] told just where to put the pattern, while I was in bed.

Dear children, I hope you will, neither of you, do too much. Be careful of your strength. God would not have you tax yourselves to that degree that you will lessen physical and mental powers so that you will have less to serve Him with than if you worked temperately and retained the full vigor of your powers to do with efficiency whatever is done. Will you be guarded on this point, and will you work with that moderation that will not wear and enfeeble?

I have done wrong. I have brought myself very low. I feel guilty before God of placing myself in a position through overwork where I can do but little I have some hope still. I spoke Sabbath at Otsego with great freedom to a full house of believers and unbelievers.

Sunday p.m., spoke to a crowded house; a large part of them were unbelievers. The Lord gave me tongue and utterance and strength to speak His Words, and solemnity was upon the congregation, that we seldom see. Young and old listened as if spellbound. I was told many of the most hardened sinners wept and left the house in tears.

We have just arrived at home. It commenced raining when we were near our home, within four miles. We found all well.

Sister Anderson left us last Thursday to work in the office. They needed her very much. We took her out of the office. As we have no girl, Addie cooks. We shall get help soon. The children have done so well for me this winter. They are attentive, kind; and what could I have done without them in my helpless, crippled condition?

I have a particular request to make that Willie and Elder Haskell shall take hold thoroughly of that Healdsburg property. Who is on the place? What is it rented for, and all about it? Do not put this off for it is not right. I do not think that man should remain on the terms he has done, pretending to put in eight dollars worth of improvements a month. Let him show what he has done. Better let old Brother Young on it for some price and empty that set out; but sell if possible or exchange for Oakland property. Sell for three thousand dollars. We then lose \$1,000. Do please write us something about these matters.

The fur you mention should be in circular form as near like my cape as the material will allow. The tabs should be taken off. They offered to dye it and line it with the best of silk and fit it in any shape we wanted for fifty dollars. I leave this to your judgment. You are on the ground and may do just as you think it will pay.

Please put all my woolen goods where they will not get moth-eaten. Will you look in a box in the chamber of the addition to the office and get the pink merino undersuits of mine? Send them by mail. You can do them up in two packages. I will color them and use the pieces for some purpose. I believe I have now mentioned all the little items I can think of.

So good-by. Love to you both. May the Lord bless you, my children.

In haste,

Mother.

Lt 3, 1881

Walling, Addie; Walling, May

Battle Creek, Michigan

April 15, 1881

Dear Children, Addie and May:

I have a few moments this morning and will write you a few words of counsel. In my absence I would have you kind and courteous to all who are employed in my house. Neither of you [must] feel that you have experience and wisdom to do things correctly without counsel and advice from those older than yourselves. I have observed in you both a want of respect to those older than you. This defect in your character will, if indulged, become confirmed upon you and grow stronger with every indulgence. Therefore subdue it, control it, overcome it entirely.

Again, I see, Addie, more especially in you a growing disposition to jealousy. Jealousy, the Scriptures tell us, "is as cruel as the grave." Song of Solomon 8:6. You may inquire "What is jealousy?" It is this thinking that those around you do not think enough of you and appreciate your value. You imagine they talk about you and say things of you not correctly. You feel that others are favored and you are not. Many such feelings are the outgrowth of jealousy. Now, Addie, you want to be a Christian, a child of God. And if you succeed, you will have battles to fight with your own natural imperfections. You must watch for these defects and war against them with all your powers. Jesus loves you, He died for you, my children, Addie and May, and He wants you to have His spirit and His grace that you may indeed be His lambs, His dear children. You want the grace of Jesus to subdue every unlovely trait of character that you may be approved of Jesus and the holy angels.

Addie, I observe you listen and watch to hear what others say, thinking they may say something in reference to you. Do not do this any more. This you should overcome at once. Your mother did in this way when she was a girl, and she fancied that she was slighted and blamed and disliked, and this jealousy grew upon her until after she was married. She made the life of your father anything but pleasant. For your good, I enjoin upon you to nip this in the bud. Again, I see in you a disposition to dictate to May and fret at her. This is growing upon you. Treat May kindly, make your requests patiently, not in an ordering manner, but just as one sister should treat another. You will be disliked by every one unless you look well to these things.



You have both many things in your natural disposition that should be overcome. You must see these things, and then you will see how you despise them in others, and avoid them yourselves. You may grow up lovely in character, kind, gentle, meek, lowly of heart, or you may grow up peevish, fretful, unkind, self-sufficient, esteeming yourselves above that which you should. Read in the Bible what are the fruits borne by the Christian tree and then read the fruit borne by the evil tree. One is good, the other corrupt. Now I have no time to write further, but I know your defects of character, and the Lord I love has shown me and you in His Holy Word that you may be His children, but you need His grace daily to overcome your errors of character.

All these things I have mentioned, or even one of them, if not overcome, will exclude you from heaven; for nothing can enter there but that which is pure and holy. I want that our labors for you, my children, should not be in vain. I want you to be happy in the beautiful world Jesus has prepared for those who love Him and seek to be like Him in character.

Do not neglect this matter. Be in earnest; battle with all your might against everything unlovely in character. You will be happier yourselves for this; you will make others happy around you, and you can, in your words and correct deportment, show that you are copying the Pattern forming your character according to the character of Christ.

May, my dear child, I do not wish you to overwork, but I want you to be prompt and bear your share of responsibility. Those who do work only when compelled to do so will be worthless. You can do work with cheerfulness and not wait to be told. Be faithful in little things, and then it will be easy for you to be faithful in larger things. Remember that there are duties for you to perform just as important to perfect your experience as the duties those older have to do to perfect their experience. Do your work, not as though it was a burden, but a pleasure, as though done for Jesus. Your Saviour was an obedient child, working with His Father at the simple trade of a carpenter. You must eat and drink in order to live, and then, as a natural result, the dishes must be washed, floors swept, if you live in houses.

Now act your part with fidelity, doing your work for Jesus. I may write you again. I want you both to strive to excel in having the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of great price.

A word more. When we came to Brother Hilliard's about nine o'clock, we found the house fastened and no one in it. After Elder [D. M.] Canright and your uncle rattled around for some time and had about given up the effort of opening up the house, Elder Canright found the wood box was filled from the woodshed, which was open. The wood box was quickly emptied, and then the question was, Who would venture to squeeze through? Canright objected. He said, "I cannot get through." They were about to have Mary Ann try to crawl through, when Canright thought of another plan. He put through his hand and could just reach the fastening of the door. It was soon opened, and we were under shelter. We took possession of the house.

It was warm, and apparently they would soon return. And it was past ten o'clock, and we began to think they would not return. But they came at last, and how surprised they were to see, half a mile within sight of home, a bright light in the house they thought fastened so securely. You never saw people so surprised as they were. Well, we were welcomed gladly.

Have just stopped writing long enough to eat and then have written the above on this page. Well, good-by, my dear children. Be kind, be respectful to others older than yourselves.

Your aunt.

Lt 3a, 1881

White, J. E.

Battle Creek, Michigan

April 22, 1881

Dear son Edson:

I felt sad when I went into your room and saw the improvements you are making. No one would be better pleased to see you have all these advantages than your mother. But for several reasons was I sad, because you have had a very discouraging and defective experience. The Lord has noticed your defects and mercifully warned you and counseled you. In failing to see the wrong of this course and to what it would lead, you failed to heed the decided warnings given you.

It is very difficult, when once you have started in with a plan, to be diverted from it or headed off. The last experience you had in California was a very severe one. To save you mortification and trial we managed to have you come to Battle Creek. We thought after this severe lesson you would certainly see and realize your dangers—your tendencies to lay out means, trusting hopefully to large returns. I did try to help you all I could, for one purpose—that you would get into a position to go out and labor. If you do not economize, you will certainly be unable to labor at all without high wages to support you in your ideas of living.

Now, Edson, will you please read over the cautions given you of the Lord. Do not think your mother deceived and too cautious, exaggerating matters. I know your dangers; I know the power of habit upon you. You commence to make things as you want them, convenient and pleasant, but all the time it is borrowed capital you are using; for every dollar expended that you could get along without and not suffer is somebody's money who may call for it.

I thought your first anxiety would be to get out of debt. Have you paid one dollar to lessen the principal and stop the interest since you purchased that house? And yet you see places for improvements, and as soon as one thing is done the passion grows by indulgence and there seems to be the strongest temptation to do still more in improving. When you own the house you live in, then it will be time enough to invest money, if you can get it without borrowing, to lay out in improvements.

For a poor man who knows not whether he can ever pay for the house he lives in, I consider the improvements you are now making a piece of extravagant folly. I would rather have lost one hundred dollars than have anyone who knew your financial standing see these improvements. It seems as though you had an abundance of means you knew not how to use up. This is the temptation of Satan to ruin you and to leave you without influence, as far as your wisdom and wise management of means is concerned. Some improvements it was necessary for you to make. But if you would stop with only a few that are really necessary! I beg of you to dismiss Spicer. Live in the

house as it is till you have a surplus of means that you can safely make improvements, and then venture to make your surroundings.

To have you thrown up in my face continually as an extravagant, unwise young man is continual grief to me.

Now, my son, consider the warnings given you of God. Are these to be set aside and wholly disregarded? Can you not see your failure and mistakes of the past that have imperiled everything you have touched because you have not restrained and overcome this disposition to lay out means, flattering yourself that plenty was coming in? I thought, if you could do a small business, without depending much on hired help, it would be well; but you soon began to branch out. And I am so involved in this matter; and you have those at Battle Creek who are acquainted with your past failures look on and see that you have made no reformation in these things. Your two carriages and these things are against you. Of all places in the world, Battle Creek is the place where this propensity of yours should be held in firmly with bit and bridle.

Do not, I beg you, go any further on borrowed capital. You may sell your furniture to make changes, but you will buy again. Our books will not lie piled up on the floor in a heap in the corner. Your room was light and pleasant with two large front windows, and you could have had a large one where the small one was and it would have been all-sufficient. You are a poor young man who needed every dollar you have paid to Spicer to use in your organ business. If you sell furniture, put that into your business, for it is a money value. Where this mania will end I cannot say. But what can I say, and how can I feel in regard to these expenditures of means, to those who have heard me plead for means to be raised and loaned to you?

I beg of you, for your mother's reputation, for your wife's sake, and for Christ's sake, to develop more caution and economy of character. I have felt bad to see the testimonies of caution and reproof have so little weight with you. Your failures in the past were in consequence of indulging your own ideas and plans, just as you are doing now, without moving safely and surely. Your desire to accomplish your object has led to greater evils. Now the only safe course for you is to restrain this propensity. You will never have anything you will call your own till you do this.

God is bringing you over the ground again, testing, proving you. Will you withstand temptation and, as tried gold, endure the test? You have already earned the name of being incapable of doing business—justly, too. You had better put up with inconvenience and have things unhandy and even uncomfortable, rather than live under the shadow of debt. Your religious interest is gone. Your mind has become absorbed in other things and the Sabbath of the Lord is not devoted to religious service. This is the very same course for which H. W. Kellogg and Dr. [J. H.] Kellogg were reproved. You are neglecting religion for your business.

What kind of influence are you exerting in Battle Creek? Absent from the discourses on the Sabbath, absent from the conference meetings, absent from the prayer meetings. Is it not as essential for you to exercise yourself in religious things in order to grow spiritually as for any one else? You are drifting away from the right. Stop, I pray you, stop where you are and consider. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Mother.

Lt 3b, 1881

White, W. C.; White, Mary

Newton, Michigan

April 19, 1881

Dear Children, Willie and Mary:

We started last Thursday evening for Spring Arbor. Came as far as Brother Hilliard's, at Newton. Started next morning for Spring Arbor with our team—Elder [D. M.] Canright, your father, Marian Davis, and I. We went as far as Ceresco and decided it would be cruelty to the horses to go farther. Father consented to have Marian and myself return to Brother Hilliard's while Elder Canright and himself went on the cars to Spring Arbor. Sabbath I spoke here to a small number, but although few, they needed help. Such little companies always need encouragement and prize it when they do have it. I had much satisfaction in speaking to them.

Sunday we intended to return home, but it commenced to rain and has continued to rain all day and all night and rains this morning. We are in a good harbor and shall not go out in the rain. Father returns today. With the exception of colds, I am improving in health and of my lameness, but confined still to crutches.

We found Sister Hilliard much depressed, in an unbelieving state, looking to herself and dwelling upon her unworthiness until her mind is almost unbalanced. But I have, by the blessing of God, said some things to relieve her. She is more cheerful.

I have sought to direct her eye of faith to Jesus and lead her, in the place of talking and pondering upon herself, to meditate upon the mercy, the goodness, and excellency of the character of our Surety and Substitute, Jesus the Righteous, the spotless Lamb of God; and to hang her helpless, care-troubled soul upon the helpful Burden-bearer.

I think we fail here wonderfully, and as the consequence remain weak when we might be strong. We are desponding when we might be hopeful. I dare not take the eye of faith from Jesus to the boisterous billows as did poor, trembling Peter, lest I sink. I see enough turmoil, confusion, and perplexity to distract and confuse me should I look upon them and dwell upon them. I say many times a day, Help, Lord, for Thou alone canst help and I will trust in Thee fully and entirely. The work is Thine, the cause is Thine. Thou wilt not suffer Thy Truth to be reproached.

I cannot see any way to help matters here at Battle Creek. I will not afflict my soul so much that I cannot do anything. I just wait and pray, doing my work in humbleness of mind and in quietness of spirit and say little about things. I have increased courage as I do this. If I wrench myself one way and the other, I only weaken and worry myself and help things none at all.

I dare not give counsel, even to my brethren. It is a perilous time. There was never such a state of things as now in Battle Creek. But we may be brought still lower before God will reach down His arm to lift us up. We need to feel and sense our weakness and feel our great need of help from God before help will come.

When one poor mortal will try to stand under heavy burdens as though he must carry them or everything perish, he will be crushed under them and find, after all, God did not want him to make himself the burden-bearer. But when we lay these burdens upon Jesus and then do what little we can in His strength and not feel that everything depends on us, we can keep serenity of mind, calmness of spirit, and shall be in a condition to do much more effective service.

Now, dear children, I hope you will be of good courage and not do too much. We are nothing. Jesus is everything. In ourselves we are nothing. Said Christ, "Without me ye can do nothing." [John 15:5.] Let us then do all in the strength of Jesus.

Mary, I have a favor to ask of you. Will you get a small box and put in it small pink roots and slips, a few choice rose cuttings, fuchsia, and geraniums. And send me also, at the same time, if thought best, some one or two or more of my scrapbooks that contain pieces especially treating on the mother's duty and influence in her family. I would like that little, blue-covered book for youth and any other books that would help me in the work we design to get out, Mother's Influence. We want these things as soon as they can reach us.

Mary, if you would like to wear my cotton flannel night-dress or anything of mine you can use, do so. I am wearing now your cotton flannel nightdresses. I learn that no stockings can be knit such as you want, but I will get cotton yarn and have Aunt Mary knit you some stockings and will send you what we have on hand. Do you want [that] I should send your woolen stockings and socks? Is there anything in the line of clothing you want us to make for you and send? I have a nice dressmaker at work for me for two dollars per week, and she can do anything you would like to have done. Has Willie a vest pattern? She might make him a vest if he has a pattern.

In much love to all.

P.S. We will spend next winter in California. I never want to risk another winter East.

Lt 4, 1881

Bourdeau, D. T.

Battle Creek, Michigan

May 14, 1881

Dear Brother Daniel Bourdeau:

I have heard you anticipated going to Europe ere long. I hope this is not so, for I am confident any such move on your part would be entirely wrong. The cause in Europe is suffering today from the result of your course of action when you were there; and I would, in the name of the Lord, entreat you to work where you are until your brethren feel the burden in regard to your visiting Europe. In this case, of all others, your judgment and impressions alone are not sufficient evidence that you should go.

In my last vision your case was shown me. The same dangers existed as have been in your temperament. You are not aware of the strength of your peculiarities, and at your age these traits

seem dyed in the wool and will never be overcome unless you see them and sense them yourself and, without excuse, put them away.

You are a man that needs the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ every moment. Your wife has been, to a large degree, moulded by your spirit, but not altogether. You are a man that will not bear to have your wife have an individuality of her own. You would force her mind and judgment to see things as you do, and if she does not, you become firmer and more positive in your position.

You are not a kind father, but are critical, severe, and will make your children dislike you because you do not rule them in love. They will assuredly feel an earnest longing to get away from under your management, where they are controlled by fear rather than love. You do not see these things.

I am sorry, but I hope you will not carry to Europe causes for greater stumbling than they have already. No, my brother, remain where you are, and I beg of you to change your course of discipline. You move impulsively, from feeling rather than reason.

In the discipline of your children you need the softening, subduing influence of the grace of Christ on your heart. There never was a time when we should watch and guard self more than now. There never was a time when you and I and all should do battle with our own individual wrongs.

Do not begin to concentrate your mind to distinguish just where and how you have been, and still are, and make it the theme of thought and conversation. But silently, prayerfully go to work. Talk less of self. Turn your thoughts and conversation upon something besides yourself. Keep yourself out of your thoughts and be kind, be courteous, have tender pity and love—these traits you should cherish.

In consideration of your own defects, be humble, be meek and lowly. And on no account do not go to Europe. You would do good if you were a well-balanced man, but you are not. Your own self-will, your perverse spirit made you an insane man when you were in Europe before. If they had never had your influence, they would have stood today in greater union and strength in the truth. I should discourage your going to Europe with all my strength of influence. I do not think you will ever be that well-balanced [a] man that you would be a safe man to trust to any such mission. All I would desire would [be] that your course there, from beginning to end, would be held up before you just as it was in Europe.

It was your course that brought intolerable burdens on Brother [J. N.] Andrews. It was your course that produced the nervous prostration of your wife. And then to think, after the course you pursued, of going back to the same field again without sufficient ... [remainder missing.]

Lt 4a, 1881

Children

Battle Creek, Michigan

May 15, 1881

Dear Children:

Last Sabbath Father and I went to Ceresco. Father spoke in forenoon, I in afternoon. Today I have no strength. Every breath has been labored. I think now we will go to Colorado this summer. I dare not, in my present state of health, attend one camp meeting. I did hope Lucinda [Hall] would be some help to me, but notwithstanding my pitiable condition, she engaged herself to the sanitarium; does not come near me any more than if we had been merely casual acquaintances.

About one week ago she and Lilly called upon me and began to talk in regard to Father as though Lucinda had not been paid enough for her services when with us. I know Father always paid her more than she asked, and urged upon her more than she would receive. He handed her five hundred dollars in consideration of her valuable services. Lilly belched out to me that Father told all around that he had made Lucinda a present of five hundred dollars, and then both, I saw, were of one spirit and one mind. They made several very glaring statements that Lucinda was paid only two dollars a week while he drew from the office a much larger sum for her services, making your father dishonest.

I believe Lilly Carruth to be Lilly Abbey still, a falsifier. I have no confidence in her, and I sincerely hope you will never connect her with the office again. I shall never use my influence to have Samuel or Mary go to Oakland, should they ever want to go.

Father was very anxious Lucinda should help me. Samuel Rhodes was at her parents', a terrible burden upon Sister Abbey. Lucinda said she could not leave on this account. Father proposed to remove this objection by having Samuel Rhodes come to Battle Creek when Henry Kellogg should call for him when he returned from New York. But the parties got in so great a hurry to get rid of him, and were so very urgent, that they took him to the cars and placed him on board all alone. He says he had thirty dollars stolen from him. His wife refuses to live with him or have any further care of him, for he has used up her property and abused her cruelly all their married life. Here is Samuel Rhodes on the church at the expense of three dollars per week, and your father got him here hoping we might have help from Lucinda, but she has refused to help us and engaged herself at the sanitarium as assistant matron. Dr. Kellogg has given her a wonderful puff.

Now Lucinda has linked with the bold-faced, impudent Lilly [and] is apparently of the same heart and of the same mind and judgment. I cannot explain these things. Nathan Wheeler and the Abbeyes and Sister Hall and Rosette Perry get together and talk and talk until they misconstrue everything. I shall never ask Lucinda to unite with me again—never, never. A great gulf is between us. Whenever I have mentioned the matter she has said, "You ought to be with Willie and Mary. They are just the ones to help you."

I have been keeping house, afflicted, and not one in my house companionable or that could give me anything of the help I needed. I have thought seriously of sending for Sister Ings from Europe. She writes that she would come if I sent for her, but there is her husband who needs her help and is entitled to it. How would it do for Mary to come to Colorado, if we go there in June, to remain until fall? Can she be spared at all? Can she leave the work there? Would it not be a change for her? We intend to write in the place of going to the camp meetings.

If our place was free for us at Healdsburg, we might go there. Let us know what you think of this. I can bring a girl to do the work so Mary will not have to do housework and wash and take these burdens. Let us know. I want to do my writing if I can.

We have the most beautiful situation in Michigan, but I have so many calls to go pray for the sick, to give counsel, to listen to troubles. I am exhausted continually and then am considered, I suppose, heartless because I do not go at every call. I must get out of this. We had decided to go to Spring Arbor camp meeting, then by most urgent request attend the Wisconsin camp meeting and then Minnesota. I had consented to do this, but I know now it would be presumptuous. I have suffered today very much.

I want all that comes in from my place to be applied to the money Father paid to cancel the mortgage. Let me know just the amount Father paid and just how far the rent money will go to pay my indebtedness. Before this is off your mind, write me an answer that I may know my exact financial standing. I have written several times upon this subject, but no answer returns—forgotten, I suppose, in pressure of business. But don't neglect this now; let me know in reference to this matter.

I have made up that thick cloth, Mary, in your box. Made two shirts for Willie. Will send soon. I wish you would write oftener and let me hear from you upon things I want to know so much. Are my two houses, bought of Edson, rented?

I am fully convinced that I must have an easier time than I have had. The old hands are dropping off. Father [J. P.] Kellogg is gone, buried last Sabbath.

Father has excellent health. He has worked hard on the place here; put in more than one acre of strawberries, some raspberries, more than an acre of potatoes, several acres of corn, fifty hard maples, many peach trees, pear trees, and two long rows of pie plant. I have been gathering up shrubs and flowers until we have quite a garden. Peonies, I have a large number of them; hope to get California pinks. I want to get some of that green bordering we get from Sister Rollin. How can I get it? I wish I had some seeds from California. Remember your mother and sister are now residents of California. Will you come? But my Willie needs you and I have not the heart to ask.

Mother.

[P.S.] Why not send at once for Lucinda and then let her take Mary's place? Lucinda is an exact fit in the office at Oakland. But don't take Lilly, I beg of you. She is not truthful.

Mother.

Lt 5, 1881

Bourdeau, Brother and Sister [A. C.]

Spring Arbor, Michigan

May 21, 1881

Dear Brother and Sister A. C. Bourdeau:

I have received a letter from Brother [J. N.] Andrews. He expresses anxiety in regard to rumors that your brother, Daniel [Bourdeau], anticipates returning to Europe ere long. He feels sure that it was



the course he pursued which brought upon him so great perplexity and distress; that it has brought upon him the present state of his ill health; and if he comes now, he knows it would kill him.

I write to you to know if this is the calculation of Daniel. If so, I must use all my influence to prevent it, for I speak that which I do know, that it will not be his duty to go to Europe now, and I fear, never. His peculiarities of character are such that they counteract the influence he might have when these strong traits are not in active exercise. I do hope he will be content where he is and not be restless and uneasy continually. He was but little short of an insane man much of the time he was in Europe, and he, instead of helping Brother Andrews, hindered and discouraged him. With his strong will, will he set himself to work to carry out his impulsive feelings calculated to ruin the cause of truth?

I have no evidence that he has changed materially in his character or that he sees his course in Europe in the true light. He needs the converting power of grace every day, subduing and softening his heart and modifying his intense feelings. He needs to educate himself to be less severe in his family and put away the arbitrary rule to have everything controlled by his mind. It is his course and his influence that has shattered the nervous system of Sister Bourdeau so that her constitution is not what it might be. Sister Bourdeau is moulded too much by his strong spirit. She becomes confused and her judgment and reason become warped to view things incorrectly. Of all the people in the world engaged in the cause of God, these are the last to engage in the work in Europe.

Brother Daniel might have been a fit man for the place had he made himself thus by keeping self under control, and if his headstrong spirit had been subdued to the control of the Spirit of God. But his strong will overbears reason, and just as he deals with his own wife and children, will he deal with the church. He rules too much, and he is not easy to be entreated. There is that selfishness about him that he fails to see and overcome. I believe Daniel wants to be a Christian, but he does not begin at his own heart to conform his life and character to the life and character of Christ. Self is mixed and mingled with everything he undertakes. Now these are the reasons that Brother Daniel will not be a fit man for Europe. These defects will be a hindrance to the work wherever he may labor, but in a new field where the people must be educated and moulded, where prejudices are strong, where obstacles to the people embracing the truth are many, these defects are tenfold more injurious. If Daniel Bourdeau goes to Europe, it will be on his own individual responsibility, for the people will not send him until they shall have the fullest evidence that he is fitted for the work.

He is a man of intense feelings, and he concentrates his mind upon one point to the exclusion of others. Even little matters are to him large, and he dwells upon them and views them in too strong a light. I feel deeply for the cause of God. We need levelheaded, well balanced minds to devise and plan in this state of the work, and men, faithful as was Caleb, to execute and bear down all obstacles and urge forward the right.

I learn that your wife is in poor health. Let her come to Battle Creek and take treatment. It shall be as easy for you as possible. Do not delay the matter.

I would not be misunderstood. I love Brother Daniel, but he needs a refining work to go forward in his own heart in order to deal kindly, justly, and mercifully at home and in all places. I have written to Brother Daniel, but I fear I did not send it to the office. I left in so great haste. I will look the matter up when I return to Battle Creek.

I feel the tenderest feelings for you all, especially for Sister Bourdeau in her affliction.

In much love.

Lt 5a, 1881

White, W. C.; White, Mary

Des Moines, Iowa

June 14, 1881

Dear Children:

We are about to leave the campground. Everything is astir. The camp is breaking up and I have been lying in the tent with a severe attack of heart difficulty. I am [somewhat] relieved, and, sitting up on the bed, I am penning these lines to you.

It must be a little surprising to you to learn that we are attending the Iowa camp meeting. I will tell you the reason for this.

I have been running down ever since I was made a cripple. The lack of agreement between Elders [S. N.] Haskell, [G. I.] Butler, yourself, and Father has been a continual weight upon my spirits. I have been unable to see any chance for me to work in the cause of God anywhere. Dr. Kellogg would come to me and in the most ingenious and apparently disinterested manner obtain expressions from me in regard to matters of the cause and where I could not sustain Father, and then has made the worst use of it. Father would take things expressed in testimony and sustain his position and make it to bear against Brethren Haskell and Butler. This lack of harmony is killing me. I have to keep my own counsel and have confidence in no one.

I see plainly that the plans and machinery of the tract and missionary work is killing to the spirituality of our people. The prayer meetings and tract and missionary meetings cannot both be carried on, for want of time, with so many things to do. The prayer meeting Wednesday night in Battle Creek has been dropped and tract and missionary meetings take its place. Everywhere we go the religious exercises are supplanted by tract and missionary meetings. And these things I know were killing out the spirit of piety and vital godliness and our people are degenerating into a dry, sapless form.

Father has not preserved caution. He has seen the evils and where we were running, and [he] has expressed his fears and repudiated the plans and forms that made the work so complicated. Its simplicity was gone. While I see the evil, I also see and feel that to correct it requires time, great wisdom, and caution.

Another evil is that our brethren, in introducing the Signs, have about dropped the Review and Herald. We find very many families who take the Signs but do not take [the] Review and Herald. The studied silence in the Signs of recommending the brethren to take the Review and Herald is unexplainable, and this arouses the feelings of hundreds. Your father feels badly over it and takes advantage of this.

Our Brethren Haskell and Butler are not men of farseeing judgment or they would pursue in some things a different course than they have. They will surely kill the spiritual interest of our people as they devote so many meetings and drill so much upon tract and missionary work and neglect the religious interest of our people. I see the danger. The people are dead. Spiritual life is about extinct. Of course there are exceptions.

While we would have the tract and missionary work live and prosper, we would not have it monopolize every other interest. We would not have our people devoting the time in our meetings to tract and missionary work that they need to devote to seeking the Lord. We would not exclude the light which should be given for the benefit of outsiders by dwelling largely upon the tract and missionary work. Unbelievers become tired, and believers do not dare now to ask their friends to come to the two-day meetings held in our different conferences, for ministers like Brethren Miller, Kenyon, [and] Daniels, and those of this class, have run everything into tract and missionary work. These men are spiritually lifeless. Sunday, the day to reach the outsiders, is devoted to instructing the people how to do tract and missionary work, and the religious interest is very low.

How to cure this evil I cannot now see. Brethren Haskell and Butler have driven their tract and missionary institutes at great expense until, as I say, there is plenty of form, and there are sapless Christians. I am alarmed for our people. I became distressed, and I took the position I would not attend another camp meeting among our people.

At Spring Arbor Dr. Kellogg came on the grounds and distributed circulars that placed the managers of Review and Herald in a very mean light. I suppose you have one of these circulars. This, he declared, was endorsed by Haskell and Butler. He signed H. Kellogg's name himself when H. Kellogg had told him he seriously objected to several things in the circular; but Dr. Kellogg, in a dishonest manner, put Kellogg's name to this document, stating on the Spring Arbor campground that he gave it particular attention and endorsed the statements. These things, extreme to say the least, call forth replies which make distinctly apparent a want of harmony. I concluded, if this drawing apart by both parties were kept up, we would withdraw from the work entirely. Brother Fargo and others of our brethren saw that it was killing me and advised me to go to Colorado.

I went to Spring Arbor pressed for breath. I was nearly suffocated all the time—too exhausted to see anyone or talk with anyone. I did not go on the grounds to occupy our tent but stopped at Brother Weed's house where we could be retired. Sabbath morning Father went early to the campground. I knelt with Brother Weed's family and felt that God indited prayer. I importuned the Lord for help, for light, for strength to bear my testimony to the people of God. Light came. I went upon the grounds and spoke to a large congregation with great power and clearness. I endured the effort. Sunday I spoke in the afternoon upon temperance and was so much encouraged that I left appointment for evening and spoke in the evening.

Still I was firm that I could not, under the existing state of our brethren, work in the cause. Tuesday morning it came to me distinctly, "Go to Iowa; I have work for you to do." I should as soon have thought of going to Europe, but I told your father my convictions, that I should go with him or alone. He seemed surprised and said, "We will go." He had been feeling very much softened in his feelings and seemed to have a more clear view of his mistakes, especially when he saw I was being driven from the field of labor and my health giving way.

We came in company with Elder Haskell. We have labored here earnestly. Father has done well. He has had great freedom in speaking and praying. The Lord from first to last has sustained me to bear a most powerful testimony. I have spoken five times at length, commencing Friday evening, and four times from fifteen to thirty minutes. I called them forward Sabbath afternoon and about two hundred responded. We had thus far a decided move in the right direction.

Sunday the storm came upon us—hail, lightning, and thunder. Leroy Nicola and Father kept the tent from being blown down while about twenty men looked after the large tent. Sister Glasscox, who has been sewing for me, said she was afraid the tent would fall and rushed for the wooden buildings. They told her the wooden buildings were more perilous than the tent in the storm. She rushed into the nearest tent, and in three minutes it fell. She crept out, white as a cloth and dripping wet, and found shelter in another tent. When the storm had subsided, about half past three o'clock, I attempted to speak to the people. I had not spoken long before the rain commenced pouring down again on the tent. A stand was made for me in the center of the mammoth tent, and I had great freedom in addressing the people.

It was a severe tax to me. As soon as I had ceased speaking, I went to our tent and Bell Simons gave me a general bath and put me to bed for the night. But in one hour a message came for me to repair to the tent and speak to some points introduced in their business meetings upon the right of voting in favor of prohibition. I dressed and spoke to them about twenty minutes and then returned to the tent.

Monday I attended [the] five o'clock meeting but found it a tract and missionary meeting, the same as I had found Sunday morning, and had to beat a retreat. The work of reformation, of seeking God, seemed to be dropped. I attended the nine o'clock meeting. It was a social meeting. After several had spoken, I felt the burden of testimony, and I spoke with great plainness and power for about one hour, and the words were felt by the people. I called them forward, and the center seats in the large tent were quickly filled. Then confessions were made one to another. The testimony I bore was in reference to their backslidings from God. Many tears were shed. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon ministers and people. It was a good season. I labored hard but with pleasure and freedom. Elder Butler's son Hiland came forward and spoke in the meeting for the first time. The people are beginning to be alarmed in regard to their condition.

In the afternoon your father spoke upon baptism. Then followed the ordinance, administered by Elders Farnsworth and Washburn. Twenty-six were baptized. Then tract and missionary work with a number, while the people were wandering around until six o'clock, and it was the last day of the meeting. I requested Father to go collect the people and speak to them. He did so. Spoke well. I spoke to a crowded tent in the evening. With feebleness I went into the desk, but the Lord met me and strengthened me, and I talked till near ten o'clock, giving the most solemn message to the people. I never saw such attention. They seemed to be riveted to their seats. No sleeping ones. I felt the power of testimony as I have seldom felt it in my life. Near ten o'clock I went to my tent, and Bell Simons gave me a hand bath and rubbing. [The] tract and missionary meeting was held after that late hour. How long I cannot tell.

I feel weary this morning. A very wealthy man named Myer urged us to come to Hampton and speak on the subject of temperance. Hoping we might get hold upon his heart to make it liberal to the cause, we consented to go. We leave the grounds about noon.

Now, Willie, I have written freely and confidentially. I hope the Lord will preserve you well balanced. I hope you will not go to extremes in anything. I hope you will be firm as a rock to duty and be molded by no one's influence except it be the Spirit of God. We are living in an important time, and I feel to the depths of my soul that perils are all around us. It becomes us to labor for harmony. Let there be no divisions among us. We must present a united front to our enemies and to our people. This pulling apart is all the work of Satan. We must close the door to Satan's devices. We must cherish affection and love. We are growing hard, unsympathizing. The very iron is entering into the souls even of those professing the truth. It is a sad thing, but true. God is not pleased with this hard, critical, cast-iron measure among us as a people. It is time this matter came to an end and another spirit more like Christ was cherished. We need Jesus in us every moment to warm our hearts and make us kind, pitiful, and courteous.

Mother.

Dear Willie and Mary:

Lucinda [Hall] has taken a course that has shaken my confidence in her fearfully. She came to Battle Creek. I urged and entreated her to stay with me, I needed her so much. I told her Carrie Haskins would give us both treatments at the same time, and the help she could give me in her company would be of that value to me that, while so feeble, I would give her four dollars per week and board. She answered me promptly that she could earn more than that at home. She drew off from me when the Lord alone knew how much I needed someone to speak to and advise with.

She next came with Lilly, six weeks ago. I was confined to my room, too weak to leave my room. I told Lucinda I was going to Colorado and invited her to go, but both Lucinda and Lilly broke out in charges against Father of dishonesty. They both united in such a tirade against him—that he paid Lucinda only two dollars a week and then let her have her just due, five hundred dollars—and then boasted everywhere that he gave her five hundred dollars. I had no courage, no strength to answer their tirade and felt oppressed as though my spirit were crushed. I was so glad when they went. When they left I kindly asked them to call again, but they have neither of them entered our doors since. I have not seen Lucinda to speak to since.

This has troubled me considerably. I hope on no consideration you will employ Lilly. She is a piece of deception from beginning to end. Bogus may be written on her from head to feet. Lucinda is influenced by this piece of deception. She is a fraud, a snake in the grass. Beware of her.

Mother.

Lt 6, 1881

White, J. E.; White, Emma

Hampton, Iowa

June 16, 1881

Dear children, Edson and Emma:

We left the regular route at Marshall and took the trail this morning at half past six for Hampton. This is a very pretty town of about two or three thousand inhabitants, three hours' ride on cars from Marshall.

Brother Myer and his wife attended our camp meeting and urged us to come to Hampton and for me to speak upon the subject of temperance. I expect we were a little imprudent to do this, after laboring so hard as we did at the camp meeting. Brother and Sister Myer live about two miles from the depot. They are the wealthiest Sabbathkeepers in all our ranks. They seem to be excellent people, but he, I think, is rather close with his means. We thought by coming here we might be instrumental in securing some of this means to the cause of God. We may not be able to do more now than to gain their confidence, and at some future time solicit means from them. On the subject of means we wish to move guardedly. Our people are sore upon this matter of continually urging means from them. I cannot sanction this course. I think it has been carried to extremes.

We endured the journey to Des Moines well. There were omnibuses but no carriage for me as we were next expected. We dragged up four miles to the campground, walking every step. The fairground was our encampment. Certainly it was the most beautiful spot for camp meeting we have ever occupied. Connected with this is a museum, a collection of animals—wolves, buffaloes, deer, antelope, choice birds. These are kept in buildings somewhat as at Woodard's gardens. Anyone can go in to see the animals for ten cents; children accompanied by parents, free. There are quite a number of buildings on the place. Families live in these houses and take care of the place. It was altogether a grand place.

We were not expected; no provision had been made for us. Our trunks were not sent on and did not come till Sabbath about noon. Elder [G. I.] Butler had a tent pitched, but I tell you there was not preparation made to make us comfortable. We were obliged to accept a very uncomfortable provision from beginning to end.

Sabbath it rained hard. There was a very strong wind. Our bed was on the floor of the tent. After speaking, my clothing was wet. I could not get it dry, and when [I] put [it] on, it seemed cold. [This] chilled the blood from the surface and drove it to the heart. I had severe palpitation which nearly prostrated me; but as the sun came out, circulation was established, and I found relief.

I spoke to the people Friday evening. I was lifted above infirmities and was especially free in the Lord. Many of the people seemed to be starving for the Bread of Life. They were rejoiced to see us and to hear us again. It was a pleasure to feed the sheep and lambs who accepted the message we brought them. Father spoke in the afternoon on Friday.

Sabbath morning I addressed the Sabbath school. I was free in the Lord. Father spoke in the afternoon. In the afternoon I had power in addressing the people upon Peter's ladder of sanctification. I then invited them forward and above two hundred responded. Social meeting followed, and then prayers, and then meetings in the tents. The work seemed to be just begun. Father was especially free in prayer and speaking. Elder [Uriah] Smith spoke in the evening.

Sunday a bedstead was found for us, a stove was placed in our tent, and we were made more comfortable, but our food was a picked-up affair from first to last.

The good work begun on Sabbath should have been carried forward in Sunday morning meetings, but we were disappointed. Tract and missionary meetings occupied all the time until preaching.

As we were about to commence meetings in the afternoon, we had a storm which was very severe. It rained and blew like a hurricane. About twenty men kept up the big tent. They feared every moment it would go down. Sister Glasscox would not stay in our tent, fearing it would come down. She went to one of the wooden buildings, but was told these were frail structures and more unsafe than the tent. She rushed out of it into the first tent she came to and had not been there three minutes before it came down upon her, and she crawled out, white and frightened, and made her way to the next tent, dripping wet. She said she wished she had stayed in Brother White's tent; she would have been better off. But we had a pretty precarious time of it. Leroy Nicola was holding a rope about the center pole on one side and Father on the other side, while I lay on the bed covered up, with the rain and hail pelting in upon us. Almost everything exposed was wet.

It was half past three o'clock before I could venture to speak. It soon commenced raining again, making it difficult for anyone's voice to be heard. Planks were brought in, two seats removed, and I stood in the center of the tent on the planks where all could hear me. I had special strength given me at this time, and a deep impression was made upon the people. We thought of leaving Monday, but the work was not finished. After I had spoken, Sister Simons gave me a bath and put me to bed for the night.

I had lain but one hour when I was sent for, to go into [a] business meeting. I dressed, and found I was to speak to the point of whether our people should vote for prohibition. I told them, "Yes," and spoke for twenty minutes.

We consented to remain till Tuesday morning. Monday I spoke at [the] nine o'clock social meeting for one hour. This was by far the most solemn exercise of the meeting. I was pressed as a cart beneath sheaves. The Spirit of God was upon me and poured out the truth to the people in words that went to their hearts. I then invited them forward, and the center seats of the mammoth tent were soon full. There was deep feeling. Many confessions were made to one another. Many tears were shed. Elder Butler's son Hiland spoke for the first time indicating that he wanted to be a Christian. Ministers and people felt that the Lord was precious near.

This was a good day for the people in Iowa. Our meeting did not close until about one o'clock. About half past two your father spoke upon baptism, then all went to the water and twenty-six were baptized.

The mammoth tent was crowded full in the evening and I spoke for the last time. I had the burden of the Word of the Lord, and it was not I but the Lord speaking to the people through clay.

I could not cease speaking. The precious gift of salvation and the redemption for all those who will accept it seemed so marvelous, so far beyond our finite conception, that language was tame and could not portray the infinite blessings brought within our reach by the world's Redeemer. His greatness condescended to our feebleness.

Jesus, precious Saviour! We may study the love of the Father in that He gave His dear Son to die for a fallen world. As we study this inexpressible love in the light of the cross of Calvary, we are filled with wonder, with amazement. We see mercy, tenderness, and forgiveness blended harmoniously with

justice and dignity and power. Jesus bids the sinner to look to Him and live. "I," He says, "have found a ransom." [Job 33:24.] The gulf of perdition opened by sin is bridged by the cross of Calvary. Penitent, believing souls may see a forgiving Father reconciling us to Himself by that cross of Calvary.

The knowledge of Christ reveals the depths of sin and its offensive character, while by faith we see the cleansing stream, the blood of Christ which washes away every spot, every stain of sin. This salvation is not half appreciated. Salvation brought to us through the blood of Jesus is not estimated of priceless value. By faith this gift must be fully accepted as the great gift of God through Jesus Christ. The burden of our sins and of our sorrows was laid upon One who is merciful to pardon, mighty to save.

Why are we so cold? Why are we worldly? Why are we so careless? Why does not the love of Jesus burn upon the altar of our hearts? He carried the burden of our sins, of our sorrows; why do we not have greater faith? Why do we not trust fully and receive by faith everything from that hand which was nailed to the cross that it might be all-powerful to save? Why cannot we trust that love which has been expressed to us in such infinite sacrifice that we might live? Look in faith to the cross. Look and live. This will be our study and song throughout eternity.

I spoke to the people until nearly ten o'clock. Then Sister Simons gave me a bath, and about eleven o'clock I was lost in slumber.

Lt 8, 1881

Butler, G. I.; Haskell, S. N.

Neenah, Wisconsin

June 20, 1881

Dear Brethren Butler and Haskell:

I am feeling this morning very poorly indeed. Was sick through the night, but this is not the reason why at the present time I write you, now that I have decided not to come to Minnesota.

The difference in your views and my husband's upon important points is a great burden to me. I feel sad beyond expression. My sole purpose in coming to these camp meetings was to bear the light given me of God in testimony for the benefit of His people. I believed that, could you three men come together, there would be harmony in views and action, but I am disappointed, sadly disappointed. I believe that, were you two men feeling as ministers of Christ should feel under all and every circumstance, you would have been willing and anxious to have talked matters over and to have come to a better understanding. But I see that spirit in you that prefers the present state of disunion, rather than harmony.

I see the result of this state of things; you do not. If you saw and understood what I do, you would not stand in the attitude you do at the present time. While I have, in order to come to a right understanding, expressed freely to you some things I could not sustain in my husband, I shall be no less free to state to you the things I cannot sustain in you. I tell you freely, God's Word will not bear you out in your present attitude. Whatever may have been done or said by my husband to lead to



this position, I am satisfied that, had you softened your spirit and not stood up so stiffly and unfeelingly, a union might have been effected.

I had told you both [that], unless there could be union, I should withdraw myself from the field of labor. It has been hard enough under the pressure of infirmities to labor at all, but with this additional discouragement of the want of harmony existing among leading men in this work, it seems that it will kill me. And yet you have not made the least effort to harmonize, but rather held yourselves off to repulse rather than to harmonize.

I see and know the result of this course on my husband's mind, and I know the influence will be detrimental to him healthwise and to the cause of God. I do not think he was ever in, or ever will be in, a more favorable condition to harmonize with you both, than now. But the Lord knows all about it. I know, and you know, that he has given evidence that the cause of God lies very near his heart; and his life is in this work; and he has been making great changes in his spirit and feelings. I want to see everything favorable. I appreciate every effort toward improvement, and it is your duty to come just as closely in harmony with him as possible, even if you have to sacrifice your own feelings and ideas.

In regard to the matters of difference, I have a few things to say. There have been mistakes made on both sides. My husband has not felt right nor viewed his brethren in altogether the right light, and [he] has not acted toward them in letter or conversation as becometh [a] Christian. That he has not had occasion to feel deeply over some things in your course of action, I must admit. Letters have come to him from different sources presenting before him the fact that while the tract and missionary work was in a prospering condition, spirituality and devotion were waning. This I know was the truth. As we have held meetings in different places in Michigan, the state of the churches was similar to the condition of things represented by letters in different states.

While the testimonies have sanctioned vigilant missionary labor and the tract and missionary work, I have not sanctioned, to my certain knowledge, all the machinery attached to the work to make it a complicated care and lording enterprise upon the people. Its simplicity is worked out, and it has become complicated.

Several ministers have told me that, in obtaining names for our periodicals, these names must be sent through one or two hands before they reach the office of publication. [This] necessitated a delay of weeks, which occasioned many complaints with the subscribers. In every case I advised the ministers to send directly to the office, for I knew this was as it should be. The tract and missionary work as it was, when we aroused the interest of the people in it, and as it is now, are not the same.

I was shown that this good work, managed as it is, would react. It could never be run long as you have been running it. The strain is too great. The machinery required too great work, too much expense, too much time and [it] will affect less in reality than before it was worked up to such a fine point. Order and system are essential, but [this] has been carried to great extremes, and were there no check put on it, [it] would burden itself to death with its elaborate workings.

I speak as one who knows. Notwithstanding, this child may be dear to those who have given so much thought and invention to make it live. It will become a taxing burden unless simplified and rearranged so that it shall not absorb and swallow up every other interest.

Our publications are a power and will do great good, but, in some respects, less is being done with them as a whole, and fewer profits [are] realized than before the tract and missionary work became a power to monopolize, to the extent it has, every other interest.

I was shown that our meeting was waning in spirituality and that Elder [B. L.] Whitney was dwarfing spiritually while educating the people to become systematic tract and missionary workers. He was becoming sharp, critical, overbearing to our young ministers, [and] close in dealing with them, and the influence of this management was closing the doors to our ministers while the world was opening ways and means to take our ministers [and] our canvassers where they could have a better chance for a living with less hard labor and less perplexity. It is presented to them that great sacrifices must be made by our ministers to cause the Tract and Missionary Societies to prosper. All other interests were made secondary to this.

Here is the danger of men placed in responsible positions, of not having an ambition to make whatever they shall undertake a success, overshadowing every other branch. God means His workers shall be many-sided men, and that they should not devote their powers to one thing to the exclusion of other interests fully as important in the composing of the great whole. Here is where Elder Haskell has failed. He has concentrated his powers to one matter, the tract and missionary work.

God designed that my husband should take such a course as to preserve his influence among his brethren that his quick discernment, his far-seeing judgment to plan and execute, should be a great help to his brethren. Satan worked to have this influence of no account because he viewed some things in an exaggerated light. He has been for years bending under the weight of infirmities and closing the door of influence with his brethren because he claimed too much, [expecting] that his judgment and voice and opinions must be received without allowing his brethren the privilege of thoroughly discussing every point to be sure that every point would stand the test of investigation. Now his brethren are in danger of shutting away from [themselves] his advice and counsel, which they ought to receive. Thus Satan's object is gained.

Elder Haskell, Willie and others have laid their plans and presented that which was important before my husband for his consideration, but he would be hurried and put off for a future time that business which would suffer unless attended to at once.

I was shown that my husband gathered his arms about so many burdens which others could do, and ought to do, and gain a valuable experience in doing. In dividing his thoughts among so many things, he could not give proper consideration to [the] important matters that he claimed the privilege of doing himself. [He] refused to trust others to do [that] which had never been done, which left a neglect upon the work. Or if [the work was] done, [it] was not done thoroughly and efficiently.

I was shown it was not according to God's order that so many things in reference to the workings of the cause should be brought directly before my husband's mind, for it was already burdened with many things. Elder Haskell and Willie have acted in accordance with the light given. But they have carried this matter too far. Some important matters should have been presented before him which were not, and thus the matter has been going until it has reached its present standing.

My husband has a work to do to preserve the control of his own spirit under provocation. And God calls upon both [of] you younger men who are in health to exercise the same self-control. He also has a duty to treat his ministering brethren, with deference and respect, showing that he esteems them exactly in the manner he thinks he should be treated, guarding sacredly their influence and their reputation before the people, [and] covering their defects, if he thinks they exist, as he would have them bear with and cover his defects. This course will stand the test of the judgment.

But I must leave many things unwritten, for I cannot bring out all I desire with pen and ink at this time. Matters have grown into differences between ministers of Jesus Christ, and these things grieve the Spirit of God.

Now in regard to the missionary work, it will not do to idolize anything in the world, even if it be the Tract and Missionary Society. Whatever we cherish with idolatry, we shall be greatly discomposed if we are crossed in it. You have been filling your mind and heart with the tract and missionary work as the principal thing. You have exalted it above every other consideration. It is your principal concern, your matter of special thought and anxiety, and any word which touches these things of special interest to you pierces you to the quick and inflames the soul, because it is as though touching the apple of the eye. In this you will become transformed [and] lose your spirituality and forbearance unless your interest and labor are more equally divided. There are mistakes in your plans and you do not see them. My husband does see them.

It is not wise management to require ministers or people, if they obtain a subscriber, to have them send the name or order to the librarian, and [then] they send [it] to [the] district secretary, and then it must go to [the] state secretary, [and] then to [the] office. If any of these are absent, as often occurs, delays must occur for weeks. [There is] "too much machinery" since the system of bookkeeping has been introduced by Elder Whitney. Many devoted, earnest workers in tract and missionary work have given up their work in despair. They have home cares, and to be obliged to understand all this fine machinery—the science of bookkeeping—they cannot work, and they let it all drop.

The little interest that has been manifested to see eye to eye by the leaders terrifies me. If God can sanction this lack of harmony, then He has never spoken by me. There are many things I want to say, but cannot. As there has been no change, as I can see, in the working of the Tract and Missionary Societies, I have no burden of testimony on the matter. The question is asked, Has not the Lord shown the importance of the tract and missionary work? He has, but not the absorbing of every other branch of the work. And when it stands in its proper position, then I can heartily endorse it. Until then, I have nothing to say.

The Jews exalted the law. It was right they should, but they began to load it down making it an exacting, absorbing power, until it became a yoke of bondage which led the enemies of God's law to conclude that the law cannot be obligatory upon man, for no man can keep it. Similar results will certainly follow the plans you are forming, creating labor and expense. Had you given due attention to other branches of the work and not appeared to concentrate your thoughts and exercise your minds in the one direction, your efforts would be better understood.

When you showed the least hesitancy in putting the resolution in the Signs, recommending the brethren to take this paper, which they all need, it was a poor course to pursue. [You have] made

every inducement to take the Signs by presenting premiums, but, from what has been shown me, [this] is not the best way and will surely involve the office in the end. Just so about the Review. These papers both stand at a low price, and to attach anything further to make it less is a mistake.

The plan to place the books at a low price has done great harm to the offices of publication. If one-half the time that has been devoted to talking and working up the tract and missionary work to its present state was spent in devising plans for the circulation of all our tracts and publications on present truth, more good would be done and more light shed abroad.

The Signs is a good paper, never to be exalted as superior to our church paper among our people or to take the place of the church paper. This paper was first in the field, and when there is a spirit of competition manifested, it is all wrong and displeasing to God. The Signs is our pioneer paper to serve a want in the cause at the time of its establishment, to give character to the work on the Pacific Coast. But when I see so much made of this paper to the exclusion of the church paper, the Review and Herald, I have said they are beating on the wrong track. They do not work as intelligently as they suppose.

Since I have been expressing and writing out the light given me, I cannot see as it has made any difference. I expected that our ministers would, as far as possible, get together, talk over the matter, and all have a voice in the devising and execution of plans to place and keep this branch of the work—tract and missionary work—on the proper basis. One man's mind, one or two men's judgment, is not to have a controlling power in the work and cause of God. Counsel together has been the word of the Lord. Has this been done? I shall plead for a strict adherence to the light God has given.

But there have been feelings that Elder [James] White controlled the Review, and you would not make special efforts in its behalf. Is this right? I see you, my brethren, are two, composing the Board of Directors for the sanitarium. Have you made special efforts to exert an influence upon the Health Institute to bring it into a condition where God can approve? The whole concern is managed by one man's mind and one man's judgment and that man refusing to accept the light and act upon that which God has given him. Dr. Kellogg takes it for granted he is sustained by you both. Consistency is a jewel. When we see that he is moving in accordance with the will of God, then there is safety, and not till then. It had better be closed than to be swayed off from the principles for which it was established.

Here is a matter to demand attention: that men who have created a fund should sit in counsel and come to some understanding how institutions should be managed to make a success, [and yet] all [their] time and anxiety and thought are given to the working up of the machinery for the tract and missionary work, [while] other matters are sadly suffering. Give some of your strength to this important branch of the work.

I cannot call means from our brethren to the sanitarium until it is placed on a different basis. I have been sick and disgusted with the way it has been conducted for the two past years, in particular. I will not bear any responsibility in it, or give influence to it, till a reformation is wrought in it. Dr. Kellogg has talked some truth and some untruth to you. His scheming, his policy plans he is trying to bring in, God will not approve. Oh, my soul is weighted down with these things. I fear you are not seeing all things clearly. If my husband is wrong twice, it will not make one error right and of value

on your part. Your errors in judgment will be [as] wrong as his errors in judgment. Move with great caution, Elder Haskell.

Let us make haste slowly now [that] things are in a critical condition. I want you both to stand strong in God, and this is the reason I write you. Pray more and plan less. But, Brother Haskell, your mistake has been in crowding down prices. You have talked your plans to Willie and he has accepted them and acted upon them. You are ardent. You talk so firmly and so earnestly and with such confidence [that] you will make others view the matters in your light and accept plans that may not be the best and result the best for the cause of God.

I never expected to write out this matter so definitely. I was shown our ministers have not had a fair chance. They have been crowded into uncomfortable positions that the Tract and Missionary Societies should show marked success. This, God does not approve. The Review and Herald has been robbed of its proper strength and prosperity because the powers of action have been concentrated upon the broad circulation of the Signs and the tract and missionary work. Meetings have been held in the tract and missionary interest that ought to have been given to instructing the people in the fitting of their own souls for Christ's coming and [in] letting the light shine forth to those who have not the knowledge of the truth. The sheep are starving for the Bread of Life. They must be fed. Vital piety and practical godliness must be made a specialty, or the people will backslide from God.

Now, when I know there have been extreme movements in some things, when I know that your dangers are of committing errors by concentrating your mind upon some points to the neglect of important matters, I am surprised that you should manifest so little interest to secure harmony of action. Do you think holding yourself in this position will reform my husband? I have evidence that God has not left him; that He does give him access to the people and [remainder missing]

Lt 9, 1881

Brother and Sister

Sacramento, California

October 20, 1881

Dear Brother and Sister:

I have not had strength or courage to write to any of my friends since the death of my husband, except Mary Clough, who is now Mary Wanless. She wrote to me a very kind, sympathetic letter giving me a cordial invitation to visit them at Colorado Springs, saying they could make me very comfortable and happy and they could take me to places of interest. But I was obliged to write them that I could not come. In the first place, I was not able; second, I had not means. It would cost our party nothing less than seventy-five dollars. I was not able to command means. I found we could get no money to use of the two thousand five hundred due me. I found poverty and sickness everywhere I went.

But now I cannot enter into the details of my husband's sickness. You will find the account in print. I was told he was not as well. The doctor said it would be well for me to see him. They carried me into his room, and the moment I looked upon him I said, "My husband is dying." There was the

unmistakable signet of death upon his countenance. Oh, how shocked I was! I knelt at his bedside. I prayed most earnestly that he should not die.

It seemed that I could not part with him. I begged Dr. [J. H.] Kellogg to do what he could. He and four attendants worked for the entire night. Stimulus was given him; stimulus was injected directly into the blood of his arms and limbs, and yet he was going down. I talked with him. He answered every question, knew us all, but did not revive. Finally success crowned their efforts.

I was with him all night and the next day at noon he had a chill and from that time he did not sense anything. He just went to sleep, no pain, no suffering. Just as pleasant as a child he breathed his last. Oh, how thankful I was that I was not compelled to see him tortured with agony and have this distressing picture before me day and night.

My life was in great jeopardy. The night after his death two watches were appointed to take charge of me and not to be found asleep for a moment; but I knew not my danger and told them they could sleep. Mary Chinnock and Sister Emma Webber were my attendants.

At twelve o'clock at night my pulse stopped. The doctor [had] said, "Watch the pulse and call me at any change," for he should not lay off his clothes. He anticipated what was to come.

He was at my bedside in one minute. I was unable to speak, but knew what was going on. I expected to pass away quietly as my husband had done, but the doctor worked unremittingly with the two helpers until three o'clock in the morning.

The strongest electricity was employed; one stood with [a] cake of ice and another with [a] hot sponge and passed first hot, then cold, over the spine for three hours until my pulse, though very weak, and fluttery, was improved. For four nights these faithful hands battled with death and were rewarded by seeing a determined improvement. I was unable to sit up for two weeks.

We telegraphed for Willie and Mary to come. We had every attention given to the body that it should be kept natural. He looked from the first as though he had lain down to sleep like a tired warrior.

In one week from his death Willie and Mary came; also John White. And yet I was unable to sit up. John White said, "Ellen, I am deeply sorry to see you so feeble. A trying ordeal is before you in the funeral services of the morrow. God help you, my dear sister, God help you on this occasion."

Said I, "Brother John, you do not know me. The more trying the situation, the more fortitude I possess. I shall give way to no outbursts of grief if my heart break. I serve God not impulsively, but intelligently. I have a Saviour who will be to me a very present help in time of trouble. I am a Christian. I know in whom I have believed. He expects from me implicit unwavering submission.

"Undue grief is displeasing to God. I take up my appointed cross and will follow the Lord fully. I will not give myself to abandonment of grief. I will not yield to a morbid and melancholy state of feeling. I will not complain or murmur at the providence of God. Jesus is my Saviour. He lives. He will never leave me nor forsake me."

Every night for one week great care had to be exercised at midnight until three o'clock in the morning. I never remember experiencing such exhaustion and such inexpressible weakness.

I was carried in a hack to our house on the corner, taken out in a chair, and borne into the house to the side of the coffin, the little girls with me, weeping as though their hearts would break. I looked there upon that dear face for the last time. How noble! How peaceful and good he looked in his last quiet sleep. There was nothing in that countenance to remind us of death. But there was the coffin; on it was placed the beautiful floral cross and crown, placed there by Dr. Kellogg, at his expense, costing thirty dollars. It was composed of pure white double pinks and tube [tuber?] roses.

We then went in hacks to [the] Tabernacle, and I was carried in a chair while the mourners followed. I was laid upon a sofa prepared with pillows. I was carefully watched by the doctor. After Elder [Uriah] Smith had given the funeral discourse, I did so long to say something to let all know that the Christian's hope was mine and sustained me in that hour of bereavement, but I feared I could not stand upon my feet.

I finally determined to make the trial and the Lord sustained me. The doctor stood ready to "catch me," he said, if I fell. But Brother John and Willie and Edson were also watching to aid me, but I went through with what I had to say with clearness.

There was much weeping in the house. The hymn was sung and the doctor had me placed in the wheel chair and rolled me out while all the mourners followed and took their places in the hacks. Thus I was saved the ordeal of viewing the dear loved one myself in the presence of the crowd. I had taken my farewell look at the house. I was saved the pain of seeing that packed houseful viewing my husband in his last sleep. A bed was made for me in the large hack, and thus I followed my husband to his last resting place.

One hundred employed in the office, men and women with crepe badges, walked in procession to the grave. Evergreens had been carefully laid in a thick mat all about the grave. I was again placed in the chair and carried to the grave.

In the passage from the road to the grave, we passed under an arch decorated with evergreens, and the path was carpeted with evergreens. All about the grave was thickly matted with evergreens. These evergreens were arranged to completely line the grave so that none of the earth could be seen. An anchor rested at the foot of the grave, the cross, at the head. Several stars were arranged with pure white flowers [and] were interspersed among the evergreens. Mounds of flowers, tastefully arranged, were placed about the grave, and thus we laid our loved one away to rest among the evergreens, emblem of Eden, which he loved so well. I was taken back to the sanitarium.

Sunday I rode out to my home on a bed; Brother John, Willie, Mary, Edson and Emma [White] and Brother John's son-in-law, in three different teams. Brother John and his son-in-law were greatly delighted with our home, but I was too feeble to sit up at all. The light of my home had gone and henceforth I should love it for his sake who thought so much of it. It just met his taste. It is grandly beautiful, but how can I ever regard it as I could if he had lived?

One short week we had after the funeral. I then, on Sabbath, spoke to the people in my feebleness for the last time before leaving for California. We took the cars for Cal. [the] next Monday. All thought ... [incomplete.]

I feel grateful to God that I was not left to look for my consolation in the friendship of the world. Rely upon human sympathy! No, no. That consolation which comes from the cross of Christ can relieve

heart anguish like mine. Even the valley of the shadow of death was lighted by the presence of my Saviour.

I had a close look into eternity, and then the incidents of my life seemed to come with great distinctness before me. I found I had nothing to regret in my labors and earnest efforts to bring souls to Jesus, nothing to regret in my devotion to the truth.

But all that caused me grief was that I had not devoted my life more fully to Jesus and made greater efforts to save poor sinners. How precious they looked to me in that hour when I thought my labors were to be given to them no more. I could not, in that testing hour, trust in my own merits, anything I had done. I could not feel any assurance that because I had tried to be amiable in disposition, because I had been kept from the gross sins and vices, that I could hope for salvation.

I knew then, as I seemed to talk with death, that there must be a renewal of the heart unto righteousness or the crown of glory that fadeth not away can never be worn. My trust was not in my morality but [in] the merits of the blood of a crucified and risen Saviour. When God is made my refuge and Christ is accepted as my Redeemer and the Scriptures are made my guide and counselor, t Lt 10, 1881

Brother

Oakland, California

October 26, 1881

Dear Brother:

I hoped to have an opportunity to converse with you before leaving the campground. I called at your tent several times, but you were not in. Since returning home, I have still had a deep interest for you, and I cannot feel clear without addressing you by letter.

When I first met you at Arbuckle, your countenance was familiar to me, and I had strong hopes that you would ere long yield to the convictions of the Spirit of God and take your position with those who are keeping all His commandments. I was pleased to see you again in the congregation at Sacramento listening with undisguised interest to the preaching of the truth. Again I felt an earnest desire that you should seek for those things which make for your peace, that you should yield to the convictions of the Holy Spirit as to what is truth and live by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

Your case has been presented before me in vision—a man of noble qualities of mind. You are one whom God can use to advance His cause. I do not mean that it is your work to stand in the desk, but that God has claims upon you to exert your influence in favor of the truth. You have been several times upon the very point of deciding to do this, but the enemy of all righteousness has said, “Do not act hastily. You will regret it if you do this. What will your friends say? How can you succeed in worldly business?”

Pride of heart has clamored for the victory and, sad to say, has gained it. Wicked babblers who would turn the truth of God into a lie to serve their own interests and please the author of all evil,



have had greater influence to hold you in your present position than you have cared to acknowledge.

You have been a very kind-hearted, considerate man, but this will not long continue if you still resist the influence of the Spirit of God. You will not only refuse to submit to the divine claims yourself but will feel that your wife and children are making you unhappy by their obedience to God. You will become an active agent in the enemy's hands to hinder them in following out their convictions of duty. In thus doing, you will employ your powers in opposition to the God of heaven in scattering from Christ.

You cannot afford to be found in such a position when Christ shall come or when you may be called to yield up your life. Then will you see that life as you have never yet seen it. You will not then regret that you were so unlike the world in spirit and example, that you were simple enough to choose Christ and the truth, but will bitterly lament that you allowed so many years of life to be spent in the service of the worst enemy of Christ, that you withheld from your Saviour that service which He had a right to expect and which should be freely given. He died to obtain your willing obedience and your love. He has bought you with an infinite price. Give Him His own without reserve. This is His due.

You claim to be an honest man in dealing with your fellow men, but every day of your life you rob God of the service which is His. You rob Him in violating His Sabbath, the seventh day which He has sanctified and blessed and which He calls His holy day. He has given you six days for your secular business and reserved only one to Himself. But you have studied your convenience instead of giving to your Creator His own. You are not just with God, and He will surely bring you into judgment for this showing contempt for His righteous law.

Jesus loves you and He is pleading for you before His Father in the heavenly courts. He presents His wounded hands and says, "Spare him a little longer; cut not down the cumberer of the ground. I will give him still another opportunity. I will let the light of truth shine still more brightly upon his soul, and after that, if he refuses, Thou mayest cut down the unfruitful tree." [Luke 13:7-9.]

I feel the deepest interest for your soul. I know what you will be if you choose your own course. I know what you may be if you will accept the truth as it is in Jesus. I would plead with you, as a friend, to choose Christ, His self-denial, His sufferings, His reproach as your portion here. The cross of Christ will be to you a pledge of eternal life in the kingdom of glory.

If you remain as you are, neglecting the truth, neglecting this great salvation, your example will confirm others in their impenitence. You will not travel the road that leads to death alone. Others will be borne down by your influence. You will thus become the successful instrumentality of the adversary in leading souls to reject the truth and be disloyal to the God of heaven. You will lead others to transgress His plainly expressed commandment that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.

You are convinced that those who claim the first day to be the Sabbath of the Lord are false teachers. You know that there are many scoffers to "these last days" who deny the promise of the Lord's coming. They may profess to be Christians, but are they followers of Christ? Do they not wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction? You may hesitate to pronounce sentence against these men. You may say, These are learned men, they ought to know. True they ought to know but are

these men greater than the angels that sinned? Are they greater than the magicians of Egypt who counterfeited the work of God? Are they greater than the astrologers of Babylon? All these may once have been good as well as great. But when light shone from the throne of God upon them showing them His will and His truth and they refused to see the light and began to oppose the truth, they separated themselves from God and went over to the ranks of the enemy. Satan fell, and all who choose to follow their own ways contrary to the divine will, will fall with him.

In the name and by the authority of the Holy Spirit, I entreat you to lay down the weapons of your warfare. Do not lightly esteem the Word of God. Do not belittle His commandments and thus please the enemy of Christ. Do not lead your children to disobedience against God and bring the blood of their souls upon you. They are Christ's property; teach them to yield obedience to His claims. The destiny of your children will be decided by the turn which your own hands shall give to the scale. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." Luke 9:24. If you would share in the glory of Christ when He shall appear, you must share His reproach and His suffering here.

It is not surprising that you find good men who the world will not acknowledge as great men, while there are many of the world's great men who are not good men and whom the Lord does not acknowledge. We want you, my brother, to be one of Christ's disciples, to have your name registered in the book of life. Then you will be indeed great because you are connected with the Lord of heaven.

There are rich blessings for you and yours if you will comply with the conditions of God's Word. The truth is a sanctifier. Received into the heart, it produces humiliation of soul before God. It weans the affections from the world. If indeed we have the truth, what is your position if you be found warring against it? We have not presented unto you a cunningly devised fable, but "the sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place." 2 Peter 1:16.

It is claimed that Adventist Sabbatarians are exclusive, bigoted. God forbid! We are the last to deserve this charge. We labor everywhere, the world being our field. It is the sectarians, members of the different churches to whom this charge applies. They brand us heretics because we are not sectarians. We love the souls of all for whom Christ died. We have received unpopular truth because it bears the seal of God. We labor unselfishly for those who are in error everywhere. Our prayer to God is that we may be exclusively Christ's by partaking of His Spirit, having the pity and love which stirred His divine soul. Those who see the truth and accept it will go straight forward where the Captain of our salvation leads the way to conflict and glorious victory.

Those who shun the cross and love the world, its riches and its honors, we must leave behind. Many may pity and despise us. They may sneer and ridicule, misrepresent and falsely accuse us if they choose, but our path is straight forward. Our watch-word is "Onward to victory." Our work is to teach and defend the plain holy doctrines of the Bible. Our aim is to save the souls of men for whom Christ died, that their voices may be heard in praise and thanksgiving to Him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb who hath redeemed us unto God by His precious blood. Revelation 5:13.

I have written to you because I felt it to be my duty. I love your soul. I want you to have courage to accept the truth as it is in Jesus. It will be for your happiness in this life and for your happiness in the

future, immortal life. I urge you to take your stand with God's commandment-keeping people. Break the fetters of Satan that would hold you back, and be not ashamed of the cross of Christ.

With respect, I submit these hastily written words for your candid consideration.

In haste.

Lt 11, 1881

White, W. C.

Healdsburg, California

November 9, 1881

Dear Willie:

I called today upon Dr. Farrer. We had a visit of a couple of hours while Brother H. [Fred Harmon] was getting his horse shod. The doctor says the term of school he wishes to attend will not begin before January. The doctor seems to be a sharp business man. I would think he might be a good one to fill in [at the Rural] Health Institute at Crystal Springs.

Fred Harmon and I went up to the place, brought away chairs and what not, and took home the drag and barrel we had borrowed. Took home Sister Snooks' things as we returned home. Brother Young stopped us and said Mrs. Brown had been dissuaded by persons at the hotel from taking our property. They told her that it would be seven years before she could realize any profits from fruit, and in winter the roads were impassable. She told him she wanted him to show her places, which he did. She decided to take a place, buy it for forty-five hundred. She telegraphed to her husband she would not buy our place—so that has fallen through—and somehow I am not sorry now. I shall get some man and his wife in there who will take charge of the place, shall set out fruit at once, and seek for a supply of water. I have prayed for the Lord to open the way, and I believe He will. I want to move in His counsel. May He direct me in all things is my earnest prayer.

I shall never think Mrs. Brown a substantial woman. Why, she said she was delighted and suited in every way, and now she has changed right about.

Try to think of someone to come on this place and work it. Fred Harmon says he thinks he can better get a living from our place than his. He thinks it a superior place for turkeys and chickens. If he can sell for three thousand, he will take our place at that. It ought to bring more, but I will tell him, if you think it best, I shall charge three thousand and five hundred and will board out the other five hundred with him. I shall leave these things with you to manage. I shall say nothing till I see you and we can talk over matters. I felt after you were gone so lonely and sad, but I will see you either the last of this week or the first of next.

Mother.

Lt 12, 1881

White, W. C.

Healdsburg, California

November 9, 1881

Dear Willie:

Yesterday we saw Michel. Brother [Fred] Harmon found where he was at work, and we drove into the field where he was. He promised he would pay. Said he had no means now, but would pay as soon as he could earn means. Brother Harmon takes me today to see a family who can inform me all about his liabilities, and the probability of getting my pay.

Mrs. Brown seemed highly pleased with the place, but the more I think of it, the less I think of accepting her place. We find such property as ours is now becoming salable. We find we might have disposed of our place if Michel had not been in the house. He told all that we did not design to sell. We find all parties talk of the place as being a most beautiful location.

Mrs. Brown talked very freely about Alameda. She said men of property who had sold and moved from Alameda state they would not live there again if property of thirty thousand dollars were given them with the conditions they should live there upon it. She said that it was easy to put your money in Alameda property, but you could never get it out again. She went on in such a strain as this for quite a while. I thought she was not making the inducements very enticing to us. I am afraid of their property.

When we returned from the place after showing her all over the farm, we dropped her at the hotel and invited Mrs. Gray to ride up with us to Brother Harmon's and have a little visit. We thus had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with her for a couple of hours. Meanwhile, she stated that she had not yet heard from Oakland and was ready to sell the place for five thousand. I told her that was more than the parties would feel authorized to pay for it. She seemed to be fixed there. I told her that we had not yet visited Berkeley, that in some respects that would be preferable to Healdsburg because the influence of the church in Oakland would be favorable to the school, and students might have opportunity to labor in connection with [the] printing office. She held up the superior advantages of Healdsburg, and the long and short of the matter is, here the matter hangs. I think we will let it hang a while. I did not manifest the least anxiety to her. I told her that we were not in so very great hurry. We would let matters take their course.

We committed it all to the Lord. We might make mistakes in our decision. We had faith the Lord would lead and guide and control the matter. We would not run ahead of the providence of God. The Lord might direct us to some location where we could have more land and workshops for our students. He might qualify men and women to lay the foundation of a school upon the right basis. Healdsburg might not be the place of God's choice. Sodom looked very desirable to Lot because of its attractive loveliness, but it proved to be a most dangerous place. We had a real social visit. She returns to Vallejo tomorrow.

Now, Willie, if it is best, considering all things, for us to return to Oakland, we will come. If it were not for your going East so soon, would prefer to stay a while longer as we have called on no one yet but Brother Harmon. Should you think best for us to come, telegraph Brother Young, who will get the message to me without sending the messenger to Fred Harmon's at expense. I shall expect to

hear from you today. Hope I shall not be disappointed. Marian [Davis] is improving slowly. Do you hear anything from our friends [in the] East? Let us know at once. In haste,

Mother.

Last night I slept but little. I thought I would make an offer to Mrs. Gray of thirty-five hundred. Then I felt it might not be best at present, so the matter hangs in doubt. I do not think I would take the Alameda property. Brother Harmon thinks he would rather risk the sale of Healdsburg than the property at Alameda. If the place is salable, why have they not sold it? Fred said he would take the place at three thousand and sell his place, but I ought to have more. I tell you property is high here.

Lt 14, 1881

Smith, Uriah

1881

[To Elder Uriah Smith:]

Now Brother Smith, in regard to your letter in reference to Brother St. John's uniting with you and doing what he can in the work anticipated in connection with the Sunday question, this may be his duty, but I fear he will not accomplish as much as he would should he go to California. In confidence, he will do more separated from his family for a time than to be close by them. His health is not good, and we thought the change of climate would be beneficial to him. He is not naturally an energetic man, and I fear you would not find him that help you anticipate.

Would it not be better to call Elder Waggoner over to Battle Creek for a time? He is all ripe on this matter. Would not yourself and Elder Waggoner do much better together? You have worked together on this question. Elder Waggoner has been rather anxious to come East. I am sorry that circumstances seem to forbid your spending this winter in California. I greatly desire you should spend the cold winters there. Any time you will do this, my good Healdsburg home shall be at your service free of all expense. I wish your wife could go with you and would urge this if I thought it of any use, but I know she would not wish to leave her children. But I am sorry that Elder Smith cannot escape these cold winters. They write me they are having beautiful weather in Healdsburg now, and they express a wish that I were there.

Now in regard to this matter of St. John. You must do as appears to be duty. The Lord direct in all these things, is my earnest prayer. We will not try to walk one step without heavenly counsel. If Jesus leads the way, we are safe in following. I feel so grateful to my heavenly Father that He has given us so precious evidence of His willingness to bless and impart to us wisdom. May the Lord guide you all in Battle Creek in your important decisions.

I have been interrupted again and again while writing. Part of this was written in meeting.

Lt 15, 1881

White, W. C.; White, Mary

Grand Ledge, Michigan

March 15, 1881

Dear children, Willie and Mary:

We tarried here last night with Brother Ledore. They live in a small log house, but the pleasant reception makes up for everything lacking in surroundings. I have been improving some on this journey. I am still a cripple and will be so maybe for one year, but by winding my foot in a long rubber bandage firmly, I can hobble around a little, a few steps without my crutches.

I woke up last night worried about our place in Healdsburg. Will you, Willie and Brother [S. N.] Haskell, interest yourselves in regard to this place? Will you see that, if occupied, it is by parties that will pay? The man who went in from Brother Collins' arrangements has not improved the place. The contract was a miserable one. Now the time was out last October. What has been done since? The place is of too great value to have no attention paid to it. Will you and Elder Haskell interest yourselves to see in reference to this matter? We cannot do it, for we are so far away. Is not this much favor or consideration due us, when we have put so much means in California? Will you both go to that place, see if taxes are paid, [and] if the place is insured, so that if it burns down it will not be an entire loss? Interest Brother Young, who persuaded us to buy that place, to find a purchaser for it for \$3,000. Will you attend to this at once? I tell you, my mind is troubled.

I do not care to have the property of Edson's sold unless at a good bargain. I should have thought Willie would have written to me, instead of to his father, about that property, the house where Edson lived. I do not care if the house where Brother Holmes lives sells for what it is worth. I want Edson's house to bring more than I paid for it, in the place of less. I have thought it would be pleasant to live in California in that little house, so retired, but if it is sold, all right. I will then find some other place.

We shall never spend another cold, long winter in Oakland. It is altogether too sunless. We have seen the sun but very few days this winter.

Now do not neglect this matter of making sale of our property in Healdsburg. Love to all. I have not heard a word of our people since they left.

Mother.

Lt 16, 1881

White, W. C.

White's Ranch, Colorado

September 8, 1881

Dear Willie:

I hope you will by all means come to Colorado as soon as it seems to be duty. The business with Brother Hamilton must be squared up. Horse feed is coming up and there will be great expense to keep the teams. Things have been left for two years in Brother Hamilton's hands. There is considerable property here to be looked after. Judge Russell talked to Brother Hamilton about

exchanging our property in Colorado for some of his property in Battle Creek. Please look at his property before you come here.

I will write again soon but do write us something. We want to hear from you. This must go now.

Mother.

Lt 17, 1881

White, W. C.

Rollinsville, Colorado

September 12, 1881

Dear son Willie:

We received yours and Edson's letters yesterday. I would wish you two to examine all Father's papers and get an insight into them and straighten up his business if you can. Maryann [Davis?], or some other woman you think will be capable, could help you much in the arrangement of his papers and expedite business. Take advantage of any help you can get that is the right kind. I wish the two horses could be sold. Keep the white one. It will be costly keeping them through the winter. If that large carriage could be sold, it would be well to sell it. Talk with Samuel Abbey and Henry Kellogg on this matter. They may help you. The less expense we can have on the place, the better. We want things brought into as snug a compass as possible without making too great haste.

I miss Father more and more. Especially do I feel his loss while here in the mountains. I find it a very different thing being in the mountains with my husband and in the mountains without him. I am fully of the opinion that my life was so entwined or interwoven with my husband's that it is about impossible for me to be of any great account without him. We have tested the mountains under most unfavorable circumstances.

We came here Tuesday. Endured the journey well. Thursday night I was taken sick, similar to my sickness in Battle Creek. Kept [to] my bed five days. Sunday, Edwin, Mother Kelsey, Hannah, and the children came from Boulder, according to previous arrangement.

This we thought would be beneficial to all, but Monday a heavy rain set in. It was cold and disagreeable. Tuesday it snowed and was cold. Wednesday was cold and cloudy, and it snowed some. In this time the little one became sick and grew worse until Friday. Edwin was sent for. He rode all night Sunday. All but little May went to Boulder. The child may live, but it looks rather dark. Mother Kelsey and Hannah have had no rest and but little snatches of sleep for one week. We all thought the prospect of the child's life would be more favorable at Boulder than in the mountains.

Last Friday I rode to Black Hawk. It was too much for my strength. Sabbath I was sick all day. Was some better Sunday, but felt weak all the time, and it was difficult to breathe. I am fearful the altitude is too high for me, but think I will test it a little longer. My limbs are weak. My heart labors very hard. But there, I did not mean to trouble you with complaints.

A few days since I was pleading with the Lord for light in regard to my duty. In the night I dreamed I was in the carriage, driving, sitting at the right hand. Father was in the carriage, seated at my left hand. He was very pale but calm and composed. "Why Father," I exclaimed, "I am so happy to have you by my side once more! I have felt that half of me was gone. Father, I saw you die; I saw you buried. Has the Lord pitied me and let you come back to me again, and we work together as we used to?"

He looked very sad. He said, "The Lord knows what is best for you and for me. My work was very dear to me. We have made a mistake. We have responded to urgent invitations of our brethren to attend important meetings. We had not the heart to refuse. These meetings have worn us both more than we were aware. Our good brethren were gratified, but they did not realize that in these meetings we took upon us greater burdens than at our age we could safely carry. They will never know the result of this long-continued strain upon us. God would have had them bear the burdens we have carried for years. Our nervous energies have been continuously taxed, and then our brethren, misjudging our motives and not realizing our burdens, have weakened the action of the heart. I have made mistakes, the greatest of which was in allowing my sympathies for the people of God to lead me to take work upon me which others should have borne.

"Now, Ellen, calls will be made as they have been, desiring you to attend important meetings, as has been the case in the past. But lay this matter before God and make no response to the most earnest invitations. Your life hangs as it were upon a thread. You must have quiet rest, freedom from all excitement and from all disagreeable cares. We might have done a great deal for years with our pens, on subjects the people need that we have had light upon and can present before them, which others do not have. Thus you can work when your strength returns, as it will, and you can do far more with your pen than with your voice."

He looked at me appealingly and said, "You will not neglect these cautions, will you, Ellen? Our people will never know under what infirmities we have labored to serve them because our lives were interwoven with the progress of the work, but God knows it all. I regret that I have felt so deeply and labored unreasonably in emergencies, regardless of the laws of life and health. The Lord did not require us to carry so heavy burdens and many of our brethren so few. We ought to have gone to the Pacific Coast before and devoted our time and energies to writing. Will you do this now? Will you, as your strength returns, take your pen and write out these things we have so long anticipated, and make haste slowly? There is important matter which the people need. Make this your first business. You will have to speak some to the people, but shun the responsibilities which have borne us down."

"Well," said I, "James, you are always to stay with me now and we will work together." Said he, "I stayed in Battle Creek too long. I ought to have gone to California more than one year ago. But I wanted to help the work and institutions at Battle Creek. I have made a mistake. Your heart is tender. You will be inclined to make the same mistakes I have made. Your life can be of use to the cause of God. Oh, those precious subjects the Lord would have had me bring before the people, precious jewels of light!"

I awoke. But this dream seemed so real. Now you can see and understand why I feel no duty to go to Battle Creek for the purpose of shouldering the responsibilities of the General Conference. I have no duty to stand in General Conference. The Lord forbids me. That is enough. I should not dare to go



East now. I did feel, while sick here, sorry that I had come here. I almost was [of] a mind to go back and occupy my good home and keep the family together. I miss my little girls so much. They were a comfort to me. But I do not dare turn my face toward Battle Creek until the Lord says go.

I have stood through two General Conferences to the gratification of my brethren, but ran the risk of my life. What I endured through these meetings, the sufferings of mind, the anxiety, the pain of heart, I know my good brethren knew nothing about. If they did, they would not now put me to the torture and risk to bring me to the general meeting again, and at such a time, when my heart is like a raw sore, bruised and torn. No, no, no. God is too merciful to place upon me any such burden.

I do not think it will be my duty to labor in any camp meeting this year. I see no prospect as yet of any health to do so. I cannot even engage in conversation with anyone but a few minutes at a time without nervous prostration. I have the most fearful headaches. Last Sabbath morning my sight was affected. I saw crinkling diamonds on window glass and paper. Could see but half of persons. Mary White had four eyes, two mouths. For hours this disagreeable vision continued, followed by [an] intense headache. I could not sit up all day. To tell the truth, I fear I am broken to pieces, but I will rest myself in the hands of God for a day at a time. I feel encouraged that my strength will come back, then next day I am down again.

Now I have no disposition to make any duties for you. The Lord guide you is my prayer. The Lord teach my sons, lead them, and make them channels of light. Go where God leads. When the Lord indicates your duty to turn your face this way, come. We will greet you most heartily. Mary [White] seems to be in good health. Emma [White] is improving. We have some very precious, melting seasons in prayer.

In love,

Your Mother.

Lt 18, 1881

White, W. C.

Healdsburg, California,

December 6, 1881

Dear son Willie:

It has been raining here since Sabbath afternoon. Yesterday I rode out with Brother [Fred] Harmon to Brother Young's. He stated that the women refused to sell the property we thought desirable for [a] boarding house short of five thousand five hundred. Brother Young proposes to offer her thirty-five hundred and no more.

On the other side of the college is one acre of land with fruit trees in front of [the] house. The house is small—of no value. This is a corner lot [which] can be purchased for twelve hundred. Pass round the corner lot and next is a vacant lot which can be purchased for two or three hundred dollars. Next [to] it is a small place with [a] tolerably good house, and I cannot tell just how much land. It reaches down to the Foss vacant lots of land. This place can be had for one thousand dollars. Next, there is a

very good, small dwelling house running through to the other street joining the Foss property, where the Foss property ends. This is twelve or fifteen hundred. These places are close by the college. What do you think about it?

There is the house sitting on a high rise of ground by the madrona grove. There are three acres of land. Father once was inclined to buy it, but delayed too long. I think I showed you the place. It is in the other part of town, on high, dry ground; house [is] thoroughly finished. It can be bought for three thousand. There are at least two building sites on this ground. If the Foss property cannot be purchased for thirty-five hundred, would it not be best to get this beautiful location, including two madrona groves—one on each side of the house, one nicely inclosed with [a] fence? I wish you, or someone, were on the ground now to look and judge what is for the best.

The two houses mentioned, one for one thousand and second for fifteen hundred (I think), rent now for twelve dollars per month. They are very good houses. We shall know the exact price for each in a few days. I am fearful I cannot live in Oakland. I am better here in Healdsburg.

I cannot get any money [out] of Michel. I want you to see Mr. Row [?] in company with Henry Kellogg. He owes the estate more than one hundred dollars. Father favored him in every way. He let him have the house on [the] corner for twelve dollars per month until August. But he would not go out in August, and Father charged him twenty dollars per month from that time till he moved out. Henry Kellogg can tell you all about it. If we can get twelve dollars a month, I will square up all accounts with him, but we want the money. See him as soon as possible and have the matter settled. He abused Father in every way and Father would have nothing to do with him. Row bought the lot of land adjoining our house on the corner, and then Father did not want him to have it and bought him the lot he now owns, nearer town, paying, I think, seventy-five dollars more for it. But Row has acted the dishonest part. Please attend to the matter.

If Samuel Abbey can pay as he wanted to once, let him pay. I could now use the money to good advantage.

Willie, I think I should have fifteen hundred dollars from the money in the college and appropriate that amount or more of the Harvey estate and other property held in trust for college. Then I could use that fifteen hundred on this coast. But to take money of men east of the Rocky Mountains and apply it on the Pacific Coast might give dissatisfaction. Will you consider this? I want to move with all discretion.

I have felt some troubled over the way my things have been managed on this coast—my rugs, the work of my own fingers, used up and destroyed. My property here and there and everywhere, and things gone that I cannot trace. Then when the account was brought before me and a bill of water charged for my house, it hurt my heart. Now it was not the money part of it, but the principle of the thing that cut me to the very heart. From that time to this, my thoughts and feelings have been undergoing some changes. I have felt that whatever Father or I have done or might do, it would be unappreciated. Our own children would see no reason why we should not be placed upon a level with every other one who had no special interest and had made no special sacrifices.

Lt 19, 1881

White, W. C.

Healdsburg, California

December 7, 1881

Dear Willie:

I have received a letter from Brother Rice that the letter I wrote his father had a decided effect upon him. He is changed and he is urgent I come to Freshwater as soon as I can make it conveniently. I have decided to go next week. I shall leave Healdsburg tomorrow. Brother [Fred] Harmon and [his] wife will go also with us to St. Helena, leave horse and carriage there and go to Woodland, and from Woodland to Arbuckle, from Arbuckle to Freshwater. He wants me to speak at Freshwater and Lakeport. His father has expressed anxiety for me to come.

Brother Healey is going to Los Angeles in about three weeks and wants me to go with him and his wife, but I do not know what to do. The fare is high by cars—twenty-three dollars. I cannot go without some attendant. Perhaps I had better not go while so liable to ill turns.

It is a foggy morning. My throat and lungs are congested. I dare not go anywhere without some good help with me.

There is considerable pinching just now in several matters. Our Healdsburg place should be cultivated—trees planted and generally fixed up. Property, if it can be purchased cheap, should be made sure of, for rents here—even of small houses—are high, while the same places are to be sold cheap.

Brother Harmon and I took our black Prince and rode round some yesterday. We inquired the price of property. Found nothing as nice as our place. Found one little house just fit for firewood two miles from town, built in the mud—twelve acres of bottom land—three thousand dollars. Another house has ten acres of bottom land, sixty acres of uphill grazing land; house [is] on stilts without foundation, poor, cheap concern, for four thousand five hundred dollars. Our place in comparison with these would be cheap at five thousand. If I can sell it at four thousand, will do so.

Brother Young goes to Los Angeles in three weeks with his family. He has a small place there. His wife is feeble and he is wanting to get out of the real estate agency in company with an unbeliever. He has scruples of conscience in regard to this matter. I may sell Healdsburg property. There is one looking at it.

Mother.

I go to St. Helena tomorrow. Brother and Sister Harmon go to pilot us.

Lt 20, 1881

White, W. C.

St. Helena, California

December 11, 1881

Dear Willie:

I am at Brother Creamer's. I have been visiting at Crystal Springs. We have looked matters over quite thoroughly and have some idea of the true standing of things. Brother Atwood will give one thousand in stock. Brother Pratt wants two thousand to donate to school, or he will donate this to the [Rural] Health Retreat, if money can be more readily raised for school. Brother Rice, it is understood, will give his stock, which is fifteen hundred. Brother Pratt has one thousand he loaned that he will want to use; the rest remains a gift. No dividend is to be paid. This I have thought the best plan, for all that can be made on the place will have to be put back on the place again in improvements.

Brother Atwood wants twenty-five hundred, which is all he asks. He will work this winter for less than two dollars per day. He will work through the summer for two dollars per day, which is smaller wages than he can command at his trade. If the decision is to take the place, his help had better be secured for he is a faithful hand. He will board his family with her mother at St. Helena.

Brother Pratt estimates that five thousand five hundred would purchase the place just as it stands—one cow, two carriages, two inferior-looking horses, three dozen hens, all included. Can this institute be carried on with any success if you so decide? Have Henry Holser come on, for he could act as bookkeeper and [help] in giving treatments. If you see anyone who can act as manager, employ him.

Sanford would be, I think, glad to go on our place at Healdsburg and make a home for me and travel with me when I wish to go. I have said nothing to him, but I think he dreads the responsibility of a health institute. He is, I think, an excellent hand for that position and will answer well where he is. But Brother Hogar [?] should be secured, and the services of his intended wife, somewhere in some of our boarding houses or in institute.

I write this hastily. We had excellent meeting yesterday. Eight of the youth came forward for prayers. I have slept the best the last three nights that I have since I came to California. I think I feel better here than in Oakland, although there has been more fog than there has been for the last twelve years. I had congestion of the lungs but am relieved. I have not heard from you since you arrived at Battle Creek. We hope to hear soon.

Mother.

Lt 20a, 1881

White, W. C.

Crystal Springs, St. Helena, California

December 14, 1881

[To W. C. White:]

I [will] have been here one week tomorrow night. The climate seems to agree with me, but I can do but little. My strength does not come very fast. I was unable to sleep after three o'clock. I stopped all writing and tried very hard to overcome this habit. I have done better here than any place since I left Colorado. I have a nice little room with open grate, and we are surrounded with abundance of wood. My horse, Black Prince, proves to be a treasure. He will take me forty miles per day and not show any great weariness.

I long to get back to Oakland but dare not go, for the least exposure brings upon me now, even here, quick and severe congestion of the lungs. I am afraid of the cold atmosphere. It clogs my lungs. I rode three miles this morning for the mail and immediately my lungs congested. I coughed all the way but when the sun shone I was relieved. I took a foot bath when I arrived home, and lay down. I am better now. But we were all fixed so nicely in Oakland; I want to give it another trial.

There is a family of eight very fine people from Oakland who have been here three months. They say they are afflicted with colds all the time when in Oakland. They remain here till February. They describe the very same condition of head, throat and lungs that I have had. But I look at my pleasant home in Oakland, fixed up so nicely, and I feel like crying every time I think of it.

But Willie, if you will bring with you my little girls, May and Addie Walling, I will go on the Healdsburg place and make that my home. I have offered it for four thousand. If I can sell it, I will build me a little cottage near the [Rural] Health Retreat and live here. They have good schools here, they say. Brother Pratt says he shall take his children down to Healdsburg and school them, and perhaps this is what I ought to do—go on my place and make Healdsburg my home. You may bring my children. If I ever go east, it will be to remain there only a short time, to return again.

I have written you quite often. Your letter was mailed to me from Healdsburg. I want to hear from you and Edson often. (Look into Edson's matters. If he really needs help, let him have it. I will cancel that note of five hundred if you think best.)

I have had one of the greatest struggles I ever experienced in my life in fighting down feelings which would come up in regard to many things. But I have, I trust, gained the victory. The struggle of soul almost mastered me. I would go over all the history of the past by day and through the night. A cold sweat would start out from the pores of my body. I spent many sleepless hours through severe congestion of the brain. I have entreated the Lord most earnestly to give the peace and rest of mind I needed. I know my prayer is heard. I have left myself and all with Jesus. He will care for me. He will give me rest in His precious love.

I hope the Lord will give you wisdom, courage, and fortitude. I hope that the Lord has been indeed presiding at the General Conference. I have had some good letters from Mary, but have heard nothing from Oakland for one week, although I am constantly sending letters to them.

I will write tomorrow or very soon in reference to things at home in Battle Creek—what to bring with you and what shall remain. I dare not go to Los Angeles until I gain more strength. I have no power of endurance.

Do not neglect to write me. I think the children should be with me in California. Send your letters to Oakland and I will keep them apprised of my whereabouts. Will you see Dr. Hill and secure his labors here? Have him come soon, for I think he should commence as soon as possible.

It is so dark I cannot see. Tell Sister Mead to let Sister Mary [Chase] have anything in line of vegetables or canned fruit that she needs. God forbid that my husband's sister should be in any way neglected.

Mother.

I thank the children for their letters.

Lt 21, 1881

White, W. C.; White, J. E.; White, Emma

Napa, California

December 19, 1881

Dear Willie, Edson, and Emma:

I have spoken in Napa twice, once on Sabbath to our people and once on Sunday in the Methodist church. We had a very good audience. They gave the best of attention. The Lord gave me great freedom and clearness of mind. After the meeting closed, the Methodist minister came to shake hands with me and told me he was glad to have an opportunity to hear me speak. He said, "This temperance discourse is entirely a new field. I never heard it presented in this manner. This takes the matter home and commences the work of temperance where it should start."

I speak tonight on the mother's work and duty at home. Tomorrow we take the cars for Woodland, and Thursday we go to Gilliams [?], where Sister Manor meets us with [a] carriage and takes us eight miles to their home. Brother Rice is very anxious I should go there now to visit his people, as his sister from San Diego is there. His father has been under conviction from reading my letter and from the influence of camp meeting, but he seems to be throwing off conviction again. He thinks I could do good now, just now.

I have been one week at the Crystal Springs. My throat is much better. My lungs are better. Rheumatic difficulties still trouble me considerably.

I will write you when I arrive at Freshwater. I think we can take the property at Crystal Springs. I think I stated to you in regard to it. Brother Pratt will give \$4,000 without any returns and without having the least say or control of the institute. He will want the interest on [the] one thousand that he has in the institute, besides the four thousand, but will let the one thousand remain at present. Brother Atwood wants twenty-five hundred for his property; gives one thousand. He will let this \$2,500 remain till he requires it to build. He will work for less than two dollars per day in winter, but wants two in summer if employed as a hand. We thought it would be best to secure his help, for he knows so well about things. He is a good carpenter, a good painter, and is faithful as the day is long. Is not this right? Work ought to begin at once at the institute. There is a loss every day that passes. Brother Atwood takes his wife and Alace to her mother's. Brother Rice will probably give his means in the institute, which is \$1,500. Thus, you see, there is but little money to be raised at present.

I received a letter from Brother [Fred] Harmon. He states he cannot find out anything yet in regard to the property about the school building. There is no one as yet [who] knows of the purchase but Brother and Sister Harmon and Elder Healey.

Brother [I. D.] Van Horn and [M. C.] Israel are here, and it seems almost like time and labor being thrown away. But few come out to hear. There are a few who seem interested, but the nights are dark and cold and not much attendance can be gained. Brother Van Horn has rare abilities as a

speaker, and he should have the crowd to speak to. They will hold on a little longer here. The church here is very, very weak.

I shall try to move carefully. I can write but little. It brings on severe pain in the spine and back of the head and through my eyes.

I do long to get to my home in Oakland and get out some of the books I have so long talked of. But after giving Oakland another fair test, if I cannot have health there, [I] shall go to Healdsburg, if it is only we women that go on the place. I am sometimes troubled that my way seems to be so completely hedged up that I cannot write, and [that] no one has been raised up to travel with me so that I shall present a proper appearance. I am convinced the best thing for me to do is to stop until my way is made plain before me. I have for years worked against fearful odds, but I will quietly wait till my path is made plain.

I have received two short letters from Willie. I have sent letters quite frequently. I am glad for any word from any of you. Received a letter from Edson about one week ago. I will not write you a lengthy letter now. I hope you will be of good courage in the Lord.

Mother.