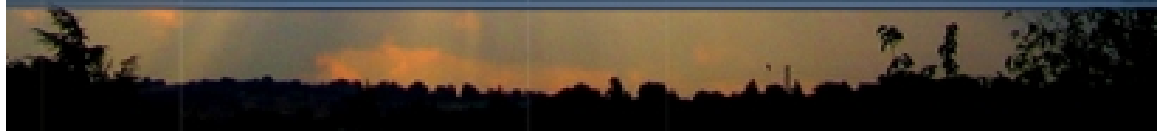


Ellen G. White Estate

SPIRITUAL GIFTS

VOLUME 2

ELLEN G. WHITE



Spiritual Gifts. Volume 2

Ellen G. White

1860

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Overview

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About the Author

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

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Preface

Having borne my testimony, and scattered, several books containing my visions, in the Eastern, Middle, and Western States, and formed many happy acquaintances, I have felt it my duty to give to my friends and to the world a sketch of my Christian experience, visions, and labors in connection with the rise and progress of the third angel's message.

In preparing the following pages, I have labored under great disadvantages, as I have had to depend in many instances, on memory, having kept no journal till within a few years. In several instances I have sent the manuscripts to friends who were present when the circumstances related occurred, for their examination before they were put in print. I have taken great care, and have spent much time, in endeavoring to state the simple facts as correctly as possible.

I have, however, been much assisted in arriving at dates by the many letters which I wrote to Bro. S. Howland and family, of Topsham, Me. As they for the period of five years had the care of my Henry, I felt it my duty to write to them often, and

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give them my experience, my joys, trials, and victories. In many instances I have copied from these letters.

As the cry of Mormonism is often raised, especially in the west, at the introduction of the Bible argument of the perpetuity of spiritual gifts, I have felt anxious that my brethren should know *what* my experience has been, and *where* it has been.

When at Knoxville, Iowa, March, 1860, we learned that a man had been reporting that he knew me and my husband twenty years ago, when we were leaders among the Mormans [Mormons] at Nauvoo! At that time I was only twelve years old!

The statements in this work, backed up by the testimonies of those who have been personally acquainted with my experience and labors for the past sixteen years, may help the minds of some. The tongue of slander will not harm unworthy me. It has been with the hope to benefit, in some degree, the cause of truth, that I have prepared this work. And may God add his blessing, that it may feed and cheer the little flock.

E. G. W.

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Chapter 1—My Misfortune

At the age of nine years an accident happened to me which was to affect my whole life. In company with my twin sister, and one of our schoolmates, I was crossing a common in the city of Portland, Maine, when a girl about thirteen years old followed us, threatening to strike us. My parents had taught me never to contend with any one, but if we were in danger of being injured, to hasten away and return home. We were doing this, running towards home, but the girl was following us with a stone in her hand. I turned to see how far she was behind me, and as I turned, the stone hit me on my nose. I fell senseless. When I revived, I found myself in a merchant's store, the blood streaming from my nose, my garments covered with blood, and a large stream of blood on the floor.

A kind stranger offered to take me home in his carriage. I knew not how weak I was, and told him I should greatly soil his carriage with

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blood, and that I could walk home. Those present were not aware that I was so seriously injured. I had walked but a few rods when I grew dizzy and faint. My twin sister and my schoolmate carried me home. I have no recollection of anything for some time after the accident. My mother says that I noticed nothing, but lay in a stupid state for three weeks. No one thought I would live except my mother. For some reason she felt that I would not die. A kind neighbor, who had interested herself much in my behalf, at one time thought me to be dying, and wished to purchase a robe for me. Mother said to her, "Not yet;" for something told her that I would not die.

As I aroused to consciousness, it seemed to me that I had been asleep. I was not aware of the accident, and knew not the cause of my sickness. Friends often visited my parents, and looked upon me with pity, and advised them to prosecute the parents of the child who had, as they said, ruined me. But mother was for peace. She said that if it could bring me back health and natural looks again, then there would be something gained, but as it was, she would only make herself enemies by following their advice.

As I began to gain a little strength, my curiosity was aroused by hearing those who came to see me, say, "What a pity! I should not know her," &c. I asked for a looking-glass,

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and as I looked into it, I was shocked at the change in my appearance. Every feature of my face seemed changed. The sight was more than I could bear. The bone of my nose proved to be broken. The idea of carrying my misfortune through life was insupportable. I could see no pleasure in my life. I did not wish to live, and I dared not die, for I was not prepared.

It was a long time before I gained much strength. Physicians thought that a silver wire could be put in my nose to hold it in shape, but said that it would be of little use; that I had

lost so much blood my recovery was doubtful; that if I should get better, I could not live long. I was reduced almost to a skeleton.

At this time I began to pray to the Lord to prepare me to die. When christian friends visited the family, they would ask my mother if she had talked with me about dying. This I overheard which aroused me. I desired to be a christian, and prayed for the forgiveness of my sins as well as I could, and felt peace of mind. Especially at one time, I loved every one, and felt an interest that all should have their sins forgiven and love Jesus.

I well remember one night in winter when the snow was upon the ground, the heavens were lighted up, the sky looked red and angry, and seemed to open and shut. The snow looked like blood. The neighbors were much frightened. Mother took me out of bed in her arms,

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and carried me to the window. I was happy. I thought Jesus was coming, and I longed to see him. My heart was full. I clapped my hands for joy, and thought my sufferings were ended. But I was disappointed. The next morning the sun arose as usual, and the singular appearance of the heavens had disappeared.

It was some time before I became strong. As I was able to unite in play with my young friends, I was forced to learn this bitter lesson, that looks make a difference in the feelings of many. At the time of my misfortune my father was absent in Georgia. When he returned, he spoke to my brother and sisters, and inquired for me. I was pointed out by my mother; but my father did not know me. It was hard to make him believe that I was his Ellen. This cut me to the heart; yet I tried to put on an appearance of cheerfulness, when my heart ached. Many times I was made to deeply feel my misfortune. With wounded pride, mortified at myself, I have found a lonely spot to think over the trials I was doomed to bear daily. My life was often miserable, for my feelings were keenly sensitive. I could not, like my twin sister, weep out my feelings. My heart seemed so heavy, and ached as though it would break, yet I could not shed a tear. I often thought that if I could weep out my feelings, then I should find relief. Others would pity and sympathize with me, and that weight,

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like a stone upon my heart, would be gone How vain and empty the pleasures of earth looked to me. How changeable the friendship of my young companions. A pretty face, dress, or good looks, are thought much of. But let misfortune take some of these away, and the friendship is broken.

But I began to turn to my Saviour where I found comfort. I sought the Lord earnestly, and received consolation. I believed that Jesus did love even me. For two years I could not breathe through my nose. My health was so poor that I could attend school but little. It was almost impossible for me to study, and retain what I learned.

The same girl who was the cause of my misfortune, was appointed by our teacher as a monitor to assist me in writing, and to aid me in getting my lessons. She always seemed sorry for what she had done, and I was careful not to remind her of the great injury she had done me. She was tender and patient with me, and much of her time seemed sad and

thoughtful, as she saw me laboring to get an education. My hand trembled so that I made no progress in writing, and could get no further than the first examples, which are called coarse-hand. As I labored to bend my mind to my studies, the letters of my book would run together, large drops of perspiration would stand upon my brow, and I would become dizzy

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and faint. I had a bad cough, which prevented me from attending school steadily. My teacher thought it would be too much for me to study, unless my health should be better, and advised me to leave school.

Chapter 2—The Advent Faith

In 1839 Wm. Miller visited Portland, Me., and gave a course of lectures on the second coming of Christ. This had a great effect upon me. I knew that I must be lost if Christ should come, and I be found as I then was. At times I was greatly distressed as to my situation. But it was hard for me to give entirely up to the Lord. I viewed it a great thing to be a christian, and feared that I never should be one if I professed religion, and remained some months suffering distress of mind.

My parents were Methodists. I generally attended meeting with them; and at a camp-meeting held at Buxton, I resolved to give myself unreservedly to the Lord. I commenced there to seek the Lord with all my heart. My mind was in great distress; but at a prayer-meeting I found relief. O, how sweet was peace of mind. Everything seemed changed.

I then felt no disposition to dress like the

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world, but wished to be plain in my dress, sober and watchful.

When twelve years old, I wished to be immersed. The minister reluctantly consented to go into the water. He chose to sprinkle the candidates. It was a very windy day. The waves ran high, and dashed upon the shore; but my peace was like a river. When I arose out of the water, my strength was nearly gone, for the power of God rested upon me. Such a rich blessing I never experienced before. I felt dead to the world, and that my sins were all washed away.

The same day a sister and myself were taken into the church. I felt happy, till I looked at the sister by my side, and saw gold rings on her fingers, and large gold ear-rings in her ears. Her bonnet was filled with artificial flowers, and was trimmed with costly ribbon, which was filled with bows upon her bonnet. My heart felt sad. I expected every moment that a reproof would come from the minister; but none came. He took us both into the church. My reflections were as follows: This is my sister; must I pattern after her? Must I dress like her? If it is right for her to dress so, it is right for me. I remembered what the Bible said about adorning the body. **1 Timothy 2:9, 10**. For some time I was in deep trial, and finally concluded that if it was so sinful as I had thought it to be to dress like the world,

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those whom I looked up to as being devoted Christians, and older in experience than myself, would feel it, and would deal plainly with those who went thus contrary to God's word. But I knew that I must be plain in my dress. I believed it to be wicked to think so much of appearance, to decorate our poor mortal bodies with flowers and gold. It seemed to me that we had better be humbling ourselves in the dust, for our sins and transgressions were so great that God gave his only beloved Son to die for us.

I found it almost impossible to enjoy religion in a large female seminary, surrounded with so many influences calculated to lead the mind from God, and night would often find me in bondage. I did not attend school after I was twelve years old. And I did not feel satisfied with what I enjoyed. I longed to be sanctified to God. But sanctification was preached in such a manner that I could not understand it, and thought that I never could attain to it, and settled down with my present enjoyment.

In 1841 Wm. Miller gave a second course of lectures in Portland, I attended them, and felt that I was not ready for Christ's coming. And when the invitation was given for those who desired prayers to come forward, I pressed through the crowd, and in taking up this cross found some relief. I began to plead with God for pure religion. I believed the truths I heard

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Wm. Miller proclaim; but realized that a mere belief in the second coming of Christ would not save me. I must experience the soul-purifying effects of the truth, that when it was preached, it would find a response in my own heart. O, how I longed for a living experience in the things of God. I prayed earnestly for this. My soul was thirsting for full and free salvation, but I knew not how to obtain it.

Chapter 3—Feelings of Despair

In 1842 I constantly attended the Second Advent meetings in Portland, and fully believed the Lord was coming. I was hungering and thirsting for holiness of heart; day and night it was my study how to obtain this treasure that all the riches of the world could not purchase. And while bowed before the Lord, praying for this blessing, the duty to pray in a prayer-meeting was presented before me. I had never prayed vocally, and was not humble enough to do this, fearing that if I should attempt to pray, I should become confused and be obliged to stop, or my prayer be very broken. Every time I went before the Lord in secret prayer this unfulfilled duty presented itself, until I ceased to pray, for in this

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state of mind my prayers seemed like mocking God. I settled down in a melancholy state which increased to deep despair.

In this state of mind I remained three weeks, with not one ray of light to pierce the thick clouds of darkness around me. My sufferings were very great. How precious did the hope of the christian look to me then. And how wretched the state of the sinner without God or hope in the world. I remained bowed before the Lord nearly all night, groaning, and all I had any confidence to utter was, "Lord, have mercy." Such utter hopelessness would seize me that I would fall upon my face with such agony of feelings as cannot be described. Like the poor publican, I dared not so much as lift my eyes toward heaven. I became much reduced in flesh. My friends looked upon me as one sinking in a decline. At length a dream was given me which sunk me still lower in despair, if possible.

I dreamed that there was a temple to which many people were flocking, and all who would be saved when time should close must be within that temple. And all who were outside the temple would be lost. As I looked upon the people going to the temple, I saw the multitude laughing at and deriding them, telling them that it was all a deception. They even caught hold of some who were hastening to the temple and tried to hold them.

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I was afraid of being laughed at and ridiculed, and thought I would wait until the multitude were dispersed, or until I could go in some way that they would not know where I was going. My mind was troubled lest I should be too late, and the multitude was increasing instead of lessening. I hastily left my home and pressed through the crowd. I was in such haste that I did not notice the throng. I feared I was too late. I entered the building, and what a sight met my eyes! The temple was supported by one immense pillar, and to this pillar was a lamb tied, all mangled and bleeding. I thought that we all knew that it was our sins that caused this lamb to be thus torn and bruised. Just before this lamb were seats elevated above the level of the floor, and a company of people were sitting there looking

very happy. All who entered the temple must come before the lamb and confess their sins, and then take their place among the happy throng who occupied the elevated seats. Even while in the building a fear came over me and shame to have them all looking upon me. I was slowly making my way around the pillar to face the lamb, when the trumpet sounded, and the building shook, and shouts of triumph went up from the saints in that building. The temple seemed to shine with awful brightness, and then all was dark, terrible dark. Those who had seemed so happy were gone, and I

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left alone in the place in complete darkness. The horror of my mind could not be described. I awoke, and it was some time before I could convince myself it was not a reality. Surely, thought I, my doom is fixed, I have slighted mercy, and grieved the Spirit of the Lord away, never more to return.

In a short time I had another dream. I thought I was sitting in deep despair, with my face covered with my hands, with reflections like these: If Jesus were upon earth, I would go to him, and throw myself at his feet, and tell him all my sufferings. And if he would have mercy upon me, I would love him always—he would not turn me away. Soon the door opened, and a person of beautiful form and countenance entered. He looked upon me with pity. Said he, “Do you wish to see Jesus? He is in the place, and you can see him. Take everything that you possess and follow me.”

Gladly did I gather up everything, every treasured trinket, and followed him who had given me the pleasing information. He led me to a steep, and it looked like a frail stairway. As I commenced to ascend the stairs, he gave me a word of caution, to keep my eyes fixed upwards, for if I looked down I should become dizzy and fall. Many seemed to be climbing up this steep stairway, and some fell before reaching the top. I succeeded in climbing to the top. Then my guide bid me lay

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everything at the door. Cheerfully I laid down all I possessed. He then opened the door and told me to go in. As I entered I saw Jesus, so lovely and beautiful. His countenance expressed benevolence and majesty. I tried to shield myself from his piercing gaze. I thought he knew my heart, and every circumstance of my life. I tried not to look upon his face, but still his eyes were upon me. I could not escape his gaze. He then, with a smile, drew near me, and laid his hand upon my head, saying, “Fear not.” The sound of his sweet voice, caused me to feel a thrill of happiness I never before experienced. I was too full of joy to utter a word. I grew weak, and fell prostrate at his feet. And while lying helpless, scenes of glory and beauty passed before me. I thought I was saved in heaven. At length my strength returned. I arose upon my feet. The loving eyes of Jesus were fixed upon me still, and he smiled upon me. His presence filled me with such holy awe that I could not endure it. My guide opened the door and I passed out. Then all things I had left at the door he handed me again. And he also handed me a green cord, coiled up, and he bid me wear it next my heart, and when I wished to see Jesus, to stretch this cord. I must not let it lie still any length of time; for if I should, it would become knotted and difficult to straighten. I placed the cord

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near my heart, and joyfully went down the narrow stairway, praising the Lord as I went, and telling all I met where they could find Jesus. I then awoke.

This dream gave me a faint hope in my despair. That green cord represented faith. I then opened my mind to my mother. She advised me to go and see Bro. Stockman, who then preached to the Advent people in Portland. I had great confidence in him, for he was a devoted and beloved servant of Christ. His words affected me and led me to hope. I returned home, and again went before the Lord, and promised that I would do and suffer anything if I could have the smiles of Jesus. The same duty was presented. There was to be a prayer-meeting that evening which I attended, and when others knelt to pray, I bowed with them trembling, and after two or three had prayed, I opened my mouth in prayer before I was aware of it. And the promises of God looked to me like so many precious pearls that were to be received only by asking for them. As I prayed the burden and agony of soul that I had so long felt left me, and the blessing of God came upon me like the gentle dew, and I gave glory to God for what I felt. Everything was shut out from me but Jesus and glory, and I knew nothing of what was passing around me.

I remained in this state a long time, and

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when I realized what was around me, everything looked glorious and new, as if smiling and praising God. I was then willing to confess Jesus everywhere, and seemed to be shut in with God. I went to the hall where the Advent people worshiped, and there related what the Lord had done for me, and with tears of gratitude declared the wondrous love of God. Bro. Stockman was present. He had recently seen me in deep despair, and as he now saw my captivity turned, he wept aloud, and rejoiced with me. I also related my experience in the Christian meeting house in Portland. The sacrifice that Christ had made to save me from sin and death, looked very great. I could not dwell upon it without weeping. I could then praise God for my misfortune. I was naturally proud and ambitious, and fear that I never should have given my heart to the Lord if I had not been afflicted. For six months not a cloud of darkness passed over my mind.

Chapter 4—The Methodist Church

My brother Robert and myself still attended the Methodist class-meeting. One evening the presiding elder was present. And, filled with the love of God, I related what he had done

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for me, that I had at last found the blessing I had so long sought for—entire conformity to the will of God. I rejoiced in the soon coming of Jesus. I expected they would rejoice with me, but was disappointed. After I ceased speaking Elder B. asked me if it would not be more pleasant to live a long life of holiness here, and do others good, than to have Jesus come and destroy poor sinners. I told him I longed for Jesus to come. Then sin would have an end, and we should enjoy sanctification forever where there would be no tempting Devil to lead our steps astray.

Then he asked me if I would not rather die easy on a bed, than to pass through the pain of being changed from mortal to immortality. I answered that I wished Jesus to come and save his children; and that I was willing to live or die; that I could endure all the pain that could be borne in a moment in the twinkling of an eye; and that I desired the wheels of time to roll swiftly round, and bring the welcome day, when these vile bodies should be changed, and fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. I also stated that when I lived nearest to the Lord, the more earnestly did I long for his appearing. Some in the class-meeting seemed to be greatly displeased.

Once more I attended class-meeting, and was happy in the love of God, and wished to bear my testimony among them. I told them

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again what Jesus had done for me, through the belief of the near coming of the Son of God. The class-leader interrupted me, saying, "Through Methodism!" But I could not give the glory to Methodism, when it was Christ and the hope of his soon coming, that made me free. I finished my testimony, the last I was ever to bear among the Methodists, and sat down. I was convinced that I must give up my belief in the soon coming of my Lord, or should have no freedom in class-meeting, or among the Methodists; for my feelings would be wounded, and their ire would be kindled against me, if I talked out what the Spirit of the Lord wrought in me.

Soon the minister visited my father's family. The entire family were interested in the doctrine of the Lord's coming. The minister wished us to withdraw from the church, as that would save a church trial. My parents told him they wished to know the reason of this request. He said that we had been walking contrary to their rules, and that they had rather we would withdraw, than to have the sound go out that they had turned us out. We preferred a trial, that we might know what sin we had committed. We were not conscious of any wrong, unless it was a sin to be looking for, and loving the appearing of, our Saviour.

Our family were notified of the church-meeting, and we met in the vestry of the

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meeting-house. The only charge brought against us was that we had walked contrary to their rules. It was asked, "What rules have we violated?" After a little hesitation it was stated that we had absented ourselves from the class-meeting, and had attended other meetings, and they considered that we had violated their rules.

They were reminded of some who were retained in the church, who had not attended class meeting for more than a year, and a portion of our family had been in the country, and none who had remained in the city had absented themselves but a few weeks, and they were compelled to remain away because they could not talk out the sentiments of their heart. If they mentioned the coming of their Saviour, or their love for his appearing, there was a hard pressing spirit against them, and such displeasure manifested that there was a plain division of feeling, and we knew if they loved Jesus they would love to hear of his coming. It was asked us whether we would agree to conform to their rules, and confess that we had walked contrary to them. We answered that we would confess that after the manner which they call heresy, so would we worship the God of our fathers. We dared not yield our faith. With free spirits, happy in the love of God, we left the vestry of the Methodist meeting-house. We had the assurance that God was

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on our side, who was more than all they that were against us.

At the commencement of their love-feast, Elder B. read off our names, seven in number, and wished it understood that it was not for immoral conduct that we were turned out, but for a breach of their rules. He also stated that a door was now open, and all who should walk contrary to their rules would share the same fate. They had made a beginning, and should follow it up. There were others in the Methodist church who were looking for the appearing of the Saviour. They wished to hold these persons among them by frightening them. They succeeded in a few instances, and some sold their favor with God for a place in the Methodist church. Many believed, but dared not confess their faith for fear of being turned out of the synagogue. They loved the praise of men more than the favor of God. Some afterwards left them and joined those who were loving the appearing of Jesus. We were all pushed out of the church because we believed and talked the near coming of our Saviour. At this time the words of the prophet were exceedingly precious: "Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified; but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed." *Isaiah 66:5*.

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Chapter 5—Opposition of Formal Brethren

For six months not a cloud intervened between me and my Saviour. Whenever there was a proper opportunity I bore my testimony in meeting, and was greatly blessed. At times the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me in such power that my strength was taken away. This was a trial to some of those who had come out from the formal churches, and often words were spoken meant for my ear, which grieved me. They did not believe that any one could be so filled with the Spirit of the Lord as to lose their strength. I began to fear. I reasoned thus: Am I not justified in holding my peace in meeting, and restraining my feelings, when my testimony causes such opposition, even in meeting, and in the hearts of some of those older in experience, and in years, than myself? I thought I would be just as faithful in living out my religion, and not bear my testimony. I often felt pressed by the Spirit of God to speak in meeting; but did not, and was sensible that the Spirit of God was grieved. I even kept away from meeting where some of those attended who were annoyed by my testimony. I withheld my testimony for fear of offending my brethren, and that uninterrupted communion with God

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which I had enjoyed for months was broken, and I have not since, for so long a time, been perfectly free in the Lord.

But soon one of the family which had been most forward in opposing me, while praying fell prostrate like one dead. His friends feared he was dying; but while they stood weeping over him, rubbing his hands, and using means for his restoration, he gained strength to praise God, and shout with a voice of triumph. He was unable to return home that night. While attending an evening meeting I was much blessed, and again lost my strength. Another of the family mentioned, said he had no faith that it was the Spirit of God that was upon me. He selected one who was considered a man of God, a devoted humble Christian, and said, "If this is genuine, why does it not come upon Bro. R., and he lose his strength?" Bro. R. was immediately prostrated, and as soon as he could give utterance to his feelings, declared that it was of God.

All had believed me honest, but thought I could command my feelings, and not suffer my strength to be taken away. The brother who opposed me was brought to see that he was fighting against God. While in a prayer-meeting, the blessing of the Lord rested upon him, and his countenance seemed to shine with the glory of God, and he fell prostrate to the floor. When he recovered strength he confessed

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he had done wrong in opposing me. Not long after this, while the same family were engaged in prayer, the Spirit of the Lord rested upon them. I had the particulars from my father

who happened in at that time. He said there was scarcely one to help another. They were prostrated by the power of God, while calling upon his name. Cold formality began to melt, and then they regretted that they had opposed me, and confessed their error.

In 1843, I felt like consecrating myself daily to the Lord, and preparing for his coming. But the time of expectation passed, and we were still in this dark world, and the scoffer was bold in scoffing, and in his hard speeches against us. Some who joined the ranks through fear, left us and united with the scoffer. But we still looked for, and loved the appearing of, our Saviour. Again our minds were called to 1844, as the time for the appearing of our Lord. We hailed every evidence in favor of his coming with joy. My experience was like most of God's people at that time. I felt for others who seemed to be held in darkness and despair, and often united with individuals in earnest prayer for their deliverance, and rejoiced with them when they were made free.

With great carefulness we came up to the time of expectation. If clouds shadowed our minds, we could not rest until the darkness

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was removed. We frequently went to the orchards and groves, and sent up our earnest cries to God, "Restore unto us the joys of thy salvation." We would not cease pleading with the Lord until he revealed himself unto us, and we could rejoice in the sweet assurance of his love. I knew that I must walk tremblingly and carefully before God. Heaven and its sweet joys were my meditation day and night. I loved Jesus, and the sound of his dear name enraptured me.

My lungs were diseased, and my voice failed me. The Spirit of the Lord often rested upon me in great measure. My frail body could not endure the weight of glory which the mind grasped and feasted upon, and my strength was frequently gone. The name of Jesus, lovely Jesus, was exalted before me. I seemed to dwell in a heavenly atmosphere. I expected Jesus to come and make me immortal, when I could endure to drink in the light of his countenance, and ever feast upon his glory, and praise him in perfect strains.

We waited with earnest desire for the appearing of Jesus, but the time of expectation again passed, and we were still in this mortal state, and the effects of the curse all around us. Our disappointment was bitter; but we did not faint. A strong arm bore us up. Some expressed their lack of faith as follows:—"You need have no more fears; the time has passed,

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the Lord will not come for years." The passing of the time tested and shook off such. But we believed that in his own good time he would come; that we must first be proved, be purified, made white, and tried, and then he would redeem his faithful, trusting ones.

My health failed rapidly. I could only talk in a whisper, or broken tone of voice. One physician said my disease was dropsical consumption; that my right lung was gone, and my left affected. He thought I could not live long, might die very suddenly. It was very difficult for me to breathe lying down, and nights was bolstered almost in a sitting posture, and would often awake with my mouth full of blood.

Chapter 6—My First Vision

About this time I visited sister H., one of our Advent sisters, whose heart was knit with mine. In the morning we bowed at the family altar. It was not an exciting occasion. There were but five of us present, all females. While praying, the power of God came upon me as I never had felt it before. I was surrounded with light, and was rising higher and higher from the earth. I turned to look for

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the Advent people in the world, but could not find them—when a voice said to me, “Look again, and look a little higher.” At this I raised my eyes and saw a straight and narrow path, cast up high above the world. On this path the Advent people were traveling to the city, which was at the further end of the path. They had a bright light set up behind them at the first end of the path, which an angel told me was the Midnight Cry. This shone all along the path, and gave light for their feet that they might not stumble. And if they kept their eyes fixed on Jesus, who was just before them, leading them to the city, they were safe. But soon some grew weary, and they said the city was a great way off, and they expected to have entered it before. Then Jesus would encourage them by raising his glorious right arm, and from his arm came a bright light which waved over the Advent people, and they shouted, Hallelujah! Others rashly denied the light behind them, and said that it was not God that had led them out so far. The light behind them went out, leaving their feet in perfect darkness, and they stumbled and got their eyes off the mark, and lost sight of Jesus, and fell off the path down into the dark and wicked world below. Soon we heard the voice of God like many waters, which gave us the day and hour of Jesus’ coming. The living saints knew and understood

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the voice, while the wicked thought it was thunder and an earthquake. When God spake the time, he poured on us the Holy Spirit, and our faces began to light up and shine with the glory of God as Moses’ did when he came down from mount Sinai.

The 144,000 were all sealed and perfectly united. On their foreheads was written, God, New Jerusalem, and a glorious star containing Jesus’ new name. At our happy, holy state the wicked were enraged, and would rush violently up to lay hands on us to thrust us into prison, when we would stretch forth the hand in the name of the Lord, and the wicked would fall helpless to the ground. Then it was that the synagogue of Satan knew that God had loved us, and they worshiped at our feet. Soon our eyes were drawn to the east, for a small black cloud had appeared about half as large as a man’s hand, which we all knew was the sign of the Son of man. We all in solemn silence gazed on the cloud as it drew nearer, and became lighter, glorious, and still more glorious, till it was a great white cloud. The bottom

appeared like fire; a rainbow was over it, and around the cloud were ten thousand angels singing a most lovely song. And on it sat the Son of man, on his head were crowns, his hair was white and curly and lay on his shoulders. His feet had the appearance of fire, in his right hand was a sharp sickle, in his left a

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silver trumpet. His eyes were as a flame of fire, which searched his children through and through. Then all faces gathered paleness, and those that God had rejected gathered blackness. Then we all cried out, Who shall be able to stand? Is my robe spotless? Then the angels ceased to sing, and there was some time of awful silence, when Jesus spoke, Those who have clean hands and a pure heart shall be able to stand; my grace is sufficient for you. At this, our faces lighted up, and joy filled every heart. And the angels struck a note higher and sung again while the cloud drew still nearer the earth. Then Jesus' silver trumpet sounded, as he descended on the cloud, wrapped in flames of fire. He gazed on the graves of the sleeping saints, then raised his eyes and hands to heaven and cried, Awake! Awake! Awake! ye that sleep in the dust, and arise. Then there was a mighty earthquake. The graves opened, and the dead came up clothed with immortality. The 144,000 shouted, Hallelujah! as they recognized their friends who had been torn from them by death, and in the same moment we were changed and caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air. We all entered the cloud together, and were seven days ascending to the sea of glass, when Jesus brought along the crowns and with his own right hand placed them on our heads. He

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gave us harps of gold and palms of victory. Here on the sea of glass the 144,000 stood in a perfect square. Some of them had very bright crowns, others not so bright. Some crowns appeared heavy with stars, while others had but few. All were perfectly satisfied with their crowns. And they were all clothed with a glorious white mantle from their shoulders to their feet. Angels were all about us as we marched over the sea of glass to the gate of the city. Jesus raised his mighty, glorious arm, laid hold of the pearly gate and swung it back on its glittering hinges, and said to us, You have washed your robes in my blood, stood stiffly for my truth, enter in. We all marched in, and felt we had a perfect right in the city. Here we saw the tree of life and the throne of God. Out of the throne came a pure river of water, and on either side of the river was the tree of life. On one side of the river was a trunk of a tree, and a trunk on the other side of the river, both like pure, transparent gold.

At first I thought I saw two trees. I looked again and saw they were united at the top in one tree. So it was the tree of life, on either side of the river of life. Its branches bowed to the place where we stood; and the fruit was glorious, which looked like gold mixed with silver. We all went under the tree, and sat down to look at the glory of the place,

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when Brn. Fitch and Stockman, who had preached the gospel of the kingdom, and whom God had laid in the grave to save them, came up to us and asked us what we had passed through while they were sleeping. We tried to call up our greatest trials, but they looked so

small compared with the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory that surrounded us, that we could not speak them out, and we all cried out, Alleluia! heaven is cheap enough, and we touched our golden harps and made heaven's arches ring.

Chapter 7—Call to Travel

After I came out of vision a gloom was spread over all I beheld. Oh! how dark this world looked to me. I related the vision to our little company in Portland, who then fully believed it to be of God. The Spirit of the Lord attended the testimony, and the solemnity of eternity rested upon us. About one week after this the Lord gave me another view, and showed me the trials I must pass through; that I must go and relate to others what he had revealed to me; that I should meet with great opposition, and suffer anguish of spirit. Said the angel, “The grace of God is sufficient for you; he will sustain you.”

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This vision troubled me exceedingly. My health was very poor, and I was only seventeen years old. I knew that many had fallen through exaltation, and that if I in any way became exalted, the Lord would leave me, and I should surely be lost. I earnestly prayed that the burden might be laid on some other one. But all the light I could get was, “Make known to others what I have revealed to you.” I was unreconciled to go out into the world. I had naturally but little confidence. When I had the assurance that all was right between me and God, then my confidence was strong. I was then willing to do anything, and suffer anything; and relying upon the strength of God could declare the testimony without fear. But the work looked great, and the trials severe. The idea of a female traveling from place to place caused me to draw back. I looked with desire into the grave. Death appeared to me preferable to the responsibilities I should have to bear.

At length the Lord hid his face from me. I was again in darkness and despair. I feared that he had left me because I was unwilling to go and do his will. The company of believers in Portland sincerely sympathized with me. They seemed to understand my case, and while some sought to comfort me, others were faithful in warning me of my danger. I was afraid

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I had grieved the Spirit of the Lord from me for ever, and thought if he would reveal himself to me again, I would obey him, and would go anywhere. How small the opposition and frowns of men appeared to me then, compared with the frown of God.

The meetings were held at my father’s house; but my distress of mind was so great that I absented myself from the meetings. This did not relieve me from the burden which weighed so heavily upon me, and again I attended the meetings. The church all united in earnest prayer for me, and once more I consecrated myself to the Lord, and felt willing to be used to his glory. While praying, the thick darkness that had enveloped me was scattered, a bright light, like a ball of fire, came towards me, and as it fell upon me, my strength was taken away. I seemed to be in the presence of Jesus and of angels. Again it was repeated, “Make known to others what I have revealed to you.” I earnestly begged that if I must go and relate

what the Lord had shown me, that I might be kept from exaltation. Then an angel told me that my prayer was answered, and that if I should be in danger of exaltation, I should be afflicted with sickness. Said the angel, "If ye deliver the message faithfully, and endure unto the end, ye shall eat of the fruit of the tree of life, and drink of the river of the water of life."

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I then committed myself fully to God, to go at his bidding. Providentially the way opened for me to go to my sisters' in Poland, thirty miles from home. I there had opportunity to bear my testimony. The Lord gave me strength. I had been able to talk but little for about three months. My lungs and throat were very sore. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could speak aloud. I stood up in meeting, and commenced in a whisper; and labored to speak for about five minutes, then the soreness seemed to leave my throat and lungs, and my voice was clear, and I could talk from two to three hours, and when my message was ended, my voice was gone until I stood before the people again. I frequently spoke over two hours.

Thus I journeyed for three months. The way opened for me to go to the eastern part of Maine. Bro. J. was obliged to go to Orington [Orrington] on business, and his sister accompanied him. I was urged to go with them, and relate my visions. It caused me some trial to go, but as I had promised the Lord that if he would open the way before me, I would walk in it, I dared not refuse.

At Orington [Orrington] I met Bro. White, and learned that J. had come for the purpose of taking to him his horse and sleigh. The Spirit of the Lord attended the message I bore, and the desponding were encouraged, and made to hope.

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At Garland a large number collected from different places to hear my message. But I was in great heaviness. I had received a letter from my mother, begging me to return home, for false reports were being circulated concerning me. This I had not expected. My name had never been reproached. My cup of sorrow was full. I felt grieved that my mother should suffer on my account. She was very sensitive in regard to the reputation of her children. If there had been any opportunity I should have returned immediately home, and by my presence contradicted these lying reports. I thought it would be impossible for me to speak that night. I was urged to trust in the Lord, but could not be comforted. At length the brethren engaged in prayer for me, and the blessing of the Lord rested upon me, and I had great freedom in bearing my testimony. I felt that an angel of God was standing by my side to strengthen me. Sweet heart-felt shouts of glory and victory went up from that house. Jesus was in our midst, and our hearts burned with his love.

At Exeter a heavy burden rested upon me, which I could not be free from until I related what I had been shown concerning some fanatical persons present, who were exalted by the spirit of Satan. I mentioned that I must soon return home, and that I had seen that these fanatical persons were anxious to visit

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Portland; but they had no work to do there; that they would injure the cause if they went, by carrying things to extremes; that they were deceived in regard to the Spirit they possessed. This seemed to cause some great trial. My testimony cut directly across their anticipated course, and they became jealous of me, and secretly held bitter feelings against me.

From Exeter we went to Atkinson. One night I was shown something that I did not understand. It was to this effect, that we were to have a trial of our faith. The next day, which was the first day of the week, while I was speaking, two men looked into the window. We were satisfied of their object. They entered and rushed past me to Eld. Damman. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon him, and his strength was taken away, and he fell to the floor helpless. The officer cried out, "In the name of the State of Maine, lay hold of this man." Two seized his arms, and two his feet, and attempted to drag him from the room. They would move him a few inches only, and then rush out of the house. The power of God was in that room, and the servants of God with their countenances lighted up with his glory, made no resistance. The efforts to take Eld. D. were often repeated with the same effect. The men could not endure the power of God, and it was a relief to them to rush out of the house. Their number increased to twelve,

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still Eld. D. was held by the power of God about forty minutes, and not all the strength of those men could move him from the floor where he lay helpless. At the same moment we all felt that Eld. D. must go; that God had manifested his power for his glory, and that the name of the Lord would be further glorified in suffering him to be taken from our midst. And those men took him up as easily as they would take up a child, and carried him out.

After Eld. D. was taken from our midst he was kept in a hotel, and guarded by a man who did not like his office. He said that Eld. D. was singing, and praying, and praising the Lord all night, so that he could not sleep, and he would not watch over such a man. No one wished the office of guarding him, and he was left to go about the village as he pleased, after promising that he would appear for trial. Kind friends invited him to share their hospitalities. At the hour of trial Eld. D. was present. A lawyer offered his services. The charge brought against Eld. D. was, that he was a disturber of the peace. Many witnesses were brought to sustain the charge, but they were at once broken down by the testimony of Eld. D.'s acquaintances present, who were called to the stand. There was much curiosity to know what Eld. D. and his friends believed, and he was asked to give them a synopsis of his faith. He then told them in a clear manner his

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belief from the Scriptures. It was also suggested that they sung curious hymns, and he was asked to sing one. There were quite a number of strong brethren present who had stood by him in the trial, and they joined with him in singing,

"When I was down in Egypt's land,
I heard my Saviour was at hand," &c.

Eld. D. was asked if he had a spiritual wife. He told them he had a lawful wife, and he could thank God that she had been a very spiritual woman ever since his acquaintance with her. The cost of court, I think, was thrown upon him, and he was released.

Distracting influences have separated Eld. D. from his friends who believe the third message; but we hope the time is not far distant when he and many others in Maine will joyfully receive the message.

We returned to Portland, and then visited Topsham. Sister Frances Howland was very sick with rheumatic fever. She was under the doctor's care. Her hands were so swollen that we could not see the joints. Bro. Howland was asked if he had faith that F. could be healed in answer to prayer. He said, "I will believe." Again he was asked, "Do you believe?" He answered, "I do." Then prayer was offered to God in her behalf. We claimed the promise, "Ask and ye shall receive."

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Sister F. was in the chamber above. She had not stood on her feet for two weeks. The Spirit of the Lord indited prayer. We had the assurance of God's willingness to heal the afflicted one. Bro. D. cried out in the Spirit, and power of God, "Is there some sister here who has faith enough to go and take her by the hand, and bid her arise in the name of the Lord?" Sister C. was on her way as the words were spoken. She ascended the stairs with the Spirit of the Lord upon her, and took F. by the hand, saying, "Sister Frances, in the name of the Lord arise and be whole." Sister F. acted out her faith, rose from her bed and stood upon her feet, and walked the room praising the Lord that she was healed. She dressed and came down into the room where we were, her countenance lighted up with the blessing of God.

The next morning sister F. sat at the breakfast table with us. And as Bro. White was reading for family worship, from James, chapter 5, the doctor came into the entry, and as usual ascended the stairs to visit his patient. But he could not find her. He hurried down, opened the door leading into the large kitchen where we were sitting, his patient in the midst. He looked astonished, and said, "Frances is better." Bro. Howland answered, "The Lord has healed her," and Bro. White resumed his reading, which had been interrupted, "Is any

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sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray for him," &c. The doctor nodded and left the room. The same day she rode three miles, and returned home in the evening. It was rainy, but she received no injury. A few days after, at her request, Bro. White led her down into the water and baptized her.

At this time Bro. Wm. H. Hyde was very sick with the bloody dysentery. His symptoms were alarming. A physician said that unless he received help in a short time, his case was hopeless. There was much unbelief and darkness in the place where he was staying, and we wished to get him away where there was more faith. We prayed for him around the bedside, that the Lord would raise him up and give him strength to leave that place. He was blessed and strengthened, and rode four miles. After he arrived at Bro. P.'s he grew worse, and seemed to be sinking every hour. Some things had hindered faith in his case. Faithful testimony was borne to him, and humble confessions were made on his part, where

he had erred, and a few who had faith were permitted to enter his room. Our earnest, fervent prayers went up to God, that the progress of disease might be stayed, and then faith grasped still more, immediate restoration. God's children seemed to groan in spirit. Such a reaching out after God and bringing the

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promises near, I have seldom witnessed. The salvation of God was revealed. Power from on high rested upon our sick brother, and upon those in the room. He called for his clothes, arose and dressed himself, and walked out of the room, praising God, with the light of heaven shining in his countenance. A farmer's dinner was ready. Said Bro. H., "If I was well I should partake of this food, and I believe God has healed me, and shall act out my faith." He ate heartily, and it did not hurt him.

From Topsham we went to Portland, and quite a number from the east were there, some of the very individuals to whom I had borne my testimony in Exeter, that it was not their duty to visit Portland. We trembled for the church, for they were in danger through these fanatical spirits. They trusted every impression, and laid aside reason and judgment. My heart ached for God's people. Oh must they be thus deceived, and led away by a false spirit! Warnings had but little effect, only to make those warned jealous of me.

The false burdens and impressions of others might have led me away from duty, but the Lord had previously shown me my duty where to go, and, although young and inexperienced, preserved me from falling, by giving me special directions who to fear, and who to trust. Were it not for this, I can now see many times where I might have been led from the path of duty.

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About this time I was shown that I must visit New Hampshire. My sister's husband's sister accompanied me. She was faithful to me, kind and attentive, ever ready with the care of a sister to sympathize with me in all my trials, and to cheer me in my despondency and gloom. Bro. Files and his wife and Bro. White accompanied us. A distracted state of things existed in New Hampshire, yet the Lord often manifested his power there.

It was in New Hampshire that we had our first experience in relation to what is termed spiritual magnetism. We visited Claremont, and inquired for Adventists. We were told there were two parties; one holding fast their past advent experience, the other denying it. We asked for those who had not denied their past experience, and were directed to Elders B-----t and B-----s, as persons believing as we did. There was so much said against them, that we concluded that they were persecuted for righteousness' sake. We called on them, and were received and treated kindly, yet such depression came upon me, that I felt that all was not right.

Elder B-----t appeared to be a very holy man. Had much to say upon charity. Speaking of faith he said, "All we have to do is believe, then whatever we ask of God will be given." Bro. White answered, "Blessings are promised on conditions. [John 15:7](#): If ye abide

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in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be given unto you. Your theory of faith is empty as a flour barrel with both heads out. And as regards true charity, she is a very delicate personage, never stepping out of the path of Bible truth.”

In the afternoon we called at Bro. Collier’s, where we purposed to hold a meeting in the evening. We supposed they were in union with Elder B-----t, and asked some questions in reference to him, but could get no information. Said Bro. C., “If the Lord has sent you here, you will find them out and tell us.”

That evening, as I was praying and reaching up by faith to receive the blessing of the Lord, B-----t and B-----s, began to groan and cry out, Amen! Amen! throwing their sympathy and influence in with my prayer. Bro. White was much distressed, and rising, cried, “I resist this spirit in the name of the Lord.” After this, while I was enjoying freedom in speaking, they again commenced groaning and crying out, Amen! Amen! I felt no union with them, for their amens chilled me. Bro. White feeling their influence upon him again, rose, and in the name of the Lord rebuked the wicked spirit. They were then so bound as to be unable to rise again that night. After the meeting Bro. White said, “Bro. Collier, now I can tell you about those two men; they are acting under a satanic influence, yet

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attributing all to the Spirit of the Lord.” Bro. C. answered, “I believe the Lord sent you. We have called their influence mesmerism; and because we could have no union with their spirit, do not generally have meetings here. They rise above us, manifest much feeling, but leave an influence darker than Egypt. I never saw them checked, or tied up, before tonight.”

During family prayer that night, the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, and I was taken off in vision. A curtain was raised, and the cases of these men, and a few others in union with them, were clearly shown me. They were practising deception upon God’s little flock, meanwhile professing to be chosen servants of the Lord. It was shown me that the Lord would tear off the pious garb they had drawn around themselves, and disclose their dark designs and iniquitous deeds; deeds that some had scarcely thought of. We then returned to Springfield. On the way I fell from the wagon and so injured my side that I had to be carried into the house. That night my suffering was great. Sister Foss joined with me in pleading for God’s blessing, and for relief from pain. About midnight the blessing sought rested upon me. Those in the house were awakened by hearing my voice while in vision. This was the first time I had a view of the voice of God in connection with the time of trouble.

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Chapter 8—Fanaticism in Maine

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

We soon returned to Portland, and found the brethren in great confusion. A meeting was appointed at the house of Sr. H. that I might have an opportunity to relate what had been shown me. While praying for strength to discharge that painful duty, I was taken off in vision, and in the presence of J. T., was again shown his ungodly course. Those present said I talked it out before him. After I came out of vision he said I was under a wrong influence. He acknowledged that a part of it was right, but the other part was wrong. Said it would take a critical spiritual observer to detect the difference; that this was the same spirit that had always followed him to crush him, &c. With anguish of spirit I left the meeting, for I had a message for his wife, a message of comfort to her sorrowing heart. I went to bear my testimony, and found her

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weeping and grieving, as though her heart would break. I related the vision, which she confirmed. We learned from united testimony, that honest, precious souls had been rejected by these fanatics, and by them told that they were rejected of God. We also learned that these officious ones had been flocking to my father's house, making that their stopping place. J. T. and J. H. who were leaders in this rank fanaticism, followed impressions and burdens, which led to corruption, instead of purity and holiness.

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

As I returned to Portland evidences increased of the desolating effects of fanaticism in Maine. These fanatical ones seemed to think

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that religion consisted in making a noise. They would talk in such a manner as to irritate unbelievers, and cause them to hate them, and then they would rejoice that they suffered persecution. Unbelievers could see no consistency in their course. The brethren in some

places were prevented from assembling for meetings. The innocent suffered with the guilty. Much of the time I carried a sad and heavy heart. It seemed so cruel that the cause of Christ should be injured by injudicious men. They were not only ruining their own souls, but placing a stigma upon the cause not easily removed. And Satan loved to have it so. It suited him well to see the truth handled by unskillful workmen; to have it mixed with error, and then altogether trampled in the dust. He looked with triumph upon the confused, scattered state of God's children.

J. T. labored with some success to turn my friends, and even my relatives, against me. Why did he do this? Because I had faithfully related what was shown me respecting his unchristian course. He circulated falsehoods to destroy my influence and justify himself. My lot seemed hard. Discouragements pressed heavily; and the condition of God's people so filled me with anguish that for two weeks my mind wandered. My relatives thought I could not live; but brethren and sisters who sympathized with me in this affliction, met to

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pray for me. I soon realized that earnest, effectual prayer was being offered in my behalf. Prayer prevailed. The power of the strong foe was broken, and I was released, and immediately taken off in vision. In this view I saw that a human influence should never afflict me again in like manner. If I felt an influence affecting my testimony, no matter where I might be, I had only to cry to God, and another angel would be sent to my rescue. I already had one guardian angel attending me continually, but when necessary, the Lord would send another to strengthen, and raise me above the power of every earthly influence. Then I saw for the first time the glory of the new earth as follows.

Chapter 9—Vision of the New Earth

With Jesus at our head we all descended from the City down to this earth, on a great and mighty mountain, which could not bear Jesus up, and it parted asunder, and there was a mighty plain. Then we looked up and saw the great City, with twelve foundations, twelve gates, three on each side, and an angel at each gate. We all cried out, “The City, the great City, it’s coming! it’s coming down from God

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out of heaven!” And it came and settled on the place where we stood. Then we began to look at the glorious things outside of the City. There I saw most beautiful houses, that had the appearance of silver, supported by four pillars set with pearls, most glorious to behold, which were to be inhabited by the saints, and in them was a golden shelf. I saw many of the saints go into the houses, take off their glittering crowns and lay them on the shelf, then go out into the field by the houses to do something with the earth; not as we have to do with the earth here. A glorious light shone all about their heads, and they were continually offering praises to God.

And I saw another field full of all kinds of flowers, and as I plucked them I cried out, They will never fade. Next I saw a field of tall grass most glorious to behold; it was living green, and had a reflection of silver and gold, as it waved to the glory of King Jesus. Then we entered a field full of all kinds of beasts—the lion, the lamb, the leopard and the wolf, all together in perfect union. We passed through the midst of them, and they followed on peaceably after. Then we entered a wood, not like the dark woods we have here; but light and beautiful. The branches of the trees waved to and fro, and we all cried out, “We will dwell safely in the wilderness and sleep in the woods.” We passed through the

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woods, for we were on our way to Mount Zion. As we were traveling along, we met a company who were also gazing at the glories of the place. I noticed red as a border on their garments; their crowns were brilliant; their robes were pure white. As we greeted them I asked Jesus who they were. He said they were martyrs that had been slain for him. With them was an innumerable company of little ones; they had a hem of red on their garments also. Mount Zion was just before us, and on the mount was a building which looked to me like a temple, and about it were seven other mountains, on which grew roses and lilies. And I saw the little ones climb, or if they chose, use their little wings and fly to the top of the mountains, and pluck the never-fading flowers. There were all kinds of trees to beautify the place; the box, the pine, the fir, the oil, the myrtle, the pomegranate, and the fig-tree, bowed down with the weight of its timely figs, that made the place all over glorious. And as we were about to enter the temple, Jesus raised his lovely voice and said, Only the 144,000 enter this place, and we shouted Alleluia.

The temple was supported by seven pillars, all of transparent gold, set with pearls most glorious. The things I saw there I cannot describe. O that I could talk in the language of Canaan, then could I tell a little of the glory

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of the better world. I saw there tables of stone in which the names of 144,000 were engraved in letters of gold. After we beheld the glory of the temple, we went out, and Jesus left us, and went to the City. Soon we heard his lovely voice again, saying, "Come, my people, you have come out of great tribulation, and done my will; suffered for me; come in to supper; for I will gird myself and serve you." We shouted Alleluia, glory, and entered into the City. And I saw a table of pure silver, it was many miles in length, yet our eyes could extend over it. I saw the fruit of the tree of life, the manna, almonds, figs, pomegranates, grapes, and many other kinds of fruit. I asked Jesus to let me eat of the fruit. He said, Not now. Those who eat of the fruit of this land, go back to earth no more. But in a little while, if faithful, you shall both eat of the fruit of the tree of life, and drink of the water of the fountain. And he said, You must go back to earth again, and relate to others what I have revealed to you. Then an angel bore me gently down to this dark world.

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

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The Better Land.

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

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

We have heard of the palms, the robes, the crowns,
And the silvery band in white;
Of the City fair with pearly gates,
All radiant with light.

We have heard of the angels there, and saints,
With their harps of gold, how they sing;
Of the mount, with the fruitful tree of life,
Of the leaves that healing bring.

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

Chapter 10—Trials and Victories

About this time I was subjected to a severe trial. If the Spirit of the Lord rested upon a brother or sister in meeting, and they glorified God by praising him, some raised the cry of mesmerism. And if it pleased the Lord to give me a vision in meeting, some would say, “It is excitement and mesmerism.” Grieved and desponding, I often went alone to some retired place to pour out my soul before Him who invites the weary and heavy laden to come and find rest. As my faith claimed the promises, Jesus seemed very near. The sweet light of heaven shone around me, and there have I been taken off in vision. Then I would relate what God had revealed to me alone, where no earthly influence could affect me; but I was told by some that I mesmerized myself, and that those who lived the nearest to God were most liable to be deceived by Satan. According to this teaching, our only safety from delusion was to remain quite a distance from God in a backslidden state. O, thought I, has it come to this, that those who honestly go to God alone to plead his promises, and to claim his salvation, are to be charged with being under the foul influence of mesmerism? Do we ask our kind Father in heaven for bread, only

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to receive a stone or a scorpion? These things wounded my spirit, and wrung my soul in keen anguish, well nigh to despair, while many would have me believe that there was no Holy Spirit, and that all the exercises that holy men of God have experienced, were only mesmerism or the deceptions of Satan.

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

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All these things weighed heavily upon my spirits, and in the confusion, I was sometimes tempted to doubt my own experience. And while at family worship one morning, the power of God began to rest upon me, and the thought rushed into my mind that it was

mesmerism, and I resisted it. Immediately I was struck dumb, and for a few moments was lost to everything around me. I then saw my sin in doubting the power of God, and that for so doing I was struck dumb, and that my tongue should be loosed in less than twenty-four hours. A card was held up before me, on which was written in gold letters the chapter and verse of the following texts of Scripture:

Luke 1:20; John 16:15; Acts 2:4; 4:29-31; Matthew 7:6-12, 15; 24:24; Colossians 2:6-8; Hebrews 10:35-39; 4:10-12; Philippians 1:6, 27-29; 2:13-15; Ephesians 6:10-18; 4:32; 1 Peter 1:22; John 13:34, 35; 2 Corinthians 13:5; 1 Corinthians 3:10-13; Acts 20:28-30; Galatians 1:6-9; Luke 12:3-7; 4:10, 11; 2 Corinthians 4:6-9, 17, 18; 1 Peter 1:5-7; 1 Thessalonians 3:8; Mark 16:17, 18; John 9:20-27; 14:13-15; 15:7, 8; Mark 1:23-25; Romans 8:38, 39; Revelation 3:7-13; 14:4, 5; Philippians 3:20; James 5:7, 8; Philippians 3:21; Revelation 14:14-17; Hebrews 4:9; Revelation 21:2; 14:1; 22:1-5.

After I came out of vision, I beckoned for

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the slate, and wrote upon it that I was dumb, also what I had seen, and that I wished the large Bible. I took the Bible and readily turned to all the texts that I had seen upon the card. I conversed that day with slate and pencil. Next morning my tongue was loosed to shout the praises of God. After that, I dared not doubt my experience, or for a moment resist the power of God, however others might think of me.

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

It was very crossing for me to relate to individuals what I had been shown concerning their wrongs. It caused me great distress to see others troubled or grieved. And when obliged to declare the messages, I often softened them down and related what I had seen as favorable for the individual as I could, and then would go by myself and weep in agony of spirit. I looked upon those who had only their own souls to care for, and thought if I were in their condition I would not murmur. How could I relate the plain, cutting testimonies given me of God? I anxiously watched the result, and if the individual reprov'd, rose up against it, and afterwards opposed the truth, these queries

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would arise in my mind. Did I deliver the message just as I should? Oh, God! could there not have been some way to save them? And then such distress hung upon my soul, I often felt that death would be a welcome messenger, and the grave a sweet resting-place. I did not realize that I was so unfaithful, and did not see the danger and sin of such a course, until I was taken in vision into the presence of Jesus. He looked upon me with a frown, and turned his face from me. It is not possible to describe the terror and agony I then felt. I fell upon my face before him, but had no power to utter a word. O, how I longed to be covered and hid from that dreadful frown. Then could I realize, in some degree, what the feelings of the lost will be when they cry, "Mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb."

Presently an angel bid me rise, and the sight that met my eyes can hardly be described. A company was presented before me whose hair and garments were torn, and whose countenances were the very picture of despair and horror. They came close to me, and took their garments and rubbed them on mine. I looked at my garments, and saw that they were stained with blood. Again I fell like one dead, at the feet of my accompanying angel. I could not plead one excuse, and longed to be away

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from such a holy place. Again the angel stood me up on my feet, and said, "This is not your case now, but this scene has passed before you to let you know what your situation must be, if you neglect to declare to others what the Lord has revealed to you. But if you are faithful to the end, you shall eat of the tree of life, and shall drink of the river of the water of life. You will have to suffer much, but the grace of God is sufficient." I then felt willing to do all that the Lord might require me to do, that I might have his approbation, and not feel his dreadful frown.

While visiting my sisters in Poland, I was afflicted with sickness. Those present united in prayer in my behalf, and the disease was rebuked. Angels seemed to be in the room, and all was light and glory. I was again taken off in vision, and shown that I must go about three miles to a meeting, and when there should learn what the Lord would have me do. We went and found quite a large gathering of the brethren and sisters. None had known of any special meeting. J. T. was there. He had boasted that he understood the art of mesmerism, and that he could mesmerize me; that he could prevent me from having a vision, or telling a vision in his presence. There were many present who had heard this boast. I arose in the congregation. My visions came up fresh before me, and I commenced relating

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them, when I felt a human influence being exerted against me. I looked at J. T. He had his hand up to his face, and was looking through his fingers, his eyes intently fixed upon me. His lips were compressed, and a low groan now and then escaped him. In a moment I remembered the promise which the Lord had given me, and turned to him and related what the Lord had shown me in Portland; that if I was in danger of being affected by a human influence, to ask for another angel, who would be sent to protect me. I then raised my hands to heaven and earnestly cried, Another angel, Father! another angel! I knew that my request was granted. I felt shielded by the strong Spirit of the Lord, and was borne above every earthly influence, and with freedom finished my testimony. The saints were comforted, and rejoiced in the Lord. J. T. was asked why he had not stopped my relating the vision? He answered, "Oh, some of you would have her talk." With strong confidence, rejoicing in God, we returned to my sister's.

Some in Paris, Me., believed that it was sin to work. Jesse Stevens was leader in this error, and exerted a strong influence over others. He had been a Methodist preacher and was considered a faithful christian. He had won the confidence of many by his zeal for the truth, and apparent holy living, which caused

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some to believe him especially directed of the Lord. The Lord gave me a reproof for him; that he was going contrary to the word of God in abstaining from labor, and urging his errors upon others, denouncing all who did not receive them. He rejected every evidence which the Lord gave to convince him of his error, and was firm to take nothing back in his course. He followed impressions and went weary journeys, walking great distances, where he would only receive abuse, and considered that he was suffering for Christ's sake.

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

The next morning we went to the place appointed for meeting. When S. came in and saw us present he seemed troubled. The meeting commenced with prayer. Then as I tried to pray, the blessing of the Lord rested upon me, and I was taken off in vision. S. had declared that he would listen to nothing

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but Bible. I was shown what the Bible taught in contrast with his errors. I then saw that the frown of God was upon him; that he was leading astray honest, conscientious souls. They feared to differ with him. Yet they saw inconsistencies in his faith, and their judgment told them he was wrong. His object in appointing that meeting was to make an effort to strengthen the cords of error with which he had bound these souls. I saw that God would work for the salvation of his people; that S. would soon fully manifest himself, and all the honest would see that it was not a right spirit which actuated him, and that his career would soon close. I was told by those present that he would hear no more, and took his hat and left the house. Soon after this the snare was broken, and he could have but little influence over souls. He denounced the visions as being of the Devil, and continued to follow his impressions, until Satan seemed to take the full control of his mind. His friends at length were obliged to confine him, where he made a rope of some of his bed clothing with which he hung himself. Thus ended his career.

At my father's house in Portland, I was shown that I must go to Portsmouth the next day and bear my testimony there. My sister Sarah traveled with me, and Bro. White accompanied us. I had no means to pay my fare,

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but prepared to go, trusting in the Lord to open the way. The first car bell was ringing, as I put on my bonnet. I looked out of the window, and saw a good brother driving very fast up to the gate. His horse was reeking with sweat. He quickly entered the house, and asked, "Is there any one here who needs means? I was impressed that some one here needed money." We hastily related that we were going to Portsmouth at the Lord's bidding, and had nothing to go with, but resolved to start, trusting in the providence of God to open the way. The brother handed us money enough to carry us to Portsmouth and back. Said he, "Take a seat in my wagon, and I will carry you to the depot." While on the way he told us he could not

hold his horse, he would come with great speed. The distance was twelve miles. We had just taken our seats when the cars started. Here the Lord tested and proved us, and strengthened our faith as we were brought into a very straight place, and were carried through by the manifestation of his providence. I had freedom in bearing my testimony in Portsmouth.

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Chapter 11—Visit to Massachusetts

I was then shown that I must visit Massachusetts, and there bear my testimony. When we reached Boston, I learned that T., who opposed me in Maine, arrived a few hours before. We considered our being sent to Massachusetts just at that time, was to save God's people from falling under his influence.

It was arranged that I should go to Roxbury and there relate my message. I found a large company collected in a private house. I felt the opposition that existed in the hearts of my brethren and sisters, yet in the strength of the Lord delivered my unpopular message. As I was speaking, a sister who had been opposed to me, arose and interrupted me. She grasped my hand, saying, "I said that the Devil sent you, but I can doubt no longer," and she declared to those present that I was a child of God, and that he had sent me. All in the meeting were greatly blessed. The power of the Lord attended the testimony, and every heart was comforted and refreshed. T. Haskins who had usually led in their meetings, arose with his countenance beaming with joy, and said, "The same power attends this, that attended the truth in 1844. I do not expect to find another so green a spot this side of our

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deliverance." We next visited Bro. Nichols' family in Dorchester, and had a meeting there of the deepest interest. Again H. testified that the Lord had abundantly blessed him, and that he could go forty days on the strength he there received. But T. was exerting his influence to discourage and close up my way by spreading lying reports concerning me. H., who had been made so happy as he received my testimony, fell under the influence of T., and as his mind turned, he became unsettled, then unstable. It was evident that he was rejecting the counsel of God against himself. He seemed unhappy, and finally went into the spiritual view of the second advent, and received the grossest errors, neglected his family, took a spiritual wife, and his lawful wife died of a broken heart.

I next visited Randolph, New Bedford and Carver. The Lord gave me liberty in all these places to bear my testimony, which was generally received, and the desponding and weak were strengthened. I made it my home at the house of Bro. O. Nichols. They were ever ready with words of encouragement to comfort me when in trial, and often their prayers ascended to heaven in my behalf, until the clouds were dispersed, and the light of heaven again cheered me. Nor did their kindness end here. They were attentive to my wants, and generously supplied me with means to travel.

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They were reproached because they took a stand in favor of my visions, and on account of this they were obliged to be in almost constant conflict, for many were anxious to turn them against me. A faithful record is kept of their acts of love and benevolence. They will not

lose their reward. He that seeth in secret is acquainted with every kind and generous act, and will reward them openly.

Soon H., who had opposed me in Maine, came in great haste to Massachusetts with a document to destroy my influence. I have never had the privilege of reading it, or hearing it read, and have not been able to obtain a copy of it to this day. This document was read in my absence, when I could not answer for myself. As near as I can learn, H. got up the document, then urged a sister, who was occasionally with me during the two weeks of my extreme sickness, when my mind wandered, as stated on page 51, to sign it. She was then on a sick bed, suffering great confusion of mind, and to get rid of H., consented to have him sign her name to the document. At a later period this sister confessed to me in tears her regret that her name was ever attached to the document. She is not a Sabbath-keeper, yet has since cheerfully given her name to a certificate on another page which kills the slanderous document. May the Lord lead this sister to embrace the third message, and may

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we again enjoy sweet union as when at her altar of prayer, I had my first vision as stated on page 30.

We learned from one who had heard the document read in Boston and Roxbury, that H. had gone to Carver to read it there. At first I felt distressed. I could not see why God should suffer me thus to be reproached. I had to suffer anguish of spirit for others, and now my character was attacked. For a short time I sunk in discouragement. But as I went before the Lord with this severe trial, he gave me grace to bear it. His strong arm supported me. I was not suffering as an evil-doer, but for Christ's sake, and how many had suffered the same before me, even Jesus, the Saviour of the world, was reproached and falsely accused, and these words seemed ever before me, "Are ye able to drink of the cup?" Can "ye be baptized with the baptism?" I felt, as I was bowed before the Lord, that I could say, Let me know the fellowship of Christ's sufferings. I knew what was reported as being in that document was false, and Jesus knew it, then why should I be troubled? I fully believed that Jesus was soon to come, and then my name, which was handled so maliciously here, would be justified. I there consecrated myself, my name and all, to God, and with reconciliation could say, Only let my poor name be written in the Lamb's book of life,

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and men may handle it just as God suffers them. Let me suffer with Christ that I may reign with him.

My sister had previously gone to Carver, expecting Bro. Nichols to bring me in a few days. She was present at the reading of that document. She suffered on my account. H. said in the morning that he had been in a horror of darkness all night. No wonder. He feared my sister would expose him in his past fanatical course; but she would not condescend to mention those groveling acts of fanaticism in that portion of his career that she was acquainted with.

I bear no ill will to those who used me thus. In a little from this the slanderer and the liar will receive their reward. That which they have sown they shall also reap. I could look

up and rejoice from the depths of my heart, that there was a living God, Judge over all, who is acquainted with every heart, and to him I committed my cause.

In a few weeks I visited Carver, and found that a few had been influenced by H. But in many instances where the way had been previously closed up, it was now opened, and I had more friends than I had before. There was a young sister in the house where we tarried who was subject to fits, and she was afflicted with this most distressing disease while we were there. All seemed to be alarmed.

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Some said, "Go for the doctor;" others, "Put on the tea-kettle for hot water." I felt the spirit of prayer. We prayed to the Lord to deliver the afflicted. In the name and strength of Jesus I put my arms around her, and lifted her up from the bed, and rebuked the power of Satan, and bid her, "Go free." She was instantly brought out of the fit, and praised the Lord with us. We had a solemn, refreshing season in this place. We told them that we had not come to defend character, or to expose the wickedness of men who were laboring to destroy our influence, but to do our Master's will, and God would take care of the result of the efforts made by designing men. Our hearts were strengthened and the church encouraged.

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

As we were about to journey to New

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

I knew their only object was to mangle the visions, spiritualize away their literal meaning, and throw a satanic influence upon me, and call it the power of God. Sr. M. addressed me, urging me to relate the visions. I respected her, but knew she was deceived in regard to that company. I refused to relate my vision to them, only that part which related to them. We told them we had no fellowship for their spirit, and in the name of God would resist it. They flattered; but it had no effect. Then they tried to terrify me, commanding me. They said it was my duty to tell them the visions. I faithfully warned those whom I

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believed to be honest, and begged them to renounce their errors, and leave the company that was leading them astray. I left them, free from their influence and spirit. A portion of that company in a few weeks were left to run into the basest fanaticism.

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

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

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Chapter 12—Meeting at Randolph

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

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Accordingly we designed to visit Boston, but in the evening, at the commencement of the Sabbath, I was shown in vision that we must not go into Boston, but in an opposite direction to Randolph; that the Lord had a work for us to do there. We went to Randolph, and found a large room full collected, and among them those who said they would be pleased to hear my message in Boston. As we entered, R. and S. looked at each other in surprise, and began to groan. They had promised to meet me in Boston, but thought they would disappoint us by going to Randolph, and while we were in Boston, warn the brethren against us. They did not have much freedom. At intermission one of their number remarked that good matter would be brought out in the afternoon. Sr. N. answered, “I believe it.” R. told my sister that I could not have a vision where he was.

In the afternoon the blessing of the Lord rested upon me, and I was taken off in vision. I was again shown the errors of R. and S., and others united with them. I saw that they could not prosper; that truth would triumph in the end, and error be brought down. I was shown that they were not honest, and then I was carried into the future and shown some thing of the course they would pursue, that they would continue to despise the teachings of the Lord, despise reproof, and that they

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would be left in total darkness, to resist God’s Spirit until their folly should be made manifest to all. A chain of truth was presented to me from the scriptures, in contrast with their errors. When I came out of vision, candles were burning. I had been in vision nearly four hours.

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

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

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stop. But says R, ‘You are bowed to an idol; you are worshiping a golden calf.’

“Mr. Thayer, the owner of the house, was not fully satisfied that her vision was of the Devil, as R. declared it to be. He wanted it tested in some way. He had heard that visions of satanic power were arrested by opening the Bible and laying it on the person in vision, and asked S. if he would test it in this way, which he declined to do. Then Thayer took a heavy, large quarto family Bible which was laying on the table, and seldom used, opened it, and laid it open upon the breast of E. while in vision, as she was then inclined backward against the wall in the corner of the room. Immediately after the Bible was laid upon her, she arose upon her feet, and walked into the middle of the room, with the Bible open in one hand, and lifted up as high as she could reach, and with her eyes steadily looking upward, declared in a solemn manner, ‘The inspired testimony from God,’ or words of the same import. And then she continued for a long time, while the Bible was extended in one hand, and her eyes looking upwards, and not on the Bible, to turn over the leaves with her other hand, and place her finger upon certain passages, and correctly utter their words with a solemn voice. Many present looked at the passages where her finger was pointed, to see if she spoke them correctly, for her eyes at the same time were

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looking upwards. Some of the passages referred to were judgments against the wicked and blasphemers; and others were admonitions and instructions relative to our present condition.

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

Chapter 13—Return to Maine

Opposition to our faith increased in Portland. One evening as we were engaged in prayer, the window was broken in just above my head, and the glass came down upon me. I continued praying. One man in his blind rage was cursing and swearing while we continued to plead with God, that when his indignation should come upon the shelterless head of the poor sinner, we might be hid in the secret of his pavilion. The man's voice hushed, and he was seen hastening from the place. He could

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not endure the sound of prayer, or the thought of the judgment.

About this time Bro. Nichols visited us. One afternoon we had a season of prayer. While bowed before the Lord, two of our most wicked, profane neighbors, entered the door, and broke in upon our worship, saying, "Up! and off your knees! for in fifteen minutes the work-house-cart will be after you." We did not heed the interruption, but continued in prayer. In a few moments they entered again, repeating nearly the same words. A number of times we were thus broken in upon by these poor, wicked men.

The same afternoon an officer was sent to visit us, while some of our neighbors raised their windows to hear the result. Father was away to his work, and mother stepped to the door. He told her that complaints had reached him that we disturbed the peace of the neighborhood by noisy praying, and sometimes praying in the night, and he was requested to attend to the matter. Mother answered that we prayed morning and night, and sometimes at noon, and should continue to do so; that Daniel prayed to his God three times a day, notwithstanding the king's decree. He said that he had no objection to prayer, and if there was more of it in the neighborhood, it would make them better. "But," said he, "they complain of your praying in the night." He

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

In a few days while our family were quietly engaged at evening prayer, some young men, imitating the example of their parents, commenced making a noise around the house.

At length they ran for an officer. He came, and the boys told him to listen. Said he, "Is this what you have called me out for? That family is doing what every family ought to do. They are making no disturbance; and if you call me for this purpose again, I will put you in the lock-up, for disturbing a peaceable family while attending to their religious duties." After this we were not molested.

The neighbors' fears were often aroused

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by frequent thunder and lightning that summer. A number had been killed instantly. And if there was an appearance of a thunderstorm, some parents sent their children to our house inviting one of the family to visit them, and stay until the storm was over. The children innocently told the whole story: "for ma says the lightning will not strike a house where the advent people are." One night there was a fearful storm. The heavens presented a continual sheet of lightning. A few rushed from their beds into the street, calling upon God for mercy, saying, "The judgment day has come." My brother Robert was then living, and was very happy. He went out of the house and walked to the head of the street, praising the Lord. He said he never prized the hope of the Christian as he did that night, as he saw the terror and insecure position of those who had no hope in Christ.

In 1846, on a visit to New Bedford, Mass., I became acquainted with Bro. Joseph Bates. He was keeping the Sabbath, and urged its importance. I did not feel its importance, and thought that Bro. B. erred in dwelling upon the fourth commandment more than the other nine. But the Lord gave me a vision. I was conducted to the second vail. It was lifted, and I beheld the ark, and on it the mercy-seat. Jesus raised the cover of the ark, and I beheld the tables of stone on which the ten

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commandments were written. I was amazed as I saw the fourth commandment. A halo of glory was all around it; for it was the only one of the ten which points out to man who the living God is, the maker of heaven and earth.

August 30th, 1846 I was married to Elder James White. In a few months we attended a conference in Topsham, Me. Bro. J. Bates was present. He did not then fully believe that my visions were of God. It was a meeting of much interest. But I was suddenly taken ill and fainted. The brethren prayed for me, and I was restored to consciousness. The Spirit of God rested upon us in Bro. C.'s humble dwelling, and I was wrapt in a vision of God's glory, and for the first time had a view of other planets. After I came out of vision I related what I had seen. Bro. Bates asked if I had studied astronomy. I told him I had no recollection of ever looking into an astronomy. Said he, "This is of the Lord." I never saw Bro. Bates so free and happy before. His countenance shone with the light of Heaven, and he exhorted the church with power.

On that journey I was shown that I should be much afflicted, and that we should have a trial of our faith on our return to Gorham, where my parents had moved. On our return I was taken very sick, and suffered extremely. My parents, husband and sister, united

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

The next day there was a severe storm, and none of the neighbors came to our house. I was able to be up in the sitting room. And as some saw the windows of my room raised they

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supposed I was not living. They knew not that the great Physician had graciously entered the dwelling, and had rebuked disease and set me free. The next day we rode thirty-eight miles to Topsham. Inquiries were made of my father, at what time the funeral would be. Father asked, "What funeral?" "Why the funeral of your daughter." Father replied that she was healed by the prayer of faith, and was on her way to Topsham.

Soon we took passage in the steamboat at Portland for Boston. The boat rolled fearfully, and the waves dashed into the cabin windows. The large chandelier fell to the floor with a crash. The table was prepared for breakfast, but the dishes were thrown upon the floor. There was great fear in the ladies' cabin. Some were confessing their sins, and crying to God for mercy. Some were calling upon the Virgin Mary to keep them. Others were making solemn vows to God that if they reached land they would devote their lives to God. It was a scene of terror and confusion. One lady in the berth above me, as the boat rocked, fell out of her berth to the floor, crying out at the top of her voice. Another turned to me and asked, "Are you not terrified? I suppose it is a fact that we may never reach land." I told her I had made Christ my refuge, and if my work was done, I might as well lie in the bottom of the ocean as in

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any other place; but if my work was not done, all the waters of the ocean could not drown me. My trust was in God, that he would bring us safe to land if it was for his glory.

At this time I prized the Christian's hope. This scene brought vividly to my mind the day of the Lord's fierce anger, when the storm of his wrath will come upon the poor sinner. Then there will be bitter cries and tears, and confession of sin, and pleading for mercy; but all too late. "Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh.

Through the mercy of God we were all landed safe. But some of the passengers who manifested so much fear in the storm, made no reference to it, only to make light of their fears. The one who had so solemnly promised that if she was preserved to see land she would be a Christian, as she left the boat mockingly cried out, "Glory to God, I am glad to step on land again." I asked her to go back a few hours, and remember her vows to God. She turned from me with a sneer.

I was forcibly reminded of death-bed repentance. Some who serve themselves and Satan all their life, as sickness subdues them,

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and a fearful uncertainty is before them, manifest some sorrow for sin, and perhaps say they are willing to die, and their friends make themselves believe they were converted and fitted for heaven. But if they should recover, would they not be as rebellious as ever? I am reminded of [Proverbs 1:27, 28](#). "When your fear cometh as desolation and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you, then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me."

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

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My husband changed his labor, and with his axe went into the woods to chop. He worked from early morning till dark, with a continual pain in his side, to earn about fifty cents a day. He was prevented from sleeping nights by severe pain. We endeavored to keep up good courage and trust in the Lord. I did not murmur. In the morning I felt grateful to God that he had preserved me through another night, and at night I was thankful that he had kept me through another day.

Our provisions were gone, and husband went to his employer to get money or provisions. It was a stormy day. He walked three miles and back, passed through the village of Brunswick where he had often lectured, with a bag of provisions on his back, tied in different apartments. As he entered the house very weary, my heart sunk within me. My first feelings were that God had forsaken us. I said to my husband, Have we come to this? Has the Lord left us? I could not restrain my tears, and wept aloud for hours, until I fainted. Prayer was offered in my behalf. When I breathed again, I felt the cheering influence of the Spirit of God. I regretted that I had sunk under discouragement. We desire to follow Christ and be like him; but we shun trials and remain at a distance from him. Suffering and trials bring us nigh to Jesus. The furnace consumes the dross and brightens the gold.

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

We soon received letters from brethren in different States, inviting us to come and visit them. We had not means to take us out of the State. Our reply was that the way was not open before us; I thought that it would be impossible for me to travel with my child.

We did not wish to be dependent, and were careful to live within our means. We were resolved to suffer rather than get into debt. I allowed myself and child one pint of milk each day. In the morning before my husband went to his work, he left me nine cents to buy milk for three mornings. It was quite a study with me whether to deny myself and child of milk, or get an apron for him. I gave up the milk, and purchased the cloth for an apron to cover the bare arms of my child.

But little Henry was soon taken very sick, and grew worse so fast that we were much alarmed. He lay in a stupid state. His breathing was quick and heavy. We gave

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remedies with no success. We called in one of experience, who said he was a very sick child, and thought his recovery doubtful. We had prayed for him, but there was no change. We had made the child an excuse for not traveling and laboring for the good of others, and we feared the Lord was about to remove him. Once more we went before the Lord, praying that he would have compassion upon us, and if the child was to be taken from us in wrath, because we had not been willing to travel, to spare the life of the child, and we would go forth trusting in him wherever he might send us.

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

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Chapter 14—Visit to Connecticut

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

In company with Bro. C. we went to Rocky Hill to meet with the brethren there. We were informed of the sickness of Bro. T. Ralph,

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and called to see him. Consumption had marked him for the grave, and he knew that he could not live. He was strong in God, and his whole interest was in the truth. We left our dear afflicted brother, promising on our return to call again.

When we called at night we found the young man very near his end. His mortal frame was racked with pain. We prayed with him, and his heavy breathing and groaning ceased while we were praying. The blessing of God rested down in that sick room, and we felt that angels were hovering around. He was relieved a little, yet knew that he was dying. He tried to have us understand that hope lightened up the future, and that to him it was not a dark uncertainty. We understood from broken sentences that he should have part in the first resurrection, and then be made immortal. Said he, "Tell Bro. Bates that I will meet him then." His faltering tongue often spoke that dear name, so precious to the dying Christian—Jesus—in whom all his hope of eternal life centered. He fell asleep in Jesus a few hours after we left. My husband attended the funeral. There were many present who had listened to his faithful exhortations, and despised them while he was living, and some who had abused him on account of his faith, a short time before. They looked upon the countenance of the dead, which bore a pleasant smile,

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and turned from the sight with quivering lip and moistened eye. We could but think, though dead, he speaketh. It was the testimony of all present that they had never seen so pleasant and lovely an expression upon the face of the dead. We followed the body to the grave, to rest until the righteous dead awake to immortality.

The conference was held at Rocky Hill, Ct., in the large, unfinished chamber of Bro. Belden's house. I will here give an extract of a letter from my husband to Bro. Howland respecting that meeting.

"April 20th, Bro. Belden sent his two-horse wagon to Middletown for us and the scattered children in that city. We arrived at this place about four P. M. In a few minutes in came Brn. Bates and Gurney. We had a meeting that evening of about fifteen in all. Friday morning the brethren came in until we numbered about fifty. They were not all fully in the truth. Our meeting that day was very interesting. Bro. Bates presented the commandments in a clear light, and their importance was urged home by powerful testimonies. The word had effect to establish those already in the truth, and to awaken those who were not fully decided."

Two years before this I was shown that we should visit Western New York at some future time. We were invited to a conference at Volney,

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in August, 1848. Bro. Edson wrote that they were generally poor, and he could not promise that they would do much towards defraying our expenses, but he would do what he could. We had no means to travel with. My husband was suffering with dyspepsy. His diet was very spare. But the way opened for him to go into the field to mow grass. It seemed then that we must live by faith. When we arose in the morning we bowed beside our bed, and asked God to give strength to labor through the day. We would not be satisfied unless we had the assurance that the Lord heard us pray. He then went forth to his labor, not in his own strength, but in the strength of the Lord, to swing the scythe. At night when he came home, we would again plead with God for strength to earn means to spread his truth. We were often greatly blessed. I will give an extract from a letter written to Bro. Howland by my husband, July 2d, 1848.

"It is rainy today so that I do not mow, or I should not write. I mow five days for unbelievers, and Sunday for believers, and rest on the seventh day, therefore I have but very little time to write. God gives me strength to labor hard all day. Praise the Lord! I hope to get a few dollars to use in his cause."

Again he wrote to Bro. H. July 23d: "We have suffered with labor, fatigue, pain, hunger, cold, and heat, while endeavoring to do

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our brethren and sisters good; and we hold ourselves ready to suffer more if God requires. I rejoice today that ease, pleasure and comfort in this life, are a sacrifice on the altar of my faith and hope, amen.

"If our happiness consists in making others happy, we are happy indeed. The true disciple will not live to gratify beloved self; but to Christ, and for the good of his little ones.

"The brethren here are being tried by the gospel straightener. Some here who had to work hard to get a living have been complaining of their lot, and when asked to help in the cause of Christ, have thought very strange. O why should we murmur when we feel the curse, we who have a hope of being freed from it. The promise is, if we suffer with

Christ we shall also reign with him. The sufferings of the human race while under the curse, will not raise them to fellow-heirship with Jesus on his throne. This is the lot of mortals in this world. The heir of God, then, is required to suffer still more. Yes, his whole body is to be a living sacrifice unto God. He is to sacrifice his ease, his pleasure, his comfort, his convenience, his will, and his own selfish wishes, for Christ's cause, or never reign with him on his throne."

Chapter 15—Western New York

My husband earned forty dollars, with a part of which we purchased some clothing, and had means left to take us to Western New York and back.

I had been troubled with a pain in my lungs and a severe cough, but I believed the Lord would give me strength to endure the long journey. We left our little Henry, then ten months old, in sister Bonfoey's care, at Middletown. This was a severe trial to me. I had not been separated from him before for one night. My health was poor. It was impossible for me to travel and have the care of our child. And we dared not let our affection for the child keep us from the path of duty. Jesus laid down his life to save us. How small is any sacrifice we can make, compared with his.

We took the steamboat for New York City. Bro. Chamberlain accompanied us. On board of the boat I coughed almost incessantly. Remarks were made as follows: "That cough will carry her to the grave-yard." "She cannot live long," &c. Some said that I would not live to see New York. But I knew in whom I believed. He that had bid me go, would give me relief when it would best glorify him.

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One word from him would heal my irritated throat and lungs.

The next morning we reached New York City, and called upon Bro. Moody who was then living. We there met Brn. Bates and Gurney. My cough increased. I knew I must have relief, or sink beneath disease. I had not had a good night's rest for weeks. I followed the direction given in **James 5**, and asked the brethren to pray for me. They prayed earnestly to God for me. But as often as I attempted to pray, was broken off by severe coughing. I relied upon the promise of God—"Ask and ye shall receive." I tried to tell those present that I believed, but severe coughing prevented my speaking. I retired to rest trusting in the Lord. I commenced coughing as usual, but soon fell asleep, and did not awake till daylight. I then awoke with gratitude in my heart, and the praise of God on my lips. I felt the blessing of heaven resting upon me. My cough was gone. In the morning my friends noticed a pimple on my face, which increased and spread, and did not leave me for several years. I was not troubled again with a cough on that journey.

Our first conference was at Volney in Bro. Arnold's barn. There were about thirty-five present, all that could be collected in that part of the State. There were hardly two agreed. Each was strenuous for his views, declaring

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that they were according to the Bible. All were anxious for an opportunity to advance their sentiments, or to preach to us. They were told that we had not come so great a distance to hear them, but had come to teach them the truth. Bro. Arnold held that the 1000 years of

Revelation 20 were in the past; and that the 144,000 were those raised at Christ's resurrection. And as we had the emblem of our dying Lord before us, and was about to commemorate his sufferings, Bro. A. arose and said he had no faith in what we were about to do; that the Sacrament was a continuation of the Passover, to be observed but once a year.

These strange differences of opinion rolled a heavy weight upon me, especially as Bro. A. spoke of the 1000 years being in the past. I knew that he was in error, and great grief pressed my spirits; for it seemed to me that God was dishonored. I fainted under the burden. Brethren Bates, Chamberlain, Gurney, Edson, and my husband, prayed for me. Some feared I was dying. But the Lord heard the prayers of his servants, and I revived. The light of Heaven rested upon me. I was soon lost to earthly things. My accompanying angel presented before me some of the errors of those present, and also the truth in contrast with their errors. That these discordant views, which they claimed to be according to the Bible, were only according to their opinion of the

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Bible, and that their errors must be yielded, and they unite upon the third angel's message. Our meeting ended victoriously. Truth gained the victory.

From Volney we went to Port Gibson. The meeting there was held in Bro Edson's barn. There were those present who loved the truth, and those who were listening to and cherishing error, and were opposed to the truth. But the Lord wrought for us in power before the close of that meeting. I was again shown in vision the importance of brethren in Western New York laying their differences aside, and uniting upon Bible truth. Wednesday we left Bro. Edson's, intending to spend the next Sabbath in New York City. We were too late for the packet, so we took a line boat, designing to change when the next packet came along. As we saw the packet approaching, we commenced making preparations to step aboard. Bro. Bates was to pay our fare. The packet did not stop, and we had to spring aboard while the boat was in motion. Bro. Bates was holding the money in his hand, saying to the men on the line boat, "Here, take your pay." As he saw the boat moving off he sprang to get aboard, but his foot struck the edge of the boat, and he fell back into the water. Bro. Bates commenced swimming to the boat. His pocket-book was in one hand, and a dollar bill in the other. His hat came off, and in saving it lost the bill, but

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held fast his pocket-book. The packet halted for him to get aboard. We were near Centerport, and called at Bro. Harris' and put Bro. Bates' clothes in order. Our visit proved a benefit to that family. Sister Harris had been a sufferer for years with catarrh, and used snuff for this affliction, and said she could not live without it. She suffered much pain in her head. We recommended her to go to the Lord, the great Physician, who could heal her affliction. She decided to do so, and we had a sweet season of prayer for her. She left the use of snuff entirely. Her difficulties were greatly relieved, and her health better than it had been for years.

While at Bro. Harris' I had an interview with a sister who professed to be looking for Christ's coming, who wore gold. We spoke of the express declaration of scripture against it.

But she referred to where Solomon was commanded to beautify the temple, and that the streets of the city of God were pure gold. And said if we could improve our appearance by wearing gold, so as to have influence in the world, it was right. I replied that we were poor fallen mortals; and instead of decorating these bodies because Solomon's temple was gloriously adorned, we should remember our fallen condition, and that it cost the sufferings and death of the Son of God to redeem us. This should cause in us self-abasement. Jesus is our

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pattern. If he would lay aside his humiliation and sufferings, and cry, "If any man will come after me, let him please himself, and enjoy the world, and he shall be my disciple," the multitude would believe, and follow him. But Jesus will come to us in no other character than the meek, crucified One. If we would be with him in heaven, we must be like him on earth. The world will claim its own, and whoever will overcome, must leave what belongs to it.

We took the packet on our way to Madison County, which left us within twenty-five miles of Bro. Abbey's, where we hired a carriage to complete the journey. When we arrived at the house, it was proposed that one go to the door and make inquiries, that if we should be disappointed we could return with the driver, and would keep the Sabbath at a public house. Sr. Abbey came to the door, and my husband introduced himself as one who kept the Sabbath. Said she, "I am glad to see you. Come in." He replied. "There are three more in the carriage with me. I thought if we all came in together, we might frighten you. "I am never frightened at Christians," was the reply. Heartily were we welcomed by sister A. She expressed much joy at seeing us, and when Bro. Bates was introduced she said, "Can this be Bro. Bates, who wrote that hewing book on the Sabbath? And come to see us? I am unworthy to have you come under my roof. But

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the Lord has sent you to us, for we are all starving for truth."

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

While we were there, we had an exhibition of some of the trials they had passed through, from those visiting them who made great pretensions, but were Satan's agents to worry and devour. A spiritualizer came in, and talked in such a fanatical and blasphemous manner, that

it was painful to hear him. He at last declared himself to be Jesus Christ; that there would be no literal, personal appearing

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of Jesus, &c. My spirit was stirred within me. I could hold my peace no longer. I told him that my Saviour did not bear such a disgusting appearance as he manifested. Then I described the lovely person of Jesus, his glorious appearance in the clouds of heaven, as he comes to earth the second time; with what majesty and power he rides forth upon the cloudy chariot, escorted by all the angelic host, and with the glory of the Father. He grew angry, and raised his umbrella as if to strike me. He was vehement. In great rage he left the house, showering denunciations upon us as he went. But a sweet spirit rested upon us.

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

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Chapter 16—Return to Connecticut

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

At Middletown we met sister Bonfoey and our little Henry. My child grew feeble. We had used simple herbs, but they had no effect. The neighbors who came in said we could not

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keep him long, for he would die with consumption. One advised us to use one medicine, another something else. But it did not effect the child favorably. Finally he could take no nourishment. Townsend's Sarsaparilla was recommended as the last resort. We concluded to try it. We could send by a friend to Hartford that day, and must decide in a few moments. I went before the Lord in my room alone, and while praying obtained the evidence that our only source of help was in the Lord. If he did not bless, and heal the child, medicine could not save him.

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

The neighbors looked upon me with astonishment. They were confident the child would die. That night we anointed him, and my

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husband prayed for him, laying his hands upon him in the name of the Lord. He looked up with a smile. A light seemed to rest upon his features, and we there had the evidence that the Lord had answered our prayers. We gave him no more medicine. He gained strength fast, and the next day could stand upon his feet.

We were anxious to visit Maine; but the sickness of our child had hindered us. We immediately made preparations for our journey. The first day we rode to Hartford. The child seemed very weary, and could not sleep. We again sought unto the Lord, who heard our prayer. The nerves of the child were quieted, and while we were praying he fell into a sweet sleep, and rested undisturbed through the night. The next day we traveled about one hundred and forty miles to Bro. Nichols', in Dorchester, Mass. The powers of darkness were again permitted to afflict the child. He would cling to my neck, and then with both hands seem to be fighting off something, crying, No, no, and then again cling with all his strength to me. We could not tell what these strange actions meant, but thought he must see something invisible to us. Satan was unwilling to lose his prey. Was he troubling the child? or were his evil angels by their presence exciting his fears, and causing him to act thus? In our season of prayer that morning we rebuked the power of the enemy, and our child was no more afflicted.

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We took the boat for Portland, but I was very sick, and could not take care of my child. I fainted a number of times. When I grew better my little Henry expressed great joy. He would climb upon the sofa, throw his little arms around my neck, and kiss me many times. He was then one year old.

Again I was called to deny self for the good of souls. We must sacrifice the company of our little Henry, and go forth to give ourselves unreservedly to the work. My health was poor, and he must necessarily occupy a great share of my time. It was a severe trial, yet I dared not let my child stand in the way of our duty. I believed that the Lord had spared him to us, when he was very sick, and if I should let him hinder me from doing my duty, God would remove him from me. Alone before the Lord, with most painful feelings, and many tears, I made the sacrifice, and gave up my only child, for another to have a mother's care and feelings. We left him in Bro. Howland's family, in whom we had the utmost confidence. They were willing to bear burdens to leave us as free as possible to labor in the cause of God. We knew that they could take better care of Henry than we could while journeying with him, and it was for his good that he should have a steady place, and strict discipline, that his sweet temper be not injured. It was hard parting with my child. His little sad face, as I left him,

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was before me night and day; yet in the strength of the Lord I put him out of my mind, and sought to do others good.

About this time Bro. Nichols proposed that we should leave Henry at Bro. Howland's, and he pay one dollar a week for his support. This caused us to feel that the hand of Providence was opening the way for us to give ourselves more fully to the work. Bro. N. sent the pay for ten weeks, when he was requested by Bro. H. to send no more. Bro. Howland's family had the whole charge of Henry for five years, without any recompense, and provided him all his clothing, except a present I would bring him once a year, as Hannah did Samuel.

Chapter 17—Visit to Mass. and N. H

One morning at family prayer, at Bro. Howland's, I was shown that it was duty for us to go to Dartmouth, Mass. Soon after, my husband went to the post-office and brought a letter from Bro. Collins, urging us to come to Dartmouth, for their son was very sick. We immediately went, and found Bro. Collins' son, thirteen years old, had been sick nine weeks with the whooping cough, and was wasted almost to a skeleton. He had fits of coughing

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which would stop his breath, and his father was obliged to rush to the door with him in his arms that he might regain his breath.

The parents thought him to be in consumption, and were greatly distressed that their only son must be taken from them. We felt a spirit of prayer for him, and earnestly besought the Lord to spare his life. We believed that he would get well, although to look at appearance, there was no possibility of his recovery. It was a powerful season. My husband raised him in his arms, and cried out, "You will not die, but live!" We believed that God would be glorified in his recovery. We left Dartmouth, and was absent about eight days. When we returned, the sick boy came out to meet us. He had gained four pounds in flesh. We found the household rejoicing in God, for his wonderful work.

We then received a request to visit Sister Hastings of New Ipswich, N. H. She was greatly afflicted. We made it a subject of prayer, and obtained evidence that the Lord would go with us. We tarried on our way with Bro. Nichols' family. They informed us of the affliction of Sister Temple of Boston. There was a sore upon her arm which caused her much suffering. It had extended over the bend of the elbow. She had suffered such agony that she had resorted to human means until she saw it was of no use. The last effort

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she made drove the disease to her lungs, and unless she obtained immediate help, would end in consumption. She left word for us to come and pray for her. We went with trembling. I had tried in vain to get an assurance that God would work for us, but all seemed dark. But we went into the sick room, relying upon the naked promises of God, which seemed so firm that we felt that we could venture out upon them. Her arm was in such a condition that we were obliged to pour the oil upon it. Then we united in prayer, and claimed the promises of God. The pain and soreness left the arm while we were praying, and we left her recovering.

We found Bro. Hastings' family in deep affliction. Our dear sister Hastings met us with tears, and exclaimed, "The Lord has sent you to us in time of great need." She had an infant about eight weeks old which cried continually when awake. This, added to her wretched state of health, was fast wearing away her strength. We prayed earnestly to God for the mother, following the direction given in **James 5**. We had the assurance that our prayers were heard. Jesus was in our midst to break the power of Satan, and release the captive.

But we felt sure that the mother could not gain much strength until the cries of the child should cease. We anointed the child and prayed over it, believing that the Lord would

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give both mother and child peace. It was done. The cries of the child ceased, and we left them doing well. The gratitude of the mother could not be expressed. Our interview with that dear family was precious. Our hearts were knit together, especially was the heart of sister Hastings knit with mine, as were David's and Jonathan's. Our union was not marred while she lived.

In about one year from that time, while in Oswego, N. Y., a sad letter reached us, giving information of sister H.'s sudden death. This news fell upon me with crushing weight. It was difficult to be reconciled to it. She was capable of doing much good in the cause of God. She was a pillar to the cause of truth, and it seemed indeed to us like a mysterious providence that she should be laid away from our sight, in the grave, and her talents be hid. But God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Her death was needed to save her children. Her earnest prayer had gone up to God, to save them in any way that he should choose. The mother was snatched away, and then her faithful admonitions, her earnest prayers and many tears were regarded, and had an influence upon the smitten flock.

We visited the place after the mother's death, in June, 1850, and found the father bereaved and lonely, but living for God, and bearing well his double burden. He was comforted in his

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great grief in seeing his children turning unto the Lord, and earnestly seeking a preparation to meet their dear mother, when the Life-giver shall break the fetters of the tomb, release the captive, and bring her forth immortal. My husband baptized the four eldest children. Since that visit the eldest daughter has died in hope, and rests in the silent grave. Here I will give a statement from Bro. Hastings:

"Bro. and sister White made us their first visit in March, 1849. At that time my wife's health was quite feeble, also our youngest child was much afflicted. Bro. and sister White were moved to pray for him. Their faith prevailed, and he was made whole. From that time to the present, which is about nine years, he has been a rugged, healthy boy. I would here remark that my wife had been afflicted with a severe illness for two succeeding winters. At times she was so weak she could not raise her head from the pillow. Bro. and sister White united in earnest prayer for her. Sister White had a vision, and saw that an angel from God had hovered over my wife, and had strengthened her, or life would have departed from her. She saw if God's servants had united in prayer with strong and living faith for her the power of the enemy would have been broken before, and that then his power was broken. From this time until her death, which was one year, she enjoyed perfect health. The season

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then enjoyed, in Bro. and Sr. White's society will ever be remembered by me with feelings of joy and gratitude."

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

Again we visited Connecticut, and in June, 1849, Sr. Clarissa M. Bonfoey proposed to live with us. Her parents had recently died, and a division of furniture, &c., at the homestead, had given her everything necessary for a small family to commence housekeeping. She cheerfully gave us the use of these things, and did our work. We occupied a part of Bro. Belden's house at Rocky Hill. Sister B. was a precious child of God. She possessed a cheerful and happy disposition, never gloomy, yet not light and trifling. My husband attended meetings in New Hampshire and Maine, and in his absence I was much troubled, fearing he might take the cholera, which was then prevailing.

But one night I dreamed that many were dying with the cholera. My husband proposed that we should walk out. In our walk I noticed that his eyes looked blood-shot, his countenance flushed, and his lips pale. I told him I feared that he would be an easy subject for the cholera. Said he, "Walk on a little further, and I will show you a sure remedy for the

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cholera." As we walked on we came to a bridge over a stream of water. He abruptly left me, and plunged out of sight into the water. I was frightened. But he soon arose, holding his hand a glass of sparkling water. He drank it, saying, "This water cures all manner of diseases." He plunged in again out of sight, and brought up another glass of clear water, and as he held it up, repeated the same words. I felt sad that he did not offer me some of the water. Said he, "There is a secret spring in the bottom of this river which cures all manner of diseases, and all who obtain it must plunge at a venture. No one can obtain it for another. Each must plunge for it himself." As he drank the glass of water, I looked at his countenance. His complexion was fair and natural. He seemed to possess health and vigor. When I awoke, all my fears were dispelled, and I trusted my husband to the care of a merciful God, fully believing that he would return him to me in safety.

Chapter 18—Publishing and Traveling

On his return my husband was impressed that it was his duty to write and publish the present truth. He was greatly encouraged

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

He published a small sheet at Middletown, eight miles from Rocky Hill, and often walked this distance and back again, although he was then lame. He brought the first number from the printing-office, and we all bowed around it, asking the Lord with humble hearts and many tears, to let his blessing rest upon the feeble efforts of his servant. He then directed

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the paper to all he thought would read it, and carried it to the post-office in a carpet-bag. Every number was taken from Middletown to Rocky Hill, and ever before preparing them for the post-office, they were spread before the Lord, and earnest prayer mingled with tears, were offered to God that his blessing would attend the silent messengers. Very soon letters came bringing means to publish the paper, and the good news of many souls embracing the truth.

July 28th, 1849, my second child, James Edson White, was born. When he was six weeks old we went to Maine. September 14th a meeting was appointed at Paris. They had not had a meeting for one year and a half. Brethren Bates, Chamberlain and Ralph were present, also brethren and sisters from Topsham. F. T. Howland, a notable fanatic, was present. He had long troubled God's children with his errors, and his harsh, rabid spirit. Honest souls, whom the Lord loved, but had long been in error, were at the meeting. While engaged in prayer the Spirit of the Lord rested upon Bro. S. Howland, and his face was white, and a light seemed to rest upon it. He went towards F. T. Howland, and bid him in the name of the Lord leave the assembly of the saints; that he had torn the hearts of God's children, and made them bleed, "Leave the house or God will smite you." That

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rebellious spirit, never before known to fear, or yield, sprang for his hat, and in terror left the house. The power of God descended, something as it did on the day of Pentecost, and five or six who had been deceived and led into error and fanaticism, fell prostrate to the floor, parents confessed to their children, and children to their parents, and to one another. Bro. J. N. Andrews with deep feeling exclaimed, "I would exchange a thousand errors for one truth." Such a scene we have seldom witnessed of confessing and pleading with God for forgiveness. That meeting was the beginning of better days to the children of God in Paris, to them a green spot in the desert. The Lord was bringing out Bro. Andrews to fit him for future usefulness, and was giving him an experience that would be of great value to him in his future labors, that he should not be influenced by the experience of others, but decide for himself concerning the work of God.

At that meeting I learned that my mother had stepped upon a rusty nail in a board, which had passed through her foot. She had tried every remedy, but nothing removed the inflammation, or eased the pain. We went immediately to Gorham, and found her foot dreadfully swollen. The neighbors had proposed every remedy they could think of, but they accomplished nothing. Mother was threatened with lock-jaw. The next morning we united in

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prayer for her. I believed that God would restore her to perfect soundness. She was unable to kneel. With a deep sense of my unworthiness, I knelt at my mother's feet and besought the Lord to touch her with his healing power. We all believed that the Lord heard prayer. With the Spirit of the Lord resting upon me, I bid her in the name of the Lord rise and walk. His power was in the room, and shouts of praise went up to God. Mother arose and walked the room, declaring the work was done, all the soreness gone, and that she was entirely relieved from pain. That day she rode thirty-eight miles to Topsham to attend a conference there, and had no more trouble with her foot.

Some were anxious to have us visit New York State again; but feeble health sunk my spirits, and it was a time of trial and great despondency with me. I told them that I dare not venture unless the Lord should strengthen me for the task. They prayed for me, and the clouds were scattered, yet I did not obtain that strength I so much desired, but I resolved to walk out by faith and go, clinging to the promise, "My grace is sufficient for you." God had been my helper hitherto, and why should I now doubt? I will still trust in the strong arm of Jehovah. If like Paul I am to be troubled with a thorn in the flesh, I will not murmur. It will cause me to feel my dependence

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upon God, and to walk tremblingly before him. On that journey our faith was tried, but we obtained the victory, and my strength increased, and I could rejoice in God. All the strength the Lord had given me was needed to labor in New York. Many had united upon the truth since our first visit, but there was much to be done for them. I will here give an extract of a letter written by my husband, from Volney, N. Y., Nov. 13th, 1849.

“Dear Bro. Howland:—Nov. 3d, we attended a conference at Oswego. There was a large gathering. The increase of Sabbath-keepers since last spring in this region has been more than one half. But there are trials here of a serious nature. We find work enough. Here are some fiery spirits who have much zeal, but little judgment, whose principal message is, “Sell that ye have and give alms.” They press the truth in such a manner and spirit as to disgust, try and harden those who have their hundreds they might use in the cause of God. Thus a sore dividing spirit exists. The Lord has revealed these things to Ellen, and she has borne her testimony that both parties were wrong. This testimony I think is received. Tobacco and snuff are being cleared from the camp with very few exceptions.

“Selling is a subject that should be treated in a cautious manner. O what a responsibility rests upon God’s stewards! With their money

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they may ruin some of us, and by withholding it from those whom God has called to feed the flock, souls will sink and starve and die. The Lord is about to straighten out all who will be straightened. His work will move on. Amen.”

Our labor was difficult. Some of the poor seemed to be envious of the rich, and it needed much wisdom to reprove the errors of the poor without strengthening the hands of the rich. If we reprov'd the selfishness of the rich, the poorer class would zealously cry, Amen. We presented before both classes the responsibility resting upon the wealthy to make a right use of that which God had lent them, and held up before them the suffering cause of God, which was the true object of their liberalities, and where their means could be well applied.

I was also shown that it was not the duty of the wealthy to help those who had health and could help themselves. That some were in very poor circumstances who need not be thus situated. They were not diligent in business. They lacked economy and good management, and it was their duty to reform, and instead of receiving help from their brethren, they should carefully husband their time and provide for their own families, and have something to help the cause of God. That they were as accountable to God for the strength which he had given them as the rich man was for his property.

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

We designed going to Lorraine to hold a meeting there, but our little Edson was taken very sick. We carried this matter before the Lord, and felt it to be our duty to go, trusting in him. We prayed for our sick child, and then I took him in my arms in winter, and rode thirty miles, keeping my heart uplifted to God for his recovery. When we arrived, Edson was in

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a perspiration, and was better. But again our faith was tried. In the course of the meeting the fever returned upon the child. He was suffering with inflammation upon the brain. All night we watched over our child, earnestly praying that the disease might be effectually rebuked. We tried to exercise faith, regardless of appearance, and our petitions were heard, and the child recovered. It did seem to us that an angel of God touched him. Our meeting in Lorraine was greatly blessed of God. The hearts of the scattered ones were comforted, and some acknowledged with tears that they had been fed with truth. We returned to Volney free in the Lord.

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

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At this time there was quite an excitement among the Methodists in Oswego. They held many meetings, and their leaders were very zealous, praying for and exhorting sinners to be converted. Some of the adventists who were preaching time, often joined them in their meetings, and then would tell us that a glorious work was going on among the Methodists, that God was with them, or they would not be thus blessed. The question was often asked, "What do you think of Bro. M.? The Lord works through him in a special manner. He and his wife visit from house to house conversing with sinners, and praying for them, and Bro M. was engaged so zealously in prayer last night for the mourners who came forward to the anxious-seats, that he broke a blood-vessel, and was carried to his home in a feeble condition." They triumphed over the believers in present truth. I told them to wait and see the result of the matter, and referred them to [Hosea 5:6, 7](#).

But in the midst of the revival M. was arrested and placed in confinement in what was called the "black hole," while his Methodist brethren were left to carry on the revival. He was suspected of retaining public money for his own use. The matter was investigated, and he took God to witness that he had not a cent of their money. And as his wife was about to be searched, she left the room. She was watched, and seen to hide something in the

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snow. And as she returned and joined her husband in protesting their innocence, one of the men who watched her, took a bag of money from the snow, brought it in and held it up before them.

We visited Camden, about forty miles from Oswego. Previous to going I was shown the little company there who professed the truth, and saw one among them, a female, who professed much piety, but was a hypocrite, and was deceiving the people of God. Sabbath morning quite a number collected, but the deceitful woman was not present. I inquired of a sister if this was all their company. She said it was. This woman lived four miles from the place, and the sister did not think of her. Soon she entered, and I knew her. In the course of the meeting she talked quite lengthy, said she had perfect love, and enjoyed holiness of heart. That she did not have trials and temptations, but enjoyed perfect peace and submission to the will of God. The brethren and sisters were strangers to me, and they seemed to have confidence in her, and I feared that they would not receive my testimony if I should state what had been shown me in regard to her. I inquired concerning this person, and was informed that she appeared to be the most zealous one among them. I left the meeting with sad feelings, and returned to Bro. Preston's. That night I dreamed that a secret

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closet was opened to me, filled with rubbish, and I was told that it was my work to clear it out. With the aid of a lamp I removed the rubbish, and told them the room could be supplied with more valuable things.

Sunday morning we met with the brethren. My husband arose to preach on the parable of the ten virgins. He had no freedom in speaking, and proposed that we have a season of prayer. We bowed before the Lord and engaged in earnest prayer. The dark cloud was lifted, and I was taken off in vision, and again shown the case of this woman. She was represented to me to be in perfect darkness. Jesus frowned upon her and her husband. That withering frown caused me to tremble. I saw that she had acted the hypocrite, professed holiness, while her heart was full of corruption. After I came out of vision I related what I had seen with trembling, yet with faithfulness. I was severely tried, and troubled for the people of God. Would those present believe the testimony? The woman put on a calm appearance and said, "I am glad the Lord knows my heart. He knows that I love him." Then her husband rose in anger, and laying his hand on the Bible said, "The Bible is all we want, I shall not give up the Bible for visions." His wife affected to check him, saying, "Don't husband, dear, don't talk, the Lord knows me, and will take care of it all." Then she vindicated

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herself, saying, "If my heart could only be opened that you might see it." I knew the minds of some were unsettled, whether to believe the vision, or let her appearance weigh against the testimony borne, for her appearance was perfectly calculated to get sympathy. I had discharged a painful duty and God would take care of the result. As we left, she said she had no hard feelings against me, and that she should pray for me, and if I got to heaven I should see her there. We returned with Bro. Preston's family, and that night the Lord met with us. I believed that the Lord would show his people the truth, and justify the vision. The neighbors said that I had abused the poor woman.

Not long after this, terrible fear seized this woman. A horror rested upon her, and she began to confess. She even went from house to house among her unbelieving neighbors, and confessed that the man she had been living with for years was not her husband, that she ran away from England and left a kind husband and one child. She also confessed that she had professed to understand medicine, and had taken oath that the bottles of mixture she made cost her one dollar, when they cost her only twelve cents. Said that she had taken thirty dollars from a poor man by taking a false oath, and many such wicked acts she confessed, and her repentance seemed to be genuine. In

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some cases she restored where she had taken away wrongfully. In one instance she started on foot forty miles to confess. We could see the hand of God in this matter. He gave her no rest day nor night, until she confessed her sins publicly, that God's work might be vindicated.

Chapter 19—Visit to Vermont and Maine

While in Oswego, N. Y., we decided to visit Vermont and Maine. I left my little Edson, then nine months old, in the care of Sr. Bonfoey, while we went on our way to do the will of God. It was much harder laboring then than it is now. We labored very hard, suffering many privations, to accomplish but little. We found the brethren and sisters in a scattered and confused state. Almost every one was affected by some error, and all seemed zealous for their own opinions. We often suffered intense anguish of mind to meet with so few who were ready to listen to Bible truth, while they eagerly cherished error and fanaticism. We were obliged to make a tedious route of forty miles by stage to get to Sutton, the place of our appointment. I was sick, and traveled in much pain. My husband feared

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every moment that I would faint, and often whispered to me to have faith in God. Our silent yet earnest prayers were going up to heaven for strength to endure. Every ten miles the horses were changed, which was a great relief to me, as I could step into a hotel and rest a few minutes, by lying down. The Lord heard us pray, and strengthened me to finish the journey.

The first night despondency pressed upon me. I tried to overcome it, but it seemed impossible to control my thoughts. My little ones burdened my mind. We had left one in the State of Maine, two years and eight months old, and another babe in New York, nine months old. We had just performed a tedious journey. I thought of those who were enjoying the society of their children in their own quiet homes. I reviewed our past life, called to mind expressions which had been made by a sister only a few days before, who thought it must be very pleasant to be riding through the country without anything to trouble me. It was just such a life as she should delight in. At that very time my heart had just been yearning for my children, especially my babe, in New York, and I had just come from my sleeping room where I had been battling with my feelings, and with many tears had besought the Lord for strength to subdue all murmuring, and cheerfully deny myself for Jesus' sake. I

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thought that perhaps all regarded my journeyings in this light, and have not the least idea of the self-denial and sacrifice required to journey from place to place, meeting cold hearts, distant looks and severe speeches, separated from those who are closely entwined around my heart.

While riding in the cars I was unable to sit up. My husband made a bed on the seat, and I laid down with aching head and heart. The burden borne for others I dreaded above everything else. Agony of mind was my lot. All these things came before me that night, and I found myself saying, "It won't pay! It won't pay! So much labor to accomplish so little."

In this state of mind I fell asleep and dreamed that a tall angel stood by my side, and asked me why I was sad. I related to him the thoughts that had troubled me, and said, "I can do so little good, why may we not be with our children, and enjoy their society?" Said he, "You have given to the Lord two beautiful flowers, the fragrance of which is as sweet incense before him, and is more precious in his sight than gold or silver, for it is a heart gift. It draws upon every fibre of the heart as no other sacrifice can. You should not look upon present appearances, but keep the eye single to your duty, single to God's glory, and follow in his opening providence, and the path shall brighten before you. Every self-denial,

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every sacrifice is faithfully recorded, and will bring its reward."

The blessing of the Lord attended our conference at Sutton. After the meeting closed we went on our way to Canada East. My throat troubled me much. I could not speak aloud, or even whisper, without causing me suffering. We rode, praying as we went, for strength to endure the journey. About every ten miles we were obliged to stop that I might rest. My husband braided the tall grass and tied the horse to it, giving him a chance to feed, then spread my cloak upon the grass for a resting-place for me. Thus we continued until we arrived at Melbourne. We expected to meet opposition there. Many who professed to believe in the near coming of our Saviour fought against the law of God.

We felt the need of strength from God. I could not speak aloud, and inquired, For what have I come this long distance? Again we tried to exercise faith, knowing that our only help was in God. We prayed that the Lord would manifest himself unto us. My earnest prayer was for the disease to leave my throat, and that my voice might be restored. I had the evidence that the hand of God there touched me. The difficulty was instantly removed. My voice was clear. The candle of the Lord shone about us during that meeting, and we had the victory. The children of God were greatly strengthened and encouraged.

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

As our meeting progressed, these fanatics

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sought to rise and speak, but they could not find opportunity. But as prayer was being offered at the close of the meeting, B. came to the door and commenced speaking. The door was closed upon him. He opened the door, and again commenced to speak. The power of God fell upon my husband, and the color left his face. He arose from his knees, and as he laid his hand upon B., exclaimed, "The Lord does not want your testimony here. The Lord does not want you here to distract and crush his people!" The power of God filled the room, and B. commenced to walk backward out of the house. The power of God in the house was painful to that fanatical party. B. looked terrified. He staggered and came near falling to the floor. The place was awful on account of the presence of the Lord. All that company of darkness left the place, and the sweet Spirit of the Lord rested upon his dear, tried children. The cause of God in Vt. had been cursed by fanatical spirits, but at this meeting they received a check which they never recovered from.

We returned from Vt. very anxious to see our child we had left in N. Y. We had been from him five weeks, and as we met him, and he clasped his little arms about my neck, and laid his head upon my shoulder, I saw that a great change had taken place in him. He was very feeble. My feelings cannot be described

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It was difficult to suppress murmuring feelings. These thoughts would arise, I left him in the hands of God, and do I find him in this condition? My agonized feelings found relief in tears. Then I became more calm and reconciled to the will of God. We tried to look at the child's case in as favorable a light as possible. I was comforted with these words, The Lord "doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

We felt that our only hope was in God, and prayed for the child and obtained signal answers to our prayers. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon us, and his symptoms became more favorable, and we journeyed with him to Oswego to attend a conference there. Brn. Holt and Rhodes were in company with us. When we reached the Railroad, my husband took the cars that he might be present at the commencement of the meeting. We were to tarry one night at Camden, and the next day go on to Oswego. But we were disappointed. Our horse was sick, and we must show some mercy to faithful Charley. Brn. R. and H. urged us to drive faster. I told them that Charley was a free horse, and must be sick, and I could not urge him. It was getting late in the afternoon and we had ten miles further to go before reaching Camden. Bro. R. proposed that Bro. H. take our horse and come on slowly, and that Sr. Bonfoey and myself get into his carriage,

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and he would drive on to get to Bro. Preston's before dark. We did so.

While in Tipton, Iowa, March, 1860, we met the report that I frequently traveled with Bro. R. This is the only time I ever rode with Bro. R. without my husband, and on this occasion Sr. Bonfoey was with me. Other reports equally groundless were circulated by a Mr. M. who had moved from Camden to Iowa, relative to the death of Sr. Prior. It was stated that we were the cause of her not having medical aid. I will briefly state that we knew

nothing of Sr. P.s' sickness, were in Rochester, above one hundred miles from Camden, when this matter occurred, and we had no knowledge of her death until a brother from Camden visited Rochester and brought us the intelligence. There were but two families engaged in this matter. After this we visited Camden, and I was shown in vision that there had been a lack of judgment in regard to the case of Sr. P. in giving their influence against her obtaining medical aid. I saw that they had carried matters to extremes, and that the cause of God was wounded and our faith reproached, on account of such things, which were fanatical in the extreme. The reproof given and the plain testimony borne in regard to these things was the cause of E. W. W. turning from me and taking his position with the "Messenger" party in circulating falsehoods calculated to injure me.

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We believe in the prayer of faith; but some have carried this matter too far, especially those who have been affected with fanaticism. Some have taken the strong ground that it was wrong to use simple remedies. We have never taken this position, but have opposed it. We believe it to be perfectly right to use the remedies God has placed in our reach, and if these fail, apply to the great Physician, and in some cases the counsel of an earthly physician is very necessary. This position we have always held.

It was quite a disappointment to us not to be able to attend the conference at Oswego. Sunday the horse was able to travel, and Sr. B. and I journeyed on very slowly. As we were within five miles of Oswego it shut in dark, and thundered and lightened, and rained very hard. As we entered Oswego not a person was to be seen. The darkness was intense. We wished to find Bro. Goodwin's. I was obliged to step from the wagon a number of times, and wait for the lightning's flash to see where we were. In this way we passed on. Again I stepped from the wagon, and the vivid lightning showed me that we were opposite Bro. G.'s house. Those in the house were perfectly astonished to meet me so late at night in such a fearful storm. The only way they found the horse and wagon was by the lightning's flash. As we entered the well-lighted, comfortable pilgrim's home we felt grateful to God that he

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had preserved us on the road, and that our child was no worse.

Chapter 20—Publishing Again

In company with Bro. and Sr. Edson we went to Centerport, and made it our home at Bro. Harris' about three months, and printed the paper called the *Advent Review*. My child grew worse, but three times a day we had special seasons of prayer for him. Sometimes he would be blessed, and the progress of disease stayed, then our faith would be severely tried as his symptoms became alarming. At one time we left him to go about two miles to Port Byron. Bro. R. accompanied us intending to take the packet for Port Gibson. When we returned Sr. H. met us at the door much agitated, saying, "Your babe is struck with death!" We hastened to the child who lay unconscious. His little arms were purple. The death dampness seemed to be on his brow, and his eyes were dim. Oh, the anguish of my heart then! I could give up my child. I did not idolize him, but I knew that our enemies were ready to triumph over us and say, "Where is their God!"

I then said to my husband, There is but one

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thing more that we can do, that is to follow the Bible rule, call for the elders, but where should we go? We thought of Bro. R. who had just left on the line-boat, intending to step aboard the first packet. In a moment we were decided for my husband to go for Bro. R., drive on the tow-path until he overtook the line-boat, and bring him back. He drove five miles before overtaking the boat. While my husband was gone we were praying for the Lord to spare the life of the child until his father returned. Our petitions were answered. When they arrived, Bro. R. anointed the child and prayed over him. We all united in the prayer offered. The child opened his eyes and knew us. A light shone upon his features, and the blessing of God rested upon us all. We had the assurance that the power of the enemy was broken.

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

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of mind until my husband, and the family we were with, besought the Lord in my behalf. They would not yield the point until my voice was united with theirs for deliverance. It came. I began to hope, and my trembling faith grasped the promises of God, when Satan came in another form. My husband was taken very sick. His symptoms were alarming. He cramped at intervals, and suffered excruciating pain. His feet and limbs were cold. I

rubbed them until I had no strength to do so longer. Bro. Harris was away some miles at his work, and there were only Sr. Harris, Sr. Bonfoey and my sister Sarah present, and I was just gathering courage to dare believe in the promises of God. If ever I felt my weakness it was then. We knew that something must be done immediately. Every moment his case was growing more critical. It was clearly a case of cholera. He asked us to pray. We dared not refuse, and in great weakness we bowed before the Lord. I knew that God must do the work; we so unworthy could do nothing. With a deep sense of my unworthiness, I laid my hands upon his head, and prayed the Lord to reveal his power. A change was effected immediately. The natural color of his face returned, and the light of heaven beamed upon his countenance. We were all filled with gratitude unspeakable. We never had witnessed a more remarkable answer to prayer.

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

Then my husband was again attacked. He was in much pain. I knelt at the bedside and prayed the Lord to strengthen our faith. I knew the Lord had wrought for him, and rebuked the disease, and we could not ask him to do what had already been done. But we

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prayed that the Lord would carry on his work. Thou hast heard prayer! Thou hast wrought! We believe without a doubt! Carry on the work thou hast begun! Thus we plead two hours before the Lord, and while I was praying, he fell asleep and rested well till daylight. He then arose very weak, but we would not look at appearance. We trusted the promise of God. He said it should be done, and we believed and determined to walk out by faith.

We were expected at Auburn that day to receive the first number of the paper. We believed that Satan was trying to hinder us, and my husband decided he should go trusting in the Lord. Bro. H. made ready the horse and carriage, and Sr. B. and self accompanied him. He had to be helped into the wagon, yet every mile we rode he gained strength. We kept our mind stayed upon God, and our faith in constant exercise as we rode on peaceful and happy.

We hired a room in a hotel for the purpose of reading proof for the last time, and in the afternoon as I looked out of the window I saw my husband carrying a heavy case of type

from one office to another. This alarmed me, but the Lord gave him strength, and when we received the paper all finished, and rode back to Centerport, we felt sure that we were in the path of duty. The blessing of God rested upon us. We had been greatly buffeted by

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Satan, but through Christ strengthening us we had come off victorious. We had a large bundle of papers with us containing precious truth for the people of God.

Our child was recovering, and Satan was not permitted to afflict him again. We worked early and late, sometimes not allowing ourselves time to sit at the table to eat our meals, but having a piece by our side, we would eat and work at the same time. By overtaxing my strength in folding large sheets, I brought on a severe pain in my shoulder which did not leave me for years.

We had been anticipating a journey East, and our child was again well enough to travel. We took the packet for Utica. There was on the boat a young woman from Centerport who was busy relating to others some things concerning us. And they would occasionally promenade back and forth the length of the boat to get a view of me. They had been informed that I had visions, and the young lady was heard to say, "They are such a strange people! They can be heard praying at all times in the day, and often in the night. Most of their time is spent in prayer." Many curious eyes were turned towards us, to examine us, especially the one who had visions.

There was at one time some trouble on the boat. The chamber-maid had been abused by one of the passengers. She went with her

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complaint to the captain, and she had many sympathizers. While she was describing the one who had abused her, many eyes were turned towards me, as the dress described answered very nearly to my dress. It was whispered round, "It is her! It is her! The one that has visions! What a shame!" And a zealous one spoke up and asked if it was me, pointing towards me. "Oh no, no," said she in her Irish tongue, "surely she is as nice a little woman as there is on the boat." I could but notice how gladly they would have had me the guilty one, because I had visions.

Next they inquired if I believed in the spirit rappings that had just commenced in Rochester. I told them that I believed there was a reality in it, but it was an evil spirit, instead of a good one. They looked at each other and said, "O what blasphemy! I would not repeat these words for my life." With religious horror they withdrew from our company, and manifested a fear to approach us afterwards.

Some were very curious to know what physician had been attending my child. We told them we had not applied to any earthly physician. A minister and his wife and children were on board. Two of their children were very sick, and she enquired in regard to the remedies we had used. I told her the course we had pursued, that we had followed the

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prescription of the Apostle James, chapter 5, and the Lord had wrought for us as no earthly physician could, and we were not afraid to trust our child in his hands, that he was fast improving. The only answer was, "If that was my child, and I had no physician, I should know it would die."

At Utica we parted with Sr. B., my sister S. and our child, and went on our way to the East, while Bro. Abbey took them home with him. We had to make some sacrifice in our feelings to separate from those who were bound to us by tender ties; especially did our hearts cling to little Edson, whose life had been so much in danger. We could not be entirely free from anxious thoughts on his account.

Chapter 21—The Review and Herald

We journeyed to Vermont and held a conference at Sutton, and then visited Paris, Me., and there commenced publishing the first volume of the *Advent Review and Sabbath Herald*. The brethren there were all poor, and we suffered many privations. We boarded in Bro. A.'s family. We were willing to live cheap that the paper might be sustained. My husband was a dyspeptic. We could not eat meat

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or butter, and were obliged to abstain from all greasy food. Take these from a poor man's table, and it leaves a very spare diet. Our labors were so great that we needed nourishing food. We had much care, and often sat up as late as midnight, and sometimes until two or three in the morning to read proof-sheets. We could have better borne these extra exertions could we have had the sympathy of our brethren in Paris, and had they appreciated our labors and the efforts we were making to advance the cause of truth. Mental labor and privation reduced the strength of my husband very fast.

About this time we received a special invitation to attend a conference in Waterbury, Vt. We decided to go, but let brethren R. and A. have our horse to visit the brethren in Canada East and Vermont, while we took the cars for Boston and New Ipswich. It took us two days to go forty miles to Washington, N. H., by private conveyance. The blessing of the Lord attended our meetings in Washington. We then rode fifteen miles to visit Bro. S. who was befogged with spiritualism. We were anxious he should attend the conference at Waterbury. But he had no horse, and to help him, we told him if he would get a horse we would ride in the sleigh with him, and give him our fare which would be about five dollars on the cars. He purchased a horse for thirty dollars. It

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was in mid-winter, and we suffered with cold, but we were anxious to see Eld. J. Baker who was shut up at home, and encourage him to attend the meeting in Waterbury. Weary, cold and hungry, we arrived at Bro. B.'s. Next morning we had a solemn season of prayer, and Bro. B. was deeply affected. We urged him to attend the conference. He said he had not health and strength to drive his horse through the cold. My husband handed him five dollars to pay his fare on the cars. He was very reluctant to accept it, but said, "If it is your duty to give me this, I will go." We were the greatest part of three days more in reaching Waterbury. There were three of us in an open sleigh, without a buffalo skin or even a horse-blanket to protect us from the cold.

At Waterbury we had to labor against a great amount of unbelief, and this was not all we had to meet. Satan had tempted some of the brethren that we had too good a horse, although we had given it up for others to use, and had come that journey in the tedious

manner described. Jealousy was aroused that Bro. White was making money. N. A. H. was the instigator, and it awakened the same feelings in those who should have stood in our defense, and silenced at once such unjust suspicions. As N. A. H. was very poor, my husband only seven or eight months before handed him twenty dollars which was put into his hands to

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help the cause, took his coat from his back and gave it to him, and interested the brethren in his behalf, so that a horse and carriage were given to him at the conference at Johnson. But this was the reward he received, jealousy, evil-surmising and false insinuations, which found a place in the hearts of some who knew us. This wounded deep. We were forced to wade through a tide of oppression. It seemed that the deep waters would overflow us, and we should sink.

At the close of the conference, means were raised to defray the expenses of those who had come to the meeting. The question was asked, how it should be appropriated. A brother, who knew our poverty, that we suffered for suitable food and clothing, hastily took the means and placed it in the hands of one whom my husband had helped to the meeting. And although we had been specially invited to attend the conference, we received none of it to defray our traveling expenses.

But the Lord did not forsake us in our extremity. While engaged in prayer around the family altar, I was taken off in vision and shown some things concerning this cruel, oppressive work. I saw that it had been carried on underhanded, and was as cruel as the grave. We found some relief, still our spirits were crushed to receive such treatment from our brethren. We then went to Waitsfield and

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Granville, visited the family of our dear Sr. Rice who rests in the grave, and tried to aid them a little in their need. Bro. K. took us to Bethel. We ascended a long mountain, and suffered with the cold extremely. We were five hours going fifteen miles. We held meetings among dark spirits. Bro. Philips there embraced the truth. We then returned to Massachusetts and Maine. The influence that had worked against us in Vermont affected individuals in other States, and one good brother in Massachusetts wrote us many pages of reproof. He had received prejudice from others.

My husband was borne down with care, and suffering from severe colds which had settled on his lungs. He sunk beneath his trials. He was so weak he could not get to the printing office without staggering. Our faith was tried to the uttermost. We had willingly endured privation, toil and suffering, yet but few seemed to appreciate our efforts, when it was even for their good we had suffered. We were too much troubled to sleep or rest. The hours in which we should have been refreshed with sleep, were often spent in answering long communications occasioned by the leaven of envy which commenced to work in Vermont; and many hours while others were sleeping we spent in agonizing tears, and mourning before the Lord. At length my husband said, "Ellen, it is no use, these things are crushing me,

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and will carry me to the grave. I cannot go any farther. I have written a note for the paper stating that I shall publish no more." As he stepped out of the door to carry it to the printing office, I fainted. He came back and prayed for me, and his prayer was answered, and I was relieved.

The next morning, while at family prayer, I was taken off in vision and was shown concerning the matter. I saw that my husband must not give up the paper, for such a step was just what Satan was trying to drive him to take, and he was working through agents to do this; but he must continue to publish, and the Lord would sustain him, and those who had been guilty in casting on him such undeserved burdens and censure, would have to bear the burden, and yet see the extent of their cruel course, and come back confessing their injustice, or the frown of God would rest upon them; that it was not against us merely they had spoken and acted, but against Him who had called us to fill the place he wished us to occupy. And all their suspicions, and jealousy, and secret influence which had been at work, was faithfully chronicled in heaven, and would not be blotted out until every one who had taken a part in it should see the extent of their wrong course, and retrace every step. The exposure of that journey to Vermont my husband felt for years, and was not overcome until a few

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years since, when the Lord mercifully healed him in answer to prayer.

The brother referred to in Massachusetts, was convinced that he was wrong, and wrote an humble acknowledgement which melted us to tears. But he was not satisfied to confess with pen and ink, but came all the way to Paris, Me., to see us, and the breach was healed, and our hearts were more firmly united than ever. He had been influenced by one in whom he had the utmost confidence.

We soon received urgent invitations to attend conferences in different States, and decided to go. Here is an extract of a letter to Bro. Howland's family concerning the journey:

"I will give you a brief account of ourselves from the time we left you at Topsham. When we arrived at Boston, my husband put me in a hack on account of the baggage, while he walked to save his fare. We arrived at meeting time, and found brethren and sisters collected. We had a good meeting. The next morning we took the cars for Connecticut, and arrived at Bro. B.'s about three o'clock P. M. Our meeting commenced Sabbath. Brethren and sisters from different towns were present, and we had a profitable meeting, and trust our efforts will be blessed to the church. The next Monday took the cars for Oswego, arrived there the next day about noon, visited Bro. and Sr. Arnold in Volney, and the next day in

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company with brethren and sisters, went on our way to Camden. There were about eighty present, six from Michigan.

"The meeting was held at the house of Bro. Preston, and was interesting from the commencement to its close. Bro. B. took a decided stand for the truth, and thanked the Lord that he had property, for he should use it in his cause. At our season of prayer in the

morning at Bro. Abbey's, the Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon us, and I was taken off in vision, and saw that some of the church had been disfellowshipped without sufficient cause, through the influence of dreams and impressions. I was shown that Sr. E. P. was a child of God, and they had no cause for rejecting her. And others also had been set aside who should not have been, which had driven them nearly to despair.

"Sabbath morning we went to the meeting, and there met Sr. E. P. Her husband was bitterly opposed to her faith, and forbid her coming to the meeting, and had bound her with cords so tightly as to much bruise her. She lay praying for the Lord to open the way for her to attend the meeting. Soon her husband released her, and unobserved she came across-lots about half a mile, and then waded ankle deep through swamps, traveling about three miles, and came to the meeting. She expressed the deepest gratitude for the privilege of seeing the people of God.

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"I related the vision given me for the church, and those who had acted a part in casting her off confessed to her heartily. It was an affecting time. Many wept aloud. The desponding were encouraged and strengthened. The work of God is going forward. The Lord wrought for the church, and we left them rejoicing, and journeyed to Amsterdam, where we found Bro. B. waiting to take us to his house. We were kindly received by the family, although they had not yet embraced our faith. We had a meeting with them. My husband hung up his chart and talked from it one hour and a half. Then Bro. B. talked very affectingly, expressing his deep interest for his family. Said he, 'Wife and children, I am going to the kingdom. Will you go with me? If you do not, I shall not remain behind; I shall go if I go alone. If you will not go, it will do you no good to have me lost with you. I shall go, if I go alone. This is the truth; I must save my soul by obeying the truth.' He plead with his family from a full heart. They were deeply affected. They will attend the conference at West Milton, and may the Lord give Bro. B. his family to go with him is our prayer. The brethren are very anxious we should come to Saratoga Springs to publish the paper. We shall abide by the decision of the church generally."

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Chapter 22—Removal to Saratoga Springs

Our conference at West Milton was held in a barn. It was well filled, and was an interesting and profitable meeting. We tarried at Ballston Spa a number of weeks, until we became settled in regard to publishing at Saratoga Springs. We then rented a house, and sent for Bro. and Sr. Belden, and Sr. Bonfoey who was then in Maine taking care of little Edson, and with borrowed household stuff we commenced house keeping.

While at Saratoga Springs, Sr. Annie R. Smith, who now sleeps in Jesus, came to live with us and assist in the work. Her help was needed. My husband expresses his feelings in a letter to Bro. Howland, dated Feb. 20, 1852, as follows: "We are usually well, all but myself. I cannot long endure the labors of traveling, and the care of publishing. Wednesday night we folded and wrapped No. 12 until 2 o'clock in the morning, then retired, and I coughed till daylight. Pray for me. The cause is prospering gloriously. Perhaps the Lord will not have need of me longer, and will let me rest in the grave. I hope to be free from the paper. I have stood by it in extreme adversity, and now when its friends are many, I feel free to leave it, if some one

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can be found who will take it. I hope my way will be made clear, Lord direct. We hope to hear from you and your dear family, and from our little Henry. I can hardly pen these lines from incessant coughing. Consumption is my portion unless God delivers immediately."

While at Saratoga we met with many discouragements. The brethren in that vicinity were not in a prosperous condition. There were errors and wrong influences to be corrected. H. C. had but little of this world's goods, and took an extreme position on the text, "Sell that ye have and give alms," and was dissatisfied with his wealthy brethren because they were not more liberal. They were accused of being worldly minded, covetous and selfish. Neither party was right. Some of those possessing property were covetous. On the other hand, H. C. did not employ his time and strength as he should, that he might provide for his own, and have something himself to aid the cause. His course cut off our testimony. We tried to hold up the true object which called for means.

Bro. S. was willing to do anything for the cause of God when a suitable object was presented, but he did not feel called upon to sell his home farm, while he had available means which would meet the present wants of the cause.

But H. C.'s family gave him no rest.

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"Sell that ye have and give alms, and help the poorer brethren," was their cry. Bro. S. was desponding, and the reason was assigned, "He is covetous, and God will not bless him until he disposes of his possessions." But it was H. C. who was covetous. He coveted the good

things of Bro. S., and felt tried if he was not willing to divide with him the fruits of his hard labor in cultivating his land, while H. C. took an easy course, trusted in the Lord as he said, and did but very little.

Often did this oppressed brother come from Milton to Saratoga to ask our advice as to the course he should pursue. Said he, "They say this heavy weight about my heart is because God frowns upon me, because I do not sell." He said he had ready means to use wherever the Lord called. We told him not to sink in discouragement, that if it was his duty to sell, the Lord was as willing to let him know it, and feel the burden, as to teach it to his brethren. Once he came, dizzy and distressed, having become nearly blind on the way. We felt sure his distress was in consequence of disease of the heart, and told him so; that it was not because of neglected duty, for he was willing to do anything.

As two of H. C.'s family were passing through Bro. S.'s yard, they passed a flock of turkeys, and made some remarks calculated to move Bro. S.'s generous heart, and he promised

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them a thanksgiving dinner of turkeys. The fowls were killed, and quite a number were to be distributed among H. C.'s family, and two were reserved for our family. We called on Bro. S., and quite a number of H. C.'s family were there. The turkeys were shown me, and it was told me how they were to be disposed of. I felt sad. I knew although we were poor, yet we could deny ourselves of many things, and thus aid the cause of God. I talked plainly upon this matter. I told Bro. S. and those present the true object of self-denial; that sacrificing was to help the suffering cause of truth, and not to gratify the feelings of these poorer brethren who were fully able to provide for themselves, and even do more than this. I told them that the duty of self-denial and sacrificing did not rest alone upon the rich, that the poor had a part to act, and like the widow cast in their mites.

I then referred them to the case of Bro. Wheeler, whom God had called to preach the message. Poverty had compelled him to labor in the woods with his axe to sustain his family, when he should be out in the gospel field; that there was a suitable object for our charity. I begged of Bro. S. to sell the turkeys and send the avails to Bro. W., and stated that I should not feel at liberty to take those reserved for me. I was struck with the selfish remark made by one present, "Bro. S. can let

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you have the turkeys and help Bro. W. besides. There is plenty more where these came from." This was the selfish spirit planted in the hearts of some. At the same time their exhortations were frequent and earnest, "Sell that ye have and give alms." Selfishness was in their hearts, and they were unwilling to make any sacrifice.

The next day Bro. S. brought us two nice turkeys. We immediately sent them to market and received one dollar lacking five cents. I told Bro. S. that I would send one dollar to Bro. Wheeler. "Well," said Bro. S., "I will do something too," and he handed out thirty dollars which was much needed by Bro. W., and enabled him to labor again in the gospel field. After we moved from Saratoga Springs to Rochester, we received a letter informing us that

Bro. S. was dead. He died of apoplexy. O, thought I, some who have oppressed that dear brother, and reproached him so unsparingly, and had false dreams and burdens which they spun out of their own bowels to extort from him means which should have been applied to God's cause, will have to give an account of these things. He received no sympathy from them while his heart was pressed, as though a heavy weight was upon it. When in distress he was told, "When you do your duty, sell and give alms, you will be free and in the light." That aching heart is now

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still. He rests until the morning of the resurrection, when we believe he will come forth immortal. Our testimony in Saratoga and vicinity was rejected by the covetous poor, and also by the rich, and the cause went down.

In a vision given me while at Saratoga Springs, I was shown a company in Vermont, with a female among them who was a deceiver, and the church must be enlightened as to her character, lest poisonous error should become deeply rooted among them. I had not seen with my natural eyes the brethren in that part of the State. We visited them, and as we entered Bro. B.'s dwelling a female came forward to receive me, whom I thought to be Sr. B.'s mother. I was about to salute her when the light fell upon her face, and lo! it was Mrs. C., the woman I had seen in vision. I dropped her hand instantly, and drew back. She noticed this, and remarked upon it afterwards. The church in Vergennes and vicinity collected together for meeting. There was confusion of sentiment. Bro. E. E. believed the Age to Come, and some were in favor of S. Allen, a notable fanatic, who held views of a dangerous character, which if carried out would lead to spiritual union and breaking up of families. We delivered the message which the Lord had given us.

Sunday noon Mrs. C. was talking quite eloquently in regard to backbiting. She was very

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severe, for she had heard that speeches had been made against her fanatical proceedings. Just then Sr. B. entered saying, "Will you please walk out to dinner?" Mrs. C. instantly replied, saying, "This kind goeth not out save by fasting and prayer. I do not wish any dinner." In a moment my husband was upon his feet. The power of God was upon him, and the color had left his face. Said he, "I hope it will go out! In the name of the Lord, I hope it will go out!" and said to Mrs. C., "That evil spirit is in you, and I hope it will go out! I rebuke it in the name of the Lord!" She seemed to be struck dumb. Her glib, smart tongue was stilled for once.

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

That afternoon as we united in prayer, the blessing of the Lord rested upon us, and I was again shown the case of this deceived

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woman, and the danger of the church in listening to such teaching as came from her lips. Her course was calculated to disgrace the cause of God. Mrs. C. had a lawful protector, and with him should she abide, or in his company travel, and that by her fanatical course she had forfeited all claims to christian fellowship. And that the course of H. A. and Mrs. C. should be shunned, and protested against. And if the church did not cut loose from those who pursued such a course, and lift their voice against it, they would incur God's frown, and be partakers with them in their evil deeds. And that the Lord had sent us to the church with a message, which if received, would save them from greater danger than they yet realized. Many had known, and deeply felt these wrongs, but others had viewed things differently. But they began to breathe free again, and receive strength to bear their plain testimony against wrongs which they knew had existed. They knew that I had not received information from any earthly source, and that the Lord had revealed these things to me; and they testified that I had related the matter better than they could, who were acquainted with all the circumstances. We had another interview with Bro. and Sr. B. The Lord was opening their eyes to see things in their true light. We returned from that journey with feelings of satisfaction,

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knowing that the Lord had wrought for his people.

Chapter 23—Removal to Rochester

April, 1852, we moved to Rochester, N. Y., under most discouraging circumstances. We had not money enough to pay the freight on the few things we had to move by Railroad, and were obliged to move out by faith. I will give a few extracts of a letter to Bro. Howland's family, dated April 16, 1852:

“We are just getting settled here in Rochester. We have rented an old house for one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. We have the press in the house. Were it not for this we should have to pay fifty dollars a year for Office room. You would smile could you look in upon us and see our furniture. We have bought two old bedsteads for twenty-five cents each. My husband brought me home six old mis-matched chairs, for which he paid one dollar, and soon he presented me with four more old chairs, without any seating, paid sixty-two cents for the lot. The frames were strong, and I have been seating them with drilling. Butter is so high we do not purchase it, neither can we afford potatoes. We use sauce in the place of butter, and turnips for

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potatoes. The cherry sauce was provided for us by Sr. Harris.

“We are willing to endure privations if the work of God can be advanced. We believe the Lord's hand was in our coming to this place. There is a large field for labor and but few laborers. May the Lord help us that we may move just right while here. We are earnestly striving to draw near to God, and to have our wills in subjection to the divine will. We know that the Lord wants us to be living examples, then can we enjoy the light of his countenance. Last Sabbath our meeting was excellent. The Lord refreshed us with his presence. May the Lord prosper you and the church in your place. Rely wholly upon the sure promises of God.”

Soon after our family became settled in Rochester, we received a letter from my mother informing us of the dangerous illness of my brother Robert, who lived with my parents in Gorham, Me. Wrong influences had affected him, and separated him in faith from us. He became bewildered as to our position, and was unwilling to listen to any evidence in favor of the third message. He did not oppose, but entirely evaded the matter. This caused us many sad hours.

When the news of his sickness reached us, my sister Sarah decided to go immediately to Gorham. To all appearance my brother could

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live but a few days, yet contrary to the expectations of all, he lingered six months a great sufferer. My sister faithfully watched over him until the last.

As soon as he was afflicted his voice was often heard pleading with God for the light of his countenance, and upon his sick bed he weighed the evidences of our position, and fully

embraced the third message. He grieved that he had not looked into the subject before, and would frequently exclaim, "How plain! How clear that there must be a third message as well as a first and second," and he would say, "The third angel followed them. The two former. It is all plain now. I have deprived myself of many blessings that I might have enjoyed. I thought James and Ellen were in error. I have felt wrong towards them and want to see them once more."

My brother seemed to be ripening for heaven. He took no interest in worldly matters, and felt grieved when any conversation, except that of a religious character, was introduced in his room. He seemed to be holding communion with God daily, and to regard every moment as very precious, to be spent in preparing for his last change.

We had the privilege of visiting him before his death. It was an affecting meeting. He was much changed, yet his wasted features were lighted up with joy. Bright hope of the

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future constantly sustained him. He did not once murmur or express a wish to live. We had seasons of prayer in his room, and Jesus seemed very near. We were obliged to separate from our dear brother, never expecting to meet him again this side of the resurrection of the just. The bitterness of the parting scene was much taken away by the hope he expressed of meeting us where parting would be no more.

My brother continued to fail rapidly. If he felt a cloud shutting Jesus from him, he would not rest until it was dispelled, and bright hope again cheered him. To all who visited him, he conversed upon the goodness of God, and would often lift his emaciated finger, pointing upwards, while a heavenly light rested upon his countenance, and say, "My treasure is laid up on high." It was a wonder to all that his life of suffering was thus protracted. He had a hemorrhage of the lungs, and was thought to be dying. Then an unfulfilled duty presented itself to him. He had again connected himself with the Methodist church. He was expelled in 1843 with the other members of the family, on account of his faith. He said he could not die in peace until his name was taken from the church-book, and requested father to go immediately and have it taken off.

In the morning father visited the minister, stating my brother's request. He said that he would visit him, and then if it was still his

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wish to be considered no longer a member of their church, his request should be granted. Just before the minister arrived my brother had a second hemorrhage, and whispered his fears that he should not live to do this duty. The minister visited him, and he immediately expressed his desire, and told him he could not die in peace until his name was taken from the church-book; that he should not have united with them again if he had been standing in the light.

He then spoke of his faith, and hope, and the goodness of God to him. A heavenly smile was upon his countenance, and those lips, a few moments before stained with blood, were opened to praise God for his great salvation. As the minister left the room he said to my parents, "That is a triumphant soul; I never saw so happy a soul before." Soon after this

my brother fell asleep in Jesus, in full hope of having a part in the first resurrection. The following lines were written upon his death by Sr. Annie R. Smith:

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

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

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

He sleeps in Jesus—soon to rise,
 When the last trump shall rend the skies;
 Then burst the fetters of the tomb,
 To wake in full, immortal bloom.

He sleeps in Jesus—cease thy grief;
 Let this afford thee sweet relief—
 That, freed from death’s triumphant reign,
 In heaven will he live again.

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

Our little Edson was attacked, and we carried him to the great Physician. The disease was stayed in its progress. I took him in my arms, and in the name of Jesus rebuked the disease. He felt relief at once, and as a sister commenced praying for the Lord to heal him, the little fellow of three years looked up in

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astonishment and said, “They need not pray any more, for the Lord has healed me.” He was very weak. The disease made no further progress, but he gained no strength. Our faith was still to be tried. For three days he ate nothing.

Chapter 24—Eastern Tour

We had appointments out for two months, reaching from Rochester, N. Y., to Bangor, Me., and this journey we were to perform with Charley and covered carriage.

We dared not leave the child in so critical a state, and decided to go unless there was a decided change for the worse. In two days we must commence our journey in order to reach the first appointment. We presented the case before the Lord, taking it as an evidence that if the child had appetite to eat we would venture. The first day there was no change for the better. He could not bear the least food. The next day about noon he called for chicken broth, and it nourished him. We commenced our journey that night. About four o'clock I took my sick child upon a pillow, and we rode twenty miles. He seemed very nervous that night. He could not sleep, and I held him in my arms nearly the whole night. My husband

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would frequently awake, and as he heard the sound of my rocking-chair, would groan, for he thought of the tedious journey before us. We obtained no sleep through the night.

The next morning we consulted together whether to return to Rochester, or go on. The family who had entertained us said we should bury the child on the road. And to all appearance it would be so. But I dared not go back to Rochester. We believed the affliction of the child was the work of Satan to hinder us from traveling, and we dared not yield to him. I said to my husband, "If we go back I shall expect the child to die. He can but die if we go forward. Let us proceed on our journey trusting in the Lord." We had a journey of about one hundred miles before us to perform in two days, yet we believed that the Lord would work for us in this time of extremity.

I was much exhausted, and feared I should fall asleep and let the child fall from my arms, so I laid him upon my lap, and tied him to my waist, and we both slept that day over much of the distance. The child revived and continued to gain strength the whole journey, and we brought him home quite rugged.

The Lord greatly blessed us on our journey to Vermont. My husband had much care and labor. At the different conferences he did most of the preaching, sold books, and took pay for the papers. And when one conference was

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over, we would hasten to the next. At noon we would feed the horse by the roadside, and eat our lunch. Then my husband, with paper and pencil upon the cover of our dinner-box, or the top of his hat, would write communications for the *Review* and *Instructor*.

Our meeting at Wolcott was of special interest. A canvas was attached to the house to accommodate the people. The Lord blessed us with freedom, and the truth affected hearts. I had a vision in the congregation, and had perfect liberty in relating it. I there became

acquainted with our dear Sr. Pierce. My heart was drawn out in sympathy and love for her, for I had been in a similar state of mind. At this meeting our dear Bro. Benson was convicted of the truth. He believed the vision he witnessed to be the power of God, and was affected by it. He fully embraced the truth. Others decided at that meeting to obey all God's commandments and live. Since that meeting we have met Bro. B.'s cheerful countenance in every conference we have attended in Vermont. But we shall meet him in this mortal state no more. He died in hope, and will rest in the silent grave until the resurrection of the just.

Again at Panton, Vt., the Lord met with his people. Bro. and Sr. Pierce were present. The Spirit of the Lord affected hearts in that meeting. Bro. E. Churchill was much broken

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in spirit, and decided fully to take his stand with the remnant people of God. At this meeting the Lord revealed himself to me, and I was taken off in vision. A comforting message was given me for Sr. Pierce. The following is their statement:

“My wife has for many years been subject to occasional, and sometimes protracted, seasons of the most hopeless despair. They began with her when quite young, and have from time to time afflicted her till since we embraced the present, the last message of truth.

“Some time after having embraced the Sabbath, and some other truths pertaining to the present message, the climax of darkness settled down upon her laboring mind, insomuch that the most encouraging conversation, elicited from the most cheering promises of the Bible, appeared to have no good effect upon her mind whatever. And although naturally possessed of a social disposition, and a cast of mind very favorable to friendly associations, yet so great was the weight of her mental oppression, and so vividly, in her estimation, was portrayed before the mind her forlorn, abject and wretched condition, that she was disinclined to participate in what by her had usually been deemed interesting social interviews, and rather inclined to absent herself from the presence of those who belonged to the circle of her acquaintance generally, and even some of her most endeared

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friends. Further, she had no disposition to attend any religious meetings, nor could she scarcely stimulate herself to go about the business of her usual avocation.

“This state of mind commenced, I believe, in the month of May, 1852, and continued with increased severity until the first of September following—the time of the Wolcott meeting, which myself and some other of her especial friends constrained her to attend. Nor was the weight of that mental anguish essentially abated then. Though she realized that it was an interesting meeting, that the Spirit of the Lord was there; and though the gift of prophecy was especially developed through Sr. White, in a manner that satisfactorily convinced her that the visions were of God, yet at that time she had no hope that she had any part or lot in the matter of interest which then passed before her. Thus she remained till the time of the Panton meeting, four weeks afterwards. It was at this meeting the Lord gave Sr. White a vision, a part of which so clearly showed up her case, and so perfectly instructed her what to do, from that time forward the scene with her was in a great measure the most happily changed.

“Previously those seasons of despair had worn off more gradually; but in this case it seemed that the word was spoken, and the work was done. For even on our return from the

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meeting, instead of gloom and horror being depicted on her countenance it was lighted up with cheering hope.

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

“I believe this favorable change in her condition at that time to be exclusively the effect of the visions then given. Untiring efforts had previously been put forth, by those who had been in a similar condition, in conversation eliciting many of the great and precious promises, to try to buoy up the sinking mind, but it all produced no beneficial effect. Truly I have since believed there was occasion for gratitude that this gift is in the church. “Stephen Pierce.

“According to my best recollection, the above account of my mental trials, and the effect of Sr. White’s visions, written by my husband, is essentially correct. “Almira Pierce.”

While we were absent from Rochester the foreman of the Office was attacked with cholera.

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He was an unconverted young man. The lady of the house where he boarded died with the cholera, also her daughter. He was then brought down, and no one ventured to take care of him, fearing the disease. The Office hands watched over him until the disease seemed checked, then took him to our house. He had a relapse, and a physician attended him, and exerted himself to the utmost to save him, but at length told him that his case was hopeless, that he could not survive through the night. Those interested for him could not bear to see the young man die without hope. They prayed around his bedside, while he was suffering great agony. He also prayed that the Lord would have mercy upon him, and forgive his sins. Yet he obtained no relief. He continued to cramp and toss in restless agony. The brethren continued in prayer all night, that he might be spared to repent of his sins, and keep the commandments of God.

He at length seemed to consecrate himself to God, and promised the Lord he would keep the Sabbath and serve him. He soon felt relief. The next morning the physician came, and as he entered, said, “I told my wife about one o’clock this morning that in all probability the young man was out of his trouble.” He was told that he was alive. The physician was surprised, and immediately ascended the stairs to his room, and as he examined his pulse, said,

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“Young man, you are better, the crisis is past, but it is not my skill that saved you, but a higher power. With good nursing you may get about again.” He gained rapidly, and soon took his place in the Office a converted man.

Chapter 25—Nathaniel and Anna

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

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They weighed the evidences of our position, and conscientiously decided for the truth.

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

“Dear Nathaniel, we miss him much. It seems hard for us to realize that we are no more to have his society here. He bore up through his sickness with remarkable cheerfulness and fortitude. I never heard him groan but once, and that was the Tuesday before he died. I loved him when he first came because he was brother to my husband, and I felt that I could do anything for his comfort; but soon he seemed as near to me as a natural brother. I read some in the Bible to him Wednesday, and told him about my poor brother Robert, who, after six months of great suffering, died of consumption. Said he, ‘I should not wish to have such lingering sickness as he had.’ He enjoyed his mind well, and told us not to look sad when we came into his room. Said he, ‘I am happy; the Lord blesses me abundantly. I have obtained the victory over impatience, and have the evidence that the Lord loves and owns me as his child.’ That night he suffered much with wakefulness.

“Thursday morning he expressed his joy that the long night had passed, and day had finally come. As he walked out to breakfast in

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the large parlor that morning, he looked around the room, and said, ‘Any one cannot help but get well in such a beautiful house as this, with such large, airy rooms.’

“Anna generally took his meals to him from choice, and then sat by his side while he ate; she did not wish to eat until after he had. Said he, ‘Ellen, I wish you would make Anna sit down and eat with the rest of the family, for there is no need of her sitting by me while I eat.’

“He seemed to love Anna very much, and through his sickness often spoke of his coming to Rochester to accompany her, because she was so feeble, and now Anna was waiting upon

him, and often said, 'Anna, you did not know when you made up your mind to come to Rochester that you were coming to wait upon me.'

"That night [Thursday] we went into his room and prayed with him, and Nathaniel was abundantly blessed. He praised the Lord aloud, while his face lighted up with the glory of God. We especially prayed that he might have sleep and rest that night. He rested very well through the night.

"Friday morning, the last morning that he lived, he called us into his room. He said that he wished us to pray there; but first, he had something to say. He then with remarkable clearness called up little things that had

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transpired while he had been with us, and every word that he thought he had spoken hastily or wrong, he confessed heartily. He confessed wherein he had distrusted God in times past, and asked forgiveness of the family. 'I regret,' said he, 'that I have been unreconciled to my sickness. I have felt that I could not have it so, and that the Lord dealt hard with me. But I am now satisfied it is just; for nothing but this sickness could bring me where I am. God has blessed me much of late, and has forgiven me all my sins. It often seems that if I should reach out my hand I could embrace Jesus he is so near. I know I love God and he loves me.'

"After he had said what he wished to, we united in prayer. It was a sweet season. He manifested great interest while we were praying, responding to our prayers, saying, 'Amen! Praise the Lord! Glory to God! I will praise him, for he is worthy to be praised! His name is Jesus, and he will save us from our sins!'

"He prayed earnestly, and in faith, for a full consecration to God's will, to be baptized with his Spirit, and purified by his blood. Said he, 'Thou hast forgiven me all my sins. Thou hast sanctified me to thyself, and I will honor thee as long as I have breath.'

"His face shone, and he looked very happy. He said that the room seemed light, and he

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loved us all. After we arose from prayer he said, 'Anna, I love you, come here.' She went to his bedside, and he embraced her, and said, 'I am happy, the Lord has blessed me.'

"Nathaniel was triumphant in God through the day, although he was very sick. I remained in his room and entertained him by reading the Bible and conversing with him. As I read he would say, 'How appropriate that is! how beautiful! I must remember that!'

"I then said, Nathaniel, you are very sick. You may die in two hours, and unless God interposes, you cannot live two days. He said, very calmly, 'O, not so soon as that, I think.' He immediately rose from the bed, sat in the rocking-chair, and commenced talking. He began back to the time when he was converted; told how much he enjoyed, and how afraid he was of sinning; and then when he began to forget God, and lose the blessing. Then how high his hopes were raised; he 'meant to be a man in the world; to get an education and fill some high station.' And then he told how his hopes had died, as afflictions had pressed heavily upon him; how hard it was for him to give up his expectations. He said he felt he could not have it so; he *would* be well; he *would* not yield to it.

"Then he spoke of his coming to Rochester. How trying it was to have us wait upon him, and to be dependent. 'It seemed to me,' said

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he, 'that the kindness of you all, was more than I could bear; and I have desired to get well to pay you for all this.' He then spoke of his embracing the Sabbath. Said he, 'At first I was not willing to acknowledge the light I saw. I wished to conceal it; but the blessing of God was withheld from me until I acknowledged the Sabbath. Then I felt confidence towards God.' Said he, 'I love the Sabbath now; it is precious to me. I now feel reconciled to my sickness. I know that it is the only thing that will save me. I will praise the Lord, if he can save me through affliction.'

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

The following lines occasioned by his death, were written by Sr. Annie R. Smith: Gone to thy rest, brother! peaceful thy sleep; While o'er thy grave bending, in sorrow we weep,

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For the loved and the cherished, in life's early bloom, Borne from our number, to the cold, silent tomb. Sweet be thy slumber! in quiet repose; Beneath the green turf, and the blossoming rose; O, soft is thy pillow, and lowly thy bed; Mournful the cypress that waves o'er the dead. Dark though the opinion that shaded his brow, The truth which he followed illumined it now; In the arms of his Saviour he fell to his rest, Where woes that await us pervade not his breast. Weep not for the Christian whose labor is done; Who, faithful to duty, the treasure has won. The jewel was fitted forever to shine, A gem in the casket, immortal, divine. Not long will earth's bosom his precious form hide, And death's gloomy portals from kindred divide; For swiftly approaching, we see the bright day, That brings the glad summons, Arise! come away!

Chapter 26—Labors in Michigan

After Nathaniel's death, my husband was much afflicted. Trouble and anxiety of mind had prostrated him. He had a high fever, and was confined to his bed. We united in prayer for him, and he was relieved, but still remained very weak. He had appointments out for Mill Grove, N. Y., and Michigan, and feared that

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he could not fill them. We decided to venture as far as Mill Grove, and if he grew no better, to return home.

While at Bro. Cottrell's, at Mill Grove, he suffered such extreme weakness that he thought he could go no farther. We were in great perplexity. Must we be driven from the work by bodily infirmities? Would Satan be permitted to exercise his power upon us, and contend for our usefulness and life as long as we remain in the world? We knew that God could limit the power of Satan. He may suffer us to be tried in the furnace, but will bring us forth purified, and better fitted for his work.

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

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that angels of God were standing by his side to sustain him in his labors.

At Jackson we found the church in great confusion. In their midst the Lord showed me their condition, and I related that portion of it which was clear before me, which related to the wrong course of one present. C. and R. were greatly prejudiced against this sister, and cried out, "Amen! amen!" and manifested a spirit of triumph over her, and would frequently say, "I thought so! It is just so!" I felt very much distressed, and sat down before finishing the relation of the vision. Then C. and R. arose and exhorted others to receive the vision, and manifested such a spirit that my husband reproved them. The meeting closed in confusion. While at family prayer that night at Bro. S.'s I was again taken off in vision, and that portion of the vision that had passed from me was repeated, and I was shown the overbearing course of R. and C., that their influence in the church was to cause division. They possessed an exalted spirit, and not the meek spirit of Christ. I saw why the Lord had hid from me the

part of the vision that related to them. It was that they might have opportunity to manifest before all what spirit they were of.

The next day a meeting was called, and I related the things which the Lord had shown me the evening before. C. and R., who zealously advocated the visions two days before,

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were dissatisfied when shown to be wrong, and did not receive the message. They had stated before I came to the place that if I saw things as they looked upon them, they should know that the visions were of God; but if I saw that they had taken a wrong course, and that the ones whom they regarded wrong were not faulty, they should know the visions were incorrect. But both parties were shown me to be wrong, especially C. and R. and some others. They now began to fight against my testimony, and here commenced what is called the "Messenger" party.

I will here give an extract from a letter written to my parents in Gorham, Me., June 23, 1853:

"While in Michigan we visited Tyrone, Jackson, Sylvan, Bedford and Vergennes. My husband in the strength of God endured the journey and his labor well. His strength did not entirely fail him but once. He was unable to preach at Bedford. He went to the place of meeting, and stood up in the desk to preach, but became faint and was obliged to sit down. He asked Bro. Loughborough to take the subject where he had left it, and finish his discourse. He went out of the house into the open air, and lay upon the green grass until he had somewhat recovered, then Bro. Kelsey let him take his horse, and he rode alone one mile and a half to Bro. Brooks'.

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"Bro. Loughborough went through with the subject with much freedom. All were interested in the meeting. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon me and I had perfect freedom in bearing my testimony. The power of God was in the house, and nearly every one present was affected to tears. Some took a decided stand for the truth.

"After the meeting closed, we rode through the woods to a beautiful lake, where six were buried with Christ in baptism. We then returned to Bro. B.'s and found my husband more comfortable. While alone that day his mind had been exercised upon the subject of Spiritualism, and he there decided to write the book entitled, Signs of the Times.

"Next day we journeyed to Vergennes, traveling over rough log-ways and sloughs. Much of the way I rode in nearly a fainting condition, but our hearts were lifted to God in prayer for strength, and we found him a present help, and we were able to accomplish the journey, and bear our testimony there."

Soon after our return my husband engaged in writing the Signs of the Times. His health was poor. He was troubled with aching head and cold feet. He could sleep but little. But the Lord was his support. When his mind was in a confused, suffering state, we would bow before the Lord, and in our distress cry unto him. He heard our earnest

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prayers, and often blessed my husband, so that with refreshed spirits he went on with the work. Many times in the day did we thus go before the Lord in earnest prayer. That book was not written in his own strength.

In the fall of 1853 we attended Conferences at Buck's Bridge, N. Y., Stowe, Vt., Boston, Dartmouth and Springfield, Mass., Washington, N. H., and New Haven, Vt. This was a laborious and rather discouraging journey. Many had embraced the truth, who were unsanctified in heart and life, and the elements of strife and rebellion were at work, and it was necessary that a movement should take place to purify the church. The "Messenger" party soon drew off, and the cause was relieved.

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

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eyes, and thought if I lose my eye, and my life, it will be a martyr to the cause.

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

In about three weeks I fainted and fell to the floor, and remained unconscious about thirty-six hours. It was feared that I could not live; but in answer to prayer again I revived. One week later, while conversing with sister Anna, I received a shock upon my left side. My head was numb, I had a strange sensation

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of coldness and numbness in my head, with pressure, and severe pain through my temples. My tongue seemed heavy and numb. I could not speak plainly. My left arm and side were helpless. I thought I was dying, and my great anxiety was to have the evidence amid my suffering that the Lord loved me.

For months I had suffered such constant pain in my heart that I did not have one joyful feeling, but my spirits were constantly depressed. I had tried to serve God from

principle, without feeling, but I now thirsted for the salvation of God, to realize his blessing, notwithstanding the pain in my heart. The brethren and sisters came together to make my case a special subject of prayer. My desire was granted. Prayer was heard, and I received the blessing of God, and had the assurance that he loved me. But the pain continued, and I grew more feeble every hour. The brethren and sisters again came together to present my case to the Lord. I was then so weak that I could not pray vocally. My appearance seemed to weaken the faith of those around me. Then the promises of God were arrayed before me as I had never viewed them before. It seemed to me that Satan was striving to tear me from my husband and children, and lay me in the grave, and these questions were suggested to my mind, Can you believe the naked promises of God? Can ye walk out by faith, let

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the appearances be what they may? Faith revived. I whispered to my husband, I believe that I shall recover. He answered, "I wish I could believe it." I retired that night without relief, yet relying with firm confidence upon the promises of God. I could not sleep, but continued my silent prayer to God. Just before day I slept. As I awoke, the sun was seen from my window, arising in the east. I was perfectly free from pain. The pressure and weight upon my heart was gone, and I was very happy. I was filled with gratitude. The praise of God was upon my lips. O what a change! It seemed to me that an angel of God had touched me while I was sleeping. I awoke my husband and related to him the wonderful work that the Lord had wrought for me. He could scarcely comprehend it at first. But when I arose and dressed, and walked around the house, and he witnessed the change in my countenance, he could praise God with me. My afflicted eye was free from pain. In a few days I looked in the glass, the cancer was gone, and my eyesight was fully restored. The work was complete.

Again I visited the physician, and as soon as he felt my pulse he said, "Madam, you are better. An entire change has taken place in your system; but the two women who visited me for counsel when you were last here are dead." I told him it was not his medicine that

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had cured me, for I could use none of it. And as I was about to relate the wonderful dealings of the Lord with me, a poor laborer rushed into the room, almost beside himself, saying, "Doctor, they say I must die! that I am in consumption!" Large drops of sweat stood upon his brow. The physician tried to calm his excited mind while he examined his lungs. He waited his examination with intense anxiety. The physician shook his head, and told him he could not deceive him; that he had the quick consumption, and must soon die. His feelings overcame him, and he burst into tears. He had no hope in God, and the future to him was a fearful uncertainty. I was obliged to leave. Sister P., who now rests in the grave, had accompanied me, and related to the physician after I left, that the Lord had heard prayer for me, and restored me to health. Said he, "Her case is a mystery. I do not understand it."

Chapter 27—Second Visit to Michigan

We soon visited Michigan again, and I endured riding over log-ways, and through mud-sloughs, and my strength failed not.

We felt that the Lord would have us visit

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Wisconsin, and were to take the cars at Jackson at 10 o'clock in the evening. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon a young man of very pleasing appearance called at Bro. Palmer's and inquired if they wished books bound, and stated that he was going out on the evening train, and would bind them at Marshall, and return them in a few weeks.

As we were preparing to go to the cars we felt very solemn, and proposed a season of prayer. And as we there committed ourselves to God, we could not refrain from weeping aloud. We went to the depot with feelings of deep solemnity. We looked for seats in a forward car, which had high backs, with the hope that we might sleep some that night, but were disappointed. We passed back into the next car, and there found seats. I did not as usual, when traveling in the night, lay off my bonnet, neither did we hand up the carpet-bag. We spoke to each other of our singular feelings, and both stated that we felt that we were waiting for something.

The cars had run about three miles from Jackson when their motion became very violent, jerking backward and forward, and finally stopped. I raised the window and saw a car standing upon one end, and heard most distressing groans and great confusion. The engine had been thrown off the track. But the car we were in was on the track, and was

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separated from those before it about one hundred feet. The express car was crushed to pieces, the goods scattered, and many of them destroyed. The baggage car not much injured, and our large trunk of books was safe. The second-class car was crushed, and the pieces, with the passengers in it, were thrown from the track on both sides of it. The car in which we tried to get a seat was much broken, and one end was raised upon the heap of ruins. The coupling did not break, but the cars separated, as if an angel had unfastened them. Another train was expected in a few minutes, and the greatest excitement was raised. The broken pieces of the cars were used to build a large fire, and men with torches went upon the track in the direction the cars were expected. We hastily left the car, and my husband took me in his arms and carried me, wading in the water, and placed me upon the fence, got over, then carried me across a swampy piece of land to the main road. Four were killed or mortally wounded. One of them was the young bookbinder referred to. Many were much injured.

We walked one half mile to a dwelling, where I remained while my husband rode to Jackson with a messenger sent for physicians. I had opportunity to reflect upon the care

God has for those who serve him. What separated the train, leaving the car we were in back upon the track? I have been shown that an angel was

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sent to preserve us. We reached Bro. S.'s, in Jackson, about two o'clock, thankful to God for his preserving care.

We took the afternoon train for Wisconsin. Our visit to that State was blest of God. Souls were converted as the fruits of our labor, yet it was a hard field to labor in. The Lord strengthened me to endure the tedious journey.

We returned from Wisconsin much worn down, desiring rest; but were distressed to meet Sr. Anna afflicted. She had changed much in our absence. We also found brethren and sisters assembled at our house for conference. Without rest we were obliged to engage in the meeting. After the labor of the conference was over, Sr. Bonfoey was taken down with the fever and ague, and suffered weeks with this most distressing disease. It was a sickly summer. Deep affliction was in our family, and we felt the necessity of help from God. Many and fervent were our prayers that his blessing might be felt throughout our dwelling. Especially was Sr. Anna a subject of our earnest prayers; but she did not seem to feel her danger, and unite with us for the recovery of health, until disease had fastened upon her, and she was brought very low.

Trials thickened around us. We had much care. The Office hands boarded with us, and our family numbered from fifteen to twenty. The large conferences and the Sabbath meetings

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

August 29, 1854, another responsibility was added to our family in the birth of little Willie, which took my mind somewhat from the troubles around me. About this time the first number of the paper falsely called the "Messenger of Truth," was received. Those who slandered us through that paper had been reprov'd for their faults and wrongs. They would not bear reproof, and in a secret manner at first, afterwards more openly, used their influence against us. This we could have borne, but some of those who should have stood by us were easily tempted of Satan, and were influenced by these wicked persons, some of whom were comparative strangers to them, yet they readily sympathized

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with them, and withdrew their sympathy from us, notwithstanding they had acknowledged that our labors among them had been signally blessed of God.

The Lord had shown me the character and final come-out of that party; that his hand was against them, and his frown upon those connected with that paper. And although they might appear to prosper for a time, and some honest ones be deceived, yet truth would eventually triumph, and every honest soul would break away from the deception which had held them, and come out clear from the influence of those wicked men whom God despised. As God's hand was against them, they must go down. The first number of their paper was in our house six weeks, and I had not interest to look into it, or to even inquire concerning its contents.

Sister Anna continued to fail. Father and mother White, and her sister E. Tenny, came from Maine to visit her in her affliction. Anna was calm and cheerful. This interview with her parents and sister she had much desired. She bid her parents and sister farewell, as they left to return to Maine, to meet them no more until the trump of God shall call forth the precious dust to health and immortality.

In the last days of her sickness, with her own trembling hands, she arranged her things, leaving them in order, and disposed of them

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according to her mind. She expressed the greatest interest that her parents should embrace the Sabbath, and live near by us. "If I thought this would ever be," said she, "I could die perfectly satisfied." The last office performed by her emaciated, trembling hand, was to trace a few lines to her parents. And has not God regarded her last wishes and prayers for her parents? They are now keeping the Bible Sabbath, happily situated within less than one hundred feet from our door.

We missed Anna very much. We would have kept her with us; but we were obliged to close her eyes in death, and habit her for the tomb, and lay her away to rest. Long had she cherished a hope in Jesus, and she looked forward with pleasing anticipation to the morning of the resurrection. We laid her beside dear Nathaniel in Mount Hope cemetery.

Chapter 28—Extreme Trials

After Anna's death, my husband's health became very poor. He was troubled with cough and soreness of lungs, and his nervous system was prostrated. His anxiety of mind, the burdens which he bore in Rochester, his labor in the Office, the sickness and repeated

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deaths in the family, the lack of sympathy from those who should have shared his labors, together with his traveling and preaching, were too much for his strength, and he seemed to be fast following Nathaniel and Anna to a consumptive's grave. It was a time of thick gloom and darkness. A few rays of light occasionally parted these heavy clouds, giving us a little hope, or we should have sunk in despair. It seemed at times that God had forsaken us.

The "Messenger" party, the most of whom had been reproved through visions for their wrongs, framed all manner of falsehoods concerning us, and concerning the visions. **Psalm 32:1, 2**, was often brought forcibly to my mind. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity, for they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb."

Some of the writers of the "Messenger" even triumphed over the feebleness of my husband, saying, that God will take care of him, and remove him out of the way. When he read this he felt some as Wickliffe did as he lay sick. [Monks and Alderman "hastened to the bedside of the dying man, hoping to frighten him with the vengeance of heaven." Said they, "You have death on your lips, be touched by your faults, and retract in our presence all you have said to our injury." "He begged his servants to raise him on his couch. Then feeble and pale, and scarcely able to support himself, he turned towards the friars who were waiting his recantation, and opening his livid lips, and fixing on them a piercing look, he said with emphasis, 'I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars.'" They left the room in confusion, and the reformer recovered to perform his most important labors.—*D' Aubigne's History of the Reformation 5:93.*] Faith revived, and my husband exclaimed,

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"I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord and may yet preach their funeral sermon."

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

My husband became so feeble that he resolved to free himself from the responsibilities of publishing, which had been urged upon him. He was editor and proprietor of the *Review and Herald*, until it reached Vol. vii, No. 9. No one ever asked him to give the *Review, Instructor*, and the publication of books, into other hands, or leave the position of editor. No one suggested anything of the kind to him. It

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was his choice that he might be relieved, and that the Office might be established beyond the influence of those men who had cried, Speculation! He never claimed the property in the Office which had been donated to be used for the benefit of the cause. He called upon the church to take the Office at Rochester, and establish it where they pleased, and suggested that it be managed by a publishing committee, and that no one connected with the Office should have personal interest in it. As no others claimed the privilege, the brethren in Michigan opened the way for the Office to come to Battle Creek. At that time my husband was owing between two and three thousand dollars, and all he had beside the books on hand, was accounts for books, and some of them doubtful. The cause had apparently come to a halt, and orders for publications were very few and small, and my husband feared that he would die in debt. Brethren in Michigan assisted us in obtaining a lot, and building a house, and the deed was made out in my name, so that I could dispose of it at pleasure after the death of my husband.

Those were days of sadness. I looked upon my three little boys, soon, as I feared, to be left fatherless, and thoughts like these forced themselves upon me. My husband dies a martyr to the cause of present truth; and who realizes what he has suffered, the burdens he has

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for years borne, the extreme care which has crushed his spirits, and ruined his health, bringing him to an untimely grave, leaving his family destitute and dependent? Some who should have stood by him in this trying time, and with words of encouragement and sympathy helped him to bear the burdens, were like Job's comforters, who were ready to accuse and press the weight upon him still heavier. I have often asked the question, Does God have no care for these things? Does he pass them by unnoticed? I was comforted to know that there was One who judgeth righteously, and that every sacrifice, every self-denial, and every pang of anguish endured for his sake, was faithfully chronicled in heaven, and would bring its reward. The day of the Lord will declare and bring to light things that are not yet made manifest.

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

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earnest prayer for the recovery of his health. This was the whole burden of our petitions, and frequently one of us would be prostrated by the power of God. The Lord graciously heard our earnest cries, and my husband began to recover. For many months our prayers ascended to heaven three times a day for health to do the will of God. These seasons of prayer were very precious. We were brought into a sacred nearness to God, and had sweet communion with him.

I cannot better state my feelings at this time than they are expressed in the following extracts from a letter I wrote to Sr. Howland:

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

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help me to keep it in lively remembrance. Awake, all the energies of my soul! Awake, and adore thy Redeemer for his wondrous love.

“Souls around us must be aroused and saved, or they perish. Not a moment have we to lose. We all have an influence that tells for the truth, or against it. I desire to carry with me unmistakable evidences that I am one of Christ’s disciples.

“We want something besides Sabbath religion. We want the living principle, and to daily feel individual responsibility. This is shunned by many, and the fruit is carelessness, indifference, a lack of watchfulness and spirituality. Where is the spirituality of the church? Where are men and women full of faith and the holy Spirit? My prayer is, Purify thy church, O God. For months I have enjoyed freedom, and I am determined to order my conversation, and all my ways, aright before the Lord.

“Our enemies may triumph. They may speak lying words, and their tongue frame slander, deceit and falsehood, yet will we not be moved. We know in whom we have believed. We have not run in vain, neither labored in vain. A reckoning day is coming, and all will be judged according to the deeds done in the body. It is true the world is dark. Opposition may wax strong. The trifler and scorner

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may grow bold in their iniquity, yet for all this we will not be moved, but lean upon the arm of the Mighty One for strength.

“God is sifting his people. He will have a clean and holy people. We cannot read the heart of man. But he has provided means to keep the church pure. A corrupt people has arisen who could not live with the people of God. They despised reproof, and would not be corrected. They had an opportunity to know that their warfare was an unrighteous one.

They had time to repent of their wrongs; but self was too dear to die. They nourished it, and it grew strong, and they separated from the peculiar people of God, whom he was purifying unto himself. We all have reason to thank God that a way has been opened to save the church, for the wrath of God must have come upon us, if these corrupt individuals had remained with us. Every honest one that may be deceived by these disaffected ones, will have the true light in regard to them if every angel from heaven has to visit them, and enlighten their minds. We have nothing to fear in this matter.

“As we near the judgment all will manifest their true character, and it will be made plain to what company they belong. The sieve is going; let us not say, Stay thy hand, O God. We know not the heart of man. The church must be purged, and will be. God reigns, let

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

The following is from an article I wrote for the *Review*, published January 10, 1856:

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

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Chapter 29—Captivity Turned

From the time we moved to Battle Creek, the Lord began to turn our captivity. We found sympathizing friends in Michigan who were ready to share our burdens, and supply our wants. Old tried friends in Central New York and New England, especially Vermont, sympathized with us in our afflictions, and liberally assisted us in time of distress.

At the conference at Battle Creek in November, 1856, God wrought for us. The minds of the servants of God were exercised as to the gifts of the church. If God's frown had been brought upon his people because the gifts had been slighted and neglected, there was a pleasing prospect that his smiles would again be upon us, and he would graciously revive the gifts again, and they would live in the church, to encourage the fainting soul, and to correct and reprove the erring. New life was given to the cause, and success attended the labors of our preachers. The publications were called for, and proved to be just what the cause demanded, so that by turning them out to the Committee at a discount, my husband was enabled to pay all his debts. His cough ceased, and the pain and soreness left his lungs and throat, and he was gradually restored to health, so as

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to preach three times on the Sabbath, and three times on first-day with ease. This wonderful work in his restoration is of God, and he shall have all the glory. The last four or five years have been the happiest of our life.

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

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

Again, the present truth was not then as clear as it is now. It has been opening gradually. It required much study and anxious care to bring it out, link after link. By care and incessant labor, and overwhelming anxiety, has the work moved on, until now the present

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truth is clear, and its evidence by the candid undoubted. And now as the present truth is brought out clear, and there are many writers, it is a light task to conduct the *Review* to what it was at the first.

In the struggle in bringing up the *Review* and *Instructor* where the number of paying subscribers is sufficient to meet the expenses, and in the publication of numerous tracts, pamphlets and books, my husband nearly lost his life. He then gave all away into the hands of the Publishing Committee as the property of the church. Like a man commencing in poverty to improve a new farm, and when he has spent the strength of manhood in improving it, gives it to others. Since December 1, 1855, my husband has received for his services in the *Review* Office, four dollars and nine cents a week. He might have had more, but has chosen not to take it. I do not make these statements with one murmuring feeling. It is a pleasure to me in this work to state the facts in the case. We have acted from choice for the good of the cause. Its prosperity, and the confidence of its true friends are worth a thousand times more to us than the good things of this life. We are raised above want, and this is sufficient for all true believers in the third message. For this we feel grateful to God. I would here express our gratitude to our friends. First, to those who lent my husband money to

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publish without interest. This enabled him to purchase stock at the lowest rates, publish large editions of our books, and manage his business to advantage. The interest at ten per cent on money thus put into his hands would have amounted to near one thousand dollars. It was worth to him, he thinks, twenty per cent. Had it not been for this, the Office must have gone down, unless sustained in some other way. Second, our numerous personal friends, have been liberal. Many to whom I sent the several numbers of my testimonies, sent to me in return, some ten-fold, and some more. Some, who have never helped us a dime, have appeared to feel very bad to see us raised above want and dependence; but if the Lord has put it into the hearts of our personal friends to raise us above want, that our testimony may not be crippled by the galling sense of dependence, I do not see how these persons can help it.

In December, 1855, I fell and sprained my ankle, which confined me to crutches six weeks. The confinement was an injury to my lungs. I attended meeting in my afflicted state, and tried to labor for the good of some souls who seemed to manifest interest to become Christians. At the close of one of these meetings I felt very weary, but a request came for us to visit Bro. S.'s family, and pray for some of their children who had been afflicted. My judgment told me that I had not strength to

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go farther; but finally consented to go. While praying, something seemed to tear on my left lung, and I was distressed. After I returned home I could not get a long breath. My lung seemed to be filling. Our family bowed before the Lord and earnestly prayed that I might be relieved. I found relief, but discharged blood from my lung. I have not been entirely free from pain in the left lung since that time. After this I suffered with a dull, heavy pain in my head for three weeks, when the pain became intense. I tried every means in my power to remove the distress, but it overcame me. It was inflammation on the brain. I entreated those around me not to let me sleep, fearing I should never wake to consciousness. I did not expect to live, and wished to spend my moments while reason lasted in talking with

my husband and children, and giving them up into the hands of God. At times my mind wandered, and then again I realized my critical situation. My husband called for a few who had faith to pray for me. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, and my grateful thanks ascended to our great Physician who had mercifully relieved me.

A conference was held at Battle Creek in May, 1856. While we were very busy preparing for the meeting, and little Willie, then about twenty months old, was playing around the house, I was startled by a scream of

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distress. My little boy was brought to me by Sr. Jane Fraser apparently lifeless. He was found standing upon his head in a tub of water. The attention of Sr. F. was arrested by a faint gurgling sound. His little arms and face were purple, and he was entirely breathless. We cut off his wet clothes, and rolled him on the grass, when he manifested a faint sign of life. We took him before a fire, and by heating flannels produced some heat in his body. He breathed with difficulty. I kissed him, and he opened his eyes languidly, and tried to return the token of affection with his pale cold lips.

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

But we were yet to pass through another severe trial. At the conference a very solemn vision was given me. I saw that some of those present would be food for worms, some subjects for the seven last plagues, and some would be translated to heaven at the second coming of Christ, without seeing death. Sr. Bonfoey remarked to a sister as we left the meeting-house, "I feel impressed that I am one that

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will soon be food for worms." The conference closed Monday. Thursday Sr. B. sat at the table with us apparently well. She then went to the Office as usual, to help get off the paper. In about two hours I was sent for. Sr. B. had been suddenly taken very ill. My health had been very poor, yet I hastened to suffering Clara. In a few hours she seemed some better. The next morning we had her brought home in a large chair, and she was laid upon her own bed from which she was never to rise. Her symptoms became alarming, and we had fears that a tumor, which had troubled her for nearly ten years, had broken inwardly. It was so, and mortification was doing its work.

Friday about seven o'clock she fell asleep. She had her senses until her eyes closed in death. She stated that her pilgrimage was almost ended, and that she had no fears of death. We united in prayer, and she responded. She kissed us, and bid us an affectionate farewell. She seemed very solicitous for my health, and was grieved if I manifested distress. We were unprepared for her death. To lose her, was a living loss. Eight years she had shared our joys and trials, and she had never proved untrue. We have missed her cheerful society, and her sisterly affection, and her care in our family. We laid her in Battle Creek burying-ground to rest until the sleeping saints awake to immortality.

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

Sabbath morning we went into a grove to have a season of prayer. We were soon to go to the tent, and I was so weak that it was impossible for me to sit up long at a time. We felt like pleading with the Lord for his sustaining grace. We there committed my case to Him who while on earth was ever touched with human woe, and claimed the promises for strength and grace. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, and with a firm trust in the promises of God, we went to the meeting. I bore my testimony during that meeting five times, and continued to grow stronger. My cough did not leave me at once, yet I knew

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the Lord had given me strength as I needed it; for nothing but his power could have carried me through that meeting.

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

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brought on me such heart ache as to affect my health.

I have wished that some mothers could be circumstanced for a short time as I have been for years, then they would prize the blessings they enjoy, and could better sympathize with me in my privations. We have prayed and labored for our children, and have restrained them. We have not neglected the rod, but before using it have first labored to have them see their faults, and then have prayed with them. We have our children understand that we should

merit the displeasure of God, if we excused them in sin. And our efforts have been blessed to the good of our children. Their greatest pleasure is to please us. They are not free from faults, but we believe that they will yet be numbered with the lambs of Christ's fold.

Chapter 30—The West

In 1855 I was shown the danger of those brethren who moved from the East to the West of becoming worldly minded, and warnings were given me for them. I saw that it was right that some of the brethren East should move West; that the brethren in those

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rugged, New England States have more experience, and are more accustomed to endure trials and hardships than the brethren West; and that it is in the order of God that some move West. But there are those who have it in their minds to move West for the sake of gain. This should not be their object. Their object should be to glorify God, and advance his cause. And to accomplish this, they must live out their faith, and show that they regard the present truth above everything else. I saw that it would be in the order of God for brethren in the East to associate with those West, and if they were standing in the counsel of God, they could be of great benefit to the brethren West by their example and experience.

I saw that those who move West should be like men waiting for their Lord. “Be a living example,” said the angel, “to those in the West. Let your works show that you are God’s peculiar people, and that you have a peculiar work, the last message of mercy to the world. Let your works show to those around you that this world is not your home.” I saw that those who have entangled themselves should go free, break the snare of the Enemy. Lay not up treasure upon earth, but show by your lives that you are laying up treasure in heaven. If God has called thee West, he has a work for thee to do, an exalted work.

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Let your faith and experience help those who have not a living experience. Let not the attraction be to this poor, dark world, but let it be upward to God, glory and heaven. Let not the care and perplexity of farms here engross the mind, but contemplate Abraham’s farm. We are heirs to that immortal inheritance. Wean your affections from earth, and dwell upon heavenly things.

If those moving from the East to the West had regarded these warnings, and had stood in the counsel of God, he would have wrought through them to the salvation of many souls. But many who moved West have set an example of love for this world and covetousness, and their works have shown that their object in settling West was for gain, and not to save souls. The special frown of God has rested upon those who have taken this course, especially upon some the Lord had called into the gospel field.

Soon after we embraced the view that the testimony to the Laodicean church applied to this time, we visited Round Grove, Ills. I will here give an extract from a letter written to Bro. Howland’s family, Nov. 23, 1856.

“We are now at Bro. E.’s. Many hundred miles separate us. We have had some interesting seasons since we came to this place. There is quite a settlement of Sabbath-keepers here, from Vermont, New York and Michigan.

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They have been in a low state. God has afflicted Bro. E., and removed his wife. Three times she was reproved by vision, and the third time I was shown if she did not stand out of her husband’s way, that he might be free to teach perishing souls the truth, God would move her out of the way. It is even so; she sickened and died. Her passage to the tomb was dark. O, it is dangerous to stand in the way of the work of God, and choose our own selfish course. Our God is merciful, yet he will not bear always. His tender Spirit is easily grieved. If ever I felt like moving carefully it is now. We must walk softly before the Lord. I feel anxious to have Jesus with me. If he goes before us, we can be of some use to others, and do good. We came to this place with trembling, but the Lord has wrought for us. We have had victory in our seasons of prayer, and victory in meeting. The melting power of God rests upon the hearers. The testimony to the Laodiceans has had an effect here.

“Last Sabbath all felt like seeking for vital godliness. After the meeting closed, Bro. and Sr. S. came to spend the evening with us. Their two eldest daughters accompanied them. The Spirit of the Lord led us out in earnest supplication for them. The Lord touched their hearts, and they wept and confessed their sins and prayed before the Lord, and before

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rising they decided to give up the world, its pride and folly, and turn to the Lord with all their hearts. It was a scene of rejoicing for the parents. They were unable to express their deep gratitude to God. Heaven seemed very near. It was a confessing, melting season. All seemed anxious to humble themselves before God, and manifest a zeal in repenting of their sins, that the Saviour might come in to their hearts and sup with them and they with him.

“Jesus lives today, and we can rejoice in a whole Saviour. It was a whole Saviour that died on Calvary’s cross; a whole sacrifice that was made for us; and it is our privilege to accept and enjoy a whole and free salvation. Do not let us compare ourselves with others. A true and living Pattern is given us, which is perfect. Let us look away from all others, and imitate that Pattern. “He that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.” O let us gather with Christ, and imitate his lovely example and character. God requires the whole heart. He has purchased it. It is his property. Withhold not from Christ that which belongs to him. Are our affections divided? Let them be so no more. Let our words and actions tell for God. We are seeking for glory, honor, immortality, eternal life. What a glorious hope is ours! Salvation is what we must have. Life, spiritual life, pray for it,

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wrestle for it. It is our privilege to enjoy it. We cannot glorify God with a dead faith. I have made my mark high for heaven and eternal life.”

We labored some weeks in Round Grove, and the Lord blessed our efforts. In a vision given me there, I was shown the state of those brethren who had moved to Wawkon,

[Waukon,] Iowa. Nearly all of them were in darkness, opposed to the work of God. Their sympathy was withdrawn from the *Review* Office, and from the church of God generally. Satan had planted the seeds of dissatisfaction, and the fruit was ripening. It was what might be called a more respectable “Messenger party.”

I saw that they needed help, that Satan’s snare must be broken, and precious souls rescued. I did not see that it was our duty to go to them, but as I had been shown their condition, I felt anxious to go. It was a great distance, and in the winter. It was exceedingly difficult, and somewhat dangerous a journey, yet I felt urged on, to go to Wawkon [Waukon]. My mind could not be at ease until we decided to go trusting in the Lord. It was then good sleighing. Preparations were made to go with two horses and a sleigh, but it rained for twenty-four hours, and the snow was fast disappearing. My husband thought the journey must be given up. My mind could not rest. It was agitated concerning Wawkon [Waukon]. Bro. H. said to

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me, “Sr. White, what about Wawkon [Waukon]?” Said I, “We shall go.” “Yes,” said he, “if the Lord works a miracle.” Many times that night I was at the window watching the weather, and about day-break there was a change, and it commenced snowing. The next night about five o’clock, we were on our way to Wawkon [Waukon], brethren E. and H., husband and self. We held meetings with the brethren at Green Vale, Ills., and were there blocked in nearly a week with a severe snow-storm. Thursday we ventured to pursue our journey. Weary, cold and hungry, we called at a hotel a few miles from the Mississippi river. The next morning, about four o’clock, it commenced raining. We felt urged on, and rode through the rain, while the horses broke through the snow at almost every step. We made many inquiries about crossing the river, but none gave us encouragement that we could cross. The ice was mostly composed of snow, and there lay upon the top of it one foot of water. When we reached the river Bro. H. arose in the sleigh and said, “Is it Iowa, or back to Illinois? We have come to the Red sea, shall we cross?” We answered, “Go forward, trusting in Israel’s God.” We ventured upon the ice, praying as we went. We were carried safely across, and as we ascended the Iowa bank of the river, we united in praising the Lord. A number told us after we crossed, that no amount of money

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would have tempted them to cross, and that a number had broken in. They could not save their teams, and barely escaped with their lives. We rode that afternoon six miles from Dubuque. The Sabbath was drawing on, and we put up at a hotel to rest over the Sabbath. In the evening we united in singing some of our best hymns. The boarders collected to listen, and Bro. E. hung up the chart and gave a short lecture. They invited us to call on our return, saying they would warrant us a house, and a good congregation.

Sunday, we continued our journey. I never witnessed so cold weather. The brethren would watch each other to see if they were freezing. And we would often hear, “Brother, your face is freezing, you had better rub the frost out as soon as possible!” “Your ear is freezing!” “Your nose is freezing!” I found my coon-skin robe of real service.

We reached Wawkon [Waukon] Wednesday night, and found nearly all of the Sabbath-keepers sorry that we had come. Much prejudice existed against us, for much had been said concerning us calculated to injure our influence. We know that the Lord had sent us, and that he would there take the work into his own hands. Satan had put his hand in among the company at Wawkon [Waukon], to mould their minds to suit himself.

Our earnest prayers went up to God for him

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to work and reveal his power, and we felt like patiently waiting his salvation. At an evening meeting I was taken off in vision. The power of God fell upon the company. Every one was constrained to acknowledge that it was of God. I related what the Lord gave me for that people, which was, "Return unto me, and I will return unto thee, and heal all thy backslidings. Tear down the rubbish from the door of thy heart, and open the door, and I will come in and sup with thee, and thou with me."

I saw that if they would clear the way, and confess their wrongs, Jesus would walk through our midst in power. Sr. L. began to confess in a clear, decided manner, and said she thought they had got away where we could not find them; but she was glad that we had come. As she confessed, the flood-gates of heaven seemed suddenly opened, I was prostrated by the power of God. Sr. H. N. S. fell from her chair helpless. It seemed to be an awful, yet glorious place. I had no strength for two hours, but seemed to be wrapped in the glory of God. A great work was accomplished that night. The meeting held past midnight.

The next day the meeting commenced where it left off the night before. All who had been blessed retained the blessing. They had not slept much, for the Spirit of God rested upon

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them through the night, and they came with it to the meeting. Confessions were made of their disunion of feelings with us, their wrong feelings, and their backslidden state. Others were slain by the power of God that day. Our meeting continued without intermission from ten o'clock a. m. until five o'clock p. m. Bro. J. N. A. was prostrated by the power of God, and lay helpless some time. He felt thankful, he said, that we had come, and believed that the Lord had sent us.

In the evening the labor left us who had come to the place, and the brethren and sisters in Wawkon [Waukon] had the burden rolled upon them, and they labored for each other with zeal and with the power of God upon them. Countenances that looked sad when we came to the place, now shone with the heavenly anointing. It seemed that angels from heaven were passing from one to the other in the room, to finish the good work which had commenced. Bro. J. N. L., who had left the work to which God had called him, and had begun to work at his trade, cried out, that he had laid up his hammer, that he had driven the last nail. We soon bid our brethren in Wawkon [Waukon] farewell, and started on our homeward journey. Bro. J. N. L. was again at liberty to labor in the gospel field.

I have since been shown the snare Satan had contrived to overthrow those at Wawkon [Waukon], and

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then through their influence, affect others. A disaffected party had settled in W., and honest souls, ignorant of their state of feelings, and reposing confidence in them, felt that it would be a great blessing to enjoy their society, but they were sadly disappointed. Instead of finding freedom, it was bondage. With some, there was a selfish desire for gain, a close, penurious spirit, and they took a course to injure the cause of God, and bring reproach upon the truth. Bro. J. N. L. in discouragement had gone to work at his trade. He was just about to purchase land, and make it his home there, when we visited the place. Satan had prepared things to his own mind. But the Lord sent us to the place in season to break Satan's snare, that the captives might be released.

Chapter 31—The Laodicean Testimony

In the spring of 1857, I accompanied my husband on a tour East. His principal business was to purchase the Power Press. We held conferences on our way to Boston, and on our return. This was a discouraging tour. The testimony to the Laodicean church was generally received; but some in the East were making bad use of it. Instead of applying it

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to their own hearts, so as to be benefited by it themselves, they were using the testimony to oppress others. A few taught that the brethren must sell all out before they could be free, while some others dwelt much upon dress, carrying the subject to an extreme, and with a few others there was a narrowing up of the work of the third message, and following of impressions, and casting fear upon the conscientious. These things have had a blighting influence, and have caused us to lay down our testimony on the subject almost entirely.

The design of the message to the Laodiceans was to rid the church of just such fanatical influences; but the effort of Satan has been to corrupt the message, and destroy its influence. He would be better pleased to have fanatical persons embrace the testimony, and use it in his cause, than to have them remain in a lukewarm state. I have seen that it was not the design of the message to lead brother to sit in judgment over his brother, to tell him what to do, and just how far to go; but for each individual to search his own heart, and attend to his own individual work. It is the work of the angels to watch the development of character, and weigh moral worth. The following is from *Testimony to the Church, No. 5, pp. 4-11*:

I saw that the testimony to the Laodiceans applied to God's people at the present time, and the reason it has not accomplished a greater

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work, is because of the hardness of their hearts. But God has given the message time to do its work. The heart must be purified from sins which have so long shut Jesus out. This fearful message will do its work. When it was first presented, it led to close examination of heart. Sins were confessed, and the people of God were stirred everywhere. Nearly all believed that this message would end in the loud cry of the third angel. But as they failed to see the powerful work accomplished in a short time, many lost the effect of the message. I saw that this message would not accomplish its work in a few short months. It was designed to arouse the people of God, to discover to them their backslidings, and lead to zealous repentance, that they might be favored with the presence of Jesus, and be fitted for the loud cry of the third angel. As this message affected the heart it led to deep humility before God. Angels were sent in every direction to prepare unbelieving hearts for the truth. The cause of God began to rise, and his people were acquainted with their position.

If the counsel of the True Witness had been fully heeded, God would have wrought for his people in greater power. The efforts made since the message has been given have been

blesSED of God, and many souls have been brought from error and darkness to rejoice in the truth. I saw that God would prove his

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people. Patiently Jesus bears with them, and does not spue them out of his mouth in a moment. Said the angel, "God is weighing his people." If the message had been of as short duration as many of us supposed, there would have been no time for God's people to develop character. Many moved from feeling, not from principle and faith, and this solemn, fearful message stirred them. It wrought upon their feelings, excited their fears, but did not accomplish the work God designed it should. God reads the heart. Lest his people should be deceived in regard to themselves, he gives them time for the excitement to wear off, and he proves them to see if they will obey the counsel of the True Witness.

God leads his people on step by step. He brings them up to different points which are calculated to manifest what is in the heart. Some endure at one point, but fall off at the next. At every advanced point the heart is tested, and tried a little closer. If the professed people of God find their hearts opposed to the straight work of God, it should convince them that they have a work to do to overcome, or be spued out of the mouth of the Lord. Said the angel, "God will bring his work closer and closer to test them, and prove every one of his people." Some are willing to receive one point, but when God brings them to another testing point, they shrink from it and

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stand back, because they find it strikes directly at some cherished idol. Here they have opportunity to see what is in their hearts that shuts out Jesus. They prize something higher than the truth, and their hearts are not prepared to receive Jesus. Individuals are tested and proved a length of time to see if they will sacrifice their idols, and heed the counsel of the True Witness. If they will not be purified through obeying the truth, and overcome their selfishness, their pride and evil passions, the angels of God have their charge, "They are joined to their idols, let them alone," and they pass on to their work, leaving them with their evil traits unsubdued, to the control of evil angels. Those who come up to every point, and stand every test, and overcome, be the price what it may, have heeded the counsel of the True Witness, and they will be fitted by the latter rain for translation.

God proves his people in this world. This is the fitting up place to appear in his presence. Here, in this world, in these last days, individuals will show what power affects their hearts and controls their actions. If it is the power of divine truth, it will lead to good works. It will elevate the receiver, and make him noble-hearted and generous, like his divine Lord. But if the evil angels control the heart, it will be seen in various ways. The fruit will be selfishness, covetousness, pride and evil passions.

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The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Professors of religion are not willing to closely examine themselves to see whether they are in the faith, and it is a fearful fact that many are leaning on a false hope. Some lean upon an old experience they

had years ago; but when brought down to this heart-searching time, when all should have a daily experience, they have nothing to relate. They seem to think a profession of the truth will save them. When those sins which God hates are subdued, Jesus will come in and sup with you and you with him. You will then draw divine strength from Jesus, and you will grow up in him, and be able with holy triumph to say, Blessed be God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. It would be more pleasing to the Lord if lukewarm professors of religion had never named his name. They are a continual weight to those who would be faithful followers of Jesus. They are a stumbling-block to unbelievers, and evil angels exult over them, and taunt the angels of God with their crooked course. Such are a curse to the cause at home or abroad. They draw nigh to God with their lips, while their heart is far from him.

I was shown that some of the people of God imitate the fashions of the world, and are fast losing their peculiar, holy character, which should distinguish them as God's people. I

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was pointed back to God's ancient people, and then was led to compare their apparel with the mode of dress in these last days. What a difference! What a change! Then the women were not so bold as now. When they went in public they covered their face with a veil. In these last days fashions are shameful and immodest. They are noticed in prophecy. They were first brought in by a class over whom Satan has entire control, who "being past feeling (without any conviction of the Spirit of God), have given themselves over unto lasciviousness to work all uncleanness with greediness." If God's professed people had not departed greatly from him, there would now be a marked difference between their dress and that of the world. The small bonnets, exposing the face and head, show a lack of modesty. The hoops are a shame. The inhabitants of earth are growing more and more corrupt, and the line of distinction must be more plain between them and the Israel of God, or the curse which falls upon worldlings will fall upon God's professed people.

I was directed to the following scriptures. Said the angel, They are to instruct God's people. **1 Timothy 2:9, 10.** "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with brodered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women

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professing godliness) with good works." **1 Peter 3:3-5.** "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner in the old time, the holy women also who trusted in God, adorned themselves."

Young and old, God is now testing you. You are deciding your own eternal destiny. Your pride, your love to follow the fashions of the world, your vain and empty conversation, your selfishness, are all put in the scale, and the weight of evil is fearfully against you. You are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked. While evil is increasing and taking deep root, it is choking the good seed which has been sown in the heart, and soon the word will be

spoken to the angels of God concerning you, as was given concerning Eli's house, that your sins shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever. Many, I saw, were flattering themselves that they were good Christians, who have not a single ray of light from Jesus. They know not what it is to be renewed by the grace of God. They have no living experience for themselves in the things of God. And I saw that the Lord was whetting his sword in heaven to cut them down. O that

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every cold, lukewarm professor could realize the clean work that God is about to make among his professed people. Dear friends, do not deceive yourselves concerning your condition. You cannot deceive God. Says the True Witness, "I know thy works." The third angel is leading up a people, step by step, higher and higher. At every step they will be tested.

Chapter 32—Systematic Benevolence

The plan of Systematic Benevolence is pleasing to God. I was pointed back to the days of the apostles, and saw that God laid the plan by the descent of his Holy Spirit, and by the gift of prophecy counseled his people in regard to a system of benevolence. All were to share in this work of imparting of their carnal things to those who ministered unto them in spiritual things. They were also taught that the widows and fatherless had a claim upon their charity. Pure and undefiled religion is defined, to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep unspotted from the world. I saw it was not merely to sympathize with them in their affliction by comforting words, but to aid them, if needy, with their

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substance. God has given health to young men and women, and they can obtain a great blessing by aiding the widow and fatherless in their affliction. I saw that God required young men to sacrifice more for the good of others. He claims more of them than they are willing to perform. If they keep themselves unspotted from the world, cease to follow its fashions, and lay by that which the lovers of pleasure spend in useless articles to gratify pride, and give it to the worthy afflicted ones, and to sustain the cause, they will have the approval of Him who says, "I know thy works."

There is order in heaven, and God is well pleased with the efforts of his people in trying to move with the system and order in his work. I saw that there should be order in the church of God, and arrangement in regard to carrying forward successfully the last great message of mercy to the world. God is leading his people in the plan of Systematic Benevolence, and this is one of the very points which will cut the closest with some, to which God is bringing up his people. To them this point cuts off the right arm, and plucks out the right eye, while to others it is a great relief. To noble, generous souls the demands upon them seem very small, and they cannot be content to do so little. Some have large possessions, and if they lay by them in store for charitable purposes as God has prospered them, it seems to them like

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a large sum. The selfish heart clings as closely to a little offering as to a larger one, and makes the small offering look very large. I was pointed back to the commencement of this last work. Then some who loved the truth could consistently talk of sacrificing. They devoted much to the cause of God to send the truth to others. They have sent their treasure beforehand to heaven. Brethren, you who have received the truth at a later period, and have large possessions, God has called you into the field, not merely that you may enjoy the truth, but that you may aid with your substance in carrying forward this great work. And if you have an interest in this work, you will venture out, and invest something in it, that others

may be saved by your efforts, and you reap with them the final reward. Great sacrifices have been made, and privations endured to place the truth in a clear light before you. Now God calls upon you, in your turn, to make great efforts, and to sacrifice in order to place the truth before those who are in darkness. God requires this. You profess to believe the truth; let your works testify to the fact. Unless your faith works, it is dead. Nothing but a living faith will save you in the fearful scenes which are just before you.

I saw that it was time that those who have their large possessions begin to work fast. It is time they were not only laying by them in

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store as God *is now* prospering them, but as he has prospered them. Plans were especially laid in the days of the apostles that some should not be eased and others burdened. Arrangements were made that all should share equally in the burdens of the church of God according to their several ability. Said the angel, The axe must be laid at the root of the tree. If the heart is wrapt in earthly treasures, like Judas they will complain. His heart coveted the costly ointment poured upon Jesus, and he sought to hide his selfishness under a pious, conscientious regard for the poor. "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" He wished he had the ointment in his possession; it would not thus be lavished upon the Saviour. He would apply it to his own use; sell it for money. He prized his Lord just enough to sell him to wicked men for a few pieces of silver. As Judas brought up the poor as an excuse for his selfishness, professed Christians, whose hearts are covetous, will seek to hide their selfishness under a put-on conscientiousness. O, they fear Systematic Benevolence is getting like the nominal churches! Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth! They seem conscientious to follow exactly the Bible as they understand it in this matter; but they entirely neglect the plain declaration of Christ, "Sell that ye have and give alms."

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"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them." Some think this text teaches that they must be secret in their works of charity. And they do but very little, excusing themselves, because they do not know just how to give. But Jesus explained it to his disciples as follows: "Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do, in the synagogues, and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward." They gave to be regarded noble and generous by men. They received praise of men, and Jesus taught his disciples that it was all the reward they would have. With many, the left hand does not know what the right hand does, for the right hand does nothing worthy of the notice of the left hand. This lesson of Jesus to his disciples was to rebuke those who wished to receive glory of men. They performed their alms-giving upon some very public gathering; and before doing this, a public proclamation was made of their generosity before the people, and many gave large sums merely to have their names exalted by men. And the means given in this manner was often extorted from others by oppressing the hireling in his wages, and grinding the face of the poor.

Then I was shown that this scripture does not apply to those who have the cause of God

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at heart, and use their means humbly to advance it. I was directed to these texts: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." "By their fruits ye shall know them." I was shown that scripture testimony will harmonize, when it is rightly understood. The good works of the children of God are the most effectual preaching the unbeliever has. He thinks there must be strong motives that actuate the christian to deny self, and with his possessions, try to save his fellow man. It is unlike the spirit of the world. Such fruits testify that they are genuine Christians. They seem to be constantly reaching upward to a treasure that is imperishable.

In every gift and offering there should be a suitable object before the giver—not to uphold any in idleness—not to be seen of men or to get a great name—but to glorify God by advancing his cause. Some make large donations to the cause of God, but their brother who is poor may be suffering close by them, and they do nothing to relieve him. Little acts of kindness imparted to their brother in a secret manner would bind their hearts together, and would be noticed in heaven. I saw that the rich should make a difference in their prices and their wages to the afflicted and widows, and the worthy poor among them. But I saw it was too often the case that the poor were taken advantage

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of, and the rich reap the advantage, if there is any to be gained, and the last penny is exacted for every favor. It is all written in heaven. "I know thy works."

The greatest sin which now exists in the church is covetousness. God frowns upon his professed people for their selfishness. His servants have sacrificed their time and their strength to carry them the word of life, and many have prized it just as highly, and no more, as their works have shown. If they can help the servant of God just as well as not, they sometimes do it; but he is often left to pass on, and but little done for him. But if they employ a day laborer, he must be paid full wages. But the self-sacrificing servant of God labors for them in word and doctrine; he carries the heavy burden of the work on his soul; he patiently shows from the word of God the dangerous errors which are hurtful to the soul; he enforces the necessity of immediately tearing up the weeds which choke the good seed sown; he brings out of the storehouse of God's word things new and old to feed the flock of God. All acknowledge that they have been benefited; but the poisonous weed, covetousness, is so deeply rooted they let the servant of God leave them without administering of their temporal things. They have prized his wearing labor just as highly as they act. Says the True Witness, "I know thy works."

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I saw that God's servants are not placed beyond the temptations of Satan. They are often fearfully beset by the enemy, and have a hard battle to fight. If they could be released from their commission, they would gladly labor with their hands. Their labor is called for by their brethren; but when they see it so lightly prized, they are depressed. True, they look to the final settlement for their reward, and this bears them up, but their families must have food and clothing. Their time belongs to the church of God. It is not at their own disposal. They

sacrifice the society of their families to benefit others, and there are those who are benefited by their labors who are indifferent to their wants. I saw that it was doing injustice to such, to let them pass on and deceive themselves. They think they are approved of God, when he despises their selfishness. Not only will these selfish ones be called to render an account to God how they have used their Lord's money; but all the depression, and heart-aching feelings they have brought upon God's chosen servants, which have crippled their efforts, will be set to their account.

The True Witness declares, "I know thy works." The selfish, covetous heart will be tested. Some are not willing to devote to God a very small portion of the increase of their earthly treasure. They would start back with horror if you should speak of the principal.

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What have they sacrificed for God? Nothing. They profess to believe that Jesus is coming; but their works deny their faith. Every individual will live out all the faith he has. False-hearted professor, Jesus knows thy works. He hates your stinted offerings and lame sacrifices.

Chapter 33—Vision at Monterey

October, 1857, we visited the church at Monterey, Mich. There was an evening meeting appointed at the school-house near Bro. George Lay's and an expectation to hear preaching. My husband went to the house feeling that he had nothing for the people. He told the brethren on the way that he could not decide on any subject and wished them to select. A hymn was sung, and my husband prayed with much freedom. After singing again my husband gave liberty to others to improve the time. I felt impressed to speak, and was greatly blest in speaking, and sat down, and was soon lost to earthly things. For further description of that meeting I copy the following from my husband's report in *Review* for Oct. 22, 1857:

“When seated, Mrs. W. began to praise the Lord, and continued rising higher and higher

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in perfect triumph in the Lord, till her voice changed, and the deep, clear shouts of Glory! Hallelujah! thrilled every heart. She was in vision. Unknown to us there was a poor, discouraged brother present, who had thrown his armor down, in consequence, in part at least, of neglect by his wealthy brethren, and was returning to strong habits which threatened the happiness of himself and family. A most touching and encouraging message was given for him. By the grace of God he raised his head that very evening, and he and his good wife are again happy in hope. Monterey church will never forget that evening. At least they never should.”

After we returned home I stated to my husband that I was impressed that something of great importance was shown me at Monterey, which was not yet clear to my mind. One night, a little past midnight, I awoke, and all was clear. I arose, and, while my husband slept, wrote the following:

At Monterey, Oct. 8, 1857, I was shown in vision that the condition of many Sabbath-keepers was like the young man who came to Jesus to know what he should do to inherit eternal life.

“And behold, one came, and said unto him, Good master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? There is

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none good but one, that is God: but, if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. He saith unto him, Which? Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Honor thy father and thy mother; and, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet? Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me. But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful; for he had great possessions.

“Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. When his disciples heard it, they were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved? But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible.” *Matthew 19:16-26*.

Jesus quoted five of the last six commandments to the young man, also the second great commandment, on which the last six commandments hang. These mentioned he thought he

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had kept. Jesus did not mention the first four commandments, containing our duty to God. In answer to the inquiry of the young man, What lack I yet? Jesus said unto him, “If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.”

Here was his lack. He failed of keeping the first four commandments, also the last six. He failed of loving his neighbor as himself. Said Jesus, “Give to the poor.” Jesus touches his possessions. “Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor.” In this direct reference he pointed out his idol. His love of riches was supreme, therefore it was impossible for him to love God with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his mind. And this supreme love for his riches shut his eyes to the wants of his fellow men. He did not love his neighbor as himself, therefore he failed to keep the last six commandments. His heart is on his treasure. It is swallowed up with his earthly possessions. He loves his possessions better than God, better than the heavenly treasure. He heard the conditions from the mouth of Jesus. If he would sell and give to the poor, he should have treasure in heaven. Here was a test of how much higher he prized eternal life than his riches. Did he eagerly lay hold of the prospect of eternal life? Did he earnestly strive to remove the obstacle that was in his

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way of having a treasure in heaven? O, no. “He went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.”

I was pointed to these words, “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.” Said Jesus, “With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible.” Said the angel, “Will God permit the rich men to keep their riches, and yet they enter into the kingdom of God?” Said another angel, “No, never.”

I saw that it was God’s plan that these riches should be used properly, and distributed to bless the needy, and to advance the work of God. I saw that if men love their riches better than their fellow men, better than God, or the truth of his word, and their hearts are on their riches, they cannot have eternal life. They would rather yield the truth, than sell and give to the poor. Here they are proved to see how much God is loved, how much the truth is loved, and like the young man in the Bible, many go away sorrowful, because they cannot have their riches and a treasure in heaven too. They cannot have both. They venture to risk their chance of eternal life for a worldly possession.

“It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.” Then I saw that

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with God all things are possible. Truth set home to the heart by the Spirit of God, will crowd out the love of riches. The love of Jesus and riches cannot dwell in the same heart. The love of God so far surpasses the love of riches that the possessor breaks away from his riches and transfers his affections to God. Then he is led through his love to God, to administer to the wants of God’s cause. It is his highest pleasure to make a right disposition of his Lord’s goods. Love to God and his fellow men predominates, and he holds all that he has as not his own, and faithfully discharges his duty as God’s steward. Then can he keep the first four commandments, and the last six. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.” “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” In this way it is possible for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God. “And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name’s sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life. But many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first.”

Here is the reward for those who sacrifice for God. They receive an hundred-fold in this life, and shall inherit everlasting life. But many, I saw, that are first, shall be last, and the last shall be first. I was shown those

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who receive the truth, but do not live it. They cling to their possessions, and are not willing to distribute of their substance to advance the cause of God. They have no faith to venture and trust God. Their love of this world swallows up their faith. God has called for a portion of their substance, but they heed it not. They reason thus, that they have labored hard to obtain what they have, and they cannot lend it to the Lord, for they may come to want. “O, ye of little faith!” That God who cared for Elijah in the time of famine, will not pass by one of his self-sacrificing children. He that has numbered the hairs of their heads, will care for them, and in the days of famine they will be satisfied. While the wicked are perishing all around them for want of bread, their bread and water will be sure. Those who will still cling to their earthly treasure, and will not make a right disposition of that which is lent them of God, will lose their treasure in heaven, lose everlasting life.

I saw that God in his providence has moved upon the hearts of some of those who have riches, and has converted them to the truth, that they with their substance may assist to keep his work moving. And if those who are wealthy will not do this, if they do not fulfill the purpose of God, he will pass them by, and raise up others to fill their places who will fulfill his purpose, and with their possessions gladly

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distribute to meet the necessities of the cause of God. In this they will be first. God will have those in his cause who will do this.

I saw that God could send means from heaven to carry on his work; but this is out of his order. He has ordained that men should be his instruments, that as a great sacrifice was made to redeem them, they should act a part in this work of salvation, by making a sacrifice for each other, and by thus doing show how highly they prize the sacrifice that has been made for them.

I was directed to **James 5**. “Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.”

I saw that these fearful words apply particularly to the wealthy who profess to believe the present truth. The Lord calls them to use their means to advance his cause. Opportunities are presented to them, but they shut their eyes to the wants of the cause, and cling fast to their earthly treasure. Their love of the world is greater than their love of the truth, the love of their fellow-men, or their love to God. He has called for their substance, but they selfishly, covetously retain what they

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have. They give a little now and then to ease their conscience, but have not overcome their love for this world. They do not sacrifice for God. The Lord has raised up others that prize eternal life, that can feel and realize something of the value of the soul, and their means they have freely bestowed to advance the cause of God. The work is closing; the rich men have kept their riches, their large farms, their cattle, &c. Their means are not wanted then, and I saw the Lord turn to them in anger, in wrath, and repeat these words: “Go to, now, ye rich men!” He has called, but you would not hear. Love of this world has drowned his voice. Now he has no use for you, and lets you go, bidding you, “Go to, now, ye rich men,”

Oh! I saw it was an awful thing thus to be let go by the Lord. A fearful thing to hold on to a perishable substance here, when he has told you, if you will sell and give alms, you can lay up treasure in heaven.

I was shown that as the work was closing up, and the truth going forth in mighty power, these rich men will bring their means and lay it at the feet of the servants of God, begging them to accept it. The answer from the servants of God is, Go to, now, ye rich men. Your means are not needed. You withheld it when you could do good with it in advancing the cause of God. The needy have

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suffered, they have not been blessed by your means, God will not accept your riches now. Go to, now, ye rich men!

Then I was directed to these words: “Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped, are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.”

I saw that God was not in all the riches that have been obtained. Satan has much more to do with it than God. It has, much of it, been obtained by oppressing the hireling in his wages. The natural, covetous, rich man has obtained these riches by grinding down the

hireling, and taking advantage of individuals where he could, and adding to his treasure here, that will eat his flesh as it were fire. A strictly honest, honorable course has not been taken by some. Such must work fast and take a very different course to redeem the time.

I saw that many Sabbath-keepers are at fault here. Advantage is taken even of their poor brethren, and those who have of their abundance exact more than the real worth of things, more than they would pay for the same, while these same brethren are embarrassed and distressed for want of means. God knows all these things. Every selfish act, every covetous extortion, will bring its reward.

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I saw it was cruel and unjust to have no consideration of a brother's situation. If he is distressed, or poor, yet doing the best he can, allowance should be made for him, and even the full value of the things he may purchase of the wealthy should not be exacted; but they should have bowels of compassion for him. God will approve of such kind acts, and the doer will not lose his reward. But I saw a fearful account will stand against many Sabbath-keepers for close, covetous acts.

I was pointed back, and saw when there were but few that listened to, and embraced the truth, they had not much of this world's goods. The wants of the cause were divided among a very few. Then there was a necessity for houses and lands to be sold and obtain cheaper to serve them as a shelter or home, while their means were freely and generously lent to the Lord to publish the truth, and to otherwise aid in advancing the cause of God. As I beheld these self-sacrificing ones, I saw they had endured privation for the benefit of the cause. I saw an angel standing by them pointing them upward, and saying these words, "Ye have bags in heaven! Ye have bags in heaven that wax not old! Endure unto the end, and great will be thy reward!"

I saw that God had been moving on hearts. The truth that a few sacrificed so much for, in order to get it before others, has triumphed,

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and multitudes have laid hold of it. God has in his providence moved upon those that have means and has brought them into the truth, that as the work of God increases, the wants of the cause may be met. Much means are brought into the ranks of Sabbath-keepers.

I saw that at present God did not call for the houses his people need to live in, unless expensive houses are exchanged for cheaper ones. But if those who have of their abundance do not hear his voice, and cut loose from the world, and dispose of a portion of their property and lands, and sacrifice for God, he will pass them by, and call for those who are willing to do anything for Jesus, even to sell their homes to meet the wants of the cause. God will have a free-will offering. Those who give must esteem it a privilege to do so.

I have seen that some give of their abundance, but they feel no lack. They do not particularly deny themselves of anything for the cause of Christ. They still have all that heart can wish. They give liberally and heartily. God regards it, and the action and motive is known, and strictly marked by him. They will not lose their reward. You that cannot bestow so liberally, must not excuse yourselves, because you cannot do as much as some others.

Do what you can. Deny yourself of some article that you can do without, and sacrifice for the cause of God. Like the

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widow, cast in your two mites. You will actually give more than all those who have given of their abundance. And you will know how sweet it is to give to the needy, to deny self, and sacrifice for the truth, and lay up treasure in heaven.

I was shown that the young, especially young men, who profess the truth have yet a lesson of self-denial to learn. I saw that if they made more sacrifice for the truth, they would esteem the truth more highly. It would affect their hearts, purify their lives, and they would hold it more dear and sacred.

I saw that the young do not take the burden nor feel the responsibility of the cause of God. Is it because God has excused them? Oh no. I saw that they excuse themselves. They are eased, and others are burdened. They do not realize that they are not their own. Their strength, their time, is not their own. They are bought with a price. A dear sacrifice was made for them, and unless they possess the spirit of self-denial and sacrifice, they can never possess the immortal inheritance.

Chapter 34—Young Sabbath-keepers

August 22, 1857, at the House of Prayer in Monterey, I was shown that many have not yet

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heard the voice of Jesus, and the saving message has not taken hold of the soul, and worked a reformation in the life.

Many of the young, I saw, have not the Spirit of Jesus. The love of God is not in their hearts, therefore all the natural besetments hold the victory instead of the Spirit of God and salvation.

Those who really possess the religion of Jesus, will not be ashamed nor afraid to bear the cross before those who have more experience than they have. They will, if they earnestly long to be right, desire all the help from older Christians they can get. Gladly will they be helped by them; and a heart that is warmed by love to God will not be hindered by trifles in the christian course. They will talk out what the Spirit of God works in. They will sing it out, pray it out. It is the lack of religion, lack of holy living that makes the young backward. Their life condemns them. They know they do not live as Christians should, therefore they have not confidence toward God, or before the church.

Why the young feel more liberty when the older ones are absent, is, they are with those of *their kind*. Each think they are as good as the other. All fail of the mark, but measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves among themselves, and have neglected the only perfect and true standard. Jesus is

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the true pattern. His self-sacrificing life is our example.

I saw how little the pattern was studied. How little exalted before them. How little do the young suffer, or deny self, for their religion. To sacrifice is scarcely thought of among them. They entirely fail of imitating the pattern in this respect. I saw that this was the language of their lives, Self must be gratified, pride must be indulged. They forget the Man of *sorrows*, who was acquainted with grief. The sufferings of Jesus in Gethsemane, his sweating as it were *great drops of blood* in the garden, the platted *crown of thorns* that *pierced* his holy *brow*, do not move them. They have become benumbed. Their sensibilities are blunted, and they have lost all sense of the great sacrifice made for them. They can sit and listen to the story of the cross, the cruel nails that were driven through the hands and feet of the Son of God. It does not stir the depths of the soul.

Said the angel, "If such should be ushered into the city of God, and told that all its rich beauty and glory was theirs to enjoy eternally, they would have no sense of how dearly that inheritance was purchased for them. They would never realize the matchless depths of a

Saviour's love. They have not drank of the cup, nor been baptized with the baptism. Heaven would be marred if such should dwell there.

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Those only who have partaken of the sufferings of the Son of God, and have come up through great tribulation, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, can enjoy the indescribable glory and unsurpassed beauty of heaven.”

The want of this necessary preparation will shut out the greatest portion of the young professors, for they will not labor earnestly and zealously enough to obtain that rest that remains for the people of God. They will not honestly confess their sins, that they may be pardoned and blotted out. These sins in a short time will be revealed in just their enormity. God's eye does not slumber. He knows every sin that is hidden from mortal eye. The guilty know just what sins to confess, that their souls may be clean before God.

I saw that Jesus was now giving them opportunity to confess, to repent in deep humility, and purify their lives by obeying and living out the truth. I saw that now was the time for wrongs to be righted, sins to be confessed, or appear before the sinner in the day of God's wrath.

I saw that parents generally put too much confidence in their children, and often when their parents are confiding in them, they are in concealed iniquity. Parents, watch over your children with a jealous care. Exhort, reprove, counsel them when you rise up, and when you

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sit down; when you go out, and when you come in; “line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little.” Subdue your children when they are young. With many parents this has been sadly neglected.

I saw that many parents do not take as firm and decided a stand as they should in regard to their children. They suffer them, and (by so-doing) encourage in their children a disposition to be like the world, to love dress, and associate with those that hate the truth, whose influence is poisonous.

I saw that in christian parents there should always be a fixed principle with them to be united in the government of their children. I saw there was a fault in this respect with some parents—a lack of union. The fault is sometimes with the father, but oftener with the mother. The fond mother pets and indulges her children. The father's labor calls him from home often, and from the society of his children. The mother's influence tells. Her example does much towards forming the character of the children.

Some fond mothers excuse wrongs in their children which should not be suffered in them for a moment. The wrongs of the children are sometimes concealed from the father. Articles of dress, or some indulgence is granted by the mother, with the understanding that the father is to know nothing about it; for he would reprove for these things.

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Here is a lesson of deception effectually taught the children. Then if the father discovers these wrongs, vain excuses are made, and but half the truth told. The mother is not open

hearted. She does not consider as she should that the father has the same interest in the children as herself, and that he should not be kept ignorant of their wrongs, or besetments that ought to be corrected while young. Things have been covered. The children know the lack of union in their parents. It has its effect. The children begin young to deceive, cover up, tell things in a different light from what they are to their mother, as well as their father. Exaggeration becomes habit. Blunt falsehoods are told with but little conviction, or reproof of conscience.

These wrongs commenced by the mother's concealing things from the father, who has a mutual interest in the character his children are forming. The father should have been consulted freely. All should have been laid open to him. But the opposite course taken to conceal, and hide the wrongs of the children, encourages in them a disposition to deceive, a lack of truthfulness and honesty.

The only hope of these children, whether they profess religion or not, is to be thoroughly converted. Their whole character must be changed. Thoughtless mother, do you know, as you teach your children, that their whole

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religious experience is affected by their teaching when young? Subdue them young; learn them to submit to you, and the more readily will they learn to yield obedience to the requirements of God. Encourage in your children a truthful, honest disposition. Let them never have occasion to doubt your sincerity and exact truthfulness.

I saw that the young profess, but do not enjoy the saving power of God. They lack religion, lack salvation. And O, the idle, unprofitable words they speak. There is a faithful, fearful record kept of them, and mortals will be judged according to the deeds done in the body. Young friends, your deeds, and your idle words are written in the Book. Your conversation has not been on eternal things, but upon this, that, and the other—common, worldly conversation that Christians should not engage in. It is all written in the Book.

I saw that unless there was an entire change in the young, a thorough conversion, they may despair of heaven. From what has been shown me there is not more than half of the young who profess religion and the truth, who have been truly converted. If they had been converted, they would bear fruit to the glory of God. Many are leaning upon a supposed hope, without a true foundation.

The fountain is not cleansed, therefore the streams proceeding from that fountain are not

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pure. Cleanse the fountain, and the streams will be pure. If the heart is right, your words, your dress, your acts, all will be right. True godliness is lacking. I would not dishonor my Master so much as to admit that a careless, trifling, prayerless person is a christian. No, a christian has victory over his besetments, over his passions. There is a remedy for the sin-sick soul. That remedy is in Jesus. Precious Saviour! his grace is sufficient for the weakest; and the strongest must also have his grace or perish.

I saw how this grace could be obtained. Go to your closet and there alone plead with God. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Be in earnest,

be sincere. Fervent prayer availeth much. Jacob-like, wrestle in prayer. Agonize. Jesus in the garden sweat great drops of blood; you must make an effort. Do not leave your closet until you feel strong in God; then watch, and just as long as you watch and pray, you can keep these evil besetments under, and the grace of God can, and will, appear in you.

God forbid that I should cease to warn you. Young friends, seek the Lord with all your heart. Come with zeal, and when you sincerely feel that without the help of God you perish; when you pant after him as the hart panteth after the water-brooks, then will the Lord strengthen you speedily. Then will your peace

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pass all understanding. If you expect salvation, you must pray. Take time. Be not hurried and careless in your prayers. Beg of God to work in you a thorough reformation, that the fruits of his Spirit may dwell in you, and you shine as lights in the world. Be not a hindrance, or curse to the cause of God. You can be a help, a blessing. Does Satan tell you that you cannot enjoy salvation, full and free, believe him not.

I saw it was the privilege of every christian to enjoy the deep movings of the Spirit of God. A sweet, heavenly peace will pervade the mind, and you will love to meditate upon God and heaven. You will feast upon the glorious promises of his word.

But know first that you have begun the christian course. Know that the first steps are taken in the road to everlasting life. Be not deceived. I fear, yea, I know that many of you know not what religion is. You have felt some excitement, some emotions, but you have never seen sin in its enormity. You have never felt your undone condition, and turned from your evil ways with bitter sorrow. You never have died to the world. You still love its pleasures; you love to engage in conversation on worldly matters. But when the truth of God is introduced, you have nothing to say. Why so silent? Why so talkative upon worldly things, and so silent upon the subject that should most

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concern you. A subject that should engage your whole soul. The truth of God does not dwell in you.

I saw that many were fair in their profession, but within is corruption. Deceive not yourselves, false-hearted professors. God looks at the heart. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The world, I saw, was in the heart of such, but the religion of Jesus is not there. If the professed christian loves Jesus better than the world, he will love to speak of him, his best friend in whom his highest affections are centered.

He came to their aid when they felt their lost and perishing condition. When weary and heavy laden with sin, they turned unto him. He removed their burden of guilt and sin, took away their sorrow and mourning, and turned the whole current of their affections. The things they once loved, they now hate; and the things they hated, they now love.

Has this great change taken place in you? Be not deceived. I would never name the name of Christ, or I would give him my whole heart, my undivided affections. I saw that we should feel the deepest gratitude that Jesus will accept this offering. Jesus demands all. When we are brought to yield to his claims, and give up all then, and not till then, will he throw around us his arms of mercy. But what do we give, when we give all?

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A sin-polluted soul to Jesus, to purify, to cleanse by his blood, and save from death by his matchless love. And yet I saw that some thought it hard to give up all. I am ashamed to hear it spoken of, ashamed to write it.

Do we talk about self-denial? What did Christ give for us? When you think it hard that Christ requires all, go up to mount Calvary and weep there over such a thought. Behold the hands and feet of your Deliverer torn by the cruel nails, that you may be washed from sin by his own blood.

Those who feel the constraining love of God ask not how little may be given, in order to obtain the heavenly reward; they ask not for the lowest standard, but aim at a perfect conformity to the will of their Redeemer. With ardent desire they will yield *all*, and manifest zeal proportionate to the value of the object they are in pursuit of. What is the object? Immortality, eternal life.

Young friends, many of you are sadly deceived. You have been satisfied with something short of pure and undefiled religion. I want to arouse you. The angels of God are trying to arouse you. O, that the important truths in the word of God may arouse you to a sense of your danger, and lead you to a thorough examination of yourself. Your heart is yet carnal. It is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. This carnal heart must

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be changed, and you see such beauty in holiness, that you will pant after it as the hart panteth after the water-brooks. Then you will love God, and love his law. Then the yoke of Christ will be easy, and his burden light. Although you will have trials, yet these trials, well borne, only make the way more precious. The immortal inheritance is for the self-denying christian.

I saw that the christian should not set too high a value, nor depend too much upon a happy flight of feeling. These feelings are not always true. I saw that it should be the study of every christian to serve God from principle, and not be ruled by feeling. By so doing, faith will be brought into exercise, and will increase. I was shown that if the christian lives a humble, self-sacrificing life to God, peace and joy in the Lord will be the result. But the greatest happiness experienced, will be in doing others good, in making others happy. Such happiness will be lasting.

I have been shown that many of the young have not a fixed principle to serve God. They do not exercise faith. They sink under every cloud. They have no power of endurance. They do not grow in grace. They appear to keep the commandments of God. They pray now and then a formal prayer, and are called Christians. Their parents are so anxious for them, that they accept anything that appears

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favorable, and do not labor with them, and teach them that the carnal mind must die. They encourage the young to come along and act a part, but they fail to lead them to search their own hearts diligently, to examine themselves, and to count the cost of what it is to be a

christian. The young come along without sufficiently trying their motives, and profess to be Christians.

Says the True Witness, "I would thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Satan is willing you should be a christian in name, for you can suit his purposes better. You can have a form and not true godliness, and Satan can use you to decoy others in the same self-deceived way. Some poor souls look to you, instead of looking to the Bible standard. They come up no higher than you; they are as good as you, and are satisfied.

The young are often urged to do duty, to speak, or pray in meeting; urged to die to pride. Every step they are urged. Such religion is worth nothing. Let the carnal heart be changed, and it will not be such drudgery, ye cold hearted professors, to serve God; and all that love of dress, and pride of appearance will be gone. The time that you spend standing before the glass, to prepare the hair, to please the eye, should be devoted to prayer and searching of heart. There will be no place for

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outward adorning in the sanctified heart. But there will be an earnest, anxious seeking for the inward adorning, the Christian graces, the fruits of the Spirit of God.

Says the apostle, "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Subdue the carnal mind, reform the life, and the poor mortal frame will not be so idolized. If the heart is reformed, it will be seen in the outward appearance. If Christ be in us the hope of glory, we shall discover such matchless charms in him that the soul will be enamored. It will cleave to him, choose to love him, and in his admiration self will be forgotten. Jesus will be magnified, adored; and self, abased and humbled.

But a profession without this deep love, is mere talk, dry formality, and heavy drudgery. Many of you may retain a notion of religion in the head, an outside religion, when the heart is not cleansed. God looks at the heart; "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." Will he be satisfied with anything short of truth in the inward parts? Every truly converted soul will carry the unmistakable marks that the carnal mind is subdued.

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I speak plainly: I do not think this will discourage a true Christian; and I do not want any of you to come up to the time of trouble without a well grounded hope in your Redeemer. Determine to know the worst of your case. Ascertain if you have an inheritance on high. Deal truly with your own soul. Remember that a church without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing will Jesus present to his Father.

How are you to know that you are accepted of God? Study his word prayerfully. Lay it not aside for any other book. This book convinces of sin. It reveals plainly the way of salvation. It brings to view a bright and glorious reward. It reveals to you a complete Saviour, and teaches you that through his boundless mercy alone can you expect salvation.

Do not neglect secret prayer, for it is the soul of religion. With earnest, fervent prayer plead for purity of soul. Plead as earnestly, as eagerly, as you would for your mortal life, were it at stake. Remain before God until unutterable longings are begotten within you for salvation, and the sweet evidence is obtained of pardoned sin.

The hope of eternal life is not to be taken up upon slight grounds. It is a subject to be settled between God and your own soul; settled for eternity. A supposed hope, and nothing more, will prove your ruin. Since you are to

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stand or fall by the word of God, it is to that word you must look for testimony in your case. There you can see what is required of you to become a Christian. Do not lay off your armor, nor leave the battle field until you have obtained the victory, and triumph in your Redeemer.

Chapter 35—Visit to Ohio

In the spring of 1858, we visited Ohio, and attended conferences at Green Springs, Gilboa and Lovett's Grove. Bro. Tillotson took us from Green Springs in his carriage to the places of meeting. At Lovett's Grove the Lord met with us, and his blessing rested upon us. First-day afternoon there was to be a funeral at the school-house where our meetings were held. My husband was invited to give a discourse on the occasion. The people could not all get into the house. My husband was blessed with freedom, and the power of truth seemed to affect the hearers.

When he closed his remarks, I felt urged by the Spirit of the Lord to bear my testimony. As I was led to speak upon the coming of Christ and the resurrection and the cheering hope of the Christian, my soul triumphed in God. I drank in rich draughts of salvation.

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Heaven, sweet heaven, was the magnet to draw my soul upward, and I was wrapt in a vision of God's glory. Many important things were there revealed to me for the church.

I saw that those who profess the truth should hold the standard high, and induce others to come up to it. I saw that some would have to walk the straight path alone. Their companions and children will not walk the self-denying pathway with them. Patience and forbearance should ever characterize the lives of those lone pilgrims, following the example of their blessed Master. They will have many trials to endure, but they have a hope that makes the soul strong, that bears them up above the trials of earth, that elevates them above scorn, derision and reproach. Those who possess a hope like this should never indulge a harsh, unkind spirit. This will only injure their own souls, and drive their friends farther from the truth. Treat them tenderly. Give them no occasion to reproach the cause of Christ; but never yield the truth to please any one. Be decided, be fixed, be established, be not of a doubtful mind.

But if your companions and children will not come, if you cannot win them to yield to the claims of truth, make their lives here as pleasant as possible; for all they will ever enjoy will be this poor world. But let not your duty to them interfere with your duty to God.

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Pursue a straight-forward course. Let nothing they may do or say provoke an angry word from you. You have a hope that will yield you consolation amid the disappointments and trials of life. Your companions and children who will not be induced to tread the narrow, cross-bearing pathway with you, have not this divine consolation. They should have your pity, for this world is all the heaven they will have.

I was shown that all who profess the present truth would be tested and tried. Their love for Jesus' coming will be proved, and manifested to others, whether it is genuine. All, I saw,

would not stand the test. Some love this world so much that it swallows up their love for the truth. As their treasures here increase, their interest in the heavenly treasure decreases. The more they possess of this world, the more closely do they hug it to them, as if fearful their coveted treasure would be taken from them. The more they possess, the less do they have to bestow upon others, for the more they have, the poorer they feel. O, the deceitfulness of riches! They will not see and feel the wants of the cause of God.

I saw that God could rain means from heaven to carry on his work, but he never would do this. It is contrary to his plan. He has entrusted men on earth with sufficient means to carry forward his work, and if all do their

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duty there will be no lack. But some will not heed the call for their means. They are willing to see the work of God go forward. They are anxious to see the cause prosper, provided they can keep their riches, and make no sacrifice, only bestow a trifle now and then, which should cause them shame for its being so little, and so grudgingly bestowed. Said the angel, "God loveth a cheerful giver." Individuals who have means are convinced of the truthfulness of our position. They embrace it. They are tested. Opportunities are presented for them to help the cause of God with the unrighteous mammon (this world's riches), and make friends that when they should fail here, they may be received into everlasting habitations. But some love this world so well that they will not even for the immortal inheritance sacrifice their treasure here. They harden their hearts, and will not do their part as God has prospered them. They are fully tested. The world lives in their hearts, and the truth dies out. They lose the crowns laid up in heaven for them, and God raises up others who come up and fill their places, and take their crowns. Men are raised up who consider it a privilege to sacrifice something for Jesus who sacrificed so much for them. I was shown individuals who although they have heard the solemn truths for these last days, and the coming of Christ is brought nigh them by the

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fulfillment of prophecy, have no thoughts of loosening their grasp of this world. They have no idea of sacrificing their treasure here. O that these covetous ones could get a view of heaven, of its purity, its loveliness, and behold the holy angels engaged in the salvation of man! All heaven astir! Angels are going forth on their mission, descending to watch over the tempted children of God, and shield them from the power of the evil angels. And while these angels are descending, others are ascending to bear their tidings for an additional angel to administer relief to this or that lone desponding one who is fiercely buffeted of Satan. Angels are constantly passing, and repassing each other, in their upward and downward flight, fulfilling their mission of love. Would that they could get sight of this. Me-thinks that they would catch a little of the zeal and fervor of these devoted angels, which they manifest for the salvation of man. It would inspire them with that interest which would call forth effort, and they would cheerfully sacrifice for the salvation of their fellow-man. In addition to this, all the happiness derived from earth, and from a selfish hoarding of earth's treasure, would appear so small and meager compared with the beauty and unsurpassed glory of

heaven, that earth's treasures would be eclipsed, and would appear but dross could they win the heavenly treasure. How

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strange it looked to me, as I saw that all heaven was interested in our salvation, and then saw the little interest man manifests for his fellow-men. They throw their arms about their treasure here as though it was their Saviour, and could impart unto them eternal life. I was ashamed, distressed, agonized, that such should ever bear the name of disciples, or profess the name of Christ. I saw that they should cheerfully say, Here, Lord, is the little of earth's treasures thou hast lent me; take any portion of it; take it all, it is thine. Let me do my part in saving my fellow-men, and let me be raised up with the redeemed to dwell with thee for ever. Tremblingly will such disciples lean upon the strong promises of God. Earth fades before their vision. Heaven magnifies, and no sacrifice is too dear for them to make for the far more, the exceeding, and eternal weight of glory.

In this vision at Lovett's Grove, most of the matter of the Great Controversy which I had seen ten years before, was repeated, and I was shown that I must write it out. That I should have to contend with the powers of darkness, for Satan would make strong efforts to hinder me, but angels of God would not leave me in the conflict, that in God must I put my trust.

After I came out of vision, the afflicted friends, and a portion of the congregation,

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bore the body to its resting-place. Great solemnity rested upon those who remained.

Monday we commenced our journey homeward with Bro. and Sr. Tillotson. The next day we took the cars at Freemont for Jackson, Mich. While riding in the cars we arranged our plans for writing and publishing the book called the Great Controversy, immediately on our return home. I was then as well as usual. On the arrival of the train at Jackson, we went to Bro. Palmer's. We had been in the house but a short time, when, as I was conversing with Sr. P., my tongue refused to utter what I wished to say, and seemed large and numb. A strange, cold sensation struck my heart, passed over my head, and down my right side. For a while I was insensible; but was aroused by the voice of earnest prayer. I tried to use my left arm and limb, but they were perfectly useless. For a short time I did not expect to live. It was the third shock I had received of paralysis, and although within fifty miles of home, I did not expect to see my children again. I called to mind the triumphant season I had enjoyed at Lovett's Grove, and thought it was my last testimony, and felt reconciled to die.

Still the earnest prayers of my friends were ascending to heaven for me, and soon a prickling sensation was felt in my arm and limb, and I praised the Lord that I could use them a

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little. The Lord heard and answered the faithful prayers of his children, and the power of Satan was broken. That night I suffered much, yet the next day was strengthened to return home. For several weeks I could not feel the pressure of the hand, nor the coldest water

poured upon my head. In rising to walk, I often staggered, and sometimes fell to the floor. In this condition I commenced to write the Great Controversy. I could write at first but one page a day, then rest three; but as I progressed, my strength increased. The numbness in my head did not seem to becloud my mind, and before I closed that work, the effect of the shock had entirely left me.

At the time of the conference at Battle Creek, June, 1858, Sr. Hutchins, who now sleeps in Jesus, was greatly afflicted with sickness, and we all felt that she would then go down into the grave unless the Lord raised her up. While praying for her the power of God rested upon us all, and as it came upon me, I was taken off in vision. In that vision I was shown that in the sudden attack at Jackson, Satan designed to take my life to hinder the work I was about to write; but angels of God were sent to my rescue, to raise me above the effects of Satan's attack. I saw, among other things, that I should be blest with better health than before the attack at Jackson.

Chapter 36—Visit to Illinois

In August, 1858, we attended a conference at Crane's Grove, Ills. This was a meeting of considerable interest. It was immediately followed by a discussion of the Sabbath question between Elders J. H. Waggoner and J. M. Stephenson. Eld. S. was on the ground before our conference closed, and immediately commenced his lawless interruptions of our meeting, such as are very common with the no-Sabbath, age-to-come men. The discussion resulted in some good in the place, as it established one dear sister who had become unsettled as to the Sabbath by Eld. S., and another sister, who was much prejudiced when we first visited the place by the statements of Eld. S., came out decided upon the truth. But the influence of that meeting and the discussion, upon those who came in from other places, was decidedly good. Those Sabbath-keepers who came to the place sympathizing somewhat with Eld. S. went away satisfied that he was unworthy of their sympathy. Eld. S. did more to settle the minds of the wavering by manifesting the dragon-like spirit of the no-Sabbath, age-to-come heresies, than all the testimonies for truth there given. The opposition gained not a single victory.

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At the close of those meetings I was taken very sick. Remedies were used, but I obtained no relief. Then I called for the brethren and sisters to pray for me. They complied with my request, and I found relief, and was immediately taken off in vision.

I saw that Jesus did not come to abolish his Father's law. The ten commandments were to stand fast forever. Adam and Eve broke God's law and fell, and the family of Adam must perish. God could not alter or abolish his law to save lost man, who had by his transgression fallen so low that God could not accept any effort he might make to keep that holy, just and good law. Jesus saw the degradation of man, and pitied his hopeless condition. All heaven knew that God could not change or abolish his law to save man. Jesus pitied the fallen race and offered to take the wrath of God upon himself that was due to man, and to suffer in his stead. Said an angel, "Did Jesus come to make void the law of God, and by his death abolish it? No, no. If God's law could have been changed; if it could have been abolished, God would not have given his Son to die a cruel, shameful death." But the fact of Jesus' giving his life for man shows the immutability of God's law. Jesus gave his life to save lost man from the curse or penalty he merited by transgression. He by humbling himself exalted man. He became

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the stepping-stone to elevate man, that he might lay hold of the virtue of his blood, keep God's law, and be brought back to eat of the fruit of the tree of life to which Adam and Eve forfeited all right. Said the Angel, "Poor, foolish man knows not what he is doing. He has

lifted his puny arm against Omnipotence. He has defied God's law. The law of God is the golden link to unite finite man to the infinite God. It links earth to heaven, and man to God." The transgressor is about to meet the great Law-giver over his broken law. The wrath of God has long slumbered, but soon, with terrible justice and crushing weight will his wrath fall upon the transgressor. And that arm that has been stretched forth in rebellion against God's law, and would sever the golden link binding earth to heaven and man to God, will wither while the transgressor shall stand upon his feet. That tongue that has boastingly and proudly spoken against God's law, and has made the fourth commandment of none effect, will consume in his mouth while he stands upon his feet. Terrible will be the fate of those who transgress God's law, and lead others in the same heaven-daring path of rebellion.

I was then pointed to the flattering things taught by some of these transgressors of God's law. I was shown a bright light, given by God to guide all who would walk in the way of salvation, and also to serve as a warning

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to the sinner to flee from the wrath of God, and yield a willing obedience to his claims. While this light continued there was hope. But there was a period when this light would cease. When he that is holy will remain holy forever, and when he that is filthy will remain filthy forever. When Jesus stands up; when his work is finished in the Most Holy, when there will be not another ray of light to be imparted to the sinner.

But Satan flatters some, through his chosen servants, as he flattered Eve in Eden. Thou shalt not surely die, and tells them there will be a season for repentance, a time of probation, when the filthy can be made pure. The co-workers with Satan and his angels carry the light into the future age, teaching probation after the advent of Christ, which deludes the sinner, and leads the cold-hearted professor to carnal security. He is careless and indifferent, and walks stumblingly over the hours of his probation. The light is made to reach far ahead, where all is total darkness. Michael stands up. Instead of mercy, the deluded sinner feels wrath unmixed with mercy. And they awake too late to this fatal deception. This plan was studied by Satan, and is carried out by ministers who turn the truth of God into a lie.

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Chapter 37—Testimony for the Church

I have been shown that Satan has not been stupid and careless these many years, since his fall, but has been learning. He has grown more artful. His plans are laid deeper, and are more covered with a religious garment to hide their deformity. The power of Satan now to tempt and deceive is ten-fold greater than it was in the days of the apostles. His power has increased, and it will increase, until it is taken away. His wrath and hate grow stronger as his time to work draws near its close.

God knows how Satan is working, and sends his angels to watch over his children, to protect them from the Devil's power. And the battle is constantly going on between the angels of God, and the Devil's angels. The angels of God are clothed with a complete armor, the panoply of heaven, and, although surrounded with deadly foes, fear nothing, for they are doing the will of their loved Commander. They enter the darkest places to rescue the children of God from the snares of Satan, and their presence causes the evil angels to fall back. And as the evil angels are defeated, they utter terrible imprecations against the injustice of God, and against his angels.

I saw that the angels of God are not to force

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or bend the will of the individual they watch over. They are to gently chide, warn and guard. Satan can never force back these holy angels from their charge. None can do this but the individuals that they are watching over. If these individuals continue to grieve these tender, holy angels; if they go astray from their counsel and warnings, and choose an independent course of their own, they will drive these angels from them. If the will is submitted to them, they will bend it in the heavenly channel, and they will ever be on the watch for their interests, leading them from a thousand dangers, preventing their lives being taken by Satan, and, if they are inclined to go a wrong course, stand in the path before them to prevent their ruin.

But if individuals continue to retain their own will, choose their own course, and have their own way, the angels leave them in sadness. Then Satan comes in to control the will, and bend the mind, and smiles in hellish triumph at his success.

I saw that the great condescension for man has been made. Jesus condescended to the shameful death of the cross, and now man in his turn must condescend and bow. He must yield up his will and pleasure if he would follow in the only road to heaven. I saw that God would not compel any to be saved. Jesus has made the great sacrifice, and if man will

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freely, gladly accept it; if he will choose life, he can have it. But his life must be one of continual yielding.

I was pointed back, and saw the condition of God's people in 1844. Then God was pleased with them, and his love rested upon them. I was carried down still further, and saw that they were not as devoted. Instead of going on from strength to strength, they have been growing weaker. They do not possess living faith. Their fruits are not such as will please God. A stupid indifference hangs upon them. They lack fervent piety. They manifest but very little melting love for Jesus, and warm affection for their brethren.

And I saw what God marked above everything else was their contented state. They have the truth. None can successfully oppose, and they enjoy it, as if the Saviour had no work for them to do in the salvation of souls. They comfort themselves that they are safe, and leave the work of the Lord to others, and by degrees they relax their efforts and fall into an indifferent, formal state. There are souls to save all around them, but they leave that for their ministers, and they have lost their activity and zeal, and their patience in seeking to lead others to the truth. Many, I saw, had become weary of well doing. They are shut up to themselves, and seek to shun burdens. They fold their hand in peace at home, as

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though they had no part to act in the advancement of the work of God.

I saw the great lack of nursing fathers and mothers in Israel. And I saw why there are not more is because they will not take the burden, and fill the place which God would be pleased to have them occupy. Self must be denied in order to fill this place. Earnest prayer, and faithful watch-care for others will take the place of ease and indifference. And often worldly interests will suffer a little. They may have to visit some brother or sister, or some inquiring friend who needs help, just when they wish to accomplish some worldly object. But if they lose a little of the earthly treasure here, and do their Master's will, they will lay up treasure in heaven. Their Master for their sake became poor, that they through his poverty might be made rich.

I was shown that God would reward those who will bear responsibilities, and with energy push his work forward and stand in the forefront of the battle. God will choose those who will venture something in his work. But there are those who will not fill the place that God would be pleased to have them fill.

I saw that God had made my husband a burden-bearer since 1844, that he might obtain an experience to fill the place in the work he designed for him to occupy. In order to do this he has had to take responsibilities and to

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risk something on the success of this message. God would be pleased if others would feel the same interest, and move with the same energy, but many will not venture. I saw that God was displeased with those who do not take the burden themselves, and then stand ready to murmur at the one upon whom he lays the heavy burden. If others would come up and bear the burden he has borne for years, and venture all; life, health, strength, time, everything, to push this work ahead, trusting alone to the success of the message, then God would release him from such heavy responsibilities.

I saw that the blessing of the Lord has rested upon every essential move that has been made to advance his cause, and steadily has the work progressed. One difficulty after another

has been surmounted. It is because God's hand was in the work. I saw that some do not realize that selfishness is at the bottom of their murmuring. God's humble instrument moves too fast for their faith, and his venturing out as he has done has reprov'd their slow and unbelieving pace. And there has been satisfaction taken in watching and finding fault. Hints have been thrown out, doubts expressed, which have had their influence. Their faith was not strong enough to keep pace with him. Had they possessed that strong faith and self-denial which they should have had, those who have the ability and means might do much in

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stirring up the people of God; and if they would venture out and risk something on the result and success of this message, it would inspire faith in the hearts of the remnant, and there would be activity and zeal in pushing forward this great work.

I was shown that the work was not left in the hands of any one upon earth. Angels of God have charge of the work, and they counsel and direct God's people through chosen agents, and thus the work moves forward. I was shown that God in his own wise providence raised my husband above dependence and want, that his testimony and influence might not be crippled by the galling sense of dependence. God will use him as his instrument to speak with freedom, independent of man, and in his strength raise his voice, and with his example call upon the people to arouse, and assist with their substance in moving forward this great work. And any that wish to be convinced, can be, that it is not selfishness, nor to obtain any advantage himself that he pursues this course. But his object is to advance the work of God, which is dearer to him than life.

I saw that it was easier for those who look on to complain, and find fault, than to suggest and lead in a better course. It is very easy and cheap to suggest doubts and fears, but it is not so readily undertaken to tell what shall be done.

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I was pointed back and saw that amid all the hatred and devices of Satan, God had spared the life of my husband, although Satan pressed him sore to take it away a few years since. The Lord wrenched him from the enemy's power, and raised him up to still act for him—to walk out on his faith, to be a succorer to the needy, and to strengthen and uphold his servants whom he has called into the field. I saw that God has stayed him on the right hand and on the left that he should not go to extremes. This has not been the work of man, but the mark of God's hand is seen in it. His work will go forward. Simple instruments God will choose to carry forward this great work, to carry out the mind and will of the Great Master at the head of the work.

By some there is shunning of the living testimony. Cutting truths must not be shunned. It needs something besides theory to reach hearts now. It needs the stirring testimony to alarm and arouse; that will stir the enemy's subjects, and then honest souls will be led to decide for the truth. There has been and still is with some a disposition to have everything move on very smoothly. They see no necessity of straight testimony.

Sins exist in the church that God hates, but they are scarcely touched for fear of making enemies. Opposition has risen in the church to the plain testimony. Some will not bear it.

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They wish smooth things spoken unto them. And if the wrongs of individuals are touched, they complain of severity, and sympathize with those in the wrong. As Ahab inquired of Elijah, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" they are ready to look with suspicion and doubt upon those who bear the plain testimony, and like Ahab overlook the wrong which made it necessary for reproof and rebuke. When the church depart from God they despise the plain testimony, and complain of severity and harshness. It is a sad evidence of the lukewarm state of the church.

Just as long as God has a church, he will have those who will cry aloud and spare not, who will be his instruments to reprove selfishness and sins, and will not shun to declare the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or forbear. I saw that individuals would rise up against the plain testimonies. It does not suit their natural feelings. They would choose to have smooth things spoken unto them, and have peace cried in their ears. I view the church in a more dangerous condition than they ever have been. Experimental religion is known but by a few. The shaking must soon take place to purify the church.

Preachers should have no scruples to preach the truth as it is found in God's word. Let the truth cut. I have been shown that why ministers have not more success is, they are

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afraid of hurting feelings, fearful of not being courteous, and they lower the standard of truth, and conceal if possible the peculiarity of our faith. I saw that God could not make such successful. The truth must be made pointed, and the necessity of a decision urged. And as false shepherds are crying, Peace, and are preaching smooth things, the servants of God must cry aloud, and spare not, and leave the result with God.

God has given his servants the present truth so clear and plain that their opponents cannot stand before them. This great blessing, I have seen, has not been realized and prized. Some who are laboring in the cause of God have had so few privations, known so little of want or wearing labor, or burden of soul, that when they have an easy time they know it not, and think their trials great. I saw that unless such have a spirit of self-sacrifice, and are ready to labor cheerfully, not sparing themselves, God will release them.

Some of the servants of God have given up their lives to spend, and be spent, for the cause of God. They are almost worn out with mental labor, incessant care, toil and privations. Others have not had, and would not take, the burden upon them. Yet just such ones think they have a hard time, because they never have experienced hardships. They never have been baptized into the suffering part, and

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never will be, as long as they manifest so little fortitude, and love their ease so well. Let these servants feel the woe upon them if they preach not the gospel, and it will be enough.

Could some be placed back ten or twelve years, and labor through the discouragements that then existed, they would find a great change in the labor now, compared with what it was then. Then the friends of the cause were few, their means limited, and it was a constant battle against error and fanaticism. Privation and want were then endured by God's servants

without murmuring. I have had more fears for our preachers now than ever before. A laborer in the gospel field, will feel a burden for souls if he fills the place God designs him to fill. He will labor in the desk, and out of it. While at the fireside he will enter into the feelings of those who have listened to solemn, important truth from his lips. He will watch for souls as one that must give an account.

Sabbath-keepers, remember that the outside appearance is an index to the heart, and while you are so anxious to imitate the fashions of the world; while your heart is in these things, you are like them, you have their spirit, and have lost the truth out of your heart. While you study your appearance to look as near like the world as possible, remember your Redeemer. Upon his head was a crown of thorns. The greatest concern some Sabbath-keepers

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have is their outward appearance. They are fostering pride, and will perish with their pride unless they entirely reform. Many make vain excuses for wearing hoops. They cannot endure the idea of being peculiar. I saw that Sabbath-keepers should not give the least influence to a fashion carried to such a ridiculous length.

But while some are following the fashion, and manifest so much pride about their appearance, some others take the other extreme, and dress odd and slack, and destroy the influence they might have with unbelievers. Some hold themselves in a position to watch the dress of others, and find fault with every article they think not just right. If a sister is dressed orderly, and taste is manifested in her dress, the trial is raised, the sister is proud. I saw that some are withering spiritually. They have been watching for every fault to make trouble with. They neglect their own souls. They seldom see or feel their own faults, for they have had all they could do to watch the faults of others. A dress, a bonnet, an apron, takes their attention; they must talk with this one, and that one about the matter, and it is sufficient for them to dwell upon for weeks. All the religion a few poor souls have, is to watch the garments and acts of others, and find fault with them. Unless they reform, there will be no place in heaven for them, for with this spirit

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they would find fault with Jesus and angels.

Some who are very careless in their dwellings and of their persons, consider it pride to be neat and are tried with those who are neat and cleanly. I saw that neatness and order in dress, and cleanliness throughout the dwelling, should be strictly observed by Sabbath-keepers, who are looked upon as strange, and are watched for their faults. Their influence should be holy. The sacred truths which we profess will never degrade the receivers, and make them coarse and rough, neglectful of their persons, and untidy in their houses. If the receiver has slack habits, the truth elevates him, and works for him a thorough reformation. Unless the truth has this effect, the individual has not felt its saving power. A careless and disordered dress is no mark of humility. Here some have deceived themselves. The life, the acts, the words, will tell whether the individual possesses true humility, and the dress will correspond with the fruits manifested. A pure fountain cannot [send] forth sweet water and bitter.

Cleanse the fountain and the streams will be pure. The house of God is often desecrated by Sabbath-keepers' children. Their parents allow them to run about the house, play, talk, take the attention of the people, and manifest their evil tempers in the very meetings where they have assembled to worship God. I have seen that in the assembly of the saints a holy

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stillness should reign. But the house where God's people assemble is often made a perfect babylon, a place of confusion and disorder. This is displeasing to God. If the parents have not government, and cannot control their children in meeting, God would be better pleased for them to remain at home with their unruly children. They had better suffer the loss of meetings, than to have a large number annoyed, and their meetings spoiled. If parents leave their children uncontrolled, unsubdued at home, they cannot have them do as they wish in meeting. Who should be the sufferers in this case? Certainly, the parents. They should not feel afflicted if others do not wish to have their peace disturbed when they meet to worship God.

Parents, you must be the sufferers in this matter, and it may lead you to see and fulfill your neglected duty. If you carry your children to the house of God, they should be made to understand that they are where God meets with his people. There is not that order observed among Sabbath-keepers in this respect that there is in the nominal churches. Parents, you have a work to do. Subdue your children at home, and then you can govern them in the house of God.

The Lord has shown me that his grace is sufficient for all our trials; and although they are greater than ever before, yet if we trust

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wholly in God, we can overcome every temptation, and through his grace come off victorious.

If we overcome our trials, and obtain victory over the temptations of Satan, then we endure the trial of our faith, which is much more precious than gold, and are stronger, and better prepared to meet the next. But if we sink down, and give way to the temptations of Satan, we get no reward for the trial, and shall not be so well prepared for the next. In this way we shall grow weaker, and weaker, until we are led captive by Satan at his will. When temptations and trials rush in upon us, let us go to God, and agonize with him in prayer. He will give us grace and strength to overcome, and break the power of the enemy.

God has shown me that he gives his people a bitter cup to drink to purify and cleanse them. They can make it still more bitter by murmuring, complaining, and repining. But those who receive it thus, must have another draught, for the first does not have its designed effect upon the heart. And if the second does not effect the work, then they must have another, and another, until it does have its designed effect, or they will be left impure in heart. I saw that this bitter cup can be sweetened by patience, endurance and prayer, and that it will have its designed effect upon the hearts of those who thus received it, and God will be honored and glorified.

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I have frequently seen that the children of the Lord neglect prayer, especially in secret; and that many do not exercise that faith which is their privilege and duty, and often wait for that feeling which faith alone can bring. Feeling is not faith, but the two are distinct. Faith is ours to exercise, but the blessing is God's to give. The grace of God comes to the soul through the channel of living faith, and that faith it is our power to exercise.

True faith lays hold of and claims the promised blessing before it is realized and felt. I have seen that we must send up our petitions in faith within the second veil, and take hold of the promised blessing, and claim it as ours. And we are then to believe that the blessing is ours, and that we receive it, because our faith has hold of it, and according to the Word it is ours. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Here is faith, naked faith, to believe that we receive the blessing, even before we realize it. When the promised blessing is realized and enjoyed, faith is swallowed up. But many suppose they have much faith when sharing largely of the Holy Spirit, and that they cannot have faith unless they feel the power of the Spirit. Such confound faith with the blessing that comes through faith. The very time to exercise faith is when we feel destitute of the Spirit. When thick clouds of

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darkness seem to hover over the mind, then is the time to let living faith pierce the darkness, and scatter the clouds. True faith rests on the promises contained in the word of God, and those only who obey the Word, can claim the glorious promises contained in it. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." **John 15:7**. "Whatsoever we ask we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight." **1 John 3:22**.

As inquiries are frequently made as to my state in vision, and after I come out, I would say that when the Lord sees fit to give a vision, I am taken into the presence of Jesus and angels, and am entirely lost to earthly things. I can see no farther than the angel directs me. My attention is often directed to scenes transpiring upon earth.

At times I am carried far ahead into the future and shown what is to take place. Then again I am shown things as they have occurred in the past. After I come out of vision I do not at once remember all that I have seen, and the matter is not so clear before me until I write, then the scene rises before me as was presented in vision, and I can write with freedom. Sometimes the things which I have seen are hid from me after I come out of vision, and I cannot call them to mind until I am brought

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before a company where that vision applies, then the things which I have seen come to my mind with force. I am just as dependent upon the Spirit of the Lord in relating or writing a vision, as in having the vision. It is impossible for me to call up things which have been shown me unless the Lord brings them before me at the time that he is pleased to have me relate or write them.

It has been a matter of great perplexity to me to know what course to pursue with messages given me for individuals. I have often written messages of reproof for different

ones, and given them to these persons, and they have laid them away, and have said nothing about them. Their course has shown in many instances that they were not affected by the messages, and they have continued to have a bad influence in the church, who were ignorant of the reproof given.

My course is now clear to wrong the church no longer. If reproofs are given I dare not commit them alone to the individuals to be buried up by them, but shall read what the Lord has seen fit to give me, to those of experience in the church, and if the case demands, bring it before the whole church. The great delicacy which some have manifested lest others should learn that they have been reproofed, proceeds from a lack of humility, and unwillingness to acknowledge their wrongs.

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The minds of many have been abused by individuals that have been reproofed by vision, and their minds prejudiced, because they had no knowledge of what the Lord had revealed. I shall keep these things secret no longer. God's people must know what the Lord has been pleased to reveal, that they be not deceived and led astray by a wrong spirit.

- Testimonies.

In bearing the testimony which the Lord has given me for the last fifteen years, I have been opposed by many who became my bitter enemies, especially those whose errors and sins have been revealed to me, and have been exposed by me. Some of these have carried out their feelings of revenge, as might be expected, in attacking the humble instrument, and circulating unfavorable reports against me.

As these things have troubled some who have had no knowledge of my early experience, my brethren and sisters who have known my experience and labors for the last ten or fifteen years have put into my hands their testimonies for me to use when

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necessary. These have been a benefit to me the past two years, and probably will be in the future. One instance I will mention.

At the time of the Crane's Grove, (Ills.), conference and discussion several of the age-to-come, no-Sabbath preachers designed to bring out before the public some of the reports in circulation. But when they learned that we were prepared for them, Elder Stephenson stated to my husband that they had concluded to do nothing about it! I will here give two of these testimonies, also some others which have been sent to me by those who have read the printed sheets of this book.

And I would here state to all others who can freely and cheerfully give their names to these testimonies to send them in immediately. Also those who can testify to other facts stated in this book will please send their testimonies with the names of as many as can cheerfully give them.

There will be but four hundred copies of the last sixteen pages of this book printed now. These will be sent out, and when all have sent in their testimonies and names who would esteem it a pleasure, the entire edition will be completed.

A special request is made that if any find incorrect statements in this book they will immediately inform me. The edition will be completed about the first of October; therefore send before that time. E. G. W.

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[Note: The following further account of experiences written after the issuance of the first limited printing of "Spiritual Gifts", volume II, on September 18, 1860, was included in subsequent editions. It appears here that the reader may have all that was published in all printings.--Trustees of the Ellen G. White publications.]

September 20, 1860, my fourth child, John Herbert White, was born. When he was three weeks old my husband felt it to be his duty to travel West. About one week before he was to visit Mauston, we received letters from M. E. S. for publication, purporting to be visions given her of the Lord. As we read these communications we felt distressed. We knew that they were not from the right source. And as my husband knew nothing of what he was about to meet at Mauston, we feared he would be unprepared to meet the fanaticism, and that it would have a discouraging influence upon his mind. We had passed through so many such scenes in our early experience, and had suffered so much from these unruly, untamable spirits, that we have dreaded to be brought in contact with them.

I sent in a request for the church at Battle Creek to pray for my husband, and at our family altar we earnestly sought the Lord. With brokenness of spirit, and many tears, we tried to fasten our trembling faith upon God's promises, and we had

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the evidence that God heard us pray, and that he would stand by my husband, and impart to him counsel and wisdom.

While looking in the Bible for a verse for Willie to commit to memory to repeat in the Sabbath School, these words arrested my attention, "The Lord is good. A strong hold in the time of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him." I could but weep over these words, they seemed so appropriate. The whole burden upon my mind was for my husband, and the church in Wisconsin. My husband realized the blessing of God while in Wisconsin. The Lord was to him a stronghold in time of trouble. He sustained him while he bore a decided testimony against the wild fanaticism there, and upheld him by his free Spirit.

I received a letter from my husband written at Mackford, Wis., in which he stated, "I fear that all is not well at home. I have had some impressions as to the babe." While praying for the family at home, he had a presentiment that the child was very sick. The babe seemed lying before him with face and head dreadfully swollen. When I received the letter the babe was as well as usual; but the next morning he was taken very sick. It was an extreme case of erysipelas in the face and head. When my husband reached Bro. Wick's, near Round Grove, Ills., the telegraphic despatch, stating the sickness of the child, was handed him, and as he read, he stated to those present that he

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was prepared for the news, for the Lord had prepared his mind for it. And that they would hear that the child's head and face were greatly affected.

My dear babe was a great sufferer. Twenty-four days and nights we anxiously watched over him, using all the remedies we could for his recovery, and earnestly presenting his case to the Lord. At times I could not control my feelings as I witnessed his sufferings. Much of my time was spent in tears, and humble supplication to God. But our heavenly Father saw fit to remove my lovely babe.

December 14, I was called up. My babe was worse. I listened to his labored breathing, and felt his pulseless wrist. I knew that he must die. That was an hour of anguish for me. The icy hand of death was already upon him. We watched his feeble, gasping breath, until it ceased, and we felt thankful that his sufferings were ended. When my child was dying, I could not weep. I fainted at the funeral. My heart ached as though it would break, yet I could not shed a tear. We were disappointed in not having Bro. Loughborough to conduct the funeral services, and my husband spoke upon the occasion to a crowded house. We followed our child to Oak Hill cemetery, there to rest until the Life-giver shall come, and break the fetters of the tomb, and call him forth immortal.

After we returned from the funeral, my home seemed lonely. I felt reconciled to the will of God, yet despondency gloom settled upon me.

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The discouragements brought upon us the past Summer, we could not rise above. As to the state of God's people, we knew not what we might expect. Satan had controlled the minds of some closely connected with us in the work, even some who had been acquainted with our mission, and seen the fruits of our labors, and have not only witnessed the manifestations of the power of God many times, but had felt its influence upon their own bodies. What could we hope for in the future? While my child lived I thought I understood my duty. I pressed my dear babe to my heart, and rejoiced that at least for one Winter I should be released from any great responsibility, for it could not be my duty to travel in Winter with my infant. But when he was taken from me, I was again thrown into great perplexity.

The condition of the cause, and the state of God's people, nearly crushed us. Our happiness has depended upon the state of the cause of God. When God's people are in a prospering condition, we feel free. But when they are in disorder and backslidden, nothing can make us joyful. Our whole interest and life has been interwoven with the rise and progress of the third angel's message. We are bound up in it, and when it does not prosper, we experience great suffering of mind. About this time my husband, as he reviewed the past, began to lose confidence in almost everybody. Many of those he had tried to befriend had acted the part

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of enemies, and some that he had helped the most with his own scanty purse, and his influence with others, had been putting forth a perpetual effort to injure him, and cast burdens upon him. One Sabbath morning as he was going to our place of worship, an

overpowering sense of such injustice came over him, and he turned aside to weep aloud while the congregation waited for him.

From the commencement of our labors, we have been called to bear a plain, pointed testimony, to reprove wrongs and spare not. And all the way there have been those who have stood in opposition to our testimony, and have followed after to speak smooth things, daub with untempered mortar, and destroy the influence of our labors. The Lord would rein us up to bear reproof, and then individuals have stepped right in between us and the people to make our testimony of none effect. Many visions have been given, that we must occupy the position to stir up the people of God; and not shun to declare his counsel, for the church was asleep in their sins. But few have sympathized with us, while many have sympathized with the wrong, and with those who have been reproved. These things crushed us, and we felt that we had no testimony to bear in the church. We knew not who to confide in. All these things forced themselves upon us, and hope died within us. We retired to rest about midnight, but I could not sleep. A severe pain was in my heart and I could find no relief. I fainted a number of times.

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My husband sent for Brn. C. Smith, Amadon and Kellogg. Their fervent prayers were heard, relief came, and I was taken off in vision. Then I was shown that we must still bear our testimony, straight and pointed. That we had a work to do. Then the individuals were presented before me who have shunned the pointed testimony. I saw the influence of their teachings upon God's people. I was shown the condition of the people in _____. They have the theory of truth, but are not sanctified through it. I saw that when the messengers enter a new place, their labor is worse than lost unless they bear a plain, pointed testimony. They should keep up the distinction between the church of Jesus Christ, and formal, dead professors. There was a failure in _____. Bro. _____ was fearful of offending, fearful lest the peculiarities of our faith should appear, and the standard was lowered down to the people. The fact should have stood out living before the people, that we possess truths of vital importance, and that their eternal interest depended upon the decision they would make. And in order to be sanctified through the truth, their idols must be given up, their sins be confessed, and they bring forth fruit meet for repentance.

Those who engage in the solemn work of bearing the third angel's message, must move out decidedly, and in the Spirit and power of God, fearlessly preach the truth, and let it cut. They should

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elevate the standard of truth, and urge the people to come up to it. It has been lowered down to meet the people in their condition of darkness and sin. It is the pointed testimony that will bring up the people to decide. A peaceful testimony will not do this. The people have the privilege of listening to this kind of teaching from the pulpits of the day. But God has servants to whom he has entrusted a solemn, fearful message, to bring out and fit up a people for the coming of Christ. There is a great difference in our faith and that of nominal professors, as the heavens are higher than the earth.

The people are asleep in their sins, and need to be alarmed before they can shake off this lethargy. Their ministers have preached smooth things. God's servants, who bear sacred, vital truths, should cry aloud and spare not, that the truth may tear off the garment of security, and find its way to the heart. The straight testimony that the people in _____ should have had was walked all around, and the seed of truth was sown among thorns, and has been choked by the thorns.

God's servants must bear a pointed testimony. It will cut the natural heart, and develop character. Brn. _____ and _____ moved with a perfect restraint upon them while in _____. Such preaching will never do the work that God designs to have accomplished. There is enough scolding, and crippling, and wrapping up pointed truths, which rebuke sin by the ministers of the nominal churches. Unless souls embrace the message aright, and their hearts are prepared to receive it, they had better let it entirely alone.

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In view of the slanderous reports circulated by a few individuals against bro. and sister White, we feel called upon to testify that we have been personally acquainted with them and their course since 1844, and therefore know that any statements that would represent them as being in any wise connected with, or countenancing in any degree, those fanatical abominations into which some in maine and elsewhere were drawn during the years 1844-1846, are wicked and malicious falsehoods. We have never known them to be in the least infected with the spirit or works of fanaticism, but on the contrary, as the untiring and unflinching opposers of the same.

H. N. Smith, George Cobb,
 S. B. Belden, Lewis O. Stowell,
 Edward Andrews, Laura T. Stowell,
 S. L. Andrews, Lewis B. Stowell,
 A. S. Andrews, Marion C. Stowell,
 Cyprian Stevens, Sarah H. Stowell,
 Almira T. Stevens, N. N. Lunt,
 Paulina R. Stevens, S. H. Lunt,
 F. J. Stevens, R. D. Waterman,
 Stockbridge Howland D. W. Wright,
 L. M. Howland, Thomas Worcester,
 F. H. Howland, Lydia Bolton,
 R. D. Howland, P. A. Gammon,
 M. R. Aderton, Abram Barnes,
 S. W. Flanders.
 Portland, Me., Aug. 10, 1858.

As unfavorable reports are in circulation against eld. James White and wife, it is a pleasure to us to testify that we have been personally acquainted with them since 1844. they have had no sympathy with the no-work theory, voluntary humility, spiritual second advent, and spiritual union not in

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accordance with the law of marriage, but ever raised their voices against these different forms of fanaticism which prevailed with some in New England.

N. N. Lunt, S. H. Lunt,
Jacob Mills, Thomas Worcester,
Dorcas Wright, Phebe A. Gammon,
Elizabeth Haines, [This is Isaiah Libby.
SR. H. of pages 30 and 69.]

We bear cheerful testimony to the truthfulness of the statements relative to elder Dammon, on pages 40, 41. AS near as we can recollect we believe the circumstances of his arrest and trial to be fairly stated.

H. A. Hannaford,
WM. T. Hannaford, D. S. Hannaford,
James Ayer, Sen., Mrs. R. W. Wood.
Topsham, Me., Aug. 6, 1860.

The wonderful manifestation of the power of god in healing Sr. Frances Howland is correctly stated on pages 42-44, except the one who baptized her.

Stockbridge Howland F. H. Howland,
L. M. Howland, R. D. Howland.

In our opinion Sr. White has given a fair statement of the fanaticism in Maine, and her labors with the unfortunate victims of it, in pages 49-65.

Edward Andrews, Geo. Cobb,
S. L. Andrews, Stockbridge Howland
A. S. Andrews, L. M. Howland,
Almira T. Stevens, F. H. Howland,
P. R. Stevens, R. D. Howland,
F. J. Stevens, Abram Barnes,
J. G. Foy, S. W. Flanders.
H. N. Smith.

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We the undersigned know that sister Whittersqu;s statement in regard to the sickness and recovery of Gilbert N. Collins on pp. 108 and 109 is correct.

Nancy Collins, G. N. Collins,
Melora A. Ashley.

From personal knowledge we can testify that the statements on pages 124-127, relative to a certain woman who came among us in Camden, are correct.

C. B. Preston, E. A. Preston.

As to what is stated on pages 133, 134, we know these things to be facts which cannot be gainsayed.

Alonzo Abbey, Diana Abbey,
Ira Abbey, Rhoda Abbey.

We have read pages 136-140 of Sr. Whittersqu;s book, and in our opinion her statements are correct.

Wm. Harris, Hiram Edson,

L. M. Harris, Esther M. Edson,
from a knowledge of the main points stated on pages 152-156, we can say, they are correct.

John S. Wager, Mary Wager.
Bristol, Vt., Aug. 17, 1860.

We were personally acquainted with the circumstances of Sr. Whiter's visit to Vergennes, mentioned on pages 157-159, and regard them correct. It should be H. Allen, instead of S. Allen.

Henry Gardner, D. S. Gardner.
C. W. Sperry, R. A. Sperry.

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We were present at the meeting at Jackson, described by Sr. White on pages 181, 182, and regard her statement correct.

A. A. Dodge, C. Dodge,
D. R. Palmer, A. Palmer,
Cyrenius Smith, Louisa Smith,
J. P. Kellogg, Ann J. Kellogg.
J. N. Loughborough.

From personal knowledge of the leading facts stated on pages 184-188, relative to Sr. Whiter's suffering with her heart disease, swelling on her eyelid, apoplexy, and miraculous restoration in answer to prayer, we can testify to their truthfulness.

Uriah Smith, S. T. Belden,
G. W. Amadon, S. B. Belden,
J. N. Loughborough, M. J. Loughborough,
Cynthia Bacheller, Roxanna Cornell,
Caroline Orton, Drusilla Lamson,
J. W. Bacheller.

We have read the statements of sister White on pp. 219-222 in regard to the visit to Waukon [Waukon], & C. the statements are correct.

J. N. Loughborough, M. J. Loughborough,
H. N. Smith.

Jackson, Mich., Aug. 16, 1860.

We witnessed, in our own house, the sudden prostration and recovery of Sr. White, stated on page 271.

D. R. Palmer, A. Palmer.