

ELLEN G. WHITE ESTATE

# CAMPFIRE JUNIOR STORIES FROM THE DAYS OF S.D.A. PIONEERS



ARTHUR L. WHITE



---

**Campfire Junior Stories  
from the days of S.D.A.  
Pioneers**

---

**Ellen G. White**

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



## **Information about this Book**

### **Overview**

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

### **About the Author**

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

### **Further Links**

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

### **End User License Agreement**

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

### **Further Information**

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

## **Some New—Some Old**

As prepared or selected by Arthur L. White, Secretary

Ellen G. White Estate

Copyright © 2000, Review and Herald Publishing Association

“We have nothing to fear for the future, except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us, and His teaching in our past history.” [Life Sketches of Ellen G. White, 196.](#)

## **A Word to the Storyteller**

God's providences in the history of our church can well form a very valuable part of the story presentations made to our boys and girls and our young men and young women. Emphasis was given to this in the 1961 North American Leadership Training Camp conducted at Lone Star Camp, Athens, Texas. To provide at the camp permanent working materials to accompany the oral presentation, a copy of that which appears here was placed in the hands of each MV Secretary present.

Still with a good degree of freshness, these materials are now made available to our church schools. They should aid the teacher in making our own denominational history live. Stories which are new are presented in full. The source of each story is noted. Reference is given to other stories equally interesting and important as found in readily available sources.

The storyteller is urged to make use of the visual objects suggested in connection with some of the stories. This is a time-tested procedure which is well worth while.

It is with satisfaction that we contemplate the widening influence of these stories as they are told and retold by the campfire and in the school room.

Arthur L. White  
Washington, D. C.  
March 1963

# Contents

Information about this Book .....	i
Some New—Some Old .....	ii
A Word to the Storyteller .....	iii
Group I. The Visions and the Spirit of Prophecy .....	v
The Meeting a 14-year old Girl Never Forgot .....	vi
The Vision of the Missing Hairnet .....	xi
The Story of the Longest Vision .....	xv
The Vision of Young People Sister White had Not Met ....	xix
When Mrs. White Use Two Secret Signs .....	xxii
Group II. Related to Early History and God’s Guidance ...	xxvii
Joseph Bates was Sure God would Provide .....	xxviii
Annie Smith’s Dream .....	xxxiv
The Stocking Behind the Door .....	xxxviii
Three Miracles.....	xl
Group III. Stories in Perseverance.....	xliii
James White Finds a Way—A Dead Wolf Helps .....	xliv
The Cow that Got Stuck in the Mud .....	xlix
Group IV. Stories of God’s Protection .....	li
The River Boat and the Lumber Rafts .....	lii
Group V. General .....	lix
The County Treasurer and the Missing Money .....	lx



**Group I. The Visions and the Spirit of  
Prophecy**

## The Meeting a 14-year old Girl Never Forgot<sup>9</sup>

As told by Arthur L. White

Our story tonight is about a meeting a junior girl never forgot. At this meeting she saw Sister White in vision.

Nellie Sisley was fourteen. A few years earlier, with her mother and brothers and sisters, she had come from England. Now they lived in Battle Creek. Elder and Mrs. White also lived in Battle Creek, not far from the publishing house and Sanitarium. Nellie and her mother went to the prayer meeting at the church in Battle Creek on a Friday evening, June 12, 1868. There were about 200 people at this meeting. Elder and Mrs. White had been away for some time. Now they were at home in Battle Creek and everyone expected that they would both speak at the prayer meeting. Perhaps they would tell about some of their work in the other churches.

Elder and Mrs. White came into the church and walked up to the front and sat down on the lower platform. After the song and the prayer, Elder White spoke for about ten minutes. Then he said, "I know that it is Mrs. White you want to hear, and we will turn the meeting over to her."

Then Sister White began to talk. She told the congregation that she was so impressed with the thought that we are not making the preparation to meet Jesus that we ought to be making. Jesus is coming soon, she said, and we must be ready. She pointed out that Seventh-day Adventists were pilgrims and strangers, and we want to live for the future, and get ready for Heaven. After she had spoken for about a half an hour, she seemed to fall backward to the floor. She didn't drop on the floor with a thud, but it seemed as if angel's hands were gently letting her down.

Nellie and her mother, who had never seen Sister White in vision before thought that she had fainted, and so did many of the audience.

---

<sup>9</sup>Note: A small mirror can be used effectively as the story deals with Mrs. White's breathlessness. See page 7

Many times when she was given a vision she exclaimed, “Glory!” or “Glory to God.” But this time she did not. The people opened the windows a little wider. A glass of water was brought for Sister White. Then Elder White said, “Don’t be alarmed, for Mrs. White has not fainted but she is in vision.” When Brother White told the congregation that Sister White was in vision, a quietness came to all of the audience. As Nellie told this story years later, she said, “It seemed as if heavenly beings were there in that church. We weren’t frightened. Sister White was lying down on the lower platform, quiet, and absolutely unconscious. Then Brother White said, ‘There may be some in this congregation who may have doubts in regard to Mrs. White’s inspiration and about the visions. If there are any such, we would be glad to have them come forward and try the physical tests as they are given in the Bible.’”

Then Elder White knelt down by her side, raised her head and shoulders so that they rested on his knee. Nellie was sitting by her mother, and she knew that occasionally her mother had doubted the visions, and so she said, “Mother, why don’t we go up and see Sister White as Brother White has invited us to do?” [6]

So Nellie and her mother went up together. They stood very close by Sister White’s head. They could see that she did not breathe. Her eyes were open and there was a pleasant expression on her face. There was nothing unnatural about her expression. It seemed very natural.

Other people in the congregation also came up and there were two large men who worked at our institution who came with the others. One stood on one side of Sister White and the other stood on the other side. Then Elder White spoke. He said, “The entire congregation has seen Sister White fall. They know that she has lost her natural strength. Now we wish to see if she has been supernaturally strengthened.” Her hands were lying clasped lightly on her chest. Elder White spoke to the two strong men. “I want you to take her hands apart. Just pull her hands apart. You have two hands to her one.” So they tried. They pulled and pulled. Some of the people became anxious. Nellie thought that they would hurt Sister White. Brother White said, “Don’t be anxious. She is safe in God’s keeping. You can pull until you are perfectly satisfied.”

They said, "We are satisfied now. We don't need to pull any more." Then Brother White said, "Take one finger at a time and try to pull them apart." But they couldn't do it. They couldn't do so much as to move one finger. Sister White didn't change the expression on her face and they just couldn't move her fingers.

Nellie said, as she told the story, that they looked carefully to see if her eyes would close and to see if she was breathing. But her eyes remained open; there was no movement of the eyelids. She didn't breathe at all.

Then Sister White took her hands apart and made graceful gestures, and as she moved her arms, Brother White said to these men, "Now I want you to hold her arms." And these strong men took hold of her wrists. But they couldn't stop the motion. It looked like any child could keep her from moving her arms, but she moved them just as though no one was around. The men were afraid they might hurt her, or that what they were doing might interfere with the view that she was having, but Brother White said no, they wouldn't hurt her or interfere with what she was witnessing in the least. He said that although she was wholly unconscious to anything about her, yet she was safe in God's keeping.

During all of this time, she was looking upward with a natural expression in her eyes, except that her eyelids never closed. Brother White said, "Now that you are satisfied that there is supernatural strength which she has while in vision, we will see if her eyelids will close." There was a brightly burning lamp on the stand, and Brother White took the shade off and put this light right in front of her eyes. Nellie thought for sure that Sister White would move her eyes to protect them, or close her eyes, but she didn't. She was not conscious to anything going on about her. The same natural expression remained and her eyes were not starry or glassy. At times the expression on her face changed. Sometimes she looked pleased, and at other times, she seemed very troubled.

"Now," said Brother White, "we must see if there is any breath in her body." As Nellie told the story many times in later years, she said, "There didn't seem to be any breath. Everything looked all right only that she didn't breathe."

Elder White said, "Now, we will send out and get a mirror and we will test her to see if she is breathing." So someone went next

door and borrowed a mirror and held it close to her face, but no moisture gathered on the mirror. What happens, boys and girls, when we breathe on a mirror? Of course; It gets all foggy from our breath. So the people knew that she wasn't breathing. But as they felt of her pulse, they found that her heart continued to beat regularly and the color in her face did not change.

Occasionally Sister White spoke. The sentences were short and she spoke of some of the things which were being shown to her in vision. At times, her face appeared animated and excited and at other times her face looked sad and she seemed to be shrinking back from what she saw.

When she began to come out of the vision, she took three long, deep breaths. Her lungs had been empty. Brother White assisted her to a chair. Then Brother White said to her, "The congregation would be very interested in the vision. I know that they will want to know something about what you have seen."

Sister White replied that she would gladly tell the people what was shown to her in vision. For about a half an hour, she talked. She had seen in vision the bright and glorious home that the Lord is preparing for His people. Then she had also seen the destruction of the wicked people and what troubled her greatly was that she saw some who had been Seventh-day Adventists among those who were lost. They had started on the narrow pathway to the heavenly home, but for different reasons had turned aside. Some had become discouraged. Some were very much in love with the pleasures of the world. Others were more interested in making money than they were in serving the Lord. So there were quite a few who had been Adventists who had wandered away from the truth.

As she spoke about the New Jerusalem, she said, "Oh, I wish I could describe it; I have no language in which to tell you even a little of what has been shown to me. If you could be there and see what I saw, you would never allow anything on this world to tempt you to live in such a way as to be in danger of losing eternal life."

For a time after the vision, she could not see very well. She told the people, "Now, you may not understand why I can not see well. If you turn your face toward the sun for a while, then turn away, you will understand. Heaven is brighter than the sun." Then she gradually regained the use of her sight and the experience of the

vision didn't injure her sight at all. Many visions were given to Mrs. White, but they did not leave her weak or ill.

[8] As Sister White talked with the people, she said, "It is not the large sins that we do, but the little things. Carelessness, not fully accepting the responsibility that the Lord would be glad to place upon us. We are living too lightly. We are spending too much time and thought on our present interests. Some of these things may be all right in themselves, but they crowd out the heavenly things."

As Nellie and her mother and the people went home that night, they said to themselves, "How glad we are that we went to prayer meeting tonight; Now we have seen Sister White in vision. We know that God gives her the visions." And they determined in their hearts to study the counsels which were written out, and to apply those counsels in their lives.

What was shown to Sister White in that vision, she soon wrote out and printed in a little pamphlet called *Testimony for the Church*, No. 16. It is found today in [Testimonies for the Church 2:112-199](#). Again and again you will find reference to the vision given June 12, 1868. When Sister White wrote of the vision, she said, "June 12, 1868, while speaking to the brethren in the house of worship in Battle Creek, Michigan, the Spirit of God came upon me. And in an instant I was in vision." Brother White also tells us about this vision.

Nellie married a young minister and she spent a large part of her life serving the Lord in America and Australia. While in Australia, she often traveled with Sister White and at times she and her husband lived at Sister White's home. Nellie never forgot that Friday evening when she and her mother went to prayer meeting and she saw Sister White in vision.

Based on the accounts given by Mrs. Nellie Sisley Starr, James White and others.

## The Vision of the Missing Hairnet <sup>10</sup>

[9]

As told by Arthur L. White

It all happened many, many years ago in Northern California. Mrs. Ellen G. White, the Lord's messenger, was living at Healdsburg only a few blocks from our new college. Since her husband, Elder James White, was now dead, Sister White invited several young ladies to live in her home as they attended school. Among these was one young lady of considerable ability who did some teaching at the school.

How this young lady enjoyed living in Sister White's home: It was a large, white, two-story, frame house, surrounded with garden and orchard. Sister White was a big-hearted, understanding mother to the girls who lived with her. All went well for a few months. Then it happened. As this girl went through Sister White's bedroom on some errand, she saw something on the dresser she wanted very much. She stopped and looked at it. The longer she lingered, the more she felt she just had to have it. She looked this way and that, and seeing no one around she reached out her hand and took it.

And what was it? A watch, or something valuable, you think? No. It was just a hairnet. The women at that time often wore a net over their hair. True, it was a well-made, silk hairnet. Sister White would not miss it, she thought, and it was just what she so much wanted.

Leaving Sister White's bedroom, with the hairnet in her closed hand, the young lady went to her bedroom and opening her trunk, put the net in the corner of the tray. She closed the trunk and went about her duties. But there was no song in her heart now. You know why.

A few hours later in the day, Sister White was preparing to go out, and entering her bedroom to get ready, she brushed her hair, and thought to put on the net, as was the custom of that day. But she

---

<sup>10</sup>Note: A hairnet can be used effectively as this story is told

could not find the net anywhere. It was not on the top of the dresser. She looked back of it, she looked under it, but could not find the missing article anywhere. Giving up, she did without it.

That evening at worship time the girls gathered with Sister White around the open fireplace. Often Sister White, in connection with the worship, told a story of the early days. How they did enjoy these stories! But this evening, Sister White had a question to ask the girls.

“Have any of you seen my hairnet?” she asked. Continuing, she said, “It was right there on my dresser in the bedroom. When I went to get it, it was gone. It must be found. It could not go away by itself.” But no one seemed to know about the hairnet, for no one responded. There was one girl there however, who wished Mrs. White would not say anything about a hairnet. The matter was dropped.

[10] A day or two later, as Sister White was passing through this girl’s room, a voice spoke to her as she passed the trunk, “Lift the lid of that trunk!” But it was not Sister White’s trunk and she would not think of looking into someone else’s trunk.

Again the voice spoke to her, “Lift the lid of that trunk.”

Now she recognized the voice to be that of an angel, and she obeyed and opened the trunk. In the tray was the missing hairnet. She left it there, closed the trunk, and went about her tasks.

That evening, as the family came together again for worship, the hairnet question came up. “Does anyone know where the hairnet is?” Sister White asked. “I am sure it can be found. It could not go away by itself.” But there was no response, and no one seemed to know anything about the hairnet, Sister White did not press the matter further. One girl was worried and in her heart she determined to destroy the hairnet, lest Sister White should discover that she had taken it. How ungrateful this would seem!

A few days after this, Sister White was seated in the living room in front of the fire in the fireplace, busy with her writing. It may have been a personal testimony she was writing to someone, or she may have been working on some of the last chapters of Great Controversy, For several hours she had been busy with her pen and her hand was tired, her mind was tired, and her eyes were tired. She laid her pen down and looked into the fireplace, and then just for a



moment she was in vision. This was one of the shortest visions ever given to Sister White.

In this vision she saw the hand and arm of a girl. In the hand was a hairnet. She also saw on the table a kerosene lamp which was burning. She saw the hairnet held over the lamp and then lowered until the net touched the flame. In a flash of light, the silk net burned, and it was gone. The vision was over, and Sister White found herself in the living room by the open fire. Now she knew what had happened to the missing hairnet.

That evening when the family was together around the fireplace, Sister White again asked about the hairnet. Did not someone know what had happened to it? Someone must know about it. But nothing was said; no one seemed to know. Sister White dropped the matter.

A little later Sister White called aside the girl in whose trunk she had seen the hairnet. She told her about the voice that spoke to her. She told her what she saw when she opened the trunk. Then she told her about the short vision and of how she saw the hairnet burn up over the lamp.

The girl broke down in tears. “Yes, Sister White, I took it,” she confessed. “I wanted it so much, and I did not think you would miss it, but when you began to press the matter I feared you would find out that I had taken it, so I held the net over a lamp and burned it up, just as you saw in the vision, and I said to myself, ‘Now no one will ever know about the hairnet.’”

But someone was watching from up in heaven. The angels made a record of what took place, and God sent His angel down to this world with a vision for Sister White just about the hairnet. It was such a small thing for the Lord to bother about. God who created the earth and guides the planets, sent His angel down to this world with a vision for Sister White just about a hairnet a girl had taken. But it was a matter much more important than the value of the hairnet. Here was the soul of a young lady at stake.

[11]

She was a member of the church. She went to Sabbath School and to church. She was a Seventh-day Adventist, and she felt that she was all right. She did not realize that there were little sins in her life—sins which led her to steal and to deceive. But when she saw that God loved her so much that He sent His angel down to this world with a vision for Sister White just about the hairnet, then she

began to see some things differently. Some of the seemingly little things now seemed much more important. How much the Lord must love her; How important the little things were!

Not only did this girl confess her sin of stealing and make the matter right with Sister White and with the Lord, but this experience became the turning point in her life.

This young lady gave her heart anew to God, and she lived a sweet, consistent Christian life. And that was why the vision was given to Sister White. It was to help men and women, and boys and girls to live sweet, consistent Christian lives that so many visions were given to Sister White. And the counsels were written out in the Spirit of Prophecy books to help every one live good lives, and to get ready to meet Jesus.

Story based on account as given by W. C. White.

## The Story of the Longest Vision <sup>11</sup>

[12]

As told by Arthur L. White

A few days ago I told the story of the missing hairnet. This was one of the shortest visions given to Sister White. Would you like the story of the longest vision?

During her lifetime, hundreds of visions were given to Mrs. White. Some of them were very short, some of them were quite long. The longest vision lasted for nearly four hours. This vision was given to Sister White when she was just a young lady and before she was married to Elder James White. But we shall speak of her as Sister White, even though she was not married.

In the very early days of our work, there were two men in Boston who claimed to be the leaders of the Adventists, and they said that their lives were very holy, and that they did not commit any sins. We would say today that these men were fanatics. They had quite a strong influence on the Adventists in the Boston area at that time.

They heard about the visions that were given to Sister White and they said that these visions were not given by the Lord, but that they were given by Satan. They said they would like to see Sister White and would like to hear her speak, but one thing was certain, she could not have a vision in their presence.

There lived just south of Boston in Dorchester, a family named Brother and Sister Nichols. The Nichols had a good home located in the country and it became more or less the center of activity for the Adventists. Brother and Sister Nichols had invited Sister White and her sister to visit Boston and some of the surrounding communities, and to stay at their home while they did so. In response to this invitation, she and her sister, Sarah, traveled to Boston, probably by boat, and stayed with Brother and Sister Nichols.

---

<sup>11</sup>Note: A good-sized Bible can be used as the story is told, holding it open and turning the pages. See page 3

Not long after they had come to the Nichols' home, two men drove up in a carriage from Boston. Guess who they were! They were Mr. Sargent and Mr. Robbins, the two men who claimed to be the leaders of the Adventists, but who actually were teaching fanatical things. Brother Nichols met them outside and they told him that they had come to have a little visit, and they would like to spend the night at his home. Brother Nichols said, "I am glad you have come. I am glad you have come just now, because Sister White and her sister Sarah are here in the house and I want you to become acquainted with them."

For some reason or other, Mr. Sargent and Mr. Robbins didn't get out of the carriage. As Brother Nichols urged them to come in and told them that he would take care of the horse, they replied that they had just thought of something that they must take care of in another village and they must be driving on. Brother Nichols said, "But you just told me that you planned to spend the night here with us. You have wanted to see Sister White. She and her sister are here now. Please come in!" They said, "No, we must be going."

Then Brother Nichols asked, "When will you see Sister White and hear her speak?"

"Come in to Boston next Sabbath," they said. "We would like to have the privilege of hearing her." So it was planned that all would go in to Boston for a meeting on Sabbath.

In the evening before the Sabbath, a vision was given to Sister White in which she was shown that they must not go to Boston the next day, but rather they must go to Randolph, in the opposite direction. She was shown that the Lord had a work for her to do there. After the vision, Sister White told Brother Nichols what the Lord had shown to her. This was very hard for him to understand and he wondered what would Mr. Sargent and Mr. Robbins say when, after promising that they would come to Boston with Sister White, they had gone in the opposite direction down to Randolph. But as she insisted that they must go to Randolph, he hitched up the horse in the morning and they drove the thirteen miles south to Randolph.

The meeting of the Adventists was held at the Thayer home, and as they came to the home, Brother and Sister Nichols and Sister White and her sister opened the door and entered the room where

the meeting was in progress. Who do you suppose was there in the room? Mr. Sargent and Mr. Robbins; Now Brother and Sister Nichols and Mrs. White and her sister understood why in vision, they had been instructed to go to Randolph.

Mr. Sargent and Mr. Robbins didn't want to see Sister White. They knew that their course of action was not right. They were actually doing wicked things, although they claimed to be very holy men and said they could not sin. They had told Brother Nichols to bring Sister White north to Boston for the meeting on Sabbath and then they had gone south to Randolph, so that they would not have to meet her. When Sister White came in, Mr. Robbins and Mr. Sargent looked at each other in surprise. One of them was speaking at the time. He became confused, and soon he said, "We will close the meeting a little bit early and let you come back after lunch and we will have a good time together."

In the afternoon, the meeting was opened by a song and several people prayed. Then Sister White prayed. While she was praying, she paused, and the next words which the people heard from her lips were an exclamation of "Glory to God! Glory to God;" and she was in vision.

Mr. Sargent and Mr. Robbins were greatly distressed. They had told the people that Sister White could not have a vision in their presence. They had said that her experience was from Satan, and they would not allow her to have a vision. But there was nothing they could do about it.

While Mrs. White was in vision, she spoke concerning the experience of Mr. Sargent and Mr. Robbins. They did not want the people to hear what she was saying, and so they said, "Let's sing." And the people sang very loud until they were weary. Then they said, "We will read the Bible." And so in a loud voice, they read from the Bible, until they were worn out and their hands were shaking and they couldn't read any more. Some of their friends told them to stop doing what they were doing, but Mr. Robbins said, "You are bowed to an idol. You are worshiping a golden calf."

Mr. Thayer who was the owner of the house was not sure in his own heart that the vision was from Satan as Mr. Robbins said that it was, and he wanted to test it in some way. He had heard that visions which were given by Satanic power would be stopped if a Bible

were placed on the person who was in vision. And so he picked up the large family Bible from the table and he started to hand it to Mr. Sargent and asked him if he would lay the Bible on Ellen Harmon to test the matter. "Oh no!" said Mr. Sargent. He would not have anything to do with it.

"All right," Mr. Thayer said, "I will do it." Then Mr. Thayer took the large Bible that was lying on the table and he opened it. Sister White was reclining at this time and he laid the Bible upon her. Immediately, as the Bible was placed upon her, she arose to her feet, picked up the Bible and balanced it on one hand and held it as high as she could reach and with her eyes looking upward and away from the Bible, she declared, "This is the inspired testimony from God." Then she began to turn the leaves of the Bible with her other hand. She placed her finger on a certain passage and she quoted the words.

Brother Nichols and some of the others climbed up on chairs to see if she were quoting the texts correctly. They found that she was. Some of the texts which she read referred to the judgments of God against the wicked, and some of the texts related to the experience of these men.

For quite a period of time, Sister White turned the pages of the Bible and pointed to the texts and quoted them. Then as the vision came to a close, Mrs. White took a deep breath, filling her empty lungs. She paused about a minute, and then she breathed again, and soon she was breathing naturally. As she began to see what was going on about her, she observed that the candles were lighted. During the whole winter afternoon, she had been in vision. This was the longest vision which was given to her. It lasted for nearly four hours. During these four hours, she didn't breathe once, although she spoke much of the time.

Now the people could see for themselves. They could see that God was guiding in the experience of Ellen White and they could see the true nature of Mr. Sargent and Mr. Robbins. Thus God, through the visions, helped His people to understand and to choose that which was right.

Based on account of Ellen G. White in [Spiritual Gifts 2:75-79](#), and account of Otis Nichols in White Estate Files.

## **The Vision of Young People Sister White had Not Met**

[15]

As told by Arthur L. White

The visions that were given to Sister White were always given to help people to do the right thing. God wants us to do right.

While Sister White was spending some months in New Zealand in the early days of our work there, she held some meetings in the large city of Wellington. These meetings extended over a period of a number of days, and Sister White was quite weary when the series was completed. There was one young lady present who had just become a Seventh-day Adventist, and she invited Sister White to come to their home on Parrametta Bay, and spend a few days resting there.

When this young lady returned to her home and told her mother that she had invited Sister White to come and stay at their home, the mother was not very happy. She had not been an Adventist for very long and she felt she was unprepared to entertain the Lord's prophet. Then too, there were a number of teen-aged children in the family who were not members of the church and naturally, they were doing things Seventh-day Adventists don't do. But the invitation had already been given to Sister White, and on the afternoon train, she arrived at Parrametta. She was taken to the home located on a large farm overlooking the bay. She was cordially received and as she was quite weary, she went to bed early. In fact, she went to bed before she had met all of the members of the family where she was staying.

That night a vision was given to Sister White and at four o'clock in the morning, she got up and dressed and began to write what had been shown to her. The message was addressed to the mother of this family, for in the vision she had been shown the experience of some of the members of the family.

In the letter to the mother of the family, Sister White told about the vision. She said, "The angel of God said, 'Follow me.'" Then she seemed to be in a room in a rough building. She saw several young men playing cards there. They seemed very much interested in the card game and they did not seem to notice that anyone had come into the room. Sister White also saw girls there. They were watching the card game. She heard what the young people said, and she was almost ashamed to be there. She could feel that the atmosphere in the room was not the kind to uplift the mind and make the character noble.

Then Sister White turned to the angel and asked, "Who are these young people, and what does this scene represent?"

The angel said, "Wait—."

[16] Then she seemed to be in another place. But here were the same young people. They were drinking beer and other alcoholic drinks. She saw what the young people did and heard what they said while they were under the influence of these drinks. Their words were impure, boisterous and boastful. Again, she asked the angel, "Who are these young people?" The angel answered, "These young people are a portion of the family where you are visiting." Then the angel went on to say that Satan, the great adversary of souls, the great enemy of God and man was there and in charge of what was going on. Satan and his angels were leading these young people to their ruin.

Then in the vision, Sister White saw the angel step over to one young man and place his hand upon his shoulder and call him by name. As the angel spoke the name, Sister White recognized that it was the family name where she was staying. The angel pointed out the dangers of cardplaying and of gambling and of drinking. The angel plead with this young man to turn from these things and to give his heart to the Lord. All this, Sister White wrote to the mother that early morning hour, even before she had met these young people.

It was expected that Sister White would spend only two or three days at this home, but there came heavy rains and there were landslides which blocked the railroad track and she could not leave for a week or ten days.

The earnest Christian life which Sister White lived in that house made a deep impression upon the boys and girls of this family.



They saw that she was not extreme or fanatical. Her counsel was so understanding and helpful. The young people wanted their lives to be like hers. She encouraged them to take their stand for the Lord. Nearly all of the children in this large family accepted the truth and became loyal, earnest Adventists. Some of their grandchildren are in the work of God today.

Based on Ellen G. White's letter to the mother, and A. L. White's conversation with some of the children and grandchildren of the family.

## When Mrs. White Use Two Secret Signs

As told by Arthur L. White

No matter what secret things we decide on, God knows all about it. There are no secrets hidden from God. One time the Lord led Sister White to use two secret signs to help to keep a publishing house worker from giving up the truth.

Early in our work in Australia, a business man, Mr. Faulkhead, heard the preaching of the message and became a Seventh-day Adventist. We were needing a treasurer in our publishing house and Mr. Faulkhead seemed to be just the man for this position. He accepted the invitation and joined the publishing house staff. He did good work. Everyone liked Brother Faulkhead.

Mr. Faulkhead, however, was a member of several secret societies. He belonged to these societies before he was an Adventist. When he became a member of the church, he should easily have seen in the Bible those counsels which make it plain that a believer must not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers. He should have understood the words of Jesus that a man cannot serve two masters. Mr. Faulkhead enjoyed his association in these secret societies and he thought he could be a good Seventh-day Adventist and a good member of these secret societies too.

As time went on, he became more and more wrapped up in the work of these secret societies and became the manager of one of them. His fellowworkers at the publishing house could see that as he became more and more involved in the work of the secret societies, he was not so much interested in the work of the church and in spiritual things. Some of our men talked with him, but he said, "I won't give up my connection with these secret societies no matter what any minister says." He said he knew what he was doing and he was not going to be taught by the preachers.

It was just at this time that Sister White went to Australia. She made the journey by ocean liner from California and stopped at

New Zealand on the way. As the journey was nearly finished, and they were traveling between New Zealand and Australia, a vision was given to Mrs. White one night, in which she was shown that when she reached Australia there were three men in particular that she would meet. The history of their lives and their experience was revealed to her. When she arrived at Melbourne, the city where our publishing house was located, she met the treasurer, Brother Faulkhead, and she recognized that he was one of the men that had been shown to her in the vision.

Carefully she wrote out what the Lord had revealed to her concerning Mr. Faulkhead's dangers and the influence which his connection with these secret societies had on his experience. As she prepared to send this message to Brother Faulkhead, she was instructed by the Lord that she should not send it yet. She laid it aside, and then two or three months later, as she was going through some of her papers, she ran across this message and she thought, "I must send it to Brother Faulkhead." And again the Spirit of the Lord instructed her that she should not send it. A whole year went by and the testimony was not sent. During this time, Mr. Faulkhead became more and more involved in these secret societies.

[18]

On the day of the closing exercises of our school in Melbourne, a Board meeting was held in the afternoon and Mr. Faulkhead, a member of the school Board was present. Sister White was not at the Board meeting, but she was there at the school, and she sent word that she wanted to see Brother Faulkhead. After the Board meeting, Brother Faulkhead walked down the hall to Sister White's room. He knocked at the door and she came to the door and greeted him and she said, "Brother Faulkhead, the burden of your case is on my mind. I have a message for you and for your wife. Several times I have thought to send it to you, but each time I have been forbidden by the Spirit of God to do so."

Then Brother Faulkhead asked, "Can you not give it to me now?"

Sister White said "Yes." And she went to the stand and opened the drawer, took out some typewritten sheets and then sat down to talk to Brother Faulkhead and to read to him what she had written.

She told him of how his experience had been opened up to her in vision, and she had been shown his early experience and his loyalty to the church and his earnest work in the publishing house. Then

she told him that she had been shown about his connection with the secret societies. She pointed out that the believer must not link himself up with unbelievers. She pointed out that no man can serve two masters. She told Brother Faulkhead of what took place in the secret meetings and she told him just where she saw him sitting in the lodge hall, and of what he said in his conversation with his associates.

Then she said, "I saw some of the men come and speak to you and they addressed you as 'Worshipful Master.'" When she used these words, Brother Faulkhead shuddered. These were secret words used in a secret meeting. It made him feel very strange.

Then Sister White told of how in vision she saw him in the church service and they were taking up the offering. He picked out the little coins from his purse and put them into the offering on Sabbath morning. Then in vision she had seen him in the lodge hall and she had seen him take out the larger pieces of money from his purse and put them into the work of the lodge.

This told quite a story, didn't it? Where was his heart? What was he interested in? Where did he place his money?

Then Sister White talked with him, pointing out that a follower of Jesus must give himself whole-heartedly to God. His interests cannot be divided. Then she said, "I cannot relate all that was given to me," and as she said this, she moved her hand in a certain way. Mr. Faulkhead was startled. He turned pale. He touched Sister White on the shoulder and he asked, "Do you know what you have done?"

"I have not done anything," she said.

[19] "Oh, yes you have!" he said. "You have made the secret sign of the secret society which I manage!" They talked on, Sister White urging that Brother Faulkhead cut off, his connection with these secret societies. Then she moved her hand another way. Then Brother Faulkhead turned pale again, and he trembled all over. He said, "Sister White, you have done it again! But this time you have made the secret sign of the highest order of the secret society to which I belong!"

Sister White replied, "My attending angel made it to me." This secret sign which the angel gave to Sister White and which she gave to Brother Faulkhead was known to only six people in all of Australia. Mr. Faulkhead himself did not know what that sign was

ten days before. He said no woman could know what the sign was because it was held very secret, and when they met in their meetings, the door was guarded outside and inside against strangers.

When Sister White made the two secret signs, Brother Faulkhead said, "That really put the fear of God into my heart, to see how the Lord is working to arrest me from these things."

This convinced him that the message was from God. Sister White continued speaking to him, urging him to give his heart wholly to the Lord, and as she talked to him, tears came to his eyes and he answered Sister White, "I accept every word. All of it belongs to me. I accept the light the Lord has sent me through you. I will act upon it. I am a member of five lodges. Three other lodges are under my control. I transact all of their business. Now I shall attend no more of their meetings. I shall close my business relations with them as fast as possible."

As Mr. Faulkhead told the story later, he said that he had always enjoyed hearing Sister White preach. He had enjoyed visiting with Sister White, but when it came to the testimonies, well, he just didn't have any use for those things. Now how differently things looked; God sent a message just for him, pointing out dangers which he didn't see. Oh, how he loved the Lord; He was determined in his heart to bring his life into harmony with God's will for him.

Mr. Faulkhead pointed out too that Sister White did not bring any attack upon the lodge. She didn't criticize the secret societies. That was not her work. If she had done so, he would have tried to defend them and it would have been very difficult for Brother Faulkhead to receive the message. But Sister White just pointed out that a Christian cannot serve two masters.

It was late in the evening when Brother Faulkhead left Sister White's room. As he walked home, he looked up at the stars and he thought, "God who created these planets and these suns and guides them in their course through boundless space, looked down to this little world and to Australia, and He saw me here in Melbourne, and He sent a message just for me, to point out dangers which I didn't see." How he did resolve in his heart to serve God fully!

The next morning he sent in his resignation to all of the secret societies. It took him a little time to sever his connections with them because he was involved in their business management, but he was

[20] determined to follow the light which God had given to him through Sister White, and he gave himself whole-heartedly to the Lord's work. He was connected with our publishing house in Australia for many, many years, and he died an earnest, loyal Seventh-day Adventist. His children were in our work after him.

There are no secrets hidden from God, and to save Brother Faulkhead and to encourage others who may be tempted to belong to these secret societies, God revealed the secret signs to Sister White, and she in turn gave them to Brother Faulkhead. Everyone knew that the message came from God.

Based on fuller documented account in [The Review and Herald, March 31, 1955](#).

For the E. G. White counsels written to Mr. Faulkhead see [Selected Messages 2:121-140](#).

**Group II. Related to Early History and  
God's Guidance**

[21]

## Joseph Bates was Sure God would Provide

By A. W. Spalding

To begin this story, we must go back to the year 1844. In the town of Washington, New Hampshire, there was an earnest company of Adventists. They were not satisfied just to believe for themselves that Jesus was coming soon: they must have their neighbors know it, and persuade all they could to join them in getting ready for Him.

One day the young lady who taught school in the village announced that her mother was coming from New York to visit her. Of course they all were very glad to see this lady whose name was Mrs. Rachel Oakes, and they made her feel very much at home among them. And it was very natural that as they talked with her the hope that was in their hearts should come uppermost. So Rachel Oakes had not been there a day before she knew that they were eagerly looking for the Lord Jesus to come. After she had listened to their arguments and explanations, she said quietly, "I think you are right. Now I want to ask you one question. Why do you keep Sunday for the Sabbath?"

"Why," answered William Farnsworth, "isn't it the Sabbath?"

"No, indeed," said Rachel Oakes. And then she took her Bible, as they had taken theirs to teach her the message of Jesus' coming, and she taught them the truth of the Sabbath. For Rachel Oakes was a Seventh-day Baptist, and the Seventh-day Baptists had kept the Sabbath for hundreds of years.

After hearing what Rachel Oakes told them, the Adventists were much concerned about their duty in this matter. William Farnsworth took his stand for the Sabbath, Frederick Wheeler and others soon followed, and so began the first Sabbath-keeping among the Adventists.

Other Adventists in nearby towns learned of the Sabbath from the believers in Washington, New Hampshire. One of these was a minister named T. M. Preble. He was a very eloquent man, and



the Adventists far and wide thought very much of him. He made up his mind that the Sabbath should be brought to the attention of the Adventist people more widely. So he wrote about it, and his article was published in an Adventist paper called, "The Hope of Israel." This was in February, 1845.

Joseph Bates received a copy of this paper, and read what Preble had to say about the Sabbath. He set to work to study it, and he made up his mind that the seventh day was the only day God ever set apart for the Sabbath, and therefore that it was the Sabbath still.

But he wanted to see the brethren and sisters who first began to teach it; so he took a journey from his home in New Bedford up to Washington, New Hampshire. There he met the Sabbath-keeping Adventists; and studying the matter with them, he became very sure that the Sabbath truth was one God meant the Adventist people to know and to receive. Back, therefore, he went to New Bedford, full of the great news. The next day after reaching home, as he was crossing a bridge over a nearby river on his way to visit friends, he met an acquaintance, Captain Hall. [22]

"Good morning, Captain Bates," sang out Captain Hall, "what's the news this morning?"

"The news is," answered Captain Bates, "that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord." And he began to tell his friend what he had learned. Captain Hall went straight home, called his wife, and they sat down to study the question. It was not long before they came to the conclusion that Captain Bates was right, and they began to keep the Sabbath too.

Thus Joseph Bates went on, telling the truth of the Sabbath wherever he went, and thus it was that when he was called to the conference at Hiram Edson's in western New York, he carried with him the truth of the Sabbath.

But Joseph Bates knew he could send this truth much better if he had it printed; for books could go to a thousand places while he was going to one. And he determined he would write a pamphlet about the Sabbath truth. Yet how could he? for he was as poor as Himes, when the Signs of the Times was started. Perhaps he was poorer; he had only a shilling,—twelve and a half cents. When he accepted the First Angel's Message, he was worth about eleven thousand dollars; but, believing with all his heart that Jesus was coming soon, he sold

off his property and used the money in giving the message. And now he had nothing left but this York shilling.

However, he prayed about the matter, and he felt assured that God wanted him to write the little book about the Sabbath. So he sat down at his desk, with his Bible before him, and began to write. He had not gotten very far in his writing when his wife, coming in from the kitchen, opened the door and said, "Joseph, I haven't enough flour to finish the baking."

"How much flour do you lack," asked her husband.

"About four pounds," she said.

"Very well," said he. And getting up, he took a six-quart milk-pan from the kitchen shelf, went out to the grocery store, and bought a panful of flour. He took it home, and went back to his writing.

In no time Mrs. Bates came in again. "Joseph," said she, "where did this flour come from?"

"Why," said he, "isn't there enough? You said you wanted four pounds."

"Yes," said she, "but where did you get it?"

"I bought it," said he.

[23] "You, Captain Bates, a man who has sailed vessels out of New Bedford to all parts of the world, have been out and bought four pounds of flour!" "Wife," said Joseph Bates, "I spent for that flour the last money I have on earth."

Mrs. Bates threw her apron up to her eyes, and began to cry. She had not known before that her husband had spent the last of his money in the cause. Sobbing bitterly, she cried, "What are we going to do?"

Joseph Bates arose, and standing up to his full height, he said impressively, "I am going to write a book, I am going to circulate it, and spread this Sabbath truth before the world."

"Well, but," said Mrs. Bates, still weeping, "what are we going to live on?"

"The Lord is going to open the way," answered her husband smilingly.

"Yes, the Lord is going to open the way," she returned, "that's what you always say." And bursting into a fresh flood of tears, she left the room.

Joseph Bates sat down and began writing again on his Sabbath pamphlet. In about half an hour it was impressed on his mind that there was a letter at the post office for him, and he should go and get it. So he went out, and down to the post office.

“Is there a letter for me, Mr. Drew?” he asked.

The postmaster looked. “Yes, there is, Captain Bates,” he said; “postage due, five cents.” In those days people could pay the postage when they sent the letter, or not, just as they pleased. If they didn’t, it had to be paid by the person to whom the letter was sent. And here was the postage to be paid, and Bates hadn’t a cent.

“Mr. Drew,” he said to the postmaster, “I am out of money; I haven’t even the five cents to pay the postage. But will you let me see where the letter is from?”

“Oh, that’s all right, Captain Bates,” said the postmaster, “take it along and pay some other time,” and he handed him the letter.

“No,” said Bates, “I will not take the letter from the post office until the postage is paid.” For it was a principle of his not to go into debt.

But he looked at the letter, and said, “I feel that there is money in this letter.” And handing it back to the postmaster, he asked, “Will you please open it? If there is money in it, you take the postage out; if not, I will not read it.”

The postmaster opened it, and first thing to meet his eye was a ten dollar bill! He made change, took out the postage, and gave the rest of the money, with the letter, over to Joseph Bates. It was from a man who said in the letter that the Lord had impressed his mind that Captain Bates needed money. Joseph Bates walked off down town, bought a barrel of flour and some potatoes and sugar and other things, called a drayman, and told him to take the things up to his house. “Probably the woman will tell you the goods don’t belong there, but don’t you pay any attention to what she says. Unload the goods just as I have told you, on the front porch.”

“Yes, Captain,” said the drayman, “I will do just as you have ordered.”

Then Bates went down to the printing office, and hired them to print one thousand pamphlets for him as quickly as they could. This was to be the Sabbath book. He said he would pay as fast as he got the money, and would take no books from the office until all were

paid for. Where he would get the money, he didn't know, but he was sure the Lord would send it to him.

He stopped on his way home to buy some paper and pens, and by the time he reached his house the groceries had come and were on the front porch. He went in at the back door, and sat down at his desk again. Pretty soon in came his wife in great excitement, and said, "Joseph, just look out there. Where did that stuff come from? A drayman drove up here and just would unload it. I told him it didn't belong here, that we had no money with which to buy such things, but he declared this was the exact number where it was to be left. And he left it all, and drove off."

"Well," said her husband, "I guess it's all right." "But where did it come from?" she persisted.

"Why," said he, "the Lord sent it."

"Oh yes," she answered, "the Lord sent it: that's what you always say."

Then he handed the letter to her, and said, "Read this, and you will learn where it came from." She read it, and then went out for another cry, but that was because she was ashamed of her lack of faith. And pretty soon she came back and asked her husband's forgiveness.

Joseph Bates wrote his book, the printer printed it, and the money came in for it, all in good time. H. S. Gurney, who you remember went with Joseph Bates on his trip in the South, received some money on a debt he had thought would never be paid, and with a part of this he paid the last of the printing bill. And with the book the truth began to spread more and more.

So Joseph Bates began to teach among the Adventists the truth of the Sabbath. And as you shall see in the stories that follow, the Lord blessed his self-sacrifice, and soon brought greater light and power from heaven for the teaching of this testing truth. And those who from this time on came together in the faith of the Lord's coming, the heavenly sanctuary service, and the seventh-day Sabbath, made the first of the people who have come to be known by the name, Seventh-day Adventists.

Elder A. W. Spalding tells this story in chapter 20 (pp. 237-247) of the out-of-print *Pioneer Stories* (Southern Publishing Assn, 1922). Some corrections in the historical narrative have been made by A.

L. White to harmonize certain details with facts uncovered by later Spalding research and embodied by him in other accounts.

## Annie Smith's Dream

By A. W. Spalding

Mrs. Rebecca Smith of West Wilton, New Hampshire, had just received the truth of the Sabbath from Joseph Bates. She had two children, a young man and a young woman, who were both in school away from home, and she was very anxious about them. They had all believed in the coming of Jesus in 1844, but since the Disappointment, Uriah and Annie had seemed to be drifting into the world. The mother had been praying for them, and now that she knew the truth of the Sabbath, she was more anxious than ever that they be saved for this work.

"I am going to hold a meeting at Somerville, Massachusetts, in a few days," said Mr. Bates. Now Annie was in school at Charleston, Mass., two miles from Somerville. "You write to Annie," said Mr. Bates, "and ask her to attend that meeting at the house of Paul Folsom, and I will see her. By the Lord's blessing she may receive the truth. Let us both pray, in the meantime, that God will move upon her heart to go."

Annie read her mother's letter. "It's going to be on Saturday," she said to herself, "and there's no school that day. Well, just to please mother, I'll go."

The night before that Sabbath she dreamed a dream. She thought she went to the meeting, but was late, and that when she reached there, they were singing the second hymn. Every seat was filled except one next the door, and she sat down in that. A tall, noble-looking, pleasant man was pointing to a queer-looking chart, and saying, "Unto two thousand three hundred days, then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." What he said was very interesting, she dreamed, and she knew it was the truth.

The same night Joseph Bates had a dream. He dreamed he was in the room where the meeting was to be held. He dreamed that he changed his mind about the subject he was to give, and that he spoke

on the sanctuary question. After they had sung the first hymn and prayed, and were singing the second hymn, the door opened, and a young lady came in and took the only vacant seat, by the door. It was Annie R. Smith, he dreamed, and she became interested at once and accepted the faith.

So they both awoke that Sabbath morning, and they both forgot all about their dreams. Annie made ready to go to the meeting in plenty of time, but in Somerville she missed her way and by the time she found Mr. Folsom's house, it was late. As she went in, they were singing the second hymn, and she took the only seat left, right by the door. Joseph Bates stood up and pointed to the chart, quoting, "Unto two thousand three hundred days, then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." Instantly Annie's dream flashed into her mind. At the same time Mr. Bates saw her, and his dream came back to him. He sent up a prayer for special help. He explained to the people how the disappointment came about, because the sanctuary is in heaven, not on this earth, and then he showed how the third message must be given, and brought forward the truth of the Sabbath.

After the meeting closed, he stepped up to Annie and said, with a welcoming smile, "I believe this is Sister Smith's daughter, of West Wilton. I never saw you before, but your face looks familiar. I dreamed of seeing you last night."

[26]

"Why," said Annie, "I dreamed of seeing you. I dreamed of being in this meeting, and everything has happened just as I dreamed it. And," she added, with a little hesitation, "I dreamed it was the truth; and now I know it is the truth."

They had a good, glad visit, and when Annie went away, she had made up her mind to keep the Sabbath and give up her other plans. She and her brother had been offered a place to teach at one thousand dollars a year and their board, but now she gave that up. Going back to her school in Charleston, she packed her trunk and went home to her mother, not to stay there in idleness, but, as you will see, to enter very soon a great work.

Her brother Uriah did not receive the message then. But the next year, in September, there was a conference near his home, and impressed by Annie's conversion, he went to attend it. On his return home, he carefully studied what he had heard, and in December he began to keep the Sabbath.

His sister Annie had gone over a year before to help James White in the publishing of his paper, and the next spring Uriah also went to Rochester, New York, where the *Advent Review and Sabbath Herald* was being published, and began to work for it.

They did not receive much, only their board and clothing, which cost little. And this they did gladly for the sake of the truth, instead of getting one thousand dollars and their board, as they might have by teaching in the school.

Uriah Smith soon began to write, and for fifty years he was an editor of the *Review and Herald*, still being hard at work for the paper and the cause at the time he died, in 1903. God has greatly blessed his early sacrifice and his devotion since, and many, many thousands have been converted by the work he has done. He has written some of our most important books. Probably the one you know best is the work, *Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation*, which explains the prophecies of these wonderful books of the Bible.

Annie Smith did not live so long as her brother, She died in 1855, scarcely three years after she had come to work in the office. But while she lived, she was a great blessing and help, and her work has lived after her. Some of our most beautiful hymns were written by her. I hope you will watch for her name, and come to know many of her hymns. One song she wrote, No. 667 in "Hymns and Tunes," [Church Hymnal, No. 371] tells the story of three of the pioneers in our work. The first stanza relates to Joseph Bates:—

"I saw one weary, sad, and torn,  
With eager steps press on the way,"

the second stanza is about James White,—

"And one I saw, with sword and shield,  
Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,"

[27] and the third one is of John N. Andrews,—

"And there was one who left behind  
The cherished friends of early years,  
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned,  
To tread the path bedewed with tears.



Through trials deep and conflicts sore,  
Yet still a smile of joy he wore:  
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,  
‘Oh this:’ said he, ‘the blessed hope.’”

This story is told by A. W. Spalding in chapter 25 (pp. 289-295) of the out-of-print *Pioneer Stories* Southern Publishing Assoc., 1922. Not all the details need be included in a campfire story.

## The Stocking Behind the Door <sup>12</sup>

As told by Arthur L. White

Back of the door in a dark place, near the kitchen of their home in Rochester, New York, Sister White hung up an old stocking. She did not tell anyone about it. It was her secret.

They had quite a large family, for it included the publishing house workers. Brother White gave to his wife a certain amount of money each week to meet the expenses of running the home. Money was scarce, but somehow, Sister White would manage by careful buying, to save just a little each week. Sometimes she would have fifty cents she could put in the stocking. Sometimes it would be just a nickel or a few pennies.

Sister White was a very practical woman. She knew that emergencies could come and that every family should have a little money saved to meet such emergencies. So from time to time, she added just a little bit to the emergency fund she kept in the stocking.

One day, Elder James White came home from the printing office and he said, "Ellen, I need money for paper and we just don't have it. Our people have not sent in money as they should. We are ready to print the Review. The paper has been ordered. It is in town, but as you know, I cannot get it from the express office until I pay for it. What can I do?"

"How much do you need, James?" she asked.

"Sixty-four dollars," he replied, "and I don't know where we can get sixty-four dollars."

Without saying a word, Mrs. White went to the cupboard and opened the door and took down the stocking. James White watched in surprise. This was Mrs. White's secret which he did not know about.

---

<sup>12</sup>Note: A sock or stocking and some loose change can be used effectively in telling this story

Mrs. White emptied the stocking on the table and together they began to count. Would there be enough? Fifty dollars, fifty-five, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, SIXTY-FOUR; They had enough! Elder White put his arm around his wife and gave her a big kiss. How proud he was of her; How glad he was that she had foresight enough to save, even a little bit each week for an emergency.

Elder White thankfully hurried to the express office to get the supply of paper. I think the clerk must have wondered why Elder White paid the bill with all that small change. But the Review and Herald came out on time.

Sometimes Sister White spoke to Seventh-day Adventist families, encouraging them to save something regularly, even if it was only a very little bit. In a letter to a young man who was working, she said that it should be a rule in his life to save a part of each week's wages. He should decide on a certain sum to be saved and he should each week put this aside and not touch it except in an emergency. (Selected Messages, Book 2, p. 330) [29]

She told him that if he had done this instead of spending every cent he earned, he could have had some money in the bank earning interest, or he could have bought a small piece of land which would become more valuable as time went on.

When she was at camp meetings and saw some of the boys and girls spending so much of their money for ice cream and candy, she was troubled for two reasons. These things, eaten between meals, were especially harmful to the body, and then there were all the nickels and dimes that could have been saved for more useful things. ([Counsels on Diet and Foods, 329](#))

Sister White set us an example; in the early days when, as a young mother, she put something aside each week in the stocking and it helped the cause of God in an emergency. She urged us to deny ourselves and save something each week for the cause of God and for an emergency in our experience, should it come.

Based on W. C. White account.

## Three Miracles

As told by D. A. Delafield

I want to talk to you about a prophetic dream, a prayer, and a big cash gift that helped to launch a Seventh-day Adventist college in Australia. At the heart of my story is the miracle working power of God revealed through His messenger, Ellen G. White.

Go back with me long before any one of us was born, and let us imagine that we are in Australia, down at the great southern city of Melbourne. And now we are invisible visitors at a committee meeting. Sister White, who has just recently come from America to help get the work established, is talking to the ministers who are in attendance at the annual session of the Australian Conference.

“We must have a college here,” said Sister White, “a college with industries and agriculture and a broad educational program.” The school, she said, should be located in the country, and Bible truth and principles should be basic to all instruction. Nature must unite its voice with that of the Scriptures to give the students a spiritual as well as a practical training.

The brethren did not think that they could launch a college because, as they said, “We have only about five hundred believers here, and how can we support a college with five hundred believers?” But Sister White encouraged them, so they appointed a searching party to hunt out a site for a school.

After some months the locating committee informed Mrs. White that they had found a tract of land at Cooranbong, seventy-six miles north of Sydney, in New South Wales. Its cost: approximately five thousand dollars. Size: nearly fifteen hundred acres. The men thought it had possibilities. Would Sister White come and take a look?

Of course she would go. And with several of our workers she boarded the train to travel seventy-nine miles to the little station at Dora Creek. As she traveled along, she told about a dream that

she had had several nights before. In this vision of the night she was taken to a piece of land that was being considered for a college. The land was covered with heavy woods. She saw herself and her party walking through the woods. As they did so they came to a little clearing, and there in the clearing they came upon a neatly cut furrow that had been plowed one quarter of a yard deep and two yards in length. As they seemed to be looking at the furrow, two of the brethren came upon the scene and said, "This is not good land. The soil is not favorable." But Sister White saw in her dream an angel who stood near the furrow and said, "False witness has been borne of this land." The angel then described the properties of the different layers of the earth and explained the science of the soil. He said that the land was beautifully adapted to the growth of fruits and vegetables, and that God would spread a table in the wilderness and that, properly cultivated, the earth would yield its produce for the benefit of man. When they arrived at the property, [31] Sister White rested for a time near a little fire while the workers scattered out to look at the land. A little later in the afternoon she began to inspect the property. With Elder and Mrs. Starr she walked through the forest of large eucalyptus trees. Soon they came to a little clearing, and near the center, lo, miracle of miracles, they saw the neatly-cut furrow that had been plowed about six feet long and nine inches deep. There were no wagon tracks, no marks of horses' hoofs, just the short, freshly plowed furrow. As they were inspecting the scene, the two men of Sister White's dream appeared. They were acquainted with the rich black soil of Iowa. One stood at each end of the furrow, examined the soil, and said, "This is not good land. The soil is not favorable." They said that it was sandy and sour, and amounted to practically nothing.

Those who had heard Sister White relate her dream must have looked at her questioningly, as if to say, "Well, Sister White, aren't you going to tell them what the angel said?"

And Sister White did. She repeated the words of God's messenger. "False testimony has been borne concerning this soil. God can furnish a table in the wilderness."—[Letter 350, 1907](#).

Well, the brethren were deeply impressed and they said, "Certainly the Lord has led us to this place. This is a miracle of God." And

that night the brethren voted that they would purchase the 1,500-acre estate as the location for our new college in Australia.

The next morning as the workers gathered for prayer, some became faint-hearted. They were not sure that the right decision had been made. Sister White felt impressed to plead with God for a token of His favor, some special evidence that He was leading. She was impressed to pray for the healing of Brother McCullough, an active member of the locating committee who was afflicted with tuberculosis and facing death. Immediately Elder McCullough was healed. When he spoke about it later he said that it seemed that a shock of electricity went through his body. He ceased coughing, regained his normal weight and strength, and believe it or not, juniors, he lived for more than fifty years thereafter. As the workers witnessed this miracle they felt sure that God had led them in their decision to buy the land for our college.

Now we have told you about two miracles. What about the third? Well, the decision to buy the property was confirmed at the next session of the Australian Union Conference, November 20, 1894. At about that time Mrs. A. E. Wessels of South Africa, with her daughter Anna and her husband Harmon Lindsay, visited the new school at Cooranbong. They were all impressed by what they saw, and naturally when they heard about the miracles that had taken place, they felt that God's hand was leading. So guess what happened next? Anna Lindsay moved by the Spirit of God said, "I will make a gift of five thousand dollars to the enterprise." And she did. This paid for the land, and this was the third miracle.

[32] And so a college was launched in Australia. How? By a vision of the night, by prayer, by a gift of love, and by a lot of hard work on the part of those who believed God was leading them. It was a great triumph of faith and providence. Two years later, after much anxiety and days of earnest sweat and toil and faith, this school was formally opened. In this story, boys and girls, we see another strong evidence of how Jesus used Sister White and her gift of prophecy to guide the Seventh-day Adventist Church in its important work, not only in this country but overseas as well.

Adapted from articles by Arthur L. White in [The Review and Herald](#), April 3, 1958.

## **Group III. Stories in Perseverance**

[33]

## James White Finds a Way—A Dead Wolf Helps <sup>13</sup>

As told by Arthur L. White

This is a “stick-to-it” story. Do you like “stick-to-it” stories? This is a vacation story. Everyone likes vacations. This story is about a time when the White family were taking a vacation in the Rocky Mountains. There were Elder James White and Sister Ellen G. White and Willie who was eighteen years of age, and a close friend of the Whites, Mrs. Hall. Brother and Sister White had been working very hard, going from place to place attending meetings and speaking and helping the people for years, and they needed a change. Both Elder and Mrs. White had a great deal of writing they wanted to do and they could not get to it at home in Battle Creek or when they were traveling, so they decided to spend the summer of 1873 in Colorado, resting and writing.

Sister White had a niece who lived in Colorado. The husband of this niece was Mr. Walling and he ran a sawmill. The Wallings had a cabin that could be fixed up and Elder and Mrs. White could stay there. Part of the time they would write and part of the time they would relax.

And so the Whites went to the Walling home and got settled in the cabin and then had a wonderful time. They enjoyed climbing the mountains and watching the rushing streams. They gazed at huge granite rocks and they watched the beautiful sunsets. They enjoyed picking wild berries that they found here and there.

One day, late in the summer, Mr. Walling asked Elder and Mrs. White if they would like to go up to Grand Lake in Middle Park for a couple of weeks and camp by the lake. Of course they would like to go! So they got their clothes ready. They got their food ready. They took some candles for light. They planned that they would be camping by the lake for about two weeks.

---

<sup>13</sup>Note: For use in telling this story, have a knife, preferably a jackknife and a small pie pan or something of that kind.



At eleven o'clock Sunday morning everything was loaded into two wagons, and they started driving way up into the mountains, past the timberline where no trees grow because it is so high. They got through the pass and started down the narrow winding road and camped for the night. Monday morning, they started out again. Elder and Mrs. White and Willie were riding horses. Soon they were called back, for an axle on one of the wagons had broken. Now they would have to camp a few days here while Mr. Walling went back home to get the axle fixed. It was a week later that Mr. Walling sent one of his hired men with the repaired axle, and to take the Whites on to the lake.

Grand Lake is quite a big lake, but in those days, no one lived there. During the summer months, two fishermen stayed there in a cabin and caught fish for the market. When they got to the lake, they chose a good site for the camp and the hired man helped the Whites pitch their tents. With his horses, he hauled in dry logs which could be used for firewood. Soon they were all nicely settled, but already their supplies were running low. After spending Sabbath with them, the hired man said goodbye and drove up over the pass and back to the saw mill, promising to send supplies soon or to have Mr. Walling

[34]

come and get them and take them back to the cabin. How the Whites did enjoy this beautiful place! It was so quiet and the lake was so beautiful. They went boating and they went hiking. They rested and Elder and Mrs. White did quite a lot of writing. Mrs. White was just at this time writing on the early part of the life of Jesus.

Willie especially enjoyed watching the otters in their play. They would slide down into the lake. The Whites became acquainted with the two fishermen. Their little cabin was right by the lake. They would catch their fish in nets and keep the fish alive until a man came up from Black Hawk with horses and saddlebags, and then that evening they would take the fish out of the water, clean them, leave them out in the frost and the next morning they put them in the saddlebags and took them to the market in Central City and Black Hawk.

Brother and Sister White expected that Mr. Walling would soon come and get them. But for some reason, he was delayed. It seems that Mr. Walling was a man who couldn't always be depended

upon. Elder White was working on the revision of a tract which was printed at our publishing house in Battle Creek. He had promised them that the copy would be ready by a certain time. If Mr. Walling delayed too long, he would not be able to keep his promise, and the much-needed tract would be seriously delayed.

Mr. Walling did not come. Soon the candles were all burned up, so when it got dark, they went to bed, and when it got light, they got up. But the big problem was food. It was going fast and this really troubled them. They asked the fishermen to sell them some of their supplies, but they did not have much to spare. They found that there were wild berries here and there on the mountainsides, and they picked these berries and used them, and some of them they made into pies and traded them to the fishermen for other food. As each day went by, the food was getting more scarce.

Elder White spent some time writing on his tract. As he and Willie came home to their camp after a hike one Tuesday afternoon, Elder White discovered that the men had come for the fish and would be leaving early the next morning for Black Hawk. He decided that he must finish his work on the copy for the tract and send it to the post office by these men. He had given his word that the tract would go out by a certain time, and this was his opportunity to keep his word. So he hurriedly got his Bible and his concordance and continued working on the copy for the tract. He looked occasionally at the sun and he saw that it would soon be going down behind the mountains. When it got dark, he would not be able to write any more because, you remember, they had no candles. What could he do? As he wrote, he thought. He must find a way to get that tract finished.

Elder White was a man who didn't give up easily. If one way seemed closed, he would try to find another way. He would stick to it until the job was done. As he thought, he remembered that that very afternoon as they were out for their walk, some distance from the camp they had seen the body of a wolf. There was a hunter who had set traps on what they called a trapline. He had a trail and he would set traps here and there in likely places where he might catch the animals. He did this because he wanted the fur. And about every [35] week or ten days, he would come through and if he found an animal in the tray, and leave the carcass there because he had no use for that. And that very afternoon, they had seen the carcass of a freshly-killed

wolf. Elder White thought perhaps—perhaps, they could get some fat off the body of that wolf and he could use that fat to make a light. He called his boy, Willie.

“Willie, Willie, come here! I have got to have a light,” he said, “to finish this tract tonight. I have promised it and it must go at six o’clock in the morning when the men take the fish to Black Hawk. Do you remember the body of that wolf we saw out there on the trail?”

“Yes,” Willie replied.

“Do you think you could find it?”

“Yes. I am pretty sure I can.”

“All right,” Elder White said, “I want you to take your knife and a pan and go to the body of that wolf, scrape off all the fat that you can. I must have a light.” And as Willie was leaving, James White called after him, “Don’t forget the shotgun.” There were brown bears up in that valley;

So with a double-barreled shotgun over his shoulder, and a pan and the knife, Willie started back over the trail to see if he could find the body of the wolf. He just hoped that a coyote hadn’t gotten it between the time when they saw it and the time when he hoped to find it. But when he came to the spot, there it was. He knelt down by the side of the carcass. He scraped a little yellow fat from here, and he found a little more yellow fat from someplace else, and then he cut the body of the wolf open. He found some fat here and some fat there, especially around the liver. As he told the story to his children many years later, he said that he never saw such a skinny wolf in all his life! When Willie had gotten about all the fat that he could from that wolf, he had just about a cup and a half full. It was getting dark now and he hurriedly walked back to the camp. Elder White took the pan and put it over the fire and the fat turned soft and melted into oil. Then he poured it into a dish, and he tore up some pieces of rag. He put them in the oil and twisted them and dipped them in the oil and twisted them until they took shape. Then he laid them up on the edge of the dish. He lit it. It sputtered a little bit and then it flared up in a nice flame. Elder White had his light;

And so he went on with his work of writing, writing, with the light given from the oil which came from the wolf. Ten o’clock came, and he was still writing. Eleven o’clock came, and he hadn’t

quite finished. He looked into the dish. Yes, there was plenty of oil. Twelve o'clock came and he looked again. He had finished the tract now and there was still some oil left. But he had the copy for the tract and his letter ready to go. He pinched out the flame and went to bed.

[36] Early in the morning when the men took the fish to Black Hawk and Denver, they took the letter to be mailed to the publishing house, and the copy for the tract. Elder White did not let them down. He had promised and he kept the promise. He found a way to do what needed to be done.

We think that the pioneers did some great things, and they did. But they were prepared to do difficult things because when they were boys and girls, they had learned to do the hard things. We do not find them, when they found some difficult task saying, "I can't do it, I can't do it!" Now I know that you boys and girls never say that, but sometimes boys and girls are tempted to, when they are asked in school or at home to do what seems to be some very hard task. Elder and Mrs. White found a way to do what needed to be done.

About a week later, Mr. Walling came. How glad they were to see him! He brought some food with him too. He explained that he had had some trouble at the saw mill and it just wasn't convenient to come. He hadn't realized that Brother and Sister White were suffering actual hunger there in the mountains.

But be that as it may, Elder White "stuck to it." He found a way to do what needed to be done. He didn't give up.

This story is based on the Ellen G. White diary account and on William C. White's memories as told to his children.

## The Cow that Got Stuck in the Mud

[37]

As told by Arthur L. White

This is another “stick-to-it” story, but it is a story about Sister White when she was a little girl. The family name was Harmon, and the Harmon family lived in the country near Gorham, Maine. The home was on a hill. Back of the home was a valley. Through this valley there ran a little stream. This land back of the home on the hillside and across the stream was largely in woods and served as a cow pasture.

In the Harmon home, each of the children had their duties. They were taught to do their part in the home. They learned to do their work well. When Ellen was just a little girl, it was one of her tasks to go to the pasture gate in the evening and open the gate and bring the cow up to the shed where her father did the milking. Every evening when she would go down to get the cow, the cow was there, because cows have a way of knowing when it is time to be milked, and they know they will get something special to eat too.

And so each evening Ellen went down to the pasture gate, opened the gate, and brought the cow up to the shed. But one evening, as she went down to the gate, the cow wasn't there. “That's strange,” she thought, “where's bossy?” So she began to call, “Come bossy, come bossy, come bossy!” Then she listened, but she didn't hear a thing. Then she called louder, “Come bossy, come bossy, come bossy!” Then she listened. There wasn't any response, and she knew that something was wrong, because Bossy was always there when it was time to be milked.

Now I know some boys or girls who would have said, “Well, it's just too bad. If Bossy isn't here, there is nothing I can do about it. I can't help it.” But Ellen and her sisters and brother had been taught to carry responsibilities. They had been taught to find a way to do what needed to be done.

But where was Bossy? Ellen opened the pasture gate and she started walking down through the woods towards the little stream. And she kept calling, "Come bossy, come bossy, come bossy!" And then she listened. "Come bossy, come bossy, come bossy!" And then she listened. But she didn't hear a thing. She walked on and on down through the woods on the pasture trail. She kept calling. Finally when she got down near the stream, she called, "Come bossy," and she heard just a faint "Moo!" She knew that Bossy was nearby. She kept calling and she was looking this way and that. Finally she got to the stream, and there was Bossy, standing in the stream, stuck in the mud!

You may think it strange that a cow should get stuck in the mud, but I have known of cases where cows have been stuck for a day or two as they were in soft mud and were unable to get out.

[38] Now what could Ellen do? Here was the cow and the cow was stuck. How could she get her out? She began to think. She found some nice tall grass, picked some big handfuls and reached out to where the cow could reach it. And oh, it tasted so good to Bossy! She got some more grass, and she reached out again, and Bossy could eat that. And then she got some more grass, but this time, she didn't give it to Bossy. With one hand, she took hold of Bossy's horn and she held the grass close to the cow's mouth, then she moved the grass quickly away. As she did this, she said, "Come on, Bossy!" and gave a quick pull on her horn. The cow reaching for the grass, made an extra effort and got out of the mud. And then Ellen let the cow eat the grass.

It was getting late when she got back to the house, but Bossy was with her. She had found a way to do that which needed to be done. This was a lesson that helped her all through her life. Sister White was called upon to do many hard things. It was because while she was a little girl she had learned to be faithful and to do what needed to be done that she was prepared to do larger and more difficult things later in life. We do not find that when Sister White had something difficult to do that she complained and said, "I can't do it;" No, she found away. This is a lesson that each boy and girl must learn too. If we learn this lesson, it will help us all through life. Based on W. C. White account.

## **Group IV. Stories of God's Protection**

[39]

## The River Boat and the Lumber Rafts <sup>14</sup>

As told by Arthur L. White

Do you like to go to camp meeting? Would you like to go to camp meeting by boat? A riverboat? The White family traveled about a hundred miles by riverboat as they went to the camp meeting in Minnesota in 1870. They did not go alone. There were other Adventist families making ten people in the group. In the White family there were Elder White and Sister White and Willie, who was fifteen.

They reached the Mississippi River at Dubuque, Iowa, early on a Wednesday morning in June and there they were to transfer to a river boat. They were to travel all day and all night on the riverboat. The next morning, they were to be met and taken to the Minnesota camp ground. What a pleasant day was before them!

When they got to the river, there was the boat and they hurried up the gangplank. The boat was due to leave at nine o'clock. It was a beautiful sunny day. The captain pulled the whistle. "Tooooooooooooooot, tooooooooooooooot!" And the engines started to run. "Chug, chug, chug, chug!" And the paddle wheels on the sides of the boat began to turn with a "Splash, splash, splash, splash!" And the boat with its one hundred passengers pulled away from the wharf.

Now many of the passengers remained on deck, especially Elder White and Willie and others of the Adventist group. Sister White did not. She would have liked to stay up on deck, but there were so many things that had been shown to her in vision that she must write out. She felt that she must use this quiet day of traveling in writing. The stewardess found a quiet place where Sister White could write. She had her pens and pencils and paper. So she spent most of the day writing, writing, writing.

---

<sup>14</sup>Note: Have copies of the Review and Instructor, some tracts, a few pieces of coal (small stones may be substituted) and some pieces of string. They can be used effectively as the story is told.



But up on deck, what a glorious day it was and what a wonderful time the people had! The sky was clear and blue. The sun was bright and warm. They moved up to the front of the boat and Elder White and the boys watched the boat cut through the water as it made its way up the river.

As they looked up the river, they saw something. It was on the river, but it wasn't a boat. It was broad and flat and long. There were some men on it, and they wondered what this was. They watched it until it came closer and closer and closer. When it came near the boat, they could see just what it was. It was a raft made out of lumber.

In the forests way up the river, the big trees had been cut and then were dragged to the riverbank. There at a sawmill, the logs had been cut into lumber. Then this lumber was tied together with great chains and ropes. With several men on this lumber raft, they would float it down the river to the cities where they could sell the lumber. It was a cheap way of shipping the lumber. There would be one or two men at the back with boards which had been made into a sort of rudder to guide the lumber raft as it made its slow journey down the river in the current. The passengers were very much interested in this lumber raft. They thought the men had been very ingenious to devise such a means of transporting lumber. They were interested in the little shanty built on the raft as a place to cook. As they were watching intently as the lumber raft went by the boat, the men on the raft put their hands to their mouths so that their voices would carry and then they shouted, "Papers! Papers! We want papers;" They had been several days on the raft, and the men wanted something to read. As one of the men dove off the raft into the river and swam toward the river boat, the folks on the boat took their newspapers and twisted them a bit and then threw them out towards the raft. They were soon picked up and the man swam back to the raft. Then the man laid them out on the lumber raft to dry. As they saw the raft passing down the river behind them, the papers were getting dry and soon the men would have something to read.

[40]

This gave Elder White an idea. Perhaps they would meet another lumber raft. Why shouldn't they give them papers and tracts telling them about Jesus' coming again. Here was an opportunity for missionary work. "Willie," he called, "come here!"

Fifteen-year-old Willie went to his father's side. He said, "Down in our stateroom, in my bag, there are some copies of the *Review and Herald* and the *Youth's Instructor* and some tracts. I want you to get some of those papers and bring them here."

While Willie was getting the papers, Brother White was thinking about how he could arrange these papers so as to get them onto the raft without their getting wet. When Willie came with the papers, he laid them down on the bench near the railing of the boat, and then Elder White sent him again, this time to the kitchen of the boat to get some string. And he said, "I want you to go to the engine room and get some pieces of coal, solid pieces."

So Willie did as he was told. He got some string at the kitchen and he got some pieces of coal at the engine room and he brought them to his father.

*[While the story is being told, this part can be enacted. It attracts a good deal of attention.]*

And so Elder White took some of the papers and a tract or two and he rolled them tightly around the piece of coal. Then he took a piece of string and tied it tight around the papers to hold them firmly with the coal inside. He laid the little package down. He got another one ready. He got another one ready. Why do you suppose he tied the pieces of coal inside the papers? Why, of course, it was so that when he threw the papers with the piece of coal inside, it would carry them over onto the raft.

[41] Then Elder White and Willie wondered, would there be another lumber raft? He had no way of knowing, but anyway, after a little time of watching, sure enough, there was one. They watched it come down the river towards them. Their boat was going chug-chug-chug-chug up the river, and the paddle-wheels were going splash-splash-splash-splash. Would the lumber raft come close enough? Would he be able to reach them by throwing the papers with the coal? He watched and trembled a bit, wondering just how it would work out. And others were watching him too. The lumber raft came closer, closer, closer. Now it was right beside the boat. It wasn't too far away either. James White took a piece of coal with a paper and he gave it a throw: [Throw one of the papers with a stone or coal.] And he got another one, and he gave it a throw. Willie took one and he gave it a throw, and they all landed on the lumber raft. They saw the

men scrambling over the lumber to get the papers. Then they saw them standing on the lumber, reading the *Review* and the *Instructor* and the tracts. Elder White said in his heart, "That's good missionary work;" It was a good way to share their faith.

So they got some more ready, and two or three times that day, they met the lumber rafts and Elder White and Willie threw the papers over for the men to read. Our early Adventists were always watching for ways in which to tell others the message of Jesus' coming soon. We too can find many ways if we watch.

As the sun was going down in the west, the Adventists gathered at the front of the boat. They were watching as it cut its way up through the water. Someone began to sing a hymn, and all the Adventists joined in singing. Then they heard clapping and tapping of feet and voices saying, "Give us some more;" "Try that again:" As they looked around here was a large group of the passengers who had gathered to hear the Adventists sing the hymns of Jesus' coming soon. The Adventists sang another hymn.

Then one of the men on the boat, a business man, came to Elder White and said, "Mr. White, it is rumored about the boat that Mrs. White is a public speaker. The passengers are requesting that she speak to them this evening in the ladies' cabin, if she will consent."

Tell me, boys and girls, how did the passengers on this boat know that Sister White spoke to large audiences? Ah, I tell you that in her day, she was well known as a public speaker, and the people always liked to hear her speak.

So Elder White said, "I'll see." He went down to where Sister White was writing. He said, "Ellen, the passengers have asked if you would speak to them this evening." They talked it over. Would it be appropriate? What would be the subject?

Then she said, "Yes, if they would like to have me talk to them, I will do so."

So the passengers were told that in a few minutes, Mrs. White would speak to them in the ladies' cabin. And for about an hour that night, Sister White spoke to the passengers about the love of God and of how nature testifies of this.

Then at nine o'clock, it was time to go to bed. So Elder and Mrs. White and their children went to their cabin for the night. But before they got into bed, they did something. What do you think

[42] they did? Yes, of course they did. They got down on their knees and had worship together and they asked God to send His angels to watch over them as they traveled through the hours of the night. Then they climbed into their berths and they went to sleep. As they went to sleep, all they could hear was the “chug-chug-chug-chug” of the engines and the “splash-splash-splash-splash” of the paddle wheels, and they went fast asleep.

And then in the middle of the night, there was a terrible CRASH!! The boat shook from end to end. Everyone was awake and they wondered what had happened. And then all was quiet, and all they could hear was the “chug-chug-chug-chug” of the engines and the “splash-splash-splash-splash” of the paddle wheels. Then all of a sudden they heard a terrible grating noise—“Br-r-r-r-r-tttttttttt!!” Then all was quiet again. All they could hear was the “chug-chug-chug-chug” of the engines and the “splash-splash-splash-splash” of the paddle wheels, and they went fast asleep again.

In the morning, the passengers went to the captain. They said, “Captain, what happened in the night? What caused that terrible crash and all that noise?”

The captain said, “It could have been very serious. As we were plowing up the river in the middle of the night, we came to a bend in the river. Just as we came to the bend in the river, we met a lumber raft right in the middle of the river and there was no time for us to turn out and no time for the lumber raft to turn out, and we hit the lumber raft right in the middle, broke the chains, split the lumber raft in two, and as the lumber went by our boat, some of it got mixed up with the paddle wheels and that is what made that terrible grating noise.”

We just hope, don’t we, that the men on the raft were not right at the point where the boat hit the raft. But God sent his angel messengers to watch over Elder and Mrs. White and their children as they were on their way to camp meeting that night. I am so glad that God sends his angel messengers to watch over us. Sometimes we know when the angels have taken care of us; many times we don’t know. But we can always ask the Lord to send His angels to watch over us, and we know that the Lord loves us and He hears our prayers and He sends His angels to be near those who serve Him.

So the Whites went to campmeeting. They found a way to share their faith on the way and God sent His angels to watch over them as they traveled through the night.

Story based on James White report in [The Review and Herald, June 5, 1870](#), and W. C. White's account as often told to his children.



## **Group V. General**

[43]

## The County Treasurer and the Missing Money

As told by Arthur L. White

This story about the county treasurer and the missing money shows how God helped the people to know that the message of the pioneers was the truth and that He spoke to His people through the Spirit of Prophecy.

In the winter of 1849-1850, Elder and Mrs. White lived at Oswego, New York, right near Lake Ontario. While there, Elder White published several numbers of our first little paper, *The Present Truth*. He also held meetings and presented our message, particularly the Sabbath truth. Our pioneers called it the third angel's message, and we call it that today.

The Methodists were especially disturbed, and with a very earnest business man leading out, they held revival meetings. This man, whom we know only as Mr. M. was the county treasurer. The people were very much impressed and some found it hard to decide as to who was right, this man who upheld Sunday or Elder White, the young minister who had just moved to Oswego and who lived in a rented house with borrowed furniture, who was teaching the Sabbath truth. Mr. M., well-known in the town and the county treasurer conducting a religious revival, told the people that the Sabbath was not important. All that they had to do was to turn from sin and give their hearts to God.

Mr. Hiram Patch and the fine young lady he was about to marry were especially troubled. How could they know what was the truth in this matter? They were deeply impressed with the earnestness of the Methodist county treasurer and the meetings he held. They could also see clearly the Bible proofs for the Sabbath truth and the third angel's message.

About this time, Sister White was given a vision in which she was shown the true character of Mr. M., and that he was not honest. And she was instructed to tell Mr. Patch, "Wait a month, and you



will know for yourself the character of the persons who are engaged in this revival, and who profess to have such a great burden for sinners.”

When Mrs. White told this to Mr. Patch, he said, “I will wait.”

About two weeks later, as Mr. M., the county treasurer, in one of the revival meetings, was praying in agony for sinners, a blood vessel in his stomach broke, and he was carried home in great pain. As others took over his treasurer’s work at the county court house, they discovered a shortage in the county funds of one thousand dollars. The sheriff and his assistant were sent to the treasurer’s home to ask about the missing money. The sheriff went to the front door and the assistant stayed out in the yard. The sheriff found Mr. M. in bed. Mr. M. told the sheriff that he did not know anything about the missing money.

Just then the sheriff’s assistant came in the back door with Mrs. M. and he had in his hand a bag of money. He got there just in time to hear the treasurer call on God to witness that he had not taken the money.

The sheriff’s assistant then held up the bag of money and asked, “What is this?” As he stood outside while the sheriff went into the house, he had seen Mrs. M. go out the back door carrying a bag and this she quickly hid in a pile of snow. Then as she returned to the house, she met the man who had been watching her, and he took her back with him to get the bag. Just as he had suspected, it contained the missing money. The treasurer was put under arrest. The revival meetings collapsed, The people of the town were shocked.

[44]

Now Mr. Patch knew who had the truth and he, with the young lady he soon married accepted fully the third angel’s message, joined the Sabbathkeeping Adventists and were very faithful members. When they saw the fulfillment of the predictions of Sister White, they knew that God was guiding this people and that they had the truth.

[Story based on the account given by J. N. Loughborough in *Great Second Advent Movement*, pp. 230-232, and Mrs. White’s reference to the experience in [Spiritual Gifts 2:123, 124.](#)]