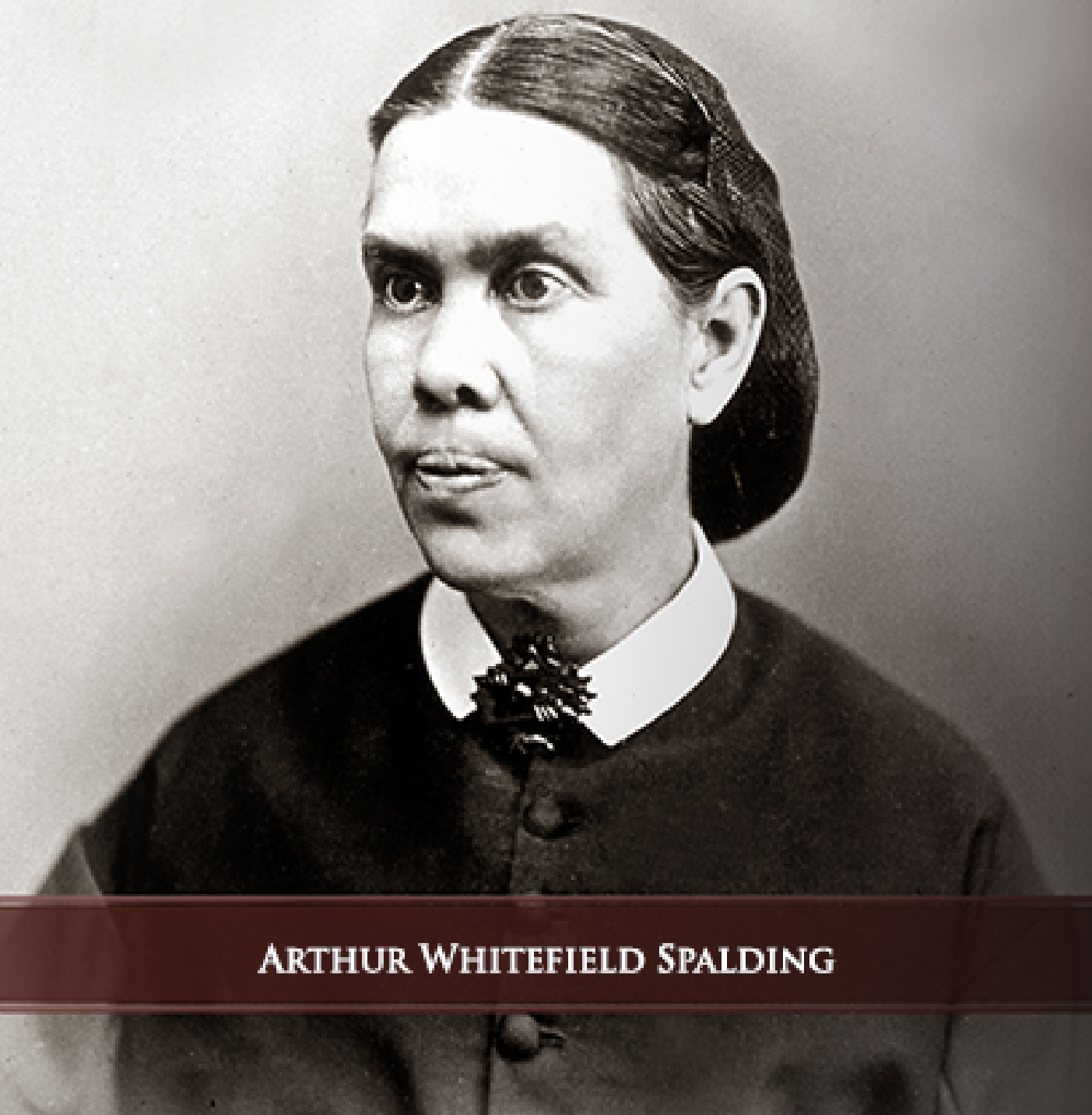


ELLEN G. WHITE ESTATE

# SISTER WHITE



ARTHUR WHITEFIELD SPALDING



---

# **Sister White**

---

**Ellen G. White**

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



## **Information about this Book**

### **Overview**

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

### **About the Author**

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

### **Further Links**

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

### **End User License Agreement**

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

### **Further Information**

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

## Contents

Information about this Book .....	i
Chapter One—She was at Camp Meeting .....	v
Chapter Two—When She was a Little Girl .....	x
Chapter Three—God Spoke to Her .....	xv
Chapter Four—Print a Little Paper .....	xxi
Chapter Five—She Loved Children .....	xxv
Chapter Six—A Bridge of Ice .....	xxxi
Chapter Seven—Care for Your Body .....	xxxvi
Chapter Eight—The First and Best School.....	xli
Chapter Nine—As Many as Six Children.....	xlvii
Chapter Ten—The Morning Star .....	li
Chapter Eleven—The Mountain Children .....	lvi
Chapter Twelve—The Hill Beautiful .....	lxi
Chapter Thirteen—Into All the World .....	lxvi
Chapter Fourteen—The Smiles of God.....	lxxii
Chapter Fifteen—God Gives His Beloved Sleep .....	lxxvi

*A Life of Ellen G. White*

For Primary Children

By

Arthur Whitefield Spalding

Author of *Christian Storytelling*,*Pioneer Stories, Captains of the Host*,

and other books

*Illustrated by Kreigh Collins*

Review and Herald Publishing Association

Washington, D.C.

Copyright © 2000, Review and Herald Publishing Association

*He drew near with a smile, and laying His hand upon my head, said,  
“Fear not.” The sound of His sweet voice thrilled my heart with a  
happiness it had never before experienced.*

*Ellen G. White*

1. She Was at Camp Meeting	7
2. When She Was a Little Girl	15
3. God Spoke to Her	24
4. Print a Little Paper	34
5. She Loved Children	41
6. A Bridge of Ice	51
7. Care for Your Body	60
8. The First and Best School	67

9. As Many as Six Children	76
10. The Morning Star	84
11. The Mountain Children	91
12. The Hill Beautiful	99
13. Into All the World	106
14. The Smiles of God	116
15. God Gives His Beloved Sleep	122



## Chapter One—She was at Camp Meeting

[7]

When I was a little boy I heard a great deal about a lady who was very good and very kind and very wise. Her name, folks said, was Sister White.

Of course we called every lady “sister” who belonged to the church, whether she was older than my big sister, or younger. There was Sister Dickson, who made the most delicious bread, with butter and honey on it for hungry, small boys. There was Sister Bristol, who had three lovely daughters, one of whom was Sister Effie, who taught my Sabbath school class. And there was Sister Moulton, my mother’s best friend, who was also Sister Lottie, and who lived so far away—all of twenty miles—that it was a holiday to visit her and Brother Moulton and their several children, maybe once a year. For in those days we had no cars, and we either went on foot or on horseback or in a buggy or, for long journeys, on the train. It was wonderful to think of so many brothers and sisters scattered around the world.

But Sister White was someone special, oh, very special. She [8] preached, they said, and the sermons she preached were more moving than any other person’s sermons. And she wrote books. Some of her books told the stories of old times—Bible times and martyr times and missionary times. And one of them told of her own times—about when she was a little girl and when she was a maiden messenger and when she was a young mother, and how she and her husband, James White, and Brother Bates, and Sister Annie Smith and her brother Uriah, and Brother Andrews, and Brother Loughborough all went out to tell the glad tidings of Jesus’ coming and the blessed Sabbath. She gathered together stories for children too, and made four little books of them, called *Sabbath Readings*, which mother read to us on Sabbath, or we read ourselves. They were very good stories, almost as good as Bible stories, and I remember some of them yet.

My mother told me that Sister White knew all about boys and girls, and all about their fathers and mothers too, and how they

should train their children. She talked to parents, and she wrote to them, about the teaching of their little ones and bringing them up in the ways of the Lord. She said they should be told Bible stories and be taught to read and love the Bible, and so my father and mother did. She said they should be taken for Sabbath walks and be taught to know the flowers, birds, animals, woods, and sky. Mostly our big sister did this for us, because she was strong and well, whereas father

[9] and mother could go with us only once in a while. Sister White said children should be taught to be useful and have chores and duties to do; and how our father and mother did put that instruction to work with us three boys! Garden, chickens, cow, horse—each took its turn at training us. And then there was the woodpile and washday and berry-picking—you'd be surprised how useful we could be!

[10] But there was time too for swimming in Bibbin's Lake, as well as boating, sledding, skating, and playing games. We were pretty busy boys!

Mother said Sister White loved boys and girls. By this time I thought Sister White was very important; but I didn't want her to be so important that she'd look right over our heads. So she loved boys—h'mmm!

“Do you think she'd love me?” I asked mother.

“Of course she would, Artie, if she knew you.”

“Well, I want to see her.”

“Of course she's very busy,” my mother replied. “But I'll tell you what. I hear she's going to be at our camp meeting this year; and father and I will see if we can't take all you children to camp meeting. I'm sure you can see her then, even if you can't get very near to her. Maybe you can't come to know her as you know me, but anyway she might smile at you.”

So to camp meeting we went. Father hitched up Charley, our horse, to the wagon, and packed in bedding, clothing, a little stove, and a few handy things; and mother and sister worked for a week, baking, canning, and cooking—why, you would have thought we were going on a trip to Europe. But three hungry boys and three fairly hungry big folks can do away with a great deal of food at a week's camp meeting.

In those days we didn't have everything right up to the mark at camp meeting, as we have now. There was Sabbath school, all

right, on Sabbath, with classes for boys and girls as well as older people. But there were no children's meetings on the weekdays, though sometimes a good sister would gather the children together and tell them stories. Children were supposed to go to meeting with their parents, and sit there dangling their feet and listening to the sermon. There was a good deal we could understand too, for some of the preachers, like Elders Van Horn, Loughborough, and Lane, told some interesting stories, and made the gospel very clear, even to the children. [11]

And then there were the great big prophetic charts hung up against the wall, with pictures on them of curious beasts and of Nebuchadnezzar's image of a man with head of gold, breast and arms of silver, belly and thighs of brass, legs of iron, and feet part of iron and part of clay. I began to learn history right then, about Babylon and Medo-Persia and Grecia and Rome and the ten kingdoms. [12]

But the main attraction to me, and I guess to most others, was Sister White. At the first meeting, or maybe the second, I saw her up there on the platform, talking to us down below. She seemed to be a nice old lady. She was only seventeen years older than my mother, but oo-oo-oh, that seemed almost like Methuselah! But now that I am seventeen years older than she was then, I'd say she was a fairly young woman. I could understand her very well; for she had a clear, thrilling voice, strong enough to reach everybody in the tent and outside too. And what she said about home and the Bible and God's handwriting in nature and keeping the Sabbath and doing our duty and loving everybody was plain Christianity. Well, I loved everybody—except that Henny Perkins; and who would love him?

I got to thinking about Henny Perkins, with his snub nose, his freckles, his big mouth, and the way he said mean things and threw stones. I wanted to be good and love everybody, but I wished Henny Perkins would be good first, so I *could* love him. Just how would you go about loving a brat (we didn't say "kid" in those days, any more than we'd say "Daddy" for father; we thought those words were disrespectful)—a boy with freckles and pig eyes and a mouth speaking great things? I thought maybe I'd ask Sister White about Henny Perkins. So next day I was standing around when she came along with a lady, going to the meeting. She passed real close to me, and I just stood and gazed at her. I couldn't say a word. But she [13]

looked down at me—she wasn't very tall, but I was littler. And she put out her hand and smoothed my cheek.

“What's your name, little brother?” she asked.

And I said, “Artie.”

She didn't ask me, “Artie who?” She said, “Do you love Jesus, Artie?”

“Yes, oh, yes,” I said. And truly I did love Jesus.

“And obey your father and mother?” she went on.

“Yes'm,” I said.

“And love your playmates?”

“Uh, uh—yes'm,” I said. I couldn't tell her about Henny Perkins. It would take too long. She didn't have time; she was going to meeting. And then, I didn't know just what to say about Henny. He wasn't so bad, I guessed. And it's a fact that after camp meeting Henny Perkins seemed to grow good. I didn't have any more trouble with him—not much, anyway.

[14] So that was the first that I knew Sister White. She was in middle age then, and for thirty-five years she had labored with her husband, James White, in the work of the Lord. A great and good man was Brother White, who with Sister White and Joseph Bates started our church of Seventh-day Adventists, now more than a hundred years ago. But he died about this time; yet she bravely carried on, though sorrow struck her, for there was yet much to do in the vineyard of the Lord. She was to live and work on for another thirty-four years. In that time she traveled to the far ends of the earth and taught the people and wrote some of her greatest books.

I suppose that on that dreadful day when, as a little girl, she was struck down by a stone that was thrown at her, and during those weeks that followed, when she lay unconscious, and in the next few years, when she was so sick and frail and weak, no one then, not even her mother or herself, could guess at the great work she was to do. Though she had to leave school, she was taught by the greatest of teachers, even Jesus. She studied hard, and she prayed much, and she forsook all things evil, and God made her very wise. She lifted up the brokenhearted, and spoke words of cheer to the downcast, and nursed the sick, and helped the poor, and God made her heart to be most kind. She wrote books that taught the ways of Jesus and the truths of healthful living and the means of training the children and

the youth. She lived what she taught, and so God made her to be like her Master, Jesus, very good.

## Chapter Two—When She was a Little Girl

When Sister White was a little girl she was not Sister White. She was Ellen Gould Harmon. That was her maiden name. You know when a maiden marries a man, she takes his name. So when Ellen Harmon married James White she became Mrs. James White, or Mrs. Ellen G. White. That was a long time ago, more than a hundred years, for she was born in 1827, and she was married in 1846.

Ellen Harmon had a twin sister, whose name was Elizabeth. They were born in the old town of Gorham, Maine. The house in which they were born is still standing, though it is now part of a larger house, which has been added since. The house is near the site where Fort Gorham was built, in the time of the Indian troubles, some two hundred years ago. The town was built around the fort, but it kept growing along the road until it came to where the present town of Gorham stands; and most of the houses near the fort grew old and were torn down. So now the birthplace of Ellen and Elizabeth

[16] Harmon stands almost alone, away out in the country. They were happy, sunny little girls, but Ellen was the sunnier of the two. It was easy for Elizabeth to cry, but Ellen would push back the tears when something hurt her, bite her lips, and pretty soon smile. Such a wonderful place they had to live in, with a view across the country, between the lakes, to the White Mountains, the highest in New England! I should like to have seen them and their older sisters and brother, singing about their work and their chores, on sunny or rainy or snowy mornings, and stopping to gaze now and then at the great picture God had spread out before them. Now, wouldn't you?

Father Harmon was a hatter, and the town of Gorham was a great hatmaking town. In those days such work, and a good deal of other work which is now done in factories, was done in the homes of the people. So Robert and Eunice Harmon, the parents of Ellen and Elizabeth, had a hat factory right in their home. And all the older children—Sarah, Robert, Mary, and two or three others—helped to

make the hats, some of them straw hats and some of them felt hats. So did the two little girls, when they grew big enough.

But they were not very old when Father Harmon moved his family to the city of Portland. This is the largest city of Maine, though it was not so big then as it is now. There the Harmon family took a house, and kept on with their hatmaking. The children went to school.

The school near them was the Brackett Street School, and here Ellen and Elizabeth learned to read and to write and to figure, which was about all, besides geography, that the children's schools taught then. And year after year the twins went to the Brackett Street School, which was at one side of a city common, or grassy park. [17]

When they were nine years old a terrible accident happened to Ellen—something which was to change her life and work, and also the work of God in the earth. One day, as school closed, they hurried with the other pupils out of the schoolhouse and across the common, going home. A friend of theirs was with them. But an older girl had become angry at them for some trifle, and now she followed them, saying ugly things and calling them names. Their parents had taught them not to quarrel but to turn away from evil. So now they hurried on, not saying anything back to the girl. But when they were almost across the common Ellen turned her head to see how near the girl was. Just then that girl threw a heavy stone, and it smashed right into Ellen's face and knocked her down, senseless.

When she came to, she found herself in a nearby store, where they had carried her. People were standing around her. Her face and clothing were all covered with blood, and she felt very weak and dizzy. A kind gentleman offered to take her home in his carriage, but she did not want to get it bloody, so she said she could walk. Helped by her sister and her friend, she started to go home; but she had not gone very far when she fainted again, and Elizabeth and her friend carried her the rest of the way. [18]

Now she did not awaken for three weeks. Everyone but her mother thought she would die, but her mother believed that God would heal her. Her father was away from home on a long business trip. When she awoke she found that the rock which had hit her had broken her nose and so changed her face that she did not look like

the same girl. In fact, when her father came home, he did not know her, and asked where his little Ellen was, though she was right there.

But worst of all, when after many months she tried to go to school again, she found that she could not study. The accident had made her so ill and nervous and had so hurt her sight that the print all ran together. The girl who had thrown the stone was very sorry. The teacher set her to help Ellen study, but she could not help her much; and often tears of remorse came to her eyes as she watched the little girl struggling to read.

[19] After three years of trying, Ellen had to give up; and that was the last she went to school. However, later, when she grew better, she gained a good education by reading and studying outside of school. The Bible was always her most beloved book, and through its study she came to be wise and true and loving, a great helper of others, and the teacher of thousands of people.

But those three years of struggle and pain were very dark days for her. No longer was she the cheery, happy girl she had been before. She thought her life was ruined, her hopes of becoming a teacher were gone, and there stretched before her a dreary road. She tried to believe in the goodness of God and to love the Lord, but she found it hard. Many nights, while her sister Elizabeth slept, she would creep from bed and bow for hours in agonized prayer upon the cold floor.

[20] Her mother helped her to find Jesus, the gentle, pitying Saviour. The Harmon family were Methodists; and at a Methodist camp meeting, when she was twelve years old, Ellen found the peace of God. She knew that her sins were forgiven, for Jesus' sake, and that she was a child of the King. Now once again the world was to her a beautiful and joyous place, more than ever it had been when she was little. All nature seemed to be singing, and she sang with it.

The sun shone bright and clear, and flooded the earth with light and warmth. The trees and grass were a fresher green; the sky was a deeper blue. The birds sang more sweetly than ever before; they seemed to Ellen to be praising their Creator in their songs. She was so happy she did not care to talk. But when they reached home she went out into the garden, among the flowers that her mother lovingly tended and taught her girls to tend. The garden had never before looked so lovely as it looked this day.



There was one beautiful pink flower on a shrub called the rose of Sharon. Ellen went slowly toward it, drinking in its beauty, and she touched its delicate petals reverently. Her heart overflowed with tenderness and love for these beautiful creations of God. “Ah,” she thought, “if God so loves and cares for the flowers He has decked with beauty, how much more tenderly will He guard the children who are made in His image!” And she said softly to herself, “I am a child of God. His loving care is around me. I will obey Him, and never displease Him. I will praise His dear name, and love Him always.”

She was taken into the Methodist Church; and with eleven others, on a windy day, while the waves rolled in from the Atlantic Ocean and dashed high on the shores of Portland Bay, she went down into the water and was baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. It was a happy day for her, the beginning of a long life of Christian service. [21]

Still she was not well and strong, and many years were to pass before she was to be made well by the goodness of God. But even in her weakness she went forward, working for the Lord. She prayed for her young friends, and she talked with them about the Lord Jesus. And they were converted. Yet as the days and the months went by, her old temptation to doubt the goodness of God would come back upon her, and sometimes she felt very sad.

A few months after her baptism there came to Portland the great apostle and herald of the second coming of Jesus, William Miller. From the prophecies of the Bible, and especially from [Daniel 8, 9](#), he was teaching that a great event, “the cleansing of the sanctuary,” was to take place in 1843 or 1844; and he believed that this cleansing of the sanctuary was the cleansing of this earth by fire at the last day, and that would be the coming of Christ in glory. So he preached that the end of the world was right at hand, when Jesus would reign and His blessed kingdom of peace would cover the world. He was right about the time when the sanctuary of God should be cleansed, but he was wrong about that being the coming of Christ, for the sanctuary is not this earth; it is the temple of God in heaven. And only after it shall have been cleansed will Jesus come back to earth for the faithful.

However, thousands of people believed and looked for the Lord [22]

to come on October 22, 1844. Among these believers in Portland were the Harmon family. Ellen was very happy over this hope to see her Saviour so soon, and to have all the troubles and pains of this life come to an end. Believers in the Second Advent were found in all the churches. But after a while their churches turned against them, and told them either to stop believing in what William Miller taught, or else be cast out. The Harmon family, with many others, held to their faith, and so they were cast out from the Methodist Church. After that, the Adventists, as they had come to be called, met together, week after week, in a city hall.

Ellen was sixteen years old when the great day of their hope came. She had been a real Christian worker, whose bright experience and words of cheer were welcomed in all the churches before the Adventists were cast out, and afterward still among the believers.

But on the great day, October 22, when they expected their Lord to come, He did not come. Oh, how deep was their disappointment! It was as great as the disappointment of Jesus' disciples when He was crucified on Calvary. Those disciples had expected Him to become king of Israel, and instead He was nailed to the cross, crucified between two thieves. Now the Adventists expected Him to come in glory, but He did not come. They did not know then that He had fulfilled the prophecy, and had entered into the most holy place of the sanctuary in heaven, to cleanse it of the forgiven sins of His people. This they were soon to learn. But now they were bowed down, crushed in disappointment.

The girl Ellen, with all the rest, was disappointed. But her hope held firm that in due time Jesus would come, and that very soon He would explain to His people what their disappointment meant. She did not yet know that she was Jesus' messenger, to carry the good news to the people. But she was.

## Chapter Three—God Spoke to Her

[24]

Children are very precious to the Lord Jesus. He was once a boy Himself; and when He was only twelve years old, He went into the Temple, and by asking questions of the teachers of Israel there, He taught them things they did not know. He has often used children to speak for Him. There was Samuel, who when a boy in the temple in Shiloh, heard God's voice, and gave His message. There was the girl whose name we do not know, but who, though a captive maid in Syria, so loved her enemies that she brought her master Naaman to be cured of the leprosy and to worship the true God. There was the great prophet Jeremiah, who was only a child when the Lord called him to speak His words. There have been many others through the ages, and there will be more. If children will love the Lord with all their hearts, and seek to do His will, God will make them His workers and helpers.

When Ellen Harmon, a strong and happy little girl of nine years, was by an accident turned into a weak and sickly child, she thought at first she could never be of any use in the world. For several years she struggled with the temptations made by her illness and her troubled thoughts. But God was watching over her, and He led her to know and to trust her Saviour.

[25]

When she was thirteen years old she began to have dreams, dreams that seemed to mean far more than most dreams. One dream filled her with dread, for it made her think she was lost. But then she dreamed another dream which changed all that. She dreamed she was sitting in despair, with her face in her hands, and thinking, "If Jesus were on earth, I would go to Him. Surely He would have pity on me." Then she dreamed that a bright angel came to her and said, "Do you want to see Jesus?"

"Yes, oh, yes," she said eagerly.

"Then come with me," said the angel. "Gather up all the things you have that a little girl or a big girl loves. Gather them up, and come with me."

So she heaped them on her bed. Then she took a big cloth and wrapped them up.

“Are you ready?” asked the angel.

“Yes, I’m ready,” said Ellen, and she picked up her things.

[26] So they went out and walked until they came to where there was an outside stairway by a tall building, and up this the angel led the way. It was very steep, and Ellen’s arms were full, and she panted as she climbed up the stairs behind the angel. By the time they reached the top she was ready to put her treasures down.

“Do you want to see Jesus?” asked the angel again.

“Yes, oh, yes,” panted Ellen, “yes, I want to see Jesus.”

“Then leave all your precious things here,” said the angel as he put his hand on the doorknob. “Leave them here, for you will not want them when you see Jesus.”

Quickly Ellen laid all her things on the floor. And she stood waiting.

Then the angel opened the door, and they went into a room. There stood Jesus. Ellen knew it was Jesus, for no one else could look so beautiful and so kind. But He was dazzling bright, and the light that came from Him filled all the room, and shone like the sun in her eyes. She tried to shield her eyes from the brightness, and she began to be afraid.

Then Jesus smiled at her. He came forward, and laid His hand on her head, and said, “Fear not. I am Jesus, your friend.”

The sound of His sweet voice filled her heart with a happiness she had never known before. So thrilled was she that all her strength ebbed away, and she sank to the floor at Jesus’ feet.

[27] While she lay there helpless the beauties of heaven seemed to pass before her, and she thought that she was at last in glory. Slowly her strength returned, and she rose. With the smile of Jesus still upon her she followed her angel guide out of the door and down to her home. This dream filled her heart with peace.

For all these months Ellen had kept her troubles to herself. She thought no one could understand how she felt. But now that Jesus had encouraged her, she went to her mother and told her all. Her mother sent her to Elder Stockman, a good Methodist minister who believed in the coming of Jesus. And to him she told her story, of her doubts and fears, her hopes and prayers, and of the dream she

had had. He listened to her story, and then, laying his hand upon her head, he said, “Ellen, you are only a child. Your experience is very unusual for one of your age. Jesus must be preparing you for some special work.”

What was that work? Ellen could not guess; but she thought, “There can be no more special work than helping my friends to know Jesus.” And so she started with those nearest her—her sisters, her brother, her friends. She told them how she loved Jesus and why she loved Jesus. And she told them Jesus was coming very soon, and asked whether they were glad it was so.

Some of them were not very glad, for they were afraid that when Jesus came, they would not be ready to meet Him, and they would be lost. But Ellen told them of her dream, and she said to them, “Jesus loves you just as He showed He loves me. Let’s pray to Jesus, and He will love you, and you will love Him too.”

So they formed little prayer bands, and her friends all came to be joyous in the Lord. And then they prayed together for others around them. They made special prayer lists of those who were not free or happy; and Ellen and some of her friends went to them and talked with them of the love of Jesus. And so at last all of them but one were brought to Jesus. I do not know who that one was; but I remember that even Jesus lost one for whom He labored. You know whom I mean, Judas, who betrayed Him. There are some who will not be saved.

[28]

For three years Ellen labored in prayer and in personal work to save sinners. And when she was asked to speak in the meetings, she told her story of salvation through her faith in her soon-coming Lord. Hundreds were brought to their Saviour.

But the great day came and passed, and they who looked for Jesus were disappointed. Yet Ellen’s faith held firm. She believed that God would teach them the reason for their disappointment. And though she did not know it, she was the one through whom He would teach them. About a month after the disappointment came her birthday, when she was seventeen years old. It was but a few days after this that she was given her first vision.

She had had heavenly dreams before, dreams with meaning in them; but a vision is more than a dream. Dreams come in our sleep, and God sometimes speaks to men in dreams. But visions are given

[29] to the prophets of God, often in the midst of their waking hours. The Holy Spirit wraps them in its power and glory, they lose sight of all earthly things, and Jesus Himself, or an angel, tells them the message of God. Sometimes they see what is coming in the future, and sometimes the message is to help people in the present. After the message has been given to the prophet, the glory fades, and he comes back to a knowledge of earth, and he tells his message from God.

One day Ellen Harmon was visiting a dear friend in South Portland, Mrs. Elizabeth Haines. There were three other young women there too, all of whom were believers in Jesus. As they talked together of the great disappointment they had just passed through, and questioned why it should have come, Ellen said, "God will yet show us. Let us pray about it."

So they had a prayer meeting in that home circle. And as Ellen prayed, the power of God came upon her as never before. She seemed to herself to be in the midst of a bright light, and to be rising higher and higher from the earth. She turned to look for the Adventist people, and she saw them on a high and narrow path, traveling to the New Jerusalem. Jesus was leading them; and when some grew weary He would raise His right arm and throw beams of light to them. And that light strengthened them. Ellen watched these people, and soon she found herself right among them.

[30] There was a bright light at the beginning of their path. Angels were walking along by their side, and Ellen asked one of them, "What is that bright light behind us?" The angel said, "Ellen, that is the midnight cry."

Now, you might not know what he meant, if an angel should tell you that a bright light was the midnight cry; but Ellen knew. The midnight cry was what they called the message of Jesus' coming that was given in the summer of 1844. You know, in the parable of the ten virgins, which Jesus told, there was raised a cry at midnight: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him!" The bridegroom represented Jesus, and the ten virgins were the people waiting for Him to come. So they called that last message of Jesus' coming, the midnight cry.

But after their disappointment some of the Adventists said that the time had been figured wrong, and they started to set some other

dates for the Lord to come. But the angel said to Ellen, “The bright light behind you is the midnight cry. Walk in its light. The time is right. Now look ahead to Jesus, and He will show you the way from here to the Holy City.”

Soon in her vision, as Ellen went along with the pilgrims, she and they heard the voice of God, like the thunders of a mighty waterfall, telling the day and hour of Jesus’ coming. They were glad, for the road was very hard, and the wicked people about them were trying to kill them. But when the wicked rushed upon them, God put His shielding arm before them, and they were safe.

Soon in the east they saw a small black cloud, which they knew was the sign of the coming Son of man. They all shouted for joy. [31] “See! It is coming nearer and nearer,” they cried; “it is growing brighter and brighter.”

Yes, it grew brighter and brighter, and larger and larger, until it was a great white cloud, filling all the sky. And now it was so near they could see what made it. It was not a cloud of mist and rain; it was a great company of angels, thousands and ten thousands of them.

“Oh,” cried the waiting people, “look! There is Jesus!” And indeed it was Jesus. He sat high on the cloud, on a living throne. For the throne of God is made of cherubim, who are like the angels.

Then the great white cloud halted, and the angels sang wonderful songs of praise. When they stopped, there was silence. Then Jesus [32] spoke. He called to His people who were living, “My grace is sufficient for you,” and their faces lighted up with joy. Then He called to His people who were sleeping in death, all the righteous dead of all the ages: “Awake! awake! awake! ye that sleep in the dust, and arise!” And from the graves they came, clad in immortal life.

The wicked were smitten by the glory, and fell among the dead, to wait until a thousand years should be past, when Jesus would come back for the final judgment.

All God’s people now rose in the air to meet their Lord, and with Him they ascended for seven days through the starry heavens, to the heaven of God’s abode. There is the Garden of Eden and the New Jerusalem, with the river of life flowing from the throne of God, and

the tree of life on either side. This was to be their home forever and ever.

That was the vision Ellen Harmon had on that December day in 1844, in the home of Elizabeth Haines in Portland. It was the first of many she was to receive in after years, to guide and help and encourage the people of God.

[33] When she came out of the vision, and found herself not in heaven but on the cold, dark earth, she was at first very sad. But God told her to be glad; because He had given her the vision to tell to others, that they might be encouraged. It was a very simple message. It just said to God's people: "Hold fast what you have. Do not be discouraged, and do not go astray. Stay with the truth, and follow Jesus." Other messages would come later, to teach them the way more perfectly.

The Lord told Ellen that she was to be His messenger, to carry His word to the few and the many. She would have trials and dangers to face, and many would oppose her. Satan would seek to bring evils upon her; but God promised that He would help and keep her; and if she was faithful, she should by-and-by enter that Holy City she had seen in vision, and be with her beloved Jesus evermore.

Dear Ellen Harmon! Frail, feeble girl of seventeen, timid and shy! How could she take up the burden, and go out to face the sneers and frowns and taunts of an evil world? How could she stand up under the heavy load, and find the health and strength to do God's bidding? It seemed to her more than she could bear.

But God gave her strength, and in time He gave her health, and He gave her courage and cheer and hope. She did not know it then; but seventy years of blessed service lay before her. Through labors hard and trials sore, and many a hope and many a fear and many a great deliverance, she was to be a spokesman for God, as God spoke to her.



## Chapter Four—Print a Little Paper

[34]

Down in the southern part of Massachusetts, on the sea, is the big town of New Bedford, and just across the river from it, is the smaller town of Fairhaven. In Fairhaven lived a great and good man named Joseph Bates. He was a lover of the Lord, and he looked with joy for Jesus to come on October 22, 1844. He went about preaching that the Lord would come then. But with all the rest of the Adventists, he was deeply disappointed when Jesus did not come.

However, he went right on believing that Jesus would soon appear. So he became acquainted with James White and his wife. For in 1846, two years after the disappointment, James White married Ellen Harmon, and ever since then she has been known as Mrs. Ellen G. White. They went down on a visit to Massachusetts, and became dear friends of Joseph Bates.

Now, Joseph Bates, a few months after the disappointment, learned a great truth. He learned that the seventh day, Saturday, and not the first day, Sunday, is the Sabbath. He began to teach this, and he wrote a book about it. James and Ellen White studied this book, and they studied the Bible, and so they too became Sabbathkeepers. These three people, Joseph Bates, James White, and Ellen G. White, brought other Adventists to keep the Sabbath; and by-and-by they came to be known as Seventh-day Adventists.

[35]

They were all very poor. Joseph Bates had been a rich man, but he had spent all in preaching the message of Jesus' coming, and now he had no money left. James and Ellen White had nothing to start with, except what James White could earn by the labor of his hands, and that was very little. But the Lord took care of them all, and went before them, opening the way as they took steps forward in preaching the truths of the third angel's message.

Do you know what the third angel's message is? Let me tell you. In the fourteenth chapter of Revelation, John tells of seeing a vision of three great angels flying in the midst of heaven, each one with a message to give to the world. These angels lead the great

[36] movement of the church in telling the messages of God in these last days. The first angel calls men to worship God, the Creator of all things; for the hour of His judgment is come. The second angel tells that Babylon is fallen, which means that the churches which mingle error with truth have been rejected of God. The third angel warns against worshiping the beast and his image, and against receiving the mark, which means that the powers which Satan controls are the enemies of God, and the false Sabbath, which is their mark, is not to be received by the people of God.

The first angel's message began to be given when William Miller and his followers started preaching that the judgment was at hand. The second angel's message began to be given in the summer of 1844. And the third angel's message began to be preached when the Sabbath truth came, and Joseph Bates and James and Ellen White, with others who joined them, went forth to teach that truth and other truths that went with it.

[37] All three of the angels' messages are now joined in a great threefold message; but when the keepers of the Sabbath began to teach it, they put in the forefront the Sabbath, which is the seal of God, and the truth that the sanctuary is in heaven. So they spoke mostly of the the third angel's message, though now we speak of the three angels' messages joined in one; that is: Worship God, who made heaven and earth; receive the Lord Jesus, and so prepare for the judgment; forsake evil and love good; receive not the mark of the beast, but the seal of God; and be ready for Jesus' coming. This is the great message of the gospel which is now going to all the world.

Joseph Bates and James and Ellen White went about teaching the Sabbath and the sanctuary and the soon coming of Jesus. Others joined them. There were Hiram Edson, and Heman Gurney, and George Holt, and John N. Andrews; and later there were more.

But they felt that they ought to have a paper which they could send around to tell the truth, and spread it farther and faster than they could in person. About the only printed matter they had was Joseph Bates's little book on the Sabbath. However, they had no money to start a paper with, for you know it costs a good deal to print a paper and send it out through the mails. They wished they could, but they thought they couldn't. Why, who had a hundred dollars, or five hundred, which he could use for printing a paper?

Then, while they were praying about it one day, at the home of Otis Nichols, in Dorchester, Massachusetts, which is now a part of Boston, the Lord gave Sister White a vision. In this vision she seemed to be watching a light as of the sun, rising in the east, and she saw it rise higher and higher, and grow brighter and brighter, until it went clear round the earth, and lighted the world with its glory. She was told in her vision that they were to step out in faith, and begin to publish the truth, so the light would grow and grow, and finally lighten all the world. When she came out of the vision she said to her husband, “I have a message for you. You must begin to print a little paper and send it out to the people. Let it be small at first; but as the people read, they will send you means with which to print, and it will be a success from the first. From this small beginning it was shown to me to be like streams of light that went clear round the world.” [38]

So James White set out to print a little paper. Down in the State of Connecticut lived a good brother named Albert Belden. He had a farm at Rocky Hill, near Middletown, and he had a new house, which was not all finished, but which was large enough for two families. He invited Brother and Sister White to come and live with him and his family.

There was also a sister, a young woman named Clarissa Bonfoey, who had some furniture, enough to set up housekeeping with, and she offered to use this furniture and keep house for them. Brother Belden divided the upstairs of his house into three or four rooms. They went there and lived, and James White started to write the copy for the paper.

He had no money to hire a printer, but he stepped out by faith and wrote. Then he went to a printer in Middletown, who agreed to print the paper and receive payment later. James White believed God, that He would send the money through the readers of the paper, which he named *Present Truth*.

It was eight miles from Rocky Hill to Middletown. Having no horse then, James White walked those eight miles time and again, to see to the printing of the paper. He was lame too, because several years before, while chopping wood, he had cut his ankle, and when it healed, it left him with a limp. But even though it pained him to [39]

walk so far to have the paper printed, he was glad to do this service for his Lord.

[40] The first issue of *Present Truth* was printed in July, 1849. When the printer had it ready, Albert Belden lent James White a horse and buggy to bring out the flat sheets from Middletown to Rocky Hill. He took the bundle of paper into the house, and laid it on the floor. Then they all gathered around the paper—James White, Ellen White, Clarissa Bonfoey, and Albert Belden and his wife—and kneeling, they prayed the Lord to bless its message and convert people to the truth.

After that, they all took a hand in folding the sheets into page form. Then they wrapped the papers and addressed them to all the likely people they knew. When the papers were ready for the mail James White took them in a carpetbag, and walked to Middletown to put them in the post office.

The papers were gladly received by many people, and they sent in money enough to pay for the printing, so the expense was taken care of, as the Lord had promised. In fact, they sent more than enough money for the first number of the paper, so the next number was published, and the next, and the next. Then there was some money left to help Brother and Sister White to travel around and preach the truth.

The paper, *Present Truth*, was published for a year. Then, in 1850, its name was changed to *Review and Herald*, and that is the name it has kept ever since. This was the beginning of the great publishing work of Seventh-day Adventists, which today belts the world, with half a hundred publishing houses, printing the truth in papers, tracts, pamphlets, and books, in more than two hundred languages, worth millions of dollars. So it has come to pass, as Sister White's vision foretold, that the light which rose from the east a hundred years ago has grown greater and greater, brighter and brighter, until its glory shines over all the earth.

## Chapter Five—She Loved Children

[41]

My mother was not wrong when she told me that Sister White loved boys and girls. So did Brother White. Children were always very dear to them. They had four children of their own—all boys. But they took other children into their family, and many of these were girls. So Sister White mothered and loved both girls and boys, and some of them grew up to be great workers for Jesus.

Brother and Sister White's oldest son was Henry; he was born in Gorham, Maine. The next was Edson; he was born in Rocky Hill, Connecticut. Willie, the third, was born in Rochester, New York. And Herbert, the youngest, was born in Battle Creek, Michigan. Only two of them, Edson and Willie, lived long enough to grow up into men, but they were all dear children. Naming their birthplaces tells you how much Brother and Sister White moved around. They owned no home, and they traveled a good deal, to carry the message of the Sabbath and of Jesus' coming. Sometimes a good brother and sister would take them in for a time, but soon they would be called to go somewhere else. In 1852 they moved to Rochester, New York. Here they rented a house, not only to live in, but to make room for the printing office and to take care of the several persons who worked in it. Their brethren had bought a printing press for the *Review and Herald*, the first one the church ever owned. It printed not only the *Review and Herald* and some tracts but—what do you think?—a children's paper too!

[42]

Now, the Adventist children back in that time did not have all the good things you have. There were no children's meetings, no Sabbath school, no church school, no children's paper, no Junior Missionary Volunteers, no Busy Bees or Helping Hands. Children were supposed to be proper little men and women, who could go to meeting like big folks; and if they could not understand what the preacher said, anyway they must keep still. If their feet could not touch the floor, they could swing their weary little legs. If the fidgets got them, perhaps they could snuggle under father's arm or lay their

heads in mother's lap and go to sleep. But as for teaching them and interesting them in the Bible and in nature, well, some parents did and some parents didn't; mostly they didn't. And as for being taught habits of life, the children were brought up not to use tobacco and not to drink hard cider, and that was about all.

[43] Sister White talked and wrote much to parents about training their children, and she did not forget to speak to children too. She told parents to love their children as Jesus loved them, to take them up in their arms and sing to them the songs of Zion, to tell them Bible stories, to teach them health habits, to take them out into the garden, the woods, and the fields, especially on the Sabbath day, which God has given for just such teaching. She told children to love and obey their parents, to do their duties cheerfully, to study the Word of God, and in all their life to make themselves ready for Jesus' coming. So things began to be better in the homes and the churches.

But though Brother and Sister White had children whom they greatly loved, they did not at first have a home to put them in. They traveled so much to carry the Bible message to people everywhere that they could not take care of their children as they wished. They had to leave them in the care of others. There were two lovely young women who helped them much with their little ones. One of these was Frances Howland; the other was Clarissa Bonfoey.

[44] Frances and her parents lived in Topsham, Maine. Brother and Sister White lived in their house for a time, a year or so after they were married. When the Lord told them to go out and teach the message, they went, but they soon saw that they could not keep their baby Henry with them and care for him as he must be cared for. Frances Howland and her parents offered to keep him, and they did. For five years Frances gave her time and strength largely to caring for little Henry and teaching him, until his parents made a home at last in Rochester, and gathered their children together there.

Clarissa lived in Middletown, Connecticut, and it was when James and Ellen White were invited to Brother Belden's place that she offered to give her furniture and to keep house for them. But because they did not stay there long at a time, but traveled to teach the truth, and because they at first had little Henry with them, Clarissa also traveled with them and took care of the baby. Afterward, when

Edson was born and Henry was left with the Howlands, she took care of Edson too.

But when they moved to Rochester, Brother and Sister White took little Edson; and the next year they brought six-year-old Henry there. Oh, what a happy family they were then! There were many cares and burdens for Brother and Sister White, and their home held also the workers from the printing office, but they had their boys with them at last. And they were glad, and the boys were glad. When, a year or two later, Willie was born, they thought, with a baby in the house, they had just the best family in the world.

The boys loved to sing; so did their father and mother. When, with the grownups in their family circle, they gathered together for worship every morning and every evening, they not only learned much of the Bible but many of Zion's songs. There were not so many children's songs then as there are now. That children's favorite, "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know," had not yet been written. But there were songs such as Jane Taylor's "When Little Samuel Woke." And there were the Second Advent hymns, which they all loved and sang with joy. There was Phoebe Palmer's "Watch, Ye Saints, With Eyelids Waking," and Mary Dana's "I'm a Pilgrim, and I'm a Stranger," and Annie Smith's "Blessed Jesus, Meek and Lowly," and her song about the pioneers, "The Blessed Hope." Annie was right there with them the first year, but she became sick, and went home to die. [45]

While the two boys were still little, soon after the Whites had set up their home in Rochester, Brother White planned a new thing. What about all the children in all the homes and churches? Were they being cared for as they ought to be, and were they being taught the ways of God? There was a paper for the big folks, but what about the little folks? James White thought they should have a paper too. So he planned for one.

What should they call it? It must be a paper not only for the littlest ones but also for the boys and girls who were older. So he decided to call it *The Youth's Instructor*. In the *Review and Herald* he wrote: "The children should have a paper of their own, one that will interest and instruct them." He said that God was at work among the children of believing parents, and some of them were being converted. He said that, on the other hand, some of the children

[46] were being neglected by their parents. This was not right, and God would have it changed. So the children should have a paper of their own every month.

The first number of the *Youth's Instructor* was published in Rochester in August, 1852, and it cost twenty-five cents a year. If any child or his parents could not pay that, they should have it free. Twenty-five cents then meant as much as several dollars mean now.

Along with the beginning of the *Youth's Instructor* went the forming of Sabbath schools. The paper printed Bible lessons for the children and youth, and urged that Sabbath schools be started to teach them. That was the beginning of Sabbath schools among us. The children's lessons were the only lessons there were, and so the big folks studied them too. I think that was a pretty good thing, for they all studied together.

About the time Elder White printed the first number of the *Instructor*, a dreadful disease, cholera, struck the city of Rochester where they lived. Thousands of people, children as well as older ones, were stricken, and died. Little Edson, just three years old, fell ill with the disease. They prayed for him, and he was instantly healed. But he did not gain strength. For three days afterward he could eat nothing.

[47] Brother and Sister White had promised to go out and hold meetings for two months, from New York to Maine. They were to travel all that way by horse and buggy. But they did not dare to leave their darling to others' care. They asked the Lord to show them what to do, and they decided that if the little boy came to the point where he would eat, they would take it as a sign that they should go. The first day there was no change for the better; he would take no food. The next day, about noon, he called for broth, and when he had eaten he felt better.

[48] They had to leave that very day, to get to the place where they would hold their first meeting. About four o'clock in the afternoon they started in a buggy drawn by a horse. Brother White drove while the mother of the sick boy laid him on a pillow and held him in her arms. Into the night they drove for twenty miles. The little boy was very restless and did not seem to be getting any better.

About eight o'clock they stopped for a night's rest. In the morning Edson seemed so weak that they questioned whether they should



go back home. The family they had stayed with overnight told them if they went on, they would bury their child by the roadside.

But Sister White said to her husband, “The Lord has sent us on. If we go back, the child will die. If we go on to do the Lord’s errands, he may die, but on the other hand the Lord may heal him, and he will live. Let us go on.”

They had to ride one hundred miles in the next two days, and that was swift work by horse and buggy. Sister White was so weak and tired she could not trust herself to hold little Edson all the way. So she laid him on her lap, and tied him to her waist, and they both slept most of that day while Brother White drove on. To their great joy, little Edson grew stronger. And the next day he was stronger still. They reached the place of their appointment, held their meetings, and went on their way.

As they journeyed on their horse and buggy trip, Brother White thought of the *Youth’s Instructor*; and as they would sometimes stop by the roadside to eat their lunch and let the horse graze, Brother White would take paper and pencil, and on the cover of the lunch box or on the top of his hard-crowned hat, he wrote out the lessons and stories for the new children’s paper. [49]

I remember the *Youth’s Instructor* back in those days, or a few years later, for it had a headpiece with several children in it, and I thought they were all my family. I could pick out my sisters, and my older brother, and my younger brother, and *me*. The stories and the verses and the Bible lessons were all very interesting. And then, too, they printed letters from the children who wrote in. I was greatly pleased when they printed one letter from me. But the editor seemed to think I was too bookish, and said, right after my letter, that I ought to get out and do some work. As if I didn’t! She ought to have seen the rows of corn I hoed and the wood I split and the sweat that rolled down my fat face. Still, I would say with Brother Snider, “I love books.” [50]

After some years it was seen that there ought to be two papers—one for the older youth and one for the children. So there was started *Our Little Friend* for the younger children, while the *Youth’s Instructor* was left for the juniors and the senior young people. Besides these papers, there are today so many beautiful books for children, as well as juniors and grownups, that Brother White would

be astonished if he could see what has come from his wonderful thought of starting a paper for the children.

## Chapter Six—A Bridge of Ice

[51]

Brother and Sister White kept going farther and farther West to teach the truth. Brother Bates went before them, and so did Brother Rhodes, Brother Loughborough, and Brother Andrews. If you will get a map of the United States, and look at the upper right-hand corner, you can see where they started and where they went. First they were in Maine and Massachusetts. Then they went to New Hampshire and Vermont, and thence to New York and up into Canada. Before very long they were in Ohio and Michigan. Then they went on to Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa. Everywhere they went they carried the message of the Sabbath and of the coming of the Lord. And many took hold of the faith.

In 1855, just ten years after their work had started, they moved the office of the church to Battle Creek, Michigan. The brethren there built a little wooden house for the printing office, and in it the *Review and Herald* and the *Youth's Instructor* and many tracts and books were printed. The publishing work grew and grew and grew; and they built bigger and bigger. They built the great Tabernacle for a church. They built the sanitarium. They built the college. For nearly fifty years Battle Creek was the center of the work.

[52]

Meanwhile the message of Jesus' coming was going farther and farther. Some of the brethren from Maine and Vermont moved to Iowa, across the great Mississippi River. A company of them settled at Waukon, in northeastern Iowa. Edward Andrews, the father of John N. Andrews, was one of these, and Cyprian Stevens, both from Maine. Then Ezra P. Butler, from Vermont, moved there. His son, George I. Butler, afterward became president of the General Conference.

This little company at Waukon included some very fine people, like the ones named above. But their land was so rich that, if they would work hard—and they all did—it would make them rich too. So they fell to money-making. Then some of them forgot to keep the edges of the Sabbath holy, because their work kept them too busy.

Then they fell to finding fault with one another and with Brother and Sister White, and the truth began to slip away from them. They began to lose the love of Jesus, and to be like the world.

[53] About this time, 1856, John N. Andrews, who had come to be a great preacher and writer, fell sick. He was so sick he feared he would die if he did not rest. So he left the work, and went out to his father's at Waukon, and started clerking in his uncle's store. Then pretty soon John N. Loughborough became discouraged, because his wife was discouraged, and she was discouraged because they could not make enough money. So Brother and Sister Loughborough followed Brother Andrews to Waukon, and he went to work as a carpenter. All this was very bad for the work, because Brother and Sister White depended a good deal on Brother Andrews and Brother Loughborough.

Things at Waukon were not going right. Winter came. Brother and Sister White went out to the State of Illinois, to visit some of the brethren who had moved there. And while they were at Round Grove, the home of Josiah Hart and Elon Everts, Sister White was shown by the Lord the bad state of things at Waukon. Brother Hart and Brother Everts had been preachers too, but they had come West with many others, and now they were farming. However, they and other brethren there were encouraged by Brother and Sister White's visit, and they were ready to go into the work again.

[54] Sister White said they should all go up to Waukon and help the brethren there. Waukon was two hundred miles away, on the other side of the great Mississippi River. The only way they could travel was by team and wagon or sleigh, for there was no railway out there. It being winter, they thought they would go in a sleigh. There was plenty of snow on the ground to make good sleighing. Brother Hart and Brother Everts had the sleigh and the team, and they said they would go along with Brother and Sister White.

But the night before they were to start, it began to rain. It rained and it rained all next day, and the snow began to disappear.

"Sister White, what about Waukon?" asked Josiah Hart.

She said firmly, "We shall go."

"Yes," he said, "if the Lord works a miracle."

That night Sister White rose many times from her bed and went to the window to see if the weather had changed. She prayed that if

the Lord wanted them to go, He would give them a sign by changing the rain to snow. And the Lord gave the sign. About daylight it grew colder and began to snow. It snowed nearly all day, so there was good sleighing again.

About five o'clock in the afternoon they began their journey in the sleigh, behind a brisk team of horses. The snow continued as they drove north to Green Vale. There they stopped to have some meetings with the believers at that place. And it kept on snowing. It snowed for days, and the drifts grew larger. They could not move for a week.

"Sister White," asked Elon Everts, "what about Waukon?"

"We shall go," she said.

Finally they started once more. But now the weather changed again, and it began to rain. They came near to the Mississippi. There was no bridge across the great river then, but it had frozen over during the cold weather, and they thought they could cross on the ice. The rain, however, was melting the snow and making the ice mushy. People told them several teams had tried to cross, and had broken through, the drivers barely escaping with their lives. Now the river lay before them. It was still frozen, but on top of the spongy ice lay nearly a foot of water from melted snow.

[55]

[56]

Brother Hart drew up his horses at the brink. Rising in the sleigh, he pointed his whip hand to the broad river, and said, "Is it Iowa? or back to Illinois? We have come to the Red Sea. Shall we cross?"

Sister White said, "Go forward, trusting in Israel's God."

And Brother White said, "Go on."

Carefully they eased the sleds down upon the ice. The water came up nearly to the sleigh box, and the horses' feet splashed as they went slowly forward. Who could tell whether they might come upon a weak spot and plunge into the icy river? They all prayed.

On the far bank people gathered to watch them cross. They feared they would see them go down at any moment. Nearer and nearer to the shore crept the sleigh with its precious freight. The God who had carved a way through the waters of the Red Sea for His people now froze the waters of the Mississippi in the path of His servants.

At last they reached the other side, and drove up on the bank. The people crowded around, and told them how glad they were they had

come over safely. "Nothing could have made us try that crossing," they said; "you must have had the hand of God with you."

[57] So now toward Waukon they pressed. It was Friday, and soon the Sabbath would come. They drew near to the town of Dubuque, and finding a hotel, stopped and spent the Sabbath there. In the parlor of the hotel they held meetings, singing the songs of deliverance and hope, and preaching the truth. The hotel keeper and all his guests were very pleased to have them, and invited them to stop on their way back and hold more meetings.

Sunday morning they started on. The weather had again turned cold, and in place of rain there was driving sleet, then snow. The fierce wind of the plains smote them, unprotected in the open sleigh. They wrapped up as best they could in quilts and buffalo robes, and they watched one another's faces lest they should become frostbitten.

"Brother, your face is freezing. Rub on some snow."

"Sister, your nose is freezing. Brother, your ear is white. Cover it up."

For four days they rode, and on Wednesday evening they reached Waukon. Almost no one was glad to see them. They had had a cold journey, and they met a chilly welcome. But they had come in the name and power of God, and they prayed that He would give victory here.

[58] A meeting was called for Thursday evening. They sang the old Advent hymns, and hearts began to warm. Brother Everts and Brother Hart told their experience, and hearts grew warmer. Brother White spoke, and the glow of love began to be felt. Then, while they were praying together, Sister White was taken into vision. She was shown the reasons why the brethren and sisters in Waukon were backslidden. And when she came out of the vision she told them the Lord's message. "If you will open the door of your hearts," she said, "Jesus will come in, and walk in our midst with power."

The brethren and sisters of Waukon began to open the way. The hard, cold surface of their spirits was broken; their icy feelings toward one another began to melt. Sister Loughborough rose and said, "Brother and Sister White, I am glad you have come. I have been wrong. I have sinned, and made my husband to sin. God forgive me. Now I open the door of my heart. Lord Jesus, come in."

Brother Loughborough stood up, and said, "I have laid up my hammer. I have driven the last nail. Henceforth my hand shall hold only the sword of the Spirit, and never give it up. So help me God!"

Then the Spirit of God moved on the hearts of that company. Many confessions were made, and the sweet, pure influence of Jesus took charge of them. The meeting went over to the next day and to the Sabbath. It was a very blessed time in Waukon. The brethren and sisters who had grown cold were brought back and warmed with the love of God.

When Brother and Sister White returned to their home, Brother Loughborough went with them, and entered the work again, never to give it up through all the remaining seventy years of his life. Brother Andrews slowly grew better, and as soon as he could he too went back into the work, and stayed with it to the end of his noble life. His father and mother and his uncle and aunt were reconverted, and so was the family of Cyprian Stevens. One of the Stevens girls, Angeline, married John Andrews the next spring. She was a fine young woman and a wonderful wife, and they had children and grandchildren who have given great service to God's cause.

[59]

Brother Ezra Butler had been a grand help in the cause back East, and now he took his firm stand for the truth again. His son George was a strong young man, just then wandering from the fold; but soon he was brought back to the true faith, and he became a mighty worker for God, standing like a rock against the beating waves of evil.

At this meeting the church at Waukon was strengthened and fitted for the trials that were to come. The work in Iowa went forward with great strength; and many workers for Christ were brought forth there.

It was winter, and ice and snow lay heavy on the land, both East and West. And winter it had been in the hearts of Waukon. But over a bridge of ice God took His servants to bring the sunshine of His love, and in the summer that was to come He gave the flowers and fruits of His grace.

## Chapter Seven—Care for Your Body

Nobody ever knows everything. It is good to know little at first, and to learn a little more every day. That is the way children grow in knowledge and wisdom and grace, and that too is the way older people grow. You remember the Bible says that Jesus, when a boy, “increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.”

It is not good to stay in ignorance. There is so much we need to know and do to keep ourselves in health of body and mind, and to do the work God has given, that no one can afford to waste any time. The Lord has been very good to give us the light of life, and whoever loves darkness rather than light despises the goodness of God. We are to fill our minds with good and useful knowledge, and then use it. We are to delight our souls with beauty and purity and love, and so to serve others and to please God. We are to know the laws of health and keep our bodies in the best possible state, as temples for the Spirit of God.

[61] When James and Ellen White began to teach this truth they did not know all truth. They did not know the laws of health and how to keep themselves in good condition. In that they were like the people around them. Their parents had not taught them, because their parents did not know. And even the doctors in that time knew very little about the laws of health. Instead of teaching people how to live, they waited until they were sick, and then they gave them pills and pills and more pills. There was a great deal for people to learn, and the Lord was ready to teach them.

[62] One man whom the Lord taught very early how to live, was Joseph Bates. He had been a sea captain, sailing ships over the ocean; and sailors were not noted for good habits. But Captain Bates longed to know the Lord, and the Lord taught him. Almost everybody, and sailors especially, drank alcoholic liquors—wine, rum, or whisky; but Captain Bates saw what great harm it did to people, and with the Lord’s help he gave up drink. He formed one



of the first temperance societies in America, and sought to get others to give up drinking. A good many did too.

Then he decided that tobacco was bad. He had smoked and chewed tobacco, but he saw it was a filthy habit, and he threw his cigars and all his tobacco into the sea. Then he found that drinking tea or coffee kept him awake at night, and he gave them up.

After a while he discovered that eating hog's flesh was forbidden by the Bible, and he stopped eating that. It was not long until he gave up eating all meat. For a while he lived on only bread and water; and like the four Hebrew children in Babylon, he "appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat." But pretty soon he learned that the fruits and vegetables as well as the grains, which in the beginning God gave to man for food, were just as good for him as for Adam.

And, do you know, Joseph Bates had the best health of anybody around. When the third angel's message began he was twice as old as young James and Ellen White and most of the others. But for all that, he was stronger and more enduring than any of them. He was almost never sick, and if he did get a fever, he was quickly over it. So they had much to learn from Brother Bates.

They were rather slow in learning, though. They were so busy doing the Lord's work that they didn't take time to learn His will about caring for their bodies. They worked too long, often going without sleep when they should have been asleep, and so they overtaxed their strength. They ate whatever they liked, including a great deal of meat and fried things, pickles, and sugary pies and cakes. Everybody did as everyone else did, and nobody knew any better.

[63]

Of course they didn't drink wine, cider or whisky, and they didn't use tobacco. They were ahead of Joseph Bates in refraining from those things, because once he had used them. And soon they learned from him to give up tea and coffee. But they all kept on eating the wrong things, and they continued to overwork. So they were sick much of the time.

However, they began to see the bad effects of drugs in sickness. So when, in the winter of 1863, two of Brother and Sister White's children fell ill with diphtheria (*dif-ther-i-a*), they did not call a drug-dosing doctor; but Sister White nursed them through their illness, with water treatments, liquid food, fresh air, and good care. Other

children in the neighborhood fell ill with diphtheria, and Sister White was called to give them the same treatment. They all got well.

[64] Then came summer. In June, Brother and Sister White, with some others, drove from Battle Creek up to Otsego, Michigan, where two ministers were holding a tent meeting. All the workers gathered at the beginning of the Sabbath in the farmhouse of Aaron Hilliard, where they held a prayer meeting. In the midst of the meeting, while Sister White was praying, she was taken into vision, and the Lord gave her a wonderful message on health.

This message laid the foundation for the great and blessed health work, which has ever since been a part of the mission of Seventh-day Adventists. “We have a duty,” said Sister White, “to come out against intemperance of every kind—intemperance in work, in eating, in drinking, in drugging; and then point them to God’s great medicine, water, pure, soft water, in diseases, for health, for cleanliness, for luxury.”

In diet, the message said that we should leave off meat of every kind, and fried foods, rich pies, and so on, and go back to the simple fare that God gave in the beginning, of fruits, nuts, grains, and vegetables. Drinks may include milk (when it is pure and clean) and fruit juices, but best of all, pure water.

There should be perfect cleanliness, with frequent baths, clean and neat persons, homes, and grounds. Clothing should be simple, neat, and healthful. The fashions of that day had many things in dress that were wrong and harmful, and so too are some of the fashions today. God made for us beautiful bodies, and the less we deck them with foolish frills and jewelry and paint, like the heathen, the more pleasing we make ourselves and the better able we are to give God’s message.

[65] It is good to work. God gave man work to keep him out of mischief. It helps to keep children out of mischief too; so children should have work suited to their age and strength. And, of course, work is what keeps the world going. But we should not overwork, and we should have recreation.

Do you know what that big word means? Look! The last part of it is *creation*, and the first part of it, *re* means “again.” So *recreation* (pronounced *rek-re-a-shun*) is really *re-cre-a-shun*, a creating again.

God created us in the beginning, and so our bodies and souls are the creation of God. Now, when a part of one's body becomes tired, or a part of one's brain becomes tired, it needs to be re-created; and that is recreation. By using other parts of the body or mind we let the tired parts grow strong again. It is the power of God in our bodies and our minds that does this, but we help Him by following His rules of recreation.

It is very foolish for us to drug ourselves when we are tired. And it is very foolish to wear ourselves out with the kinds of play that tear down our bodies and our minds, instead of building them up. We need recreation, but we must be sure that it is true recreation.

The soothing influence of nature is a means of true recreation—watching, listening, studying, helping, playing, working. And listening to the sound of good music is recreation. The reading of the Bible and other good literature is also recreation. We can run and jump and climb and shout and lift and throw and catch, and do all sorts of things, and be recreated. But sometimes just to sit still and think is recreation too. Well, Sister White wrote about all these things, and she taught the people the way to obey the Word of the Lord. The message that came to her changed her own way of living in some things. She stopped eating meat and fried foods and sugary things, and she came back to a simple diet of fruits, grains and vegetables. [66]

Then pretty soon, in about three years, she got the church to start a health home, or sanitarium, to cure sick people and to teach them the laws of health. The Health Reform Institute, which was afterward named Battle Creek Sanitarium, was started in 1866. And at the same time they began printing a health magazine called the *Health Reformer*. We have had health magazines ever since, which teach the laws of health to all who will read. And we have opened many sanitariums, health homes, and treatment rooms, so that wherever the message of Jesus' coming goes, around the world, the message of caring for our bodies goes with it.

The Bible tells us that our body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and that if any man defiles this temple, he shall be destroyed. God tells us how to keep this temple pure and clean, and He tells how to build it up if any part becomes weak.

This is the message that God gave to Sister White on June 6, 1863, in the house of Aaron Hilliard, at Otsego, Michigan. And this is the message that Jesus gives to us, to help us onward and upward in the cause of God: Care for your body, which is the temple of the Holy Spirit.

## Chapter Eight—The First and Best School

[67]

“Are you going to school?” Maybe you are eight or ten years old; and you say, “Yes, I’m going to school. My school is that big brick building on Forty-seventh Street.” Or, “My school is out here in the country, in that little white house under the oaks by the brook.”

But maybe you are only four or five years old. “Are you going to school?” And you say, “No; I’m not old enough yet. Big Brother Harry and Sister Sue are going to school, but they say I’m too little. Oh, I wish I would hurry and grow up, so I could go to school too.”

But, my dear, let me tell you that you are going to school. You started to school the day you were born, and you have been going to school ever since. The first school you went to, and the best school you’ll ever go to, is your home. Your teachers are your father and mother; and your older brothers and sisters, if you have them, teach you a little too. That is something Sister White learned very early, and which she taught us. Wise people know it is true.

Why do we go to school? Oh, to learn to read and write, and to figure, and to speak well. When we have learned to read there are lit-er-al-ly thousands of books that have stories in them that teach us all we want to know. And when we have learned to write we can write letters, and maybe sometime we’ll write books, maybe a good many of them. And when we have learned numbers, how to figure, the multiplication table, and all that—why, we can do sums and count our money and keep banks and everything.

[68]

Besides, going to school is fun. There are so many boys and girls there, and we have games, and we eat our lunch together. And teacher tells us stories, and she draws the cutest pictures, and she lets us play in the sandbox, making geography lessons. And after school we go along home with Jimmy, Grace, Sally, Tom, and—what’s his funny name?—Firman. He’s the most fun, in some ways. He came away across the ocean, where he was born, and he has curly hair, and he talks so fast, and sometimes he talks for us that funny—you know—jabberwock, that he has to tell us what it means.

[69] Yes, chatterbox, it's fun to go to school. And it's good to go to school, because you do learn things that you need to know to get along in this world and to do God's work. And that's what I'm telling you. You'd better start to school pretty early. You *have* to go to school pretty early, because you can't be alive without going to school. You are in school whenever you learn something, and you learn something every minute. Why, just think! When you are born, you start from scratch. You know not one thing, ab-so-lute-ly nothing! You don't know whether a ball is round or flat. You don't know whether your toes belong to you or to someone else. You haven't any teeth; and if you have any hair, you lose it all and start all over again to get some. You can't walk, you can't talk, you can't use a knife and fork; and as for the multiplication table—ha! You probably think that one times one equals two!

The first year you go to school you learn to walk. And let me tell you, that is something! You stand a pencil up on its rubber tip, and see how long it will stay there. It topples over, just as a baby does when you stand him on his fat little feet. It's a good thing he's padded all over, for he gets so many falls and bumps. And besides learning to walk in that first year, you learn a thousand other things.

The second year you go to school, you learn a language. And let me tell you, that's something too! Why, some people go to school for years and years, learning a language. Well, when you start out, you don't know boo, but by the time you are two years old, you are talking a blue streak. And nearly everybody can understand you, which is more than you can say for my French or my Chinese.

[70] It's pretty important to learn to walk and to learn to talk. But there are other things you learn in this school of the home—things that are more important still. You learn to obey. Do you know, that is the most important law in all nature. It's the most important thing for children to learn, it's the most important thing for kittens to learn, it's the most important thing for puppies to learn, and for little deer and little foxes and little rabbits, and every young thing on earth. They all have to learn to mind their fathers and mothers if they want to live and get along in the world. Did you ever hear the story of Raggylug, the baby rabbit, and how he learned to obey? Well, get daddy to tell it to you. And when you learn to obey father

and mother you are learning also to obey God. And that is the most important thing in the world.

Another thing, you learn to eat what is good for you, and to eat when you should, and not otherwise. Besides learning what to eat and how to eat, you learn to go to bed on time and to get up on time. And you learn to keep clean, or to clean up if you get dirty, even letting mother wash away the shadow behind your ears. You learn to turn fat into muscle, by plenty of exercise. Now, all that is very important, because it helps to lay the foundation for good health. And without good health you will have a miserable time in this world.

And you learn how to get along with other people. But it's a very scrappy world, a very unpleasant world, if we don't get along with other people. One thing school is for, is to teach us how to meet people and help people and enjoy people. In the schools for grownups, that's what is called social education; and it's one of the greatest and hardest studies that men have. Well, if you start out right in your home school, learning how to have a happy and helpful time with your brothers and sisters and your playmates, and with all the big people too, you are getting the right social education. The secret of it all is love. If you love everybody, you will get along fine with everybody. [71]

Your first two or three years in the home school are taken up mostly with people. They are all around you—mother, father, sister, brother, cousin, grandmother, visitors, and friends. They have to do with you, and you have to do with them. You will have to do with people all your life; and how to do with them is the next to the biggest study in any school. Right here in the home school you are learning the A B C of that science, and I hope you will not learn to write your ABC's upside-down and back-to-front. You will not, if you love Jesus, and so, like Him, love everybody. But the greatest study in any school, and most of all in the home school, is to study and know God, and to get along beautifully with God. God is our Father, as Jesus taught us. He is the Father of all the human race, for He made us and He loves us. He has made a beautiful world for us to live in, and everything in it has the touch of His fingers. All nature is God's handwriting, and when you have learned to read it, you have learned to read! [72]

The Indians used to write in pictures, and you can learn pretty easily to read their picture writing. As a matter of fact, our own alphabet started out as picture writing, and I think if it had stuck to its picture writing, it would be easier now to read. Well, God has made the most wonderful picture writing. Everything we see in nature—the flowers, the trees, the birds, the insects, the animals, the hills, the streams, the sky—are pictures that mean something. They tell us of God; and the best thing you can learn when you are little in the home school, and when you grow big and go to other schools, is this book of nature, which is God’s.

[73] When you come to be three and four years old, and you have learned to know people and get along well with people, you begin to reach out toward God in the study of His works. You have pets, maybe a kitten, a dog, a bird, or a pony. You love them and care for them, and they love you. Then you notice the wild birds that sing in the sunshine and that come to your feeding station, especially when it is cold and the snow covers the ground. In the spring you find the flowers, and you watch the trees put on their leaves. You see the garden grow from little plants to flowers and fruits. You play by the brookside, the river, or the lake, and watch the beauty of the rippling waters and the creatures that live in them. And you sit with father and mother and with brothers and sisters to watch the sun go down; and as it goes it paints the clouds in the sky until they look like the shining walls of the New Jerusalem. And the Bible tells you so much about the things of nature that if you learn to put the Bible and nature together, you surely learn about God. “These are lessons,” said Sister White, “that our children need to learn. Like the child Jesus on the hillsides of Nazareth, they may see in them the face and the handwriting of God.”

Then besides, in the home school you hear stories. By the time you are three or four years old you begin to understand and to love stories. Teacher-in-the-school isn’t the only one who knows and tells stories. Teacher-in-the-home is a storyteller too. Mother tells stories; father tells stories; even big brother and big sister begin to learn how to tell stories to children. There are Bible stories, for one kind. Do you know that there are five hundred stories in the Bible? And they teach you the most wonderful things—things that tell about God our Father and Jesus our Saviour.



Then there are stories about things in nature—rabbits and squirrels and deer and beaver and bear and robins and wrens and crows and eagles. There are stories about the running waters, the rainbows, the sun, the moon, and the stars. A thousand things, and a thousand thousand! You never run out of stories if you learn to read God’s handwriting. [74]

You learn to do things with your hands too. You learn to whittle and hammer and saw, and to make boxes and sleds and kites. You learn to wash dishes and cook, to make your first roasts and bread and baked potatoes and puddings. You learn to sew, first your doll’s dresses and then your own aprons and things. You learn to make a garden and to see God’s marvelous work in making seeds to sprout and grow into plants and bear fruit. There are ten things, ten dozen things, ten thousand things, for you to learn to do. All this is to be learned in the home school! No wonder Sister White wrote:

“In His wisdom the Lord has decreed that the family shall be the greatest of all educational agencies. It is in the home that the education of the child is to begin. Here is his first school. Here, with his parents as instructors, he is to learn the lessons that are to guide him throughout life—lessons of respect, obedience, reverence, self-control.... How important, then, is the school in the home!”

Maybe these are big words for you, but they mean so much you would do well to learn them, and think of what they mean. It is so important that she tells us home should be the only school for the child until he is eight or ten years of age. You are to learn the most important things during these early years, and it takes all your time to do it. You learn to read God’s books. They are written in big letters, so you do not have to hurt your eyes reading them. Many times children’s eyes are hurt by trying to read the fine print of men’s books before they are old enough; and then they have to wear glasses. And they are likely to get stoop-shouldered and narrow-chested too, if they sit too long in school when their bones are young. [75]

It is for such reasons that Sister White says children should go to the home school, and no other school, until they are eight or ten years old. Of course, that means that their parents are to teach them. They are not to run wild. But most children are not ready to learn to read print until they are eight or ten years old. Leading teachers in the world today accept this fact. They call it “reading readiness,”

and they say that most children should not be sent to school when they are six or seven years old, but should wait till they are eight or ten. Sister White told us this long ago.

So be happy in your home, the first and best school that you can have. Learn everything there is for you to learn. Learn to live happily with people. Learn right habits of eating, sleeping, cleanliness, and exercise. Learn through the great world of nature all about you, and through stories of the Bible and history and nature and of all things good and beautiful. It's the best school you'll ever have.

## Chapter Nine—As Many as Six Children

[76]

“They want you down in Australia,” said Brother Haskell to Sister White. “Our work is new there, and the needs of our people are many. If you would go and strengthen them in their faith by your courage and your counsel, they would love you and follow you, and it would be a wonderful blessing to the work of God.”

Now, Brother Haskell had been the first Seventh-day Adventist to go to Australia and New Zealand. These lands are about as far away from America as you can go, farther than to China. It is a long way from here to China. Sometimes we say, “China is right under our feet, on the other side of the world.” And that is so, or nearly so. But Australia is on the other *other* side of the world. For America and China are both on the upper half of the earth, but Australia and New Zealand are on the lower half of the world. And to go from America to Australia you not only have to go halfway around the world westward, but halfway around the world southward too. It is a long, long way to Australia. Well, in 1885 Brother Haskell [77] took a company of men and women and went to Australia. He went to New Zealand too, which is a thousand miles to the southeast of Australia. In both these countries he and his helpers taught the truth, and within a year there were 250 believers. One of them, Robert Hare, came to America to get a training for the work. He went back in 1888, and has worked there ever since. The very first year after Brother Haskell and his company arrived, a young minister, Arthur G. Daniells, went down, first to New Zealand, then to Australia. We shall hear more of him. By the time they called for Sister White, they had five hundred Seventh-day Adventists down there. That was just a beginning. Now there are fifty times that many.

Sister White said, “I will go.” And late in the year 1891 she did go, taking with her, her son, William C. White, Elder George B. Starr and his wife, and four helpers. For nine years Sister White remained in Australia, visiting New Zealand also. She gave great courage to the believers, who multiplied to more than two thousand.

And she led them in teaching the gospel, in publishing, in medical work, and most of all in school-work. It was here that she got them to build their training school, or college, in the country, at Cooranbong. She lived right there with them, and made that school the model for all other schools in the church.

[78] And she did not forget the children. She knew that if we are to have strong and true men and women as workers, we must start with them young. So she said there should be Christian schools started for them, even “if there are no more than six children to attend.” She said this, and wrote this, down in Australia, and the brethren and sisters there tried to do as she said.

But it was in America that her words took greatest hold. The first school we had was at Battle Creek, begun a quarter of a century before. And it was at Battle Creek College, in 1897, that what we now know as the elementary church school system was begun. The teachers in the college studied what Sister White had written, and they decided that they must start a movement to have church schools everywhere.

Professor Frederick Griggs was at the head of the training of teachers, and the president of the college was Edward Sutherland. They began to train teachers for the church schools. And almost before they began, God moved on the hearts of some of His people to call for teachers for their children.

Away up in northern Michigan there was a little church at Bear Lake. Elder Luther Warren, who when a boy was the first one to start young people’s societies, held some meetings which brought out this company of believers. And he taught them that they should not send their children to worldly schools but should have a Christian school for them.

[79] One of the families he taught was that of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Alkire. In the spring of 1897 Brother and Sister Alkire wrote to President Sutherland that they wanted a teacher to start a school for their children. It was the first call that had come for a church school teacher, and there was no one yet ready to start such a school. During the summer letters traveled back and forth, while down at the college President Sutherland was trying to get some teachers ready.

Then in the fall sad news came. Brother Alkire had died. But Sister Alkire wrote that still they must have the school. So Professor

Griggs went up to see them. And there, as the cold winter began, the heart of the church was warmed, and they decided that they would start the school. Professor Griggs came back and called for a teacher. By this time there were four other churches calling for teachers, and five young men and women offered to leave their college studies and go out to start the church school work.

Up to Bear Lake was sent a teacher named Maud Wolcott. It was a cold, white world to which she came. The snow piled up in drifts higher than the heads of children and grownups, and the lakes were frozen over. One time when it was too cold for the horses to go, Miss Wolcott, with her oldest pupil, Laura, walked five miles to Sabbath school, and over the ice on the lake. She froze her nose and ears, but she got to Sabbath school, where she was superintendent, and opened it on time.

This church school was held out in the country, in the farmhouse of Sister Alkire. It was not a big house. It had only two rooms and a shed on the first floor, and the upstairs was only partly finished, with a little room for the teacher and a big room for the family. The only heat they had was from the kitchen stove below and from a sheet-iron stove in the front room.

[80]

That front room was the schoolroom. They had tables and chairs for desks and seats. They had a homemade blackboard. And they had a parlor organ. That was the center of cheer, for on it the teacher taught the first lessons in music, and she played it to lead them in the songs with which they brightened the day. Their favorite song was one she taught them the first morning. Do you know it?

“Do you fear the foe will in the conflict win?

Is it dark without you, darker still within?

Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door,

Let a little sunshine in!”

[81]

Besides the five children in the Alkire family, other children of the church came, so that there were thirteen students in this first church school. It was a brave thing this dear mother undertook, to have this school.

They had many blessed times that year, that showed the Lord had His hand over them. Once, in the dead of winter, the roof of their house caught fire, and if it had burned down, that would have been the end of the church school, and the family would have had

nowhere to live. But the children and the teacher put out the fire. Laura climbed a rickety ladder to the roof outside, and the children passed up buckets of water to her. Miss Wolcott and Alice went upstairs, and piled up chairs on which the teacher stood and dashed up dippers of water that Alice handed to her.

The mother did not know of the fire, for she was out in the barn loft, praying for her children and the teacher and the school. She was weary and sad, because she had lost her husband, and she prayed that the Lord would not desert her and her fatherless children. All without her knowing, the Lord was right then helping her children and the teacher save their home and school. When she came out she was astonished, for she saw that God had answered her prayer.

[82] So the church school work was started, in November and December of 1897. Before the end of the school year there were fifteen of these schools, and every year the number grew. Every year things got a little better. More churches took hold, better schoolhouses were built, new textbooks were written, and more teachers were trained.

When Sister White learned of the church school movement in America, she was very glad. "This is just what should be done," she said, "and this is what should have been done long ago. God will bless this work, and make it pay, in souls saved and children trained up in the ways of God, to become workers in His cause." She wrote a good deal about how church schools should be carried on, what should be taught in them, and how the teachers and the parents should work together in making them a success.

In 1900 Sister White came back to America. She bought a home in California, just below the St. Helena Sanitarium, which is built on the side of a mountain. And Sister White lived for the rest of her life in this home. She named it Elmshaven, because there were great elms arching over the house, and here was a harbor or haven to shelter her in her old age. Sometimes she took long journeys to teach in the conferences and in the churches. But mostly she wrote, preparing more books to teach the truth and to guide the church in the right way. And always on her heart was the loving burden for the children—the children in the home, the children in the church, the children of every nation and kindred and race, the children of the great family of God, whom Jesus loves.

## Chapter Ten—The Morning Star

[83]

[84]

Sister White loved the colored people, who were so many in the South, and who had had little chance to learn about the soon coming of Jesus. She said they were not thought of and cared for as they ought to be. And she urged that more time and effort be given to them. Most of them were very poor and had little schooling. Many of them could not read or write. She wanted simple lessons made for them, about Jesus and His love, and how He saves poor sinners and lifts them up to higher life. She wanted to have schools made for them, that they might be taught to read the Bible and other good books. She wanted to have them taught how to live better and have better health. She wanted them taught trades, and how to work and save and make better homes.

When she left America and went to Australia she kept on writing. Among other things, she wrote about the needs of the colored people in the South. She wrote letters to her son, Edson White, and after a while his heart was fired with pity and love for the poor and needy, and he said that he would give himself to the work for the Southern Negroes.

[85]

Now Edson White was a practical man, who could do things with his hands as well as with his brain. For a while he had run a steamboat on the upper Mississippi River, and now he thought he would build a steamboat and go in it to the South, and teach the colored people. He said this steamboat could be a home for him and his wife and the workers who were with them. Its deck could be a meeting place, to hold Sabbath school and church. He could have a small printing press there, and print lessons for the children and the grownups; for he was a printer too. And the boat could move around from place to place, and not be held to one spot.

So Edson White built a steamboat up in Michigan, at Allegan, on the Kalamazoo River. When it was done he took his wife and some other workers with him, and in the boat they went down the river to Lake Michigan, across the lake to Chicago, and along the

Illinois River to the Mississippi. Down the Mississippi River they went to the South, until they reached a city named Vicksburg, where there were a good many colored people.

[86] They tied the boat up to the bank, and went out into the city to visit the people. Brother White had made a little book called *The Gospel Primer*. It was just what a primer is for, to teach children to read. And since there were so many grownups who had not learned to read, it would teach grown people too. This primer told the gospel story, about Jesus' love in making the world, and creating men and women and children, and how He would save them from their sins, and would make a home for them in glory. It was a pretty little book, with many pictures in it, and it told a beautiful story.

So they showed the book to the people, mothers and fathers and children, and they sold some. To those who could not read, they said, "Come down to the boat, the *Morning Star*, and we will teach you to read. Come tomorrow," they said, "and we will have a gospel meeting. And after that we will make a school."

Now, the next day was Sabbath, and they planned to have Sabbath school on the deck of the boat. They did not know how many of the colored people would come, but they were surprised. For the people had talked among themselves, and those who could, read out of *The Gospel Primer* to those who could not read. And they said, "Let's go down to the *Morning Star*. Isn't that a pretty name? It means the night is almost over. You see the morning star just before the sun comes up, and you know the day is at hand. Maybe the *Morning Star* will help us. Let's go!"

[87] So Sabbath morning they began to come down to the boat. They didn't know it was Sabbath. It was just another day to them. But there was the *Morning Star*, and they stood on the bank and gazed on it, and talked and laughed a good deal. Finally it came nine o'clock, time for Sabbath school to begin. There was an awning over the deck, and there were chairs placed for them to sit on. That is, for some of them. There were too many people for the chairs they had.

The plank was placed from the deck to the shore, and they were asked to come on board. Some of them came, fathers and mothers and children, and sat down as they were told. But most of them held back. It was well they did, for there was not room enough on the boat. So they sat on the bank and listened.



Brother and Sister White were good singers, and the workers they had with them were good singers too. They had a little organ on the boat, and one played while they all sang:

“On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.”

And they sang:

“We have heard a joyful sound,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;  
Spread the gladness all around,  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves.”

They had a good many meetings after that. The colored people had beautiful songs too; and after they had worked off their shyness, sometimes they sang such songs as this:

“I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,  
Coming for to carry me home?  
A band of angels coming after me,  
Coming for to carry me home.  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home,  
Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.”

[88]

Then Brother White would preach to them. They loved to hear him preach. He spoke very simply, and told them many stories. Sometimes he would tell them of the glories of heaven, and sometimes he would talk about how to get rid of bad habits. Sometimes it was the Sabbath he taught them, and then again it would be the tender love of Jesus.

One day he was preaching to them about the Ten Commandments, the law of God. He held up a stick, and said, “How long do you think this stick is?”

“Ten inches,” someone called.

“Two feet,” said another.

“Twenty inches,” was another guess.

Then he took out his pocket rule, laid it on the stick, and measured it. It was just eight and one-fourth inches long.

[89] “You see,” he said, “it won’t do to guess. You need a rule to tell you what is true. Now, God’s rule is His law, the Ten Commandments. Don’t try to guess what you ought to do. Take God’s rule and be sure.” They started a school right away. The children came, and the young people came, and the old people came. Of course, the children learned more quickly than the fathers and mothers and the uncles and aunties. For it is easier to learn when you are young than when you are old. But they all learned, and they read out of *The Gospel Primer*. Long afterward Auntie Chloe Miller told me how she went to the school.

“I learned to read at Brother White’s school,” she said. “I was ‘bout fifty years old. Never had a chance to learn or nuthin’. But I started, and in a month I could read, but I couldn’t understand. I used to cry over it. But then Sister White—she’s the blessed woman!—she’d encourage me. Come set right down by me, she would, and help me. And in two months I could read *and* I could understand. Sister White she was a good woman! And she could sing! Brother White and she suttinly could sing! I reckon she was the best singer that ever went out!”

[90] Very soon the work went beyond Vicksburg. It went up the Yazoo River, and more than one school was started. Then it went out through the State of Mississippi, and over into Alabama, and up into Tennessee, and several other States. There came to be fifty such schools, and many, many colored people began to keep the Sabbath and to look with joy for the coming of Jesus. They cleaned up too, leaving off the use of tobacco, liquor, and bad foods. They became neat and clean, and they worked hard, and made their homes happy places for their children to grow up in.

By and by Edson White moved the center of his work to Nashville, Tennessee. There he started a print shop, printing books and the monthly paper, *Gospel Herald*. He used the *Morning Star* on the river that runs through Nashville. And everywhere the *Morning Star* went, there came good cheer and hope among the colored people.

When his mother, Sister White, came back from Australia, in 1900, she came to visit Edson White in the South. She went about to

---

many of their churches and schools, and encouraged and blessed the people with her prayers and her ministry. She was very glad to see the work begun which she had urged should be done for the colored people.

When Edson White started South with the *Morning Star* there were only about fifty colored Seventh-day Adventists in the land. But his work brought in hundreds, and now there are more than twenty thousand in the United States, South, East, North, and West. The *Morning Star* has faded, but the day is growing brighter.

## Chapter Eleven—The Mountain Children

Down South there is beautiful country, and there are charming people. The Mississippi River flows through to the sea, and there are many great rivers besides. Along these rivers there are lovely and fruitful valleys, and next to the sea there are great plains. These valleys and plains are called the lowlands. But up where the rivers rise, the land lifts into hills and steep mountains; and these are called the highlands.

The lowlands are easiest to farm, because they are more or less level; and so more people live there. The colored people live mostly in the lowlands, but there are many white people there too. In most places there are more white people than colored people.

[92] But up in the mountains there are white people, and almost nobody but white people. We call them the mountain people. There are not so many of them, because they don't have much land to till. But there are about two million mountain people. And two million people are more than you could count, one by one, if you should take all day to do it. They work the land, even on steep hillsides, but much of it is simply too steep. It is very beautiful, though, with its far views, its rocks and waterfalls, its forests of tall trees, its thickets of bushes and vines and beautiful flowers. There are pastures too, where the cattle roam and the sheep follow their paths to the quiet waters.

There are big houses and little houses where the people live. Some of the houses are of stone and brick, some of lumber, and some of logs. The poorer people live mostly in log houses. And some of them live so far apart that their nearest neighbors are a mile or more away.

Now, the children of the mountain people often have a hard time to get to school. Their fathers and mothers have very little money to pay teachers, and schools are few and far between. Some mountain children never go to school, and never learn to read and write. Then, too, when anyone falls sick, very likely he has no doctor. There is no

money to pay a doctor, and there are no doctors very near. So he just has to suffer, and maybe get well, and maybe die. In some places there are missionary-minded teachers and kindhearted doctors who go up and live among the mountain people, and teach them and heal them. But they have to live on very little, and only the love of Jesus in their hearts leads them to do it.

Sister White loved the mountain children and the mountain people too. Her heart was always open to the call of the poor and needy, and she encouraged Christian men and women to go into the mountains and help the people there. She was glad when some went up into the mountains, to make schools for the children, to heal the sick, to teach the people how to live more healthfully, and to make better crops, and best of all, to bring them the message of Jesus' salvation and of His soon coming. There were Brother and Sister Shireman in the mountains of Carolina. There were Brother and Sister Howell in the hills of Tennessee. There were Dr. Hayward and his wife in the highlands of Alabama. But there were not very many, and the needs were great.

[93]

Sister White wrote: "Self-supporting missionaries are often very successful. Beginning in a small, humble way, their work enlarges as they move forward under the guidance of the Spirit of God.... No taunting word is to be spoken of them as in the rough places of the earth they sow the gospel seed."

But the time came when a greater work was to be done. In 1904, four years after Sister White returned from Australia, she was visiting her son Edson in Nashville, Tennessee, and helping him to make his work for the colored people tell for more. There came down, then, from Michigan, two men, Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Magan, to look for a farm where they might live among the mountain people and teach them.

Sister White said, "Let us go up the river in the *Morning Star*, and look for a good place." So they all got in the steamboat, *Morning Star*, and up the river they went. About ten miles from Nashville they tied up the boat at a landing, and Sister White said to Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Magan, "Right near here is a farm the Lord wants you to have, to start a training school for teachers for the mountain people. Come over and look at it."

[94]

[95]

But they said, “We don’t want a big farm. We don’t want to start a training school. We want a little place, where we can be small and do a humble work among the people.”

“The Lord has given you experience and power to train teachers,” said Sister White. “Don’t bury your talent in the ground, like the unfaithful servant, but use it to make more means for the work of the Lord.”

So they bought the farm and started a training school. Some young people came in to be trained as teachers and nurses and cooks and farm workers and blacksmiths and such. It was not long till two of these young men, with their wives, went out to start a school in the hill country near by. The children there had no school, so they started a school and taught the children. The people around them often fell sick, but they had no doctor; so they nursed them and made them well. And they taught them how to live better, so they would not be sick.

[96] The farmers there had only one money crop, tobacco. But work in tobacco was poisonous to the children. Their eyes and faces and hands were often red and sore from work in the tobacco fields. So the teachers showed the farmers how to raise strawberries instead, and sell them. They made more money from strawberries than they had from tobacco. And today that is great strawberry country. They held Sabbath schools and Sunday schools, and they taught the truth. And many there were of the children and the people who rose up and called them blessed.

More young people went out to open more schools, to make health centers, and to teach good farming. All through the mountain country and the hill country of Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia these little centers of truth-teaching started up. Some of them have grown into large schools and sanitariums, and some of them have stayed small. But all of them have served their people well, teaching the children in school, healing the sick, showing better ways of living, and lifting up the hearts of all in the blessed hope of Jesus’ soon coming.

Some of the mountain people were very rough. They made fiery liquor in their moonshine stills, and drank it at home and even when they met for church. This made them drunk, and sometimes they had ugly fights. Nearly all of them used tobacco, smoking and chewing,

and the women dipped snuff. Snuff is a powder made of tobacco, which they put into their mouths with the chewed end of a little stick. Even the children used tobacco. The habit is very hard to break. But the teachers taught them how much harm their whisky and their tobacco were doing them. They did not let the children use it in the schoolhouse, and they encouraged them to give it up altogether. [97]

Charley was a boy in one of these schools. He carried a plug of tobacco in his pocket, and out of school hours he always had a chew in his mouth. Well, his father and his mother and all his brothers and sisters chewed tobacco or dipped snuff. Why shouldn't he? But Charley told them what he had learned in school, and they really wanted Charley to quit tobacco, though they said they couldn't. His mother promised him a new pair of shoes if he would quit, but he shook his head. His uncle promised him a whole sack of candy if he would quit, but he said no. He loved his plug too much.

But Charley also loved music. In the school his voice rang out the cheeriest in the morning songs, and he hung around Miss Margaret, the teacher, whenever he could find her playing the piano.

One day Miss Margaret said, "I'll tell you what I'll give you, Charley, if you will quit tobacco."

"What?" said Charley.

"I'll teach you to play the piano."

"Will you?" His voice rang with pleasure. But then he said, "I don't reckon I could stick."

"You think it over, Charley, and whenever you get ready, let me know. When you have let tobacco alone for a whole day, come and tell me, and I'll give you a lesson that very night." Charley kept out of reach the next day. He hadn't quit. But the second day he came to the teacher with shining eyes. "I get my lesson tonight, Miss Margaret," he said, "I hain't taken a chew today, and that plug is right there in my hip pocket. It'll stay there till I've forgotten it, too." [98]

His mother said to him, "Charley, why didn't you give up tobacco when your uncle said he'd give you a sack of candy?"

"I reckoned it wouldn't last very long," said Charley.

"Why did you do it, then," said she, "for the music lessons?"

And Charley said, "I reckoned they'd last as long as I would."

Charley never touched tobacco again. He learned to play the piano, and became a good pianist and a fine singer. And he went on

to be a teacher of others. There were many other boys and girls like him, who learned how to live from the missionary schools and who became Jesus' disciples and messengers.

Sister White was very glad for the work that was being done for the mountain children and their parents. She said to the workers, "Be of good courage. Do not lose faith. Your heavenly Father is with you, and will help you as you teach the children of the hills."



## Chapter Twelve—The Hill Beautiful

[99]

Out in southern California, that sunny land of palms and orange groves, there is a little hill called Loma Linda. That is a Spanish name. *Loma* means “hill,” and *Linda* means “beautiful.” So the name really means Hill Beautiful, or Beautiful Hill. And it is a beautiful hill, standing up in the valley like a bit of the garden of God, with its palms and its pepper trees and its charming silver-green olive trees bordering the walk. When I pass under those olive trees I always think of what a great poet, Sidney Lanier, wrote about Jesus’ going into the groves to pray.

“But the olives they were not blind to Him,  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,  
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,  
When into the woods He came.”

Loma Linda now has the beautiful white buildings of the sanitarium covering its top and sides; and flowing down the right slope into the valley are the buildings of the great medical college that trains our doctors and nurses and dietitians—those good people who teach us what to eat to make us strong and well. But forty-and-some years ago—so long ago that your father and mother were little children, or maybe were not born yet—the Hill Beautiful did not have all those great buildings, and it did not belong to us. There was a big wooden building on the brow of the hill, in which some doctors were trying to run a sanitarium. They had put a good deal of money into it, a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But they were not Adventists, and they did not know our way of making a sanitarium. So they did not do very well. They were losing money every day, and they decided to sell it. They asked forty thousand dollars for it, which was only about a quarter of what they had put in.

[100]

Now Sister White had seen in dreams this very place, though she did not know where it was. And it was told her that here we should make a sanitarium and schools for nurses and doctors. So she told

Elder John Burden to look around and see whether he could find the place. He looked around, and he looked around, and he asked everyone if they knew where there was a place that could be bought cheap, where we could make a sanitarium and a school. And pretty soon he heard of Loma Linda.

“Forty thousand dollars!” they told him. “Cash! You can have it if you will pay down forty thousand dollars. And that’s cheap, dirt cheap. It cost us four times that much. Cash!”

[101] But Elder Burden did not have forty thousand dollars. And the Southern California Conference did not have forty thousand dollars. Nobody they knew had forty thousand dollars to spare for Loma Linda. Where could they get forty thousand dollars?

Elder Burden told Sister White of his find, how beautiful it was, and how cheap; but he said he did not have the money, and the conference did not have the money, and no one he knew had the money to pay for it. He said the owners now offered to take a thousand dollars down if we would make further payments in thirty days, sixty days, and ninety days, and pay the rest in three years.

Sister White saw that this was the very place the Lord had shown her. Here He would have a sanitarium and a school for nurses and a school for doctors. She believed God was leading them step by step, and they must go forward in the dark, with the light of God’s promise showing them the way foot by foot. So she told Elder Burden to get the property by paying the thousand dollars and promising the rest, and the Lord would see that they had it.

Elder Burden did not have the thousand dollars. He must get one thousand dollars at once and four thousand dollars more within a month, and then he must get five thousand the next month, and another five thousand the next month, and then twenty-five thousand more. Where could he get all that money?

[102] He talked with Elder Rodney Owen, Bible teacher at San Fernando Academy, near there. And Elder Owen told him of a brother who had some money he might loan. They went to talk with him, but they found he had moved away, out into the country. How could they get to him? Jump in their car, you say, and go right out there. But Elder Burden didn’t have a car. Elder Owen didn’t have a car. Almost nobody had a car then, for cars were very new, and only rich people could afford them.

In those days they had, in some places, electric railways that ran between cities. There was one that went near the ranch where the brother had gone to live. So Elder Burden took an electric car, and got off at a country crossing. Then he had to walk a mile and a half to the brother's house. He found the house, which was only a cabin, away out in the country, with no other house in sight. But there was no one in the cabin, and though he searched around and called, no one came.

So after two hours he gave up. Night was coming on, and the next car going back home would be along soon. Sad and sorry, he walked back to the railway, and waited for the car. But he was so lost in thought that when the car came along he failed to flag it down. And it went by, and left him standing there. Two hours it would be before another car would come. While he stood there, more sad than before, he received a message in his mind. "Go back to the little house," he was told.

So he started, in the dark, and trudged back a mile and a half. Oh, joy! The cabin was lighted up! He knocked, and a voice said, "Come in!" He went in, and there he found the brother and his wife and their little child, eating supper. Elder Burden quickly told how the Lord had showed them Loma Linda, and how Sister White said they should get it for a sanitarium and a school.

[103]

"And now I must have a thousand dollars," he said, "and then we must have four thousand more right away. Will you help us?"

"Praise the Lord!" said the man. "I sold my city home, and I put the money in the bank. The devil has been trying to have me buy more land with it, but I felt the Lord would call for it. I have two thousand and four hundred dollars, and you may have it." So he gave Elder Burden a check for that much money. Elder Burden thanked him and his wife for their help, so much needed just then. And he hurried away to catch his car.

But now he had to have two thousand six hundred dollars to complete the first payment and to pay the bank. Where could he get it? Elder Burden trusted the Lord, who had led them so far; but he knew the Lord meant him to work to get the money. So he went to a sister who had some money, and he said:

"Sister Belle Baker, what do you think about getting Loma Linda?"

“I think we should have it,” said Sister Belle Baker.

[104] “Are you willing to give a thousand dollars toward it?” “Yes.”

So there was a thousand dollars more for the fund. But there was needed another thousand and six hundred dollars. Elder Owen said, “I will borrow it at the bank, and give a lien on my house for it.” The bank was willing to loan the money, however, without taking his home for a pledge. So they got together the money for the first payment. And they were glad. Of course, after a while they had to pay back the money the bank had loaned them, but the Lord helped them to do that.

The next month they had to raise another five thousand dollars, and also the next month. Sister White encouraged them. She wrote to Elder Burden, “Move forward in faith, and money will come from places you do not expect.”

The Southern California Conference had now taken over the work of raising the money. But when it came up to the time of the next payment they did not have it. On the morning when they must pay it they sat in a meeting and looked one another in the face with dismay. How could they pay when they had no money?

Some of them said, “We shall have to give up Loma Linda, and lose what money we have paid.” But others of them remembered the word of the Lord, and they said, “No! Let us wait. The Lord will help us. Perhaps this morning’s mail will bring the help.”

[105] Then the postman was heard coming up the stairs. He opened the door, and handed in the mail. They began to open the letters. Here was one from New Jersey, away across the land. Open it. What does it say?

It said, “Here is a draft for five thousand dollars. I believe you need it for Loma Linda.” The letter and the money came from a sister who had heard from Sister White, telling of the great need. And here she sent the money, just when it must be paid.

All the brethren in the room praised the Lord. Tears flowed down their faces, and they offered thankful prayers. “The Lord is in this,” they said; “indeed, the Lord is in this work of getting Loma Linda.”

When the next payments came due they were met by just such help which the Lord sent. And by December, six months from the time they had started, they had paid all the forty thousand dollars, and Loma Linda was theirs. They went on from that, and made the

sanitarium and the nurses' training school. And then they started the medical school to make doctors. And the doctors and the nurses they trained at Loma Linda have gone out as missionaries, some right here in America, and some in Europe, some in Africa, some in Australia and in South America, some in China and Japan, and all over the earth.

So the Lord has blessed the work begun by the buying of Loma Linda, as Sister White said He would, and He has made a great blessing for the world to go out from the Hill Beautiful.

## Chapter Thirteen—Into All the World

About fifty years ago Sister White came back from Australia to America. The Seventh-day Adventists held a great meeting in Battle Creek. It is called the General Conference of 1901. Sister White went to this conference. She drew the people together in love, and she taught them how to make their work a greater success. She urged them to send missionaries to every country on the earth.

She herself had crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and worked in Europe. And she had crossed the Pacific Ocean, and worked in Australia. At that time, fifty years ago, our missionaries had not entered China, and we had done very little in Japan or India or Africa or South America. But now there are tens and hundreds of thousands in those countries who look for the Lord Jesus to come, and who love His Sabbath.

This great forward movement began back there in 1901. The Adventist people had sent as many missionaries as they thought they could, but now they gathered all their strength together and tried harder. So from this time on, they went into all the world to carry the message of Jesus' salvation and of His soon coming.

They chose for president of the General Conference Elder Arthur G. Daniells, who had worked with Sister White in Australia. He led his brethren to make better plans and greater plans for the gospel work. He got them to have special leaders for the children and the young people, for the Sabbath school, for the selling of truth-filled books and papers, for the health work, for the schools, and for the preaching of the gospel. He was a very good and very great man of God.

They chose for secretary of the General Conference, William A. Spicer, who had been an editor in England and a missionary in India. He helped to lay plans and to carry them out, to put missionaries into every country in the world. Both he and Elder Daniells traveled over all the world, teaching the people about Jesus' soon coming, and finding places where missionaries could go in. Then they and

other leaders with them roused the Adventist people to train more workers for God—ministers and teachers and doctors and nurses and canvassers and helpers who would teach the gospel. They led them to give more of their time and effort to teaching the truth to everyone around. The Adventist people poured more money into the cause, to support the missionaries. And year by year the work grew. And still there were more and more calls for missionaries who would teach and heal and lift up the people and prepare them for Jesus' coming.

If we could see all the people all around the world who have gladly received the message and have turned from their evil ways to love the Lord Jesus and to help in carrying the gospel, it would be a little like the kingdom of God. It is the kingdom of God in the hearts of the people, for before Jesus can come in glory, He must come with grace into the lives of His people, and make them ready to live with Him forever.

[108]

Sometimes in our General Conferences all these people do send a few of themselves to show us how the gospel of Jesus is encircling the earth and bringing into His kingdom people of every nation and kindred and tongue and people. There are white people, black people, brown people, yellow people, and red people. There are tall people and short people, broad people and thin people. There are people with blue eyes, people with black eyes, people with gray eyes, and people with brown eyes. There are people with black hair, brown hair, yellow hair, and white hair, straight hair, curly hair, and frizzy hair. They come dressed in all sorts of clothing, some with coats and pants, some with coats and skirts, some with flowing robes. They wear white clothes, black clothes, and clothes pink, yellow, blue, brown, striped, and mixed in colors like Joseph's coat. Some of them wear shoes, some wear sandals, and some go barefoot. Some wear hats, some wear turbans, some wear shawls, and some put nothing on their heads. But when you hear them sing, and hear them tell how the gospel has changed their lives, you know that they all love Jesus, and He loves them. Sometimes they bring a few of their children with them. Here are little Indians from the highlands and the river jungles of South America. Here are some bright-eyed little Hindu boys and girls from India. Here are some Chinese and Japanese boys and girls, with their straight bobbed hair

[109]

and shining black eyes. Here are some African children, who can sing wonderful songs. And mingling with them in the children's meetings are fair-haired boys and girls from countries of the North like Sweden, and brown-haired boys and girls from Germany and England and Russia and Australia, and black-haired boys and girls from Italy and Peru and Persia. And there with them are *you!* What a gathering! What a gathering!

There was a Karen boy in Burma, which is far across the ocean, near India. This boy's name was Ba Twe. He lived with his people away back in the jungle, and he knew nothing at all about Jesus. But there came into that land a company of missionaries, and made a school for the Karen boys and girls and young people, at Ohn Daw. And Ba Twe's father sent him to this school.

"Ba Twe," said Brother Eric Hare, who was at the head of the school, "Ba Twe, are you a Christian?"

"Oh, no," said Ba Twe, "I am not a Christian."

[110] "Are you a Buddhist?" There are a good many Buddhists in that country. Buddha was their teacher, many generations ago, as Christ was our teacher. But Buddha was no savior, as Jesus Christ is. Ba Twe said, "No, I am not a Buddhist."

"What are you, then?" asked Brother Hare.

"I guess you must just say I'm a heathen," said Ba Twe.

So as a young heathen boy he went to the Christian school. But he came to love the Sabbath and to sing the songs of Jesus and to learn the Bible verses. And he gave up smoking and chewing betel nut, which is worse than tobacco. And he gave up eating pork, which is—well—not nearly so good as peanuts, for example. But he never prayed, and he never spoke in meeting, and he never would do anything that he thought was Christian, though all the time he was doing more and more things that were Christianlike.

"I'm a heathen," he would say. "God would not want me to pray to Him, or to speak for Him, or to work for Him, because, you see, I'm a heathen!"

Ba Twe went home in the summer, and there his father set him to herding the two family buffaloes. Buffaloes are much like our cows. And one day Ba Twe fell asleep out there in the grassy plain, and his buffaloes strayed away, and he lost them. He just could not



find them, though he hunted everywhere. So he climbed a tree to see if he could see his buffaloes anywhere. No, he could not.

But something said to him up there in the tree, “Pray to God to find your buffaloes for you.”

“Oh, no,” said Ba Twe, “I couldn’t pray. I’m not a Christian.” But still the voice within him said, “Pray, pray!” [111]

So at last he prayed, “O God! Help me to find my buffaloes.”

And then, right under his tree, he heard, “Moo-oo-ooo!” And there were his buffaloes!

Then Ba Twe said, “I must be a Christian, because I prayed to God, and He answered me.”

So back to school went Ba Twe. And now he told Brother Hare, and he told all the teachers and all the students, that he was a Christian, for God had just the same as talked to him. And he grew, like the boy Jesus, in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man. He stayed in the school until he had finished it, and now he was a tall, big boy, fifteen years old or more.

When he went back home he said to his father, “I want to go away up into the hill country and teach the wild Karen people about Jesus.”

So his father said, “Go, my son, and God go with you!”

Ba Twe slung a bag of rice over his shoulder, and he put a pack of simple medicines on his back. And up into the hill country of the Karens he went. Nobody heard anything of him for a long time.

His older brother went to look for him pretty soon. But after a few weeks his brother came back, and said: “I could not catch up with Ba Twe. Everywhere I went, the people said, ‘Oh, yes, we know that big, tall boy with the pack of medicines. He heals our diseases. He teaches us how to live. He shows us pictures, and he tells stories to the children and to us from the Golden Book about his Jesus. You go ahead, you catch him.’ But,” said Ba Twe’s brother, “he went so fast I could not catch him.” [112]

“Never mind,” said his father. “When his medicines give out, he’ll come back here to get some more.” [113]

But Ba Twe did not come.

A few months after this, down to the nurse’s office in Ohn Daw came a little old lady from the hills.

“I want some more medicines,” she said, “like your missionary gave to our babies and to us, to cure our fevers.”

“Why, Auntie,” said the nurse, Yeh Ni, “we have no missionary up there.”

“Oh, yes, you did have,” said the old lady, “a big, tall boy with a pack of medicines on his back. And he told us stories from the Golden Book about Jesus. And he cured our fevers. And he loved us. And we loved him.”

“Why,” said Yeh Ni, “that’s Ba Twe, sure as can be.”

“Yes,” said the little old lady, “and before he died, he told us to come down here to get more medicines. So I have come.”

“Before he died!” cried Yeh Ni. “Is Ba Twe dead?”

“Oh, yes. He got the bad fever. And he had no more medicines. He had given them all to us. So he died, and we buried him up there, on the hillside above our village. Haven’t you somebody who will come and do what he did for us?”

[114] All the school was stirred by the story the old lady told. They mourned for Ba Twe, but they gathered in meeting, and they said, “We must find someone to take his place.” Then Kale Paw, a young teacher, sprang to his feet. “I’ll go,” he said.

“And who will go with you?”

“Yeh Ni, the nurse, will go with me,” he said. “She is to be my wife, and I will go, and my wife, Yeh Ni, will go.”

And they did go. So up there in the Karen hills, away over next to Siam, the work went on, the work begun by Ba Twe, the boy who thought he was a heathen, but who found he was a Christian, and then could not rest until he went out to teach others about Jesus and His coming.

Oh, when the Lord Jesus comes in glory, what a gathering there will be, of the fathers and mothers, the young people and the children, from all the lands beyond the sea, from every nation, kindred, tongue, and people—all who love the Lord and look for His appearing.

“At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home,

We will greet each other by the crystal sea.

When the Lord Himself from heaven to His glory bids them come,

What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!  
“What a gath'ring, gath'ring,  
At the sounding of the glorious jubilee!  
What a gath'ring, gath'ring,  
What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!”

[115]

## Chapter Fourteen—The Smiles of God

[116]

She was now a very old lady. She had started to work for the Lord when she was just a girl, and she had worked for Him all these years. She had traveled and preached, she had written books and taught, and she had given counsel how to live and how to make the work greater. When she started she was very ill and poor, but the Lord blessed her and helped her so that she grew better, and she lived a long life.

In her home at Elmshaven her rooms were upstairs. But she always came down to family worship in the evening. She was very deaf then, so that to make her hear, one had to speak loudly in her ear. Brother Crisler would sit down next to her, and read from the Bible, and then he would pray, close by her side. After he had prayed Sister White would always pray. And she prayed the most beautiful, simple prayers. It seemed as though she were talking to Jesus right there in the room, and we could almost hear Him answering. After worship she would go alone upstairs to her room. One evening as she walked to the stairway with her quick, light step, I walked along by her side with my hand on her elbow. And I offered to help her up the stairs. But she turned to me, and said:

[117]

“Oh, no, thank you! I don’t need anyone to help me up the stairs. Why, I am as spry as when I was a girl. As when I was a girl?”—she paused. “Well, I should say so. When I was a girl I was weak and sick, and they thought I would die. But the Lord has blessed me all these years, and given me health, and now I am better, much better, than when I was a girl.”

One day she took my arm and led me outdoors. “I want to show you my garden,” she said. She always loved the beautiful things that God had made. When she was a girl, twelve years old, you remember, the day she was converted she went out into the garden, among the flowers. And as she put her hand lovingly under a rose of Sharon, and lifted up its face to hers, she thought, “If God so loves and cares for the flowers He has decked with beauty, how much more

tenderly will He guard the children who are made in His image.” And she said softly: “I am a child of God. His loving care is around me. I will obey Him, and never displease Him. I will praise His dear name and love Him always.”

Now for seventy-five years she had kept that vow. Always she had loved the Lord Jesus, and she had obeyed Him and done His will. He had blessed her, and made her a great blessing to others. And ever she studied more deeply into the beautiful things He had made, and daily they drew her near to God. [118]

Now out in the garden she took me from flower bed to flower bed and from shrub to shrub. Some of the things she had planted with her own hands, and nearly every day she came out to watch them grow, and through them to look into the face of God and listen to His teachings.

We stopped before a beautiful bed of pansies. You know, pansies look almost like human faces, with their great velvety eyes. They seem to be smiling at you, and you want to stoop down and kiss them. Sister White knelt down before the pansy bed. She put her hand under one and then another, and turned their faces upward. And quietly, almost so low I could not hear, she murmured, “The smiles of God! The smiles of God!”

Yes, God is smiling to us through the flowers He has made. And of all the flowers, perhaps the pansy seems the sweetest of His smiles. The roses too bring messages from Him. Not only do they bring the smiles of God in their lovely buds and petals, but they smell so sweet they shed abroad the fragrance of His presence. And the lilies, tall and stately, white as the purity of God’s love, bring messages from Him. Some of the lilies are little and short, and some are colored and spotted like sprinklings from the brush with which God paints the rainbows. There are so many flowers, with so many different shapes and colors and perfumes, we wonder where God gets them all. But though we may know more and more about God, we can never find out the fullness of His knowledge and His love. [119]

Sister White loved the gardens. She enjoyed working in them. She liked to plant the seeds—those round or flat or many-cornered bundles of the life of God. Down in the dark, warm, moist earth they would feel the touch of God’s hand, and stir to life. Soon their little green heads would peep above the ground. Their roots would go

down and down and out and out, and their tiny mouths would suck in food, to send in the sap through all the plant, and make it grow and flower and bear fruit. So is the life and love of God in us, when God touches our souls and brings us to bear fruit for Him.

But not only the quiet, lovely gardens tell us of God. The earth is filled with His goodness. The great trees that lift their leafy arms above the earth are praying, and praising their Creator. The rounded hills, the lofty mountains, the running brooks and the thundering waterfalls, all carry messages from God our Father. And the sea—the great waste of ocean spread round the earth, in its many storms and in its smiling calms—is held in the hand of God.

[120] Sister White loved too these grand tokens of the power of God. Sometimes in her busy life she had gone to rest amid the mountains and the forests. While her husband, James White, lived, they had sometimes gone together into the bosom of the mountains, and there they talked with God together, praying and listening in the groves and under the deep blue sky. After he died, though she was very lonely, she found it precious to go back and talk with Jesus there.

At times she rode in the ships upon the sea. And when the wind blew and the waves rose and the ship was tossed about, she would remember the days and the nights the disciples spent with Jesus on the Sea of Galilee, and how because He was there, they were safe with Him. He commanded the sea, and it obeyed Him; He stilled the waves, and they were calm. So on the stormy ocean she felt His presence with her, and rested in His care.

But oh, how sweet it was to come back to the lovely garden, and live among its trees and shrubs and flowers. How happy she was to listen to the singing of the birds and to smell the fragrance of the roses, to kneel down before the pansies and murmur, “The smiles of God! The smiles of God!”

So did she when she was a girl; so did she when she grew to be a woman. Thus she talked with God while her husband was at her side; thus she comforted her soul after she was left alone. Now in her last years, when she was an old, old lady, she walked and talked with God in His garden.

[121] Elmshaven was a haven under the elms. The last time she left it for a long journey was in 1909, when she was eighty-two years old. That year she journeyed the thousands of miles across the land to

the General Conference at Washington. And on the way she stopped in many places, and taught the people.

But she was glad to come back to Elmshaven to her garden and to her books. She wrote hundreds and hundreds of pages telling the people what God had shown to her in visions. And her helpers would gather together things she had written in years gone by, and which were filed away in the office. They would bring these to her, and she would put them into articles for the *Review and Herald* and the *Youth's Instructor*, or into books for the people.

And many people came to see her. She could not talk with all who wanted to talk with her, for the work had grown through all the world, and there were thousands who would have taken up all her time if they should come. But she was always kind and helpful, and she sent out messages of cheer to the workers and to the parents and to the young people and to the children.

So passed the last years and the last days of her life at Elmshaven. God was very near to her, and Jesus was precious to her soul. She walked and she talked with her heavenly Father, and with her Saviour and Friend, and always she felt upon her the smiles of God.

[122]

## **Chapter Fifteen—God Gives His Beloved Sleep**

Many long years, oh, many, many, had Sister White worked and watched with the cause of God, telling of Jesus' love and salvation, and of His soon coming. In 1915 she was eighty-seven years old. She had labored in the gospel vineyard for seventy-five years, and the Lord was calling her to rest.

When Ellen Harmon was nine years old she was a happy, healthy little girl, brimful of life and joy, the pet of her older brother and sisters, and the precious treasure of her father and mother. Even though so young, she had set her heart on becoming a teacher and she went to school each day with the hope of learning a little more to help her to help others. And she did not forget to help others as she learned. The twins, Ellen and Elizabeth, were noted among their schoolmates as girls who would give up their own pleasure any time, to do a favor for others, in study help, in play hours, in friendly cheer and gladness.

[123]

The Lord looked down on little Ellen Harmon, and He said: "She shall be my servant, to lift the fallen, to cheer the sad, to teach the ignorant, to tell the glad tidings of the glorious coming of Jesus. But to fit her to do all that, I must first take her through deep waters and dark places and hard paths. But I will go with her, and be her helper in all her troubles. She shall learn to trust Me fully, and to call on Me in time of trouble, and I will hear and deliver her. Then she shall know what it is to walk with God and to talk with her Saviour, and to bear the burden of His cross with joy. She shall be My servant."

Oh, little Ellen Harmon, happily skipping over the pleasant paths of childhood, you do not know what sorrows are to come upon you. You do not know how deep the waters you must pass through. You do not know how hard the climbing paths you must follow. And you do not know how God will hold you up, and bless you through all that, nor how great will be the joy you will have in helping others through those same hard ways, nor how blessed will be your companionship with Jesus.



Thus, when Ellen was nine years old, almost ten, God put His hand upon her. She was stricken down by a cruelly flung stone, and she fell unconscious. Then followed dark days and lonely, terrible nights. But in the darkness she heard God's voice calling her: "Ellen! Ellen!"

And she answered, "Jesus, here I am."

"Come up a little higher, Ellen. Here, take My hand, and I will help you. Now I will show you some of My glory, and you shall tell of it to others. I will give you messages to the erring, that they may be turned to the right. And I will give you messages of cheer to the faithful, that they may be encouraged to go on. And I will tell you of the things that must come upon the people of God before the end, and of the glory that shall follow, when I come to claim My own." [124]

When Ellen Harmon was twelve years old she was deeply converted, and she gave her all to Jesus. With her father and mother, her brother and sisters, and all the church in Portland, and thousands of others throughout the land, she looked and longed for the coming of Jesus in 1844. She told everyone how Jesus had entered her heart, and how glad she was that He was coming soon. How great was her joy when others turned to Him as she talked and prayed with them!

Then when she was sixteen years old, almost seventeen, the great day came—and passed. Jesus did not come! Oh, how terrible was the disappointment! But Ellen and her family and some others still held the hand of God, and waited for Him to show them what He meant. They had not long to wait.

About six weeks later, after Ellen had passed her seventeenth birthday, God gave her a vision that told how He was leading His people, even though they were disappointed, and she was shown the reward the Lord is preparing for those who are faithful. A few months later she was given another vision, this time of the work of Jesus in the heavenly sanctuary and the beginning of His work in the most holy place at just the time when they expected Him to come to this earth. She was instructed to tell others what God had shown her, and she went out to do God's bidding. [125]

Soon God gave her a man to stand by her side through the hardest years, her husband, James White. And together, and with Joseph Bates, they went forth to carry the message of the Sabbath and the sanctuary and the coming of the Lord.

Just three people to begin the great Second Advent and Sabbath movement. But others joined them, and they had a little company. Then was given Ellen G. White the vision in which she saw a light, as of the sun, rising in the east, growing stronger and brighter and more glorious, until it threw its beams around the earth and filled it with the knowledge of the coming of the Lord.

For nearly seventy years afterward Sister White went with the light, and saw others go forth with it, through America, to Europe, to Africa and India and South America, to Australia and the islands of the sea, and finally to all the countries on the face of the earth. She traveled and she taught; she wrote books and messages in the papers. She loved and, by the grace of God, saved hundreds of thousands of men and women, young people and children.

[126] And now her work was done. She waited for the next command of her Lord. On February 13, 1915, as she was going into her writing room, she fell and broke her hip. Old people cannot get well from broken bones so easily as children and young people do. She knew that the bone would never heal. She could never walk again. She must wait long weeks until the end.

But the Lord was very merciful to His servant. She did not suffer much pain as she lay in her bed or sat in an easy chair in her study. And she was happy. She filled the room with her patience and cheer. Through the sunny bay window she could look out upon the pleasant land, as in the early spring it began to take on the fresh green of the leaves and the grass, and the flowers began to bloom.

Her Bible was ever by her side, and the books she had written. Sometimes one of her family would read to her, as she wished. Sometimes, when she was alone for a little while, they would hear her voice in song:

“We have heard from the bright, the holy land,  
We have heard, and our hearts are glad.”

She said, “Jesus is my precious Redeemer, and I love Him with my whole heart. My work is nearly ended. Looking over the past, I am not discouraged. I am glad that I can still hold up the banner. My courage is given by my Saviour, whom I love, and in whom my soul trusts.”

The days and the weeks and the months passed slowly by. The spring went on into the summer. The harvesttime came, and the

reapers went forth to gather in the wheat. So came her life to its close, as a sheaf of ripe wheat is reaped. On July 16, 1915, she passed to her rest, saying, “I know in whom I have believed.” Sister White, in death as well as in life, was held dear by those she had blessed and helped. The oldest workers, who had labored with her and who were still living, came to give their tributes as she was laid to rest. There were Elder Loughborough, Elder Haskell, Elder Daniells, Elder Starr, and others. They thanked God that He had given Sister White to us for so long. [127]

In the midst of those who are waiting in death for Jesus to come, she was laid in Oak Hill Cemetery, at Battle Creek, by the side of her husband, James White, and by the side of her two sons, Henry and Herbert, who had died long before. There she awaits the Life-giver. And when Jesus comes she will rise with all the saints, to be with Him forever in glory.

There is no sorrow for the saints of God. Many the trials, many the hardships, many the battles they endure while they live for the sake of Jesus and for the cause of God. But God gives them rest at last, waiting for the glad morning when He shall call them from their graves into everlasting glory.

So Sister White, who had labored in the heat of the day and endured the vigils of the night for all these long years, bearing the burdens of others, praying and praising God, teaching and preaching, writing and giving counsel, was now at rest, waiting for the soon coming of Jesus in the clouds of heaven. This is the loving way God deals with His servants, for the Bible says, “He giveth his beloved sleep.”

Her life is not lost. Like a grain of corn fallen into the ground, it has brought forth the living plant, which grows and flowers and fruits, until it multiplies the Word of God, and brings life to men. So her books and the memory of her life still live, to teach the truth. And so God still blesses the work of Sister White. [128]