

# **Footprints of The Pioneers**

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Pioneer Stories of the Advent Message  
Christian Storytelling and Stories**

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## A First Word

IN the summer and early fall of 1946 it was my privilege, in the company of friends, to visit the principal places of historical interest to Adventists in New England, New York, Michigan, and a spot in the South, covering the first two or three decades of our history. This was in pursuit of information and atmosphere for the writing of a two-volume history of Seventh-day Adventists, a work which is now half completed. But it was felt by some of my friends that a series of sketches portraying the arenas and the incidents connected with them, written in a more informal style, would be of service to possible visitors and many more who will see these scenes only through the printed page.

No least part of the pleasure of the trips was the companionship of friends who already were versed in the lore, and who not only guided me to localities and informants, but themselves added much to my store of knowledge.

In Maine the conference president, Roscoe W. Moore, took me in his car to the points of interest in Portland and the country round about within a radius of thirty miles; and he and A. F. Ruf accompanied me on a great swing around a circle farther north.

In New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, and around the head of Lake Champlain in New York, I had the company of my indefatigable and encyclopedic friend. Clifton L. Taylor, with whom I traded stories right royally.

In Massachusetts I was generously helped at South Lancaster by Miss Rowena E. Purdon, the historian of the town and the school. And in New Bedford the pastor, J. F. Knipschild, was most helpful in introducing me not only to particular sites but to friends who, like Mrs. Eliza B. Bradford, of Acushnet, proved sources of unfolding information.

In New York State the longest trip, 1,100 miles, east, north, and west, was taken in the happy

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company of Bertram M. Heald, who knew the country and many of the people, and behind whose courtly mien and address I often found refuge.

In Michigan I was accompanied on several expeditions by my son, Ronald W. Spalding, a physician resident in the midst of historic spots in that State; and I was given much information by a history-minded veteran, William E. Videto, and by his wife, daughter of pioneers.

In North Carolina I was conducted by Arthur and Marguerite Jaspersen, long-time teachers and ministrants in the mountains. Later, in May, 1947, it was my pleasure to accompany the art director of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, T. K. Martin, on a trip to many of the above places, to obtain the best pictures for illustrating this series.

These all with one accord gave me liberally of their time and energy and knowledge, and my readers are indebted to them quite as much as to me. Not all the places visited are brought into the picture, for the list would be too great, but the more significant are included. I have arranged the articles not exactly in the order of my visits, but rather in the order of historical occurrence, as the message spread from East to West.

Because the men and women herein mentioned are our spiritual forebears, because they set us an example of self-sacrifice and devotion which should never be lost, because the ground they trod holds for us sacred memories and the message born in them is our heritage to give to all the world, these accounts of their habitations and their handiwork may help to hearten their sons and daughters.

A. W. S.

## 1. So Great a Cloud of Witnesses

Stephen N. Haskell

BILDAD the Shuhite spoke at least one word of wisdom in his rather futile debate with Job. "For inquire, I pray thee," he said, "of the former age, and prepare thyself to the search of their fathers. For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing." Job 8:8, 9.

The current generation is inclined to believe that it knows everything. So every generation. Very naturally. "The world is so full of a number of things," remarked Robert Louis Stevenson to his child audience. And as children we throw our net about a little corner of the sea, and the number of things we catch in it are to us the world and all the works therein. But beyond us and behind us are many nets, and many days, and many seas.

Should we inquire of the former days, and ask counsel of our fathers? We Seventh-day Adventists have cultivated in ourselves the attitude of the forward look. At least we see our toes. And we remember Lot's wife. It has been to many, and it still is to some, a denial of our faith to look behind, to treasure the records of our fathers, to ready a shrine where their feet once trod, to erect a monument at the unmarked burial place of a pioneer. "Forward, march!" are the orders, "Eyes front! Charge!" And the ranks stiffen, and the eyes peer, and the spears level, and we plunge forward into the dust of battle. Beyond is victory, and the Kingdom.

All very good. Our warfare is before us, not behind. But may it be that in the midst of the moil and the wrestling, of the tears and the sweat and the blood, there might come to us in the battle a vision, had we in our preparation looked back, a vision of the power and the wisdom and the glory with which our spiritual forebears fought? And seeing the vision, might we not take new courage, perceive more clearly, plan more wisely, and execute more truly than if we merely trusted to hacking our way through?

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.-They march with us, these legions of the past; they march in memory and they march in the music of angel bands that go before the Last Legion of Christ-before, and on flank, and in rear. Happy is he whose eyes are opened to behold the host, the chariots and the horsemen of God. "For they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Every American, and every lover of liberty of whatever nationality, walks on hallowed ground when he enters the Bay State. Plymouth, Salem, Boston, Lexington, Concord! This ground, these monuments, speak the faith "that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with

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certain unalienable Rights, that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its Foundation on such Principles and organizing its Powers in such Form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.”

Succeeding eras of civilization have in many places crowded the ancient shrines into tight cysts, yet these keep their vitality and speak still in the tones of vigilant freedom. And it is remarkable how much of the wild and free still marks the terrain of Massachusetts. A few miles out of the city, by train or auto, you find vast stretches of woods, of swamp, of copse and woody field. The open prairies of the West early siphoned off the surplus population, and left the badge of freedom on the land of the Puritans.

And the stamp of the Englishman transplanted to America is still on the homes. Outside the metropolis the characteristic dwelling places which housed the generous families of our fathers and mothers dominate the landscape. Foursquare, solid, far-spreading even to the attached barns, the great white houses stand like the ample matrons of a past century, starched and possessive, clutching the land to their bosoms as one who would say:

“Land where my fathers died, Land of the Pilgrims’ pride,  
From every mountainside  
Let freedom ring!”

The little and ancient town of South Lancaster is a focal point from which the student of Seventh-day Adventist history may look to south, to north, to west, even a bit to the east, to find the footprints of our pioneers. They walked the trails where now our cars speed on pavements of rock. They knelt in these gardens, to pray and to labor. They lifted their eyes to the mountains yonder, and in time turned their gaze upon the seas. They worked with hand tools where we lift with steam and smite with electricity. But they laid a foundation from which we lever our loads, and they planted the seed that fills the fields today with a harvest even their faith but dimly saw.

South Lancaster is not the first of their stations; it came comparatively late into the picture. Yet it was early enough to hold the humble, ambitious projects of some of our greatest pioneers, and to see the councils and the labors of many of them. The layman came first and made a clearing; then the early master of layman work established his station here. Lewis and Mary Priest moved into South Lancaster from a farm north of Lancaster early in the 60’s; they were the first Seventh-day Adventists here. Shortly came that prince of pioneers, that captain of the missionary hosts, Stephen N. Haskell, and settled here. [1]

Haskell was a convert of William Saxby and Joseph Bates. A young benedict of nineteen years, living in Hubbardston, Massachusetts, he made and sold soap for a living. His education was meager, but his wife, a teacher several years older than he (one informant told me), “taught him all he knew”—which, barring the soap business, may have been true in his minority, but certainly is hyperbolic as to his later years.

Traditions take in ample territory about Mrs. Mary How Haskell. Thus: She was an invalid; she could manage spirited horses as few men could. She was a martinet, with firm set lips; she was a loving wife, who rose at an unearthly hour to greet her husband, back from a two-year world-girdling journey. She was a cultured woman, a poet, whose large and carefully selected library was the Mecca of thoughtful students in the early days of the South Lancaster school; she was a recluse, who was seldom at home to visitors. But each and every purveyor of these several tales agrees without scruple to the legends of the others. A remarkable woman!

Stephen Haskell in 1852 heard an Adventist sermon (from one of those whom we call First-day Adventists, but no present church body. Rather, one of those followers of Himes and Bliss who after a while organized as the Evangelical Adventists, only to disappear early in this century), and forthwith he began to talk to his friends about the second coming of Christ.

“You ought to hire a hall, and preach,” they told him.

“Well,” he answered, half in banter, “if you’ll hire the hall, I’ll preach.”

Forthwith they hired the hall; and Stephen, not to be bluffed, stood up and found that he could preach. There was no money in preaching for the Adventists, however, unless the audience proved unusually generous; so Stephen kept on with his soap making and selling. On his travels in 1853 he came upon one William Saxby, at Springfield, a repair man for the railroad; and William Saxby was one of “those seventh-day people” the name Seventh-day Adventist had not yet been adopted. Saxby was lecturing to, or arguing or talking with, some young men friends of Haskell’s, who gave indication of being

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convinced of the claims of the seventh-day Sabbath. Haskell turned away with the remark, ‘Well, you can keep that old Jewish Sabbath if you want to; but I never will.’ However, he accepted a tract from Saxby, entitled Elihu on the Sabbath. That was a mighty little bit of literature in the old days, and even surviving to the present on the publishers’ lists. It was written by Benjamin Clark, a rather odd character who did not agree wholly with his church, the Seventh Day Baptists, nor with the Seventh day Adventists, but well, he was Elihu, and he knew the answers. [2]

Haskell was on his way to Canada East, as Quebec was called in those days, where he had roused some interest before and was going again to preach. He took the tract along on a boat down Lake Conseccon and read it. The more he sought to confute its arguments by reference to the Bible, the more he became convinced against his will. He decided to take time out to settle the matter; and leaving the boat five miles short of his destination, he went to the woods, and spent the day in study and prayer. Finally, on his knees, he gave his will to God, and emerged a Sabbath keeper. He went back to Massachusetts, this Saul of Tarsus now a Paul, and there he was confirmed by Joseph Bates, who had been notified by Saxby of Haskell’s address. No candid-minded man listened long to Joseph Bates without becoming convinced on the whole third angel’s message. [3]

Here Saxby passes out of the picture, except that we may remark he was the father of that Willard H. Saxby (whom, of course, none of you remember, but I do), a prominent minister among us in the last years of the nineteenth century. Willard married Betty Coombs, who was an early convert of Squier Osborne in Kentucky, and who became the first secretary of the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference, the first in the South.

Stephen N. Haskell soon became a notable figure in New England. He was a typical Yankee; I know not how lean and looming in the early days, but in my time massive, slow-moving, deliberate but irresistible in speech, with those New England provincial quirks such as “thutty” for thirty, and “Lenkster” for Lancaster. A leonine head he had, topped by a luxuriant mane the original color of which I never knew, but gray and then white in my time, a large, shovel-tipped nose, and a flowing beard. A fatherly man, he earned the affection of his thousands of spiritual children (he had no children of his own), to whom he gave the most solicitous care, a patriarch indeed. He grew with the years: preacher, organizer, executive, author, publisher, world traveler, but above all a leader of the lay forces of the church, in literature, correspondence, and personal missionary work. Married the second time after his first wife’s death, and surviving both, he gave directions that he should be buried next to the wife nearest to whose grave he should die. Mrs. Hettie Hurd Haskell, a notable worker in her own right, a preacher and missionary, lies in a South Lancaster grave, but Stephen N. Haskell is buried by the side of Mary in California.

Elder Haskell, with his wife, in 1864, moved to South Lancaster, where lived the Priests and a few others. He was then director of the southern New England mission field. Maine and Vermont, having been the scenes of intensive and successful labors by the first pioneers, had, with the coming of denominational organization in 1863, become conferences; but Massachusetts and Connecticut, early homes of Bates and the Beldens, had somehow lagged. In 1870, under Haskell’s ministry, the New England Conference was formed at the time of the General Conference in Battle Creek. It was stated that it would take in all New England, including Vermont and Maine, but in later reports the separate state of these conferences is indicated, and so it appears that they successfully held out. Through various later mutations there have now appeared the two conferences: Northern New England-Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont; and Southern New England-Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

In South Lancaster, Elder Haskell not only supervised the conference but gathered the sisters of the local church together and formed them into a prayer band whose burden was, first, their children. In the beginning there were four members; then, as the church grew, there were ten, and presently forty five. In 1869 they organized themselves as the Vigilant Missionary Society.

Mrs. Roxie Rice was the first president; Mary H. Haskell, vice-president; Mary L. Priest, secretary; and Rhoda Wheeler, treasurer. Mrs. Rice was a tall and stately but vivacious leader, later a teacher in the school. Mrs. Priest was a motherly woman, to whom the young people went with their problems and difficulties. All the women were workers, going out to pray with and to minister to the sick, the hungry, the needy, the spiritually ill. Under Haskell’s guidance and stimulation they extended their work beyond their own borders, gathering names and addresses as expertly as a modern list company, and sending literature and conducting missionary correspondence with people over the whole United States and many foreign countries. Thus they set the pattern and the pace for all our later literature and missionary work. That Vigilant Missionary Society was the nucleus of the Tract and Missionary Society which Haskell at first extended to the conference, then to the General Conference. [4]

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Elder and Mrs. James White, hearing of the New England society, made a trip east to study Haskell's organization. As a result James White wrote a special tract explaining and recommending it, and the idea took such general hold that at the 1874 General Conference in Battle Creek, a General Tract Society was organized for the whole field with James White as president, Stephen Haskell as business manager (which meant promoter, organizer, and caretaker), and the secretary, Maria L. Huntley, who had three or four years before come down from Washington, New Hampshire, to South Lancaster, and joined the Vigilant Missionary Society, becoming its secretary. Jennie Thayer was made her assistant. Their names stand high in the early annals of our missionary work.

The old Odd Fellows' Hall which Haskell purchased in South Lancaster and transformed into a home and office, located on Bolton Road, has disappeared with the years. It stood just beyond the building now used for conference workers' homes, but which was formerly the conference headquarters. The Priest home, where the church was organized in 1864, and which later served as the Tract Society office, is two doors south of the present church building. The Rice home is on the same street, nearer the college.

Eighteen years later, in 1882, the second great expansion began. Elder Haskell, always solicitous for the education of the youth, prayed into existence the South Lancaster Academy, now Atlantic Union College. It was opened in a transformed carriage house, 18 by 24 feet, which had for a time served as a chapel for the church. And to inaugurate it, they called the pioneer educator among us, Prof. Goodloe Harper Bell, who had opened the preliminary school in Battle Creek which eventuated as Battle Creek College in 1875, and who had headed the English department in that college since. With one assistant, Miss Edith Sprague, he opened the school, April 19.

Professor Bell was perhaps the most clear-sighted educator the denomination has ever known. He believed thoroughly in the system of Christian education which Mrs. White, divinely inspired, had already presented, and he sought here to put it into operation. The Bible as the foundation, agriculture as the A, B, and C, literature conformed to Christian ideals, science and revelation harmonized, the training of Christian workers the great aim-would that our educational concepts today were as clear and single-minded as his. The school owned no land, but the first year it rented twenty-six acres, upon which the boys worked while the girls carried the domestic duties.

The students of the college today are a bonny lot. They honor the halls and grace the beautiful campus of the school, and brighten up the long lane of the historic town's elm-shaded street. Youth, swinging its bonnet, caroling the tunes of the day, and sometimes intoning the psalmody of the saints-I wonder what it knows of the struggles and the sacrifices, the mighty prayers, the sublime faith, and the heroic undertakings of the generation that made possible its advantages today.

They who dwell in the midst of historical monuments must seek a specially delicate balance. For some there are who think nothing of the past; they have care only for the broadcast of today's ephemerals and follies. Others there are, though few, who bury themselves in the mosses of the past, and dwell oblivious of current life, save for the call of the dinner gong. But the thoughtful student, conscious of his opportunities in the day's activities, and gathering to himself the substance and the implements of his chosen service, walks with reverent steps through the silent but eloquent aisles of his fathers, on to the tilled and harvest-laden fields of future service.

1. Rowena E. Purdon, *The Story of a Church*, p. 4.
2. R. F. Cottrell in *Review and Herald*, April 1, 1880. S. N. Haskell in *Review and Herald*, April 7, 1896.
3. *Ibid.* W. A. Spicer, *Pioneer Days of the Advent Movement*, pp. 249-251.
4. *Review and Herald*, April 29, 1890, p. 271; Rowena A. Purdon, *The Story of a Church*, pp. 10, 11.

## 2. Go and Tell It to the World

William Miller

YOU cross the river, a little stream, as you go west from Rutland and out of Vermont into the State of New York; and lo! you are in Hampton. They called it Low Hampton in the old days, but we do not find anyone there who gives it that name now. It is, however, in the town-that is to say, the township-of Hampton, and at its lower end, going north, and so perhaps properly it is Low Hampton. The Poultney

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River, a brawling brook here, makes a loop in this tiny thumb of eastern New York, doubling back south and crooking once again to run into the head of Lake Champlain. Whitehall, the county seat, lies, so the inhabitants say, at the head of the lake; but so narrow is the water here for a score of miles clown -that is, north-that some maps still name it Poultney River, now a river indeed. West of Whitehall about a mile is a very respectable expanse of water, called South Bay, which is connected with Champlain by a small channel; and he who would pass on and down the lakeside must cross this South Bay by the long bridge that carries the road.

Here at Low Hampton is the farm home that, a hundred and more years ago, was William Miller's. I had always supposed, from accounts I had read, that Low Hampton and Miller's home lay on or near the southern shore of Lake Champlain; but the "near" is a matter of at least eight miles. This is (to me a discovery) revises my conception and some of my writing. Forty years ago a survivor of those century-distant scenes, Hiram S. Guilford, wrote me of the ride his brother Irving made on that Saturday morning, sixteen miles to Low Hampton, to call Uncle William Miller into his first public proclamation of the Lord's coming. He told me that Irving rode his horse only part of the way, then took a boat to row, as I understood, across the end of the lake to his uncle's home. So I pictured the sixteen-year-old stripling bending his back to the oars across the broad shining surface of the lake to a gravelly beach a few rods from Uncle William's home, and striding up the bank to knock at the door and announce, "Father says our Baptist minister is away this Sunday, and he wants you to come over and preach about the Lord's coming." [1]

But it cannot have been that way; for the head of the lake is a slender river at Whitehall and even farther down (that is, up north) than the Guilford's home town, and to row anywhere on it would be much slower than to go galloping along the lakeshore, around by Whitehall and on to Low Hampton; and even so, the boat would leave him stranded several miles from his destination. So I am faint to conclude that Irving rode his brown mare all the way to Low Hampton, perhaps over the old wooden bridge on South Bay, the approaches to which still remain. And then we must suppose that William. Miller, after his initial struggle and surrender, hitched up his horse to his buggy, and they two rode back, leading the mare.

The story is too familiar to you to require detailed repetition here: how William Miller, after fifteen years' intensive study of the prophecies, and through that study reaching the conclusion that Christ would come sometime in the year 1843-1844, had now reached the point where he was battling against the conviction that he himself must go out and proclaim it. So, sitting in that east study of his sturdy farmhouse that Saturday morning, second in August, 1831, he at last promised the Lord that if the way should open, he would go.

"What do you mean by the way opening?"

"Why, if someone should come without my initiative, and ask me to go out and sound the message, I should say the way was open."

And then Irving at the front door, rapping, and giving his father's message, "Come and teach our people that the Lord is coming."

William Miller tells the tale himself in brief, as quoted by White in his *Life of William Miller*; how that "a son of Mr. Guilford" brought him the word just after he had given his promise. [2] But Miller does not tell much of the story; the rest is left to the account Hiram. Guilford gave me nearly half a century ago: the names of the youth Irving, of the father and mother, Silas and Sylvia Guilford, the latter William Miller's sister, of Patience, the oldest girl, who after discussion at family worship about calling Uncle William, came and announced breakfast as Irving rushed off to saddle up, and then rode galloping away to Uncle William Miller's without his breakfast. [3]

Elder James Shultz, at whose house we paused on the Mohawk Trail in western Massachusetts, told me that as a lad he lived with Hiram Guilford, in Ohio. He gave me the names of the children in the family of Silas and Sylvia: Patience, Irving, Ransom, Hiram, Oscar, and perhaps there were another brother and a sister whose names he did not remember.

William Miller was thunderstruck by this sudden call. He answered the boy not a word, but turning on his heel, he strode out the back door and down the little slope on the west side and up again into the maple grove, where often he went to pray. But all the way along the path a Voice was thundering in his ears: "Go and tell it! Go and tell it! Go and tell it to the world!" In his maple grove (still standing, with several patriarchs of the time and some younger trees) he fell upon his knees and cried, "Lord, I can't go! I can't! I'm only a farmer, not a preacher; how can I carry a message like Noah?" But all he could hear was, "Will you break a promise so soon after you have made it? Go and tell it to the world!"

At last he gave up, crying, "Lord, I don't know how I can do it; but if you will go with me, I will go."

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At once the burden lifted. His spirits soared. He sprang to his feet-this staid old farmer of middle age-and leaped up and down, clapping his hands and shouting, "Glory! Hallelujah!"

Lucy, his littlest daughter, his almost constant companion, had followed him as he hastened down the path; and now, standing aside, she watched his prayer and his triumph. Amazed at such an outburst as she had never before seen in her father, she ran back to the house, crying, "Mother, Mother, come quick! Father's down in the grove, and he's gone crazy!" It was what the world said of him later, but Lucy came to revise her judgment and to follow his teachings to the end of her days. Returning to the house, William Miller found Irving still patiently waiting for an answer. And he promised, "After dinner, Irving, I'll go with you." And so they went. Following their presumed and almost certain path, we rode in the auto the eight miles to Whitehall, crossed the bridge, and turning north went on over the hilly, winding road, following the course of the river or lake to Dresden Township. How vividly the pictures of that memorable century and an eighth ago crowded our imaginations as our car reeled off the swift miles that took them hours to travel.

We could not find from any present-day inhabitants where the Guilfords lived at that time. Dresden it was, as all accounts agree; but Dresden is a township, and the identity of this particular farm is lost. The Guilfords moved away from it before 1844 to the vicinity of Oswego, and after the Disappointment they moved to Michigan. The principal village in the township of Dresden is Clemons, which, however, by the location of the cemetery and the church, as well as by local report, is Dresden town, though now there is a station of that name, and not much else, two miles farther on. Striking for Dresden Station, we overran it, and stopped at a farmhouse to inquire if there was an old Baptist church in that vicinity.

An old man and a younger woman sat on the porch. The lady referred us to the patriarch. Yes, he said, there was such a church, back a mile it proved to be three miles. When he learned that we were on the trail of Miller, he exclaimed, "Oh, Prophet Miller! Sure! Prophet Miller preached here!" Rising, he followed us off the porch, stamping with his cane, and crying, "Let me tell you something about Prophet Miller." And then followed one of the foolish tales so thoroughly refuted in F. D. Nichol's book *The Midnight Cry*. "That's the truth, the gospel truth," the old man exclaimed in answer to our skeptical smiles. And we left him in his smug assurance that he had added to our lore of the Advent message.

We rode back, and found the church, nearly opposite the ancient cemetery. It sits up on a high embankment on the side of a hill south of the town center, Clemons, embowered by trees, and still in occasional use, a neat white-painted structure in good repair. Next door, a few steps toward the village, a lady assured us of the antiquity of the building, where she knew her father and mother had worshiped as early as 1836, and she was sure it was older than that. Yes, it was the Baptist church, of that everyone assured us, and there is also a sign there.

This was without doubt the church where the Guilfords worshiped, the pastor of which, by his absence on that August week end, so opportunely opened the way for the beginning of the Second Advent message in America. But Miller did not preach in the church his first sermon or lecture. Hiram Guilford said he remembered very plainly Uncle William Miller sitting in the armchair in his father's log house, with the big Bible on his knees, painting in word pictures to the assembled neighbors the visions of Daniel, of the beasts that meant kingdoms and the days that meant years, and reckoning out before them the close of the 2300 years to the momentous date of 1843-1844, then but twelve years away. "For Uncle," says Hiram, would not go to the church, because he was not a preacher."

Miller does not tell where he gave those first lectures-for he did not close with one; at the demand of the people he stayed with them till near the end of the week. But he tells of the "house" becoming filled to overflowing, as day by day and night after night he opened the floodgates of his soul and mind, and gave them the first angel's message. [4] The implication is that they were given in a church. So I think that after that first Sunday he yielded to the pressure and the necessity for more room, and occupied the pulpit in this rather ample Baptist church in Dresden. It is something to see, and to meditate upon, this little white church on the hillside.

We did investigate as thoroughly as possible the Miller homestead and its vicinity while we were there. The house is owned and occupied by a member of a church very inimical to our own, and it is understandable why he does not want to be bothered with visitors interested in a former occupant whose religion was not his. For some years now no Seventh-day Adventist has been permitted to inspect the inside of the house. But permission was given us to go outside and look at it, and over to the maple grove, and out to the ledge of rocks which looks over the fertile Miller farm below, the ledge where, tradition says, the friends of William Miller watched on that Expectation Day for the Lord to come, though Miller and his



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wife remained at home. Joshua V. Himes came to be with Miller on that day, and possibly led the company out to the rocks.

We found, too, the site of the old Baptist chapel, a quarter mile west down the road, where Miller began to be converted while, deist though he was, he contritely read the sermons for the deacon whose imperfect delivery he had criticized, and who heaped coals of fire upon his head. It is a weed-and-bramble grown spot now, above a noble grove of trees, and only the faint outlines of, the foundations could be discovered in the riotous growth. But there it once stood.

Nearer to the Miller home is the neat chapel he built in 1848, four years after the Disappointment and but one year before his death, when his Baptist church had cast him out. The Advent Christian Church now owns it, and a memorial plate intimates that he was of their party and built it for them. A little light on Adventist history should here be let in.

After the Disappointment of October 22, 1844, when there was a scattering of believers and a confusion of beliefs, Joshua V. Himes, with Miller, Litch, Bliss, and some other leaders, sought to hold all Adventist factions together; and for this purpose called a meeting at Albany, New York, on April 29, 1845. This Albany Conference had a very considerable representation, but notable among the absentees were Joseph Marsh, editor of the Voice of Truth, in Rochester, New York; George Storrs, who had introduced to Adventists the doctrine of conditional immortality, or the sleep of the dead, and who had a paper of his own, The Bible Examiner, of New York City; and Enoch Jacobs, editor of The Day Star, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Neither was Joseph Bates there, nor James White, but the latter was young and only locally influential then. These two had not yet joined together or formed a party. Indeed, Bates had only this very month accepted the seventh-day Sabbath, and White was yet a year and a half away from that. There was no body known as Seventh-day Adventists.

The Albany Conference was only partially successful in its purpose, though Himes, and Miller for the four years he yet lived, were generally acknowledged as the leaders of the Adventists. Storrs' party, however, definitely separated, and there were many factions besides. These all came, within a few years, to put up a common front against the "seventh-day people," as that faith grew.

Miller in 1848, as before noted, built the chapel on his farm for the local company of Adventists, who all, if they kept his faith, believed in the natural immortality of the soul. There was no church organization among Adventists, for they held, as George Storrs put it, that organization was in itself Babylon. Nine years after Miller's death, however, his followers under Himes and Bliss organized the American Millennial Association, afterward known as Evangelical Adventists.

The Advent Christian Church had its origin among the followers of Jonathan Cummings [5] who in 1852 made great inroads in the Adventist ranks by setting the time for Christ to come in the fall of 1853 or the spring of 1854. The doctrine of conditional immortality had by this time made much headway, and most of Cummings' followers were of this persuasion. They established their own paper, The World's Crisis. When Christ did not come at their set time, they were invited back into the Evangelical body, but, mainly on the question of the nature of the soul, they refused, and in 1861 completed their countrywide organization as a church. In time they came to be the chief and only significant first-day Adventist body. Himes joined them in 1864, and left them in 1875. The Evangelical Adventists dwindled, and in 1916 disappeared from the United States Census of Religious Bodies.

The Adventist company at Low Hampton, after Miller's death, in the main adopted the doctrine of conditional immortality, and, retaining the observance of Sunday, identified themselves with the Advent Christian Church, and the little chapel remained in their possession. It was built, however, not for the Advent Christians, but for the Evangelical Adventists. William Miller belonged to no Adventist body now existing; yet, differing from all in some particulars, he is father of all.

The cemetery where lie William Miller and his wife, Lucy, is on a crossroads a quarter of a mile east. It is in a sad state of disrepair. While the tombstones of these two stand upright, many others in the weed-grown and neglected yard are leaning or fallen. It was in disreputable contrast to the graves of D. L. Moody and his wife, on the wide sweeping slopes of shining green at the Moody Girls' School in Northfield, Massachusetts, which we saw the next day. Although William Miller was not a Seventh-day Adventist, he was the foremost American herald of the second coming. He was in the succession of the great men of God who have held the banner aloft through all the centuries, the appointed spokesman of the prophecies of the Bible and the glorious consummation. He is our honored spiritual progenitor, and it would be to the credit of the church body which has come to fill almost the entire Adventist field, to acquire his homestead and restore it, and also to have custody of his grave.

"Angels watch the precious dust of this servant of God, and he will come forth at the sound of the

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last trump,” wrote Ellen G. White. [6] But while the angels watch during these last hours of time, would they not welcome the human care of his resting place by that people who have been called to be the spearhead of the Second Advent Movement?

1. A. W. Spalding, *Pioneer Stories of the Second Advent Message* (ed. 1942), pp. 37-43.
2. James White, *Life of William Miller*, pp. 79, 80.
3. *Pioneer Stories*, p. 41.
4. *Life of Miller*, pp. 80, 81.
5. United States Census of Religious Bodies, 1936, vol. 2, art. “Adventist,” sec. Advent Christian Church.
6. Ellen G. White, *Early Writings*, p. 258.

### 3. The Cradle of the Sabbath Truth

Cyrus K. Farnsworth

WE CAME up in glorious sunshine into New Hampshire’s granite hills. I do not think it is always sunshine there. It is a land of rugged mien, rock-ribbed hills and mountains, forests (like the Philistines) pushed back but never conquered, and fields that have yielded not only hay and potatoes and grain, but the great boulders which, ox-hauled, are piled up in the massive stone fences that outline the fields and confine the roads. Here nature has not etched her name with pen and stylus, but carved and stamped it with ax and sledge. And, as Hawthorne tells us, New Hampshire’s men, gazing upon the Great Stone Face, have fashioned their thinking and their lineaments after it.

I think it could rain in New Hampshire; I think it could snow. The barns, hitched always to the houses, tell us eloquently that it does snow, and snow, and snow. And if I were to choose a stage for Whittier’s masterpiece I would elect New Hampshire rather than Massachusetts for the scene where-

“A chill no coat, however stout, Of homespun stuff could quite shut out, A hard, dull bitterness of cold, That checked, mid-vein, the circling race Of life-blood in the sharpened face, The coming of the snow-storm told.”

But that early September day we came, and the days that we remained, were days of glory. The soft, creamy fingers of a caressing breeze touched our faces, the sun wreathed his countenance with a seductive smile, and the blushing maples stood forth to do the autumn honors of the forest. New Hampshire in holiday mood and dress could swirl her bosky skirts with any maiden of the South.

We came up from the southeast through Hillsboro-which must be taken in the generic sense. Of Hillsboros there are many; for in New England the township is the town; and not only is Hillsboro town in Hillsboro county, but in Hillsboro town are Hillsboro Bridge, Hillsboro Center, Hillsboro Lower Village, and Hillsboro Upper Village. It was exhilarating to travel the indeterminate twelve miles-short to us, but not to horse-and-buggy days-to the town of Washington, New Hampshire.

To us, Washington is among The Thirty, and the second Three of The Thirty. Like Abishai, it was “more honorable than the two;” but it “attained not to the first three.” [1] Because of their vital significance in establishing degrees of permanency to the new church, we celebrate Rochester, Battle Creek, Oakland; but for beginnings, Portland, New Bedford, Washington. It was at little Washington, in 1844, before a denomination to be known as Seventh-day Adventists had been thought of, that one of the cardinal points of their faith, the Sabbath, took root in an Adventist congregation. And unlike many another place where early records were made, Washington has not faded out but has maintained a Seventh-day Adventist church from its beginning.

And Washington has a fame in the world, too, slight perhaps, but proudly borne. At the forks of the roads in the village, a bronze plate proclaims that this is the first town in America to adopt the name of the Father of his Country. Doubtless that is true, for it was so christened in 1776, when George Washington had just taken command of the Continental Army at Boston. Let the nation’s capital bow its head, and the far-off State on Puget Sound salute the little New Hampshire town of Washington.

A tiny village, but neat and bright, it sits upon its long ridge graciously, its white-painted big houses impressing that amplitude of the old New England grange, now frayed a bit at the cuffs with

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shrinking population, but mended neatly and drawn in at the seams. One huge old domicile on the left of the street, once doubling as a hostel, was in process of being torn down, after a century and a half of service; and its frame, ravaged alike by time and wrecker, seemed like the corded, stringy figure of a mountaineer settling into his grave. The population of all this township has shrunk greatly. A hundred years ago it had a thousand people in it, but now the postmistress said there are no more than one hundred and fifty native residents. In the hot months of the lowlands the summer people, who have bought many of the old places, swell the population back to more than its ancient numbers; but with the frosts they close their houses or pay their hosts, and flee to town, while the corporal's guard of permanent residents takes over.

It is no melancholy village, however, at least not when the sun shines, and I imagine not when the storms blow. Competent, provident, forehanded, the native has stored his provender like the woodchuck; and buttoning himself within his wooden walls, his cellar and his woodshed and his haymow full, he defies old Boreas, while for exercise he sallies forth in mackinaw and mittens and moccasins, [2] to assault the forest and bring down in his long sleighs the spruce and pine and hemlock that make the winter's harvest. Above the historical marker at the center forks stands the civic center, three generous white buildings-town hall, schoolhouse, and Congregational church. The general store with the post office is a step beyond, and the library. For, remember, New England reads, and the long twilights of winter invite to literary browsing. You find no illiterates up here. The birth land of Webster and haunt of Hawthorne maintains the tradition of intellectual vigor. Maybe sometimes it plods with heavy step, but try a trade with a New Hampshire Yankee! And the book-a-month club is four times too slow.

A little way beyond the library the road forks again, the right-hand road going northwest to Claremont, the Green Mountain State, and points West, the left-hand continuing straight along the level, between great stone fences and past two or three houses and their openings in the woods, until a mile along it turns sharply to the left, and below a great summer mansion it looks down over the hills to the blue of Millen Pond.

This is the old road, used a hundred years back to go to Cyrus and William Farnsworth's. Now it ends at an old brick schoolhouse, but in days of old it forked, one way dipping down to the lake at Cyrus', the other going on over the hills to William's by Ashuelot River. It was along this road in 1845 that Joseph Bates, up from tidewater Massachusetts for inquiry into the Sabbath truth, was hurried by Frederick Wheeler to that first conference at Cyrus Farnsworth's. You get to Cyrus' house now by a newer road that leaves the village in a quick run off the ridge, shortly to accost the lake at its head and accompany it southwest to the historic brick house, thence to meander for another mile through the woods, around the foot of the lake, to the famous church.

But before ever you leave the village, just beyond the forks, you come to a modern cottage, characteristically white but not huge, dutifully attached to a barn but a barn with the size and purpose of a garage. Here live Harold and Anna Mary Farnsworth, of the fourth generation from Cyrus, and our studious and genial and sprightly hosts for the duration. We had intended going back to Hillsboro to find a room-and I here give notice to all intending visitors to do likewise, for there is no hotel in Washington. But dropping in at the little white cottage for a moment's greeting, we were constrained to abide with them, for it was toward evening and the Sabbath was coming on.

Nineteen years ago Anna Mary, a Beckner then, was outstanding at our first New England girls' summer camp, the only girl too swift of foot for me to catch. A Bible instructor and teacher of late years, while Harold was in the army overseas, she is still the competent, regal, delightful Anna Mary. Harold is the typical master of all trades that you find in the hills farmer, woodsman, carpenter, plumber, electrician, medical corpsman, teacher, and preacher, a worthy representative of the clan Farnsworth, which has sent its men and women into missions over all the land and all the world.

The Seventh-day Adventist church body at Washington is small, about the size of its first congregation. There have been many vicissitudes in the hundred years, sometimes the membership reaching nearly a hundred, sometimes sinking low with the exoduses. Great meetings there were also in the early days of the message, when Brother and Sister White and John N. Andrews and others met with them; where Uriah Smith, up from West Wilton, was converted, where "Wooster" Ball, he of the hasty speech and pen, was painfully recovered, where such workers as Eugene W. Farnsworth and Fred L. Mead were fashioned, and crowds of young Farnsworths and Meads and Philbricks and Balls were brought to Christ. Now there are fifteen, a faithful company, but none except these two of the young generation. May the Lord be gracious to the church at Washington, New Hampshire.

Of course we went to the church, first obtaining the key at the Cyrus Farnsworth house, where we were greeted by Lessie Farnsworth White, her cousin Waldo Farnsworth, and his mother, Addie

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Farnsworth. And then we drove the tortuous mile to the church. You might think it lonesome out there in the midst of the woods, now so far from human habitations. When the church was built, it was in the midst of a thriving farm community in every direction; but now the population has withdrawn on all sides. The effect, however, is one of tranquillity, not of lonesomeness. You come suddenly through the thick woods and screening undergrowth upon the grassy plot. There stands the sturdy old church building, at the back of its ample yard, serenely regnant over the historic spot; and just across the stone fence is the silent city of the fathers and mothers who remained here while their sons and daughters and grandchildren and great-grandchildren scattered to the four quarters of the earth to carry the message of the King. Sanctuary under the open skies, the woods its palisades, the heaven its dome. This grassy lawn is the nave, and at its end the church its chancel.

We enter, noting in the vestibule the plaque which tells its story. Above is the gallery. And then we stand silent within, looking over the old-fashioned, enclosed pews, up to the simple desk and platform at the front, the familiar charts on the walls, the cabinet organ, and the tap bell for the Sabbath school. An open space at the back is where the twin stoves once sat, whence sprang the long stovepipes, to run overhead the length of the church and disappear in the two chimney holes at the front. Thus are many of the churches in New Hampshire still warmed in winter. But now this church, though kept in condition, is used but seldom, and only when there are special meetings, with many out land visitors, as on the centenary of October 22, 1844. For their regular meetings the church body use the Congregational church in the village, more convenient to their gathering.

But gazing reverently, reminiscently over the room, we see in memory's eye the preacher, Frederick Wheeler, standing by the communion table, and Widow Rachel Oakes, with corkscrew curls, almost starting to her feet from the Daniel Farnsworth pew, to rebuke him. In '44 it was; the widow we name usually as Rachel Preston. But then she was not yet remarried, and her daughter, Rachel Delight Oakes, the schoolteacher, was not to marry Cyrus Farnsworth for yet three more years.

After meeting, this Seventh Day Baptist propagandist, direct, outspoken, said to the Methodist-Adventist preacher: 'When you said to us that all who would partake of the emblems of the Lord's supper should obey every one of His commandments, I almost rose and told you, you would better put the cloth over them and set the table back, until you were ready to obey them all.' And thus Frederick Wheeler was introduced to the Sabbath truth, and a few weeks later, so he tells us, in March, 1844, he kept it for the first time, and preached a sermon about it on that day. He was the first Sabbath keeping Adventist minister. [3]

We look, and on a Sunday morning a little later we see William, Farnsworth rise and declare that he will henceforth keep the, Sabbath. And then his younger brother Cyrus, a youth twenty years of age, and their father Daniel and his wife Lucy, and Newell Mead, and Willis Huntley. A split it made, some fifteen or eighteen Sabbath keepers withdrawing to meet in private homes, while the Christian denomination retained the chapel until 1862, though several times they generously offered the building for the use of the Sabbath keeping Adventists at their general meetings.

And we see John Andrews, a visiting preacher, tall, earnest, cogent, and inspiring, as he leads forward such youth as Eugene Farnsworth, whom he started converting out in the cornfield. And James and Ellen White, in their strong evangelistic, disciplinary efforts-and what discipline did the companies of those early days require! Bringing the church into unity and power. And after them, in the years following, Loughborough, Smith, Cornell, Bourdeau, Haskell, Washington Morse, E. P. Butler. They trail a cloud of glory, these heaven-sent pioneers, through the atmosphere of the old church. We tread the aisles with reverence; we stand with humility and awe behind the desk where the mighties have stood; we silently breathe a prayer of devotion and blessing upon the sanctuary of our fathers.

We must here make a detour, to visit the resting place of Rachel Preston. Fifty miles to the southwest is Vernon, Vermont, a country community. Here was born, March 2, 1809, Rachel Harris, daughter of Sylvanus Harris. Here she married Amory Oakes, and removed with him to Verona, New York, where was born their daughter Rachel Delight Oakes, afterward to become the wife of Cyrus Farnsworth. Here Rachel Harris Oakes and her daughter, in 1837, joined the Seventh Day Baptist church. Evidently Amory Oakes died here, though we have no account of it. But in 1843 the widow, Rachel Oakes, and her daughter Delight went to Washington, New Hampshire, Delight to teach school, her mother to be with her and to become the instrument in God's hands of bringing the seventh-day Sabbath to that company of Adventists. In Washington she married Nathan T. Preston. They lived here and at Milford for some years, but finally returned to Vernon, Vermont, her birthplace. Her home is pointed out to us by the occupant, who is the keeper of the cemetery.

Here Rachel Preston died in 1868, and here her husband followed her in 1871. It is a beautifully

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kept cemetery, on high ground. And beside her headstone, the General Conference has erected a bronze tablet bearing this inscription:

Rachel Preston Was used of God  
in bringing the truth of the Sabbath  
to the Adventist church of Washington, N. H.,  
which became the first Seventh-day Adventist church in America

In Washington the Cyrus Farnsworth place is the other chief spot of historic interest. Here on a May morning of 1845, under the great maples in front of the house, above the lake, sat at least three men, we know not how many others—Cyrus Farnsworth, Frederick Wheeler, Joseph Bates—and discussed the law of God and its neglected Sabbath. Bates had read an article by T. M. Preble, in *The Hope of Israel*, a Portland Adventist paper, setting forth the claims of the seventh-day Sabbath. Preble was a minister of the Freewill Baptists who took a somewhat prominent part in the 1844 movement, reaching out from his church at Nashua. He lived not far from Frederick Wheeler in Hillsboro, and possibly (though we have no direct evidence) he learned the Sabbath truth from these Washington believers. At any rate he kept the Sabbath for three years, beginning in the summer of 1844, and struck flame with his article and a reprint tract which brought at least two prominent men to the faith, Joseph Bates and John N. Andrews. [4]

At his home in Fairhaven, the eastern twin of New Bedford, in southern Massachusetts, Bates read the article, and shortly determined, in April, to keep the Sabbath. Hearing of the company at Washington, he made a swift pilgrimage up there, found Frederick Wheeler on his borrowed farm in Hillsboro, ten o'clock at night, talked with him till dawn, and then they two drove up to Washington and Cyrus Farnsworth's. [5]

Whether, as Wheeler's son testifies, Joseph Bates made haste to leave that same noon, or, as Eugene Farnsworth says, remained several days and talked with William Farnsworth ("the first Seventh-day Adventist in the world," as his son Eugene affirmed), and others of the company, at least it was here, under these ancient maples, that the pact was sealed.

Bates, back at home, was hailed in the morning, on the bridge, by a neighbor and fellow Christian, James Madison Monroe Hall: "What's the news, Captain Bates?" And he said, "The news is that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord our God." And shortly he was carrying this good news, this gospel, to his world, reaching out to Hiram Edson in western New York, to James and Ellen White up in Maine, to Belden and Chamberlain in Connecticut, to Otis Nichols in Boston, and all the little company who became close-knit upon "the Sabbath of the Lord our God."

Washington village of the New Hampshire hills, cradle of the Sabbath truth!

1. 1 Chronicles 11:15, 20, 21.
2. That is alluringly alliterative, but in fact they wear high boots, not moccasins.
3. Spicer, *Pioneer Days Of the Advent Movement*, p. 122.
4. *Hope of Israel* (periodical), Feb. 28, 1845; *Advent Herald* (periodical), July 3, 1852; Joseph Bates, *The Seventh Day Sabbath a Perpetual Sign* (tract), August, 1846, p. 40.
5. *Pioneer Days*, p. 50.

## 4. The Lone York Shilling

Joseph Bates

IT WAS the second visit I had made to New Bedford town, southern port of Massachusetts; but the former had been twenty years before, and my memories were dim. New Bedford is no obscure town, though comparatively little among the thousands of America. It boasts only a little over a hundred thousand inhabitants, but its history is long, as histories go in these United States. A whaling town back in the days when Yankee shipping saw the seven seas and in particular cruised the banks of the North to harpoon the great sea mammals that furnished most of the illuminating oil, the lubricating oil, and even some of the edible oil that the world knew. Not only whalers but merchantmen sailed from New Bedford to European

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ports, to South America, east coast, west coast, to China, to Australia, even to Japan after Perry had opened it to commerce in 1854.

But New Bedford, with its junior sister Fairhaven (ten thousand) across the Acushnet River, carries a more intimate interest to us, because here was the home, of Joseph Bates, the oldest of the three founders of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination. Fairhaven of old was simply called East New Bedford, but in the War of 1812 it gained corporate separation, and while using the same estuary of the Acushnet River for harbor, since that river separates the two towns, it was henceforth known as Fairhaven. Yet so involved is its history with the larger town that often is New Bedford named when Fairhaven is meant. [1]

Here, in 1793, came to live, when less than a year old, the boy Joseph Bates. His father, also named Joseph, made his residence on the "Meadow Farm," the house still standing. The salt marsh meadow, a part of his holdings, is now contained in a city park, as is also the mill pond which adjoined it.

The elder Joseph Bates was one of sixteen men who, in 1798, banded together to build the Fairhaven Academy, which opened in 1800 and continued into the 1840's. Joseph Bates the younger doubtless attended this academy, which still stands, under the care of a historical society. We entered, and saw in one room the school as it then appeared, with its wooden desks in two triple-decked companies opposing each other, and the teacher's high desk in the corner. Here, with little doubt, the boy Joseph attended school from his eighth to his fifteenth years.

But "in my schoolboy days," he says, "my most ardent desire was to become a sailor." [2] Accordingly, in 1807, Joseph Bates, in his fifteenth year, sailed on his maiden voyage to England. On the way he had a spill into the sea where, on the other side ship, swam serene and unknowing the shark that had followed them for days. And from here, on his second voyage, two years later, he sailed into the grip of Danish privateers, tools of Bonaparte in his fight against all merchandising with Britain. And though, escaping from this capture, he reached England, he was not to see home; for before ever he returned he had spent five years of servitude in King George's fighting ships and as prisoner of war when America and England came to grips in the War of 1812.

From hence, also, after his return in full manhood, he sailed as second mate, first mate, master of ships, first to Europe, then in successful adventurous voyages to South America, coming at last to be captain, supercargo, and part owner of vessels, whereby he made his modest fortune, twelve thousand dollars, and retired. Converted in solitude aboard his ship-through fears and spiritual struggles more than converted-reformed from evil habits of drinking, smoking, swearing, he became a model of health reform and spiritual power for a people and a cause as yet he did not know. [3]

It was 1828 when Joseph Bates, home from a voyage to South America, left the sea, twenty-one years from the time when he first sailed as cabin boy. Six weeks before his return his noble, devoted father had died, in his will bidding his son Joseph to help his mother settle the estate. Within a year his mother died also, leaving him the Meadow Farm, where he dwelt for three years. It is well established that the house on this farm is the present residence of Mr. James H. C. Marstoti, at 191 Main Street. Here is the house, sitting back from the road, suggestive of its former ample grounds, and still occupied by those whose ownership is traced by records from Joseph Bates. He sold the property to his brother Timothy, who sold to the parents of Ann Hathaway, from whom it came by direct inheritance to the present owners. [4]

Joseph Bates had a faithful and devoted wife, who as a girl was Prudence Nye. Of all the Nyes that Joseph Bates knew! Mother, and uncles, and neighbors, and sea mates, and friends! Prudence he had known while still a youth; and when in 1818 they were married, it was to walk the road of life together for fifty-two years. For the first ten of these years she was the typical sea captain's wife, waiting through long voyages in hope, happily in her case never disappointed, of seeing him again. She planted a Bible in his sea chest, and other books of devotion that really brought him to his Savior. And while he doubted his acceptance, she hailed the evidence of his letters and his diaries as proof of his conversion, and she encouraged him to know that he was accepted of Christ. So when he came to land before his last voyage, he joined her church, the Christian, [5] which held to believer's baptism. His honored and aged father wistfully remarked that he had had him baptized into his own church, the Congregational, when he was a baby. "But," said Joseph, "the Bible says, 'Believe and be baptized,' and I was too young then to believe."

Now, when in 1831 he sold his first residence to his brother, he joined with three other members of his church to build a Christian meeting house on Washington Street, in which he kept an interest until a change of views in 1839 induced him to dispose of it. That church building, on the corner of Washington and Walnut Streets, is now used for a boys' club. [6]

In that same year he bought another piece of land, which he called his little farm," and began, in

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1832, to build thereon a residence and farm buildings. He planted there a grove of mulberry trees, intending to start a silk industry. Another building he constructed for a schoolhouse, hoping to employ the students in his business. A quick succession of events changed these plans, when the Second Advent message seized upon him in 1839.

But the site of his house is well known. It is on the corner of Christian and Mulberry streets in old Fairhaven. When he built, it was a two-story-and-attic, fourteen-room house; now remodeled, it is a story-and-a-half house of seven rooms. The one room unchanged in it, so the lady of the house, Mrs. Baker, assured us, is Joseph Bates' study, their present dining room. We stood there, ruminating upon the past. We imagined Joseph Bates sitting at his desk that summer day of 1846, beginning to write his "book," (a pamphlet of 48 pages) *The Seventh Day Sabbath a Perpetual Sign*, and being interrupted by his wife's request to get her enough flour to finish her baking. All the Adventist guides have, for these twenty years and more, assured me that this was the house where he wrote his book. And so I reverently meditated.

Without doubt Joseph Bates wrote in that room. But, alas for treasured tradition, it was not, probably, where he wrote his Sabbath book. For I have since learned, through the research of the old records by Mr. Harris, that Joseph Bates sold this property in 1844 to Noah Spooner; and this comports with Bates' own statement in his autobiography, [7] that he disposed of most of his property, including his place of residence, in that year, just before he and Gurney went on their Second Advent mission to Maryland. And that was in February, 1844. So, alas! I do not know where he lived when on that memorable morning in 1846 he sat down to write his book, with a single York shilling, the remnant of his fortune, in his pocket, and rose to spend his shilling for four pounds of flour. It was not this house, unless, most improbably, he repurchased it after the Disappointment, or made some arrangement to live there. He lived in Fairhaven until 1858, when he moved with his family to Michigan; but where he lived for those fourteen years I do not know.

"Joseph," said his wife, coming in from the kitchen, "I haven't enough flour to finish my baking."

"That so?" commented her husband. "How much flour do you lack?"

"Oh, about four pounds," said she.

"All right." And shortly he rose and went out, and buying four pounds of flour, came in and left it on the kitchen table while she was temporarily out. But immediately she was at his door again, I fancy with a suspicion which she hoped he might disprove.

"Joseph, where did this flour come from?"

"I bought it. Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Yes; but have you, Captain Joseph Bates, a man who has sailed with cargoes worth thousands of dollars, gone out and bought just four pounds of flour?"

"Wife, for those four pounds of flour I spent the last money I have on earth."

It was true, then! Prudence Bates was a devoted wife. She had approved of her husband's spending his money in the cause of the coming Christ, for she held with him in that. But she left finances in his hands; and as their fortunes dwindled, she pressed back the fear and the question of how much he had left. Now she knew. Moreover, she was not with him in this new Sabbath truth, nor was she for yet four years. During that time he used to drive with her to her Christian church on Sunday, go home, and come back to get her after service, for he would not keep the pope's Sabbath; he kept the Lord's Sabbath. In 1850 she followed him into the third angel's message, with its Sabbath truth, and for twenty years, until her death, she was a devoted and beautiful Sabbath keeping Christian worker. But now!

Her apron flew to her eyes, as the tears flowed, and with sobbing voice she cried, "What are we going to do?"

Joseph Bates rose to his full height. "I am going to write a book on the Sabbath, and distribute it everywhere, to carry the truth to the people," he said.

"Yes, but what are we going to live on?"

"Oh, the Lord will provide."

"Yes! 'The Lord will provide'! That's what you always say." Exit, with sobs and tears.

Well, Joseph Bates couldn't do anything about it, that he knew. So he turned from his husbandly duties to his apostle ship duties, and began to write. Within half an hour he was impressed that he should go to the post office, for a letter with money in it. He went, and found the letter, which contained a ten-dollar bill, from a man who said he felt impressed that Elder Bates needed money. With this he purchased ample supplies, sending them ahead to a surprised wife. When he arrived at home, she excitedly demanded to know where they came from.

"Oh," said he, "the Lord sent them."

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“What do you mean, ‘The Lord sent them’?”

“Prudy,” said he, “read this letter, and you will know how the Lord provides.”

Prudence Bates read it; and then she went in and had another good cry, but for a different reason.

[8] And the message of the Sabbath went over the land. Today six hundred thousand believers throughout the world are the result, in part, of that message. And all the world knows the message. Somewhere in Fairhaven, if not on this spot, Joseph Bates paid his lone York shilling as an act of faith that he was the servant of Jeliovah-jirah, the Lord who would provide. And he believed not in vain.

1. Much of the history here briefly given was related to us by Mr. Charles A. Harris, genial and learned historian, who has patiently and industriously dug out the old records, and his forthcoming book, *Old Fairhaven*, will be a mine of information. On our second visit he also conducted us on a tour of the points involved. The academy was especially an interesting discovery to us, and Mr. Martin took outside and inside photographs. Mr. Harris also lent us valuable photographs, which will appear in the forthcoming *Episodic History of Seventhday Adventists, Volume I*.

2. Joseph Bates, and James White, *Life of Joseph Bates*, p. 13.

3. *Ibid.*

4. Letter from Mrs. Eliza B. Bradford, Nov. 4, 1946; letter from Charles A. Harris, Dec. 17, 1946; interview with Mrs. James H. C. Marston, May 16, 1947. Mr. Marston is the son of Clara Burgess Marston, daughter of Ann Hathaway Burgess. The house was built in 1732, and purchased by the elder Joseph Bates in 1793, who in that year came from Rochester, Massachusetts, where his son Joseph was born in 1792. In the rear of this residence is a massive stone chimney, the remains of a house built in King Philip’s time.

5. The term Christian Church has been adopted by a number of sects, and therefore does not always serve to identify. The Christian Church of that period, in New England and adjacent sections, was not the church of the Campbellites. The Christian Church of that time had grown out of a secession of some Baptists, under Abner Jones, later joined by similar seceding bodies from the Methodists and the Presbyterians, in the West and the South. Recently, in 1931, they joined with the Congregationalists, and the coalesced church is known as The Congregational and Christian Church.

6. *Life of Joseph Bates*, p. 240; letter from Charles A. Harris, Dec. 17, 1946.

7. *Ibid.*

8. J. N. Loughborough, *The Great Second Advent Movement*, pp. 251-254.

## 5. Deacon John’s Son

James White

UP IN Maine, away up, they were digging the year’s potatoes on that September day when we reached the community where Deacon John White once lived, and worked, and taught his sons and daughters as well as every other nightingale to sing. Deacon John of the Baptist, then the Christian, church was a man of might, muscularly building his stone fences and freeing his forested acres, on the west side of White’s Pond, a sizable sheet of water that is one of Maine’s million jewels.

We went to the old house where the six sons and three daughters were born. Three of those sons became ministers: John, Samuel, and James; one of them, Nathaniel, breathed out his life in Rochester in the early days of James White’s residence there. One of them lost his life on the Western plains; and “one of them in the church-yard lies,” the infant whose grave alone of the Whites keeps watch in Palmyra. Anna sleeps with Nathaniel in Mt. Hope Cemetery. Those other two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, how they sang, like the angels, with James and their father making a notable quartet. And the rest of the family being musical also, there must have been a heavenly choir at times.

Many Adventist visitors have there been to the old White homestead in Palmyra; but the patient and courteous young couple who now occupy the house were ready to give all known information. They had been informed by previous callers that this was once owned by a man named White, and they had an inkling that one of his family was a founder of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. The young matron, indeed, volunteered the information that the front right-hand room was the bedchamber in which James White was born. Her husband was inclined to scout this piece of information as lacking in authenticity, but



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she asserted that a lady of long living in Palmyra had told her so.

Palmyra is a township, and only in that sense a town. A score of houses there are on the main road, and doubtless in old time there were many more. But it is a farming community. To reach Deacon White's farm, you turn left, as you come from the west, right at the beginning of the settlement. On this crossroad you pass the cemetery on the right, and a few rods beyond you come to the house. White's Pond lies across the road, down a slight slope, to the east.

The house bears evidence of different periods of building, but it seems probable that it was all there before Deacon John was through with it. Indeed, the reputed birth room of James White is at the very front, in the part of the house that is plainest. Behind it, joining the barn, is the gingerbread portion, with gable windows in its second story. That must have been the first part built; for no Maine house would be other than married to its barn; and I suppose that Deacon John, in his fifty-one years of living here, enlarged the house by building on the front rooms as his family grew. James was in the very middle of nine children.

I gazed out over the fields beyond and behind the house, and I thought back to that day when James, a twenty-one year-old young man, with a term at teaching school behind him and an ambition to go through college, went out to this field to settle his course. He had come home to find his father under conviction and his mother fully committed to the doctrines of one William Miller, who said the world was coming to an end in 1844. A little arrogantly, the young school teacher undertook to down his mother with arguments; however, he quickly found himself thrown by the calm but assured Biblical answers of his revered mater. Setting himself to study, he was still more dismayed to find himself in agreement. And backsliding church member that he was, he came again to his Savior under the impact of the Advent message. Right here in this house that was.

Then the Lord told him to go back to Troy and tell his new faith to his students and their parents. The cross seemed great, and he rebelled. Out into the field he went to work, but the Spirit followed him. He threw down his hoe and fled to the grove for prayer. But, like William Miller, he could get no relief. "Visit your scholars," said the Spirit. At last, angry and rebellious, he rose, stamped his foot, and cried, "I will not go!"

In five minutes he was at the house this house, up there, perhaps, where that dormer window gleams-packing his books and clothes for Newport Academy. We drove on to Newport, four miles, over the road which he traveled with good old Elder Bridges, who talked to him all the way about preaching, greatly to his discomfort. And we looked in vain for the academy, which is no longer there. But we followed James White in spirit into his classes in the school and in his room, trying to study. We saw him distressed and agitated, because he could not concentrate his thoughts upon his studies. And then we saw him 'resolve to do his duty, and we saw him leave the academy and start south on foot, thirteen miles to Troy, the community where he had taught school.

By and by we went through Troy, a good little town, and over a roller-coaster road through the country beyond. We did not know where James White's country schoolhouse may have stood, but we thought of this rolling farm land as the territory where he trudged, and talked and prayed with his former pupils and some of the patrons of the school, to the great relief of his spirit and the after-results of a revival of religion there. [1]

A few miles to the south is Knox. We did not have time to go there, or to Orrington, east, where later James White met the young woman who was to become his wife; or to Garland and Exeter, north, where the fanatics were met and rebuked, in the beginning days of the message. But we remembered that journey to Knox by Deacon John White, and James, and two of his sisters; how on the way, driven by storm to an inn, they sang their Advent hymns, charming the motley crowd, and received free entertainment over night and an invitation to come again on the same terms.

And then the conference at Knox, the Maine Eastern Christian Conference. This was in the autumn of 1843, after James White had been actively preaching the Advent message for a year, and after he had been ordained as a minister in the Christian Church. The conference was split on the Millerite doctrine, a majority favoring it but the older and more sedate ministers doubting or rejecting it. By this time young James White had acquired a reputation in Maine, not only in his own church but among Freewill Baptists, Methodists, and others, as a preacher of the second coming. He was greeted at Knox with lively anticipation by the advocates of the imminent Advent, and they urged him to speak.

But the ruling ministers gave no opportunity. And the last day came. James White felt impressed by the Spirit that he should proclaim the message. His friends urged him to do so. One of the prominent ministers was his older brother, Samuel. The last day, Sunday, the service was arranged, and an old and

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conservative minister was set to preach. James White had retired for prayer, and he returned filled with the Spirit. As he entered the crowded church and made his way toward the front, his brother Samuel and an Elder Chalmers, seated on the platform, stepped down and took him by his arms, saying, "Come up, Brother James. If you wish to preach, you shall have a chance." And they seated him with them upon the ministers' sofa.

"If you will read an Advent hymn, Samuel," he whispered, and if you, Brother Chalmers, will pray, and if I can get hold of the pulpit Bible, I will preach."

So Samuel announced and read the hymn, which they sang, and then Brother Chalmers prayed. And while he prayed, Brother James took the pulpit Bible into his lap, and set to work to look up his proof texts. The prayer ended, the other ministers noted that the Bible was in the possession of the young preacher, and decorum prescribed that he be left with it. Another Advent hymn was sung, and no one told James he could not preach. Therefore he stepped forward and took the desk, while Amens rang through the house.

It was an unorthodox proceeding, doubtless, yet the majority of the conference were with him, and the opposition seemed paralyzed. He must have been a great preacher even then, in the beginning of his career. The power of God came down that day, and hearts were melted into love. The sermon ended on the trumpet note of the soon-coming Savior. Then the conference prepared to partake of the Lord's supper. While it was being made ready, James White and his sisters sang those new Advent hymns, as this:

"In the resurrection morning you will see your Lord a-coming, And the sons of God a-shouting in the kingdom of the Lord. While a band of music, while a band of music Shall be sounding through the skies!"

And good old Brother Clark, solemn and ecstatic, rose at every repetition of the chorus, clapped his hands above his head, shouted, "Glory!" and sat down, only to repeat. "Amen!" "Praise the Lord!" sounded through the audience. And that yearly meeting closed. [2]

We rode on through the waning afternoon toward Augusta, capital of the State. It was probably not on this road which ran through the Troy country, but on a quartering road from Palmyra or Newport that young James White, a year before, had ridden on his father's loaned horse, with his patched saddle and bridle and his worn, thin overcoat, to his first great Advent adventure in the environs of that city. At a country schoolhouse where he delivered some of his first lectures, he met a mob on two successive nights. It was in winter, and the snow lay deep and heavy. Yet the schoolhouse, packed with people, mostly women, had all the windows out, and outside the unruly mob howled and threw snowballs and other missiles, one of them a spike that hit the preacher on the head.

The second evening he was warned that the mob would take his life, but after earnest prayer he went down. A Universalist whose selected preacher had been rebuffed the previous evening, stood by the pulpit, shaking his fist and crying, "Your meeting will be broken up."

"As God wills," said James White.

He hung up his chart, sang an Advent hymn, with some voices joining in, prayed, then started to preach. But the mob howled him down. Finding he could not be heard, he stopped his lecture, and raising his voice above the howls and catcalls, he entered upon an impassioned description of the judgment day. The mob quieted. "Repent!" he cried, "and call on God for mercy and pardon. Turn to Christ, and get ready for His coming, or in a little from this on rocks and mountains you will call in vain. You scoff now, but you will pray then."

The noise sank. Taking from his pocket the iron spike, he held it up to view, and he said: "Some poor sinner cast this spike at me last evening. God pity him! The worst wish I have for him is that he is at this moment as happy as I. Why should I resent this insult when my Master had them driven through his hands?" And suiting the action to the word, he stepped back against the wall, with his arms elevated in the posture of one hanging upon a cross.

The noise died. Some shrieked. A groan ran through the crowd. "Hark! hark!" cried others. And, inspired by his subject, the young preacher called upon repentant sinners to rise for prayers. Nearly a hundred stood, then knelt with him as he prayed for them. Then, taking his chart and Bible, he stepped through the crowd and out of the door.

The mob outside, stilled and cowed, yet were vengeful. They pressed toward him. But a man of noble countenance, familiar yet unknown, came to his side, locked arms with him, and they advanced. The crowd gave way; their missiles dropped from their hands. And shortly James White and his companion were outside the fringes of the mob. He turned to thank his rescuer-and no one was there! [3]

We rode on through Augusta, and down to Richmond. Here it was, in the winter of 1843, that the

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Freewill Baptist quarterly meeting, under Elder Andrew Rollins' urging, first invited him to speak, and then rescinded their action. But at the Reed meeting house, three miles out, White had, previously held a series of meetings, and now Rollins, angered by the conference's action, announced that Elder White would preach that evening in the Reed house.

"Come up, brethren, and hear for yourselves! Come up, brethren: it will not hurt any of you to hear upon this subject."

And most of the ministers and all the delegates trooped out over the packed snow to hear James White that night, leaving the conference flat. It was approaching night when we reached Richmond, but we must see the site of the old Reed meeting house. We knew the house was gone, but our guide had been there, and believed he could find the place. Arrived in the vicinity, he determined the location by the community cemetery, and we were assured by a neighbor that this was the spot. So, in the deepening dusk, we poked around amid a rash of weeds and briars to find the foundations; but alas, we could not. So time does away with even the stones that would bear witness.

Nevertheless, this was the place where in "that large house- the conference crowded to hear James White, and every soul in the audience stood up to signalize his acceptance of the doctrine. Somewhere in the vicinity they appear to have stayed that night, for, says James White, "The next morning I returned to the village, accompanied by at least seven-eighths of that Freewill Baptist quarterly meeting." We marched with them in our minds, listening to their happy thanksgiving. [4]

So, through all this Valley of the Kennebec, and north, and east, and west, labored James White, a hundred and three years ago, with scores of other ministers in the principal denominations, proclaiming the coming of the Lord.

1. James and Ellen White, Life Sketches, pp. 9-22.
2. Ibid., pp. 79-82.
3. Ibid., pp. 51-55.
4. Ibid., pp. 61-64.

## 6. Out of Weakness, Strength

Ellen Harmon White

IT WAS near Gorham, Maine, fourteen miles from the metropolis of Portland, on November 26, 1827, that there were born to Robert and Eunice Harmon twin baby girls. They were named Elizabeth and Ellen. Apparently not identical twins; for as they grew, they manifested considerable difference in disposition and motivation. Both were bright and eager; but Elizabeth was more the clinging, easy-to-weep type, while Ellen was confident, sunny, resolute, and sociable.

Gorham is quite a town, with a good business district, schools, a public library, and some five thousand inhabitants. It was, a hundred years ago, a center of the hat making industry. This Gorham, however, ten miles east of Portland, is not the original settlement. That lies north some four miles. There, on top of a hill commanding a wide view, we find a monument with this inscription:

"Were was erected in 1744 The fort of GORHAMTOWN  
A refuge and a defense against the attacks of the Indians"

Around this spot grew up the early settlement of Gorham. But after the manner of New England towns, it spread lengthily along the road. Finally, having reached the present center, which gradually drew all commerce, the old town dried up, most of the houses disappearing.

An eighth of a mile beyond the site of the fort is a little cluster of houses, one of which is the birthplace of Ellen Gould Harmon. A beautiful home site it is, looking down over a broad expanse between the lakes Sebago in Maine and Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire, and far away, across the Connecticut River, the lifting heights of the White Mountains. No more inspiring view may be had anywhere in New England than the sight from the high land from which the girl Ellen and her brothers and sisters might gaze as they did their morning chores.

The house itself is compounded of two parts: the ancient house in the rear, facing, however, the

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main road, a story-and a-half structure which probably was all there was in Robert Harmon's time; and a new, two-story upright in front, facing a country lane. We went to the ancient part, and were greeted by a pleasant old lady, a recently come tenant she declared herself. The owner, across the road, could give us no information other than that the place was once occupied by the Harmons.

But we were admitted within, and to the upstairs. Though the house has had some remodeling, we noted in both stories the original floor boards, some of them eighteen inches wide, and the wood-ceiled rooms. Only two rooms above and three below; and if there were more in the days when father and mother hovered eight children here, it is not apparent now, for the front addition is all too new. A photograph taken long ago, before the new part was built, shows a one-story addition on the left, apparently connecting with a barn. Father Harmon was a hatter, doubtless having learned the business in that hat making town; and the children, as was the custom in those days when home was more than a lodging place, assisted in his business.

While Ellen was still a child, the family removed to Portland. Here Mr. Harmon continued his business, home being the shop, and here in Portland the children went to school. The house where they lived is not now known, probably not standing. [1]

Just how old the twins were when the family moved to Portland is nowhere stated. Ellen only says she "was but a child." It is probable that she received all her education here, from primer on. The school attended by Ellen and Elizabeth, the Brackett Street School, has had a succession of buildings. The present building was used for school purposes until 1946, but is now a factory. [2]

One day, when she was eight years old, on her way to school Ellen picked up a scrap of newspaper containing an account of a man in England who was preaching that the earth would be consumed in about thirty years. This preacher of doom was probably either Dr. George S. Faber or Dr. John Cumming, two English heralds of the Second Advent who proposed approximate dates. The preacher's name meant nothing to the little girl, but the prediction did. She was frightened, though the date set was far away. Taking the paper home, she read it to the family, but evidently she was the one most impressed. For many nights she could scarcely sleep, and she prayed continually to be ready when Jesus should come. [3]

But the next school year was to bring an experience that changed all her life. She went to school that day, as usual, with her sister. We stood (a hundred and ten years later) on the street facing the site of the old schoolhouse and tried to visualize the scene, though this is not the building, and the environment has greatly changed. Ellen, her sister, and a schoolmate came out with the crowd of pupils, and started across the common toward home. But a thirteen-year-old girl, angry at them for some cause, followed them with threats, and as Ellen turned her head to look, the girl threw a heavy stone, which crashed into her face and knocked her unconscious to the ground. Carried to a near-by store, she soon recovered consciousness, and, refusing a kind stranger's offer to take her home in his carriage, she attempted to walk. But soon collapsing, she was carried home by her sister and her schoolmate.

For three weeks she lay in a coma. [4] That was a fateful blow. It not only changed the career of the girl; it set in operation a train of events which were to bear with great effect upon the course of the gospel in all the world. How could the pitying neighbors, or the sorrowing parents, or the little girl herself, suppose that the tragedy which ended that promising day meant the hand of God upon the destinies of His church?

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform: He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm."

She awoke at last, to discover a disfigured face, which the crude surgery of that day could not mend. And more than that, she discovered a shattered nervous system which, despite her greatest endeavors, thwarted all efforts to resume her schooling. Henceforth she was the pupil of the Most High, improving indeed her every talent, and acquiring by steady application to reading, observation, study, and association, an education that reached beyond the Veil, but nevermore, after the first futile attempts, to attend man's schools. [5]

The churches of Portland were of interest to us, particularly those churches with which Ellen Harmon and her family and her friends were associated. Two of them, the Christian church on Casco Street, and the Methodist church on Pine Street, are gone; and the third, the Chestnut Street Methodist church, to which the Harmons belonged, has been replaced by two successive structures, on a near-by site. [6]

Casco Street Christian church made perhaps the closest tie; for here it was that William Miller

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twice gave a series of lectures, and here the Harmon family accepted his faith, and were in consequence, in 1843, disfellowshipped from their own church. Ellen was then a girl of fourteen, still frail and emaciated. In the intervening years she had fought spiritual battles that, young as she was, remind us of the soul struggles of the monk Martin in his cell at Erfurt. She had found peace, and at twelve years of age was baptized and joined the Methodist Church, from which two years later she was expelled with the family for believing in the imminent coming of Christ.

But Casco Street church is no more. After its Christian service it was sold, and for some years was a carriage factory; of this we have a photograph. But the building is gone now, and a neat modern brick manual training school is in its place. Pine Street church, where Miller also lectured, was torn down in 1939, the congregation having previously joined the Chestnut Street church. The location of Beethoven Hall, used by the Adventists for their separate meetings, is not known.

We drove out along the bay to the west where once was an aristocratic residential section, but now begrimed with the implements and dirt of industry. Longfellow's birthplace is here. You would never believe it—this dingy, dilapidated old three-story house they point out, long ago turned into a tenement. In front, back in that time, there stretched along the bay a beautiful sandy beach. This, says an old history of Portland, was the favorite baptizing place of the Methodists. Now, of course, the Methodists were not so immersion-minded as the Baptists; but they did give candidates their choice of sprinkling or immersion. And, it was the conviction of the twelve-year-old Ellen and others of the candidates, twelve in number, that they should receive baptism by immersion.

Accordingly, on a windy day they came down to the baptizing place. The waves ran high from out the Atlantic Ocean, and dashed upon the beach; but when she arose from the watery grave, Ellen's heart was like a peaceful river. [7] Now no more is there the sandy beach; it has been filled in to make deep-water docks, and the ground is covered with railroad tracks. Like the ancient mansion behind, the glory of appearance is gone. But the glory of God still rests upon it.

This was the child through whom God proposed to reveal His glory. It was time for the testimony of Jesus, which is the Spirit of prophecy, to shine forth. Not through the strong, the learned, the great, lest Israel vaunt himself." "I will put My Spirit upon the weakest of the weak," was the message of God to a former recalcitrant messenger. A child who had lost the health and the courage and the buoyancy that were hers by right, was called to bear a message which should bring health and courage and vision and joy to multitudes, and which should restore to her the years that the caterpillar had eaten. Out of her weakness, the strength of God.

One more memorial of that time, then, we yet must see. So we drove across the bridge to South Portland, and found the house that was one time the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Haines.

Ellen Harmon had gone through the Disappointment in 1844 with her family and spiritual friends, like a well-appointed soldier of Christ. Their faith that God would explain the mystery was strong. And though there was confusion in the ranks of Adventists, and voices calling hither and yon, the humble and devoted members of the flock sought their signals from above. Ellen reached her seventeenth birthday a month after the Disappointment. A sixteen-year-old girl, she had been notable in the Adventist ranks in Portland as an exhorter and comforter; and though her health was feeble, her glowing spirit warmed and encouraged her people.

Not two months after that Disappointment Ellen was meeting with four other young women in the house of her dear friend, Mrs. Haines, in South Portland, for prayer. They knelt together, these five, and spoke with earnest confidence to their heavenly Father for light and guidance. As they prayed, Ellen felt the power of God come upon her as never before. In a moment she was lost to her surroundings, and she saw the vision of God.

She saw a straight and narrow path cast up high above the world, on which the people of God were traveling to the Eternal City beyond. Behind them on the pathway a bright light shone, which an angel told her was the "midnight cry" of the summer of 1844. October 22, 1844 was called the Day of Disappointment, but in truth it was the Day of His Appointment. Those travelers on the path who kept their eyes on Jesus and walked in the light that was shed on their path went safely on, but those who grew discouraged and faint lost their footing and fell away. Soon they heard the voice of God, announcing Jesus' coming, and then they saw the small black cloud, growing greater and brighter, until in the rainbow hues of heaven it revealed the Son of man coming in His glory. [8]

This first vision of Ellen Harmon White was at the family altar of Mrs. Haines, this house before us. Still a neat structure, it yet has the inevitable marks of an age of living. A little neighborhood store occupies the front of the first floor, while the rear and the second story are living quarters. We seldom catch

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inspiration from the faded relics of the past: it is only as the mind gathers to itself the sequence of events, the significance of their happening, the focus of their purpose, and the grand consequences of their accomplishments, that we see the pattern of the Almighty.

We wander among the lanes and buildings of this brave city of the North with some nostalgic pangs; for here were wrought in the early days deeds seemingly small yet great in the purpose of God; and there remain only a few battered landmarks of significant times and events. Yet it is the law of nature and of nature's God that the old shall pass, giving place to new. We hail the strong young church that testifies there today, and the headquarters of the work through all northern New England. In the pressure of the present we have but moments or hours to spend on thoughts of the past. Yet, like the mold of forest trees that have gone back to the soil from which they sprang, they nourish our present growth and give food for new energy.

Farewell, City by the Sea, nursery of the Second Advent Movement in the North, kind guardian of the old and honored, enshrined in our memories of the past. God give you pleasant skies for your brief summers and whitest snows with bluest sea for your winters. In thought we take a handful of your soil, to mark grain by shining grain a path that leads up and on to the city of God.

1. There is in the Review and Herald files a photograph of a two-story house, labeled the Harmon home in Portland; but it is also stated that Mrs. White, on a visit there (date not given) could not recognize the place, "because it had been changed so." There is no further data, and the donor of the photograph is unknown.

2. A plaque on the face of the building states that this was the Brackett Street School. The land was purchased by the city of Portland in 1828. In 1852 a part of the school building was erected, but in 1872 the schoolhouse burned, and was rebuilt. This is the present building, purchased in 1946 by McKettrick-Williams, Inc., for use as a dress factory. This gives no information about the years between 1828 and 1852. It is presumed that the site was occupied by a first schoolhouse; at least tradition says that Ellen Harmon attended here when her accident occurred, in 1837. But that building long ago disappeared.

3. Ellen G. White, *Life Sketches*, p. 20.

4. There is some difficulty in determining the date of the accident. Mrs. White in her reminiscences says she was nine years old, which she was on November 26, 1836. (*Life Sketches*, p. 17.) Maine has snow by that time; yet her account says nothing of snow, and stones are not readily picked up from a snow-covered ground. It would seem probable that the accident occurred near the beginning of the next school year, in September or October, 1837, when she was nearing her tenth birthday. During her illness there occurred the incident related in *Testimonies*, volume 1, page 11, when her mother carried her to the window to see a wonderful display of aurora borealis, and the snow looked red as blood. So it is evident that the accident had occurred only a few weeks or months before; that is, in the fall.

4. *Life Sketches*, pp. 17-19.

5. The janitor at the church told us that the first church was not on this site, but four doors down, on the corner of Chestnut and Cumberland. It was replaced by a second church, built on the present site in 1857. This was destroyed by fire in 1860, and the present structure replaced it.

6. *Life Sketches*, p. 25.

7. *Ibid.*, pp. 64-68.

## 7. The Potato Patch Preaches

Leonard Hastings

NEAR the southern border of New Hampshire is the village of New Ipswich. Did you ever hear of New Ipswich, It was once an important town, business center of towns and cities which have now outstripped it, in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. And it was a center of Seventh-day Adventist influence, there being within a radius of ten miles as many towns holding believers of this faith. Leonard Hastings, farmer and preacher, was the leader. The Webber family lived in town (this very house where we stayed overnight), Father Webber being a tailor; and their house was the common stopping place of workers and pilgrims, sometimes holding overnight as many as twenty or thirty persons. Up an ascending street were several houses, one still remaining, which the citizens called Advent Row, where Seventh-day

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Adventists lived. But now Mrs. Genevieve Webber Hastings and her (laughter Mildred are our only representatives there. Union Hall, in the town, is reputedly the place where Elder S. N. Haskell organized the first conference-wide Tract Society.

If you will go to Ellen G. White's Life Sketches, you will find a story of early New Ipswich. 'We found Brother Leonard Hastings' family in deep affliction.' Mrs. Hastings had a baby boy, eight weeks old, who cried continually, wearing away the strength of the mother, who was already weak. They prayed and anointed the babe. His cries ceased, and James and Ellen White left the parents deeply grateful. 'Our interview with that dear family was very precious. Our hearts were knit together. Especially was the heart of Sister Hastings knit with mine, as were those of David and Jonathan. Our union was not marred while she lived'-which was not long, for a year later word reached them in Oswego that Sister Hastings had died suddenly-of what was then called bilious fever, appendicitis. 'This news fell upon me with crushing weight. It was difficult to be reconciled to it. She was capable of doing much good in the cause of God. She was a pillar in the cause of truth.' [1] That infant was Fred Hastings. And it was his widow in whose home we were now visiting.

Miss Mildred went with us on a drive three miles, up and up, to the site of the old Hastings home, where Brother and Sister White found them. The view from that high rolling land is beautiful, away out over the valleys in three directions, with the mountain behind. The house is gone, and only the crumbling cellar remains. But the potato patch is there, and when we visited, there were potatoes growing in it!

The potato patch figures in more than one case of Adventists in 1844. It appears that an infectious disease, causing rot, attacked the crop in the fall or the winter of 1844-1845; and so devastating was it that in the spring seed potatoes sold for as much as \$5 a bushel. But, of course, in the early autumn of 1844 no one knew it was going to be that way.

Leonard Hastings was a believer in the message that the Lord was coming on October 22, 1844. His main business was pasturing and caring for cattle which were driven up from Massachusetts for the summer. But he grew enough produce to supply his family, and a potato crop for sale.

Right next to his house he had a large field of potatoes. It came time to dig them, in September or October, but he did not dig them. His neighbors-they were not very close neighbors, but they got around, especially to the "Advent's"-they came and said, "Aren't you going to dig your potatoes?"

"No," said Leonard Hastings, "I'll not want them. The Lord is coming."  
'We'll dig them for you,' they offered.

"No," he answered. "I'm going to let that field of potatoes preach my faith in the Lord's soon coming."

"Old fool!" they said behind his back, "He'll find out he needs his potatoes."

Well, of course the day passed, and the Lord did not come. But the potatoes were saved, and so they preached a sermon of the reward of faith, even if the larger faith was disappointed. Loughborough says, "As the fall 'Was mild, and Mr. Hastings' potatoes were left in the ground until November ... he had an abundant supply for himself and his unfortunate neighbors." [2] Mrs. Genevieve Hastings says this is true; so it seems that the rot attacked the early dug potatoes but not those dug later.

In another case, however, the potatoes stayed in the ground until spring. Elder James Shultz told us this story of Silas Guilford, William Miller's brother-in-law, who had moved from Dresden to near Oswego, New York. There he and his boys, on their farm, planted a twelve-acre field of potatoes in the spring of 1844. It will be recalled that Adventists had their first disappointment over the Lord's not coming in April of 1844. Then came, the "tarrying time." At first they set no other date; and so, seeing nothing certainly in the future, they planted their spring crops. But during the summer came the "midnight cry," with October 22 set as the day of the Advent, Thus it occurred that Adventists, without denying their faith, planted their crops, but some of them at least would not harvest them.

Guilford and his family put every dollar they could get into the cause of the Second Advent, and he mortgaged his farm, and put in that money too. He also left his potatoes in the ground that fall, that they might preach his faith in the Lord's coming. The snows came early in his section, and covered them up, so they stayed over the winter. When it came spring, and the snow was gone, Silas Guilford said to his wife, "I'm going up to the potato field and see if there are any potatoes that are good."

"Oh, don't, Silas," said his wife. "You've been ridiculed so much. And now if they see you up there trying to dig potatoes, it will be just too much."

"Well," he said, "the boys and I are going up anyway. Irving, the oldest boy, told this to Shultz when the latter was a lad.

"I went up with father," he said. "The ground was thawed out nicely. Father put his fork in. The

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very first hill he- dug up -wonderfully nice potatoes! He felt of them; they were solid, not frozen at all, and not a bit of rot. The next hill too! And then he sent me racing back for the other boys, and we dug those whole twelve acres-a fine yield. We got \$4.50 a bushel for them, enough to pay off the mortgage and leave a tidy sum.

J. O. Corliss relates a similar story concerning Joseph Bates and his potatoes. [3] I suppose there were other potato patches that preached in 1844, but these are all I have heard of.

1. Ellen G. White, Life Sketches, pp. 121-123; James and Ellen White, Life Sketches, pp. 256-258.
2. J. N. Loughborough, The Great Second Advent Movement. pp. 166, 167.
3. J. O. Corliss in Review and Herald, Aug. 16, 1923, p. 7.

## 8. The Day Dawn

Hiram Edson

IT WAS the morning of October 23, 1844. A gray dawn for thousands and ten thousands of the followers of William Miller, who had confidently looked for the Lord to come on the tenth day of the seventh month, October 22. They had closed their earthly businesses; they had sought to set their hearts right with God and with their fellow men; they had taken farewell of earth. This day they hoped to be in glory.

The twenty-second had dawned a day of hope on a little company in the town of Port Gibson, New York, on the Erie Canal. Hiram Edson, a farmer and lay preacher, was their leader. Although sometimes their meetings had been held in a schoolhouse up the canal, often, as on this day, they congregated at Edson's farmhouse, a mile south of town.

Through the bright shining day, until the sun went down, they watched and waited, strengthening one another in hope with a recital of the promises and the prophecies. Then with quaking hearts they watched on till midnight. The day was gone, and in apprehension they waited for the dawn. It came with clouds, but not the clouds of glory surrounding the King; they were the old drab wrappings of a desolate earth.

"What can it mean?" They looked into one another's anguished faces. "Is our Savior not coming? Are the prophecies false? Is the Bible untrue? Is there no God?"

Not so, brethren," said Hiram Edson. "Many, many times the Lord has sent us help and light when we needed it. There is a God, and He will hear us."

Most of the friends left with the dawn, and went back to their homes. But Edson and the few remaining went, at his suggestion, out to his barn, and entering the empty granary, they shut the door and knelt to pray. They prayed until comfort came to their hearts, and assurance that in His good time Christ would explain to them their disappointment.

One brother remained to breakfast; perhaps it was Owen Crozier. After breakfast Edson said to him, "Let us go out to comfort the brethren with the assurance we have received."

So they started, not by the road, but across the field, not wishing, I suppose, to meet any of the neighbors, who might taunt them. The field was a cornfield, in which the corn had been cut, and stood in shocks. The two men went silently, each engrossed in his own thoughts.

As they neared the middle of the field, Edson felt as it were a hand upon his shoulder, stopping him; and looking up, he saw, as in a vision, the sanctuary in heaven, and Jesus, on that day which ended the 2300 years of the prophecy, leaving the holy place and entering into the most holy, for the "cleansing of the sanctuary."

His friend had crossed to the other side, and, stopped by the fence, he looked back and saw Edson with face uplifted, looking and listening. "Brother Edson," he called, "what are you stopping for?" And Edson replied, "He is answering our morning prayer." [1]

It was therefore with quickening pulses, a hundred years later, that we drove along the canal to the little town of Port Gibson, and stopped to find what we could. The Erie Canal, first opened in 1825, stretches between Buffalo and Lake Erie on the west, to Albany and the Hudson River on the east. From its first modest proportions, which sufficed for the small shallow-draft canal boats of the time, it has twice been enlarged, deepened, and broadened, in some places its course being changed.



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The old canal, where it passed Port Gibson in Edson's day, is now abandoned, being only a ditch, in places deep, in others completely filled. On the towpath of that day now runs the wide cement highway, between the old ditch and the new canal, which at this place fills the broad lowlands, forming a lake about three miles long, known as The Widewaters.

The little town, now containing about three hundred inhabitants, two general stores, a post office, and a pleasant residence street or two, rises rather steeply from the canal and the main road. Long ago, in the early days before any railroad was built, Port Gibson was the main shipping point for grain and other produce from all the country, beginning at the Finger Lakes below and extending to the St. Lawrence; and even in the 40's there was much traffic. A deep ravine, with a small stream fed by springs, lies on the east side of the town, connecting with the old ditch, and here the water backed up to form The Basin.

There were three types of canal boat in those days, all mule drawn: the first was the freight boat, varying in size, and carrying all the way from twenty-five to a hundred tons of freight; the second was the line boat, which carried both freight and passengers, but with comparatively poor accommodations for the latter; the third was the packet, devoted wholly to passengers, with provision for both eating and sleeping. Naturally the packet moved the most swiftly. When the packet overtook a line boat, the towline of the latter was dropped, allowing the packet to speed by, and then the line boat picked up its rope again.

You will catch an interesting exchange between the two if you read a passage in Life Sketches. [2] It was in the very early times of the message, 1848, and Joseph Bates and James and Ellen White were holding their first meetings in New York. They had just concluded a meeting in Hiram Edson's barn at Port Gibson, and started for New York City via the canal. Being too late for one packet, they took a line boat here, and when the next packet came along, they prepared to transfer to it. But the packet did not stop, so they jumped aboard. Elder Bates was not going with them, but he had their fare, which he held out to the captain, who failed to take it. Seeing the boat moving off, Bates jumped for it, but his foot struck the rail, and he fell back into the canal. With his pocketbook in one hand and a dollar bill in the other, he began swimming. His hat fell off, and in grasping for that he lost his dollar bill, but kept his pocketbook. Then the packet stopped and took him on board. This wetting in the dirty water of the canal changed their plans for the rest of the trip. Well, read it.

Making inquiry here, we gathered bits of information. The most came from Mrs. W. F. Garlock, a lady eighty years old and the unofficial historian of the town. But neither she nor anyone else knew of Hiram Edson. She thought he must have lived on the south road, which is the only one going out of town, except the main highway along the canal.

As Loughborough also says that Hiram, Edson lived one mile south of the town, we went to seek out the place. Exactly one mile south we found what is called the Stacey Place, from the name of a former owner, though it has since come through two hands. It is an ancient-looking house, and local report gives it a life of over a hundred years. I investigated the land records in Canandaigua, which yielded the information that Hiram Edson and wife, in 1835, bought of Jacob Cost and wife, for \$750, a fifty-six-acre tract of land, which they sold on April 9, 1850, to Warren Hyde for \$2,200. This is the transaction to which Loughborough refers when he says Edson sold his farm to put money into the cause. Out of this Edson gave his gift and provided a further loan to purchase the first press, in April, 1852. The increase between his purchase price and his selling price indicates that probably he built the house.

However, the best efforts of several clerks in the county clerk's office, with descriptions and maps, failed to determine definitely the location of this farm; therefore I could not thereby identify it as the Stacey Place. But, besides the coincidence of its location with the directions, there is another corroborative fact. In the Review and Herald files is a photograph (photographer unknown) of what is labeled, "Hiram Edson's barn." This photograph corresponds to an old barn on this place, which an aged neighbor said was also over a hundred years old-and it looked it! It now has a new metal roof, its tottering supports have been braced, and its ancient sides are patched. It was filled with farm machinery and odds and ends. There is good reason to believe that this is the barn in which Bates and the Whites, with Edson, held the first conference in Western New York, in 1848. And that would establish the house as being Hiram Edson's. Therefore, with considerable emotion, I reconstructed in my mind the scene on that memorable morning of October 23, 1844, with this house and this barn and yonder cornfield the stage.

Loughborough, writing seventy-five years later, has an account that differs in some particulars from Edson's own. Elder Loughborough had a remarkable memory, and he kept diaries; he says he got this information direct from Hiram Edson. Edson wrote his manuscript in which occurs this account some years after his experience. Naturally I lean to Edson's own account, but there is the possibility that Loughborough was right.

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He says that the meeting in Port Gibson on October 22, 1844, was not in Hiram Edson's house, but in the schoolhouse up the canal, that is, west; that Edson and O. R. L. Crozier left the schoolhouse last of all on the morning of the 23d, and, fearful of going through the village, struck across fields toward Edson's house. He says that the vision in the cornfield occurred on this trip, while the prayer in the granary was on a later occasion. [3] O. R. L. Crozier, when an old man, is reported to have said that early on the morning of October 23, 1844, he was on horseback, carrying to the brethren the good news that "the sanctuary is in heaven." [4] This could agree with either account. And I incline to Edson's.

After this experience Edson and a friend, Dr. F. B. Hahn, along with Crozier (a younger man, and their protege), began in earnest to study out the Scripture proof of Edson's revelation. In a few months they felt they were ready. Edson and Hahn, before the Disappointment, had published a little paper in Canandaigua called *The Day Dawn*, which heralded the coming. Now Edson said to Hahn, "Let us get out another number of *The Day Dawn*, and publish this truth." Hahn, who lived at Canandaigua, agreed, and he was named the publisher. Crozier, who had a facile pen, wrote the exposition, which was published in *The Day Dawn*. To help pay for the edition, Mrs. Edson sold a part of her silverware. [5]

The resurrected *Day Dawn* was published about five months after the Disappointment, in March or April, 1845. [6] Editor Enoch Jacobs, of *The Day-Star*, a Second Advent paper published in Cincinnati, then invited Crozier to write a full exposition, which he published in an Extra of *The Day-Star*, under date of February 7, 1846. *The Day-Star*, being then a well established paper, with a stable circulation, gave a wider publicity to the subject; but it was the little *Day Dawn* of Canandaigua that started it, nearly a year before. The common version of the story among us has been that Crozier's exposition of the sanctuary question was not published until 1846; and that is mixed up with the, belief, earlier held, that it first appeared in *The Day-Star*. It had always been a mystery to me why Edson, Hahn, and Crozier required fifteen months to produce this. The discovery of the earlier date of publication of *The Day Dawn* solves the problem.

Edson meanwhile had sent *The Day Dawn* to as many addresses as he could gather. One of these copies reached Joseph Bates; another, James White. At that time, in the spring of 1845, Bates had just accepted the seventh-day Sabbath, but White had not. They both, however, were interested in the new doctrine of the sanctuary, and at Edson's invitation planned to attend a meeting at his place. James White was unable to go, but Joseph Bates made the journey and met the Port Gibson company. The exact date of this meeting is not known, but it was probably in the fall of 1845.

When Bates came he listened to the exposition of the sanctuary truth from Edson and Crozier, and accepted it. Then he said, "Now I have another message for you.-And forthwith he presented to them the seventh-day Sabbath. Edson joyfully accepted it; for he had already been thinking along that line. But Crozier said, "Better go slowly, brethren, better go slowly. Don't step on new planks until you know they will hold you up.

"I have been studying the question for a long time," answered Edson, "I have put my weight upon it, and I know it will hold us up." [7]

All three-Edson, Hahn, and Crozier-accepted the Sabbath; but Crozier kept it for only a year or two; then he turned against it and became a most vigorous opponent. Nevertheless, the truth went forward. James and Ellen White accepted the Sabbath in the fall of 1846. They had even before that received the sanctuary truth. And thus was formed the nucleus of the company that within a few years became known as Seventh-day Adventists. The little *Day Dawn*, in its very name, was prophetic.

1. A. W. Spalding, *Pioneer Stories Of the Second Advent Message* (ed. 1942), pp. 167-170; based on Manuscript by Hiram Edson, in *Advent Source Collection*.

2. Ellen G. White, *Life Sketches*, pp. 112, 113.

3. J. N. Loughborough, Letter to me, Aug. 2, 1921. See also J. N. Loughborough, *The Great Second Advent Movement*, p. 193.

4. *Review and Herald*, March 29, 1945, p. 5.

5. W. A. Spicer, *Pioneer Days of the Second Advent Movement*, pp. 68, 69; quoting from H. M. Kelly and Hiram Edson's daughter, Mrs. O. V. Cross.

6. *The Day-Star*, of Cincinnati, in its issue of April 15, 1845, said, "The first number of a new Second Advent paper has come to hand, called *The Day Dawn*, published at Canandaigua, N.Y., by Franklin B. Hahn, and edited by O. R. L. Crozier. This fixes the date of the first new *Day Dawn* as probably March, 1845. While no copy of this first number is known to exist, we have later numbers, and we have the testimony of Hiram Edson that the sanctuary doctrine was published in this first number.

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7. Edson Manuscript.

## 9. Fort Howland

Henry White

TOPSHAM! Topsham! How the narrative of the early times weaves in and around the towns of lower Maine, and when it comes to Topsham, rings a bell! Topsham, thirty miles from Portland, northeast, and just across the Androscoggin River from the larger Brunswick; Topsham, scene of conferences, of healings, of charities, of sacrifices, of great decisions. Topsham was the home of Stockbridge Howland, and his house, for his sturdy defense of truth and his ready succor to the needs of the cause, was called by James White and those who fought by his side, Fort Howland.

It is a sturdy house, of characteristic New England massiveness, thirty feet by forty, two full stories and another snuggled under its roof. It stood on the corner of Main and Elm streets, facing the south, surrounded by its ample yard and with its outworks, the white-painted picket fence, defining its boundaries. Now the house has been moved across the street, and faces north; no longer on the corner, but two doors down. It is now 7 Elm Street. Not so spic-and-span when we visited it, perhaps because of the war years, it stands like so many of the country's military sites, a dingy relic of old Fort Howland.

Here, in this house, lived Stockbridge Howland, a workman of the class that is now called civil engineer, builder of bridges and mills, road maker, planner of public works. In the 1844 movement he accepted the views of William Miller, and became a sturdy exponent of the imminent Second Advent. Taking an active part, he rode horseback over several counties, distributing literature and teaching his faith. In consequence the opponents of the Advent message, declaring that he was neglecting his business and that he was mentally incompetent, secured the appointment of a guardian. This guardian shortly found his hands more than full, for Howland referred to him all his business affairs, which were many, while he devoted himself to his great business. Soon the county wished to build a new and superior bridge across the Kennebec River, and they decided there was no one who could do the job but Stockbridge Howland. But when they came to him, he said, "Gentlemen, you will have to see my guardian. You know I am not considered competent to attend to my own business; and do you come to me to build your bridge?" The guardianship suddenly ended. [1]

Here in this house, in 1845, Frances Howland, his daughter, was healed by prayer. [2] Here in 1846 (but in the Curtiss house, not this) occurred the conference at which Joseph Bates was convinced of the prophetic gift of Ellen G. White. [3] Here in 1847 the Howlands gave to the young couple, James and Ellen White, with their baby, free use of room's in which to set up housekeeping with borrowed furniture; and from here, during the next few months, James White went forth to work on the railroad and then in the woods, to earn about fifty cents a day. [4] Here, with nine cents' capital, Mrs. White made the decision between three pints of milk for the babe and enough calico for a garment to cover his naked arms. [5] Here, while they were facing away from God's work, and hoping for a normal family life, the babe became sick unto death, and in resignation they turned their faces duty ward, and he recovered. [6] Here they left their little, meager home, in the spring of 1848, to go forth into the work that was not to end for him for over thirty years, and for her nigh seventy. Here, too, was held the conference of the scattered leaders, in the fall of 1848, where first they gave consideration to a publishing work, which came into being the next July. [7]

Here in this house was the home of the White's firstborn, Henry, for five years of his infancy, tenderly cared for by Father and Mother Howland and their daughter Frances, while his parents were traveling; and here in his sixteenth year Henry, the exuberant, songful Henry, "our sweet singer," laid down his life while on a visit. [8] Here continued Stockbridge Howland and his wife until 1872, when they removed to Battle Creek, living there until their death. [9]

God in His providence used men and women of various capabilities and different powers to forward His work. "But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him." "That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another."-And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, diversities of tongues. Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Are all workers of miracles? Have all gifts of healing? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret?" [10]

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Here is a middle-aged, retired ship captain who devotes his sea-commerce fortune and his personal labors to the cause of God, until the fortune is exhausted, but his faith and power of winning are increased mightily. He is an apostle.

Here is a young, dynamic preacher of the coming Christ, energetic, but so poor in this world's goods that his overcoat is patched and the patches patched. He labors with ax and scythe to make a living for his little family; but God calls him to leave all that and go out by faith to preach and to publish. He is a prophet.

Here is a young woman, stricken down in her radiant childhood, and doomed, it seems, to a life of physical misery and helplessness. But God calls her into communion with Him, and sends her forth as a messenger of light and power. She is a teacher.

Others there are like them, young men, young women, whose talents are captured by the Lord of life, and swung into service in His cause. No one is a specialist in one department only: they partake of apostle ship and the prophet's role in statesmanship, and the teacher's work, and medical ministry, and government, in various combinations and degrees. They are the captains of the host of the Lord.

But though there were captains many, What should the captains do If there were none of men beside. To thrust and parry, to march and ride, And to follow the captains through?

Behold, there are "helps." I think these "helps" are the infantrymen of the host of God. These are the spear men of ancient days, the long bow men, the musketeers, the riflemen, the great mass of the army without whom no heights could be gained, no position held. Without captains they might squander their efforts, milling around in confusion and dissipating in despair; but also without them the captains would waste their strategy and their commands.

To recognize the orthodoxy of God's captains, to see through their mortal garb the shining mail of the warriors of Christ, to pledge support and confidence in their leadership, to give them aid, this is the inestimable ministry of the "helps." How many a burdened soul has been cheered, how many a weary frame has found rest, in the homes of the helpers! And out of their abundance or out of their poverty they have outfitted the captains of the command and the men of the front ranks.

Such were Stockbridge Howland, of Topsham; and Otis Nichols, of Dorchester, that outlying town now incorporated in Boston; Stephen Belden, of Rocky Hill; Leonard Hastings and Cyrus Farnsworth, of New Hampshire. Jesse Thompson and Bradley Lamson, of New York. Palmer and Smith and Lyon and Kellogg, of Michigan. Women like Clarissa Bonfoey, and Sarah Harmon, and Annie Smith, and Mary Priest, and Maria Huntley; and scores and hundreds of others who gave their hearts and their hands together to the work.

Stockbridge Howland was one of the first to accept the seventh-day Sabbath, even before James and Ellen White, perhaps as early as Joseph Bates and John Andrews. His obituary states that he began to keep the Sabbath "in the spring of 1845." It would seem probable, therefore, that like Bates and Andrews he got the message from Preble's article in *The Hope of Israel* or from the reprint which went forth in tract form in that year.

The first recorded visit to Topsham of Mrs. White, then still a maiden, Ellen Harmon, was in the spring of 1845. [11] She states, however, that Stockbridge Howland's eldest daughter, Frances, who was so sick and who at that time was healed by prayer, was a very dear friend of hers. It is evident, therefore, that they had met and become friends before that, and it is quite likely that Ellen had previously visited her friend Frances in Topsham. Whether at the time of this visit the Howlands had accepted the Sabbath does not appear, but either so or they soon after did. This change of Sabbath allegiance, however, did not influence Ellen Harmon to do likewise. More than a year afterward, when she and James White, just before their marriage, with a small company from Maine visited lower Massachusetts and called on Joseph Bates, that great exponent of the seventh-day Sabbath, she says that she "did not feel its importance, and thought that he erred in dwelling upon the fourth commandment more than upon the other nine." [12]

She was traveling and combating various forms of fanaticism in the very fluid state of Adventist opinion just after the Disappointment. This work took up her attention, and if she gave thought to the Howland family's new faith, as she must have, it is probable that she regretfully assigned them to a category of the mildly deluded. But when she met so potent and clear-thinking an advocate as Joseph Bates, kind, fatherly, courteous, but invincible, that pressed the question more strongly upon her unwilling mind.

James White and Ellen Harmon were married August 30, 1846. They had received from Joseph Bates his Sabbath a Perpetual Sign, and together, during the next few weeks, they studied it and its Scripture proofs, until, becoming convinced, apparently in October, they began to keep the Sabbath. It was November, 1846, when a conference was called at Topsham, meeting in the house of a Brother Curtiss.

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[13] Apparently this was the first general gathering of Sabbath keeping Adventists in the seacoast States. Who all were present we do not know. Joseph Bates was there, and James and Ellen White, of course the Howlands and the Curtisses, and there were doubtless other believers in Topsham. Very likely H. S. Gurney accompanied Bates, and Otis Nichols came from Dorchester, near Boston, for these men had some means and were fairly mobile. There may have been members of the Sabbath keeping company from Paris; for we have testimony that the fifteen-year-old daughter of the Stowells was there the previous year, [14] and she would not come alone; very likely her brother Oswald was with her. If Paris believers came in 1845 to a Topsham meeting, much more likely would they come to this important gathering. However, we have no authentication of these latter cases, but there was quite a company present.

For some reason Elder T. M. Preble, whose writing started this Sabbath keeping company on the way, was never associated with them, though he was keeping the Sabbath at this time and for another year. It seems strange that there is never any mention of a meeting of Bates and Preble, both of whom were prominent in the 1844 movement, and who certainly now had a community of interest in the Sabbath truth, but we hear of no such meeting; and when Preble began his contacts with Seventh-day Adventists, it was to attack, after he had repudiated his Sabbath faith in 1847. But God had brought His people down to the Waters of Trembling, and out of the test came but the Three Hundred to shout, "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon!" [15]

Stockbridge Howland did not always remain within his fortifications. We read of his journeys and his labors in other places in Maine. In September of 1849 we see him, with others, at a meeting in Paris, where the little band had been torn by the work of fanatics, Jesse Stephens and F. T. Howland. When the latter (who is not said to have been any relative of Stockbridge Howland) insisted upon interrupting the meeting, Stockbridge arose from prayer, as "the Spirit of the Lord rested upon" him. "His face was white, and a light seemed to rest upon it. He went toward F. T. Howland, and in the name of the Lord bade him leave the assembly of the saints. Said he, 'You have torn the hearts of God's children, and made them bleed. Leave the house, or God will smite you!' That rebellious spirit, never before known to fear or to yield, sprang for his hat, and in terror left the house." [16] It was at that meeting that the young John N. Andrews, then twenty years old, made his final decision for the truth, which started him upon his notable career.

The fading light at last drove us from the scene, as in the halo of a hundred memories we turned to take one last look at what remains of Fort Howland.

1. J. N. Loughborough, *The Great Second Advent Movement*, p. 170.
2. Ellen G. White, *Life Sketches*, pp. 74, 75.
3. *Ibid.*, pp. 97, 98; J. N. Loughborough, *Rise and Progress*, pp. 125, 126.
4. James and Ellen White, *Life Sketches* (ed. 1886), p. 243.
5. *Ibid.*
6. *Ibid.*, pp. 243, 244.
7. Arthur L. White, *Prophetic Guidance in Early Days*, p. 14.
8. James and Ellen White, *Life Sketches* (ed. 1888), pp. 342-350.
9. *Review and Herald*, April 17, 1883, p. 255.
10. 1 Corinthians 12:18, 25, 28-30.
11. Ellen G. White, *Life Sketches*, p. 74.
12. *Ibid.*, P. 95.
13. *The Great Second Advent Movement*, p. 258.
14. *Ibid.*, P. 238. The Mrs. Truesdail here quoted was in her maidenhood Marian Stowell.
15. Judges 7.
16. James and Ellen White, *Life Sketches*, pp. 260, 261.

## 10. One to a Thousand

John N. Andrews

PARIS, Maine, like many another New England town, is several Parises. There is South Paris and there is West Paris, and what was the original Paris is now Paris Hill. It is no longer the county seat nor the

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business center; that is South Paris. But Paris Hill, sitting sedate and benignant upon its long ridge, keeps, in its great old white houses beneath its sweeping elms, the flavor of the past and the historic.

Paris holds for us great memories. It was the boyhood and youth home of one of our chief pioneers, John N. Andrews, and the home of the Cyprian Stevens family, two of whose daughters became the wives of John Andrews and Uriah Smith. It was the birthplace of our church paper, the Review and Herald, and the building in which was the print shop that cradled it is still standing. It was the scene of some of the early fierce engagements with fanatics who plagued the Second Advent Movement after the staggering Disappointment. And it was the place where the Lord gave His sustaining grace to His fainting servants, James and Ellen White, as they fought through the whelming waves of poverty, illness, and discouragement, to the establishment of the infant cause upon a firm basis.

The father of John Andrews was Edward. His uncle Charles was a man of political importance in Maine, a Congressman. The home of Charles Andrews is still pointed out, but where the Edward Andrews family lived is not known, though possibly the house is still standing. It must have been a house of some size indeed, all houses in Paris Hill are-for, like Stockbridge Howland's home, it took in the White family while they were living there, and it had previously been the refuge of the Stowell family while they were waiting for the Lord to come in 1844, and for some time afterward.

It was in the spring of 1845 that a tract came into the hands of Stowell, a tract written by a minister well known in New Hampshire and Maine, T. M. Preble, a co-laborer with Miller and Himes. This tract, a reprint from an article in a Portland Adventist paper, The Hope of Israel, advocated the seventh day as the Sabbath of the Lord, a day for all Christians to observe. Stowell laid it aside, but his fifteen-year-old daughter, Marian, picked it up and read it. She was so convinced by its presentation of Biblical proof that she took it to her brother Oswald; a year or two older, and together they resolved to obey. Minimizing their chores and household duties, they quietly observed, in their own hearts and minds, the next Sabbath day. No one else knew of their resolution and their action, for they felt not very sure of the reception they might receive.

But the first of the week, missionary zeal overcame Marian's discretion, and she took the tract to John Andrews, then seventeen years old, and asked him to read it. This he did, and then brought it back to her.

"Have your father and mother read this?" he asked.

"No," said Marian, "but I have, and found that we are not keeping the right Sabbath. What do you think, John?"

"I think the seventh day is the Sabbath. And if you and I think that, Marian, we must keep it."

"Of course. Brother Oswald and I kept last Sabbath. We'll be glad to have you join us. But you take Elder Preble's tract to your father and mother to read."

"All right." The senior Andrews read it, then brought it back to the Stowells. And both families kept the next Sabbath, meeting for the service in one of their rooms. [1]

Oswald Stowell later became an apprentice printer in the Review and Herald office at Rochester, New York, remained with the firm when it moved to Battle Creek, and became the progenitor of notable workers in the cause, girls whose names are hidden in those of their husbands. Marian became Mrs. M. C. Truesdail, who is often called by Loughborough and other writers as a witness upon those early events. Her second marriage gave her the name of Crawford, and under this name she wrote her later reminiscences.

John Nevins Andrews was a bright, studious, promising young man. His Uncle Charles encouraged him in his early ambition to enter politics; and if the little tract had not intervened, possibly we might have lost to the halls of Congress a great author, religious leader, and missionary. However, Edward Andrews, his father, had accepted the teachings of William Miller in the early 1840's, and the whole family, consisting of the parents and two boys, were numbered with the Adventist company in Paris, and passed with them through the Disappointment. Now, with the Stowell family, the Cyprian Stevens family, and others, they accepted the seventh-day Sabbath, and were launched upon careers that took them far from political ambitions.

There were few Sabbath keeping Adventists then, and they had no organization, nor indeed much knowledge of one another. The Washington, New Hampshire, company formed one cell, Bates and a few followers made another in New Bedford, Stockbridge Howland in Topsham a third. Mrs. White states that there were about twenty-five in Maine, and about the same number in other parts of New England. [2]

Moreover, the little flock of Paris Adventists, Sabbath keeping and Sunday keeping alike, were attacked by the fanatic wolves who ranged among the folds of the time, teaching all sorts of fantastic theories and practicing absurdities and sometimes vice. Some taught that they were in the millennium, and

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should do no work; some that the door of salvation was closed. Some said they should be like little children, and so went creeping and crying over the floor and the streets. [3] Some were so humble they could not eat at the table, but must take their food in their hands and eat behind the door. [4] So plagued by such extremists was the company at Paris that after two or three years they ceased to have meeting, and were fast sliding back from their faith.

In this crisis Ellen G. White received instruction from the Lord that they should go to Paris, where a meeting was called on September 14, 1849. Stockbridge Howland and family went with them. His encounter with the fanatic, F. T. Howland, has been related. Brethren from the south also were present: Joseph Bates from Massachusetts, and E. L. H. Chamberlain and Richard Ralph from Connecticut. The Paris brethren had had no meeting for a year and a half, but now they rallied.

After the rout of the fanatics, "the power of God descended somewhat as it did on the day of Pentecost, and five or six who had been deceived and led into error and fanaticism fell prostrate to the floor. Parents confessed to their children and children to their parents and to one another. Brother J. N. Andrews, with deep feeling, exclaimed, 'I would exchange a thousand errors for one truth.'" [5]

It was the final decision for the young man, John Andrews. What wonder that in this confusion of religion among his family and friends, with this fanaticism rampant, subjecting them to the scorn of the community, with his Uncle Charles' example quietly influencing him toward the emoluments of politics, he should waver in his faith? Had it not been for this timely conference and the labors of Joseph Bates, James White, and Ellen White, that masterly mind and stout heart, which were to battle the foes of truth for the early church, would have been lost to the cause.

"I would exchange a thousand errors for one truth. Profitable exchange! With all the winds of doctrine and fantasy blowing, perhaps he could count a thousand errors. Away with them! Away with ambition! Away with pride! Away with popularity! One truth: the truth that Jesus Christ is my Savior, that He is coming soon in glory, that His Sabbath banner shall wave over my head! This is my choice, this my lot!

John Nevins Andrews that day set his feet upon a path that led he knew not through what vicissitudes, what trials, what sorrows, what strivings, what triumphs! But this he knew, that God and Christ and truth were the bright crown of glory, for which all the refuse of the world might well be sacrificed. "The Lord was bringing our Brother Andrews to fit him for future usefulness, and was giving him an experience that would be of great value to him in his future labors. He was teaching him that he should not be influenced by the experience of others, but decide for himself concerning the work of God."

Paris, Maine, was to have a brief history of leadership in the infant cause. Here, a little more than a year later, James White brought his feeble publishing work, carried under his hat, and with a farewell to Present Truth and a hail to the Second Advent Review and Sabbath Herald, he wrought for nearly a year in desperate need and fainting hope. It would be gratifying to record that the Paris brethren loyally upheld his hands, encouraged and strengthened him. But no such word comes to us. Doubtless John Andrews, the budding writer and preacher, was a loyal helper, for he grew during this time to the proportions of a champion of the cause. But older ones-let us be thankful we cannot identify them-were captious and critical. [6] And Paris was destined to fade out of the Adventist picture. We sat in the apartment of George M. Atwood, an old gentleman of eighty-six years, upstairs in the big house on the west side of the main street. He was the successor of the printer, or the successor of the successor of the printer who set the type and ran the press on the last number of Present Truth and the first number of the Review and Herald. He came to Paris in 1885, and purchased the printing establishment from George H. Watkins, who had bought it from George L. Mellen, one of the original founders of the Oxford Democrat and the shop established in Paris in 1833. The shop was housed first in a building across the street from this, a building which burned in 1849. But it was re-established in this place, and by February 12, 1850, the paper came forth from the new shop. [7] Thus the printers were ready for the job of the Adventist papers when White came there in October of that year.

"Right under here," said the old gentleman, stabbing with his finger, "right under here was the print shop. It was there that Mellen had his shop, and George Watkins, and then I had it." He could not tell us of the enterprise of James White; for that was long before his time, and occupying but a year, was only an incident in the printer's experience. We had to supply that information; but putting all things together, we knew that we were at the spot where James White, through the winter of 1850-1851 and through the spring and on into the summer, came with his copy and came for his proofs, accompanied sometimes, perhaps, by young John Andrews, in whose father's family they boarded.

The print shop was located in the rear of the building, on the first floor. You reach it by a long

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porch extending the whole length of the house, on the left. Part way along this same porch is the door that leads up to Mr. Atwood's apartment. The front of the building, in its right-hand corner, is occupied by an antique shop; the rest of it is dwelling house. Tight shrubbery shuts it in on the left, alongside the porch.

The wide street, elm shaded, is a beautiful avenue. Two churches, the Baptist and the Universalist, are the public buildings; naught remains now to remind us of the time when Paris, this Paris Hill, was the county seat. Down the road toward South Paris, on the right going back, is the house of Charles Andrews, who died in 1852 while a member of Congress. Edward Andrews and Cyprian Stevens took their families to Iowa in 1855 and 1856; and not long after, Paris, Maine, faded from our annals.

One to a thousand! Not only one truth opposed to multiform errors, but one warrior opposed to a thousand foes. Valiantly did the youth who took this resolution maintain his cause through all the remaining thirty-four years of his life: a student, a writer, a preacher, who only once faltered, borne down by ill-health, then recovering, went on to greater battles and greater victories. He was a General Conference president, and our first overseas missionary; and he fell at last at his post in Basel, Switzerland, where he lies awaiting the Life giver.

John Nevins Andrews, "one of the three mighties," who "was with David at Pas-dammim," where "the Philistines were gathered together to battle, . . . and they set themselves in the midst of the parcel, and delivered it, and slew the Philistines; and the Lord saved them by a great deliverance." [8]

1. Mrs. Marian C. Crawford (Stowell, Truesdail), in General Conference Bulletin, April 8, 1901, p. 116; The Watchman, April 25, 1905, p. 278.
2. Ellen G. White, Testimonies for the Church, vol. 1, p. 77.
3. Ellen G. White, Life Sketches, p. 86.
4. James and Ellen White, Life Sketches, p. 87.
5. Ibid., p. 261; Ellen G. White, Life Sketches, p. 127.
6. Ellen G. White, Testimonies for the Church, vol. 1, pp. 89, 90.
7. William B. Lapham and Silas P. Maxim, History of Paris, Maine, pp. 319-321.
8. 1 Chronicles 11:13, 14.

## 11. The Large Unfinished Chamber

Stephen Belden

IT WAS in the spring of 1848, the welcome spring of Maine, and in a room of the ample house in Topsham a young woman sat patching her husband's overcoat. He was stowing their few belongings into their hair cloth trunk. They had not much to pack; their furniture, their dishes, had been borrowed, and would go back to the owners; their little clothing, the slender wardrobe of their babe, their few books-these were all. Pilgrims they were about to become, going from place to place in response to a call from heaven.

A conference of Sabbath keepers had been called at the home of Albert Belden, two miles from the village of Rocky Hill, and eight miles from Middletown, Connecticut. Could they go? If they could get the money. James White put away his ax, settled with his employer, received ten dollars. Five dollars of this went for necessary clothing. The overcoat would do, must do, though the patched sleeves must be patched upon the patches-James' coat of many colors. The remaining five dollars would take them toward Connecticut.

Carrying their babe of seven months, the precious babe whose life had been spared on the condition of their pilgrimage, they took the train to Dorchester, Massachusetts, and went to Otis Nichols'. As they left this friendly home, Mrs. Nichols handed Elder White another five dollars. Four-fifty to Middletown; no one met them; and but fifty cents left. What should they do? Where should they go? What should they do with their trunk? There was no checking system then; you claimed your baggage, and you looked out for it.

James White tossed the trunk upon a convenient pile of lumber, and they walked on, searching for the house of E. L. H. Chamberlain, who had invited them but who did not know the time of their arrival. Middletown was not so large then but what a few inquiries served their purpose. Welcomed by the Chamberlain family, their trunk soon recovered, they awaited the arrival of Belden's two-horse rig, which took them and the few brethren of Middletown out to his farm. Four in the afternoon, April 20. In a few



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minutes in came Joseph Bates and Heman Gurney, seemingly having “missed the bus” at Middletown and having walked out. Fifteen people met that evening; the number swelled next day to fifty. The conference “was held in the large unfinished chamber of Brother Albert Belden’s house.” [1]

So, a hundred years later lacking eighteen months, we followed on the trail of the brethren at the first Sabbath conference the first of six notable conferences that year, in Connecticut, New York, Maine, and Massachusetts, which welded the little company together. At this first conference Joseph Bates and James White were the principal teachers, the former taking the Sabbath as his subject, the latter the third angel’s message, which included the sanctuary and the Spirit of prophecy. Those two subjects included all they had then. Not all of the fifty were fully in harmony, but these studies served to “establish those already in the truth and awaken those who were not fully decided.” [2]

There is a more recent and better road that leads from Middletown to Rocky Hill, Highway 9; but we took the old road, covered by the present Highways 72 and 3, winding and hilly. Over this the brethren traveled then in their two-horse wagon; and over it, the next year, James White trudged on foot to get his proof sheets of the first paper, and triumphantly at last in Albert Belden’s buckboard to bear the first issue home.

Seven miles out we turned to the left on a surfaced lane, and shortly were at Albert Belden’s. But were we? The little house, photographed, photoengraved, and published in some of our books as the house with the large unfinished chamber seemed too small. We were graciously received by the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kantz, who came from Austria thirty-six years ago, and bought it. They assured us that James White and wife lived in the upper part of their house, long ago; but this tradition, naturally, they have received, since 19 10, from Adventist visitors. We went up and measured that “upper chamber”-9 by 14 feet; and if we should remove the partition that passes by the central chimney, it could never have been more than 14 by 15 feet, scarcely a large unfinished chamber.” There are but four rooms below, originally three.

The house was doubtless owned by Albert Belden; for it is on one of his three farms, and tradition makes it his. But he had several successive homes, perhaps giving the older ones to his sons. The land records in Rocky Hill were too indefinite for me to determine the exact houses. However, in 1935, W. C. White, visiting here, decided that this could not have been the house where his parents lived; and he fixed upon another which had burned down the year before he went there, the foundations still remaining. This house was next door, a few rods beyond the Kantz house. Kantz took us over there, but the site had been obliterated, the foundation removed, the basement filled, and the field plowed, now luxuriating in a crop of pig weed.

However, information given us now, brought this house also in question. The Kantzes were well acquainted with it, having lived in their home twenty-four years before they saw this neighbor house burn down. By their testimony and that of others, we learned it had on the first story but three rooms and a pantry. The upstairs could have been unfinished in 1848 and 1849, but never very large at that. The crowning blow to its claim, however, came when we interviewed an old gentleman in Rocky Hill, Mr. Edward J. Stevens, who informed us that his maternal grandfather Pasco bought that house from Albert Belden in 1845. This information he had from his mother, who was born in 1840, and came with her parents to Rocky Hill when she was four or five years old, when her father bought from Belden. Therefore Albert Belden could not have been living in this house in 1848.

Mr. Stevens told us that when Albert Belden sold, he went to live in the house beyond. Perhaps he built it at that time for his residence; for all three houses were on his farm. If he did then build and occupy it, it is understandable that the upstairs may have been one large unfinished chamber” in 1848. This house appears to fit the specifications best of all. It is comparatively a large house, the main part 20 by 30, with two full stories, besides a rear addition 18 by 20, and a story-and-half ell 20 by 30. That gives it ten rooms below, and there are now four rooms above in the upright, partitioned off but still partially unfinished; that is, the rafters still show. There are, besides, living quarters above in the ell, which, however, gives evidence of having been built later.

While the present occupant, Mr. Johnny Cuper, whose wife recently heired the property from her father, Jacob Krasawa, could tell us nothing of its early history, it seems to me that this must be the house of Albert Belden in which was the “large unfinished chamber”; first, because it agrees in date; second, because it alone is large enough. If this is correct, a much disputed identification is established.

Here the first Sabbath conference was held, in April, 1848. There followed for the Whites a journey through northern New York, to which they were called by Hiram Edson. How could they go? No one to pay their fare; and though food and lodging for the most part were supplied by the hospitable friends

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of those frontier times, they must have money for traveling. Hiram Edson wrote that the brethren in New York were very poor, but they would help all they could.

James White looked around, and behold, there was work to do, for the wages of that day. Below them on the creek bottom lay 1800 acres of hay land, [3] some of this belonging to Albert Belden, some to others. A contract was taken to mow a hundred-acre field of this, by James White, John Belden (a son of Albert), and George W. Holt, a Middletown believer who was henceforth for a dozen years to be one of the foremost of the pioneering preachers. They mowed it by hand, for the horse drawn mower had not yet been invented; and they were paid 87½ cents an acre. James White received for his part forty dollars. [4]

With this they ventured into New York, leaving their child with Miss Clarissa Bonfoey at Middletown. That they were helped by others on the way is apparent in the incident of the packet on the canal, when Joseph Bates paid their fare. Hiram Edson and his “very poor” brethren must have helped some, too. They returned to Connecticut, received little Henry from Miss Bonfoey, and went on to Maine. When they set out again, they left the child with the Howlands, where he remained for the next five years.

They were in Topsham, Maine, in the spring of 1849, when invitations came both from Connecticut and from New York for them to labor there. In perplexity they decided to respond to the call from Utica, New York, but Mrs. White did not feel clear, so she and her husband knelt and prayed for clear light. The next day’s mail brought a letter from Albert Belden, of Rocky Hill, with a pressing invitation and an enclosure of money sufficient to move them to that place. In this they saw the providence of God, and to Middletown and Rocky Hill they went. This was in June, 1849.

Clarissa Bonfoey’s mother had recently died and left household furnishings sufficient for a small family. She proposed to join them, giving the use of her goods and doing their work, so that they might be free for public labors and writing. This offer they accepted, and with Miss Bonfoey set up housekeeping in a part of Brother Belden’s house at Rocky Hill.” [5] She does not say that this included the large unfinished chamber,” but considering the plan of the house, it likely did; and either before or when they took over, the big room was doubtless partitioned. We were therefore, in the upper story of this house, probably looking upon the living quarters as they were then.

In the meeting at Topsham, Maine, the fifth of the “Sabbath Conferences,” October 20 to 22, 1848, the brethren had discussed the publication of a periodical to present their views; but the means to do this not appearing, no action was decided upon. The sixth conference was held November 18, in Dorchester, Massachusetts, where Otis Nichols lived. Here Mrs. White received a remarkable vision, in which the future of a great work was opened in symbol, and the message was impressed which she gave to her husband immediately: “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.” [6]

The next summer, settled at Rocky Hill, James White stepped out by faith and prepared the copy for Present Truth, our first periodical. He hired it printed in Middletown by Charles Hamlin Pelton, whose third-floor print-shop location is well identified. It has passed through several hands since then, and has been used for various purposes. When we were there, it had been occupied for three or four months by the local headquarters of Jehovah’s Witnesses, though none were at hand when we called, and the door was locked. But the place was long ago identified as the shop site; and also, we found in Hartford a granddaughter, Mrs. Frances Pelton Robinson, who verified the location.

Here, then, on this pleasant September day of 1946, we traced the footsteps of that dauntless man of God, James White, as he limped on his lame foot the eight long miles from Rocky Hill to Middletown and back, time and again, to make the arrangements for printing and to read the proofs; and we noted the final triumphant day when with Belden’s horse and buggy he brought the thousand copies of Volume 1, Number 1, out to this house of Albert Belden’s at Rocky Hill.

I suppose that his wife and the Beldens came out to greet him, and to help him in with the packages, of the flat sheets of the eight-page paper. There may have been Albert Belden and his wife, perhaps John Belden, and perhaps young Stephen Belden, who afterward married Sarah Harmon, Ellen’s sister, and who was to end his life with his mission in the South Seas. He could not see, on that prophetic day, the far reaches to which the message would sweep, and he on the tide, with hundreds of others, in a foreign but welcoming land. “Like streams of light that went clear round the world.”

Whoever they were, they gathered in the house, probably in the Belden’s parlor, or else the kitchen, that being usually the largest room in the old houses. They may, however, have taken the papers to the quarters that had been the large unfinished chamber.” They spread them out upon the floor, and then

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they knelt around them and prayed, with humble hearts and many tears, that the Lord would let His blessing rest upon these printed messengers of truth. Then they folded them, with that unaccustomed but soon skilled sweep of hand and arm. They wrapped them, and they addressed them to all who they thought would read them. And then James White, on foot, carried them in a carpetbag to the post office in Middletown. [7]

Scene of historic, humble glory! Beginning of the worldwide sweep of our literature, falling in a thousand languages over the world like the leaves of autumn. Food for our thought, our fond memories, our earnest resolutions, as we stand upon this walled and sodded terrace, in front of the house in Rocky Hill where was the start of our publishing work, in the large unfinished chamber.

1. Ellen G. White, *Life Sketches*, p. 108.
2. James and Ellen White, *Life Sketches*, p. 245.
3. Statement of Frederick Kantz, Sept. 10, 1946.
4. James White wrote to Stockbridge Howland: "Brother Holt, Brother John Belden, and I have taken one hundred acres of grass to mow, at 87Y2c an acre, and board ourselves." - Ellen G. White, *Life Sketches*, p. 109. And Mrs. White says, "My husband earned forty dollars in the hayfield." - James and Ellen White, *Life Sketches*, p. 246.
5. Ellen G. White, *Life Sketches*, p. 123.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 125.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 126; J. N. Loughborough, *The Great Second Advent Movement*, pp. 275-278.

## 12. Shiloh of the Message

Frederick Wheeler

JAMES and Ellen White did not long remain in Rocky Hill, Connecticut, back there in 1849. They were indeed pilgrims and apostles. Their personal services, with those of Joseph Bates, were called for in all the places—few compared to later developments, but great for their resources then—where interest in the message of the third angel had been aroused. Particularly were they concerned for New York. They had made the journey there in 1848, and they had found at first a chaos of belief and teaching, typical of the state of the whole Adventist world at that time.

After the Disappointment Adventists were in confusion. Some cried this and some cried that. Fanatics tried to sway the minds and attach the support of the little companies. Extremists tried the patience and disgusted the charity of more solid men. Some of the leaders went back on their experience, and led off in various directions. In all the turmoil the voices of the little company headed by Bates and the Whites were scarcely heard.

Hiram Edson, in New York, was a rock of strength. Bates and the Whites found him strongly supporting the cause. And others, some of them rescued from false doctrines and unwise attitudes, joined the little, growing band. That first journey into New York, in 1848, of the company consisting of James and Ellen White, Joseph Bates, H. S. Gurney, E. L. H. Chamberlain, Richard Ralph, and Albert Belden (though some of these attended only the first meeting) brought over such men as David Arnold of Volney, the Harrises of Centerport, Ira Abbey and wife of Brookfield, and Jesse Thompson of Ballston Spa. These mostly remained lay members, but people of strength. Very soon there came in such ministering brethren as Samuel, Rhodes, R. F. Cottrell, and John Byington—men who made great impressions upon the early work.

In 1849 the little paper *Present Truth* reached out to the scattered believers in Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, and New York, and it seemed to them a beacon. Glad responses came in to James White, with money enough to support the publication and to furnish means for travel. But the calls for their personal help were many and strong, and they felt they must answer some of them. In consequence the editorial and publishing work, so shakily established, suffered. None of them had experience in publishing; the ideas of James White in regard to it were, as he afterward confessed, at first limited to the publication of two or three numbers. [1] And Joseph Bates emphatically agreed with this. [2]

James White did indeed issue in Middletown four numbers of *Present Truth*, from July to September, but then he dropped it for two or three months while he went out into the field. Bates was devoting his time, strength, and money to the cause, constantly in the field, going from place to place

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seeking out the lost sheep of the house of Israel,” as he termed the Adventists, and he highly approved of James White’s doing likewise. Bates was the original health reformer among Adventists, and his Spartan regimen, allied to his sturdy constitution, enabled him to perform with superhuman energy. James and Ellen White, on the other hand, were both oppressed with ailments, partly constitutional and partly due to their ignorant transgression of the laws of health. Their wills, set like flint for the work of God, and God’s blessing upon them, enabled them to keep going, though under many distresses. But they never equaled Bates’ serene state of health.

Hiram Edson earnestly urged the presence of the Whites in New York, and in October of that year they went. Shortly they decided to move to the State, and fixed upon Oswego, on the shores of Lake Ontario, as their residence. A second child had been born to them in July, 1849, and this baby, James Edson, they left in the care of Clarissa Bonfoey as they traveled. Henry, two years old, remained with the Howlands at Topsham. Now, taking leave of the Beldens at Rocky Hill, they moved with Miss Bonfoey and their baby to the new home.

There were a few believers in and around Oswego. One was the John Place family, which afterward gave two sons, a prominent minister, Albert E, and an outstanding physician, O. Galen to the cause. Volney, where David Arnold lived, was not far south. In the same month that the Whites moved to Oswego, Hiram Edson and Richard Ralph recovered Samuel Rhodes from his despondency, and, enlightened and instructed, Rhodes was soon ranging the country with the message; his base, Oswego.

But when James White sought to pick up the broken cord of his Present Truth, and after three months published the fifth number and then the sixth in Oswego, he learned the bitter lesson that an early enthusiasm, once cut off, is not easily restored. The response was nothing like that received to the first numbers. Also, Joseph Bates was out of sympathy. Bates’ idea of publishing was to write a treatise, bring it out as a tract, a pamphlet, or a “book,” and then use it as ammunition while you drove lustily into the ranks of the enemy. That is what he had done and was doing, and he thought James White should do the same. A paper issued periodically would tie the editor to one place, and largely prevent his preaching. Moreover, that was what the other Adventists (to Bates, the “Laodiceans”) were doing, and therefore it was wrong. So he added his weight to James White’s discouragement about the paper; and, says White, “I gave it up forever.”

His “forever” lasted about three days. The night of January 9, 1850, Ellen White was instructed upon the matter. I saw the paper,” she said, “and that it was needed, that souls were hungering for the truth that must be written. God did not want James to stop yet, but he must write, write, write, and speed the message, and let it go.” [3]

So, rousing from his discouragement, James White began again. In Oswego, from March to May, 1850, there were published four more numbers of Present Truth. Then they moved from Oswego, and lived for five months with the Harris family at Centerport, while James White brought forth another paper, called The Advent Review. Four numbers were printed in Auburn, New York, a few miles from Centerport, and a fifth in Paris, Maine. This paper consisted of reprints of articles by leaders of the Adventists, or Millerites, before and immediately following the Disappointment. Its aim was to prove that White and Bates were advocating the orthodox Adventist doctrines, which the other parties were leaving. After that, in October or November, they moved to Paris, Maine. There the eleventh and last Present Truth was brought out, and the Second Advent Review and Sabbath Herald was begun.

Following the trail of the pioneers, we drove up from Rome, New York, toward Oswego. On the way, at West Monroe, we stopped to stand in reverence at the grave of Frederick Wheeler, who, taught by Rachel Oakes Preston at Washington, New Hampshire, was the first Sabbath keeping Adventist minister. He died a hundred years old.

At Roosevelt, a few miles north, we stopped to visit our old church, where many an important conference was held in the early times. Roosevelt is but a crossroads now, though the old hotel still stands with its faded sign on its brow. The church is a mile beyond that. Finally locating the elder, Brother Ruprecht, out in his field, we enlisted his aid. He willingly left his corn cutting and accompanied us several miles to get the key. And then we stood in the old church, still occupied by a live congregation. We handled the big pulpit Bible, engrossed with the names of the donors at the time of the church’s dedication; and we heard the elder say that Sister White had had visions in that church. Also, we recalled the reports of important conferences held there. The church has had one or two enlargements, consisting simply of extending it forward, in the same dimensions. A plain, unpretentious, but hallowed building.

Back down the road a few rods, and on the opposite side, is the community cemetery. It was of interest to us chiefly because it is the last resting place of Hiram Edson and his wife, who died at Palermo,

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Oswego County, he in 1892, and she the next year. We stood there and recalled the many missions, and sacrifices, and testimonies of these devoted children of God, and prayed for a portion of their spirit to fall upon us.

Going on, we passed through Volney, but having no information as to the location of what was once David Arnold's farm, where the first meeting in New York was held, we did not pause, but sped on to Oswego. It is still a thriving town, a principal port on Lake Ontario, a county scat, and a population of twenty-five thousand. But to us it is almost forsaken. Only two or three of our faith still live in the city; the "Oswego church" has been removed to Dexterville, fifteen miles southwest. We had a pleasant, though brief visit, with Mrs. Bethel Barbeau and her daughter, and afterward with her husband at his place of business. A photographer, he volunteered to go out, some eight miles, to near Southwest Oswego, and obtain a photograph of the Place home, where, he said, "Sister White often stayed, and where she had visions." It was in this house, in 1854, that Mrs. White received instruction about the Messenger party, which was making inroads upon the infant cause. She was told that the workers, instead of giving their time to refutation of the false charges, should ignore them, and that the schism would then shortly die. They did; and it did.

No landmark of their stay or of our work remains in Oswego. Like Shiloh of old, where the Lord once placed His tabernacle and deigned to dwell, where Eleazer ministered, and later Ell, and the boy Samuel grew and learned to know the Lord, but which afterward was abandoned, "for the wickedness of My people," Oswego is to us a melancholy memory. Here, or near by, dwelt good men and women, and they worshiped here. There were also contentious men and reprobates. Near here lived Silas Guilford and his noble family, and Elias Goodwin, and Luman Carpenter, and then Hiram, Edson, and Samuel Rhodes; and here for a brief time lived and wrought James and Ellen White. But here also lived men of other spirit, like "one Lillis," whose earliest exploit, reported regretfully in the Review and accusingly in opposition papers, was to lay hands upon Crozier, who indeed unwarrantably interfered in Lillis' house with a meeting of Sabbath keepers to whom he was opposed. And this Lillis, afterward, was with his rash and hasty spirit to join the Messenger party, that earliest and most vituperative faction, and finally he became a Spiritualist. The church in Oswego was often a trouble spot, as various workers report, who went there to compose difficulties and try to build up the spirituality. Finally, like the church in Paris, Maine, and other places where the spirit of love failed, it faded out. But here once dwelt the Shekinah, and here prophets spake.

We visited the Dexterville church, a thriving congregation, though its members come from various quarters, some even twenty miles away. Some ten years ago the church abandoned its quarters in Oswego, a hall in an unpleasant environment, and bought this neat building in the country community of Dexterville, making it their center. This church is a live missionary group, under the leadership of their elder, Leslie Woodruff, and the wide spreading Caster clan, with many other faithful members. And I recall that though Shiloh, because of Hophni and Phineas, lost the sanctuary, yet in later days there dwelt there or in its vicinity, a prophet of God, Ahijah, who gave the counsel of Jehovah. [5]

1. Present Truth, December, 1849, p. 47.
2. James White complained that Brother Bates discouraged me about the paper. Arthur L. White, Prophetic Guidance in Early Days, p. 25; Review and Herald, April 26, 1860, p. 182.
3. Prophetic Guidance in Early Days, p. 25.
4. Joshua 18:1; 1 Samuel 1, 2, 3; Jeremiah 7:12.
5. 1 Kings 14:1-6.

### 13. The Peripatetic Press

James White

THE pioneers of the Seventh-day Adventist movement had no fixed abode. They were first of all preachers, evangelists, teachers, and they were itinerant. The word was in their mouths, only secondarily in their pens. They labored personally for souls; they wrestled face to face with the powers of darkness; they went from place to place as the calls came and the Spirit moved. Joseph Bates indeed had a home, that is, a place where his wife stayed; as for him, he ranged back and forth across the land, seeking out "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." But James and Ellen White owned neither house nor land. They sojourned

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here and there, accepting the hospitality of friends of the message, at times renting quarters; but not until the first ten years had passed did they own a house and a strip of soil.

In these circumstances the enterprise of publishing a paper was understandably difficult. Should they settle down and start to build a business, the field would be left vacant, save for Bates. They must travel, travel, travel, strengthening the weak hands, confirming the feeble knees, saying to them of fearful heart: "Be strong; fear not. Behold, your God will come!" Beset on every hand by cavil, criticism, slander, and fanaticism, and burdened with illnesses, they fought on in the good fight of faith, crying with Patrick: "Christ before us, Christ behind, Christ on every side!"

But the commission came to publish a paper, and James White obeyed. The little Present Truth was started at Middletown, Connecticut, while the Whites were staying at Albert Belden's in Rocky Hill. That was for three months only; then they were out in the field again, and the paper lapsed. Next they sojourned in Oswego, New York, and during six months they published six numbers of the paper. But they must needs move again, and the summer of 1850 saw the brief career of another paper, the Advent Review, in Auburn. No roots as yet, however. They went to Paris, Maine, and everywhere they went the paper went. A final issue of Present Truth, and then the new publication, Second Advent Review and Sabbath Herald, which, with the dropping next year of the word Second, has continued to the present time. Thus a permanent name; now for a local habitation.

Paris seemed allergic to the Whites. Like Lystra in Asia Minor, it furnished a Timothy, John N. Andrews, to James White's Paul; and at first it brought oxen and garlands; but in the end the stones of criticism left their Paul almost dead. [1] Calls came again from the field; and after journeys to Massachusetts and Connecticut, James and Ellen White ended in New York.

Near the little town of Ballston Spa, a few miles from Saratoga Springs, lived Jesse Thompson, a prosperous lawyer with a splendid farm. He had also been a Christian minister, preaching for twenty years in that communion. He was one of the early converts to the Sabbath-and-sanctuary faith, and wrote some vigorous letters to the Review and Herald, defending the slandered messengers. He now invited the Whites to accept his hospitality while they worked in that section and investigated the possibility of publishing the paper in the near-by city. They stayed there for several weeks. [2]

We went out to visit the former home of Jesse Thompson, and were graciously received by the lady of the house, Mrs. Welch. It is a magnificent house of twenty-one rooms, a house one hundred and forty years old, set in beautiful grounds. It must have been a restful period for the weary pilgrims, and they never forgot the kindness of their generous supporter and friend. Meanwhile they were seeking to find printing accommodations and living quarters in Saratoga Springs. This at last they succeeded in doing, and the peripatetic paper took another lap on its journey.

The printer was Davison's Printing and Stereotyping Establishment, but no record and no tradition remain of the location of the Whites' home in Saratoga Springs. In June, 1851, the Whites came, and from August of that year to March, of 1852 published here the second volume of the Advent Review and Sabbath Herald. [3] Annie Smith came from West Wilton, New Hampshire, to help them; she was the first editorial help acquired. Her cheerful, capable personality, her songful talent, made her a great asset to the work, and she was the forerunner and doubtless the magnet of her brother Uriah, who in less than two years was added to the force.

But Saratoga Springs was only an encampment in the wilderness journey. In March, 1852, there was held at the home of Jesse Thompson a conference of workers, to consult upon the advisability of changing the place of publication and strengthening the publishing work. [4] Among them were James and Ellen White, Joseph Bates, J. N. Andrews, Hiram Edson, Frederick Wheeler, Samuel W. Rhodes, Washington Morse, W. S. Ingraham, Joseph Baker, E. A. Poole, and Lebbeus Drew, besides the host, Jesse Thompson.

We sat, ninety-four years later, in the spacious parlor of Jesse Thompson's house, the room where probably the meeting was held, and pictured in our minds the gathering there. We faced the great fireplace, now bricked up, and behind us was a deep recess where stood the grand piano. On the right a wide, square archway opened into the entry, large enough to be a sitting room; if need were, it could be used as an anteroom for the overflow.

The talk was not of retrenchment but of enlargement. Poor to the verge of indigence were the Whites: their house held borrowed furniture. Nearly every dollar they received went into the publication of the paper, which had no subscription price, but was dependent solely upon the gratuity of readers. Joseph Bates had spent his fortune; the young John Andrews had neither scrip nor purse; Samuel Rhodes, traveling far and wide, was, like Bates, dependent upon the meager support of his hearers. Three or four men among

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them might be called the small capitalists of the little band: Jesse Thompson, doubtless the most prosperous, and generous with his means; Hiram Edson, who had sold his farm and used much of the money already in the work; Wheeler and Morse and Baker possibly had farms, but were supporting their own labors.

Nevertheless, with great unanimity it was determined to establish the work upon a firmer foundation, by purchasing a press and type, and setting up their own office. It was ascertained that the outfit would cost about \$650. Subscriptions were made at the meeting, and an appeal was sent out in the last number of the Review published in Saratoga Springs, for donations from friends. In the meantime Hiram Edson advanced the necessary amount to make up the purchase price, and the outfit was obtained.

They decided to locate the press in Rochester. What determined the location is not stated; but Rochester was a thriving city on the Erie Canal, a first-day Adventist periodical was already being published there, and it looked westward, where the field had been opened by Bates and Rhodes, and gave great promise. Rochester was the sixth location of the publication, and destined not to be the last. But the editorial staff gladly followed the decision, and moved there though they had not enough money to prepay the freight. It came, however. Arrived, they sought and found a house, at 124 Hope Avenue, a house large enough to contain the family and workers, to house the press for the first year, and to furnish a meeting hall. Though the furniture was rescued from the retired list and required repairs, though the fare was meager, the cheerful company drove on with single mind toward their goal.

A young man, L. V. Masten, foreman of the shop in Saratoga Springs where they had had their printing done, went with them. He was a young man of good habits, though not at first an Adventist; his religious experience came a year later, with his healing by prayer from an attack of cholera. Stephen Belden of Rocky Hill, and Oswald Stowell of Paris, were apprentices, soon joined by J. W. Bacheller and George W. Amadon.

For three years they published and grew here, until in 1855 they were invited to Battle Creek, where the office remained for forty-eight years. That little old Washington hand press went west with them; and in my brief apprentice days in the type room I pulled many a proof sheet on the quaint little skeleton, which was the symbol of those scanty, famished, footloose days when our publishing work wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, a peripatetic press.

1. Ellen G. White, Life Sketches, p. 140.
2. Letter from E. G. White to Leonard Hastings, July 27, 1851. Record Book L p. 88, White Publications, Inc.
3. J. N. Loughborough, The Great Second Advent Movement, p. 285; Arthur L. White, Prophetic Guidance in Early Days, p. 28. As Loughborough states, the first number of Volume II bore the date of August 5, but an Extra of the Second Advent Review and Herald, the old name of the Paris publication, was first published in Saratoga Springs on July 21 of that year.
4. Review and Herald, Feb. 17, 1851, p. 96.

## 14. Grit of the Granite State

Uriah Smith

WE WERE not far into New Hampshire until we came to a spot dear to the memory of Seventh-day Adventists as the childhood home of Annie and Uriah Smith, sister and brother, the first of whom was to make an ineffaceable impression upon our cause by her brief but vital service and by her hymns. And the latter of whom was to prove for half a century one of the pillars of the church. No better examples are there of New Hampshire's granite, not only in the beautiful character that results from its polishing, but in the indomitable grit that comes from its grinding.

At West Wilton we found Mr. Archibald Smith and his gracious wife. He is a nephew of Uriah Smith, with whom he was well acquainted, living for a time in his home in Battle Creek. He accompanied us on a tour of the village, and gave us invaluable information, including the loan of a precious small volume, written in 1871 by Rebekah, his grandmother, the mother of Annie and Uriah. It contains poems by Rebekah, Annie, and Uriah, and also a sketch of Annie's life and of her last days, an account nowhere else available.

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Almost directly opposite Archibald's residence is the last home of Mrs. Rebekah Smith, where she died. On the main street is the large brick house which was the first residence of the Smiths, where the children were born. Up a side street is the home of their youth, the scene of Uriah's operation, and where the family lived when the Seventh-day Adventist faith came to them.

In this house Joseph Bates conferred with the mother, that day in 1851, when she laid the cases of her children upon his heart, and together they planned the meeting in Massachusetts where Annie received the message from Elder Bates. There is a variety of testimony as to where that meeting was held. Loughborough states that it was in Somerville, Massachusetts, at the home of Paul Folsom. [1] James White, writing in the church paper in that year, says that Folsom's home was in West Medford. [2] Mrs. Rebekah Smith says that the meeting was at "Sister Temple's, in Boston." [3] In any case, it was in the vicinity of Boston.

Mrs. Rebekah Smith and her children were believers in the doctrine of William Miller in the 1844 movement; but after the Disappointment the children's attention turned away. Their mother, however, in 1851, accepted the seventh-day Sabbath from the teaching of Joseph Bates, and "continually strove to guide her children into a deep Christian experience. [4]

It was because of her solicitation and prayers that Annie was led, in 1851, to go to Elder Bates' meeting, and there was impressed to accept the faith of her mother. Loughborough says that at that time Annie was attending "a young lady's seminary in Charlestown, Massachusetts." [5] But Mrs. Smith indicates that Annie had finished her training at "The Ladies' Female Seminary," fitting herself "for a teacher in Oil Painting and French."

In Charlestown her eyes had been injured by too close application in making a sketch of Boston and Charlestown from a hill three miles distant, so that she had almost completely lost her sight, and, bitterly disappointed, she was resting and taking treatment. To please her mother, she decided to go to hear Elder Bates. The night before, she dreamed that she was late to the meeting, that upon entering she took the only vacant seat, a chair by the door, and that she saw a tall, noble, pleasant-looking man pointing to a chart, and repeating, "Unto, two thousand and three hundred days, then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." That night Elder Bates dreamed the same thing from his point of view.

Annie started for the meeting in ample time, but missed the way, so that she was indeed late. Every point in her dream came to pass, and when Elder Bates saw her enter his dream flashed into his mind. The coincidence brought them together in reciprocal states of mind, and, says her mother, "In about three weeks" Annie "committed herself upon the Sabbath and its attendant truths."

The next week she sent to the Review and Herald her poem "Fear Not, Little Flock," which was her first to appear in that paper, in the issue of September 16. Four numbers later there was published her poem which is still popular as a hymn:

"Long upon the mountains dreary  
Have the scattered flock been torn."

James and Ellen White immediately invited her to come and connect with the paper, then being published in Saratoga Springs, New York. Annie replied that she was unable to do so, because of the condition of her eyes. "Come anyway," they answered. And she went. Upon her arrival, prayer was offered for her recovery, and immediately her eyes were healed and strengthened, so that she entered upon her duties at once as assistant to the editor.

"With strong faith and fervent zeal," writes her mother, "she entered heartily into the work. She rejoiced in the newfound truth. The whole current of her mind was changed, and nobler aspirations took possession of her heart." Annie herself wrote: "Oh, praise His name for what He has done for me! I feel a sweet foretaste of the glories of that better world-an earnest of that inheritance, and I am determined by His grace to overcome every obstacle, endure the cross, despising the shame, so that an entrance may be administered abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ." [6]

Annie lived but three years thereafter, to give service to the cause, and that in its earliest days; but her sweet, self effacing, inspiring spirit has left its mark upon our work to this day. In Rochester, where the Review and Herald moved in 1852, she contracted tuberculosis, and died at her home, under her mother's solicitous care, July 28, 1855. We sing some of her hymns, I fear, without ever visualizing the author. In that we have the obstacle of there being no known photograph or other likeness of Annie R. Smith. But she establishes contact with us through the years in such deathless hymns as "Blessed Jesus, Meek and Lowly," "I Ask Not, Lord, for Less to Bear," "How Far From Home?" and "The Blessed Hope."



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Uriah, younger than Annie by four years, in early youth showed remarkable talent in art. Archibald has a pen-and-ink bird's-eye sketch of the town of West Wilton, made by Uriah when twelve years old, which is not only topographically correct, but anatomically perfect even to the minute figures of men and the prancing horses drawing the carriages. He was skilled also in mechanical arts, as he well proved in his maturity. Among his inventions was an adjustable school desk, a great improvement upon those of the time, which had a wide sale. And there is in the Review and Herald office a prized heirloom, Editor Smith's desk, made by his own hands.

When Uriah was fourteen years old, an illness resulting in a local infection required the amputation of his left leg above the knee. [7] Losing a leg in those days was not an experience of being ministered to by white-robed surgeons and nurses, with a merciful anesthetic and competent hospital care. Dr. Amos Twitchell, a noted surgeon of near-by Keene, cut it off and bound it up in twenty minutes, while the boy's mother held his hands; and afterward she and his loving sister gave home ministry. If, in after years, Uriah Smith seemed neglectful of outdoor exercise, if he confined himself too much to the office, and in consequence was a member of that group of leaders-almost the entire corps of workers-who made a sick pilgrimage to the Dansville Sanitarium, put it down to this youthful calamity.

Nevertheless, he made a sort of blessing out of it. For, while at first he must use the clumsy artificial limb of the period, with a solid foot, it irked him so that he set to work and invented a pliable foot, for which he got a patent, and with the money he received from its sale he bought his first house in Battle Creek. He always walked with a cane, however, and in my mind's eye I see him yet, coming with a limp down Washington Street, bound for his editorial office. The Review and Herald building burned down, however, two months before his death.

Uriah's conversion followed his sister Annie's about a year later, when he attended a meeting at Washington, New Hampshire. And in March, 1853, he entered the employ (for board and lodging only) of the struggling church paper at Rochester, New York. In 1855, when the publishing business was moved to Battle Creek, Michigan, Uriah Smith was made editor, and he continued with the paper for forty-eight years, to the day of his death. Editor, preacher, author, organizer, and officer, he was one of the great fathers of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

The father of the family was Samuel Smith, a man of ability and at one time of wealth. He was a highway builder and contractor, and his mechanical genius was seen also in his sons. In his latter years he suffered financial reverses, which greatly reduced the family's resources, and was responsible for the failure of Uriah's ambition to enter Harvard. Samuel Smith died December 1, 1852, after Annie had accepted the Sabbath and just before Uriah made his momentous decision.

Their mother, Rebekah Spalding Smith, was a lady of culture and fine sensibilities, also of a lively disposition, tempered by her piety. It is related of her that in the eightieth year of her age she answered the challenge of some of her grandchildren to run and jump into a pile of autumn leaves, and Mrs. Genevieve Webber Hastings tells of the old lady's once pirouetting around their sitting room in demonstration of her agility. Only a few days before her death she walked to a neighboring town, eight miles and back. However, like Ann Hasseltine Judson, she disciplined her gait into her mission; and the breathings of her piety show not only in her influence upon her children but in her writings. Some of her poems appeared from time to time in the Review and Herald. She lived until 1875.

Up in the Wilton cemetery, on the slope of a hill looking over the rugged countryside, one stone suffices for Samuel, Rebekah, Annie, and brother John, the last six years Uriah's senior. He and Uriah died the same year, 1903, but Uriah six months before his brother. The other brother, Samuel junior, Archibald's father, is buried in a separate lot.

We trod with reverence this soil; we viewed with deep emotion these scenes, where nearly a century ago these saints of God devoted their talents and their lives to the forwarding of the gospel in these last days. And we departed with the sense of a benediction upon us from those who have laid off the armor but passed their office on to us.

1. J. N. Loughborough, *The Great Second Advent Movement*, Page 313.
2. James White in *Review and Herald*, November 25, 1851, Page 52.
3. Mrs. Rebekah Smith, *Poems; With a Sketch of the Life and Experience of Annie R. Smith*, Page 98.
4. *Dictionary of American Biography*, Volume 17, Page 350, article "Smith, Uriah."
5. *The Great Second Advent Movement*, Page 313.
6. Ellen G. White in *Review and Herald*, November 25, 1851, Page 53.
7. *Dictionary of American Biography*, Volume 17, Page 350.

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## 15. The Firsts

John Byington

IT IS but a dot on the map now, it never was much more than a long right-angling street, and its bucolic name would have shut it off from the distinction of a metropolis; but for us it has the romance of first things. There was built the first Seventh-day Adventist church; there was begun our first church school; there lived the man who became the first president of the General Conference. Buck's Bridge! north side of New York State, near the Canadian border, in the elbow of lazy Grass River.

We came to Buck's Bridge in the fading light of a spent September afternoon. It was a hard place to find on the map, or to find maps that had it-only one of three in our possession and that in the smallest type, at a little round circle like the period some querulous penmen make. We had driven up from the lower reaches of the State, across the northern corner of the beautiful Adirondacks, and caught the cast-west road at Malone. A few miles toward the sunset, and we were at West Bangor, for a short visit with Miss Emma Lawrence, daughter of a pioneer, Elder Horace W. Lawrence, a man of faith and power. He accepted the truth in March, 1852, in Bangor, which was our first church up here, and which still remains. He preached the message; he raised up churches; he healed the sick through prayer; he put his hands on the heads of boys like Charlie Lewis and Frank Wilcox, destined for great service. Regretfully we left Miss Emma and her nieces, and went on to Madrid. Three miles beyond lies Buck's Bridge.

John Byington was a Methodist minister when he accepted the Seventh-day Adventist faith in May, 1852, under the labors of George W. Holt and Hiram Edson. [1] He is reported then by Holt and, the next year, by James White, to have been living in Potsdam, [2] which is some ten miles southeast; but Amadon, in Byington's obituary, says that he accepted the faith while living in Buck's Bridge, [3] he himself writes from Buck's Bridge on January 7, 1853 [4] and White says that the town of Motley was about two miles from Byington's house, which would be true of Buck's Bridge but not of the town of Potsdam. Joseph Bates, in January, 1853, reports a meeting at Buck's Bridge, where "The conference . . . was held in the home of Brother John Byington, who but a short time since was a Wesleyan Methodist preacher. After an examination of the third angel's message, himself and all his family have volunteered to stand for the long neglected and trodden-down Sabbath of the Lord our God." [5]

It would appear, then, that all reference to his residence in Potsdam means the community of Buck's Bridge in the township of Potsdam, and that he lived all the time at the little town. His home at Buck's Bridge was just around the corner from the Methodist church, where the road turns sharply to go to Motley; but his house is there no more-there is only a field. There are, in fact, but a dozen houses in the village, and they are nearly all farm houses. But a hundred years ago it was more populous; and while we must not suppose that all the Seventh-day Adventist church members of that time lived in the village, there were half a hundred or more of them. Emma Lawrence told us her father brought forty into the Buck's Bridge church at one time. But the first company evidently grew up around John Byington.

The families whom we first contacted at Buck's Bridge could tell us little of the long-forgotten Adventist era, but they referred us to the oldest inhabitant, back up the road, Mr. Clayton Haley. He was only five years older than I, but he had lived there since childhood. So I went up to see him. I found him at the barn, as it was milking rime, but two or three young men were doing the milking, and he had leisure and showed courteous patience with me. He was nature's gentleman, one of the old school.

We sat down in the barn door, after I had told him my name and what I was after, and he discoursed of the early times. Did he remember the Seventh-day Adventist church? Yes, indeed he did. He and all the neighbors used to go there when the Adventists held big meetings; he heard the best sermon there he ever heard in his life. And they would go to the baptizing, too; the baptizing place is just across the bridge, on the other side of the river.

"I can tell you pretty near when that church was closed," he said. "It was when I was thirty-five years old, forty years ago. They had pretty nigh all moved away; Dar Hall was the last, I guess. And Maurice Spears bought the church, tore it down, and built some hog pens with the lumber."

Incidentally, I should say that another and more honorable fate overtook that lumber, according to the account given me by Mrs. C. C. (Myrta Kellogg) Lewis. She said that when she and Professor Lewis were up there in 1917, they met some man in Madrid who said he had that lumber all stored away in the

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loft of his barn, and he was keeping it with the hope that it might yet go into another Seventh-day Adventist church. But unfortunately she could not remember his name, nor otherwise identify him.

Did Mr. Haley remember the names of any of the old members of the Seventh-day Adventist church? Yes, he did. "There was Brainerd Hall, and Dar Hall, Sam Crosby and wife, Donald Crosby, Christopher Bradley (he had a lot of children), Darwin Town (lived in yonder house), George Buck, Charlie Lewis.

"Charlie Lewis and me used to have great times together when we was young fellers. Fished and hunted all up and down Grass River and Lyman Crick. Speared the biggest fish in the crick once, me holding the lantern and Charlie spearing. Big fight that fish put up; like to knocked the boat over. Charlie wasn't an Adventist then-his ma was, but his pa wasn't. She was a good woman; his pa was a good man, too. But Charlie was sort o' peaked in them days, and they let him stay out in the open air 'stid o' goin' to school. He caught up with school in a year or two, though; and when he was seventeen or thereabouts, he taught that hundred-scholar school of his-licked it down to the bootstraps, too; and I guess that's what started him teaching school, which he did all his life, I guess.

"Charlie Lewis come to see me once, 'bout twenty-five year ago, him and his daughter [Agnes Lewis Caviness]. Just such a day as this, spitting rain. Come up to the door, he did, and sweeps off his hat with that grand air of his, and he says, 'Do you perhaps know me, Mr. Clayton Haley?' he says. I took one look, and I says, 'Well, if it ain't old Charlie Lewis! Come in here what can I get you!' He like to never got away. Charlie Lewis was a great man."

"There was another man," went on Mr. Haley. "Can't remember his name. Had a big family; but he wouldn't feed them children of his no more than two meals a day; and they all got pot-gutted. [A finical gentleman of the new school would say obese.] Can't think of his name."

"He probably didn't feed them any meat, either," I ventured. "I guess that's right," said Brother Haley.

"Now, look at me," I said, exhaling, and drawing up my diaphragm. "I'm not so very pot-gutted, am I? And I haven't eaten any meat for fifty years."

"You haven't!" exclaimed Mr. Haley. "You eat lots o' fish, and chicken, and eggs, don't you?"

"No chicken, no fish, and not so many eggs," I answered.

"Hoo!" said Mr. Haley. "What you do it fur?"

"Health," I said, "and to save the chickens. Besides, it's cheaper. All you get out of a chicken, or a steer, or a hog is what you put into him, and not all of that. And I like it better."

"Whoo!" said Mr. Haley.

"Did you ever hear of one of those Adventists named Byington, John Byington?" I asked, with a last faint hope of getting a line on my main trace.

The old man turned a startled face toward me. He slapped his leg. "That's the man," he said. "That the very old man!"

"Well, I knew the grandchildren of John Byington," I said, and they were as slender as you are, more slender than I am. I guess they came out all right."

"Expect so," said Brother Haley. "Tell you something funny. Few years ago there come a passel of men through here, looking for the old things, same as you. And I told 'em about this old man that had the pot-gutted children. And one of 'em spoke up and says, 'I was one of them!'" And the old man laughed heartily at the joke on himself. (It adds nothing to the tale to say that John Byington moved away thirteen years before Mr. Haley was born. But doubtless there was a tradition.)

Almost directly across from the neat white Methodist church is the site of the old Adventist church. There is no monument. We found it across a sagging barbed-wire fence, behind a telephone pole and a pile of road gravel. Nothing is left there now but a few foundation stones, disjointed and with gaps. I wonder that so much remains. This was one of the first, if not the first Seventh day Adventist church ever built: 1855. The church at Washington, New Hampshire, is indeed older, but it was built by the Christian congregation, who afterward became (first day) Adventists. After the Disappointment the majority of this church (all but the handful of Sabbath keepers) reverted to the Christian denomination, and kept the church, which in the early reports of our workers is always called the Christian church. About 1863, their church dissolving, they turned the building over to the Seventh-day Adventists.

The first church in Battle Creek, Michigan, was, like the Buck's Bridge church, built in 1855, but probably Buck's Bridge was the earlier. [6] It was not a large church, about the size of that Cass Street church in Battle Creek, I should judge. If the rather scattered foundation stones tell a true tale, it was 20 by 30 feet, with a 15-foot extension in the rear.

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So many old landmarks have melancholy associations of thought; but this we could make no wailing wall. Perhaps it was the cheerful aura of Mr. Clayton Haley, and also the very friendly attitude of the nearer neighbors; anyway, despite the rain and the meager photographic results, we felt a glow of good cheer as we contemplated the spot where the first General Conference president built the first Seventh-day Adventist church. Of course he did not become president for a dozen years after that. There was no General Conference and no general church organization in the 50's.

Another first was the first church school, apparently started in the year 1854. This was prior to the great general church school movement by forty-three years; it was two years before the first elementary church school in Battle Creek. This Buck's Bridge school was taught by Martha Byington, John's daughter, who afterward married George Amadon. He, as a boy, left the towpath of the Erie Canal, to enter on apprenticeship in the little Review and Herald office at Rochester, New York, and he went on with it to Battle Creek, where he became a foreman, a deacon, a key worker in Sabbath school and church, a man of deep piety and happy memories. Mrs. Martha Amadon also furnishes us reminiscences of Sister White and other early workers.

Whether the school was held in the church, or elsewhere, no one tells us. The tiny church might contain the congregation, well packed in, but it would hardly seem adequate for a school full of children. And remember, those Buck's Bridge people "had a lot of children." We do not know how many pupils Miss Martha had, nor how long the school continued, but it was the first. John Byington, with his family, removed to Michigan in 1858. Buck's Bridge church continued for many years, but evidently, according to the testimony of Mr. Haley, it had ceased to exist in the early 1900's.

We crossed the bridge, too, to look at the "baptizing place." Across a rail fence, the meadow slopes gradually down to the still waters; and through the misty rain we beheld as it were a great company assembled, standing on the gentle slope, the townspeople mingled with the church members, to watch the candidates-children, youth, and new converts-going down into the water to be buried with their Lord in baptism, while the congregation sang:

"I will follow Thee, my Savior," and  
"Just as I am without one plea," and

"Shall we gather at the river?"  
Where bright angel feet have trod, With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God?

"Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river; Gather with the saints at the river  
That flows by the throne of God."

1. A. S. Robinson, Review and Herald, July 8, 1852, p. 39; G. W. Holt, Review and Herald, July 22, 1852, p. 48. Holt, Edson, and Rhodes were, next to Bates and White, the most active Sabbath-and-sanctuary preachers in the early days, though now so much forgotten and neglected.

2. James White, Review and Herald, September 20, 1853, Page 84.

3. G. W. Amadon, Review and Herald, January 25, 1887, Pages 57, 58.

4. J. Byington, Review and Herald, January 20, 1853, Page 143.

5. Joseph Bates, Review and Herald, January 6, 1853, Page 135; January 20, 1853, Page 151.

6. In the Review and Herald of March 20, 1855, J. B. Frisbie, writing from Battle Creek, says "The brethren have thought best, inasmuch as the cause is now prospering here and all around us, to build a cheap but convenient meeting house for Sabbath worship and conferences; also that we may have a place for preaching. We have the timbers here, and part of the lumber, and will put it up as soon as it shall be warm enough. We have been troubled for a house to hold a congregation."

Writing in the Review and Herald of November 26, 1901, page 765, G. W. Amadon, giving "A Sketch of the Battle Creek Sabbath School from Its Commencement," says: "The Sabbath school work dates from the autumn of 1855 when in October the Review and Herald was moved here. . . . A small chapel was immediately erected, about a dozen feet south of the flat now in process of erection on the west side of Cass Street, near Champion Street, 18 x 24, put up in the fall and winter of 1855-1856, without doubt the first meeting-house erected by Seventh-day Adventists."

In the Review and Herald of November 27, 1856, page. 32, James White writes: "Sabbath, June

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20, we met with the brethren of northern New York in the house of prayer at Buck's Bridge. The comfortable place of worship seemed inviting. It is an easy place to speak. It is a very plain but comfortable place of worship. The house was nearly filled with Sabbath-keepers."

And in the Review and Herald of January 22, 1884, page 60, J. N. Loughborough and M. H. Brown, writing from Buck's Bridge, say: "The meeting-house owned and occupied by this church is one of the first ever built by Seventh-day Adventists. It has recently been repaired and painted, and although small and unpretentious, is very neat and pretty in appearance. This church has never been torn and distracted by trials among its members. Its history has been marked by the prevalence of peace and harmony."

A footnote by the editor, Uriah Smith, says: "A meeting-house was erected in Battle Creek, Michigan, the same autumn of 1855; but which was first ready for occupancy we are not informed."

Thus we see that Elder Frisbie, writing in anticipation in March, 1855, expected the Battle Creek house to be erected soon; but George Amadon, who went there with the Review and Herald in 1855, says it was really erected in the winter of 1855-6. Buck's Bridge, according to Loughborough and Smith, was built in the autumn of 1855. Perhaps Battle Creek (its Indian name was Waupekisco) was the first; but the evidence slightly inclines to Buck's Bridge, which also seems to have had the blessed angels dwelling with it. To parody Dryden:

"Let Waupekisco yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown:  
He raised a chapel toward the skies;  
She drew the angels down."

## 16. The Apostle and the Blacksmith

Dan Palmer

THE beginnings of the Seventh-day Adventist people were in New England and New York. Joseph Bates, James White, Ellen Harmon-White, George W. Holt, John N. Andrews, Uriah Smith, were all of New England, and with the exception of the last began their work there. Hiram, Edson, Samuel Rhodes, John N. Loughborough, Roswell F. Cottrell, John Byington, C. W. Sperry, C. O. Taylor, were New Yorkers, and their service started in that State. Besides these more prominent leaders, there were a host of less noted but no less devoted couriers of the faith who set their torches ablaze in the East.

But only half a decade had passed after the day of glory which unhappily is called among us the Day of Disappointment, when another field was opened, a field which was to prove the most fertile ground for the threefold message of the everlasting gospel, which was to become the headquarters of our work for half a century, and which today presents to us historical monuments of the early times no less alluring than those of the first scenes.

In the year 1849 that prime apostle of the Second Advent and the Sabbath, Joseph Bates, came to Michigan. In his middle fifties, and therefore double the age of his co-workers, James and Ellen White, Joseph Bates was yet strong, enduring, enterprising, beyond all his associates. He retained all the spirit of ardor and venture which in his youth and young manhood had thrust him over the seas on voyages to Europe and South America. Now a lands man and a preacher, he could not be content to settle down in a pastorate, but with all the zeal of a Paul he ranged the land, from Massachusetts to Maine, from Canada to Maryland, and at last into the West.

It was the year of the Forty-niners, when the newly discovered California gold fields were calling thousands upon thousands across the plains and around the Horn, to make, if possible, their fortunes. Joseph Bates had the gold fever too; but the gold he sought was the souls of men, and for this gold he thrust westward first of our pioneers. He had heard there was a company of Adventists, remnant of the 1844 believers, in Jackson, Michigan, and so to Jackson he went to find them. There was no Seventh-day Adventist denomination in those days, there was no organization, no directing head. Every man was pioneer, self-directing, self-supporting. If he had a message, he selected his own field, entered homes, hung up his charts, taught "the truth." The world was wide, and opportunity everywhere.

Michigan was a frontier then, and physically a formidable frontier. The westward migration, through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and across the River, which in sixty years had put four million souls into the Northwest, had left the mitten-shaped territory between the Great Lakes for tardy settlement. Michigan

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State in 1849 was but twelve years old. Its settlers had battled with forests, swamps, snows, mosquitoes, fevers, yet had found a reward in fertile soils and lakeside homes. The southern part of the State was not so densely wooded as farther north: it was dotted with small prairies and "oak openings," as the settlers called the park like areas characterized by the growth of scattered post oaks. The extensive swamps, indeed, were difficult impediments; for roads could not skirt all of them but must go through, and the corduroys or "crossways" (log roads surfaced with brush and muck) that ventured their passage, rotting out or tipping, left many a mire that engulfed teams and wagons. The ox team was the standby, and sometimes it took six or eight yoke to extricate the swamped outfit. But even within these few years Michigan had advanced to a population of four hundred thousand, fruitful farms were emerging, orchards were bearing, mills were running at many a waterpower site and future manufacturing center. Merchants were thriving and mechanics were busy. Jackson had become a town of some three thousand.

Joseph Bates came to Jackson that year of 1849, and sought out the leader of the little company of Adventists, Dan R. Palmer, at his blacksmith shop on the north side of East Main Street, near Van Dorn. He found him at his forge, introduced himself, and immediately began his exposition to the accompaniment of an anvil chorus, for Dan Palmer was not much minded to listen. But very soon the message was beating in upon him with every hammer stroke. More and more frequent were his pauses while he considered this point and that; and at last, laying down his hammer, and stretching out his grimy hand, he said, "Brother-what did you say your name was? Bates, you have the truth. [1]"

He invited Elder Bates to address the company of some twenty Adventists the next Sunday, and in the meantime directed him to the homes of most of them, whom Bates visited with much the same results as with Palmer. The next Sunday all who were present at the meeting accepted the message, and formed the first church of Sabbath keeping Adventists in the West. Church, I say, but they would not call it a church in those anti organization days; it was a "band" or a little flock," with a "leader" or "shepherd." It was twelve years later before church and conference organization, after a battle, was adopted by this people, and the denominational name determined as Seventh day Adventist.

However, there was one important member of the band who did not meet with them that Sunday. This was Cyrenius Smith, a farmer. So Sunday afternoon Dan Palmer hitched his horse to his buggy, and took Joseph Bates for a ride out to Smith's farm. The result was another acquisition to the little company of Sabbath keepers. Cyrenius Smith became one of the pillars of the infant church in Michigan, and the first deacon, which in that beginning meant the sole church officer. Soon he sold his farm, to have money to put into the cause, and moved to Battle Creek, renting a farm to till. [2] With Dan Palmer, John P. Kellogg, and Henry Lyon, he was one of the four who furnished the first \$1,200 which bought the lot and built the first little wooden building for the Review and Herald in Battle Creek, by this act inducing James White to move the insecure headquarters from Rochester, New York, to Michigan.

Dan Palmer, alone of the four, stayed where he was found. He continued his blacksmithing yet for twenty-eight years, until 1877. His home was several blocks east of his shop, on East Main, now East Michigan Avenue. It still stands, and is numbered 1705. This was his residence in the early days; he later built and lived in a house next door west of the first. Either then or later he owned considerable real estate and rental property in that section.

On a recent visit to Jackson I was conducted on a trip to points of interest by Brother William Schamehorn and wife; the latter as a girl lived for a time in the Palmer household. They took me to the Palmer house, but strangers live there now, and we did not enter. However, I could remember the entry way which I passed as a four-year-old visitor. And I remembered from our denominational annals various important conferences held there: the early meeting in 1853, when Case and Russell were rebuked for their spirit of harshness, and they started the Messenger party; the council of the brethren in 1854, when it was decided to buy a tent for evangelistic meetings, and Cornell dashed from the house to catch the train for New York to purchase it. The solemn prayer meeting as Brother and Sister White were about to take the train for Wisconsin, the railway accident and their miraculous deliverance. The visit in 1858, just after the decision to begin writing The Great Controversy, and Sister White's prostration there by her third stroke of paralysis, and her recovery through prayer. This house, this house!

The graves of Brother and Sister Palmer will be a Mecca to Adventist pilgrims. They lie together in Woodlawn Cemetery. Turn north on Francis Street from Michigan Avenue; the cemetery lies several blocks out on this street. The Palmer monument is a short distance inside the gates, in the second block, on the left, a red granite stone, with an open Bible carved on top, bearing the text references: "Genesis 2:2-3; Exodus 20:8, 9, 10." Side by side on the face of the stone are carved the records:

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D. R. Palmer	Abigall, his wife,
August 25, 1817	March 21, 1823
January 18, 1897	November 27, 1902

I trod as on sacred ground, in my itinerary in Michigan, when at Jackson I viewed these graves and at Battle Creek the resting places of Cyrenius Smith, John P. Kellogg, and the Cornells, daughters and sons-in-law of Henry Lyon-his grave is not marked. Dan Palmer it was who brought my father and mother into the Adventist faith, in the year that I was born in Jackson; and I remember at least one occasion of our visiting his home after we moved away. Dan Palmer was always forward to help with his means as well as with his message. He was a lay evangelist, as were his three friends, never ordained to preach the Word, yet always preaching it by voice and life.

Elder W. E. Videto and wife, veteran workers, whom I visited near Jackson, had many a tale to tell of him and of other familiar figures of those early times: Brother Hatt, Brother Bristol, Elder Fargo, Mary Lewis, Elder Frisbee, and so on. Brother Videto said that Dan Palmer never spoke of giving: to him all his benefactions were investments. Whenever he heard of a need or a call of the cause, he would say eagerly, "I must have an investment in that," and forthright gave.

How those early pioneers found so much money to give (not more than many a gift today, it is true, nor so much, yet far more proportionately to their incomes) is explained by two facts: they were handy and thrifty, and they were intensely devoted. They carved out their farms, they built their homes, they developed their businesses with their own hands, and often traded labor when help was necessary, rather than pay out cash. They saved their cash, and their living came mostly out of their tilling rather than their tills. Then, when they accepted the third angel's message, they did it with whole souls, and they made it their one interest. I am speaking of such men as Dan Palmer, Cyrenius Smith, J. P. Kellogg, and Henry Lyon.

There were others, it is true, who were halfhearted, more self-indulgent (measured by the standards of that day), less ardent and devoted, as there are today; but these men who built the work of God never used their money for nonessentials or self-indulgence. Their recreations and pleasures were simple and more fully connected with their work and religion than with an expensive world.

And their children helped. Instead of being financial burdens, they were assets almost from the cradle, especially on the farm-and most Michigan people then had farms. John Preston Kellogg had sixteen children, five of his first wife and eleven of his second wife, Ann, the mother of Dr. J. H. Kellogg and W. K. Kellogg and of vigorous brothers and sisters, Yet J. P. Kellogg had \$500 to put down first on the subscription list of the proposed Health Institute-the Battle Creek Sanitarium; and though he did not fling his money around, there was many and many a gift, listed and unlisted, besides the enterprises of the publishing house and the sanitarium.

Cyrenius Smith had a family mostly of girls-two sons, one of whom died in early manhood. I had a very pleasant and fruitful visit with the widow of the surviving son, Asahel, in Battle Creek. Mrs. Mary Smith is one hundred years old this July month, but I am sure more bright and chipper than I, who trail thirty years behind her. She had many a memory and story of the early days for me. As Cyrenius Smith was my father's uncle, and one of his daughters, Asenath, became the wife of Elder R. M. Kilgore, who befriended me as a boy and gave me my start in the sacred work, Mrs. Mary Smith seems a sort of godmother to me. Well, Cyrenius Smith, like many another pioneer, had girl help on his farm; his five or six "hands" were his children. Beautiful voices they had, too, and I fancy the home and the barn, and the field and the woods echoed to many a tuneful hymn.

The church building in Jackson is on the land which Dan Palmer gave. One early day, when the growing number of the church company crowded his house on Sabbath, he remarked to Brother Butcher, the father of Sister Videto: "I have a lot over there on Summit Street. I might as well invest it in the cause. Let's build a meeting house on it." And the meeting house was forthwith built. It is not the present church, of course, but it was on the same spot.

They sleep, these pioneers. They closed their eyes in perfect confidence that Jesus was soon coming, and that they would rise in the resurrection of the just. They sleep, but while they waked they labored not in vain. The seed they dropped has come to great fruition. Far beyond their ardent hopes and expectations, it has engirdled the earth, and tongues unknown by name to them shout today the praises of our coming Lord. They sleep, but they shall awake; and as they chanted in the old Advent hymn:

"We shall rise, hallelujah! We shall rise, hallelujah!"

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In the resurrection morning we shall rise!"

1. Related to me by my mother.
2. J. N. Loughborough in review and Herald, July 26, 1923.

## 17. Samuel Zelotes

John N. Loughborough

AMONG the apostles whom the Lord Jesus chose was one named Simon Zelotes. We know little of him; aside from scanty and unreliable tradition we have nothing but the fact of his appointment and whatever significance may be attached to his name. That he was called Zelotes probably signifies that before his selection by Christ he belonged to the Zealots, a Jewish political party fiercely resentful of Roman sovereignty and given to rash sedition. It was this faction which, through its influence even beyond its membership, finally brought down destruction upon Jerusalem and the Jews, fanatically resisting to the last. Simon himself doubtless was naturally of this disposition; and whatever the ameliorating effect upon him of Jesus' life and teaching, his obscurity may be in part due to his nature, which hindered his work and left him in the shadows. Yet Simon Zelotes won through; for he is numbered with the Twelve, who shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. (Matthew 19:28.) And there is about zeal a magnetism which calls forth our admiration.

Similarly, in the Second Advent cause there was one of its early apostles whose zeal and energy were coupled to a spirit of rashness and severity which turned his early promise into obscurity and leaves him almost unknown among our pioneers. Yet he was one who in the beginning bore great responsibilities, who carried the Advent and Sabbath message into the frontiers of America, whom Joseph Bates and James and Ellen White loved, and who, dashing against the ranks of the enemy, cried exultantly to James White: "Be of good cheer, my dear tried brother, and in Jesus' name turn the battle to the gate. I mean to go to heaven with you! I love you more and more!" [1] His name was Samuel W. Rhodes.

I have traced with avidity his story through the files of the Review and Herald in the early years, compelled to admiration by his dash and verve, and not less by his humble confessions, most searching and heartfelt of all that have been written. He must have been a man to love, a man sometimes to fear, a man at last pitifully broken and fading into silence. Like his Connecticut conferee, George W. Holt, who at first manfully swung the sword of God as in the beginning he swung the scythe with James White in the hayfield, and shared with the "Mighties" the brunt of the battle, it was hard for him to accept testimonies of reproof. Yet both of these men did so, and stayed with the message until death, thus passing their tests, and marking them off from the Iscariots who fell out of the ranks.

We first hear of Samuel Rhodes in the autumn of 1849. He had been a young preacher of the Second Advent in the following of William Miller; and, like Bates, he had spent his means in his own labors and for others in the message. His home was in Oswego, New York, and his preaching was in that State. When the Disappointment came in 1844, he was utterly confounded and discouraged. For a time he endured the obloquy of his position and the taunts of enemies, but it was too much for his mercurial spirit; and suddenly crying, "Good-by, proud world! I'm leaving you!" he mounted his pony, plunged into the forests of the upper Black River, in the foothills of the Adirondacks, and buried himself from the sight of men. He lived there by hunting and fishing and the tilling of small patches of ground, like the Indians. For three years he continued this hermit life, his chafed spirit soothed by the wilderness environment, yet ever more settled in the conviction that he was rejected of God and despised of men.

But Hiram Edson, the man to whom God revealed the truth of the sanctuary on the morning after the Disappointment, was a friend of Rhodes, and he could not be content to leave him thus in despair. Twice in those three years he went into the wilderness to find his brother; and when he found him, he did all he could to persuade him that God was still his Savior, and that he should come back to his brethren. But Rhodes would not.

In the autumn of 1849 James and Ellen White came into New York State, and settled for a time in Oswego, publishing there six numbers of Present Truth. In November a meeting was appointed at Centerport, about twenty miles south of Oswego, for the believers in all that western country. The Whites, with Edson and others, led the meeting.



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Mrs. White did not sympathize with Hiram. Edson's purpose to seek out Samuel Rhodes again. She thought, from reports, that Rhodes was not worthy of so much solicitude. But in a vision at this meeting she was shown that the Lord was seeking him, that the brethren should go to find him and persuade him to come back.

So, with this encouragement, Edson and another brother, Richard Ralph of Connecticut, started out for the wilderness. They went seventy miles to Boonville, a village on the edge of the wilderness, from which they followed an Indian trail to Black River, and were about to plunge farther into the forest on their quest, when lo, on the other side they saw Samuel Rhodes at work in a field. Near by was his hut and a pasture for his pony.

The dark-bright romance of this episode lured us to this town of Boonville. No memorial of Daniel Boone, it was founded as a trading post in 1796 by Gerrit Boon, an agent for a land company, and something of its frontier air still inheres in it. It lies in the narrow valley of Black River. Behind it toward Oswego lies, even today, an extent of wooded and watered hill country which may be called wilderness, through which doubtless Samuel Rhodes journeyed. And before it, beyond the river, rise the Adirondacks.

We followed the 'Indian trail,' which is now a third-class road, strait, winding, and descending, to the river two miles away. Here is a narrow bridge across the tumbling, boulder strewn stream; and just above the bridge a stretch of smooth water lies, which may well have been the ford a hundred years ago. On the other side is a modest cottage, which we imagined might have been the site of Rhodes' hut, and we stood in what we supposed was the field where the two brethren found him.

Crossing the river, Edson and Ralph greeted Rhodes, a man none too welcoming. They gave him their message, but he was dubious. At last he consented to go with them the next day, after he should have attended to some business. What that business could be, out there in the wilderness, is not apparent; it seems rather an excuse for delay.

When, the next day, he joined them, he was still more doubtful; and, suddenly turning, he ran away from them. They followed, and found him on his face at the edge of the woods, crying, "Lord, why do my brethren seek me out? Why do they love me so? Does Thou love me? Can I yet be accepted of Thee?" They assured him of their love and of the love of God; and at last he cast in his lot with them and accompanied them to Volney, where David Arnold lived. On Sabbath they gathered in a meeting at Oswego, and Samuel Rhodes sat and drank in the truths of the third angel's message. Shortly, Hiram. Edson reported that Brother Rhodes was growing in grace and power every day, and was out preaching the message. No period of waiting and thinking and pondering for Samuel Zelotes; his race was on, and he read as he ran. [2]

The next few years saw Rhodes in vigorous action. He preached and he exhorted, and he won many converts. The fire of opponents became concentrated upon him. James White wrote of him: "No man has more freely given all for a treasure in heaven than Brother Rhodes. His commendable zeal in the cause, and success in convincing people of the truth, has caused our enemies to wickedly reproach him. [3]

He accompanied James and Ellen White into New England, and there in Vermont occurred the episode related in Mrs. White's Life Sketches, in which two fanatics, mesmerists and false teachers, traveling with two women dressed in white linen to represent the righteousness of the saints, tried to control a meeting of the believers. "As our meeting progressed, these fanatics sought to rise and speak, but they could not find opportunity. It was made plain to them that their presence was not wanted, but they chose to remain. Then Brother Samuel Rhodes seized the back of the chair in which one of the women was sitting, and drew her out of the room and across the porch onto the lawn. Returning to the meeting-room, he drew out the other woman in the same manner. The two men left the meeting-room." [4] That was Samuel Rhodes, a Phineas in action.

When James White, in Paris, Maine, in the autumn of 1850, decided to change Present Truth into Second Advent Review and Sabbath Herald, Samuel Rhodes, with Joseph Bates, John N. Andrews, and White, formed the publishing committee. But Rhodes was restless and eager, with all the ardor of Bates and not so much of his balance. The paper, too, was peripatetic, moving from place to place, the next year in Saratoga Springs, New York, and the following year in Rochester. Rhodes disappears from the publishing committee, but his reports from the field are frequent, glowing, and inspiring.

Indeed, during the year 1850 he had struck into the West, the next after Bates in Michigan, and before him in the country farther west. Probably Bates on his return through New York after his visit to Jackson, saw Rhodes and fired the tinder of his soul by his account of that western outpost; for within a few months we find Rhodes at Jackson, where, like Apollos after Paul, he watered the seed that Bates had planted. Accompanied then by J. C. Bowles, a local man, he sallied into Indiana; and Bowles there turning

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back, Rhodes went alone into Illinois and Wisconsin, the first of our men to pioneer in this new territory.

Returning through Michigan, he brought into the faith H. S. Case, who was for some time thereafter an earnest preacher, before he departed on his Messenger way; and Rhodes baptized also three sons of Silas Guilford, [5] brother-in-law of William Miller, who by his invitation had launched that herald of the Advent upon his course in 1831. The oldest of Silas' sons was Irving, the boy who took the message to William Miller on that August morning twenty years before; next to the youngest was Hiram, then a seven-year-old, and who as an old man, in 1907, gave me the true story of Irving's ride and of Uncle William Miller's response. [6]

Samuel Rhodes in this period was a blazing star, eager, impetuous, warmhearted, loyal. And he was fiery. His enemies threw accusations against him of every sort, from lying to "spiritual wifery." Defending him, James White invited the brethren where he had labored to write their testimony. Ezra P. Butler of Vermont, the father of that George I. Butler who afterward became president of the General Conference, and whom Sister White described as "a man of stern integrity, wrote conscientiously, "We have often heard of his being harsh, severe, and uncharitable, and sometimes abusive to his opponents; but must confess that the charge filed against Brother Rhodes by Elder Himes is unlike what we have taken to be his character." [7]

Rhodes humbly confessed his faults in letters to the Review and Herald, letters which for self-condemnation equal the 51st Psalm, though not for David's sin but for a cutting judgment and a sharp tongue. He was to repeat his confessions in following years, ever with self-accusation and humility; and at last, in 1860, he wrote that he "would this day resign this holy office, and retire from my public labors to a more humble relation to the church. [8] Ill health was largely the cause of his fault and of his retirement. Even in 1852 he was sorely smitten with malaria and bronchial trouble, and to these were later added catarrh and digestive disorders. Most of these diseases made also the record of his companions in the work, except Joseph Bates, who, abstemious health reformer that he was, rode triumphantly free from the dietetic sins and penalties of his fellows. Rhodes declared himself to be one who "still loves devotedly" the cause he had served.

Little more is heard from him. In 1867 he sends the obituary of his wife, who died in Oswego, New York; and in the last of that same year he writes with humble grace from Battle Creek, to which city he had just removed. After that, silence.

I had thought for a time that Samuel Rhodes might have been the father of Clinton D. Rhodes, who in the last decade of Battle Creek headquarters was first cashier, then treasurer of the Review and Herald. But this idea was dispelled by a visit to the widow of Clinton Rhodes, now eighty-five years old, who greeted me cordially; and while she could not remember the name of her husband's father, she was sure it was not Samuel, and gave me data which made me sure also.

Acting upon a hope, I applied to the record office in Oak Hill Cemetery to know if his burial there was indicated. It was. He died in Marshall, Michigan, of paralysis, in April, 1883, age seventy years, but was returned to Battle Creek for interment in a lone and unmarked grave. But by the plat I found it, directly in front of the chapel, on Oak Avenue, in a lot no grave in which is marked. If any desire to know the spot, it is Lot 1010, Burial Right 7, and the sexton will show it to you.

His wife had died long before, and he was left alone. How long his malady chained him, who cared for him in those last years of distress, who smoothed his pillow in the final hours, I do not know. I know that a gallant and withal loyal soul lived in Samuel Rhodes, whose zeal occasionally outran his judgment and whose tongue was sometimes a fire, but who humbled his heart under rebuke, and died at last, perhaps unnoticed, in a field where he had pioneered. He should not lie in an unmarked grave, though doubtless the Lord will find him when He comes.

"They went forth to battle, but they always fell,  
Their might was not the might of lifted spears. Over the battle-clamor came a spell  
Of troubling music, and they fought not well. Their wreaths are willows and their tribute, tears.

Their names are old sad stories in men's ears. Yet they will scatter the red hordes of Hell,  
Who went to battle forth and always fell."

1. Review and Herald, December 23, 1851.

2. Hiram Edson in Present Truth, December, 1849, No. 5, Pages 34-36; J. N. Loughborough, Review and Herald, June 14, 1923. The two accounts do not wholly agree. I have followed Edson's narrative, but supplemented it somewhat by Loughborough's.

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3. James White in Review and Herald, May 26, 1853.
4. Ellen G. White, Life Sketches (ed. 1915), Pages 133-135.
5. S. W. Rhodes in Review and Herald, December 23, 1851.
6. A. W. Spalding, Pioneer Stories of the Second Advent Message (ed. 1942), pp. 40-49.
7. E. P. Butler in Review and Herald, December 13, 1853.
8. S. W. Rhodes in Review and Herald, December 13, 1860.

### 18. The Most Honest Man in Town

Merritt E. Cornell

ON JOSEPH BATES' third visit to Jackson, Michigan, in 1852, he had a dream that he was on a ship going west, and it was said to him that he should get off at a place called Battle Creek. The ship, of course, was an adumbration of his sailing days, but the port was not on the seacoast. He inquired of Dan Palmer in Jackson whether there was a place called Battle Creek.

“Yes,” he said; “it is about forty miles down the railroad.”

“Are there any Adventists there?”

“Not that I know of.”

“Well,” said Elder Bates, “I must go there; for in my dream I was told there was work there for me to do.” [1]

He had inquired whether there were any Adventists there, because so far he had gone only to what he called “the lost sheep of the house of Israel”; that is, first-day Adventists. As the apostles of Christ in the beginning of their ministry held to the belief that the gospel was to go only to the Jews, until Peter was given his dream at Joppa, so Bates and his fellow workers believed that the third angel's message was to go only to those who had accepted the first and the second angels' messages in 1844. He was not looking for any Methodists or Baptists or Presbyterians. But he was now come to his Joppa experience.

As he boarded the train and rode those forty miles on the Michigan Central, he turned over in his mind all the while what this mission might mean. Battle Creek in 1852 was a village of some two thousand inhabitants, and Bates had no acquaintance there, nor any reference. So he prayed the Lord to give him light. Then it was impressed upon his mind, as distinctly as though spoken with an audible voice: “Go at once and inquire of the postmaster for the most honest man in town. He will give you the name and address of the man with whom you are to work.” This he did, obeying the Voice.

Now, it happened that there was in that village an itinerant merchant, a peddler of small articles like pins and needles, a sort of premature ten-cent-store on wheels-or maybe feet. Presumably the postmaster had recently had some dealings with this peddler which impressed him with his Lincolnesque qualities. So he did not name the president of the village council, nor the leading clergyman, nor the banker, nor even the postmaster; but he said, with no hesitation, “The most honest man in town is David Hewitt. Church? He's a Presbyterian.”

“Where does he live?”

“Go up Main Street, cross the bridge over the Battle Creek to Van Buren Street, and go west just short of Cass Street. David Hewitt's is the only house on the right side. There is a little log cabin on the opposite side.” [2]

So, if you are familiar with Battle Creek, you see Joseph Bates trudging up West Main (now Michigan Avenue), crossing the timbered bridge over the Battle Creek just above its junction with the Kalamazoo, and up a block on Tompkins Street to Van, Buren, where he turned west.

Here I correct two common misapprehensions. With others, I have always thought that David Hewitt lived on that corner of Van Buren and Tompkins; and I have been assured again and again that the first tent meeting, held by J. N. Loughborough and M. E. Cornell in 1854, was on the northeast corner, where a flower shop is now located. But in the Public Library in Battle Creek I found a sketch of David Hewitt, [3] which states that his residence was on Van Buren at the place now numbered 338, and this is but four doors east of Cass Street. Loughborough's late narrative also indicates this. And he states that the tent meeting was held on the southeast corner of Van Buren and Tompkins, which is across the street from the flower shop. [4]

It was early in the morning, and as Bates knocked at Hewitt's door, he found him just ready for

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breakfast.

“I have been directed to you,” said he, “as the most honest man in town. If this is so, I have some important truth to present to you.”

“Be not forgetful to entertain strangers,” quoted Hewitt to himself, “for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.” To Bates he said, “Come in. We are just sitting down to breakfast. Eat with us, and we will then listen to you.” During breakfast the most honest man was sizing up the most direct man, and his measurement was favorable. After breakfast he invited Elder Bates to conduct family worship; and when prayers were concluded, he said, “Now let us hear what you have to tell us.”

Joseph Bates hung up his chart, which he carried as faithfully as the London statesman carries his umbrella, and “beginning at Moses and all the prophets,” he discoursed to them upon the whole Second Advent Movement; for these, unlike Bates’ previous audiences, were no Adventists who knew all that history. Then in the afternoon, until five o’clock, he talked to them about the Sabbath and the third angel’s message. “The most honest man in town” and his wife were convinced. They kept the next Sabbath; and until the first little wooden church was built, three years later, his home was the meeting place of the company in Battle Creek. That first church, only 18 by 24, was built “near the west end of the block in which Brother Hewitt lived” [5] “about a dozen feet south of the flat ... on the west side of Cass street.” [6] There is now on Cass Street, at that identical spot, an ancient building of apparently these dimensions, which is temptingly like the description of that little church, but authorities in Battle Creek say it is not. Still.

The next spring, May of 1853, James White, visiting there, said to the little group, “Brethren, if you are faithful to the work, God will yet raise up quite a company to observe the truth in Battle Creek.” [7] Quite a company, indeed, there came to be; and Battle Creek was the headquarters of the Seventh-day Adventist work for over half a century. There began the health work of the denomination, and their educational work, and there the publishing work first got its independent, stable start.

The little town grew, and not an unimportant part of it was the West End, where the Seventh-day Adventists settled, and where they built their Tabernacle and their publishing, health, and educational institutions. This part of the city, lying on pleasant high ground above the Kalamazoo River, was indeed intended by the founder of Battle Creek, Sands McCamly, as the center of the city. When the village applied for a charter in 1836, the map they furnished showed it platted in this section as far west as what is now Wood Street. Here, near the center, McCamly set aside a square for a public park, expecting that around it would be built the civic buildings and the business of the town. That square, then treeless and grassy, but now with great trees and flowing fountain, is still called McCamly Park. But McCamly himself, by building a millrace farther east, across the neck of land between the Kalamazoo and the Battle Creek, drew the manufacturing interests and the business section to that spot. And thus the West End was left for the development of the Adventists, whose headquarters were brought there in 1855.

Merritt E. Cornell, a young preacher brought into the faith by Bates in 1852, was an impetuous and energetic worker. He

brought the first tent and was associated with Loughborough in the holding of evangelistic meetings, the first pitch being at Battle Creek, for two days only, short stops then being the rule. He liked Battle Creek so much that, being foot free, he brought his wife Angie to live there while, like all Adventist preachers not bound to farm or business, he ranged through the widening field.

Angeline Lyon Cornell was a fit companion to her husband, a slender young woman of energy, initiative, and decided opinions, which happily comported with her husband’s, and with a gift of speech which shows in her early letters to the Review and Herald. There was no provision then for the regular payment of preachers, still less for their wives to accompany them; yet Angie Cornell was much with her husband, often remaining at a place after his departure, visiting and teaching the interested ones as the later phrase ran, “binding off the effort.” She was indeed the pioneer and the exemplar of today’s Bible instructors and evangelists’ assistants.

Shortly her father, Henry Lyon, living near Plymouth in the eastern part of the State, sold his farm in order to have money to invest in the cause. He and his wife moved to Battle Creek in 1854, and he engaged in carpentry to support his family. It was Henry Lyon, doubtless strongly abetted by his energetic son-in law, who conceived the idea of getting James White to come to Battle Creek, and who induced his three friends, Palmer, Smith, and Kellogg, to go in with him in the investment which built the first owned home of the Review and Herald.

David Hewitt was not a man of even the moderate means of these four. Mrs. Mary Smith, the centenarian to whom I have referred before, told me that Hewitt did not own his home, but rented from a

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friend-at a price, if consonant with Dan Palmer's rental properties, of about \$9 a month. Hewitt did not have money, but he was as earnest a lay missionary as the others. He labored not only in Battle Creek but in towns round about, and brought not a few into the faith. He was highly respected, and his counsel was listened to. It was on motion of David Hewitt, in the conference of 1860, when the initial steps were taken for organization, that the name, Seventh-day Adventists, was adopted for the denomination.

In the northeast corner of Oak Hill Cemetery lie the mortal remains of David and Olive Hewitt. Until 1935 few persons, if any, knew of their resting place, and some supposed that they were not buried there. But in that year Elder L. T. Nicola looked up the record, and found the spot. In anticipation of a Fall Council held in Battle Creek that year, he placed a wooden marker on the grave of David Hewitt, and conducted a large party to view it. By 1938, when another Fall Council was gathered there, this marker had decayed, and Elder Nicola replaced it with another. It looks shabby today, and there is no Elder Nicola to take further interest in it. But Elder Pingnot, pastor of the Battle Creek church, writes me that the Young People's Society there intends to remedy this. It would be to the honor of the Seventh-day Adventist Church to place a modest stone, in keeping with those of other pioneers near by, in memory of David and Olive Hewitt, the first Seventh-day Adventists in Battle Creek. [8]

1. J. N. Loughborough in Review and Herald, July 26, 1923.
2. Ibid.
3. Newspaper clipping of 1938, not otherwise identified, in scrapbook in Battle Creek Public Library, an article evidently inspired by L. T. Nicola.
4. J. N. Loughborough, Rise and Progress of Seventh-day Adventists, p. 202.
5. Loughborough in Review and Herald, July 26, 1923.
6. George Amadon in Review and Herald, November 26, 1901.
7. Loughborough in Review and Herald, July 26, 1923.
8. They have done it! Just before we go to press, Elder Pingnot informs me that the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society of Battle Creek have erected a beautiful stone over David Hewitt's grave, bearing due inscriptions to "The most honest man in town."

## 19. Hill of the Man of God

Joseph Bates

MONTEREY, Michigan, is a farming community rather than a town. At Monterey Center there is a general store, a filling station, and one or two houses-no more. Elsewhere in Monterey township you may search in vain for urban influence. But there is a hill, crown of the rolling countryside, which holds for us a sacred interest; for here lie in their last earthly resting place that man of God, Joseph Bates, and his faithful wife, Prudence, who departed this life one year and seven months before him. Poplar Hill Cemetery, abrupt and commanding, and beautifully kept, is to us the center of Monterey.

When in the 1850's Michigan beckoned to the Seventh-day Adventist leaders in the East, and one after another-White, Smith, Loughborough, Andrews, Byington-they were drawn as by a magnet to Battle Creek, the patriarch of them all, the pioneer of Michigan, came also, but not to the city by the rivers which was for half a century to be the Jerusalem of the Adventist people. Joseph Bates, first to penetrate this virgin territory, creating the first church at Jackson, opening the door at Battle Creek, ranged also through the raw frontier country of a score of counties, garnering here a sheaf, gleaning there a handful, of the wheat of the blessed hope.

One of the communities where he labored and wrought and saw a harvest, was Monterey. And when, in 1858, he decided to leave his ancestral home at Fairhaven, across the river from New Bedford, Massachusetts, it was to this country community that he chose to come rather than to the congesting center of Battle Creek. This was his home for fourteen years, till his death, though seldom was he in it for more than a few days at a time. His dear wife, his "Beloved companion Prudy," held the frontier fort, managing the household, ministering to the community, reporting the mutations of the church, the death of a child (primly signing, "P. M. Bates"), and in her last letter to her husband piously and wistfully longing "to have my mind free from care and so many household duties, that I may more exclusively give my mind and time to the all-important subject of getting just right before the Lord. [1] She who in the beginning of the

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Sabbath experience had rather rebelliously exclaimed against the poverty come upon them through his liberality to the cause, against the expenditure of that York shilling for “four pounds of flour,” had now “for more than twenty years voluntarily engaged in the Third Angel’s Message.”

They built a meeting house there at Monterey, in the heyday of the church; but all I could find were the crumbling foundations, for two years ago the ancient building, its worshipers deceased or scattered, was torn down. Monterey church, one of the charter members of the Michigan Conference, is no more. Joseph Bates and his wife owned a house and lot there, but I could not find its location, and amid the new farm cottages and houses scattered along the road it probably has disappeared like the church.

By the courtesy of judge Tucker of the Probate Court in Allegan, I was permitted to see the will of Joseph Bates, made in 1866 and probated after his death in 1872. And also the statement of his executor, Charles Jones, who was a member of the church in Monterey and leader of the Bible class. [2]

The will bequeaths his little property to his wife, Prudy M. Bates, for the term of her natural life, and after her death to be sold and the proceeds given to the Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Association of Battle Creek. As she died before him, doubtless the terms of the will were carried out, and the last of Joseph Bates’ fortune fed into the cause to which he had given his all.

The executor’s statement names three children of his, one, Mary Beardon (or Reardon), of Monterey, being that daughter who cared for him, or kept his house, after his wife’s death. The other two are Ellen S. Meader, 73 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn, New York, and Lizzie P. Tabor. I have never heard otherwise of these last-named daughters, but I learned of a son of Mrs. Tabor, recently deceased, through Mrs. Eliza Bradford, of Acushnet, Massachusetts. Bates’ autobiography is singularly oblivious to his family relationships; and aside from three incidental references, there is no mention in it of his children. These three are: his mention of the death of an infant son and the greeting of a little daughter upon his return from one of his voyages; his later mention of a son returned from a Pacific whaling voyage and accident; and his last mention, in a letter to Mrs. White near the end of his life, of his daughter who shared his home. But in 1865 he reports the death of his “only son” Joseph, at sea, at the age of thirty-five. [3]

Joseph Bates was the prime health reformer among us. Long before the revealed light of health reform came through the prophetic gift in Ellen G. White, the strong-willed and conscientious Bates had framed his own health regimen, casting off the habits of drinking spiritous liquors, the use of tobacco and of tea and coffee, finally of meats. At the time James and Ellen White first became acquainted with them, in 1845, he had reduced his diet to bread and water, on which, surprisingly enough, he flourished, and certainly was of little trouble to his hostesses, save for their anxiety that he would starve to death. Later he liberalized his diet to include other forms of cereal and fruits and nuts, but never meats, and water was his only drink.

As a result, he was free from all those ills which miserably dogged practically all the other leaders in the early days. James and Ellen White, Edson, Loughborough, Andrews, Smith, Waggoner, Bourdeau, and many others were victims of grievous physical disorders before the health reform message came and was accepted—more or less in various cases; but not Joseph Bates! Through thick and thin, sunshine and storm, in labors abundant and privations sore, he marched ever forward, serene above the physical troubles of his companions, ever sympathetic and helpful in their misfortunes, and never preaching, except by his example, the doctrines of his health gospel.

When in 1856 Andrews was sent into retirement by his ills, and Loughborough went along with him, Joseph Bates carried on. When James White, in 1865, was so sorely smitten with his most severe stroke of paralysis, when Loughborough almost immediately came into danger of the same disaster, when Uriah Smith, overcrowding his office labors and, because of his lameness wholly neglecting outdoor exercise, was invalided, when almost the whole personnel of the General Conference and its chief component, the Michigan Conference, were bundled off to the Dansville Sanitarium, in New York, and the cause seemed about to sag into desuetude, Joseph Bates bore up the burden, cheering, working, and gathering funds from the Monterey church and elsewhere to send to the sufferers. And never did he point a self-righteous finger at himself or say, “Live as I do, and you will not suffer so.” [4] Malaria was one of the scourges of the Northwest, swamp-riddled and mosquito-infested as it was, and practically everyone was periodically visited by “fever and ague”. But only once in his long life does Joseph Bates report that he had a visitation of the disease, and then by treatments and dieting he was over it in three days.

His wife’s death in August of 1870 struck him hard, for they had walked together for over fifty years in harmony and love. Beneath his iron self-control and behind his consuming passion for the cause, and despite his public indifference to family pride and social ties, the heart of Joseph Bates was tender and true. He ranged the country like a gale-driven mariner, especially in the earlier years, seldom staying in a

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place more than two to four days to give his message; but when he left, as B. B. Brigham testifies at Jackson, "There was much weeping on his departure," for "the Lord has greatly blessed the labors of Brother Bates."

After his wife died, he halted not at all, it would appear from his reports, only occasionally resting at his home, as before. If, as James White intimates in his addenda to Bates' autobiography, the old veteran listened to his brethren when they suggested retirement, it is not apparent in the annals of the time, for up to the very month before his death we see him traveling and teaching in the churches of northwestern Michigan—the Northwest of those days, but now the west center of the State. And at the health festival in the summer of 1871, which was staged on the grounds of the Health Institute, Elder Bates, in the eightieth year of his age, testified that he had not an ache nor a pain, and his biographer adds that he stood as straight as a monument and trod the sidewalks as lightly as a fox. [5]

Eight months later he was laid low. He died at the Health Institute, or Battle Creek Sanitarium, on March 19, 1872. His obituary, written by J. H. Waggoner, states that he died of diabetes and an attack of erysipelas. The diagnosis of diabetes seems dubious, in view of his own testimony and that of others as to his health and freedom from pain. The science of medical diagnosis was not far advanced in his day, and competent medical authority I have consulted scouts the idea that he had diabetes. The cause of his death was doubtless erysipelas, a streptococcus infection.

On the hill looking over the fair country of mid state Michigan stands the modest monument of this man of God and of his wife, Prudence. On two sides are the records of their names and dates of birth and death; on another, in small italics, now almost obliterated in the weathered limestone rock, is the brief running account of his life:

### In Memory

The early life of Elder Bates was spent as a sea captain, during which service he gave his heart to God, and was ever active in the cause of Christ, being identified as a moral reformer of his day. In 1827 he assisted in organizing one of the first temperance societies in the United States. Subsequently he became a colaborer with William Miller in the great Advent movement of 1844. At the close of that work he became convinced of the obligation of the seventh-day Sabbath, and with others founded the Seventh-day Adventists. He remained a venerated and loved pastor until death.

1. Quoted in her obituary, Review and Herald, August 29, 1870.
2. Joseph Bates in Review and Herald, September 24, 1867, Page 236.
3. Review and Herald, December 5, 1856, Page 7.
4. Review and Herald, September 2, 1852.
5. James White, Life of Bates, Page 316.

## 20. The House of A. Hilliard

Aaron H. Hilliard

IT WAS in the house of A. Hilliard, at Otsego, Michigan, June 6, 1863, wrote Ellen G. White, "that the great subject of health reform was opened before me in vision." [1]

What this meant to the cause of the last gospel work in the world is infinitely more than the simple words may to many convey. It was a turning point in the experience of the heralds of the Second Advent, converting some of them from chronic invalids to healthy, enduring workers, and lighting the road to health for all. It was the cleansing of a unique church from the use of deleterious articles of diet, fashions of the world, and damaging habits of work and recreation. It was the kindling point of the fires of health service and education, eventuating in hundreds of health institutions, the training of physicians, nurses, dietitians, public health lecturers, and ministers. It was the start of the growth of a Christian health movement that was to become "the right arm of the message," "the entering wedge" which has won favor for the last gospel message, from huts in the jungle to kings' palaces ministering to the soul through ministering to the body. At the house of A. Hilliard.

On the trail of history we went up to Otsego, to find this landmark in the annals of our cause. My

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wife has here a friend, Mrs. Edith Hilliard, a former co-worker in the Review and Herald at Battle Creek, who is the widow of a grandson of Aaron Hilliard. We found her, and she graciously accompanied us to the former home of her husband's grandfather. To my surprise, it was not in town, but about three miles out in the country. It is owned and occupied by non-Adventists now, but Mr. and Mrs. Barnes were most courteous and cordial to us, permitting us to examine the house, and taking us out to the old barn, with its massive hewed timbers and high-reaching mow, which Aaron Hilliard built nigh a hundred years ago. The place was sold some twenty-five years ago by another grandson of Aaron Hilliard, Arleigh Hilliard, whom I also reached by phone, he being away from home. Further information has since been received by letter from a cousin, Mrs. Alta Hilliard Christensen.

The house has received considerable alterations, both outside and in. The present living room has been made by taking out the partition wall between the old-fashioned parlor and the sitting room, and the spacious old-time kitchen has been abbreviated.

(I remember that arrangement from my boyhood: in the better appointed houses the kitchen was the common living room, the sitting room was used for neighbors' visiting, but the parlor was closed to all but the most formal functions.) I could not be certain in which room the meeting was held where Sister White had her vision. The dimensions of either sitting room or parlor seemed too small to hold the company of workers then present, and perhaps the large kitchen, extending over most of the back part of the house, was the place. However, Arleigh and Alta Hilliard think it was held in the parlor. At any rate, we stood, at some point, as in the midst of that praying company.

Elders R. J. Lawrence and M. E. Cornell were holding tent meetings in Otsego that summer, and a company of friends from Battle Creek, including James and Ellen White, drove the thirty miles to be with them over the week end. It was in the midst of the Civil War; it was just after the formation of the General Conference. The plight of Seventh-day Adventists who were drafted into the Army, and whose noncombatant principles, added to their Sabbath observance, made for them many difficulties, had weighed upon the leaders. The struggle to bring organization into the church body had just been won, after years of conflict. Elder White was worn and depressed, his health was feeble, and he had worked beyond the limit. He came to this week end in Otsego in a low state of mind and body.

Aaron H. Hilliard and his wife Lydia were the stanch pillars of the work in Otsego. They were Adventists who had come from New York about 1855, [2] and around them grew up the church which had its beginnings under Bates. Their home was one of the resting places in Michigan to which Elder and Mrs. White sometimes resorted for recuperation. So they went this time to Brother and Sister Hilliard's. As the Sabbath came on, the workers in the tent company came out to the farm to join with the family and the visitors in Sabbath evening worship, and for counsel. Mrs. Martha Amadon, the daughter of John Byington, was present, and she has left this account:

"Sister White was asked to lead in prayer at family worship. She did so in a most wonderful manner. Elder White was kneeling a short distance from her. While praying, she moved over to him, and laying her hand on his shoulder continued praying for him until she was taken off in vision. She was in vision about forty-five minutes. It was at this time that she was given instruction on the health question which soon after became such a matter of interest to our people. Those present at the time this vision was given will never forget the heavenly influence that filled the room. The cloud passed from the mind of Elder White, and he was full of praise to God." [3]

The light given in that testimony on health was broad and penetrating and vital. It dealt not only with food, laying the foundation for that dietetic reform which has become an integral part of our life, but with dress and adornment, with habits of work and recreation, with healing by natural means, and with the influence of the mind upon the body. This revelation was, in embryo, the whole health message. It was needed by all the workers and all the brethren and sisters. Great have been the happy results in the lives of those who have followed the light; how much greater they might have been had everyone cheerfully and faithfully accepted it! Since that time voluminous instruction has poured forth from the lips and the pen of Sister White, expanding and illuminating the principles of health, the practices of hygiene, and the rational cure of disease. It is a precious legacy that began with that vision, under the pressure of need, in the house of A. Hilliard.

The Whites were yet to pass through deep waters. Scarce two months had gone ere they laid their eldest son, Henry, in the grave, and another, an infant son, was soon to follow. As the Civil War closed, in the spring of 1865, James White was laid low with his most severe attack of paralysis, which invalidated him for two years. Ellen White, bearing up bravely during that ordeal, while carrying also the burdens of the infant church, and sometimes the misunderstandings and estrangement of friends and co-workers, was then



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always in precarious health, save when the Lord granted her miraculous strength. Yet they came through at last triumphantly.

It was no easy road. Elder and Mrs. White started their work in poor health, back in 1846; she a consumptive, he a dyspeptic. They ignorantly and devotedly transgressed some of the laws of health, in their efforts to forward the cause of God working intemperately, without recreation or relief, sinning dietetically because they knew no better, and in the case of James White at least often worrying over the problems that continually confronted them. This instruction from the Lord struck at the foundation of all intemperance and perversion, whether of work, or dress, or diet, or thinking.

Temperance was an objective of this band from the beginning. Far in advance of his co-workers, Joseph Bates set an example that is even today a shining mark. He not only lived right but lived well. While never in his life, even in the company of hard-living seamen, had he become a sot, he had nevertheless to decide for himself to abandon the use of liquor and tobacco. These evils were never in the way of James White, John Andrews, or Uriah Smith. But Bates went further, and left off the use of tea and coffee. In this his example was early followed by the Whites, who campaigned also against tobacco, until the young church, even in the 50's, was well freed from this curse. And Bates went on to eschew all condiments and pastries, and finally meats and all animal products. In consequence, though he labored hard and endured as much privation as any of his co-workers, he was ever free from their disabilities and diseases. James and Ellen White, and all the rest of the principal workers, had not followed Bates so far, and they were frequent sufferers.

Now, in obedience to the vision, a reform began among this people both lay and clerical. It was a heroic task. Seventh day Adventists, with a very few exceptions, were at one with the general public in their dietetic habits. And those habits included a heavy consumption of flesh foods, with the use of animal greases, fried foods, and pastries for breakfast, dinner, and supper, tea and coffee in universal use. The dietetic reforms instituted by Graham, Trall, and Jackson were very little regarded, only a small percentage of "cranks" embracing them. To call out a people, to establish an entire church, upon the platform of correct physical and mental living, was an achievement little short of miraculous. And the great change which has come over the public in dietetic science and practice, not complete yet very pronounced, is in great part due to this transformation in a religious body which produced a dynamic for the nation and the world. The breakfast foods and the meat substitutes which figure so largely in the nation's diet today, had their origin in the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

It was not a reform which grew out of the practice and prejudice of its author. The instruction given was directly opposed in many respects to Mrs. White's own habits. She was a great meat eater; she could not endure bread; without the third meal in the evening she felt weak and faint. Yet immediately she undertook to practice what she had been shown in vision, and she persevered without flinching a hairsbreadth, until she had the victory. In consequence, she was relieved from many of the physical ills she had been experiencing, and she grew in strength.

Some there were, it is true, who lightly regarded the instruction, some who tried weakly and failed, some who did not take hold of the hand of God to carry them through. It is an experience repeated again and again in later years. The acceptance and practice of health reform principles is left to the individual. Those who adopt it intelligently and with determination not only reap benefits but shower benefits upon others; those who refuse are a weakness to themselves and a stumbling block to others. But it is certain that only the self-controlled, self disciplined disciple will win through.

The health reform was fairly attached to the Seventh-day Adventist message in that early time, within the second decade of the movement. It was a message not only for the benefit of the members of that church but for the world, for as it was revealed as a part of the gospel, it belonged to that threefold message which was to redeem men from the power of Satan. Many years later Mrs. White wrote of it: "The medical missionary work is as the right arm to the third angel's message which must be proclaimed to a fallen world.... In this work the heavenly angels bear a part. They awaken spiritual joy and melody in the hearts of those who have been freed from suffering, and thanksgiving to God arises from the lips of many who have received the precious truth. [4]

All this, and how much more, passed before my mind in review as I stood in the house of A. Hilliard, at Otsego, Michigan.

1. Ellen G. White in Review and Herald, October 8, 1867.
2. Review and Herald, June 12, 1855.
3. D. E. Robinson, The Story of Our Health Message, Page 65.

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4. Ellen G. White, Testimonies for the Church, Volume 6, Page 229.

### 21. Home on the Hillside

Horatio S. Lay, M.D.

IN THE winter of 1862-1863 two of the children of James and Ellen White, then living in Battle Creek, Michigan, were stricken with pneumonia. The medical practice of the time was to shut the patient away from all outside air, especially night air, to forbid the use of water internally or externally, and to dose with heavy mineral drugs. But James White happened to see in a newspaper an article by Dr. James C. Jackson, giving unorthodox but sensible directions for treatment of the disease, then epidemic: no drugs, but hot baths, cooling packs, liquid foods, plenty of water drinking, ventilation, rest, and care. The therapy appealed to the parents, and instead of calling a physician, they followed the directions of Dr. Jackson, and their children recovered.

Dr. Jackson was a pioneer in America in the use of natural curative agencies instead of drugs. He, Dr. R. T. Trall, of New Jersey, and Sylvester Graham, of New York, are to be accounted chief of the reformers who set the feet of American medicine and hygiene upon a more rational course; but they cannot be said to have been popular in their day. [1]

Dr. Jackson was unique in that he never, from the beginning of his medical practice, gave a single drug, "not so much as ... the homeopathic pellet of the seven-millionth dilution, and dissolving it in Lake Superior." The son of a physician, he was attracted in his thirty-sixth year to the study of medicine because of his own failing health, but the experience of Priessnitz, of Austria, the founder of modern hydrotherapy, gripped his imagination, and he entered at once after graduation upon these methods of cure, modifying and adding according to his own and others' experience.

In his prime he may have been a romantic figure, marked by the eccentricities of medical genius; in his old age, in which his only extant photograph portrays him, he was still striking in appearance, patriarchal rather than professional according to modern standards. The dome of his head was bald, but long flowing locks fell to his shoulders; his upper lip was shaven, but his white beard swept his bosom; his smiling face was marked in the middle by a very pug nose.

In 1858, after an initial experiment of three years, with another physician, at Glen Haven, on Lake Skaneateles, he purchased a small water-cure establishment in the outskirts of Dansville, New York, and developed there what was afterward known as the Dansville or Jackson Sanitarium, [2] but which he at first modestly and comfortingly called, "Our Home on the Hillside." He published a health journal called *The Laws of Life*, for which Dr. Trall and other reform-minded physicians wrote, as well as he and his co-worker and adopted daughter, Dr. Harriet Austin. His institution grew in size and public renown; and while assailed by many allopathic and even homeopathic practitioners, he was widely respected, as the success of his methods demanded.

In June, 1863, Mrs. White received in vision a prospectus of the program of health, hygiene, and curative agencies which has made the groundwork of the health movement among Seventh day Adventists. The disuse of drugs, the employment of all natural means of health and restoration to health, a vegetarian and simple diet, healthful dress, a balancing of useful labor with rational recreation, and a cheerful, buoyant state of mind, were the essential points. This regimen she and her husband, with others, sought to put into their own practice, and they succeeded except in the matter of work and recreation. The pressing needs of the cause which bore with funneled focus upon James White, seemed to forbid his letting up for even a moment, and to quite a degree this was also the experience of his principal collaborators.

In consequence, in the summer of 1865, after a strenuous campaign in the West, James White was stricken down at his home in Battle Creek, with a severe attack of paralysis, which prostrated him physically and mentally. It was his third stroke, and the doctors privately gave no hope of his recovery. Elder J. N. Loughborough, then in Iowa, was telegraphed to come immediately to Battle Creek. He came, but he too having been under a severe strain, was within twenty-four hours threatened with the same fate. Uriah Smith, editor of the *Review and Herald*, was likewise worn down by labor and close application to his work, and it seemed that almost the whole responsible force of the cause was about to be removed.

A Seventh-day Adventist physician, Dr. Horatio S. Lay, of Allegan, Michigan, had a year before taken his invalid wife to the Dansville institution, and after her recovery he had been persuaded to remain

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and join the staff. He was now sent for, and upon his examination he advised that all three men go to the Home on the Hillside for rest and treatment. This was decided upon, and Dr. Lay accompanied his patients and Mrs. White to the sanitarium. The work at Seventh-day Adventist headquarters was sadly disrupted, as younger and less experienced men filled in the places of those who had been stricken, but the immediate business of the invalids was to get well.

Dr. Jackson was less pessimistic as to James White than his former physicians had been, but he prescribed for him six or eight months' rest and treatment, for John Loughborough five or six months, and for Uriah Smith five or six weeks. The last named remained a month, and went home restored. In the case of James White there developed a sharp though friendly difference of opinion and conviction between Dr. Jackson and Mrs. White as to treatment.

In the matter of diet they were nearly at one, as the Whites had for a year been on a meatless diet, and this was the teaching of Jackson; but he also carried his teaching to the extreme of a saltless diet. Mrs. White, experimenting with this, found it detrimental. This, however, was minor. But when it came to recreation, there was a very decided difference. Dr. Jackson was a believer in Christian principles and experience in religion; but in the case of James White he felt that his malady was due in no small degree to his intense devotion to a religious idea. He therefore advised that he completely forget all such matters, and "rest," both physically and mentally.

Moreover, the doctor's psychiatric practice involved diversion of the nature of games, card playing, theater-going, and dancing. And though he did not insist that Elder White must dance, he did think he would find help in attention to the other diversions of the institution, including theatrical plays and card playing. He could think of nothing else to divert the mind of his patient from his overindulgence in religion. And he insisted, also, that he have no physical exercise just rest.

But Mrs. White believed in the soothing influences of nature, and in graduated exercise. She believed further in prayer as a curative agency. Active as James White had always been, both physically and mentally, he sank in discouragement under the regimen at Dansville; and when they had been there three months, as he seemed no better, his wife determined to take him home. To this Dr. Jackson strenuously objected. Finally they effected a compromise, by which he might be taken as far as Rochester, fifty miles away, to the home of friends. If he should not grow better he might be brought back.

So, with Elder Loughborough accompanying them, they went to a quiet retreat near Rochester, the home of Bradley Lamson, whose daughter, Phoebe Lamson, later became the first woman physician at the Health Reform Institute, or Battle Creek Sanitarium. Elder J. N. Andrews by request joined them there, and earnest prayer was offered for Elder White's recovery. He made some improvement, and a month later the party returned to Battle Creek.

But the way back to complete health was long and difficult. After nearly a year Mrs. White determined to take her husband's case wholly into her hands, with the blessing of God. They bought a farm upstate, at Greenville, and there, with his wife for nurse, mental therapist, and careful prescriber and arranger of work, he made in another year a partial recovery, and in two or three years a complete comeback to health.

Dansville has always been an intriguing name to me; and so, without knowledge of its present state, We decided to look it up. We found it a pleasant little city, tree-shaded and speckless. When we inquired about the old Dansville Sanitarium, we were informed that it was still there, but under the name of the Physical Culture Hotel, and under the management of the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation.

This institution is on the outskirts of the town, on the forested side of a mountain, reached by a winding road. The old wooden sanitarium burned down in 1879, fourteen years after the Whites were there, and was replaced by the Jacksons (father and son) with a fireproof brick structure, which is the present main building. At that time also its name was changed from Home on the Hillside to Jackson Sanitorium. The family kept it until the early years of the twentieth century, when it was taken over by a banking group, who sold it in 1929 to Macfadden. Some of the original outlying cottages still remain: Clovernook, Villula, and Crown Hill. The old Liberty Hall, however, which was their auditorium and gymnasium, connected with the main building by a corridor, has disappeared, and other buildings occupy its probable site.

An interesting description of the old institution, by a former patient, was found in the hostess' office: "It was a rambling old building, with low ceilings and narrow halls. The rooms were heated by box stoves, the beds were hard mattresses of sea grass and cotton on slats, and pillows of cotton. Small kerosene lamps furnished the little light required, and no window curtains obscured the sunshine and fresh air. In the dining room long rows of narrow tables were set, the patients drawing numbers from week to week for their seats, thus insuring a democratic mixing up of all classes, individually and collectively. A plate, cup,,

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saucer, spoon, knife, fork, and tumbler were at each place. There were no courses served in those days. The staples were unleavened graham crackers, graham mush and porridge, apple sauce, vegetables, and fresh fruits, with milk and eggs-no raised bread, no white flour concoctions, no meat, no butter, no tea nor coffee. Does this sound like bitter fare? Yet the writer can testify from experience and observation that never were meals taken with heartier relish than during that graham and vegetarian epoch.

“Eight o’clock P.m. was the retiring hour, and lights were out at half past eight. Six o’clock A.M. was the rising hour, and three or four times weekly the young man appointed to arouse the slumberers by vigorous raps on a Chinese gong, announced in loud tones through the hall that Dr. Jackson would lecture in the parlor at half past six, and everybody was expected to come promptly. The treatment was limited chiefly to half baths, packs, sitz baths, plunges, and dripping sheets.”

What influence did the Dansville Sanitorium have upon the Seventh-day Adventist institutions of health, now banding the world, unique in principles of living and methods of healing? Whatever the degree of that influence, it came through the first such medical institution of Seventh-day Adventists, the Western Health Reform Institute, later renamed the Battle Creek Sanitarium; for that was the parent institution from which all other Seventh-day Adventist sanitariums stem, and the Dansville institution touched’ none of them directly.

That the medical principles and practices of Dr. Jackson and Dr. Trall had considerable bearing upon the therapeutics of the Battle Creek institution is not to be denied. Dr. Trall for a short period was a visiting physician at the institution and a department editor of their magazine, *The Health Reformer*, while several of the early Seventh-day Adventist physicians received at least a part of their medical education at his HygieoTherapeutic College at Florence Heights, New Jersey. Dr. Jackson’s institution made a pattern of water treatments and diet the reflection of which any early worker or patient at the Battle Creek Sanitarium could recognize. Furthermore, the Adventist physician, Dr. H. S. Lay, who was first called to head the Health Reform Institute, had spent over a year on the staff of *Our Home on the Hillside*, and naturally he was influenced by its theories and practices. His experience at Dansville was indeed fortunate, just as Florence Nightingale’s experience at Kaiserwerth and Paris was helpful to her in formulating her nursing education.

But if Battle Creek and its progeny of sanitariums had been merely the echoes of Dansville, they would never have discovered the vitality which has made the Seventh-day Adventist health work and institutions so potent a force both in healing and in evangelism. The revelation of Christian health principles which came through Mrs. White, and the divine principles which with patient and indefatigable effort she inculcated in some faithful believing medical workers, have made a platform and a system infinitely greater in physical, mental, and spiritual values than Dansville ever conceived.

The history of the first years of the Health Reform Institute is replete with the struggle to make those Christian health principles take root. Particularly was the influence of Dansville opposed to the health teachings of Mrs. White in mental therapy, the employment of useful, graduated labor, and the influence of Christian peace upon mind and body. The early experience of Dr. J. H. Kellogg, while he firmly believed and exemplified the teachings of Mrs. White, told for the swift up building of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. And the same influences have told in some of his associates, such as Dr. Kate Lindsay, Dr. O. G. Place, Dr. W. H. Riley, Dr. David Paulson, and other young men now grown older but still living, who have carried the gospel of health around the world, establishing public health services, treatment rooms, sanitariums, nurse-training schools, and a medical college. A debt of gratitude is due the pioneer Home on the Hillside for its early educational influence, but its contribution to the Christian medical ministry of this church is as that of a kindly neighbor tying up the cut finger of a boy who goes on to learn the science of a doctor of medicine.

1. D. E. Robinson, *The Story of Our Health Message*, pp. 25-43.
2. The word is properly sanitarium, but by some accident or ignorance of spelling the word became popularized as sanitarium, and has been generally so written and pronounced outside Adventist circles. The etymology, however, sup ports the correctness of the Adventist form.

## 22. Beautiful for Situation

Goodloe H. Bell

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THE Michigan terrain in the Lower Peninsula has not the grandeur of mountains nor the mystic infinity of ocean, though the Great Lakes simulate the sea. But to the placid mind, not demanding the fierce wrestling of tumbled heights, nor the wild surge of restless waves, its rolling landscape, dotted with lakes and interscribed with marching masses of trees, presents a pleasing sight that soothes and composes. From some fair vantage point, rising perhaps a hundred feet above its fellow hills, one's eye sweeps over the surrounding countryside, to mark many a hollow, many a wooded glen, a pond here, a larger lake there, the serried woods, the green pastures, the cultivated fields; and Michigan seems a paradise.

The Seventh-day Adventists who selected Battle Creek for their headquarters in 1855 were blessed with a beautiful site. From the meadows of the clear-water Kalamazoo the land rises leisurely in a broad sweep to the brow of the hill a quarter of a mile north, whence it maintains its elevation, with hills and dales, woods, lakes, and streams. From the river, Washington Street, going north, intersects West Main, passes McCamly Park, Van Buren, and, slightly turning, cuts across Champion Street at the corner where the first cemetery was located, later residences, then the towering, ill-fated late addition to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, now the Government-owned Percy Jones Hospital for veterans. A few rods up the ascent, and you come to the brow of the hill. It is not always easy to tell the original contours, for here, as well as downtown, the hand of man has smoothed the streets out of the ups-and-downs the settlers found. But from what is written and what is left, it is not difficult to imagine how the scene appeared then.

Here on the brow, on either side of Washington Street, two prominent citizens established their homes. On the right or east side was the residence and spacious grounds of judge Benjamin F. Graves, a jurist of note and at one time chief justice of the Michigan Supreme Court. Just how early he built there does not appear. On the left or west side was a considerably larger estate where was built in 1855 the home of the Hon. Erastus Hussey, Quaker, merchant, and mayor of Battle Creek, who that year removed from his first home in the center of town to this suburban retreat.

Erastus Hussey was presiding officer at the Jackson Convention in 1854 which formed the Republican Party; and he was a noted Abolitionist, as you might suspect from his being a Quaker. Of the 30,000 escaped slaves whom the Underground Railway sent through to Canada or secure places in the North, it is estimated that 1,000 passed through Battle Creek; and Erastus Hussey was there the chief "conductor." Though noncombatant, he was scarcely nonmilitant. On one occasion, when a party of slaveowners were reported making their way through Michigan seeking runaway slaves, he had printed a batch of broadsides warning them not to come to Battle Creek. Sending these west on the train, he intercepted the party at Niles, and the bills were distributed among them. They did not come to Battle Creek, but doubtless remained blissfully ignorant that it was a Friend who had stopped them with a, "Thee shall come no further!"

When he built his new residence on the hill, his cellar was made into a "station" on the Underground Railway. Here, on the site of Hussey's residence, Battle Creek College was afterward built. It still stands there, poor old, dear old Battle Creek College, one of the only two original Seventh-day Adventist public buildings in the town, unused, its Windows and doors boarded and barred, and the dark secret of the Underground Railway perhaps enclosed within its depths.

Seventh-day Adventist headquarters had been in Battle Creek eleven years, when it was decided, in 1866, to build a sanitarium, or, as it was originally styled, the Western Health Reform Institute. This was three years after Mrs. White's vision in Otsego which pointed out the duty to teach the church and the world the principles of health and Christian ministry. James White and others had in the meantime been to Dr. Jackson's institution in New York, and received benefit from the treatment and diet. Yet some of the ideas and practices advocated by the physicians there were against the principles of their religion, as, for instance, card-playing, dancing, and theater attendance. In diet they were practically in agreement, though they would not include salt in the condiments they rejected.

This saltless diet took quite a hold, however, upon some of our physicians and workers, as I well remember from my boyhood at the Battle Creek Sanitarium table. Food was cooked without salt, and though it was supplied on the table, if we 11 call boys" (bell hops) took a pinch, it was likely to call forth from the matron, who acted as our hostess, the remark, "Boys, salt makes you cross." Mrs. White did not long subscribe to the saltless diet, but J. N. Andrews, whose son received much benefit at the Dansville Sanitarium, did. J. O. Corliss tells the story that one time at a meeting Mrs. White sprinkled salt on her saltless mush. Elder Andrews, sitting across the table from her, said in solemn tones, "Sister White, don't you know that salt is a mineral substance, which should never be taken into the human body?" Sister White, in equally solemn tones, meekly replied, "My Bible says that salt is good. [1]

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After the Dansville experience Mrs. White advocated the establishment of a health institution of our own, which should exemplify the full gospel of health. At the General Conference in May, 1866, she gave a stirring address on health reform. The General Conference responded vigorously. Many pledged themselves not only to adopt correct habits of life but to carry on the work of education in health as a part of their ministry. Furthermore, the Conference adopted resolutions to begin publication of a health journal and to establish a health reform institution.

They called to head each of these enterprises, Dr. Horatio S. Lay. Dr. Lay, a Michigan physician who had come into the faith, had been much impressed by Mrs. White's views on health from the beginning of her teachings in 1863. He went to Dansville in 1864, and from his apprenticeship there in hydrotherapy and diet he was called to head our first health institution.

James White, though elected that spring to the presidency of the General Conference, was too ill to do much promotion work. John N. Loughborough, then president of the Michigan Conference, stepped into the breach. He prepared a subscription paper for the proposed enterprise, and was much encouraged by the response of his first subscriber, J. P. Kellogg, \$500. Battle Creek altogether subscribed \$1,825, and J. N. Andrews brought the church at Olcott, New York, to subscribe \$800 more. Thus with \$2,625 the enterprise was launched.

For a location, they hit upon the slightly estate of judge Graves. What induced him to sell, whether philanthropic interest in the prospect and a desire to give it the best, or business interests, does not appear; but his eight-room residence, with some additions, became our first sanitarium, the Health Institute. Long afterward, when the first brick sanitarium had been erected, I remember this residence, which was then called the Club House, moved back on Barbour Street, and used sometimes for nurses' home, sometimes for offices. The final disposition remains hidden in the fog of my memory or the hiatus of my absence.

There were beautiful views from this hilltop site and the little sanitarium. To the east the ground fell off sharply into the valley of a brook that flowed from the three Spring Lakes, the first of them half a mile away. Now that valley is a city park. To the south was the valley of the Kalamazoo, and to the southeast, below the hill, was the business section of Battle Creek. The groves about the building helped to the coolness of its situation, and altogether the small institution started with fair prospects, even if, as a later writer declared, it had to begin with one patient and five members of the staff. [2] That "one patient" condition, so dramatically presented by the writer of the sketch, must have held true for about five minutes, for Dr. Byington says that at its opening enough patients had come "to make a fair beginning." [3]

Dr. Lay was at first the only physician, but before the year was out two others had been added; namely, Dr. J. F. Byington, and a lady physician, Dr. Phoebe Lamson. [4] Early additions to the staff were Dr. J. H. Ginley and Dr. M. G. Kellogg, the oldest son of J. P. Kellogg.

It was eight years later when the Adventists acquired the property of Mr. Hussey, on the opposite side of the street, an estate that contained thirteen acres. Then the project was a college, the first advanced school of Seventh-day Adventists. From almost the beginning of her ministry Mrs. White had presented the principles of Christian education, beginning with the home and the duties of parents. It had by now become evident that to secure an educated ministry, the denomination must enter upon the more advanced work. Yet Battle Creek College built up from the foundations of elementary school work.

Among the patients at the sanitarium was a teacher named Goodloe H. Bell. He had not been there long before he accepted the faith of Seventh-day Adventists. For the sake of his health he worked out on the grounds and in the garden. Elder and Mrs. White lived then on the corner of Washington and Champion streets, just below the sanitarium. Their two sons, Edson and Willie, like all boys, ranged outside the family fence, and became acquainted with the patient-gardener. They found him sympathetic to boy problems, and helpful when they brought their school tasks to him. So they begged their father to have Mr. Bell be their teacher.

In the end Professor Bell did, with the encouragement of James White and other parents, start a private school. This developed until it was taken under the wing of the General Conference, and the first building of the publishing plant, which had been superseded by later buildings and removed down Washington Street, was employed, its lower story being the schoolroom. and its upper story the home of Professor Bell's family.

By the early 70's the agitation for an advanced school had jelled into a determination to found a college. George I. Butler was then president of the General Conference. Mrs. White's counsel was to establish it in the country, on a farm; for agriculture and other industries were in her teaching basic to a well rounded education. But the brethren of that period, as many brethren of later times, could not catch that vision; it seemed to them ideal that our educational institution should be close neighbor to our health

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institution, and they closed a deal with the good Quaker Hussey for his thirteen-acre estate, the greater part of which they quickly sold off for residence lots. It is said that Mrs. White wept when the final decision was made. And twenty-seven years later she was to support strongly the project of moving Battle Creek College out to its present location on the land, as Emmanuel Missionary College.

In this case Mr. Hussey's residence disappeared. No mention is made of either its removal or its wrecking; but the brick college, three stories high, in the form of a Greek cross, was built, it is declared, right over the "station" of the Underground Railway, and so the original dwelling house must somehow have faded into oblivion. Mr. Hussey, in fact, built a new home on the corner of Washington and Manchester, which may still be seen a short distance down Manchester, where it was later moved. It is now known as North Lodge, a nurses' home belonging to the present Battle Creek Sanitarium.

The memories of three generations and of many successive classes cluster around that old building of Battle Creek College and its two additions on south and north, and the big brick women's dormitory to the side rear, and across the street to the south the men's dormitory. That frame building is gone now, but the girls' brick still stands, its melancholy eyes blinded by boards. How long the old college buildings will be allowed to stand I cannot tell. But sure I am, despite all its vicissitudes and all its divergencies from the pattern, the grand old mother of our schools wove an educational garment that has clothed the progress of the years and sent hundreds of messengers of the truth into every quarter of the earth; and she will be cherished in loyal hearts so long as her children, some of whom still stand in the responsible places of our cause, shall live; for to them still this Zion seems beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth.

1. J. O. Corliss in Review and Herald, September 6, 1923.
2. Medical Missionary, January, 1894.
3. J. F. Byington in Review and Herald, January 1, 1867.
4. Editorial, Review and Herald, January 29, 1867.

### 23. Camp in the Sugar Bush

E. H. Root

A SNOWSTORM, heavy and blustering, was sweeping the streets; but Ellen White said, "We shall go!" The open sleigh was no modern enclosed, heated car, ensuring warmth and protection, but Ellen White said, "We shall go!" The chief passenger, for whom this trip was planned, was an invalid, and friends protested that to take him out on that long trip this winter weather meant his sure death; but Ellen White said, "We shall go!"

It was December 19, 1866, and the place Battle Creek. James White had been ill for sixteen months. Stricken down by paralysis in August of 1865, he had, after a month of unavailing home treatments, been taken to the Dansville Sanitarium. After three months there they had returned to Battle Creek, where friends remarked that though he had lost fifty pounds, James White appeared better than when he left—a dubious comment, when it is reflected that he was then almost wholly incapacitated, and physicians declared he could never be well.

However, that year was passed with Mrs. White's taking her husband on short trips, in which he endeavored to do public labor as well as write. But as winter closed in, his strength and courage deteriorated, and he seemed ready to sink into the grave. Ellen White determined he must be removed from the bustle and business of headquarters; and, receiving an invitation from Elder E. H. Root, of Wright, Michigan, to make his home their own, she decided on this venture with the transportation means then available. With Brother Rogers as driver, they went away in the swirling storm, followed by grieved and even angry looks and words, on their ninety-mile trip. In two days they made it, with the invalid none the worse, and "were kindly received by this dear family, and as tenderly cared for as Christian parents can care for invalid children." [1]

Eighty years later we visited Wright, and found a grandson, Ruel, running a magnificent fruit farm, in which are included the holdings of his grandfather. The house of Elder and Mrs. Root, where the Whites were received, had burned down two years before our visit, and there were only the foundations remaining. But the church building is there, the second edifice on that spot, the building which it took two years to decide to build and to finance, with James White presiding at least in the beginning over the

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committee. For he recovered, with strenuous labor on the part of his wife, who gave him daily water treatments and massage, took him with her on ministering trips to churches, schoolhouses, and barn meetings, and finally on a purchased farm at Greenville, forty miles away, returned him to the active life of farmer as well as preacher.

It was here, in Wright, on the farm of Elder E. H. Root, that the first Seventh-day Adventist camp meeting was held, in 1868, two years after this memorable winter flight of Elder and Mrs. White. Why was the site of that first camp meeting selected so far from the center of the State? For Wright (like Monterey, a farming community rather than a town) is in the western part of the State, northwest of Grand Rapids and near Lake Michigan.

An article in the church paper of that year sheds light. It appears that at a meeting held in the Wright church in July of 1868, attended by James and Ellen White and Uriah Smith. The subject of camp meetings was introduced. At first Elder White's idea seemed to be a general camp meeting for the whole field, at least of the Lake States-Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, perhaps New York. However, he thought the season was too far along to make this effective, and so the general camp meeting must be postponed to another year. However, he suggested regional camp meetings: one for western Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois; one for eastern Michigan and New York; and one for southern Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio.

It was decided to hold the first-named regional meeting at Wright, because it was near Lake Michigan, and Wisconsin and Illinois brethren could easily reach it by water. Of course the fact that they were sitting in council at Wright, and that Elder Root offered his farm for the camp, was rather conclusive. As it turned out, this camp meeting was the only one for Michigan that year. And immediately after this camp meeting in September, other camp meetings were held in Illinois and Iowa. So the idea of a general meeting such as the General Conference, for the whole field, was dropped, and conference camp meetings became the rule. [2]

Elder Root had only about forty acres cleared then, so his grandson informed us, but the open woods were ranged by his stock. About a hundred rods north of his house was his sugar bush, as the maple groves were called, where in the spring the sap was collected and boiled down to maple syrup and sugar. That was a beautiful site for a camp meeting, the great trees making an open but shady grove; and there this first affair was held. There was a great deal of dubiety in Seventh-day Adventist ranks then about camp meetings. Adventists had held camp meetings, it is true, in the days of '44, and the Methodists, among whom the camp meeting originated in Kentucky and Tennessee, used it much. But some of these meetings were boisterous and disorderly, and the Seventh-day Adventist leaders were doubtful whether the good resulting would equal the ill. However, they decided at last to try it. This was fourteen years after they began to use tents in evangelistic meetings.

Ruel Root, who is the third generation of church elders in Wright, took us out to the site of that first camp meeting. I had hoped against hope for a grove or at least a pasture, so that I might visualize the historic scene. But lo, we stopped in the midst of his apple orchard, the heavy boughs hanging low. "Here," said Ruel Root, "is where the assembly met, and yonder to the right was the speakers' stand."

It was a slight depression where we stood, and the bower which made the rostrum therefore would have been on a slight rise to our right. In the opposite direction, up a scarcely perceptible slope, would have been the open-air forum, with its log and plank seats. And around them in semicircle, veiled from our view by the thick orchard, were ranged the twenty-two tents of the campers-nineteen from Michigan, two from Wisconsin, and one, the only heavy duck tent, from New York.

The two large tents belonging to the tent companies of Michigan and Ohio were also pitched, one of them for the abundant supply of straw required, the other as a meeting place if it should rain. The open-air forum was patterned after the Millerite camp meetings, and I believe this, our first, was the only camp meeting that used it. For it rained. On Sunday, next to the last day, a deluge drove them all to the big tent, and the rain pierced through all the flimsy cotton-drill tents, and left only the New York tent dry. That decided the future renting material of camp meetings, and also the use of large tents for meetings instead of the open grounds.

Some three hundred people were camped on the ground, but the attendance at its height was over two thousand. The speakers were eleven in number, chief of whom were James and Ellen White, Joseph Bates, J. N. Andrews, and J. H. Waggoner.

We visited two attenders of that first camp meeting. It was held seventy-eight years before, but these old ladies were there. Sisters, they live in near-by Coopersville, and their names are Mrs. Ella Foxe and Miss Clara Hastings. Mrs. Foxe, though then but four years old, says she remembers how James White



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gathered the children together and talked with them, and gave them each a small book, titled, from its first story, Little Will. Clara, her sister, was a babe in arms, but she says she made her mark at that first camp meeting by being the only baby who disturbed the assembly. The “only,” of course, might be disputed by some other claimants for honors, if they were accessible.

Mrs. Foxe is in the third generation from Grandma Foxe, who lies in the graveyard behind the meetinghouse, a member of the first Wright church, and before that living in Salem Center, Indiana, where Samuel Rhodes and J. C. Bowles first preached. There was much opposition down there to the handful who accepted the third angel’s message, and their meeting place, the house of Mrs. Foxe, a widow with several children, was stoned by a mob. One man climbed to the roof, to put a board over the chimney and smoke them out, but he fell off and broke his neck. Grandma Foxe always said an angel pushed him off the roof. Perhaps the devil was through with a man mean enough to smoke out a widow and her little children.

There is other precious dust in that burying ground. Dr. J. H. Ginley, who was the second head of the Health Reform Institute in Battle Creek, after Dr. H. S. Lay resigned, is buried here, with his wife and daughter. Elder Ephraim H. Root and his wife Hezzy lie here, and their son James, Ruel’s father, who was the second church elder. The faith has been kept in the family of Root. How well I remember, from my Michigan boyhood, the benevolent face of Elder Root, with his thick white beard and his kindly blue eyes, when he visited our church at Hanover, one of the charter members of the Michigan Conference. The church at Wright resulted from meetings held by Elder B. Frisbie in 1858. The weathered church records in Brother Root’s farmhouse go back no further than 1861, but there are references in it to a “first book,” which is evidently lost. It was one of the charter churches in the Michigan Conference, the first conference organization among us, formed in 1861.

The great and the little camp meetings of today stem from this first and very successful experiment. The brethren took good care in advance that all should be organized and well conducted. A daily program was posted, the meetings were regular and well attended, even the interests of the children, so often neglected in that day, were at least partially provided for, and the policing of the grounds at night was thorough. Conditions were rather primitive: beds consisted of straw piled thick between boards on two sides of the community tents, cooking was done outdoors on open fires, and the lighting at night was furnished by blazing fires on earth-filled elevated boxes and by bonfires. The bookstand was a triangle of boards in the open. Yet the spirit of true worship and the nucleus of organization were there; and we may well worship in spirit with the pioneers gathered for the first Seventh-day Adventist camp meeting in the sugar bush of Elder Root at Wright, Michigan.

1. Ellen G. White, *Life Sketches* (ed. 1915), p. 173.

2. Uriah Smith and James White in *Review and Herald*, July 14, 1868, pp. 56, 57.

## 24. The Room on the Side of the House

J. B. Frishie

“ON YOUR way back,” advised Elder T. G. Bunch, president of the Michigan Conference, stop at the Rumseys, near Potterville. There you will find old Sister Rumsey, ninety-two years old, who was a Carman, and whose memory reaches back to the beginnings of our work in Michigan.”

So I did. just short of the little center of Potterville, I turned in where I saw a substantial brick house sitting among its maples and commanding its big barns. A little old lady came to the door to greet me. “Is this Mrs. Rumsey?”

“I am one Mrs. Rumsey. Perhaps you want to see my daughter-in-law”-who then left the kitchen and came forward. When I gave my name, the screen door opened wide in welcome, and I stepped into the dwelling noted as the house where a room was built on the side expressly for Elder and Mrs. White, as for Elisha in the Shunamite home long ago. Prompted occasionally by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Rumsey gave me a racy and interesting story of the early days.

She was born Cora Viola Carman, in 1853. Her parents and her uncles, George and James Potter, were the first settlers there, in 1844. It was all woods then. They used to have great bees, with their ox teams, to pile up the trees they had felled, and burn them. Anyone who wanted logs to saw into lumber could go out and cut them anywhere; the owners were glad to be rid of them. Her uncle George brought in a

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sawmill, and he did a big business with it.

Mr. Carman's people were strict Methodists, but he had no interest in any church; and his wife's people never had any religion. One day in 1855 Carman and a neighbor were drawing logs to the mill, when the neighbor said, "John, why don't you go down to the schoolhouse at West Windsor? There's the smartest man there to talk Bible anyone ever did hear."

"So," says his daughter, "my father went down the next night to hear Elder J. B. Frisbie, who had come up from Battle Creek. Of course he didn't know his name or who he was then. He went down there and he came home and said, 'I stepped in the schoolhouse, and the preacher had a chart hung up with the most awful animals on it I ever saw. I've lived in these woods for years, and I never saw animals with ten horns on them.' Well, the next night he hitched up his ox team to the sled, and took his wife and baby—that was me. The preacher got up and he said, 'I see there are some here this evening who are new, so I will take a little review.' And he did.

"The upshot of it was, after a few days my father asked Elder Frisbie home with us. 'Elder,' he says, 'you go in the house, and when I've unyoked the team, I'll come in.' It was awful cold. So when he came in, he says, 'Well, Elder, I don't know what I ever asked you here for. I've never had a preacher in my house before.' 'Well, I know,' Elder Frisbie says, 'It's to study the Bible.' And that's what they proceeded to do. Finally we all came into the truth. And my father lived and died in the message he received that day. He was past ninety-five when he died." Anyone who will read the reports in the Review and Herald along in those times—reports from White and Loughborough and Cornell and Frisbie—will see the name of John Carman many times—committeeman, counselor, financial backer.

They lived then in a log house, which apparently grew year by year from the first cabin; for it came to have seven rooms, lathered and plastered and papered, which is something for a log house to boast of. James and Ellen White often visited them, and once when he was sick they brought him up in a democrat wagon on a bed, and he spent three months with them. "I was eight years old," said Mrs. Rumsey, "and I helped my mother a good deal in the house, but they lent me to Elder White. They would take him out on the lawn in front, right there, and I waited on him. I could keep the flies off, and cover his feet when they got out. And sometimes he would say, 'Now, Cora, you go in the kitchen and help your mother awhile. I'm all right.'

"Well, one day father said to Elder White, 'What do you think of my building a brick house?' And Brother White said, "John, you're a mechanic; you can build the house yourself. Go ahead. And when you do it, build a room on it somewhere, where Ellen and I can come and rest.' So father built it. He hauled the brick from Lansing, but all the woodwork, timbers and boards, and doors and window frames, he sawed out and he made himself."

We were standing in the room then, which is now her own, and she fingered lovingly the paneled door, mortised as tight as when, eighty years ago, her father's hands put it together. "All this work, all this house," she said, "my father made. He had planned the house to be square, but when Elder White suggested a room for them, he added this on the side of the house. The neighbors told him it would spoil the looks of the house, but I can't see that it did. It looks all right to me from the inside, anyway.

I looked around the spacious room on the side of the house, much lived in, bright, engaging. And I asked, "Did Elder and Mrs. White stay here much?"

"No," she said. "They stayed in our log house much more. That was right back there, outside this rear window, you see? After this house was built, they were going everywhere, to California and New England and Texas and all over, and they didn't have much time to spend here. But it was made for them, and sometimes they came and stayed in this room. They bought this furniture, and put it in here."

"I'll tell you about the church," she said. "One time Potterville had over one hundred members, but now all that are left of us go to Charlotte to church. Back in those days, after my father and others had accepted the truth, there was no church building of any kind anywhere around here. My uncle George wasn't a member, but he thought there ought to be a church for the good of the community. So one day he said to my father, 'John, why don't your denomination build a church here?'

'Can't do it,' said my father.

'Yes, you can,' said Uncle George. 'Everybody here wants a church. I'll saw all your lumber free of charge, and I'll give one hundred dollars in cash. Go out with a subscription paper and get signets.'

"Well, my father talked to my mother about it. Mother thought it was folly; how could these poor people build a church? But father, when he got an idea in his head, was not one to give up easily. In February he hitched up the horse, and drove up to Grand Ledge, to see the Fischels, and around to some other little companies. They all wanted this church. So they came together, cut down the trees, and sawed

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them into logs, and with their ox teams hauled them to the mill. Uncle George sawed the lumber free, as he said he would, and they had a building bee and they put up that church. There were a lot of people here. They brought their straw ticks and stuffed them with our straw, and they filled the barn with themselves. They put up that church in ten days.

“That was after this house was built. I was seventeen then We had a big church here at Potterville. And Sister White has preached in that church many times. My father built a pulpit especially for her. First they had just a stand, but she didn’t like that, so she asked father to build her a pulpit that would come clear down to the floor, and she stood behind that and preached. Where the church was torn down at last, that pulpit was taken to Lansing, and I guess it’s there in the church now. The pews didn’t fare so well—the benches, the seats, you know. They were made of hesswood, and basswood is hard to get, but it’s the best lumber for beehives; so when the church was torn down, someone got those hoards and made beehives of them.”

“People had leisure in those days,” she said. That’s surely something to think about, when we remember how our ancestors tore the forests, pulled the stumps, made their fields. Built their houses, sowed and reaped their harvests, fashioned their clothes, ran their homes, and sometimes had picnics and corn huskings and sugaring-off-and meetings! Well, but they didn’t have to go on long auto trips to quiet their nerves, nor to picture shows to get keyed up, nor to bathing beaches to relax; and though there were dances, they didn’t go to them. They had leisure.

“Fred Griggs’ parents came along here the next spring after we accepted the truth,” she said, “in a springboard. They were going to the conference at Battle Creek.” That must have been in 1856, and Adventist Battle Creek was very young. The “conference” was a conference, not an organized body. “They had leisure in those days. They persuaded father to go to that conference. Father and mother both went.”

And I warrant they were well confirmed in the faith. Potterville was a stanch church in the early days, and until recent years. Why, I remember seeing the old church before it was torn down, myself. As I bade them good-by, Mrs. Cora Viola Carman Rumsey, in her ninety-third year, turned again to the cutting out of garments for some of the children, a work she had laid aside when I came in. She harked from the good old days, when people had leisure.

## 25. The Sons of Grandfather Mountain

Samuel H. Kime

IT IS a far cry from the rolling hills of Michigan to the tumbled mountains of North Carolina. But there, in the high valleys between the Blue Ridge and the Unakas, where Daniel Boone and James Robertson pioneered, where the mountain men fought with the Indians, and whence they surged down to the crucial battle of the Revolution at King’s Mountain, there stands a memorial of our early history, the first Seventh-day Adventist meeting house in the South. And there remain a people, descendants to the third and fourth generation of them who heard the cry of the Second Advent angel, and the call to separate from Babylon, and the warning against the beast and his image and against receiving his mark in forehead or in hand. While the South contains more than one shrine of the early days, the account of which would fill a book by itself, I think it good to register at least this one high outpost in the southern sector of the battlefield.

We drove the hundred miles and more from the Asheville Agricultural School and Mountain Sanitarium, at Fletcher, to the Grandfather Mountain region, where was the beginning of our work in that section of the South. The mountain country of North Carolina, “The Land of the Sky,” is beautiful at all seasons of the year; but for all its charm of springtime, in the mass flowering of azalea, laurel, and rhododendron, and its ever-living beauty of high undulating skyline, leaping streams, and forested mountains, I think the autumn is its supreme glory, when the spectacles of its forests in all the hues and tints of the rainbow are hung up like God’s pictures against the sky. And this indescribable beauty was ours to behold on that sunny day in October, when we went to see the brethren at Banner Elk and Valle Crucis, with their churches and schools, and the aged shell of the old church, long since abandoned.

Along a glorious, winding scenic drive we ascended to Gillespie Gap, first called Etchoe Pass. Here stands a pyramidal monument of stone, faced with a bronze tablet recounting the history. The first episode is featured by General Francis Marion, later called the “Swamp Fox” of the Revolution, but here

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high above the swamps. In the closing months of the Cherokee War, 1761, with thirty men, the advance guard of the backwoodsmen's little army, he forced the pass against the Indians, losing twenty-one of the thirty, but opening the way—a Thermopylae in reverse. Through this Gap also, nineteen years later, poured the overmountain men, nearly a thousand strong, under Campbell, Shelby, and Sevier, to join McDowell in the Piedmont and sweep on to the climactic victory at King's Mountain.

From the pass, 2,802 feet altitude, the road leads up and on to the high valley of Banner Elk, under Grandfather Mountain, and over Bower's Gap, highest pass in the mountains, 4,115 feet, down, down into the Valley of the Cross, still three thousand feet high. Valle Crucis is so named because from a height its three converging streams and valleys make the rough outline of a cross. Grandfather Mountain gets its name from the rock formations on its face, where three great cliffs, from a certain angle, make the profile of an old man. As for Banner Elk, there was a first settler Banner and a river Elk, which was named for the many elk found grazing there.

The evening shades were deepening as, on our way to visit "the old one," regretfully we passed the little church and schoolhouse at Banner Elk, for it was prayer-meeting night; but we had no other time for the visit. As we drove on through the deepening dusk we met and spoke with groups of the mountaineers—young people, fathers and mothers, and children carried on their backs—turning out like the Waldenses of old to the midweek meeting of the church.

The main highways of the mountain country are paved and smooth; but here we left them, and in the dark drove up impossible stony and often gullied roads, one after the other growing more fierce, negotiable only by the memory and the experienced eye and hand of Brother Jasperson. At last we fetched up against the barbed-wire fortifications of a log castle on the hill, dismounted, and by starlight and the surprising effulgence of a great electric light on the porch, climbed the steep ascent to the mountaineer's home. Uncle Jake, his daughter, and his magnificently muscled, six-foot, twenty-year-old grandson greeted us, and we sat down to listen to the tales of the grandsire, oldest living child of the pioneers.

Here, as in New England, New York, and Michigan, we ran into a tangle of memories, reports, and legends. The first generation of Seventh-day Adventists are all dead, Harrison Clark, the last of them, passing away in 1942, at the age of eighty-eight. The last interview with him is included in an article by Marguerite Millar Jasperson, in *The Youth's Instructor* of March 26, 1935. The sons and daughters are, for the most part, now old, their memories fond though their feet are feeble; in the words of Uncle Jake, "We go where our children and grandchildren carry us." They give us varying accounts of the beginnings; yet a pattern may be wrought out of these. Doubtless the most competent witness is Elder Stewart Kime, son of Samuel H. Kime, though he is younger than Uncle Jake and perhaps than some of the other sons of the pioneers. This manuscript was submitted to him, in his far California home, and with the assistance of his younger sister Lydia, Mrs. Guy F. Wolfkill, of Pacific Union College, he edited it so far as his memory served.

No one is certain of the exact date of the first receipt of Adventist literature, but it was in the 70's, probably 1874 or 1875. One of them thinks the sender of the literature was a Sister Brooke; another that it was Mrs. M. L. Hunt. This last may be identified as Miss Maria L. Huntley, the general secretary of the Tract Society, of whom certainly they would learn in those early times. It is certain, however, that the first Seventh-day Adventist minister to meet with them was Elder Charles O. Taylor, of New York. J. O. Corliss, after making a survey of the South, reported to the *Review and Herald* in 1880 his visit to this mountain country; and he says that the literature was sent by two sisters, one living in Haverhill, Massachusetts, the other in Mill Grove, New York. [1] The latter place was the home of Elder R. F. Cottrell, a pioneer minister, writer, and poet, some of whose hymns we still sing. Elders Cottrell and Taylor were fellow laborers, and it is probable that the latter received word of the North Carolina spot of interest from the Mill Grove man.

In any case, in 1876 Elder Taylor hitched up his team; and he and his wife, leaving their little children there in their early graves, began their long trek to the South and their pilgrimage which ended only with her death. They are all united now in the same burial plot at Adams Center, the three small ones, who died at the same time in an epidemic, having their ages indicated by the respective heights of their low headstones: Gracy, Hiny, Tommy.

The two churches now in this North Carolina highland are Banner Elk and Valle Crucis, names as romantic as their stories. At Banner Elk the "old one" is Uncle Jake Norwood, nearing eighty; and another, somewhat younger and still vigorous son of a pioneer is Roby Hodges, whose father, L. P. Hodges, was the first ordained minister of the Seventh-day Adventist Church from the mountain country, and the first elder of the original church at Sands, six miles from Valle Crucis. At Valle Crucis lives Bert Fox, son of Lum

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Fox, who received literature along with the first, but postponed acceptance of the Sabbath until 1880, an event well remembered by the then four-year-old son. There also, up at the head of Clark's Creek, above the old mill wheel, live Hardy Clark, son of a charter member, and his wife Zettie, a Townsend-and several of the Townsends were among the pioneers.

The tales vary also as to the way the literature was received. One account is that it was sent to a mountain preacher (Stewart Kime says, his father), who without examining it distributed it to his flock; and when they had read it and begun discussion of it, he himself became interested. Others say the literature came to several men, who belonged separately to the Lutheran, Methodist, and Baptist faiths. Two of these Lutherans were Willarn Norwood, father of Jake, and Larkin Townsend, later Jake's father-in-law. They studied and became deeply interested in the literature. Said Uncle Jake: "Of course they hadn't no electricity in those days, no, nor coal-oil lamps. They made twists of pieces of cloth and dipped them in lard-they all had plenty lard, and lighted them for candles. My father laid on his belly night after night, studying those tracts by the light of the lard dips, and he got mighty shaken."

So Norwood and Townsend posted off to their Lutheran minister beyond Boone, some twenty miles away. He told them there was nothing in that doctrine, and that he would come up and show them. But he did not come; so they made a second visit to him.

"I can show you in a roundabout way," he explained lamely, that Sunday is the day to keep, not Saturday."

"We don't want no roundabout way," answered Bill Norwood. "We want the straight way. We want the truth."

They tramped back home; and when they came alongside Townsend's hog lot, where were fattening his prize porkers, they stopped and meditatively gazed at the pigs, unconscious then that the decision they were making would take away their swine as well as their Sunday.

At last Larkin spoke: "Bill, I'm going to keep Saturday for the Sabbath. That preacher don't know nothing about it, and the Bible says it's the seventh day, and I'm going to keep it."

Said Bill, "Well, Lark, I will too."

A number of others (though the list varies in different accounts) made up their minds, from reading the literature, that they would keep the Sabbath; and they surprised one another by their simultaneous announcements. There was a young man there named Samuel H. Kime, who was studying for the Methodist ministry. The discussion was so general and so warm in the community that he took notice. He told the interested ones that he could disprove the Sabbath argument in a very short time. To prepare, he set to work studying the Scriptures, but soon became convinced of the Sabbath truth and accepted it. (Attach this as you can to the tradition that he was the minister who first received the literature.) He was the first elder of their Clark's Creek church, now Valle Crucis; and he became one of the first two Seventh-day Adventist licentiates from the mountain country, and was soon ordained. His son Stewart followed in his ministerial steps, and various of his kin are filling or have filled positions in the cause-ministerial, educational, medical-from America to the Far East. Dallas Kime, a nephew, is a missionary in the East Indies. Other families of this church are likewise represented in various phases of the cause.

Under Samuel Kime's leadership, they formed a company or band, but organization as a church must wait for a certified minister of the Seventh-day Adventists. So they pleaded for help. And when C. O. Taylor came into the mountain country and opened a series of meetings at Shull's Mill, some six miles below Valle Crucis, they trooped down to hear him. We have no sure testimony as to the date of this first evangelistic effort in the mountains; the present generation does not seem to know, and Taylor himself, while reporting voluminously on his labors in Georgia, mentions only that on the way down he visited interested ones in North Carolina and South Carolina. If we assume, what is altogether probable, that he called here on his way south, it was in 1876.

In any case, Taylor opened the evangelistic work in the mountains, though apparently both Kime and Hodges preached before ordination, in the 70's. A church was first organized at Sands, and the Banner Elk and Valle Crucis believers belonged to it. The Clark's Creek church, now Valle Crucis, was organized in 1880; and both Valle Crucis and Banner Elk believers were included in its membership. Banner Elk as a separate organization was formed much later. J. O. Corliss, who in 1880 was sent by the General Conference to survey and foster the work in the South, reports that he ordained L. P. Hodges and licensed C. F. Fox and S. H. Kime. [2]

But the most loved minister in this mountain community was D. T. Shireman (they call him "Sherman"), that great exemplar of the lay worker (he was later ordained) who, though a humble brickmason, carpenter, and general mechanic, was most of all a missionary. He went out with ministering

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hand and voice, first in his native Iowa, and then in the South, particularly North Carolina. They point out the spot at the top of Dutch Creek Falls, where he slipped on the rock and would have plunged over the brink had not he “felt the pressure of angel hands on his two sides, holding him up.” And they tell how he helped with his own hands to finish the little church up on Dutch Creek, which housed the Clark’s Creek company, the first Seventh-day Adventist church building in the South.

We drove up Dutch Creek to see it. It is across the little stream, close in to the shoulder of the rising hill. Opposite it, on this side, was the home of Larkin Townsend, now gone, but replaced by another large house, perhaps a replica, except for the ten-foot-wide fireplace where great hickory logs burned for days at a time. The church was then convenient to the believers, some of them, however, coming miles from Banner Elk across a gap in the shoulder of Grandfather Mountain, and others from other directions eight to ten miles away. But now, like the church at Washington, New Hampshire, it sits outside the center of things. Stewart Kime remembers that his father headed the project. Uncle Jake says it was begun in 1881 and finished in May, 1882, when he was fourteen years old. But Bert Fox says that though it was begun then, it was eight or ten years in being finished, and so thinks Elder W. L. Adkins, who preached the last sermon in it in 1910.

The picture of the church here given was taken twelve years ago; since then it has deteriorated greatly. But it was a bonny meedrihouse when it was first created. Larkin Townsend gave the land, and to build the church all the brethren came from far and near, “rising sood’ and tolling till night. The framing timbers were all hewn from the forest, mortised and tenoned and fastened with wooden pegs. The clap boarding was sawed, but the flooring and ceiling boards were tongued and grooved by hand, and the pine shingles were first riven out and then smoothed and tapered by the drawknife; and the old square-cut iron nails that fastened them may still be found. Perhaps the truth is that they began worshiping in it as soon as it was enclosed, but that the inside finishing of ceiling boards on sides and overhead was delayed for some years.

They used to hold all-day meetings in it, nevertheless. At first they let the children play outside, but one Sabbath Samuel Kime, perhaps disturbed by the hilarity outside, said to his wife, “Ellen, they’ve got to come in.” And in they came. There was a class for the little ones, though the only text they had at first was a blue back Webster’s Speller which the children used at day school. The older people had a Bible class, and says Uncle Jake: “Stewart Kime was a little fellow, but he didn’t go in the children’s class. He was the brightest boy ever I see. So in he comes to the big folks’ class, and I see him there, his bare toes jest touching the floor, and the best scholar in the hull setup.”

It still sits there, the old church, but its days are numbered. The shingled roof shows gaps, some of the clap boarding is torn off, and the great old timbers, showing through in places, are rotting away. Inside, the platform and the preachers’ bench, both shaky with age, maintain their places despite the indignity of stored beans and potatoes; but the pulpit was taken away years ago to Fletcher, and there it perished in a fire. The present owner, not an Adventist, expects to tear the building down soon. I wish,” said Uncle Jake wistfully, “that we could buy it and set it up somewhat, to remember the old days, and Samuel Kime, and Elder Sherman.”

1. J. O. Corliss in Review and Herald, Dec. 16, 1880, p. 397.

2 Ibid.

## 26. The Valley of Vision

Our Blessed Savior

THE burden of the valley of vision. I saw a light gleam in the darkness. A feeble flame, flicked by the wind, now bent almost to extinction, now leaping bravely upward, meeting the surrounding gloom with promise of a greater day. It seemed men tended the light. Sometimes their dark bodies passed in front of it; sometimes as they stood behind it, their faces were lighted with its glow.

Then I saw the light multiplying. Yonder, here, there, new candles were set aflame, as men carried the light to other places. Laboriously at first, with patient, groping steps, they sought to increase the illumination. And as the light spread, the tapers were turned to torches. Their beams reached out to one another, and in the murky night they traced a pattern of progress toward the dawn.

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The company that served grew greater: men, women, youth, and little children. They circled the earth. They lifted their torches high; they threw the kindling sparks to waiting light bearers. Into the dark recesses of heathen lands and through the bewildering mazes of old civilizations the light penetrated, rescuing devil-ridden souls, lifting despairing men, pointing them to the splendor of the on speeding day. And all the earth was lighted with the glory of the knowledge of the coming of the Lord.

But what! Would men quench light? Would they turn their faces away to the blackness of night? Would they seize the candle, the torch, the lamp, and dash them to the ground? Yea! Because men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. They lifted up their hands and smote; they lifted up their feet and kicked; they lifted up their voices and cried the light down.

And what! Would some who bore the light neglect its flame and let it perish? Would they be greedy of the baubles that hung beside their path, and let fall the precious torch? Yea! Because they lost the vision of their mission, and their eyes were filmed with the cobwebs of earthly pleasures, so that they could not discern the light of life. They grasped for earthly treasure; they stumbled on the unevenness of their path; they heard the sounds of the revel, and, searching for it, fell in the morass.

And I heard One praying in the chambers of the night: "Father, let Thy glory shine forth. Let the sun of Your eternal love diffuse Thy light through all the world. Father, let not this day fail, this day of Your appointed time, when Thou wilt end the mystery of iniquity and reveal the mystery of godliness. O Father, give me children, children of light, children in whom is no blemish, children in whom is no guile, children who are wrapped in the glory of Thy righteousness, children who will finish the work of God in the earth. For the time is at hand, and the word of God cannot fail. Holy Father, I have glorified Thee on the earth; I have finished the work Thou gave me to do. Now glorify me with the glory that I had with Thee before the world was. This is the glory: that the children of Thy covenant should shine forth in the brightness of Your indwelling, that they should be sanctified through Thy word of truth, that they should all be one in us, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee. So shall the agony of the ages end in the rapture of redemption, and Thy name be glorified."

This is the burden of the valley of vision: Where are the men and the women of God, where are the young men and the maidens, strong, true hearted, disciplined, fired with the zeal of the supreme mission, who shall catch the torch of truth from the hands of the falling veterans, and carry it on to the glorious consummation? Let them stand up and be counted. Let them thrust aside the fears, the doubts, the cowardice of inaction; let them waive the exemption of the benedict, the ease and pleasure of the vine and the fig tree. Let them stoop not to drink at leisure, but with their eyes fixed upon the foe stride upright through the Waters of Trembling.

This is the day of battle, the day of crisis, the day of decision. The last great assault is ordered. What man is fearful and fainthearted, let him go and return unto his house, lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart. What man is courageous and stouthearted, a son of the King, let him rise up and go into the wood and strengthen the hand of God's anointed. The trumpet is blown in the mountain of God: let the soldiers of the Last Legion gather. For now, by the might of God, shall Israel be delivered!

What cheer from the battlefields of old? What inspiration from the heroes of faith who have gone before? What examples of self-discipline, of sacrifice, of devotion to the cause, of utter and absolute consecration to the finishing of the gospel work? Call up the names of God's warriors who fought His battles, of the pilgrims in the night who kept the path to the dawn, of the workers who toiled and sacrificed and gave the last full measure of devotion. Are they worthy of imitation? Are they the pattern of conduct? Does their faith inspire us? Do their deeds provoke us to emulation? Is their memory precious? Are they about us as a cloud of witnesses for God?

Then set the feet in the path they trod. Then lift the light that they cherished. Then marshal the powers of body, mind, and soul to finish the task they began. For, please God, the work shall be done in this our day; and we shall clasp hands on the Mount of Triumph with the heroes of God.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in His holy place? He who has clean hands and a pure heart. He who has disciplined his appetite and his lust and his ambition. He who has husbanded and built his strength for service. He who has forgotten himself in contemplation of Christ. He who has put his hand in God's, and through storm and hazard and want and the blackness of trial has stayed his soul on the Changeless Love. He shall receive the blessing of the Lord and the acclaim of the Holy Ones.

The vision is of the tumultuous past and the victories of the saints, immortal in fame through seeing Him who is invisible. It is of the past because we are the children of the patriarchs, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched

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the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. It is of the past because out of the mold of its dead days springs up the life of today.

And the vision is of the glorious future, of the triumph of Christ and of His followers tried and true, of the choiring leaders of the redeemed, of harpers harping with their harps, of voices from heaven as the voice of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder, singing as it were a new song before the Throne. Transmuted into the melody and speech of heaven, redolent of experience and eloquent of the praise of eternity, it yet is reminiscent of that deathless theme of time.