

ADVENTIST HERITAGE

Book III



Office of Education
Lake Union Conference

ADVENTIST
HERITAGE CENTER
James White Library
ANDREWS UNIVERSITY

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	TAB
Table of Contents	A
Rationale	B
Four-Year Plan	C
Suggestions for Use	D
John Andrews and Family	E
Goodloe Bell	F
Sidney Brownsberger	G
George I. Butler	H
Stephen Haskell	I
John H. Kellogg	J
Will K. Kellogg	K
Annie Smith	L
Uriah Smith	M
Sojourner Truth	N
James and Ellen White	O
Anecdotes / Facts	P
Plays	Q
Memorable Dates	R
Arts and Crafts	S
SDA Historical Map	T
Resource Bibliography	U
Resource Pictures	V

ADVENTIST HERITAGE
BOOK I

Rationale

Why study history? Why not just concern ourselves with the present and the future? A wise man has said that if we do not learn from the mistakes of the past then we are doomed to repeat them. One wise and inspired woman said, "We have nothing to fear for the future, except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us, and His teaching in our past history." 9T 10 If the study of history is important then the study of Seventh-day Adventist History is vital.

The Seventh-day Adventist movement has a rich heritage in which evidence of God's providence and blessings abound. Our pioneers had a vision and a sense of urgency to pronounce the life giving message of Jesus' soon return. In studying the early days of the Adventist movement, we catch a glimpse of both the humanity and the humor of our foreparents. By taking a vicarious look at the trials, triumphs, and tragedies of our pioneers, we begin to understand them better. We have also been told that in the last days the "children's voices will be raised up to give the message of warning to a perishing world. When heavenly intelligences see that men are no longer permitted to present the truth, the Spirit of God will come upon the children, and they will do a work in the proclamation of the truth which the older workers cannot do, because their way will be hedged up." 6T 203

The purpose of this committee was to put together a four-year cycle of materials that would inform new believers and re-acquaint all others of our rich heritage. These materials are to be used during the Adventist Heritage Week. It is the committee's hope and prayer that this will spark an interest in further examination of our historical significance.

The study of our heritage will enable our children to recapture the vision and regain the lost fervor which will empower them, through the Holy Spirit, to deliver God's final message.

It was the intention of this committee to find a representative sampling of highlights from our Adventist past and put them into an organized and useful format.

In this packet you will find pictures, stories, biographies, and some study sheets on the pioneers to be studied in the third year of the four-year cycle. Some stories are repeated, but since this is for grades 1-8 it was felt that teachers could select those segments they felt most comfortable using.

Adventist Heritage Committee
Lake Union Conference
Office of Education
1993

ADVENTIST HERITAGE WEEK

Four-Year Plan

First Year	Beginning to 1844 (Disappointment)
Second Year	1844 to 1855 (Move to Battle Creek)
Third Year	1855 to 1881 (Death of James White)
Fourth Year	1881 to 1915 (Death of Ellen White)

1995 Heritage Week

Third Year

Characters:

John N. Andrews

Goodloe Bell

Sydney Brownsberger

George Butler

Steven N. Haskell

John H. Kellogg

Will K. Kellogg

Annie Smith

Uriah Smith

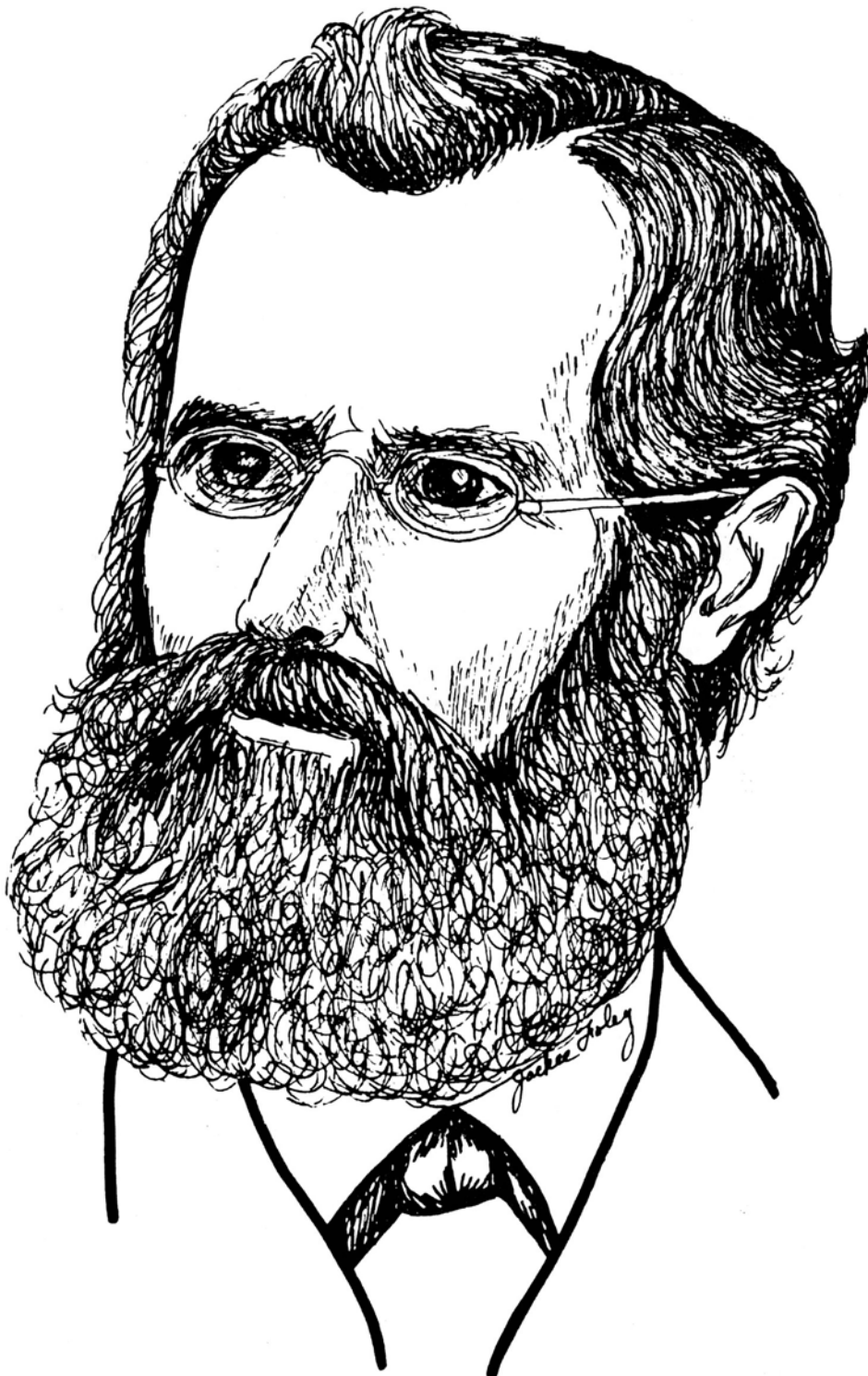
Sojourner of Truth

Ellen White

James White

SUGGESTIONS FOR USE

This notebook contains material of early Adventist History. There is much more material than can be used during the Adventist Heritage Week. Teachers, therefore, can be selective, or many teachers choose to use the materials over a longer period of time. For example, materials can continue to be used at worship periods, church presentations, and other special programs.



JOHN ANDREWS

JOHN NEVINS ANDREWS

Birth: 1829 Portland, Maine

Death: 1883 Basel, Switzerland

Family: Wife - Angeline S. Stevens

Children - Charles, Mary

Accomplishments: Preacher, author, third General Conference president, first officially sponsored overseas SDA missionary, developer of organized SDA church, proponent of tithing

JOHN NEVINS ANDREWS

FIRST FOREIGN MISSIONARY

July 22, 1829 - October 21, 1883

J. N. Andrews was born on July 22, 1829 at Portland, Maine. As he grew he found much enjoyment in reading books. Often when other boys were playing rough and tumble games, John would be found engrossed in a book.

Uncle Charles, a congressman and a man of political importance encouraged John to become a lawyer. Because of his budding intellectual strength and his literary qualities, he might have become a successful lawyer, but God had other plans for John.

In the spring of 1844 a tract, The Hope of Israel, an Adventist paper, fell into his hands. The tract was written to convince people that the seventh day was the Christian Sabbath and should be observed instead of Sunday. After reading the tract, John was so convinced that he gave the tract to his parents. The Spirit led, and the whole family kept the next Sabbath.

He became a preacher at the age of 21. From 1850 to 1853 he conducted evangelistic meetings throughout Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York. He even traveled further west through Ohio, Michigan, and the eastern part of Canada. He not only preached, but he wrote. He prepared 35 articles for publication. It was during this time period that John was ordained a minister (1853).

It was also during this time that John met a young lady named Annie Smith. Perhaps it was because they both worked closely with James and Ellen White that they developed a mutually satisfying friendship. Annie had high hopes for a future with John, but he disappointed her and turned his affections toward a girl in his hometown. Some think that her great disappointment at this turn of events may have contributed to her early death. (She died of T.B.)

John's health could not withstand the push-push-push treatment he was giving it. The constant preaching, reading, and writing took its toll on his voice, eyesight, and total health. He told Elder White that he needed to leave Rochester and return to his father's farm in Portland, Maine. Here he hoped he would regain his health. He trudged back home to spend what well could have been his "last days" with his parents.

His health was so broken that his parents hardly recognized him. Such was the pathetic sight that met the gaze of his former acquaintance, Angeline Stevens. She was a humble lady of slight build, about five years his senior. Whether there had been an attraction sometime in the past we're not sure. With his health broken she may have seemed a "motherly figure" in his imagination, but at any rate, she sparked embers to life in a depressed and broken John.

Within a year's time both families, the Andrews and Stevens, moved west to Waukon, Iowa. It was here that John proposed to Angeline. They were married that autumn in the year of 1856.

To their home were born four children, Charles on October 5, 1857, Mary, September 29, 1861, a premature birth and death of a daughter on September 9, 1863, and Carrie on August 9, 1864. Carrie lived only a few months.

While his family was young, John was very busy. Often he was away from home for long periods of time. In the 1860's John was elected President of the New York Conference. With this election he moved his family to Rochester. Now he could be home a little more often. He also served as the third General Conference President in 1867 - 1869.

In 1872 a heavy sorrow came to John. His beloved wife passed away after a second stroke at the early age of 48. Charles was 14 and Mary only ten. For weeks he was overcome with grief. To occupy his mind, he plunged into the task of revising and enlarging his book, History of the Sabbath.

Because Rochester held so many memories of Angeline, he moved to South Lancaster, Massachusetts where he rented a house near an academy. The children attended school, and John continued his research in nearby Boston.

While living here John received the call to go as the 1st foreign missionary. Thus on September 15, 1874, John and his two children set sail for Switzerland.

They were true missionaries. They studied and worked hard. Their living conditions were poor, their food scant, but they never complained.

John learned seven different languages and wrote papers in English, French, German, and Italian. His children helped - Mary proofread much of the work and Charles helped in the publishing of the papers.

In 1878, four years after their arrival in Switzerland, Mary became quite sick. John brought Mary back to the United States to Battle Creek for John Kellogg to examine. He said she had tuberculosis (T.B.) and would not get better. She died on November 27, 1878. She was only 17 - the first SDA foreign missionary to die.

John went back to Switzerland and together with Charles they labored for the Lord.

Because John stayed very close to Mary during the last stages of her disease and because T.B. is highly contagious, John contracted it. He continued to work for five more years, as his strength permitted. He did much to establish the work in Europe and to help with the organization of our headquarters in Basle, Switzerland. He died in the harness, a sacrificing missionary pioneer on October 21, 1883, at the age of 54.

STORY ABOUT JOHN ANDREWS

Charles, John Andrew's six-year old son, sat up in bed. Pain shot up his leg as he tried to move his foot, causing him to cry out, "My leg! My leg! It hurts! Oh, how it hurts!"

John and Angeline had decided to try a health practice known as fomentations. Once after a treatment, Angeline called back to John as she was leaving the room. "John, you ought to tell Charles how brave you were when just a young fellow. Like the time you saved that old man from a beating." Thus comes the following story -

"Your mother thinks I'm a hero." Charles's father laughed. "It really wasn't much. No more than any Christian would do."

"But tell me, Father, please!" Charles begged.

"I guess I was about fourteen when it happened," Father began. "I was walking to a meeting with Brother Davis, an old man who belonged to our group of advent believers. My family and I no longer belonged to the Methodist church. We heard William Miller preach that Jesus was coming in 1844. The more we studied our Bibles, the more we believed in the soon coming of Jesus, too. But the Methodist Church didn't believe the same as we; so we stopped going to that church. Instead, we met with other people who believed in the soon coming of Jesus. We held meetings in the schoolhouse.

"Anyway, Brother Davis and I were walking together to a meeting in the schoolhouse one evening. Some of the neighbors and people around town made fun of those of us who believed Jesus was coming soon. But this one evening they did more than just call us names.

"Just as Brother Davis and I reached the bridge, a mob of angry men ran out of the bushes and straight at us. They surrounded us so we couldn't go across the bridge or run back the way we had come. We both stood still wondering what would happen next. One of the men rushed at us swinging a large horsewhip. It hit Brother Davis on his legs. I couldn't stand to see those men hurting an old man; so I put my arm around Brother Davis and said, 'We are told in the Bible to bear one another's burdens. If you whip Brother Davis, you whip me too.'

"The man dropped his horsewhip and told us to go on. As we passed, I heard him say, 'It is too bad to whip a boy.'"

"Whew!" Charles said, "That was a brave thing to do, Father."

"I'm sure you'd be brave too, Mellie, for the Lord and His people."

VITAL STATISTICS

1824	March 9	Angeline Stevens was born in Maine.
1829	July 22	John Nevins Andrews was born in Portland, Maine.
1853		John's Ordination in Vermont
1856	Autumn	John and Angeline were married in Waukon, Iowa.
1857	Oct. 5	Charles Melville was born at Waukon, Iowa.
1861	Sept. 29	Mary Florence was born in Waukon, Iowa.
1863	Sept. 9	Premature birth and death of a daughter.
1864	Aug. 9	Carrie was born in Rochester, New York. (She died about three months later.)
1867		John becomes the third General Conference President.
1872	March 18	Angeline dies from a second stroke at the age of 48.
1874	Sept. 15	John, Charles, and Mary leave for Europe to become the first SDA foreign missionaries.
1878	Nov. 27	Mary dies of T.B. in Battle Creek at the age of 17.
1883	Oct. 21	John dies of T.B. in Europe at the age of 54.
1884		Charles married in Europe. He returned to work for 50 years in the Review Office.
1927	July 11	Charles dies in Washington.

(Taken from page 10 of a term paper written by Patricia A. Mullins called "Love Story: The J.N. Andrews Family")

Interesting Sidelights

- J. N. Andrews knew all the New Testament by memory and much of the Old Testament.

- The third stanza of "I Saw One Weary" in the Advent Singing book, hymn #21 is often cited as a possible reference to J. N. Andrews.

- When John, Mary, and Charles went to Switzerland one of the major problems facing them was the language barrier. In order to learn French John suggested they sign a contract that said they promised to speak French all the time except between the hours of five and six everyday. It is said that at first the family could hardly wait until 5:00 o'clock. When the clock reached five everyone talked as fast as they could. It worked and within sight of one year the family spoke French as well as the French people themselves.

Recommended Reading:

A Soldier for Jesus, by Patricia Maxwell, 1981
Pacific Press Publishing Association
Mountain View, California
Oshawa, Ontario



ANGELINE ANDREWS

Angeline S. Stevens Andrews

Birth: March 9, 1824

Death: March 18, 1872

Spouse: John Nevins Andrews

Children: Charles, Mary Frances

ANGELINE ANDREWS

Angeline Andrews (1824-1872) married John Andrews in 1856 at the age of 32. Because John was gone from the home a lot when the children were young, much of their care and training rested on her shoulders.

There were many things that could have tried her as a young mother on the plains of Northeastern Iowa. There were poor-luck, long, cold winters, mediocre housing, bad health, sparse finances, the tragic death of her father, and the loss of two children. None of these things seemed to disturb her oneness with her family or the God she served. Angeline's relationships to all: husband, children, and others were congenial and sweet.

Angeline kept a diary, and we can learn much about her character by the items we don't find in it. She was not critical, bitter, retaliatory, or weak. She did not complain, was not unsympathetic, mean, or covetous, and there is no record of any temper. She did not deliver even microscopic ultimatums or demand a halt to irritations. There was no record of sulking or self pity.

John wrote these words in the Review regarding their relationship: "During this entire period of our married life, no unkind word ever passed between us and no vexed feeling ever existed in our hearts." (Review, April 2, 1872)

Two texts could well have been her motto: "I have learned in whatever state I am, therewith to be content." Phil. 4:11 and "Godliness with contentment is great gain." I Tim. 6:16



MARY ANDREWS

Birth: 1861
Death: Nov. 27, 1878
Family: Father - John Nevins Andrews
Mother - Angeline Andrews
Sibling - Charles
Accomplishment: Edited French translations for her father in Switzerland.

CHARLES ANDREWS

Family: Father - John Nevins Andrews
Mother - Angeline Andrews
Sibling - Mary
Accomplishment: Worked for the Review and Herald in Washington, D.C.

MARY ANDREWS

Teenage Adventist Pioneer

by Paul A. Gordon and Beverly MacLaughlin

There was a time when the Seventh-day Adventist Church did not have any missionaries to tell people in countries other than the United States about Jesus and the seventh day as the Sabbath. We were printing little brochures in other languages, such as French, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, and German. However, we had not yet prepared any missionaries to actually go across the sea and share our hope in the soon coming of Jesus.

In 1871, Ellen White had a vision that young men [and women] should be trained in other languages so that God could use them to communicate His truth to other nations.

Again while in California, Ellen had another dream indicating that we had a mission to all the world. In 1874, the church decided that we should send a missionary. John N. Andrews was chosen to go to Europe. He sailed from Boston Harbor with his son, Charles, and daughter, Mary, in September 1874. The trip took 12 days to England. Mary celebrated her 13th birthday after they arrived in London.

At this point, surely Mary and her whole family must have asked the question, "What is a missionary?" There were no training courses for missionaries or no language courses for them to take. They had to leave home and friends for an unknown future in a country where they must learn at least one new language.

Thirteen-year-old Mary had to make some important decisions at that point. She decided she would be the best missionary she could be. Soon they left England and sent to Switzerland where they would need to learn French and German.

Within three months from their arrival, they devised a plan for learning French. The father convinced Mary and Charles to ban English in the home, except for one hour a day, between 5:00 and 6:00 p.m. Sometimes the frustrated children "just waited for their English hour in the evening, and then talked as fast as they could." At the end of the following year, the family joined in a more detailed Christmas resolution:

"Covenant concerning the French language made between Charles, Mary, and their father. We hereby covenant together that we will use only the French language in our conversation with one another. We will not depart from this arrangement except by mutual consent when there shall exist good reasons for so doing. We will try, in the fear of God to keep this covenant; and we ask His help that we may fulfill it faithfully. But it shall be our privilege to use the German language whenever we can speak a word or sentence of it. [signed] J.N. Andrews, C.M. Andrews, Mary F. Andrews. Bale, Suisse. December 24, 1876.

Attempting to learn French, J.N. Andrews, among other things, attended Sunday services of the national church. It was difficult for Andrews, a man in his 40's to pick up a new language, but quite different for Mary and Charles who learned quickly, especially Mary. In a short time, she was proofreading the French publications and even finding mistakes that the French authors missed. Both Charles and Mary studied French in a concentrated way; and, before long, they were doing excellent work.

Andrews had become an Adventist by reading an early tract in America. In Europe he decided to concentrate his work on publishing, more than anything else. Mary's quick understanding of French prompted Brother AuFranc, a French worker, to say, "Mary speaks French as though she were a French girl." Surely this was a supreme compliment for a girl in her early teens.

It was difficult for the family in many ways. They did not have a good cook or good food. They had very little money. Before long, J.N. Andrews became ill. A few years later someone did come to their home who could cook and sew and keep house for them. The situation improved. The next year, however, Mary became ill with consumption. This is an old-time term for tuberculosis. When Mary did not get well, Andrews decided to take her back to America in 1878. It had been four years since they had first come to Europe. Back in the United States in Battle Creek, Michigan, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg diagnosed their worst fears - no hope for recovery. Three days after coming to Battle Creek, Mary had her 17th birthday; and on November 27, 1878, she died.

Ellen White was in Texas when Mary died. She wrote to J.N. Andrews:

We deeply sympathize with you in your great sorrow, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope...Mary, dear precious child, is at rest. She was the companion of your sorrows and disappointed hopes....Through faith's discerning eye, you may anticipate.... your Mary, with her mother and other members of your family, answering the call of the Lifegiver and coming forth from their prison-house triumphing over death.

Mary's father wrote about her that;

Yesterday morning at 4:30 my dear daughter, Mary F. Andrews fell asleep. This child rendered me great assistance in Europe; and when we encountered privation and want, she met all with invincible courage and with patience, faith, and hope. What she suffered caused her to fall by quick consumption. She has fallen in the work at a time when her services had become of great value. Who is there that will rise up to take her place?"

There have been many young people who have answered that question. There will be many more who will answer it in the future. The experience of Mary continues to be an inspiration to all young people.

This story is taken from the Harvest 90 Education Project "Biographical Sketches - Elementary".

MARY F. ANDREWS

1861-1878

Standing, clutching at this rail
with the breeze in my face
reminds me of my first sail
in nearly this same place.
Then I was not so pale.

Was it just four years ago?
Charles, Father and I began;
We wanted God's good will to show.
We came to this new land when
the church had just begun to grow.

Remember when I tried to shop?
I didn't know where, or what
coin to use, and couldn't stop
surrounded by meat and wine but
looked for bread from shop to shop.

My mother died when I was ten.
It was her diary I'd read
when Father would be gone again.
When counsel and comfort were my need
to my knees I'd go then.

French and German I learned to speak.
I was happy to do the task-
Proofreading, mistakes I'd seek
"Mary, how's this?" Father would ask.
. . . That was before I was so weak.

Standing on this ship at sea
sailing, my health I hope to renew . . .
Jesus has been a friend to me,
It's on His strength I drew
To begin this trip at sea.

Lynne E. Buhler

Mary F. Andrews: A girl dressed in a long skirt or dress with a shawl over her shoulders, a large hat standing with her hand resting against something. She is only 16 and isn't strong, she is being thoughtful almost dreamy. #39 in *Advent Singing* could be used with this poem.



Charles

Charles Andrews (1857 - 1927) was the oldest child of J. N. Andrews. He served with his father in the mission field of Switzerland. Here he helped with the publishing work. Following his father's death, he stayed in Europe and was married there. Later he returned to the U.S. where he faithfully worked at the Review for 50 years. One of his sons became a missionary to China and was a doctor in the western part of the U.S. Charles died on July 11, 1927.

Mary Andrews (1861 - 1878) was the second child of J. N. Andrews. She also served with her father in the mission field of Switzerland. She did a lot of the proofreading for our publications that were written in French.

She became sick with tuberculosis and died at the early age of 17. Her funeral in Battle Creek is said to have had the largest attendance of any funeral held in the church. She was the first Seventh-day Adventist missionary to give her life in mission service.



Mary

HOLDING HIGH THE CROSS OF JESUS IN A FOREIGN LAND!

						M	E	D	I										
						E			Y										
						N			I										
						E			S										
R	M	N	U	O	H				T	E	S	O	D	I					
E																			G
S																			H
T	H	I	.	W	H				W	T	N	E	O	O					
						S			A										
						T			O										
						L			A										
						N			R										
						A			M										
						L			N										
						O			Y										
						H			I										
						A			T										
						I			!										
						T			S										
						D	S	*	E										

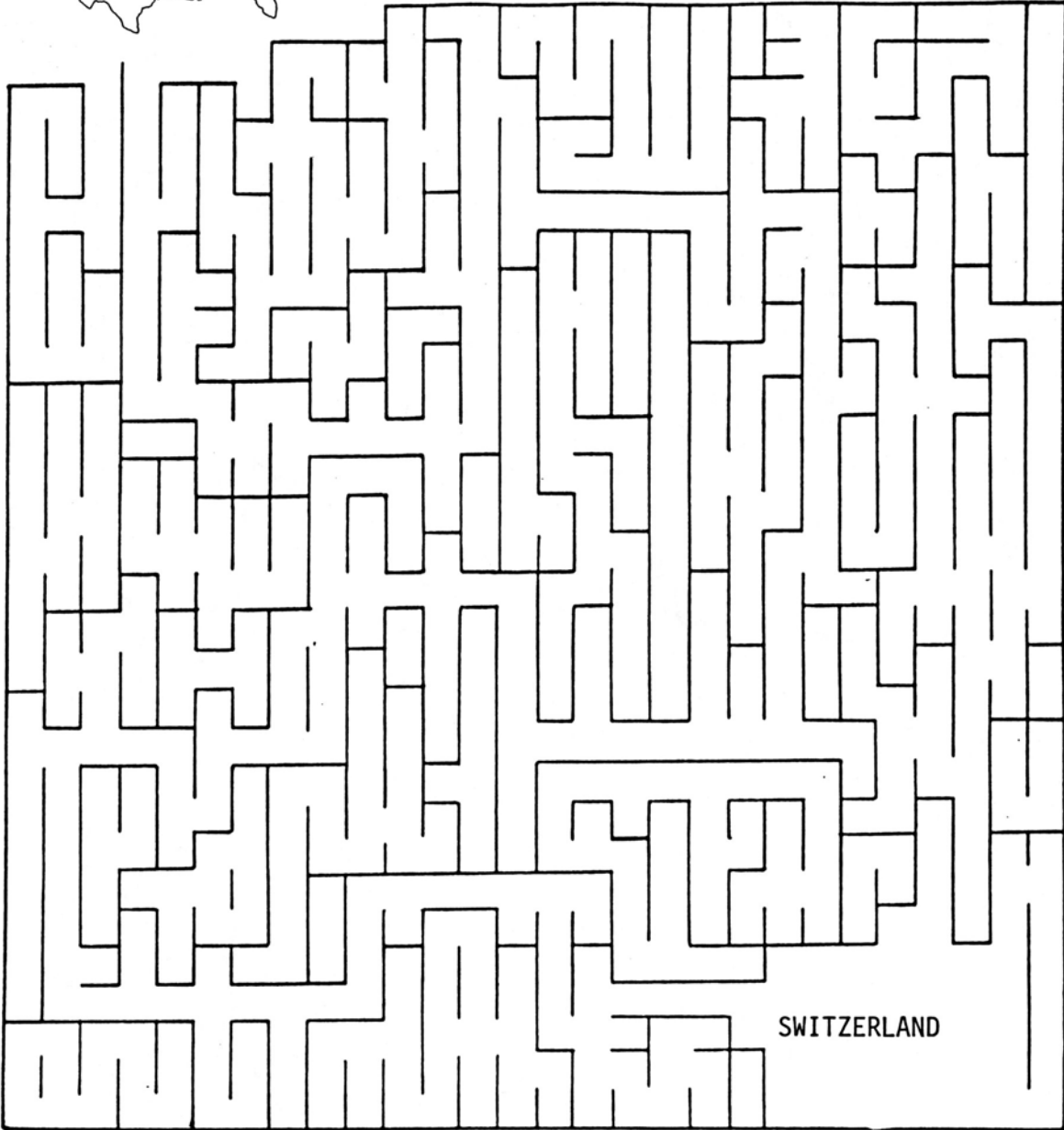
Start at the arrow and go clockwise around the cross three complete times. Counting the letter you are on, skip forward four spaces.



(Example: Starting at the arrow with "T" the next letter would be "H")

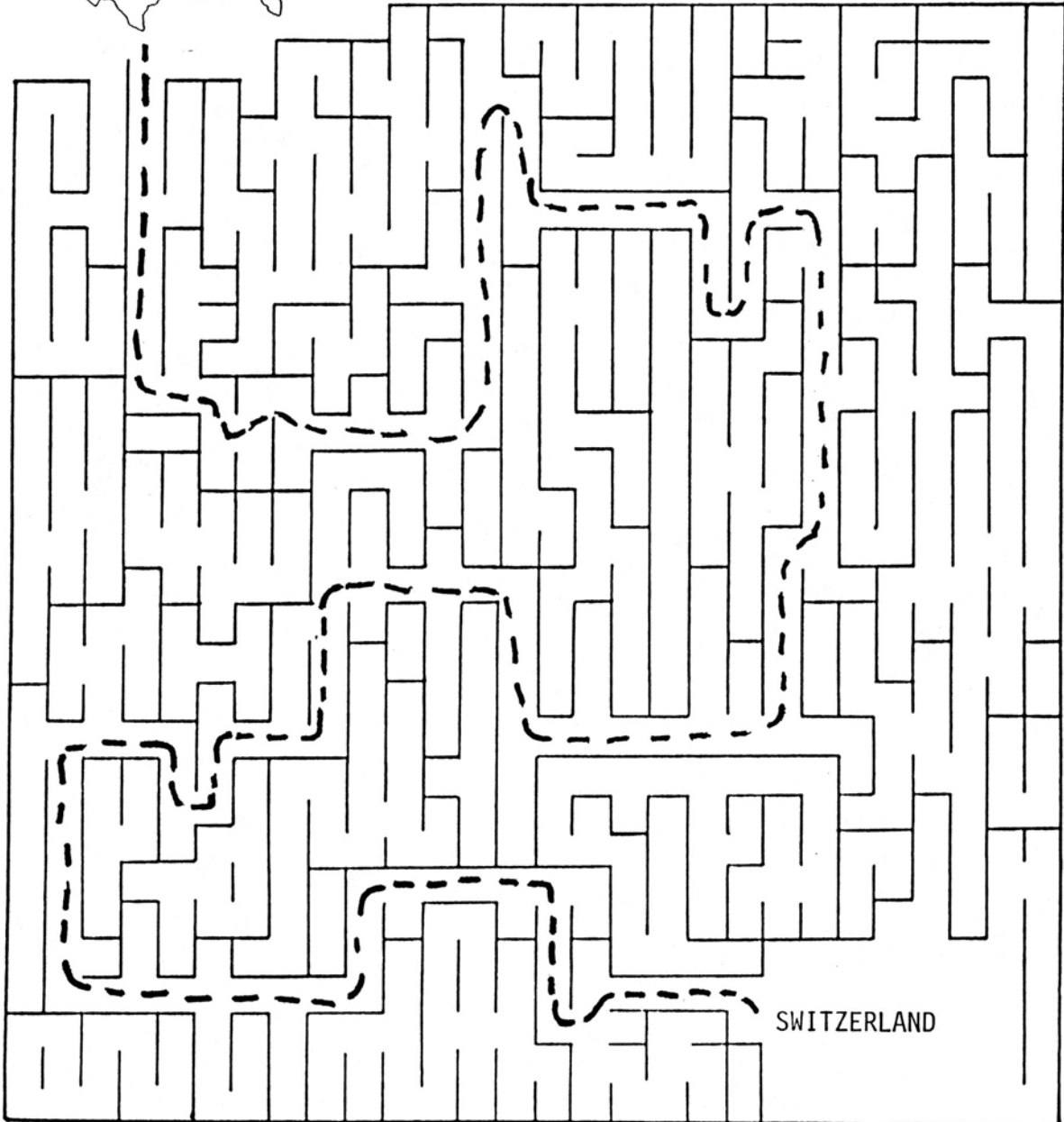
As you do that, you will discover what was John Andrew's dying message to his son, Charles. Write the message on the lines below.

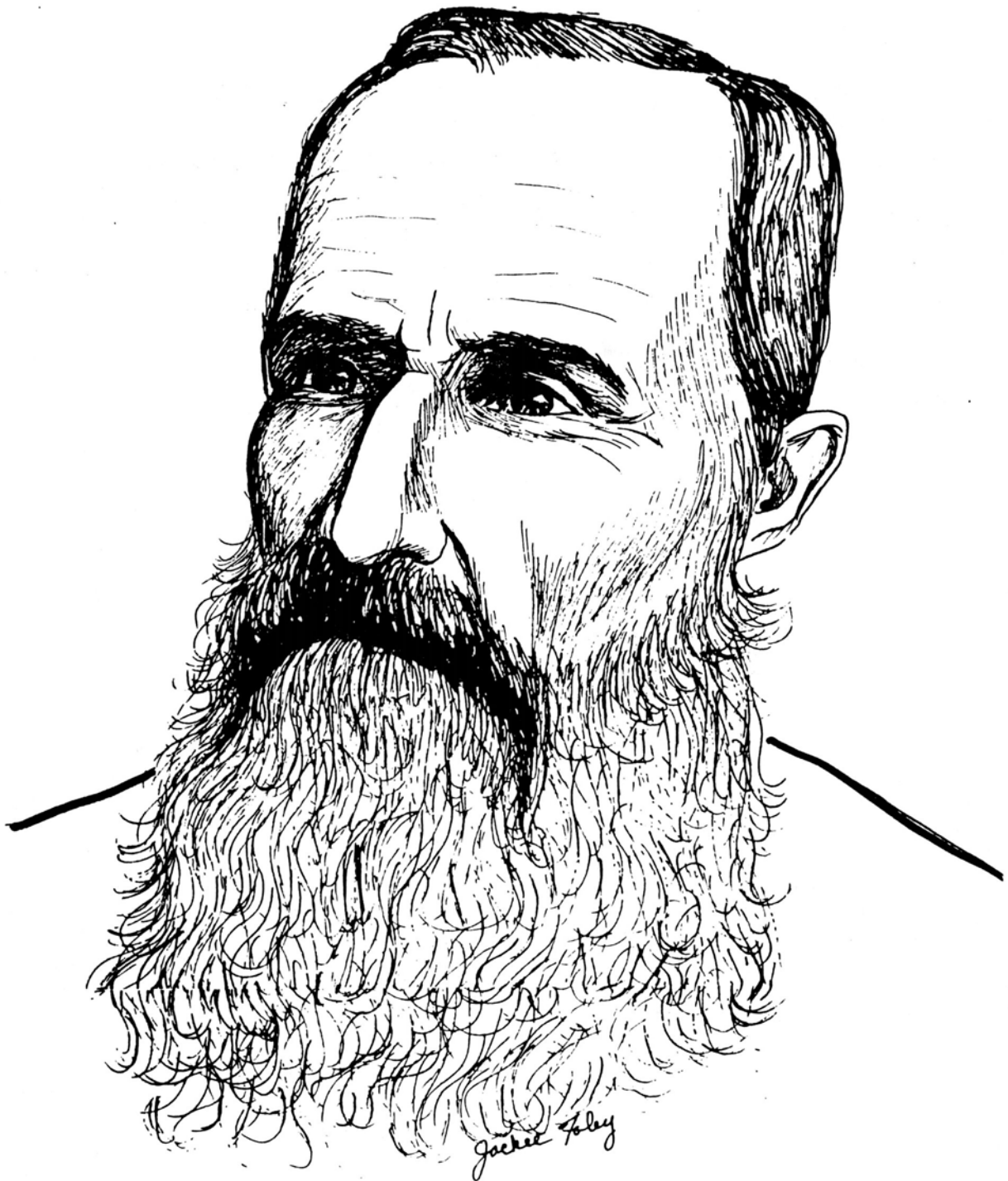
Use the maze below and help John, Charles, and Mary Andrews get from the United States to Switzerland.



Key

Use the maze below and help John, Charles, and Mary Andrews get from the United States to Switzerland.





GOODLOE BELL

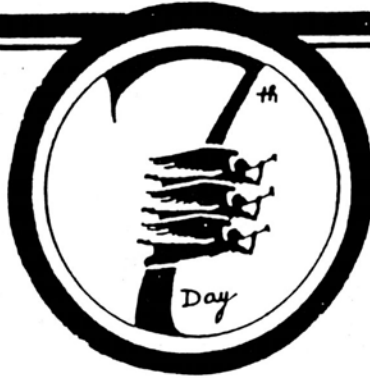
GOODLOE HARPER BELL

Birth: 1832 Waterton, N.Y.

Death: 1899 Battle Creek, MI

Family: Siblings - 11 brothers and sisters
First born

Accomplishments: Teacher of private school for SDA students, strong supporter of E.G. White's education philosophy, first principal of South Lancaster Academy, MA, textbook writer, journalist, developer of Sabbath Schools



Goodloe Bell

(1832-1899)



Goodloe Bell was born in Watertown, N.Y. His family did not reside there for very long. they moved west to Ohio where Bell attended Oberlin College.

He became a teacher at 19 years of age and due to ill health was admitted as a patient in the Battle Creek Sanitarium. It was at this institution that he became a Seventh-day Adventist. He established a private school and taught for a number of years until he was asked to become principal of South Lancaster Academy by S. N. Haskell in 1882. He worked at the Academy for two years then returned to Michigan.

Wehtje, Myron F. And There Was Light Vol. 1. South Lancaster, MA: The Atlantic Press, 1982.

GOODLOE HARPER BELL

In 1872 Ellen White wrote a long appeal to Seventh-day Adventists concerning the education of their children (see 3T 131-160, "Proper Education")* Later that year the first denominationally sponsored school opened with Goodloe Harper Bell as the teacher.

On June 3, 1872 twelve students ascended the shaky stairs of the old Review and Herald building. Edson and Willie White, and Will K. and John H. Kellogg were among those first students greeted by Bell. Goodloe quickly became known for the quality of his instruction. The school grew rapidly and there were several changes of location before it finally settled on the campus of Battle Creek College (predecessor of Andrews University) in December of 1874.

Few men would make a greater contribution to the work of the Adventist Church than Bell during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. He would serve as teacher, principal, tutor, administrator, author, and researcher. He would exert a powerful influence in the development of the church's first college. In addition, he would introduce lasting reforms in the Sabbath School and labor for the uplifting of the home. His influence would extend around the world. Furthermore, it was said of him that in many lands "there are living monuments to his memory which stand as

* The teacher may want to discuss the testimonies with the students.

religious and intellectual beacons in the communities in which they labor."

Bell was born in Watertown, New York, on April 7, 1832. He was the oldest of twelve children. The family moved west in 1850 to Oberlin, Ohio. They later moved to Michigan where Bell began teaching in a one-room country school. Bell married Catherine Stuart not long afterwards. Goodloe was a perfectionist who lived by the philosophy that "a thing worth doing is worth doing well." He often suffered from indigestion as a result of his exacting nature. This along with the death of his wife in 1866 and the care of three daughters led to the breakdown of his health. This brought him to the Health Institute conducted by Seventh-day Adventists in Battle Creek, Michigan. It was here that he eventually accepted the teachings of Adventists and joined the church. As he engaged in light manual labor to help in his recovery, he befriended the boys in the neighborhood and helped some of them with their lessons. Willie and Edson White told their parents that his explanations were much clearer than those given by their schoolteacher. His reputation as a good teacher grew. This led Bell to open a private "Select School" in the late 1860's.

Like most of us Bell had both strengths and weaknesses. His perfectionism and strictness were evident in "the precise and perfect system he desired." He was unable to see that there were differences of temperament in the children and adults he sought to teach in the school, Sabbath School, and at the Health Institute.

Goodloe wanted everything to run like a machine. Unfortunately, this caused confusion and brought opposition and criticism.

Nevertheless he stood as a front-row educator at a time when the denomination needed such a person. His personal qualities, however, prevented him from ever achieving popularity. By some of his students he was more feared than admired. Yet after his death many would speak of their love for the man - his dignity, simplicity, and boyish enthusiasm - and of their respect for his thoroughness, industry, and teaching skill.

In 1869 Bell was appointed the Superintendent of the Battle Creek Sabbath School. He continued in this position for the next thirteen years. It was in the early Sabbath School that Bell was able to use his strengths. He used his educational knowledge, organizational skills, and strict attention to detail, to make a first-rate program. Even today his influence can be detected.

The interest taken by the younger members is illustrated by the fact that one little boy walked five miles through the woods to Sabbath School. When winter set in, the child was unable to come. He talked to Bell who said, that if he could interest any of his friends, they would send a Sabbath School teacher. Imagine how shocked the teacher was to find sixty pupils awaiting him!

Because Goodloe bore heavy responsibilities, he must have had difficulty in saying no. He was very active in the Sabbath School

Department, serving as the recording secretary and president in the early 1880's. Bell wrote the Bible Lessons for the Sabbath School series. He served as editor for the Youth's Instructor and on the staff of the Sabbath School Worker. A group called "The Bird's Nest", which later became known as the Kindergarten Division of the Sabbath School, was started by him.

Bell worked very hard, but unfortunately he ignored the laws of health. Ellen White had to rebuke Brother Bell on several occasions. She called him "severe, critical, and exacting." She also charged that he was "unable to receive counsel and modify his methods of instructions." By the same token Mrs. White said of Bell, "There is not a man among us who has devoted more time and thought to his work than has Professor Bell."

Another time she said: "I was shown Brother Bell deserves respect for the good which he has done. Let him be dealt with tenderly. He has performed the labor which three men should have shared. Let those who are eagerly searching for his faults, recount what they have done in comparison with him. . . . He has so many things to divide his time and attention, he can do justice to none."

Bell became discouraged about his reputation and began to heed the Lord's messenger. He thanked her for her counsel and stated, "I am determined to persevere and hope by the blessing of God to overcome my faults. . . ."

Bell decided to leave Battle Creek because of his many critics. He went to South Lancaster, Massachusetts, and started the educational work. This is where Atlantic Union College is presently located. After a few years Goodloe, who was tired and worn from poor health, decided to retire from the classroom.

He returned to Battle Creek, but his teaching days were not over. For the rest of his life he tutored the youth of the church. He also started a correspondence school and authored several textbooks.

In 1885 he began the "Cozy Club", a group which shared a love of literature. Bell was known for having instilled in his pupils a love of good literature without having "preached" it. Yet, they instinctively avoided the "trash" having learned to love the true and beautiful.

The end came for Bell as he would have wanted it - to die in harness. He was driving over to "listen to the recitations of some of his private students" when the horse became frightened by a piece of flying paper. Bell was thrown under the horse and received a fractured skull. He died a short while later in the Battle Creek Sanitarium, where thirty-one years earlier he had "learned the truth."

His funeral on January 19 gathered the largest congregation in Battle Creek since the funeral of James White in 1881. Uriah

Smith, his reconciled antagonist of earlier days at Battle Creek College, took the service, and four of Bell's former students - J.H. Kellogg, E.J. Waggoner, J.E. White, and J.C. Bartholf - took part.

Adapted from:

Early Adventist Educators by George Knight

The Great Advent Movement by Emma Howell Cooper

TRIBUTES TO G.H. BELL

Three weeks after Goodloe Bell's funeral, Bartholf described his respected and beloved teacher in an article in The Youth's Instructor. "If one thing more than another characterized the life of this great educator, it was faithfulness, thoroughness, and unyielding fidelity to truth." His constant effort, said Bartholf, was to impress upon the characters of his students these same qualities, without which real success is impossible.

Another former student, Mary Steward, wrote on behalf of Bell's students at Battle Creek College. She confessed that as they had passed from his class to "the larger one of the world, we have come to realize more and more what he did for us - how he planned and worked for our good. . . how he studied to help us develop the best that was in us." She noted that at the time of his death he was writing a book on a subject he passionately loved - nature study. He had hoped "it would lead the little ones who study it, to love nature and the God of nature." She told how he had taken students for long tramps through the woods searching for flowers, and then recalled that during the previous summer he had traveled many miles to find one little flower," and when he found it he knelt right down over it, and thanked God."

Reavis, writing in 1919, said of him: "Perhaps the least appreciated man of his day, he is today fondly cherished in the hearts of hundreds of his pupils. While he sleeps, he still works

through those he has trained for service in the cause of Christ."

It is the work of the Christian teacher to be a gardener; to plant the seeds, tend the young growth, and perhaps prune when the plants are becoming misshapen. But he is also a lamplighter. It is his privilege to set the light of truth into the lives of children and youth that others may see Christ in the darkness of this world.

In 1882 Ellen White wrote of Goodloe Harper Bell, the teacher: "He was represented to me as a candle from which many others have been lighted." A teacher can hope for nothing more.

GOODLOE HARPER BELL

DIRECTONS: Draw a school of long ago made from wood, and draw a school of today made from brick. Put a flag pole and flag in front of each school.

Long Ago

Today



Sidney Brownsberger

Birth: 1845

Death: 1930

Accomplishments: Educator and administrator, first principal of Battle Creek College, first principal of Healdsburg College, Secretary of the General Conference, established the Asheville Agricultural School and Mountain Sanitarium.

SIDNEY BROWNSBERGER

Sidney Brownsberger (1845 - 1930) was an educator and administrator who graduated from the University of Michigan in 1869. He is known in Seventh-day Adventist history as being the first principal of Battle Creek College and also the first principal of Healdsburg College. At Battle Creek College under Brownsberger there were two courses of study: the Classical Curriculum and what would become the Bachelor of Science degree. The Classical Curriculum included classes such as geography, mathematics, physiology, physics, chemistry, and astronomy. The Bachelor of Science degree was considered a much less esteemed degree. This field of study carried such classes as English grammar, history, and was heavily weighted toward the sciences. Brownsberger's training in the classics certainly led him to view the conventional or formal college as a suitable pattern for the denominational school.

Sidney became the secretary of the General Conference in 1873 for one year. The later years of his life were spent in ministerial work and in self-supporting schools in the South. Then in 1909 he helped establish the Asheville Agricultural School and Mountain Sanitarium near Fletcher, North Carolina. For the next ten years, as his health permitted, he taught the children of the community in a small town.

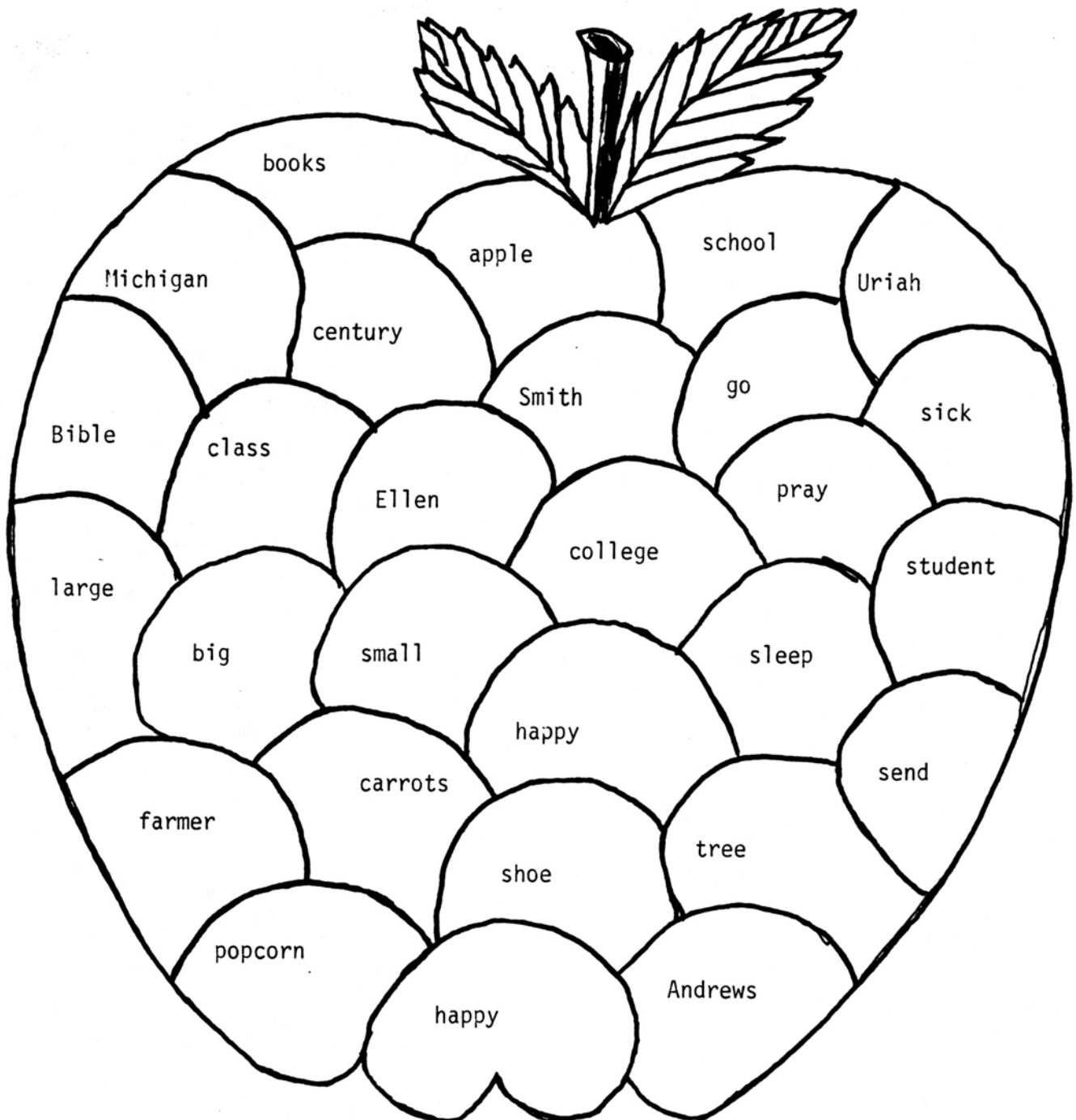
Sidney Brownsberger

Teacher's Apple

Directions:

Color Sidney Brownsberger's words for in the apple according to syllables.

1 Syllable = green; 2 Syllable = red; 3 Syllable = brown



Sidney Brownsberger



Rearrange the letters to form names of classes taught in Sidney Brownsberger's College in Battle Creek when he was Principal.

olgsihypo _____

emcyrshiti _____

ysmaootnr _____

pgyghareo _____

cmiattahm _____

ycphsi _____

hgsniel _____

itrhsoy _____

cceeissn _____

Word Bank:

astronomy

physiology

english

mathematic

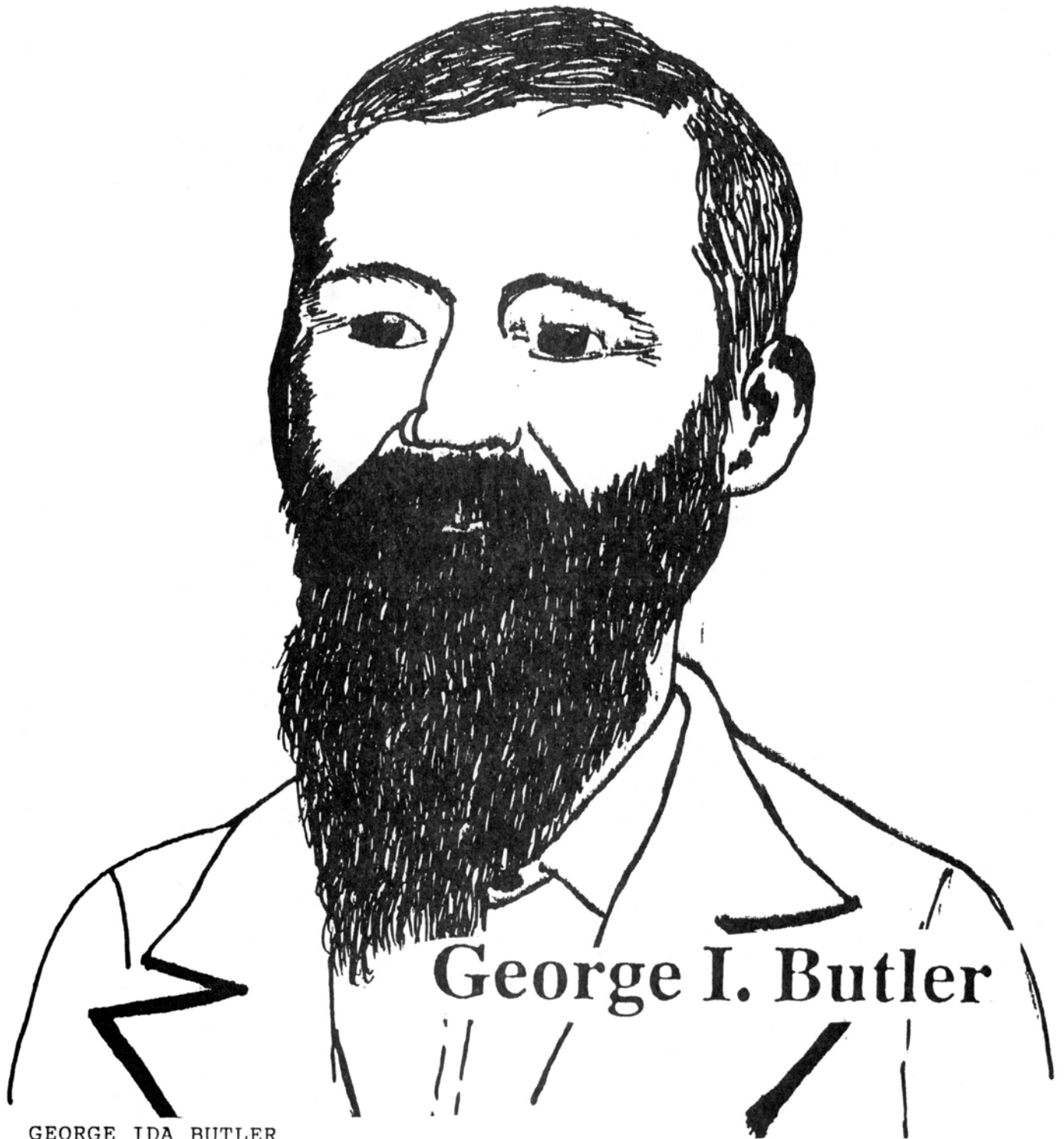
physic

history

geography

chemistry

science



GEORGE IDA BUTLER

Birth: 1834 in Waterbury, Vermont

Death: 1918, July 25

Family: Father - Ezra Pitt Butler

Siblings - William, Annie, Emma, Aurora, Mary & Martha (twins)

Spouse - Lentha Lockwood - Married on March 10, 1859

Children - Annie, born in 1861, William Pitt & Hiland George, twins born in 1864.

Accomplishments:

President of the General Conference, 1871-1874 and 1880-1888, President of the Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Assoc., President of Florida Conference in 1901, Southern Conference in 1902, and Iowa Conference.

George I. Butler

George Ida Butler was born in 1834 at Waterbury, Vermont. His heritage was one that would fit him for the work God needed him to do. However, pray and close communion with his Designer would be necessary if he were to, indeed, fulfill God's plan for his life.

His ancestors were of sturdy English stock. From his grandfather, Ezra Pitt Butler, came much of the Yankee shrewdness, tenacity, frugality, pride, and administrative ability that George would need in his future work.

George's early years of life fell at the time when the Millerite movement began. Twice William Miller came to their home to instruct the Butler family. The Butler family along with other Millerite Adventists eagerly awaited Christ's soon return. When on October 22, 1844 Christ did not return, tears flowed for many hours.

The greatest traveler among Sabbatarian-sanctuary Adventists was Joseph Bates. He came to Waterbury to explain the truth about the 1844 disappointment and to expound on other doctrines. Mrs. Butler was the only member home when Joseph arrived. She accepted the truth about the Sabbath and kept it all alone in her bedroom for several years before Ezra, her husband, and the rest of the family started keeping it.

Because George's father was a hard, stern man, and because there were large numbers of fanatics roaming the area doing nothing but acting pious after the 1844 disappointment, George became somewhat of an infidel in his youth.

He said of himself that he was a "proud, stiff, stubborn infidel, passionate, hot headed, with little reverence for God or man." (GIB to EGW 2/3/1910. EGWE) To him his conversion seemed as much a miracle as was that of Saul of Tarsus.

It was J.N. Andrews, three years older than George, who markedly influenced George and helped him overcome his infidel ideas.

While writing his paper, The Three Angels' Messages, John stayed in the Butler home. He would help George with the wood and water chores - so different from the do-nothing behavior of the lazy fanatics. This so impressed him that when John would talk with him about spiritual things, he listened.

Finally in the summer of 1856 God caught up with George. He had taken a riverboat trip to Kansas City. George had gotten off to pace the town. His mind was being bombarded with scripture. He told the Lord that he would only believe the good things. (. . . whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. Phil. 4:8)

His pledge seemed to completely change him. Back in his cabin, upon his knees, he gave his life to God. Back in Waukon, Iowa he declared his love and faith in God and was baptized by his good friend, J.N. Andrews.

While in Waukon George married a Lentha Lockwood on March 10, 1859. To their union were born three children: Annie in 1861, William Pitt and Hiland George, twins, in 1864.

George was a committed Christian. He was also a strong administrative leader who believed in strong rulership. His great abilities were needed in the building up and formation of the young church. (Seventh-day Adventist)

Mrs. White had to, at times, rebuke George, but he took the rebuke and grew from it. It is apparant that at times he and James White had differences of opinion, much as did Paul and Silas, on how things ought to be done. However, just as in bible times - so in pioneer times, God was able to greatly use these two men with their strong personalities.

George served God in many ways during his life. He was a minister, an administrator, a president for the IowaFlorida, and Southern Union Conferences. He was our General Conference president in 1871-1874 and again in 1880-1888. He also served at the president of the Southern Publishing Association.

He had a definite influence in the development of the institutions and activities of the church organization. He was active in raising funds to establish the first SDA college in Battle Creek, Michigan, and in establishing the Pacific Press Publishing Company in California. He did much to advance the colporteur work. In 1884 he laid the groundwork for publishing houses in Basel, Switzerland; Christiania (Oslo), Norway; and Grimsby, England.

It was in June that George's doctor made the diagnosis that his decline in health was due to a cancerous tumor of the brain. As the disease advanced, George's suffering mercifully vanished. His last two weeks were cheerful ones. On July 25, 1918, George died. The man whom Mrs. White had likened to the patriarch Job had passed away.



STEPHEN HASKELL

Birth: April 22, 1833

Death: 1922

Family: Spouse - 1st - Mary Howe--died Jan. 1894
2nd - Hettie Hurd

Accomplishments: Preacher, "bishop", president of conferences, principle founder of South Lancaster Academy, author publisher, organizer of the first black church in New York City

STEPHEN N. HASKELL

Father of Home Missionary Work

April 22, 1833 - February 9, 1922

Stephen N. Haskell was a convert of Joseph Bates and an Adventist preacher named William Saxby. He was a soap manufacturer and a soap salesman by trade. But in time he exchanged his soap routes for the missionary preacher's circuit.

When he began to preach about 1853, he had no financial support except what he could earn in his business. There were few preachers among the Sabbath-keeping Adventists, so Haskell with his original mind began to train lay members for witnessing. In 1869 he began the tract and missionary work. He was the first to organize tract societies. In 1882, he pioneered an academy in South Lancaster which was destined to become Atlantic Union College. This was the third Seventh-day Adventist school, being antedated only by Battle Creek College and Healdsburg College.

Haskell was a good organizer and administrator. He served for years as a conference president. In fact, at one time he served as president of the New England and California conferences simultaneously.

In 1885, Stephen Haskell became a foreign missionary, helping to open the work in Australia and New Zealand. His influence was especially strong in the Australian publishing work.

As a General Conference minister, he made the first trip undertaken by an Adventist official around the world. That was in 1888 and 1889. He was a careful Bible student and an excellent teacher. To him goes the credit for the concept of Bible readings so popular among Seventh-day Adventist laymen and ministers. He died in 1922, his head topped with the glory of many years and his life graced with many benevolences.

A Story About Stephen N. Haskell

W. C. White tells the following story about Stephen Haskell's experience in introducing the Bible reading idea to Seventh-day Adventists:

"During the camp meetings which I attended with my mother, Ellen White, during the autumn of 1879 and the spring of 1880, Sister White said to our ministers, regarding camp meeting work, that there ought to be less preaching and more teaching. It was some time before this made any serious impression upon Elder Haskell's mind, but in the spring of 1880, at the Hanford camp meeting, Mother repeated this in such an emphatic way that Elder Haskell was thoroughly aroused, and after thinking the matter over, he invited me (W. C. White) one morning to go with him in the grain field nearby for a season of prayer. He said he could not quite understand what Sister White meant, and we talked the matter over and then prayed about it. Finally he said he would try it and see what he could do, and one forenoon meeting in the big tent he started in, asking questions on leading features of our faith and asking the brethren to look up the texts that he cited, and read them.

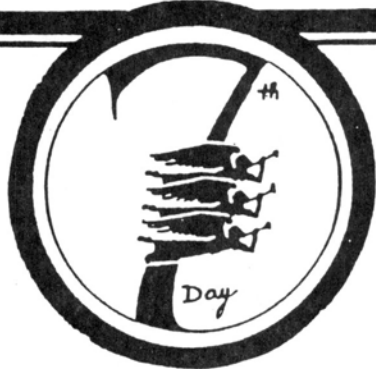
"When the meeting had proceeded this way for perhaps half an hour, it began to rain, and when it came time for the meeting to close it was raining exceedingly hard and no one desired to leave the tent. So Elder Haskell extended his Bible studies until the meeting had continued nearly two hours. The people seemed delighted with the instruction and with the method in which it was given, and they asked that other studies be conducted in the same manner, and thus as far as I know, the Bible reading work in which Elder Haskell led out and others enthusiastically joined in, was begun." --*The Ministry*, December 1948, p. 21.

The plan that Elder Haskell inaugurated was called "fireside preaching." The name "Bible readings" came to birth at a camp meeting in Lemoore, California. The idea caught hold like wildfire. In Los Angeles, San Francisco, Healdsburg and San Jose, interest ran high--also at the Upper Columbia camp meeting in Washington State. The California Conference passed the first formal resolution recommending the plan of Bible readings. A course of instruction was offered in Healdsburg for lay people who wanted to serve in the field holding Bible readings. Then in Michigan and Indiana, at the camp meetings held there, the plan was adopted.

An institute for teaching Adventists to give Bible readings was begun at Battle Creek on October 30, 1883. Three hundred people joined the class under the leadership of S. N. Haskell. The attendance increased until it passed the thousand mark. These people were called "helps" (1 Cor. 12:28). The monthly *Bible Reading Gazette* was born in 1884. The Bible readings were not short and simple as they are today. The first one had 149 questions!

Today the Bible reading plan is one of the most successful means that Seventh-day Adventists have of winning people to the truth.

See: *The Bible Instructor in Personal and Public Evangelism* by Louise C. Kleuser, pp. 350-351; also, "Origin of Our Bible Work" in *Ministry* magazine, December, 1948.



Stephen Haskell

(1833-1899)



At the age of 19 (1852) Haskell heard, for the first time, about Christ's second coming. He was so excited about his experience that he annoyed a gentleman seated beside him. This unnamed man irritably told him to preach. Haskell challenged him to gather an audience, which he did.

After preaching for a year or so Haskell was given a tract on the Sabbath. He spent a day in study on the subject and became convinced that the seventh day was the Sabbath.

A conference of First Day Adventists was held in Worcester, Massachusetts. Because of his beliefs he was shunned by the participants. However, Brother Hale of Hubbardston, Massachusetts, invited him home and Haskell shared what he had studied during the months he lived with the family.

Joseph Bates visited him in 1855 for two weeks. During that time Haskell was introduced to the beliefs of Seventh-day Adventists. He and his wife, Mary, accepted the doctrines.



Haskell became the first leader of the Seventh-day Adventists of New England during the 1860's. At the first camp meeting in 1870 J. N. Andrews, J. H. Waggoner and James White decided to combine Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island into a conference. He was appointed first president and ordained.

He helped as a founding member to establish South Lancaster Academy. He did not feel qualified to set philosophical educational guidelines due to his limited formal learning, but he provided many other kinds of leadership, including fundraising.

Hettie Haskell

Hetty was Stephen Haskell's second wife she travelled with him and helped to give Bible studies. She was a trained Bible instructor.



McAdams, Donald R. "Reflections of a Pioneer: An Autobiographical Letter of Stephen N. Haskell." Adventist Heritage, July 1974, pp. 55-59.

Neufeld, Don Fred. Seventh-day Adventist Encyclopedia. Washington, D.C.: Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1966.



HETTIE HASKELL

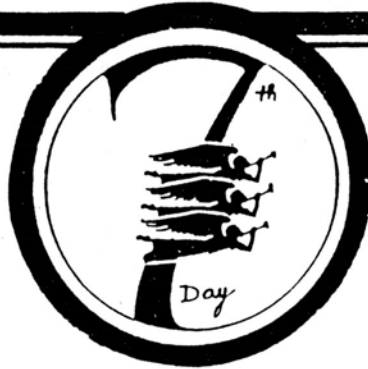
HETTY HURD HASKELL

Birth: 1857

Death: 1919

Family: Spouse - Stephen Haskell

Accomplishments: Bible instructor



Mary Haskell

Mary Haskell was considered to be the educator and wife of Stephen Haskell. She was about 20 years older than he. She was a former school teacher who owned an extensive library which was shared with the pioneer students of South Lancaster Academy (later Atlantic Union College).

Even though she was an invalid her circumstances did not prevent her from becoming vice president of the Vigilant Missionary Society.

McAdams, Donald R. "Reflections of a Pioneer: An Autobiographical Letter of Stephen N. Haskell." Adventist Heritage, July 1974, pp. 55-59.

Wehtje, Myron F. And There Was Light Vol. 1. South Lancaster, MA: The Atlantic Press, 1982.

A MONOLOGUE BY STEPHEN N. HASKELL

Many years ago as a teenager my job was as a hired hand working all day for a farmer named How. His wife had died, but he had a daughter named Mary, who was older than I. Besides the farm work, I had to help around the house because Mary had become partially paralyzed. Often I helped her father lift her and carry her outside so she could enjoy watching the birds and animals while we worked in the fields. Each evening I looked forward to hearing her tell the happy things she had seen and thought about all day. She never complained about her sickness.

One day after I had turned seventeen, Farmer How became very sick. That left all the work for me. Mary's kind words made my work seem easier, but Farmer How didn't get better. Shortly before he died, he called me to him and said, "Stephen, you've been a good worker. Now I'm leaving you, for I can't live long. I'm leaving the farm and everything in your hands. I know you'll do your best." With difficulty he continued, "But Stephen, I'm worried about what will happen to Mary. For years I've been both father and mother to her. Now, with her so helpless and dependent, I don't know what to do." Tears glistened on his pale cheeks as he concluded, "This is a lot to ask of a young man like you - but when I'm gone, could you look after her, Stephen? She has no one else in all the world!"

What could I say to a dying man, but promise to do as he asked. Shortly after his funeral, I made a decision. Mary had been a

teacher. She had so many interesting things to talk about. I enjoyed hearing her read from her books in the evenings. Her patient, contented ways made me feel rested. I was not yet eighteen, and Mary was about forty. So, in spite of her age and helplessness, I asked her to become my wife. Mary accepted and said that she loved me. We were married! I was never sorry I made that decision. Mary and I prayed often for her healing, and God honored our faith. Within two years, her health improved so much that she could almost live a normal life.

I had to earn a living for Mary and me, so besides the farm work, I made and sold soap. Whenever we could, Mary and I found joy studying the Bible. We discovered that Jesus was coming soon. I got so excited that everywhere I went to sell soap, I talked about Jesus. A friend told me that I should preach. The more I thought and prayed about it, the more sure I became that God wanted me to sell soap in the daytime and preach in the evenings. The more we studied the Bible the more our love for Jesus grew. I loved both God and Mary. For forty-two years I loved Mary, and she loved me.

On January 29, 1894, at the age of 81, Mary passed peacefully to her rest, leaving a record of long years of cheerfulness and fortitude, frequently under intense suffering. She was buried not far from our last home, in the cemetery at Napa, California.

At first I was relieved, knowing that Mary could never again

experience pain. But immediately this feeling was followed by a sense of unutterable loneliness. For more than forty years we had loved each other. Even when separated by my traveling, I always had known that she was thinking of me and praying for me. Now I felt all alone in the world.

Then, one night soon after Mary's death, I had a strange and distressing experience. For days I have felt very lonely. I fell asleep repeating the promises of God. I had not been asleep long when I was awakened by a light in the room. Opening my eyes I saw standing by my bed a bright, shadowy form. A voice spoke: "Stephen, I have come to bring you comfort. I shall ever watch over you to comfort you, for I am nearer to you now than when I lived on earth." It was Mary's voice, so natural, so sweet.

My first impulse was to reach out my arms to her. But at that moment there sounded clearly in my consciousness, though no audible words were heard, "The dead know not any thing." I drew back in fear. Then I heard that voice filled with all the love and longing of the dear Mary I had known say, "O Stephen, don't you know me?"

I gathered all my strength, and answered boldly, "No! I never knew you! You are not my Mary. You are an evil spirit sent by Satan to deceive me; and, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I command you to depart, and to trouble me no more."

For one brief instant, the gentle expression on that face turned to

one of baffled rage. I saw more anger and hate and malice in that look than I had ever seen, even in pictures of evil demons. It left me trembling and in deep distress of mind. Why, I wondered, had the devil dared to approach me in this manner?

I prayed and asked God to reveal to me any unknown sin. But instead of revealing to me some unrepented wrong, God sent to my mind words I had read many times from Ellen White's book Early Writings: In a vision God gave Ellen White she saw that the saints "must understand the state of the dead; for the spirits of devils will yet appear to them, professing to be beloved relatives or friends. . . . The people of God must be prepared to withstand these spirits with the Bible truth that the dead know not anything" (page 262).

So with the knowledge that these evil spirits will appear even to the saints, I no longer feared that this terrible experience meant that God disapproved of me. He prepared me to meet the test long before it happened, but He did allow the devil to test my faith in His Word. When the demon left, I felt peace. By faith I knew that God sent His angels to bring me joy and comfort, even in this time of my great sorrow.

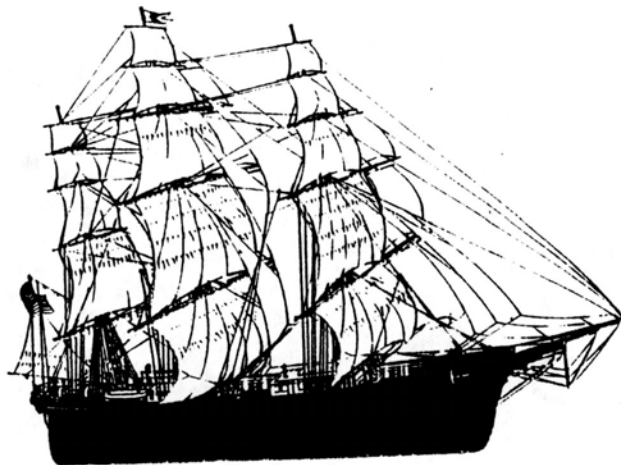
Adapted from:

He Chose to Listen by Eileen E. Lantry

S.N. Haskell Man of Action by Ella M. Robinson

Around The World with Stephen Haskell

Stephen Haskell made the first trip by an Adventist official around the world. If you could go anywhere in the world where would you go and why?





John Harvey Kellogg

JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG
(1852 - 1943)

John was born on a farm in Livingston County, Michigan. He was one of sixteen children. When he was young the family moved to Jackson, Michigan, and two years later to Battle Creek, where his father established a broom factory.

At first Johnny was little distinguished from his brothers and sisters. Even though John was smaller and more sickly than the average child, he possessed a strong will and determination. One day when he was about four, Johnny asked to go with his father and brother on a business errand. He was given permission on the condition that he keep up with the adults. "I will keep up," said John, and he dashed off ahead. Suddenly he tripped and fell flat on his stomach. Before his father could reach him, he scrambled to his feet, afraid that they would send him home and said with a smile, "I did that on purpose."

Maintaining a large family in the mid-nineteenth century involved plenty of work, and parents required children to do their share. The Kelloggs expected Johnny to keep the wood box filled, to help prepare breakfast, to care for the cows, and to assist in the manufacture of family necessities like soap.

One morning when he was about ten, John's parents sent him to drive the cows to water. To encourage them along, he cracked a long rawhide whip at their heels. Spotting a robin on a nearby limb, he

decided to see how close he could come to it with his whip without actually hitting it. Unfortunately, he misjudged; the whip's tip struck the bird and killed it. Remorse immediately filled the boy. "I fell on the ground," he later recalled, "and sobbed and on my knees promised God I would never kill another thing as long as I lived." As a result of the experience, John maintained that he had twinges of conscience even when called upon to swat a mosquito.

Early Seventh-day Adventists believed so strongly in the soon return of Jesus that formal education for children seemed to many unnecessary. The belief, combined with John's poor health, delayed his first regular schooling until he was nine years old. When John did learn to read, he became a voracious reader. After exhausting his parents' meager library, John borrowed books from the neighbors. From the first money he earned while working away from home, he used \$2.50 to buy a secondhand set of Farr's four-volume Ancient History. Soon his private library branched out to include shorthand, botany, and astronomy texts, as well as a German grammar and a dictionary. Words fascinated John Harvey all his life. In later years he frequently carried a vest-pocket dictionary, from which he would read in spare moments.

About a year after he began to work in his family's broom factory, John sat on the back steps gazing across the field thinking of his future and what he should do with his life. Suddenly in his daydreams he saw a road winding up a hill to a little schoolhouse. There were crowds of children coming along the road, ragged, dirty,

unkept, pitiful children, going toward the schoolhouse. And then he saw himself standing in the doorway of the schoolhouse, beckoning the children to come in. And John knew in that moment that he had found his life work - to help children.

After this incident, young John's thoughts turned repeatedly to the idea of a teaching career. At sixteen, like many other bright American boys of his time, John Kellogg accepted a position as a teacher of a school in Hastings, Michigan. For thirty dollars a month, plus room and board with various local families, he taught forty pupils everything from the ABC's to high school subjects. His experience at Hastings was one that he always treasured.

However, teaching was not to be his profession. The next year after barely beginning his school year he was called home and persuaded to go into medicine and help the Adventist church as a doctor.

In 1876 after finishing his two-year medical course, he was appointed superintendent of the Western Health Reform Institute in Battle Creek. This institution had been opened after Ellen G. White said that Seventh-day Adventists should provide a home for the sick, where they could be treated for their diseases, and learn how to take care of themselves as well as prevent sickness.

The institute was small at first. But with a young, enthusiastic doctor it soon grew until it became necessary to construct a large,

modern, well-equipped sanitarium and hospital. It was not long before John became known in America and across the seas as one of the ablest surgeons of his time. Rich and poor, and even royalty, came to be treated by him. However, it was not just surgery that gave Battle Creek Sanitarium its good reputation; it was also following the principles set forth by Ellen G. White for its operation - proper diet, natural remedies, and simple treatment with loving care.

Dr. Kellogg was a vegetarian and enthusiastically promoted the principles of health and temperance. It was John who invented Corn Flakes and other dry breakfast cereals now available all over the world. He also invented Protose and other meat substitutes. It was also Dr. Kellogg who first introduced peanut butter. He invented many different machines for the treatment of various ailments. Some of these are still used in hospitals around the world. Dr. John also wrote fifty books. Most of them had to do with scientific works.

Shortly after the turn of the century Dr. Kellogg came into conflict with the leaders of the General Conference over his attempt to get the control of all Seventh-day Adventist medical institutions with which he had been associated. He finally succeeded in gaining control of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and the Battle Creek Food Company. He also began teaching strange doctrines. He wrote a book The Living Temple which contained many of the principles of pantheism.

Ellen G. White worked with him personally and sent him many written letters. Others also tried to help him see the error of his thinking, but it was in vain. In 1907 he lost his membership in the church.

While Dr. Kellogg was connected to the Adventist Church, he probably did as much as any man in the denomination, if not more, to bring the work of Seventh-day Adventists as well as the name to the favorable attention of the world. If he had remained loyal he could have continued to be a strong influence in our church. Many were hoping and praying that he would return. However, on December 14, 1943, in his Battle Creek home, he died without returning to the church.

Sources of information:

John Harvey Kellogg : American Health Reformer
by Richard Schwarz

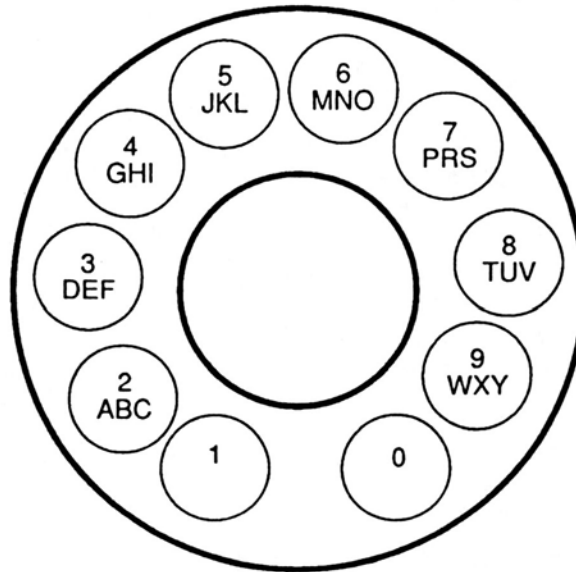
The Seventh-day Adventist Commentary, Vol. 10

John Harvey Kellogg

Dial-A-Word Code

Directions: The telephone dial is the key to this coded word game. The numbers in the clues below represent the numbers on the dial. Each number gives you a choice of 3 letters. Sometimes more than one word can be made from the given number combination. For example, 786 can make RUN or SUN.

The words below are related to careers. Write a code for any 10 words from this list. Exchange with a friend and see if he or she can solve your coded word.



Word Bank

school

flakes

sanitarium

vegetarian

bird

broom

Battle Creek

peanut

medicine

doctor

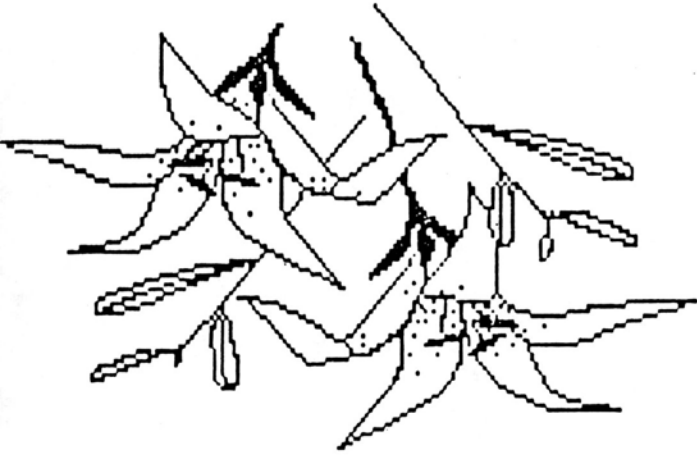
teacher

writer

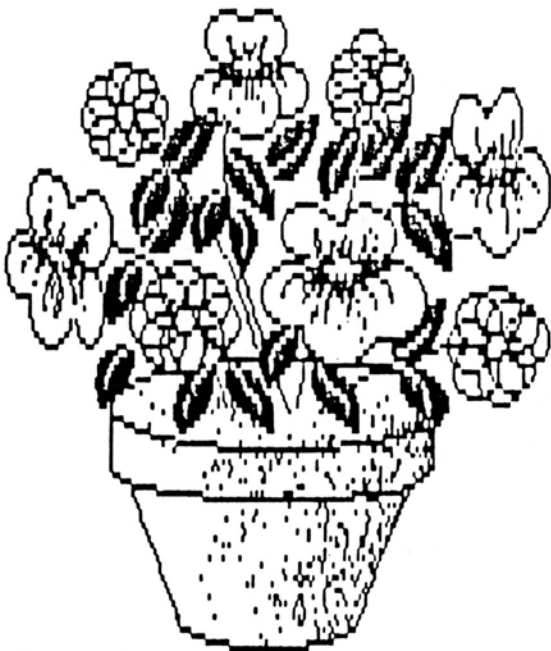
John Harvey Kellogg

"Get Well Card"

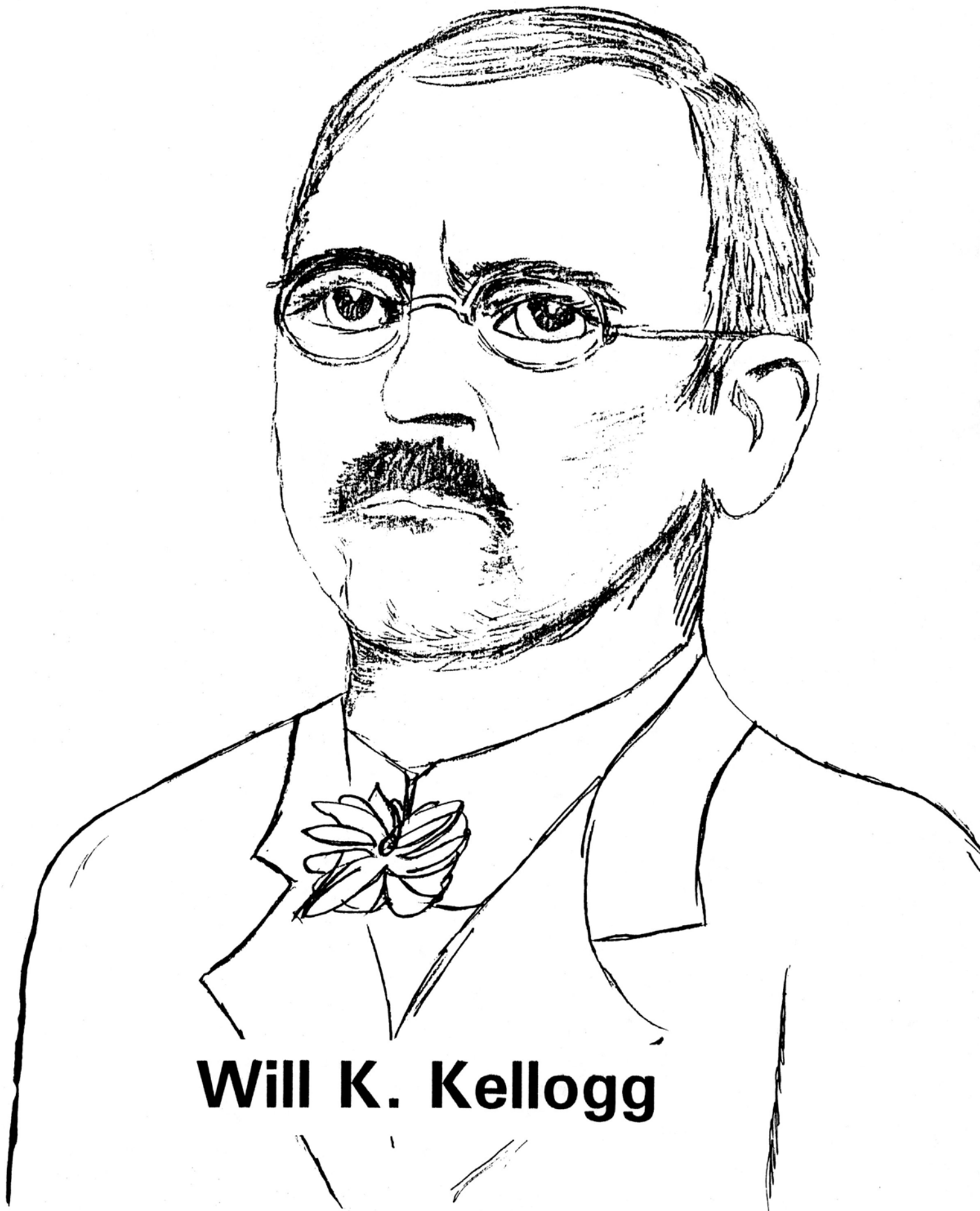
Directions: Using the card below as a guide, design a get-well card and take it or mail it to a person in a hospital or nursing home.



Get Well



*Thinking of you
and hoping you
are feeling better
GET WELL SOON!*



Will K. Kellogg

WILL KEITH KELLOGG

W.K. Kellogg began life on the seventh day of the week, April 7, 1860. He was the seventh son of John Preston Kellogg. He noticed that KELLOGG had seven letters. Further, he liked to stay in a room on the seventh floor of hotels and room numbers ending in seven.

His was a difficult and often devastating childhood with several of his siblings dying from severe illnesses or from medical malpractice. It was these as well as other experiences during his work at his brother's (John Harvey) sanitarium that led young W.K. Kellogg in the development of a very tender regard for those in less fortunate circumstances than himself.

Will was a good businessman. He began work at age fourteen in the family business of selling brooms. Hard work and determination paid off and he did well. When he married Ella Davis in 1880, he decided that he should have a more dependable job. He went to work for his brother, John Harvey Kellogg, at the sanitarium. His jobs included management, janitorial work, bookkeeping, packing and shipping, and other demanding labor. In the evening Will and John Harvey would spend time experimenting with health foods for sanitarium patients. It was during these experiments that they discovered dry cereal.

John Harvey was simply interested in producing it for his patients,

but Will wanted to market it to the public. Will built a factory for dry cereal production and became very successful. Through years of hard work, good management, and tender care for his employees, Will became a very rich.

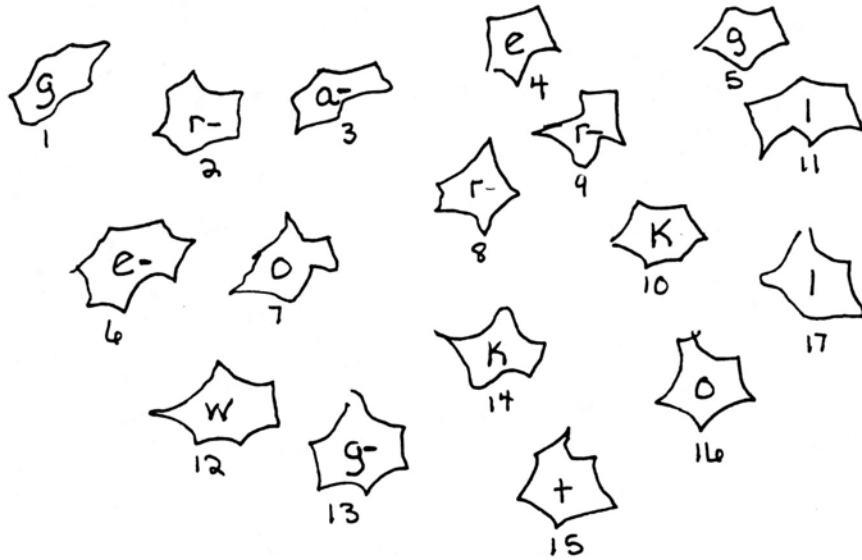
It was around this time W.K. Kellogg began his philanthropic work for which he is so noted. He determined that he would invest his money in people. This attitude was shown by his providing a nursery for his female employees, medical and dental clinics for the children, and a dietitian to help monitor their nourishment. Additionally, he gave millions towards family health, school improvement, library services, and hosts of other causes. He established the Kellogg Foundation that has continued this interest in service to others. He was able to realize his dream of helping others by in reality helping them to help themselves.

Sources of Information:

The Original Has This Signature W. K. Kellogg by Horace B. Powell

A Biographical Sketch of the Founder of the Kellogg Company and the W.K. Kellogg Foundation

Will K. Kellogg



G-r-r-r-e-a-t!

Directions:

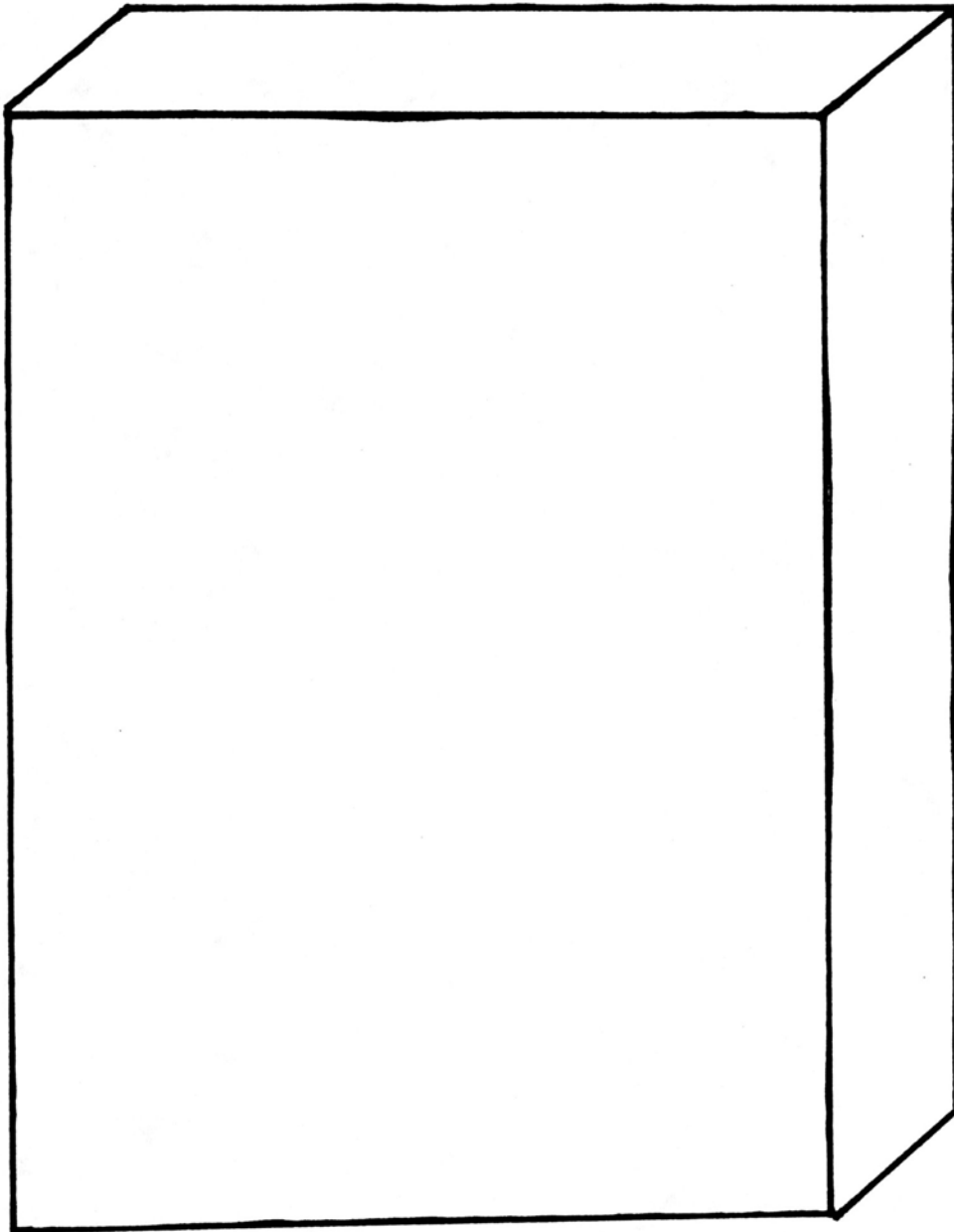
Help arrange W.K.'s cornflakes in the correct order of his name and Tony the Tigar's G-r-r-r-e-a-t!

W K K e l l o g g

G r r r e a t

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

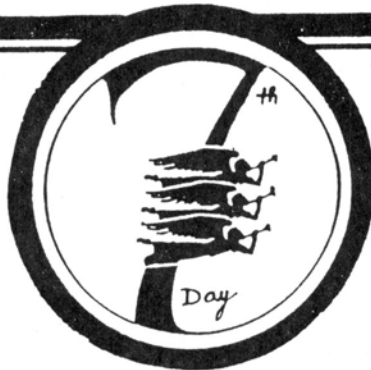
DIRECTIONS: Help W.K. Kellogg in the search for an advertisement on the box of his new Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Use the box above to draw an add for Mr. Kellogg.





ANNIE SMITH

Birth: March 16, 1828 West Wilton, New Hampshire
Death: July 26, 1855
Family: Father - Samuel Smith
Mother - Rebekah Spalding Smith
Brothers - Samuel, John, Uriah
Accomplishments: Elementary teacher, poet,
hymnist, artist, proofreader,
copy editor in Rochester and
Saratoga Springs



Annie Smith

(1828-1855)



Annie Smith was a very talented young woman who endeared herself to the Adventist pioneers, including James and Ellen White. She was born in Wilton, New Hampshire in March of 1828. Anne became a Baptist but left that church in 1844. She studied the Bible prophecies diligently and joined the Second Adventists of Christ. During this time she taught school and in the spring attended the Charlestown Female Seminary to study French oil painting. Anne published poetry in secular magazines and was becoming much involved with the Seminary's social life.

At this time Anne's mother met Joseph Bates and shared her concern about Anne's change. He suggested that her mother write a letter to Anne encouraging her to visit the meetings he, Bates, would be holding in Boston.

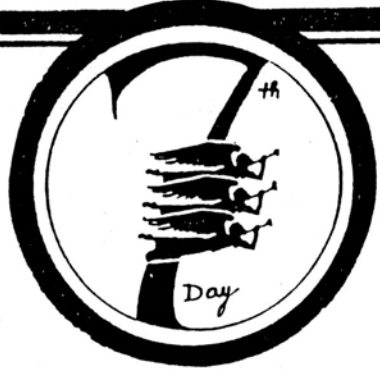
MISCELLANEOUS.

The Blessed Hope. I. M. Deakin.
1 I saw one weary, sad and torn,
With eager steps press on the way,
Who long the hallowed cross had borne,
Still looking for the promised day;
While many a line of grief and care
Upon his brow was furrowed there—
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

2 And one, I saw, with sword and shield,
Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,
And fought unflinching on the field,
To win an everlasting crown;
Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,
No murmur from his heart arose;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

3 And there was one who left behind,
The cherished friends of early years,
And honor, pleasure, wealth renowned,
To tread the path beleaved with tears,
Through trials deep, and conflicts sore,
Yet still a smile of joy he wore;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

4 While pilgrims here we journey on,
In this dark vale of sin and gloom,
Through tribulation, hate, and scorn,
Or through the portals of the tomb,
Till our returning King shall come,
To take his ransomed captives home,
O, what can buoy the spirits up?
In this alone—the Blessed Hope!



The night before the meetings Bates dreamed about the late arrival of a young lady who sat in the only vacant seat near the door of the meeting room. Anne dreamed that she would be late for an evangelistic meeting. She was late for the meeting! However, she became interested in the Sabbath message once more and stated her change of heart in a published poem-letter entitled "Fear Not, Little Flock."

James White read the publication and was impressed with her writing skills. James and Ellen White invited her to Saratoga Springs, N.Y. to serve as assistant copy editor. She was somewhat hesitant about taking the position due to her partial loss of sight, but she eventually accepted. She was annointed and was healed in Saratoga. The Whites were so impressed with Anne's ability that she worked as copy editor of The Review and The Youth's Instructor. Annie continued to write and publish hymns and poetry, forty-five pieces in all, including the hymn "I Saw One Weary," written Aug. 19, 1852.

The Church Hymnal. Tacoma Park, Washington, D.C.: Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1941.

The Seventh-day Adventist Hymnal. Washington, D.C.: Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1985.

Graybill, Ron. "The Life and Love of Annie Smith." Adventist Heritage, Vol. 2, No. 1, pp. 13-23.

ANNIE SMITH

by Paul A. Gordon

The parable of the talents, told by Jesus, is a familiar one. "The kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey." (Matthew 25: 14, 15.)

Without question, many of our early Adventist pioneers were extremely talented. Most had little formal education, which was not unusual at that time; but as they were committed to God, their abilities proved to be a great blessing to the church. There were a brother and sister among them that I would call "five talented." They were Annie and Uriah Smith. Referring to Annie and Uriah Smith, one historian has written: "No better examples are there of New Hampshire granite, not only in the beautiful character that results from its polishing, but in the indomitable grit that comes from its grinding." (A.W. Spaulding, "Footprints of the Pioneers", page 123)

Annie Smith was four years older than her brother, Uriah. She was born March 16, 1828. With her brother and parents, she joined the Millerite Advent movement and went through the disappointment of 1844. She was 16 at the time, just six months older than Ellen Harmon, who would later become a prophetic messenger and marry James White.

Following the disappointment, Annie turned her attention to school. Coeducation was not common in those times, so she attended a women's seminary at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in her early 20's. Annie was a poet, as were both her mother and brother, Uriah.

Annie and her brother had a common interest in art and poetry. She was a painter. Both wrote hymns, though she was more prolific in hymn writing.

In 1852, when she was 24, Joseph Bates told her mother, Rebecca Smith, that he planned to hold evangelistic meetings near where Annie was staying. Her mother told her of the meetings, and Annie decided to go to a meeting just to please her mother.

The night before, she dreamed that as Bates began his sermon, she arrived late and took the only empty seat. In her dream, she also heard the words he would speak and saw a prophetic chart he was using. That same night, Bates had a similar dream, in which he saw Annie coming in late and taking the last seat.

The next evening, Annie left home in plenty of time to be at the meeting, but got lost on the way and arrived late. The second hymn was being sung when she entered the door, and she took the only vacant seat and listened as Bates stood up and repeated Daniel 8:14: "Unto two thousand and three hundred

days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." He was the man she had seen in her dream. Those were the very words she had heard him say. The chart was the one she had seen, as well.

Even more unusual was the fact that he had changed his topic, even as he had stood to speak. Each remembered their dreams and felt that God had spoken through the dreams to them for a special purpose. After the meeting, Bates and Annie met; and they related their dreams to each other.

Annie returned to the school that she was attending, impressed by what she had experienced. The next day, she left for home and soon accepted the Sabbath and Advent messages. After he had printed two of her poems in the Review, James White invited her to join the publishing work, just beginning in Rochester, New York. In December 1852, she came to Rochester at the age of 24. Six months later, her brother, Uriah, would also come to Rochester at age 21.

It is of special interest to note that both Annie and Uriah turned down rather flattering offers to teach. They had been asked to teach for \$1,000 each, which was a considerable salary at that time. Instead, they both turned their attention to the work of the Adventist church; and for the first several years, worked only for room and board at Rochester.

Annie became assistant to the editor very soon. She served as proofreader and did other technical work in connection with the publishing work there. For the next two years, her poems appeared regularly in the Review, and several of them were set to hymns and were sung by early Adventists.

In November 1854, Annie had to leave Rochester because of illness. She had contracted tuberculosis, which in those days was referred to as consumption. She had been working on a book of poems for several months. Annie felt that when her book of poems was done, she would either get well or die. Uriah sketched and engraved a peony for the cover of this book of poems. This was her favorite flower. Ten days after Uriah took the final manuscript to the office for printing, Annie died. She was only 27 years old.

The book of poems is somewhat unusual in that one section contains poems that had been written by her, dedicated to several early friends who also died in their twenties. The book of poems, titled Home Here, and Home in Heaven, includes poems for the following friends:

- On the Death of Nathaniel White (J. White's brother) Aged 22 years.
Died May 6th, 1853.
- On the Death of Anna White (James White's sister) In the 26th year
of her age. Died November 30th 1854.
- On the Death of Robert F. Harmon (E. White's brother) Aged 27 years.
Died February 5th, 1853.
- On the Death of Lyman V. Masten Aged 25 years. Died
March 1st, 1854.

Nathaniel and Anna White, as well as Lyman Masten, had worked in publishing with her and with James and Ellen White at Rochester. Robert Harmon, Ellen White's brother, had died in Gorham, Maine, at the Harmon home.

In 1852, as the publishing work was first established in Rochester, those who set up that first press operated by Adventists were very young. Think of some of them:

James White, 31
Ellen White, 24
Anna White, 26
Nathaniel White, 22
The foreman of the press, 23
Fletcher Byington, 20
Arnie Smith, 24
Uriah Smith, 21
George Amadon, 17
Warren Batchellor, 13

A. W. Spaulding, in writing about Annie Smith, has given us this personal evaluation: "A sweeter, more self-effacing, yet talented woman has never been known among us, nor, we may say, elsewhere, than Annie R. Smith." (Origin and History, Volume 1, page 213.)

Hymns that can be found in the present Adventist church hymnal, written by Annie Smith, are the following:

"How Far From Home?" Number 439
"I Saw One Weary" Number 441
"Long Upon the Mountains" Number 447

Annie is buried in a small community cemetery in West Wilton, New Hampshire. Her grave is marked with a granite stone that simply says, "ANNIE." Her obituary in the Review, placed there by her brother, Uriah, is as follows:

Died--In Wilton, New Hampshire, July 26th, 1855, of consumption, my sister, Annie R. Smith, aged 27 years. The following lines which she composed the day but one before her death, show with what feelings and hopes she fell asleep in Jesus, to wait the glad morning of the resurrection.

"O, shed not a tear o'er the spot where I sleep,
For the living and not for the dead ye may weep;
Why mourn for the weary who sweetly repose,
Free in the grave from life's burden of woes?

"I long now to rest in the lone, quiet tomb,
for the footsteps of Jesus have lightened its gloom;
I die in the hope of soon meeting again
The friends that I love, with Him ever to reign."

This story is taken from the Harvest 90 Education Project "Biographical Sketches - Elementary".

ANNIE SMITH

1828 - 1855

Sixteen was surely young, life had just begun,
When in 1844, sad that Jesus had not come,
Annie Smith turned to art and teaching.
When she heard J. B. preaching,
She gave up fame to write and work in Jesus' name.
In her last eleven years, Annie became one of our pioneers.

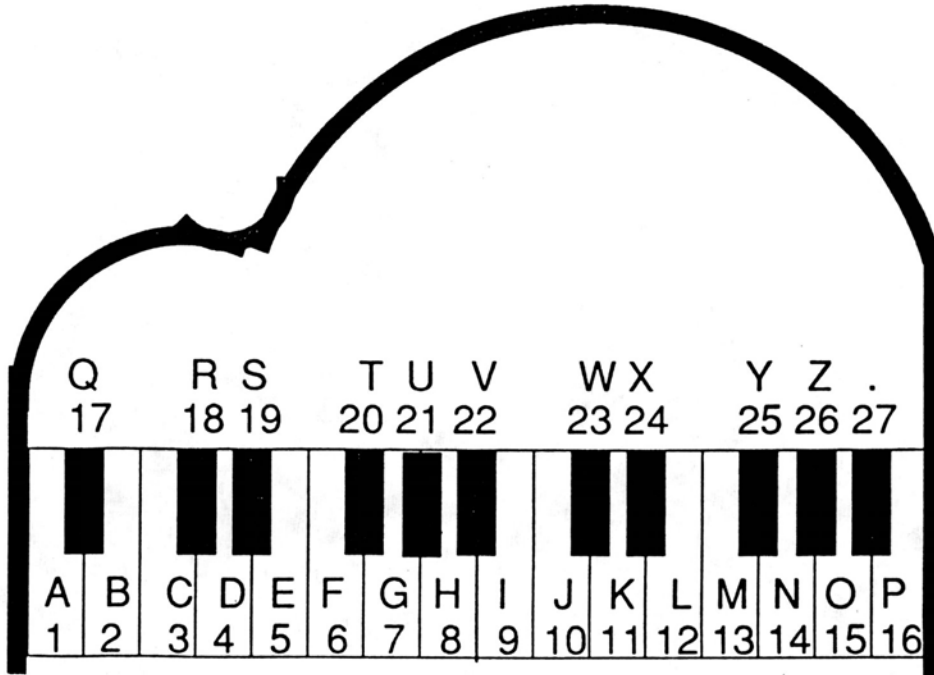
By Lynne E. Buhler

Annie Smith: Girl dressed in long sleeved, white blouse; long, dark skirt; and holding open book in front of her.

Annie Smith wrote the following songs in *Advent Singing*: "How Far from Home," #20; "I Saw One Weary," #21; and "Long upon the Mountains." #24.

Coded Message

Directions: Use the numbers on the keys to complete the coded message.



" -- -- -- --
12 15 14 7 21 16 15 14 20 8 5

-- -- -- -- --
13 15 21 14 20 1 9 14 19 23 5 1 18 25

-- -- -- -- --
8 1 22 5 20 8 5 19 3 1 20

-- -- -- -- --
20 5 18 5 4 6 12 15 3 11 2 5 5 14 20 15 18 14"

ANNIE SMITH

A Look at Her Life and Poetry



*Let none this humble work assail,
Its failings to expose to view,
Which sprung within Misfortune's vale
And 'neath the dews of Sorrow grew.*

Thus does Annie Rebekah Smith, the early Adventist hymnist, beg indulgent tolerance of the little book of poems she completed on her deathbed in 1855. Her wishes will be honored here in favor of a modest effort to tell the simple story of her short, sad life.

Most of what is known about her comes from a little sketch of her life included in another book of poems published by her mother, Rebekah Smith, in 1871. From this we learn that Annie was born in West Wilton, New Hampshire, on March 16, 1828, the only daughter of Samuel and Rebekah Smith. She was four years older than her better-known brother, Uriah, and just four months younger than the best-known of Adventist women, Ellen G. White.

At ten, Annie was converted and joined the Baptist Church. With her mother, she left that communion in 1844 to throw her youthful energies into preparation for the Second Advent of Christ.

When the clouds of October 22 carried only another drab New England morning instead of a host of angels, Annie turned her attention to study and teaching. For the next six years she alternated between teaching in seven different district schools and pursuing her own intellectual enrichment.

She spent six terms at the Charlestown Female Seminary in Charlestown, Massachusetts, next door to Boston. The Seminary, chartered in 1833, offered courses in English, philosophy, Romance

The Life and Love of Annie Smith

Ron Graybill

A research assistant at the Ellen G. White Estate and a graduate student in American religious history at Johns Hopkins University, Ron Graybill has been studying early Adventist hymnody.

languages, Latin, Hebrew, music and art. There were also free lectures in anatomy, physiology, and chemistry.

The school year was divided into three terms — a

twelve-week fall session and winter and spring terms of sixteen and seventeen weeks. Most likely Annie taught in the grammar schools near her home during the winter and then, while the youngsters went to work on the farms, she would go to Charlestown in mid-April to attend the spring term at the Seminary.

Although her mother only mentions that she studied French and Oil Painting, it seems probable that she might have delved into other subjects as well during the course of her six terms at the school. She was not, however, a regular student, and was not listed with the other students in any of the school's catalogues during the years she attended.

The Seminary was ostensibly non-denominational, but it was far from irreligious. There were regular weekly Bible lessons, and each young lady was expected to come equipped with her own Bible, whatever commentary she may have had, plus other books "Containing moral and religious instruction, suitable for Sabbath reading." The students were required to attend church twice each Sunday at some stated place. Just where Annie may have chosen to attend is unknown, but if, after her Millerite adventure, she reverted to her former denominational affiliation, she would have found things in Charlestown nicely arranged: her school was located on the corner of Union and Lawrence Streets with the First Baptist Church at the other end of the block.

During what was probably her first term at the Seminary in 1845, the Reverend Edward Beecher, pastor of Boston's Salem Church, addressed the students and faculty in a lecture titled "Faith Essential

to a Complete Education." This philosophy was pervasive not only at the Charlestown Female Seminary, but throughout the American public school system of the time.

During Annie's last term at the Seminary in 1850, she was definitely enrolled in an art course. One day, while sketching a picture of Boston from Prospect Hill in Somerville, she strained her eyes and for eight months could hardly use them. This brought her to another disappointment in life. She was unable to accept a coveted position in a school at Hancock, New Hampshire.

To alleviate her unhappiness, she became an agent and, according to her mother, a frequent contributor to *The Ladies' Wreath*, an elegant literary magazine published in New York. Four poems from her pen appeared in this publication within two years. She is also said to have contributed a few pieces to *The Odd Fellow*, but so far her contributions to the paper have not been located.

Thinking the salt-air of Charlestown would be good for her eyes, Annie remained there with friends. She must not have been too blind, because during her stay she ventured north to Portland, Maine, and on to Nova Scotia.

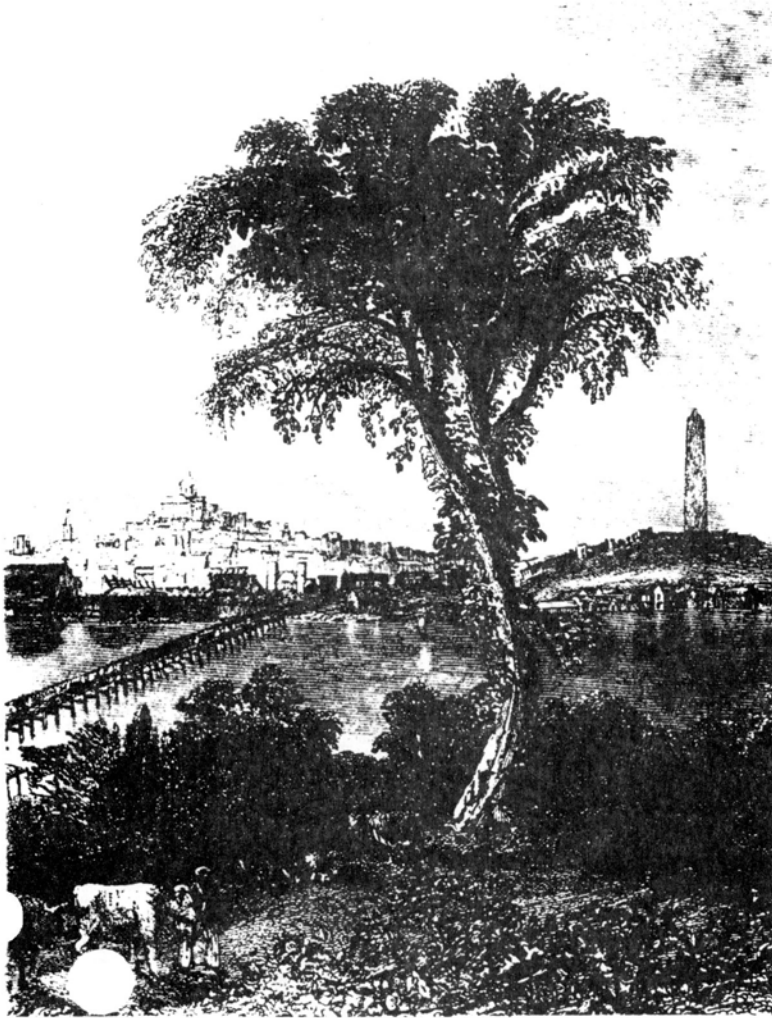
Meanwhile, her mother was becoming more and more concerned about Annie's avid pursuit of secular success in literature and art. When Joseph Bates, the sea captain who became an Adventist preacher, visited the Smith home in West Wilton, Mrs. Smith shared her burden with him. Since he was to be in Boston in a few days, he urged the mother to write Annie inviting her to his meetings. Contrary to J. N. Loughborough's account, the services were to be held at Elizabeth Temple's home in Boston, not at the Folsom residence in Somerville.

The night before the first meeting, Bates had a



courtesy: Ellen G. White Estate

Annie's brother, Uriah, sketched their home town, West Wilton, when he was fifteen.



courtesy: Library of Congress

cause, I feel unworthy and unable to approach a subject of such *moment*, but as I've written for the world, and wish to make a full sacrifice, I am induced to send."

Both the letter and the poem appeared in the *Review*, and the latter indicated Annie's interest in hymns. The last stanza read:

Hallelujah's we'll raise,
Our Redeemer to praise
With the pure and the blest,
In the Eden of Love be forever at Rest.

The phrase, "Eden of Love," used in the last line of the poem is the title of an infectiously beautiful folk-hymn that was carried over from the Millerite movement into Adventist hymnody.

James White, editor of the *Review and Herald*, impressed with Annie's poem and doubtless familiar with her talents through her mother, immediately wrote asking her to come to Saratoga Springs, New York, to assist him as a copy editor. She hesitated, pleading her eye trouble as a reason she could not accept. He told her to come anyway, and upon her arrival, she was quickly healed after

anointing and prayer. Ellen White took note of Annie's coming in a letter to a friend: "Annie Smith is with us. She is just the help we need, and takes right hold with James and helps him much. We can

leave her now to get off the papers and can go out more among the flock."

Although most of Annie's time was spent in the drudgery of copy editing, she was occasionally given full responsibility for the *Review* while the Whites were away on preaching tours. She continued to write hymns and poetry as well, contributing a total of forty-five pieces to the *Review* and the *Youth's Instructor* before her death three and a half years later. Ten of her hymns survive in the current Seventh-day Adventist *Church Hymnal*.

Annie had lived with the Whites in Saratoga Springs for only a few months when they moved to Rochester. Shortly before the move, she turned twenty-four. Times were hard for the little group of workers in Rochester. Ellen White tells how they had to use turnips for potatoes. Annie's work was not always easy, either. James White, driving hard in these difficult early days, could be a demanding task master. Most of Annie's poetry was deeply and seriously religious, but she did venture one light-hearted rhyme that may reflect something of James White's eagerness that the *Review* be a perfect paper. The poem was titled "The Proof-Reader's Lament":

What news is this falls on my ear?
What next will to my sight appear?
My brain doth whirl, my heart doth quake —
Oh, that egregious mistake!

"Too bad! too bad!!" I hear them cry,
"You might have seen with half an eye!
Strange! passing strange!! how could you make
So plain, so blunderous a mistake!"

• • •

Guilty, condemned, I trembling stand,
With pressing cares on every hand,
Without one single plea to make,
For leaving such a *bad mistake*.

• • •

If right, no meed of praise is won,
No more than *duty* then is done;
If wrong, then censure I partake,
Deserving such a gross mistake.

How long shall I o'er this bewail?
"The best," 'tis said, "will sometimes fail;"
Must it then *peace* forever break —
Summed up, 'tis only a *mistake*.

In spite of whatever difficulties may have arisen, the Whites must have appreciated Annie and her work. James sent her a gift of \$75 during her last illness, and Annie's mother, writing of the bond of affection between her daughter and the Whites, said, "Annie loved them."

There was someone else whom Annie loved: the handsome young preacher, John Nevins Andrews. John lived in Rochester during the time Annie was

dream. In it every seat in the room was filled except one next to the door. The first hymn was sung, prayer was offered, another hymn sung, and then, just as he opened his Bible to preach, the door

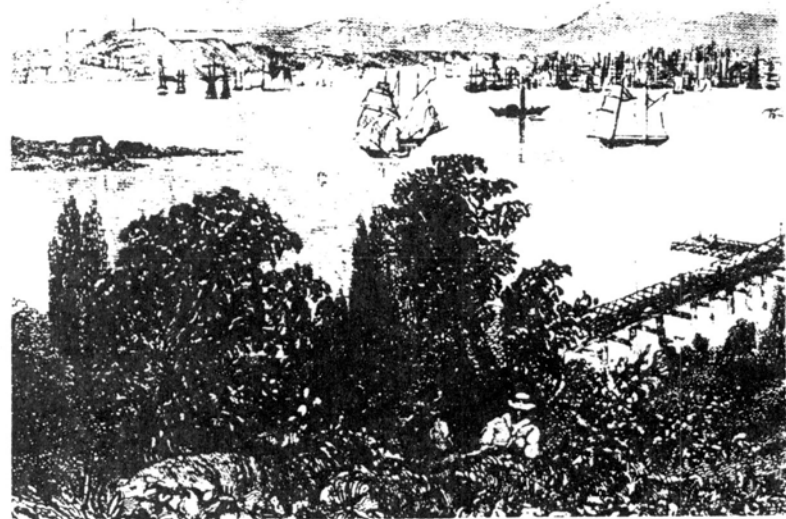
opened and a young lady entered, taking the last vacant chair.

The same night, Annie had virtually the same dream. The next evening, she started for the meeting in ample time, but lost her way. She entered just at the moment the dream had specified. Bates had been planning to talk on another subject, but remembering his dream he switched to a sermon on the Adventist view of the Hebrew sanctuary.

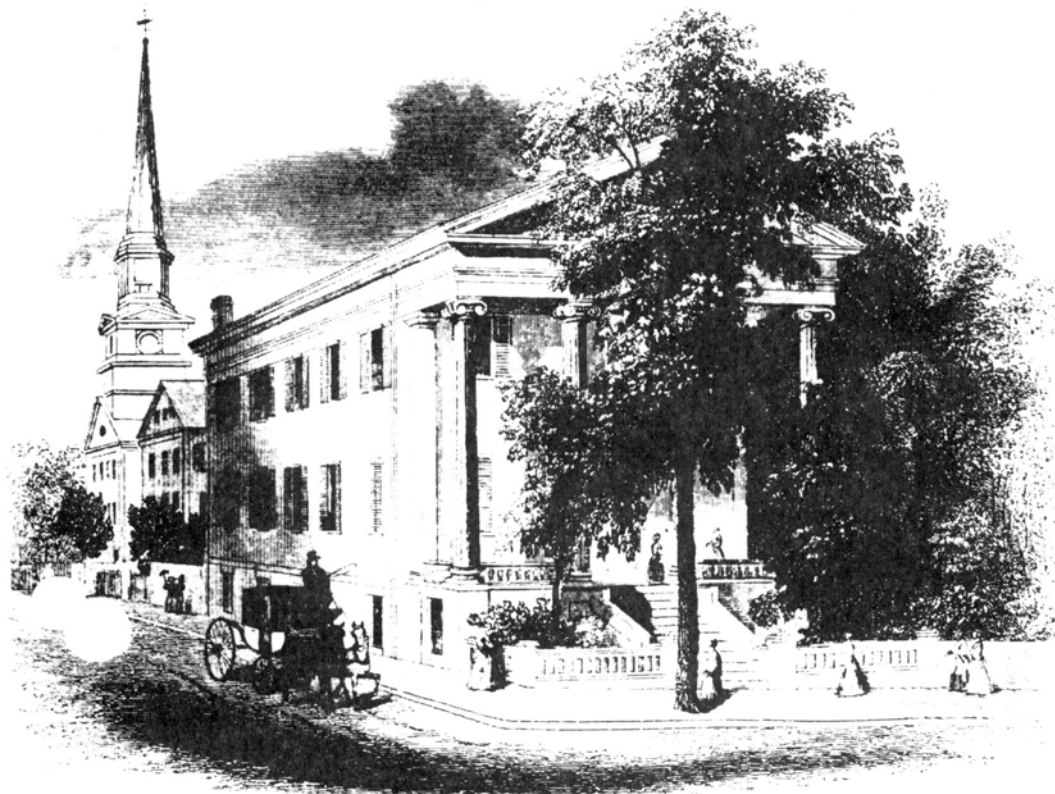
At the close of the meeting, he stepped up to Annie and said: "I believe this is Sister Smith's daughter, of West Wilton. I never saw you before, but your countenance looks familiar. I dreamed of seeing you last night." Annie related her own dream, and naturally was deeply impressed with the turn of events.

Joseph Bates, in his letter to the *Review and Herald* reporting this visit to Boston, merely says: "We spent the Sabbath and first-day July 26 and 27, in meeting with about twenty believers, at No. 67 Warren Place, Boston, where the meetings are to be held every Sabbath. . . . Here two, that had formerly believed the advent doctrine, embraced the last message."

A month after she attended Bates's meetings, Annie sent a poem, "Fear Not, Little Flock," to the *Review*, along with a letter: "It is with much reluctance that I send you these verses, on a subject which a few weeks since was so foreign to my thoughts. Being as it were a child in this glorious



▲While sketching a scene similar to this one, Annie injured her eyes. This etching, taken from the *Ladies' Wreath*, shows Boston and Bunker Hill from Chelsea.



◀Annie spent six terms at the Charlestown Female Seminary studying French and oil painting. In the background is the Baptist church that she probably attended.

courtesy: Library of Congress



J. N. Andrews eventually married Angeline Stevens. They are shown here with their children, Mary and Charles.
courtesy Ellen G. White Estate

J. N. Andrews was living in Rochester when Annie arrived.

courtesy Review and Herald Publishing Association

there. They were about the same age, and both were bright and intellectually ambitious. There are indications that Annie had high hopes for her future with John, but he disappointed her, turning his affections to Angeline Stevens, a girl from his hometown of Paris, Maine.

The evidence for Annie's love and subsequent heartbreak lies half-buried in a letter Ellen White wrote to John just one month after Annie's death: "I saw that you could do no better now than to marry Angeline; that after you had gone thus far it would be wronging Angeline to have it stop here. The best course you can now take is to move on, get married, and do what you can in the cause of God. Annie's disappointment cost her her life."

Ellen White appears to be saying: Don't do the same thing to Angeline that you did to Annie. Now that you've raised her expectations, go ahead and marry her. Judgments based on a single piece of evidence may seem a bit hazardous, but when Ellen White's comments are linked with certain passages in Annie's own poetry, it is more certain that Annie was jilted by John.

In the spring of 1854 she wrote two religious poems which may reflect something of this experience:

If other's joys [Angeline's] seem more than thine,
Pause, ere thou at this repine;
Life hath full enough of woe,
For the sunniest path below.

And in a poem titled "Resignation," she wrote:

Thou art the refuge of my soul,
My hope when earthly comforts flee,
My strength while life's rough billows roll,
My joy through all eternity.

But Annie's most personal feelings on this subject would hardly be found in her religious poetry, printed as it was in the *Review* for J. N. Andrews and everyone else to read. Her mother's book, published in 1871, includes a good selection of Annie's secular verse. One of these was a poem which Annie addressed to her mother:

My lot has been to learn
Of friendship false, that bright will burn
When fortune spreads her wing of light,
But fades away when cometh night.

"Dear Annie," her mother wrote in her "Response":

What though thy lot has been to bear
Much adverse fate, 'mid toil and care
Raised expectations crushed and dead
And hope's triumphant visions fled?

•••

Does not thy heart begin to feel
The claims of Him who wounds to heal?

Were it not that Mrs. Smith's "Response" specifies that Annie's crushed expectations came "mid toil and care," the mention of "friendship false" in Annie's own poem might have referred to some disappointment she suffered during her school

days in Charlestown. Of the four poems she wrote for *The Ladies' Wreath* during the time just before she became an Adventist, two speak of blighted love. If nothing else, these secular poems indicate

something which her sober hymns do not: that she was capable of feeling the whole range of emotions connected with youthful love. In "Trust Not—Love Not," she wrote:

Love's sweet strain, like music flowing,
 Drink not deep its melting tone:
 Eyes that now so gently glowing,
 Beaming fondly in thine own —
 Lips will smile, but too deceive thee,
 Tender glances, heed them not:
 For their coldness soon may grieve thee,
 Soon thou mayest be forgot.

Witness also these lines from a ballad-like poem, "The Unchanged":

The morn of youth was on her cheek when love her
 bosom thrilled,
 With golden dreams of future bliss her gentle soul
 was filled —

...

His dark eyes woke the flame within of soul lit,
 lustrous hue,
 To be unquenched — the holy light of pure devotion
 true.

...

And oft she gazed with rapture on that bright
 angelic face,
 So radiant and beautiful with eloquence and grace:

His voice, like tones of music sweet, bound with a
 magic spell,
 As gems of wisdom from his lips in heavenly accents
 fell.

...

I saw her in the moonlit vale, a lovely maiden's form,
 Her spirit in illusions wrapped, her cheek
 with vigor warm;
 Untouched by sorrow's withering hand, so pale, for
 hers were dreams
 Of other years — that for the night had cast their
 halo beams.

The possibility that Annie may have been in love with J. N. Andrews adds a new dimension to the controversy over her hymn, "I Saw One Weary, Sad, and Torn." Each verse of the hymn is thought to be an ode to one of the Adventist pioneers contemporary to her. The first two stanzas are assigned respectively to Joseph Bates and James White. Bates is identified by the "many a line of grief and care" which on his brow were "furrowed there." He was much older than any of the other pioneers. James White is almost certainly the one who "boldly

Uncertainty has shrouded this musical ode to the advent pioneers. Who was Annie writing about in the third stanza?

The image shows two pages from a hymn book, tilted at an angle. The left page is numbered 282 and the right page is numbered 283. Both pages are titled "MISCELLANEOUS." The hymn is "The Blessed Hope, L. M. Double." The musical notation is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are as follows:

282 MISCELLANEOUS.
BLESSED HOPE. L. M. double,
 1. I saw one weary, sad and torn, With eager steps press
 on the way, Who long the hallowed cross had borne, Still looking
 for the promised day; While many a line of grief and
 care 'pon his brow was furrowed there—I asked what buoyed his
 spir - its up, O, this, said he—the Bles - sed Hope!

283 MISCELLANEOUS.
The Blessed Hope. L. M. Double.
 1 I saw one weary, sad and torn,
 With eager steps press on the way,
 Who long the hallowed cross had borne,
 Still looking for the promised day;
 While many a line of grief and care
 Upon his brow was furrowed there—
 I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
 O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

2 And one, I saw, with sword and shield,
 Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,
 And fought unyielding on the field,
 To win an everlasting crown,
 Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,
 No murmur from his heart arose;
 I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
 O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

3 And there was one who left behind,
 The cherished friends of early years,
 And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned
 To tread the path bedewed with tears,
 Through trials deep, and conflicts sore,
 Yet still a smile of joy he wore;
 I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
 O, this, said he—the Blessed Hope!

4 While pilgrims here we journey on,
 In this dark vale of sin and gloom,
 Through tribulation, hate, and scorn,
 Or through the portals of the tomb,
 Till our returning King shall come,
 To take his exiled captives home,
 O, what can buoy the spirits up?
 'Tis this alone—the Blessed Hope!

braved the world's cold frown" and was "worn by toil, oppressed by foes." But who was the Adventist who

... left behind
The cherished friends of early years,
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned,
To tread the path bedewed with tears.
Through trials deep and conflicts sore,
Yet still a smile of joy he wore:
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
"O this!" said he — "the blessed hope."

Three possible candidates have been suggested for this stanza: Uriah Smith, Andrews, and Annie Smith herself disguised in masculine pronouns. Uriah is eliminated on chronological grounds. He had not yet accepted the "third angel's message" at the time Annie wrote the hymn. The hymn was published August 19, 1852, about a year after Annie's conversion, five months after her arrival in Rochester, and just enough time for a friendship with John to blossom.

But Annie herself cannot be ruled out as a candidate. She certainly felt that she had renounced "honor, pleasure, and wealth" to become an Adventist. In the same poem in which she makes the allusion to "friendship false," she says:

My lot has been to pore
Learning's classic pages o'er:
Seeking for hidden pearls to wear,
Fame's golden wreath, the victors bear.

She had been on the brink of fame, or at least she thought so, and for her to turn her back on it was a special trial. Naturally, if she was writing about herself in the hymn, she could not reveal it, but all the details of the third stanza fit Annie perfectly. The problem is that they also fit John. The question of whether the stanza refers to John or Annie may never be resolved, and perhaps it is fitting that they are linked in this mystery.

It is no wonder that many of Annie's hymns were so somber. Not only was she an Adventist in a day when Adventists were scorned and despised, not only did she give up her hope of worldly fame, not only was she thwarted in love, but death itself was stalking her. She had been with the *Review* for barely a year when she was called home for the death of her father, Samuel Smith. When she returned to the office in Rochester late in December, 1852, she found that James White's brother Nathaniel and his sister Anna had arrived, both suffering from tuberculosis.

Anna White soon took over the editorship of the newly launched *Youth's Instructor* to which Annie contributed an occasional poem. But Nathaniel lived only till May of 1853. Annie commemorated his death with a poem. About a year later, Luman V.

Masten, another of the young workers in the office, died of tuberculosis. Again Annie wrote a poem, a portion of which read:

Then mourn not the loss of our dear, absent brother
Bright angels shall watch o'er the dust where he's laid
To rest by the side of his fondly-loved mother,
Who for his salvation so fervently prayed.

In November of that same year, 1854, Annie returned to her home in West Wilton, suffering from the first stages of tuberculosis herself. She had just arrived when word came that Anna White had died of the disease. The poem she wrote for Anna became a hymn which would be sung at her own funeral:

She hath passed Death's chilling billow,
And gone to rest:
Jesus smoothed her dying pillow—
Her slumbers blest.

Annie arrived home November 7. A month later she was coughing blood. Her mother says that since she had "confidence in water treatment, she went where she could receive such." Perhaps she traveled to nearby New Ipswich where, according to the *Water-Cure Journal* of June, 1853, a Mr. Amos Hatch operated a hydropathic institution.

But the treatment did not help, and Annie returned home in February, just in time for a visit from Joseph Bates. "At the commencement of the Sabbath, the 16th," her mother wrote, "the spirit and power of God descended upon her, and she praised God with a loud voice. . . . Bro. B. then said

This collection of Annie's poetry was finished ten days before her death. Knowing that the peony was her favorite flower, Uriah engraved one for the title page.
courtesy: Ellen G. White Estate

HOME HERE,

AND

HOME IN HEAVEN;

WITH OTHER POEMS.

BY ANNIE R. SMITH.



ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PUBLISHED AT THE ADVENT REVIEW OFFICE.
1855.

to Annie, 'You needed this blessing, and now if the Lord sees that it is best for you to be laid away in the grave, he will go with you.'

alone with her if she died. Through the night the mother and her semi-invalid brother John watched. It seemed that each moment must be her last.

But Annie prayed for just one more privilege before she died. She wanted to be able to finish her long poem, "Home Here and Home in Heaven," and publish the little book of poetry she had been planning. Her brother Uriah came home in May, and helped her to copy and arrange her poetry for publication. As soon as the flowers blossomed that spring, he sketched and engraved a peony, her favorite, to go on the title page of her book.

Annie told her mother that she believed there would be a change in her condition once the book was done. Either she would be healed, or she would die. She lived less than ten days after she finished her work.

Her mother chronicled the last days of her twenty-seven-year-old daughter in great detail. On the eighteenth of July, she wrote a poem titled "Our Duty":

Never from the future borrow
Burdens that no good repay,
Strength required for to-morrow,
May be lost on us today.

At three o'clock the next afternoon she said: "Mother, some change has taken place. I don't think I shall live through the day." "I saw that there was a change," her mother wrote, "and stayed by her. Night drew on. No one happened in. She said, 'It seems to me I could not breathe to have many in the room.'" Her mother told her she was not afraid to be

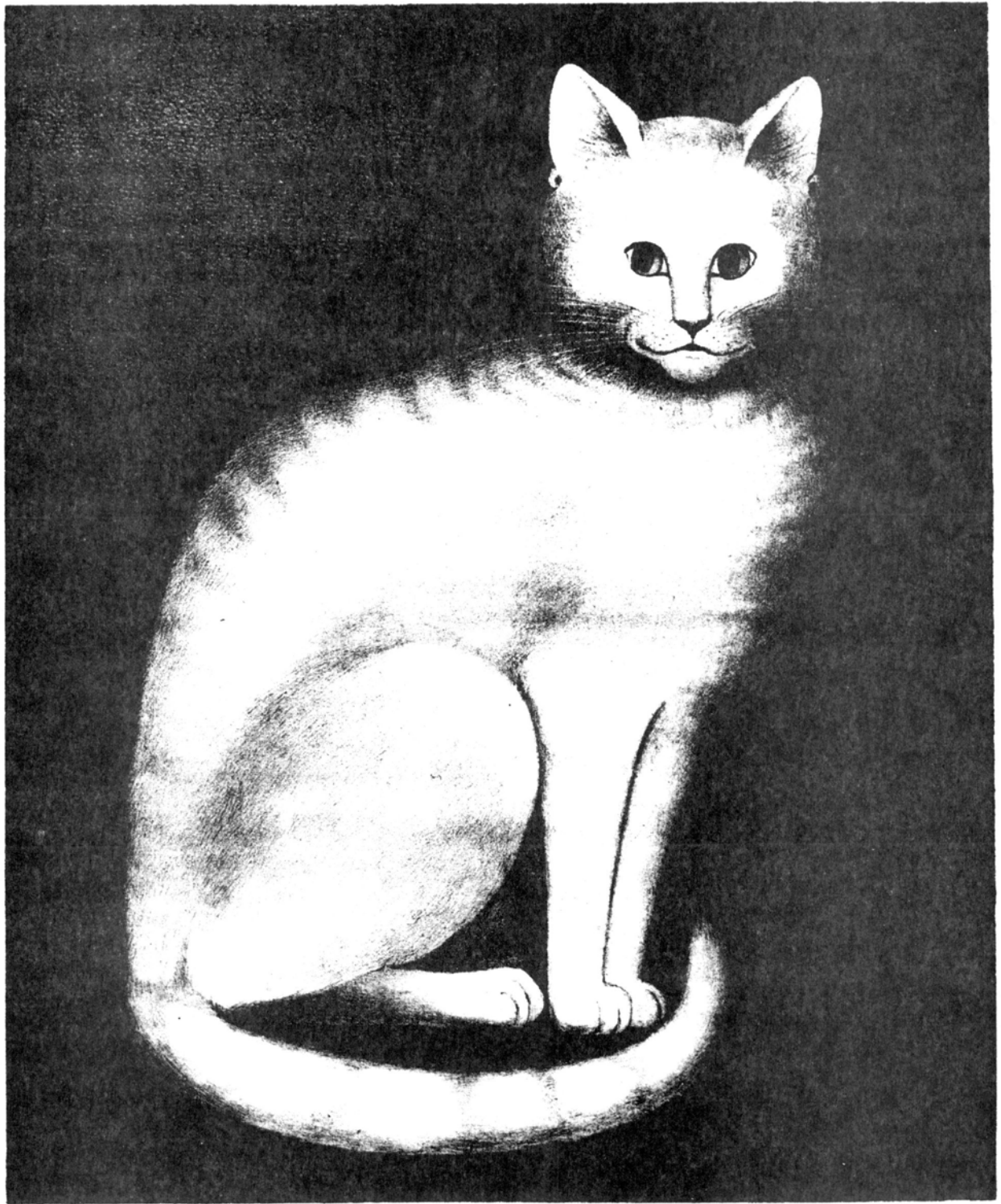
About two in the morning she rallied some, and looked very happy. "Annie is being blessed," Mrs. Smith said to John. Soon Annie exclaimed, "Glory to God," a number of times, louder than she had spoken for a long while. "Heaven is opened," she said. "I shall come forth at the first resurrection."

Uriah had returned to Rochester by now, hoping he could get the type for Annie's book and let her see the proof sheets before she died. Mrs. Smith wanted to write him and urge him to come home at once, but Annie said: "It will make no difference, I think I am dying; don't leave me, mother, while I live."

The fact that Mrs. Smith would write a vivid day by day account of Annie's decline reflects the Victorian tendency to romanticize illness and death. Nineteenth-century Americans, Adventists included, were far less inclined to disguise or avoid death than we are today. Annie and her mother talked freely about her death long before it occurred. Her mother did not look back on those last days as some hideous shame to be expunged from memory, but as something worth preserving in every detail.

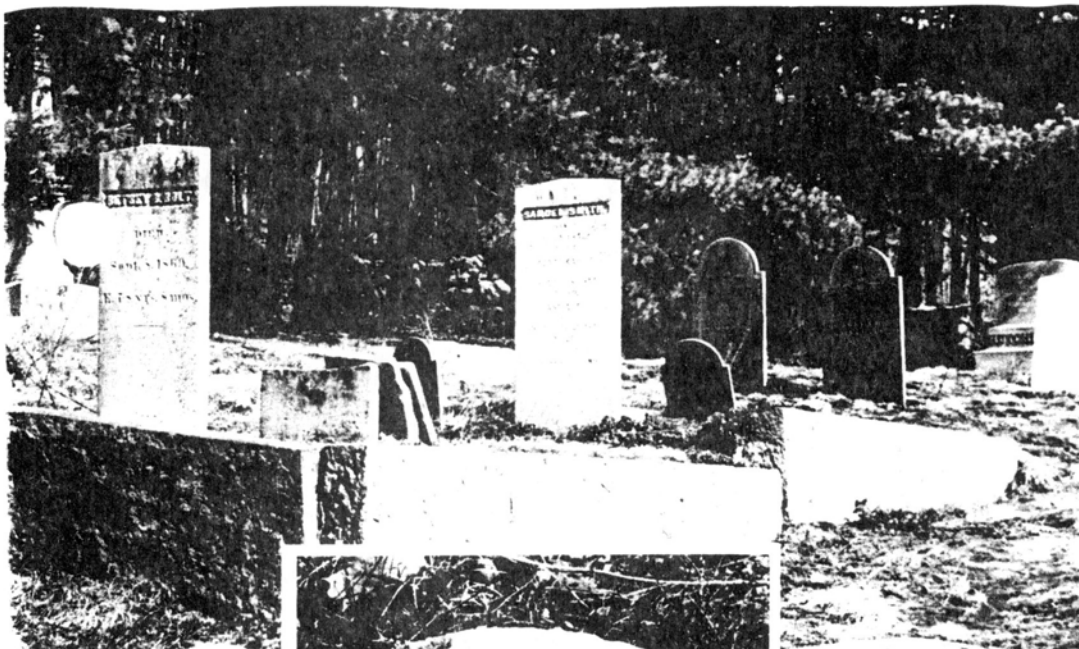
At age twenty-seven Annie died of tuberculosis at her mother's home.
courtesy: Tom Dybdahl



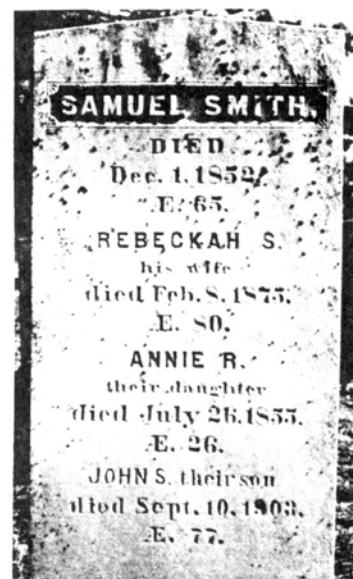


ANNE SMITH

This engraving of a cat reveals another of Annie Smith's talents.



courtesy: Tom Dybdahl



Annie's marker is to the left of the Smith headstone in the family plot.

On Tuesday morning, July 24, Annie composed her last poem:

Oh! shed not a tear o'er the spot where I sleep;
For the living and not for the dead ye may weep;
Why mourn for the weary who sweetly repose,
Free in the grave from life's burden and woes?

No recasting can improve the poignant forcefulness of her mother's account of her last hours:

Tuesday night was a solemn and interesting night. I stayed with her alone through the night. Neither of us slept. She was very happy, and talked much with me. She said in her former familiar way, "My mother, I've been afraid I should wear you all out. I've called after you by night and by day." She felt bad to have me kept up as I was on her account. But she said, "I am here now, your dying girl. I think this is the last night, and you must be sure to rest when I am gone. O, my blessed mother, I shall bless you in Heaven for taking such care of me. No sorrow or suffering there. We shall all be free there. Yes, we shall all be free when we arrive at home, and we shall live forever. Yes, and I can smile upon you now through all my sufferings." It was her last suffering night. Wednesday, the 25th, a death coldness was upon her. In the afternoon she became more free from pain and distress. While speaking in the evening of taking care of her, she said, "I shall not want any one to sit up; you can lie on the lounge." At 1 o'clock I called Samuel [another brother]. She talked with him, called for what she wanted as usual, and told him he might lie down. About three o'clock she called him to wet her head with water, and said she felt sleepy. She was indeed going into her last sleep. Samuel wet her head, and soon after spoke to me and said, "I don't know but Annie is dying." I spoke to her.

She took no notice, breathed a few times, and died apparently as easy as any one going into a natural sleep. Her sufferings were over. She was gone. It was 4 o'clock in the morning, July 26, 1855. □

SOURCES

BOOKS

- Loughborough, J. N. *Rise and Progress of Seventh-day Adventists*. Battle Creek: General Conference Association of the Seventh-day Adventists, 1892.
- Smith, Annie R. *Home Here, and Home in Heaven: With Other Poems*. Rochester, N. Y.: Advent Review Office, 1855.
- Smith, Rebekah. *Poems: With a Sketch of the Life and Experience of Annie R. Smith*. Manchester, N. H.: John B. Clark, 1871.
- Weiss, Harry B. and Howard R. Kemble. *The Great American Water-Cure Craze*. Trenton, N. J.: Past Times Press, 1967.
- White, Ellen G. *Spiritual Gifts*, Vol. II. Battle Creek: James White, 1860.
- White, James, ed. *Hymns for God's Peculiar People*. Oswego, New York, 1849.

LETTERS

- Ellen G. White to Arabella Hastings, August 4, 1850. Ellen G. White Estate, Washington, D. C., File #H-8-1850.
- Ellen G. White to J. N. Andrews, August 26, 1855. Ellen G. White Estate, Washington, D. C., File #A-1-1855.

PAMPHLETS

- Beecher, Edward. *Faith Essential to a Complete Education*. Boston, 1845. [Waterman Pamphlets, Vol. 163, No. 19. Rare Book Room, Library of Congress.]
- Catalogue of the Officers, Teachers and Pupils of the Charlestown Female Seminary*. Boston: J. Howe, 1850.

PERIODICALS

- Irving, Helen, ed. *The Ladies' Wreath: An Illustrated Annual*. New York: J. M. Fletcher and Co., 1852.
- Review and Herald*, 2:7 (August 5, 1851) — August 21, 1855.
- Youth's Instructor*, 1:3 (August, 1852) — October, 1855.

Article on Annie Smith reprinted with permission from
ADVENTIST HERITAGE
A Magazine of Adventist History
Vol. 2, No. 1

For subscription information write to:
ADVENTIST HERITAGE
Loma Linda University Library
Loma Linda, CA 92350

Harvest 90 Education Project

COVER PHOTO:

This painting of Hamlet's Ophelia by Annie Smith is believed to be a self portrait.

Courtesy: Samuel A. Smith, Jr

ADVENTIST
HERITAGE CENTER
James White Library
ANDREWS UNIVERSITY



URIAH SMITH

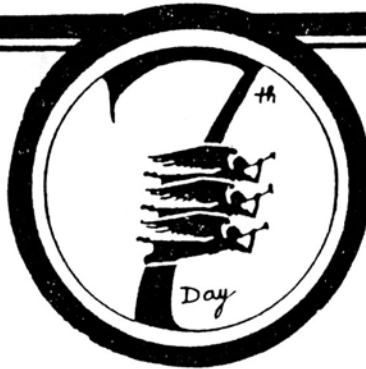
URIAH SMITH

Birth: 1832 West Wilton, New Hampshire

Death: 1903

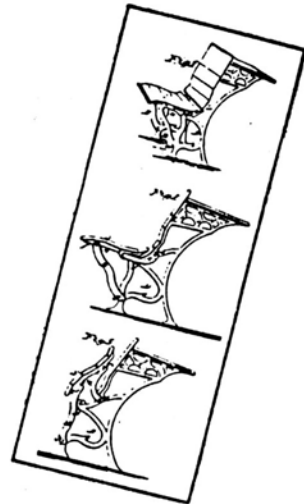
Family: Father - Samuel Smith
Mother - Rebekah Spalding Smith
Sister - Annie R. Smith
Brothers - Samuel, John
Spouse - Harriet Stevens Smith

Accomplishments: Poet, artist, hymn writer, editor
of The Review and Herald,
inventor, author



Uriah Smith

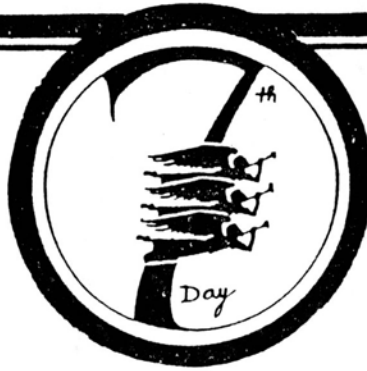
(1832-1903)



What choices would you make about your life if you were 14 years old and your leg has just been amputated? If you were 19 and a college invited you to teach with free room and board plus an excellent salary; besides that some of your art work was just published, what would you do? Uriah Smith faced those problems.

Uriah was Annie Smith's youngest brother. Both siblings shared interests in art, writing and reading. When he was 13 years old Uriah's leg was amputated above the knee because it was badly infected. Can you imagine the pain he had to endure during the 20 minute operation and bandaging. It is said that his mother held both his hands through the ordeal. When his leg healed he was fitted with a cumbersome wooden one. It was so uncomfortable that Uriah's creative mind set to work to fashion a better one that was lighter in weight and had movable joints. He succeeded in creating a workable design. He patented the design in 1863! Also, in 1875 he patented a folding school desk seat. See the diagrams.

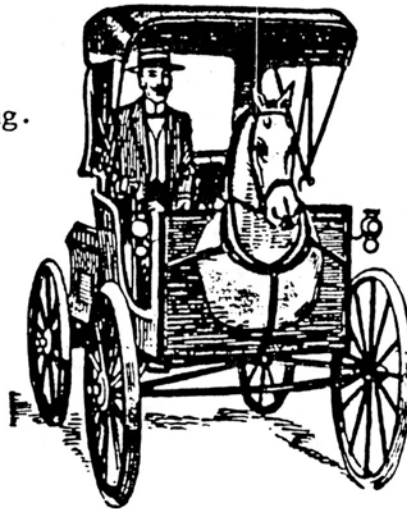




It is an interesting fact that Uriah Smith's woodcut illustrations were printed in the Review and Herald when he was not yet a committed christian. He was 19 years old and was planning to study at Harvard. It was some six months after his work was printed that he began attending religious meetings. Before the year, 1852, was through he had committed his life to God. During the spring the following year a long poem was printed in the Review and Herald. It warned about prophecy being fulfilled during his lifetime.

Uriah joined his sister Annie in Rochester, N.Y. and began working in publishing. It was the beginning of 50 years work for the Review and Herald.

His camouflage horseless carriage was quite amazing.



Ellen G. White Estate. In The Footsteps Of The Pioneers.
Washington, D.C.: Ellen White, 1985.

Neufeld, Don Fred. Seventh-day Adventist Encyclopedia.
Washington, D.C.: Review and Herald Publishing Association,
1966.

Stauffer, J. Paul. "Uriah Smith: Wood Engraver." Adventist Heritage, Summer 1976, pp. 17-21.

URIAH SMITH

Perennial Editor of the *Review*

May 2, 1832 - March 6, 1903

Few Seventh-day Adventists have known their Bibles better than Uriah Smith. He was a quiet, reserved man who impressed people by his learning and appearance. A man of noble countenance, he commanded respect.

In December, 1852, he accepted the light of the message taught by the Sabbath-keeping Adventists. The following year he associated with the publishing interests of the "little flock" of believers in Rochester. For about a half century he was the editor or on the editorial staff of the church paper, the *Review and Herald*. Uriah Smith was the first Secretary of the General Conference, accepting this post at the organization of the General Conference in the spring of the year 1863.

He is best known for his book, *The Prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation*, which has circulated by the thousands of copies. He was the first Bible teacher at Battle Creek College.

Uriah Smith was born in a fine-looking house in the little town of West Wilton, New Hampshire. He was as solid in his character as any New Englander, true "grit of the granite state." The birthplace of Uriah Smith and his sister Annie still stands in this tiny New England town. It is now called the Eagle House and may be visited by interested tourists.

A short time before his death, the main building of the *Review and Herald* burned down. This was a grave tragedy. The heart and soul of Uriah Smith was bound up with this institution. His whole life had been dedicated to its development.

Elder Smith was often seen walking down the streets of Battle Creek with his cane, limping along on his artificial limb, for he had suffered an amputation as a teen-age boy. His inventive genius led him to create an artificial limb which he used during much of his lifetime. He was versatile and intelligent, as were most of the pioneers. The early workers were people of stature-high caliber. God chose the best that He could find to do the most important work given to men and women in these last days.

See: *Footprints of the Pioneers*, pp. 123-129; *Pioneer Stories Retold*, pp. 178-181.

A Story About Uriah Smith

When Uriah was just twelve years old a local infection brought on by an illness required the amputation of his left leg above the knee. His courageous struggle with pain and shock built into his frame of clay those steel girders that made him the solid man he was.

Think what it meant to lose a leg in those days. There were no white-robed surgeons and nurses to minister to the patient, no merciful anesthetic, and no competent hospital care. A noted surgeon of nearby Keene, Dr. Amos Twitchell, cut off the leg and bound it in twenty minutes. Uriah's mother held his hands. Then she and his loving sister took care of him.

This injury of his early years brought confinement to Elder Smith in later life. He was not able to get out and move around like the other ministers. He just couldn't. So what did he do? Settle down to discouragement? No. His injury was a blessing to him for it brought out his inventive genius. For a while he used the clumsy artificial limb that they provided for him, with a solid foot, but he didn't like it, so he set to work and invented a pliable foot, got a patent for it, and with the money he received from its sale, he bought his first house in Battle Creek.

W. A. Spicer gives us his impression of Uriah Smith:

"As a boy I always passed Elder Smith's editorial room in the old Battle Creek Review and Herald office with somewhat of awe: for there was a notice on the door in dark purple-colored ink and in large letters:

"Editor's Room.

Busy? Yes, always.

If you have any business,

Attend to your business,

And let us attend to our business."

--*Pioneer Days of the Advent Movement*, pages 245,246.

Yes, Smith was a man who was on the march. He was busy with the Lord's business and he wanted others to be about theirs, but he was a graceful and a tender-hearted man. If you don't think so, read the last chapter of his book, *The Prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation*. It will thrill you. It is so full of heart longings for the new earth, our eternal home.

URIAH SMITH
1835 - 1903

Just five dollars a week,
as the editor-in-chief,
so Uriah Smith began.
Writer, inventor, preacher, teacher;
he was a talented man!
For fifty years at the Review,
with little help and dollars few.
No sacrifice is too great.
Send the gospel, at any rate!
Messages from God to heed,
Always, Jesus Christ must lead.
-Lynne E. Buhler

Hi young people! I am so glad you are learning about the early church and my friends who were so instrumental in establishing the Advent message. I have been asked to share with you a little about myself. Well students, for fifty years I was lucky enough to be of service for the Lord in the Seventh-day Adventist Church as an editor and author. But I'm getting ahead of myself. I need to start at the beginning. I began my life in a little town of West Wilton, New Hampshire in 1832. You can still visit the fine-looking house in which I was born. In 1843 I became interested in the Advent Movement which was spreading like wildfire around my home town. Two years later at the age of 13, had my left leg amputated above the knee, because of an infection. I invented for myself and others who had lost a leg, a more practical and less painful artificial limb which I used during much of my lifetime. That artificial limb was just one of my many inventions throughout by lifetime.

In 1857 I married Harriet Newall Stevens. She was as lovely as my

older sister Annie, who was quite a song writer. After becoming a Sabbath keeping Adventist I went to work at the Review and Herald office with Annie. I so enjoyed those years working in Rochester, New York, with my sister. I remember my first contribution to the Seventh-day Adventist literature work. It was a 35,000 word poem entitled "The Warning Voice of Time and Prophecy". How many of you students would like to write a poem that long? It was so long that it had to be published as a serial in the Review and Herald back in 1853. I loved being a worker in the publishing office. In fact, I maintained an almost unbroken connection with the institution of the Review and Herald until the time of my death.

In 1855 the Review and Herald moved to Battle Creek, Michigan. That same year at the age of twenty-three I became editor. I did not enter upon that position for ease, comfort, or worldly profit; for I had seen, by my connection with the Review, that none of those pleasures were to be found there. In fact I published a disclaimer quite the same in the first issue printed as the new editor. The primitive equipment in use back then could have dampened a my spirit. In helping prepare the first tracts I would use my straight-edge and my pocketknife to trim the edges. I want you to know students, "we blistered our hands in the operation, and often the tracts in form were not half so true and square as the doctrines we taught."

In the early years severe financial problems faced me as the new, young editor. However, I managed the Review through those rough

times to where the paper flourished and grew. In those days I was the editor, proofreader, business manager, and bookkeeper. Because of all that responsibility I found my physical resources taxed to the limit. As a result, in 1869 I took some time off to recuperate. My friend J. N. Andrews became editor of the paper in my absence. Then the next year James White was elected editor and I became associate. But 12 months later I became editor once again. James and I didn't always agree on the way to handle certain problems in the office. One time in 1873 following a disagreement with James over administrative policies I was relieved of my position. After six months I was reinstated to my former office, and James and my friendship was re-established and maintained from then on.

I mentioned earlier of my love of inventing. Other than my flexible knee and ankle joints I invented a school desk with an improved folding seat. Because of the patent on my desk I received \$3000. Maybe that doesn't sound like a lot of money to you young people today, but with that \$3000 I was able to build a new house.

In 1876 I was treasurer of the General Conference for a year. In 1890 I devoted more time to writing and traveled extensively, speaking frequently at camp meetings. A year later I again returned as editor of the Review. By the way, students, for a time, I was an instructor of Bible at Battle Creek College.

Some people say that I was one of the most fluent writers the

denomination has ever had. I am probably best remembered for my book generally known by the short title Daniel and the Revelation. Some of the other books I wrote were: Both Sides on the Sabbath and the Law, The Visions of Mrs. E. G. White, and The Sanctuary and the 2300 Days, along with many others.

During my life I urged the separation of Church and State, advocated noncombatancy, and vigorously opposed slavery. I did not approve of Seventh-day Adventist's seeking political office and campaigned tirelessly against Sunday laws.

I have been told that I was a handsome man of charming manners and more powerful in pen than in speech.

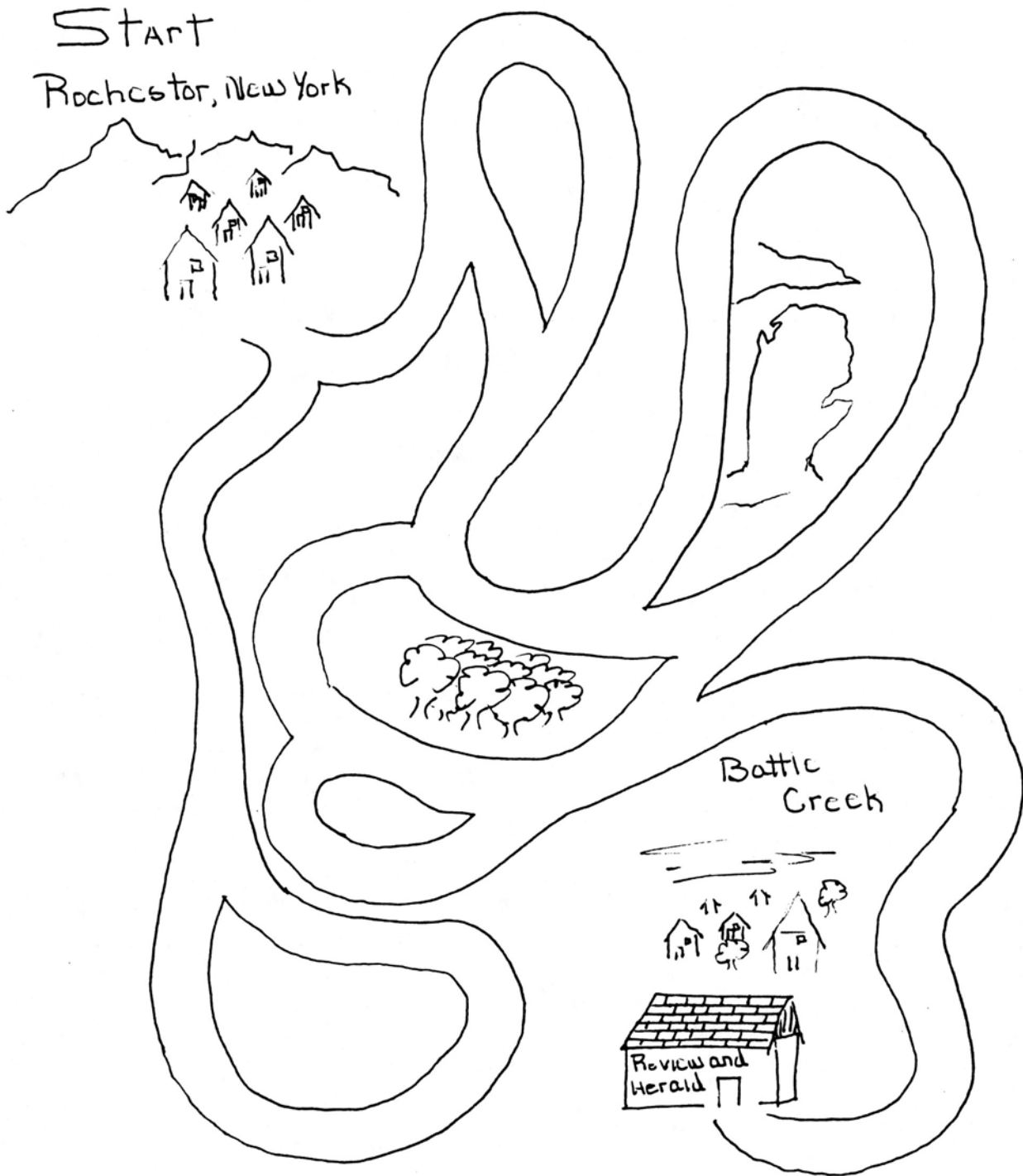
The last words I ever wrote were directed to the General Conference on 1903. It summarizes my life long purpose; "I am with you in the endeavor to send forth in this generation this gospel of the kingdom, for a witness to all nations. And when this is completed, it will be the signal for the coronation of our coming King."

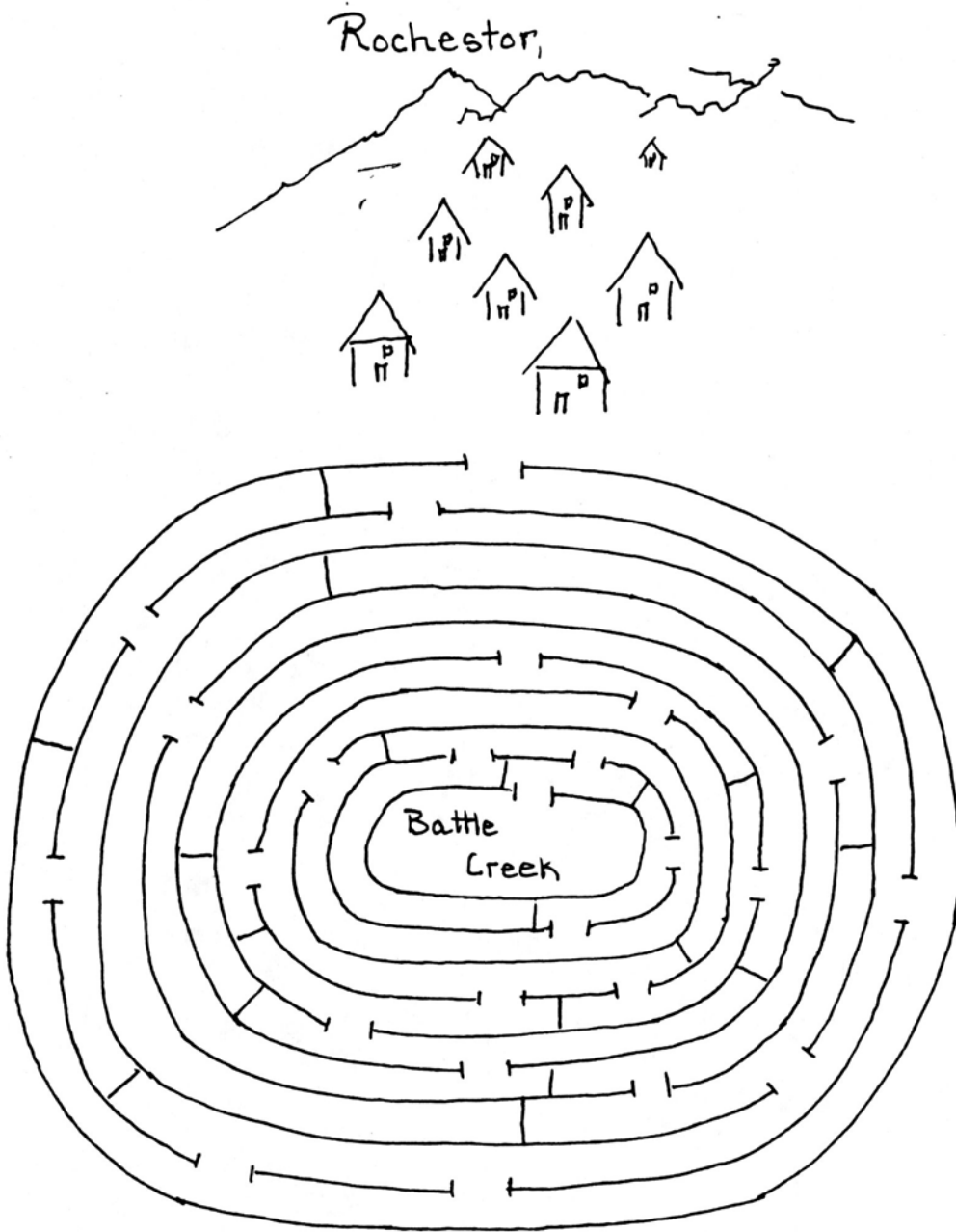
Adapted from:

The Seventh-day Adventist Commentary, Vol. 10

Direction:

Help Uriah Smith and the Review make its move from Rochester, New York to Battle Creek, Michigan. Help direct Uriah on his trek.





Direction:

Help Uriah Smith and the Review make the move from Rochester, New York to Battle Creek, Michigan. Help direct Uriah on his trek.



SOJOURNER TRUTH

Sojourner Truth
Isabella Van Wagenen

Birth: 1797 (approximate date)

Death: Nov. 26, 1883

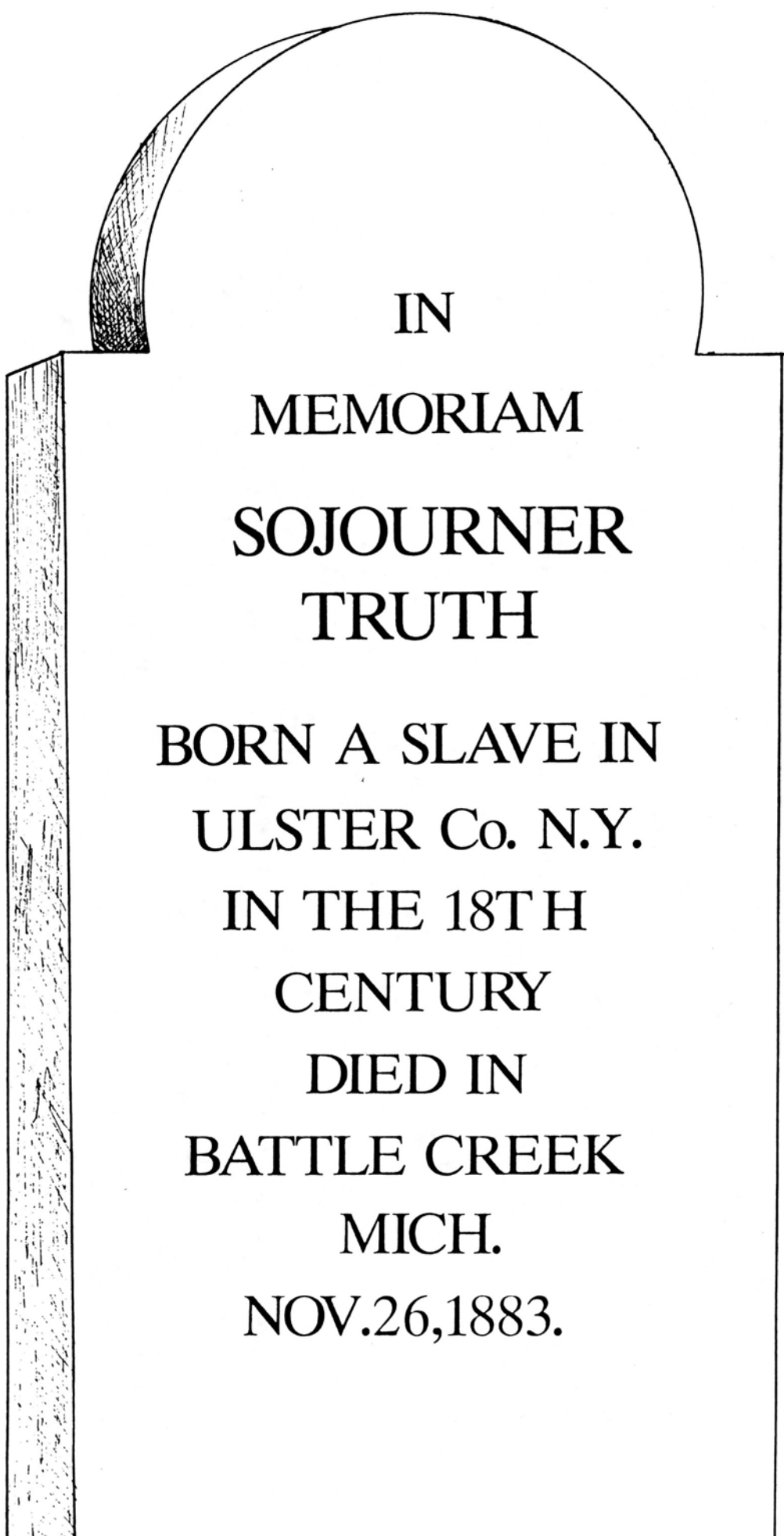
Family: Father - Baumfree (tree)

Mother - Mau-Mau Bett

Spouse - Thomas

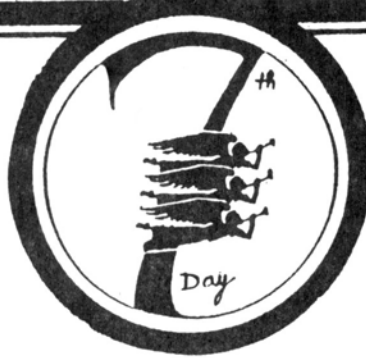
Children - Diana, Peter, Elizabeth and Sophia

Accomplishments: Slave, Christian, abolitionist, author,
public speaker



IN
MEMORIAM
SOJOURNER
TRUTH

BORN A SLAVE IN
ULSTER Co. N.Y.
IN THE 18TH
CENTURY
DIED IN
BATTLE CREEK
MICH.
NOV.26,1883.



Sojourner Truth

At an undetermined date in Alster County, New York, a baby girl was born to slaves. She was the daughter of slaves and the property of slave masters. This baby girl was named Isabella. She was called Belle by everyone who knew her. Little did Isabella's owners or parents know of the impact her life would make.

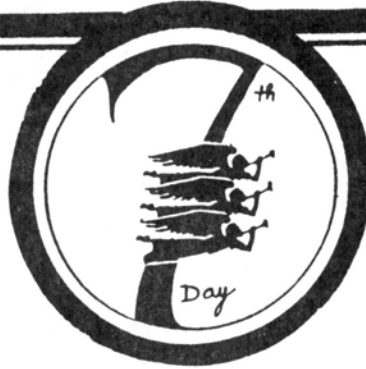
Belle and her parents were the property of a Dutch landowner, Charles Hardenbergh. It is said they owned about 2 million acres of land between the Hudson and Delaware Rivers in New York.

Belle's life began in the cellar of the Hardenbergh's home. It was damp and dark down there. When it rained the cellar would become muddy. The boards they slept on would be saturated. As you may imagine the slaves were not living healthfully. The lack of a clean dry place to live produced crippling diseases such as: arthritis, rheumatism, and tuberculosis, for the slaves.

Isabella's first language was West German. Her mother's low-Dutch name was Mau-Mau Bett. Her father was called Baumfree which translated as "tree". Most slaves spoke the language of their owners. You see many people were immigrating to the New World. They often did not need to learn a new language if they settled in a community of the same heritage or ethnic background.

Slave families were often not allowed to stay together. Most owners would sell the weakest and youngest. Belle's older brothers and sisters were sold when very young. She remembered her mother's sorrow at the loss of her children. She lived in constant fear of being sold.

The day finally came for Belle to leave the only home she ever knew. Her master died and the property was to be divided among the owner's family or sold for cash. It was in 1806 that Belle first faced the inhuman, degrading experience of an auction. She was squeezed and examined all over by merchants. She felt so alone. She could not understand why she was treated like the animals in holding pens. Was she not a person like the white merchants and her former owners?



Belle was not a pretty child. She was thin and tall when she was 6 years of age. She was not a marketable product by herself. She was eventually sold in a package deal with some sheep. Her new owner was John Neely of Trwaalfskill, New York.

The Neelys spoke English. This was a problem for Belle. She was frightened and nervous about her new life. Mrs. Neely did not understand why she could not understand the simplest command. She thought Belle was deliberately misunderstanding her commands. The only way to get a slave to obey was to punish them. She instructed her husband to carry out the punishment.

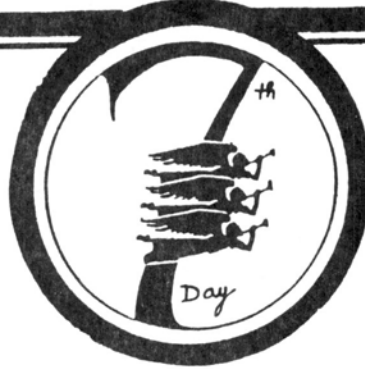
Sometimes the punishment tool was a bundle of fire-singed twigs tied together. Belle was punished with such an instrument. Her hands were bound and she was severely beaten. She carried the scars with her for the rest of her life.

Belle remained with the Neelys a few more years, after which she was sold twice. She remembered living at the Martin Schryver's tavern in Kingston. He was a fisherman. She enjoyed working for Schryvers. She found the atmosphere stimulating. She was given more freedoms and treated much better than where she worked before.

By this time Belle's personality and character were developing at a rapid rate. The customers who frequented the taverns would speak of their travels. She heard of many countries and lifestyles. The fishermen and sailors did not mind servants or slaves speaking their mind occasionally. Belle was quick-witted. She learned quickly, thought quickly and could make people laugh.

However, the day came when she had to leave Martin Schryver's tavern. He had been offered three hundred dollars for Belle. You can see that she must have been an excellent worker. Three hundred dollars was a lot of money in those days! Her value had certainly increased since the first time she was sold. Belle became the property of John J. Dumont of New Paltz Landing.





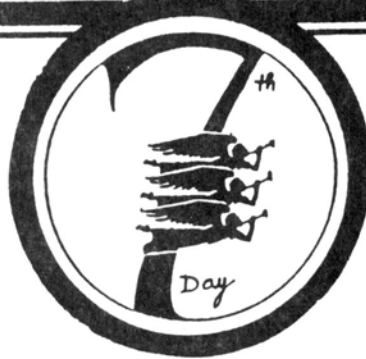
Belle was a teenager who could do an adult's share of work. She was tall, muscular and diligent in all her assignments. Dumont saw these qualities and took advantage of them. She would be assigned to do the family washing which was an all day and night occupation. Then after very few hours of sleep she would be assigned to the fields to rake and bind the crops. She did her work well but was not rewarded. Dumont was hard. Her remarkable working abilities made it hard for her among some of the slaves. Jealousy would spur some of them to deliberately make trouble for Belle.

One such incident happened when she had to prepare part of the breakfast by stoking the fire then scrubbing and peeling the potatoes. She would put the potatoes on to boil then went to the barn to do the milking. Belle could not understand why the potatoes would appear dirty. Of course she had not time to prepare another batch. She had to serve the food to her master's family. They were not pleased about the appearance of the food!

Mr. Dumont's young daughter, Gertrude, was disturbed about Belle's treatment by her parents. She decided to get up early and wait around the kitchen when Belle made breakfast preparations. Belle followed her normal routine. When she went out to milk the cows, one of the servants whom Gertrude suspected came in with a dirty broom. When this servant thought the master's daughter was not looking she shook the dirty broom over the pot of potatoes. Ashes fell into the pot. Gertrude's suspicions were confirmed. She was so angry about the injustice that she ran to her father and told him what she witnessed. Belle was never accused of untidy work again. She held a warm spot in her heart for Gertrude.

While working for the Dumonts Belle was directed to marry a slave named Thomas. Marriages for slaves were always arranged by their owners. Belle gave birth to five children. One died very early. The others were called Diana, Peter, Elizabeth, and Sophia.

It was shortly after Sophia's birth that Belle heard that the new freedom of slaves law had passed in New York. Her heart must have beaten faster at the thought of freedom. It was always a dream. She knew that her parents were set free when Charles Hardenbergh died. She longed for that same privilege. The year of freedom was 1827.



Mr. Dumont promised Belle that if she worked extremely hard she would be free, perhaps even one year earlier. It seemed that her work load doubled. Belle was determined to handle it. Harder work meant FREEDOM!

Well, disaster struck one day when Belle was working in the fields. She cut her hand on the blade of a scythe. Her hand was not given time to heal because Mr. Dumont insisted on giving her hard tasks. She was often in pain. Sometimes she became discouraged, but when she remembered her master's promise of freedom she would feel stronger. She would do what she had to do to become free!

The year finally came. Belle could not understand why Mr. Dumont did not approach her about her freedom. She decided to ask him about it. She was shocked to find out that he thought she had deliberately slowed down her work because of her hand injury. He said she would not earn her freedom until she made up the year's work.

After that, life became so unbearable for her. She worked as hard as she could, but to no avail. She realized that Dumont had no intention of freeing her or other slaves. Belle decided to run away. She made sure that her work was completed. She left the Dumonts on an autumn night with her youngest child, Sophia.

Imagine a six-foot woman carrying a child and a pillowcase of possessions along dusty roads. She had no money, no place to go or home. She continued to walk.

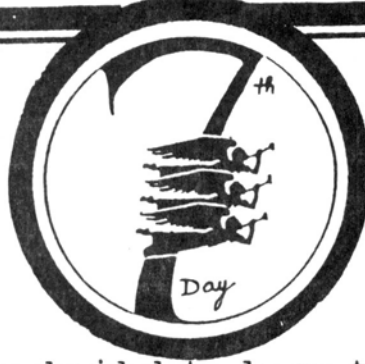
While walking along the road, she came to the home of Levi Rose. He had promised to help whenever she needed it. However, he was in poor health. He directed her to a Quaker couple's home some miles down the road. Their names were Isaac and Maria Van Wagenen.

Belle trudged those miles, tired and apprehensive. She approached the Wagenen home in fear, wondering whether she would be turned back. After introducing herself she explained her circumstances. Mrs. Wagenen welcomed her into her home and served mother and child refreshments.

Both Wagenens welcomed her and told her she could have a place to sleep and work. Belle appreciated their love and care. They treated her as an equal. It was possibly through the Wagenen's example that she learned more about Jesus and God the Father.

Belle at first was often homesick for her family. She missed her children and the friendships of the Dumont slaves. Her fear that Dumont would find her was another factor for considering a return to slavery.

\$20.00



\$5.00

One day Belle decided to leave the Wagenens. She felt so homesick. She gathered her possessions and child then made her way to the gate. She heard a voice distinctly say "Not another step." She returned to her room and stated that she could feel the presence of God. Peace and love surrounded her.

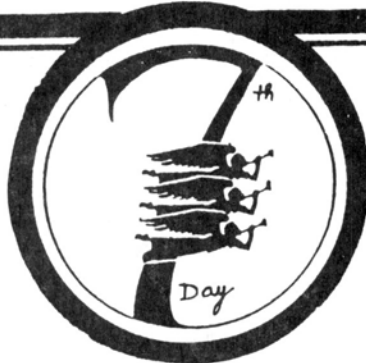
Belle was fortunate that the Wagenen's did not believe in slavery. When Dumont threatened them they reminded him that Belle would have to be set free by law. Mr. Wagenen decided to offer Dumont \$20 for Belle and \$5 for Sophia if Dumont would leave her alone. Isaac Wagenen was paying for Belle's freedom not buying her servitude! Dumont agreed to the offer. Belle was free at last.

Now Belle's mission of equality for all and freedom for slaves began with her own son Peter. Apparently the Dumonts had sold Peter to a doctor friend who in turn gave Peter to his brother. Peter was then sold to a southern farmer. According to the New York state law at that time it was illegal for slaves to be sold to the south. Belle was determined to press charges against the doctor's brother and the southern farmer.

Belle made history in the town of New Paltz. It was unheard of that a former black slave would bring suit on a white man. The citizens of New Paltz blamed the local Quakers for putting foolish ideas into her head. Belle was not deterred. She solicited money from her Quaker friends and hired a lawyer. After much waiting and deliberation Belle won the case. Her son Peter was free! Peter had suffered much at the hands of his owners.

Belle decided to leave the Wagenens and start a new life in New York City. She traveled there with Sophia and Peter. By this time her style of dress was what the Quaker women wore, a close fitting cap, long loosely fitted dress with a wide white shawl around the shoulders.

Even though she felt much closer to God, Belle was not thinking of representing her people and fighting for rights while traveling to New York. She wanted to make money and put it in a savings account. Just before she died she told a visitor that because of her capacity to work hard she realized her service and payment for it, prevented other needy people from making a decent life for themselves. She was overcome with remorse. Belle wanted to give back all she had worked. She prayed to God about it and a voice seemed to tell her to leave the city. After another session of thought and prayer she decided to travel east.



Belle was living and working with the Whitings at the time. She told Mrs. Whiting of her decision to leave. Mrs. Whiting asked her where she was going. When Belle gave her a vague answer "going east", Mrs. Whiting asked her what that meant. Belle told her employer that the Lord had directed her to go East and she should leave the city at once. Mrs. Whiting was angered. She called her husband stating that Belle was crazy. Her husband replied that Belle wasn't. Mrs. Whiting tried to explain further.

"But I tell you she is; she says she's going to have a new name, too. Don't that look crazy?"¹

Mr. Whiting replied, "Oh, no."

He then urged Belle to eat some breakfast. She declined and went to the docks with her possessions in a pillowcase. She paid 25 cents for a fare at the Brooklyn dock.

It was on this momentous journey towards her new life that Belle decided on calling herself "Sojourner." She had stopped by the wayside for refreshments, when a Quaker woman offered some water to her. The lady asked what her name was. Belle replied, "My name is Sojourner."

"Where does thee get such a name as that?"

Said I, "The Lord has given it to me."

"Thee gave it to thyself, didn't thee," said she, "and not the Lord?!"

"Has that been thy name long?"

Said I "No."

"What was thy name?"

"Belle."

"Belle what?"

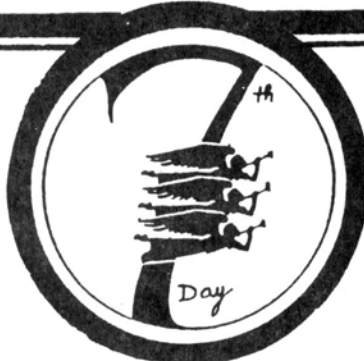
"Whatever my master's name was."

"Well thee says thy name is Sojourner?"

"Yes."

"Sojourner what?"

Sojourner was perturbed about the woman's attitude towards the name she had picked. She wanted her new life's purpose to be evident in her name. The word "truth" came to mind. Yes, that is what she would call herself, "Sojourner Truth." Her new name reflected the meaning "traveler of truth."



When Sojourner embarked on that ferry ride to Long Island she was beginning a life that would be filled with moments of great hardship and sorrow coupled with times of fulfillment. She would work for pocket money as she traveled through the country. In Huntington, she attended temperance meetings. Most of the lectures and presentations coupled abstinence with biblical philosophies. In Hartford, Connecticut she attended Millerite meetings. She did not approve of the tumult the Adventists were raising in 1843 concerning the second advent of Christ. However, she made lasting friendships with some of them.

It was said that wherever Sojourner spoke, her deep quiet presentation would move the audiences from laughter to tears of sorrow and back again. She enjoyed sharing her experiences about slavery and her Savior God. Sometimes she would recall the first religious meeting she attended. She stood outside a private home to view the service. A circuit rider named Ferris was presenting the main text of his sermon.

"Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me to give every man according as his work shall be."

When she heard this text, it seemed to her that it would never be forgotten. The text was a promise from her God. It also implied the need for every human being to stand up and help each other. That is what she was doing with her life!

Sojourner stayed for three years with a group called Northampton Association of Education and Industry. This group was situated in Florence, Massachusetts. The group's purpose was to promote truth, justice, humanity and equal rights and ranks for everyone. The community was housed in a three-story building that resembled a typical New England mill. The members lived and worked there. The main industry was the weaving of silk. Living conditions were very crude. However, the association with notable people of the day who all were united in one purpose stimulated the mind of Sojourner. She could not read or write. However, her mind was very active and she set out to learn all she could from these well-versed people.

NARRATIVE
OF
SOJOURNER TRUTH;
A Bondswoman of Olden Time
RECORDED BY HER AND JOHN LAMBERTON IN THE
ONLY COPY OF THE PAMPHLET.
WITH A HISTORY OF HER
LABORS AND CORRESPONDENCE



ALSO FROM THE
"BOOK OF LIFE,"
AND
A MEMORIAL CHAPTER
UPON THE PARTICULARS OF
HER LAST SICKNESS & DEATH.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
BOSTON AND NEW YORK OFFICE.
1875

There would often be guest speakers or short-stay residents such as Frederick Douglass, the runaway slave and abolitionist. She met a blind black doctor who disregarded personal threats of danger to help the underground railway. His name was "Doc" Dave Ruggler. One frequent visitor was William Lloyd Garrison, editor of the famed paper "The Liberator." He was cousin to George Benson, co-founder of the community.

It was during her life at Northampton that Sojourner was encouraged to tell her story so that it could be printed. She was particularly encouraged to do this when Frederick Douglass had written a narrative about his life. Sales of his life story at first were good. However, slave owners began to stir trouble because they realized he was not a free slave but a fugitive. Douglass had to flee to England. Some friends over there negotiated and obtained his freedom. When Sojourner's story was published it was not possible to sell her account because of the upheaval that had taken place about Douglass. So she decided she would take some copies in her carpetbag to sell for a small income while she traveled.

Sojourner continued to speak out about slavery and its evils. She continued to preach about the care and love of God. She was determined to present her experiences in a peaceful and uplifting way.

Once at a crowded public meeting in Faneuil Hall, Frederick Douglass was one of the chief speakers. He had been describing the wrongs of the black race, growing more and more excited, finally ending by saying that they had no hope of justice from the whites--no possible hope except in their own right arms. They must fight for themselves, and redeem themselves, or it never would be done. Sojourner was sitting, tall and dark, on the very front seat, facing the platform, and in the bush of deep feeling, after Douglass sat down, she spoke out in her deep, peculiar voice, heard all over the house, "Fred! is God dead?" The effect was electrical, and thrilled through the house changing, as by a flash, the whole feeling of the audience. Not another word she said, or needed to say; it was enough.

One might think that Sojourner would have been swayed by the notoriety she received from the meetings and discussions she had with the famous people of her time. She met Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Harriet Beacher Stowe, Ulysses S. Grant and Abraham Lincoln.

IN
MEMORIAM
SOJOURNER
TRUTH
BORN A SLAVE IN
ULSTER Co. N.Y.
IN THE 18TH
CENTURY
DIED IN
BATTLE CREEK
MICH.
NOV. 26, 1883.



Her meeting with president Lincoln was very pleasant. He claimed that he had heard of her when he was young. He had followed her progress in working for her people and admired her very much. She told him she had no knowledge about him until he became president. He wrote in her Book of Life: "For Aunty Sojourner Truth." A. Lincoln, October 29, 1844.

Sojourner helped to train and bolster the waning morale of free slaves. She sought to change legislative policy in order to provide land and training for her people. She helped to protect the black soldiers during the civil war. They were often kidnapped and made slaves again when raiders for slave owners invaded their camps. She sometimes felt discouraged. Yet when she thought about God, she was uplifted. She was confident in his wisdom and care of her.

The last days of Sojourner's life was spent in Battle Creek, Michigan. She owned a small home there. She would often receive her visitors who eagerly sought her company. She was so interesting to listen to.

Sojourner suffered a stroke that paralyzed half her body while she was trying to nurse her grandson back to health. She also developed ulcers on both legs. Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, director of the Battle Creek Sanitarium decided that the best treatment for her problem would be a skin graft. This was almost unheard of in those days. Sojourner agreed to have the treatment. However, when Dr. Kellogg asked for donors not one person wanted to volunteer their skin. So he took grafts from his own body. The treatment was successful!

Sojourner was confident in her God. She knew she was going to die soon. She was not afraid. She realized that she had done all she could. Her life is an inspiration to all. No matter what hardships she faced she always believed in God and trusted in His wisdom. She knew that He would see her through. Her positive outlook, her undaunting resolve to do what she had for her people should inspire each person who lives to do his/her best. Work, too, for the truth, be prepared to do what has not been done before.



1. What was Sojourner's birth name?

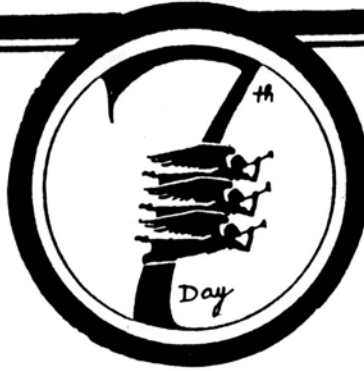
2. Where did she live on the plantation?

3. Describe the conditions of housing for the slaves living in the cellar of the main house.

4. Name the diseases the slaves caught.

5. Why was it a frightening and humiliating experience for Belle to be sold with animals?

6. Name the owner who promised Belle freedom then denied it.



7. Why was Belle regarded as a better slave than a man?

8. What did the Wagenens teach Belle that she never had experienced before?

9. Why was choosing another name important to Belle?

10. Why had Sojourner's life affected the people of her day when she spoke and visited with them?

11. Why were Sojourner's work and thoughts different from those of Frederick Douglass?



ELLEN WHITE

ELLEN GOULD WHITE

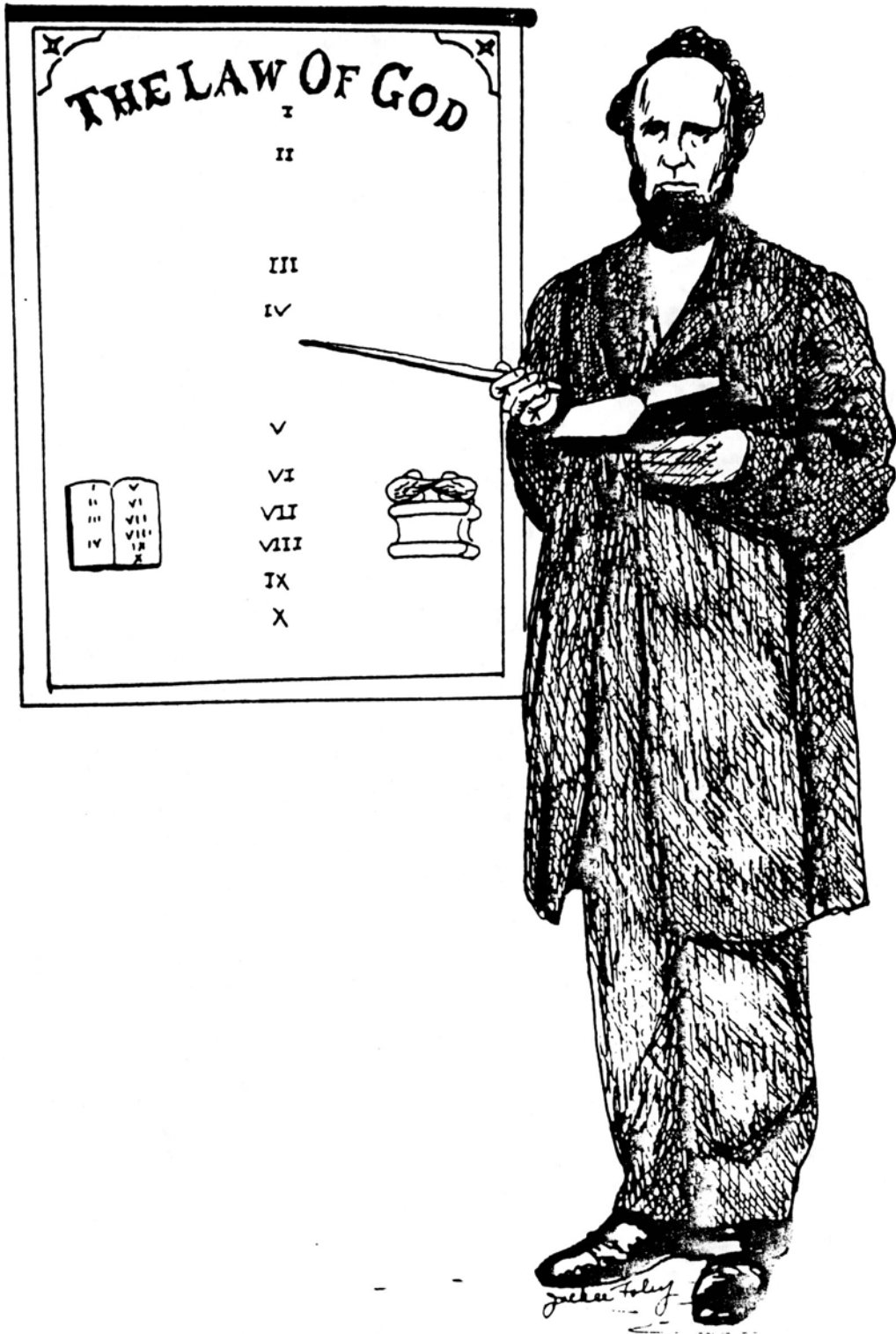
Birth: November 26, 1827 Gorham, Maine
Death: July 16, 1915 California
Family: Father - Robert Harmon
Mother - Eunice Gould Harmon
Siblings - 2 brothers, 5 sisters
Spouse - James White
Children - Henry Nichols, James Edson,
William Clarence, John Herbert
Accomplishments: Prophet, author, counselor,
lecturer



JAMES WHITE

JAMES SPRINGER WHITE

Birth: August 4, 1821 Palmyra, Maine
Death: August 6, 1881 Battle Creek, Michigan
Family: 5 brothers and 3 sisters
Spouse - Ellen Gould Harmon White
Children - Henry, James, William, John
Accomplishments: Founder of Seventh-day Adventist
Church, publisher, pastor,
teacher, farmer



JAMES AND HIS CHART

James White liked to use charts when he was teaching.

ELLEN WHITE AND THE HAILSTORM

by D.E. Mansell

Have you ever been in a hailstorm? You probably have. But have you ever been in a hailstorm in which the hailstones were the size of hen's eggs? That would be something, wouldn't it?

Ellen White, God's messenger to His church for these last days, was in such a hailstorm. It happened in Australia one Sabbath in February 1895, while she was returning from a service in a nearby church. In the carriage in which she was traveling were her nephew, Byron Belden, his wife Sarah, and May Lacey, who later married Ellen White's son, William. Mrs. White describes her experience:

As we left the (meeting) house we saw a storm coming. The blackness grew deeper--so portentous that we drove as fast with our colts as we dared. When we were almost home the fury of the gale struck. Large hailstones began to fall--as large around as a hen's egg, but not as long. The horses could not keep their footing and twice slipped down on their haunches, for the road was slippery clay. The great hailstones frightened the young horse for they were striking her with terrible force.

I said, "Byron, get out at once....Go to her (their) head; talk to her (them). Let the horses know it is not you that are beating them." He jumped out at this suggestion. I said, "May Lacey and Sarah, get out." They did...

I got out next, May and Sarah helping me....The wind was blowing with such force that hats were taken from our heads and cushions were blown from the wagon. The heavy carriage cushions, umbrellas, and heavy carriage robes were blown into the field, and were flying in every direction. But we were all out of the carriage, Byron firmly holding the young frightened horse....

What a scene! Sister Belden, May Lacey, and I reached the house hatless. I grasped my hat in my hand as it was blowing before me on the ground. All of us three women were in the home drenched. Byron was with the poor terror-stricken...horse. Sarah Belden caught up a shawl and ran out again into the fast falling hail. We could not see them although they were in full sight of the house. The fast falling rain made it impossible to distinguish anything distinctly. --Manuscript 59, 1895

In a short time Byron and Sarah Belden had unhitched the horses and came into the house. Both were soaked to the skin. Byron had been struck by several of the hailstones. One of them hit him on the back of the head raising a large lump. Another had struck him near the temple. But aside from these injuries, no one was seriously hurt.

Concerning this experience, Ellen White wrote:

This is the sharpest experience I have ever had in a carriage in a storm....I thought of the day when the judgment of God would be poured out upon the world, when blackness and horrible darkness could clothe the heavens as sackcloth of hair . . . My imagination anticipated what it must be in the period when the Lord's mighty voice shall give commission to His angels, "Go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth." (Revelation 16:1) Ibid.

These vials of wrath are the seven last plagues, the most terrible scourges that will ever come to this world. John the Revelator tells us that when the seventh of these plagues is poured out, "There fell upon men a great hail out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent." (Revelation 16:21) A talent was an ancient unit of weight. At the time John wrote his book, a talent weighed between 58 lbs. and 80 lbs.

To help you get an idea of just how large the hailstones will be that will fall during the seventh plague, imagine a block of ice measuring one foot on each side. This would weigh a little over 60 lbs. Hailstones John saw in vision could have been even larger. God will use such hailstones in the last days just before Jesus comes, to destroy those who have persecuted His people.

The Bible tells us that God takes "no pleasure in the death of the wicked." (Ezekiel 33:11) So, this hail storm is a "strange act" (Isaiah 28:21) on God's part. Peter tells us that God "is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." (2Peter 3:9) If we will let Him, God can use us to lead people to repentance so that they do not have to be destroyed by the seven last plagues. And yet, Peter goes on to say that "The day of the Lord will come (verse 20) with its destruction, because many people will refuse to repent.

In view of what is coming, God's advice to us is: "Come my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut the doors about thee hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity." (Isaiah 26:20,21)

Ellen White and the Hailstones...3

Ellen White says that the chambers of which Isaiah speaks "are the protection of Christ and holy angels." (Historical Sketches, p. 158) If you want their protection in the time of trouble you must seek for it now while probation lingers.

Why not seek the protection of Jesus and his angels today and always?

Harvest 90 Education Project. Pioneer Stories.

GRANDPA AND THE SABBATH

Dumping the last of his newly dug potatoes into a basket, Grandpa John White straightened up and sighed heavily. For fifty-one long years he and Grandma Betsy had farmed this rocky Maine land. Every rock in a long stone wall surrounding their farm had been dug up out of this very field. Grandpa could well remember chopping down the tall trees and clearing brush from this plot. Now the land had been farmed for so many years it was absolutely worn out. Crops just weren't what they used to be. Why, these potatoes couldn't begin to compare with the first ones Grandpa had dug from this same soil.

"I reckon the land and I are wearing out about the same time," he mused, picking up the basket. "Digging potatoes is a job for someone younger than I. Grandma's right. We ought to move."

Wiping the dirt off his boots on the porch mat, Grandpa called through the open doorway, "Betsy, Betsy, come here. I've decided you're right. My back's giving me a fit. Farming is too hard for an old fellow like me. I'm ready to retire. What do you say we go visit one of the boys for a spell?"

Grandma Betsy came bustling out of the kitchen, wiping flour onto her checkered apron.

"Why, John! That's a fine idea. I've been telling you that at 74 you ought to slow down a bit. Give me some of those potatoes. I'll cook them for lunch. Why don't we go see John Junior in Ohio?"

John Junior, their first son, was a Methodist minister. The Whites were proud of him and knew he would welcome them into his home. He did--very warmly and graciously. In fact, he urged them to sell the farm and make their home with him. But God had other plans for Grandpa and Grandma White. He wanted them to hear more of His truth. Somehow they didn't feel quite at ease with John.

Samuel, another of the White's nine children, was a Baptist minister. He wrote his parents from New Hampshire, urging them to come and make their home with him. But New England winters were cold and hard, and the old folks wanted a change of scene.

How about James? That son was an Adventist minister living in Battle Creek, Michigan, right near Battle Creek Sanitarium. Many people

came there to get Dr. Kellogg's famous treatments. Thinking about it, Grandpa liked that idea best of all. If either of them got sick or Grandpa needed treatments for his rheumatism, that was the best place in the world to get help. Besides, James' wife Ellen was so warm and friendly they just knew they'd be happy there. Packing their bags, the old couple moved to Battle Creek.

"Grandpa's here! Grandpa's here!" shouted six-year-old Willie, struggling to get a big suitcase through the door of the special bedroom that had been added onto Ellen White's house for such visitors.

"Be careful, Willie." Mrs. White steadied her father-in-law. "Grandpa's rheumatism and the cramps in his legs make him a bit unsteady. Don't bump him."

Willie found that Mother was right. Not only was Grandpa shaky, but his eyes and ears weren't so good, either. Willie had to really speak up when he talked to Grandpa. And talking to Grandpa was one of Willie's favorite occupations.

Grandpa's whole life had been a busy one, and now he couldn't be happy just sitting in a porch rocker all day. He had to do something.

Unpacking a battered case, he showed Willie some special tools he'd brought. They were shoemaker's tools. During his long years many pairs of shoes had received his attention. Now as long as he could see a bit and his hands could mold the leather, Grandpa was going to busy himself cobbling shoes. He set up a bench on the front porch where the light was good and where he could keep an eye on the neighborhood and began work. Willie and his older brother Edson frequently sat there with him in the days that followed, watching Grandpa cut, trim, and stitch fine leather into sturdy boots. Sometimes he would take some soft leather scraps and stitch them into little wallets or purses. You never knew what Grandpa might make.

At first Grandpa would do no cobbling on Sunday. For too many years he had been a Sunday keeper, and it seemed he just could not give it up. Why, hadn't he started the very first Sunday school in the state of Maine? And didn't all his other children and grandchildren keep Sunday, following the example of their famous ancestor who had been a pilgrim on the Mayflower?

But James and Ellen kept Saturday and had proved to him from the Bible that it was right. Since he lived in their house now, he felt he should respect their Sabbath, so on both Saturday and Sunday he laid aside his cobbler's tools and rocked the day away on the front porch.

Some Fridays Willie would ask, "Grandpa, won't you go with us to church tomorrow?"

Grandpa would shake his head regretfully. "Willie, I'm an old man. Your grandma and I are happy in our own church. We were glad when your daddy married Ellen Harmon because she's a good girl even if she doesn't belong to our church. But I'm not sure we go along with her Saturday--Sabbath idea. You can't teach an old dog new tricks very fast, you know. Give your old Grandpa time to think things out."

So on Sabbath James and Ellen White walked to Sabbath School with their boys while Grandpa John and Grandma Betsy rocked on the porch, thinking.

One Sunday morning a few months later, Willie ran out to talk with Grandpa John. He expected to find him rocking, ready to chat. To his astonishment, he saw him busy repairing shoes.

"Grandpa!" he exclaimed. "Don't you remember this is Sunday? You don't cobble shoes on Sunday!"

The old man smiled and turned to face his grandson. "Yes, Willie," he answered, picking up his hammer, "I know that it's Sunday. But your Grandma and I have decided that one Sabbath each week is enough, and from this time on we will keep the Sabbath of the fourth commandment."

Willie dashed back into the house to tell his mother the good news. True to his word, the old man and his wife joined them at church the next Sabbath.

Grandpa and Grandma White lived there with Ellen and James until they died, faithfully attending the Battle Creek Tabernacle Church with their son, loving Willie and Edson, and feeling loved and cherished in James and Ellen White's home.

GRANDPA AND THE SABBATH

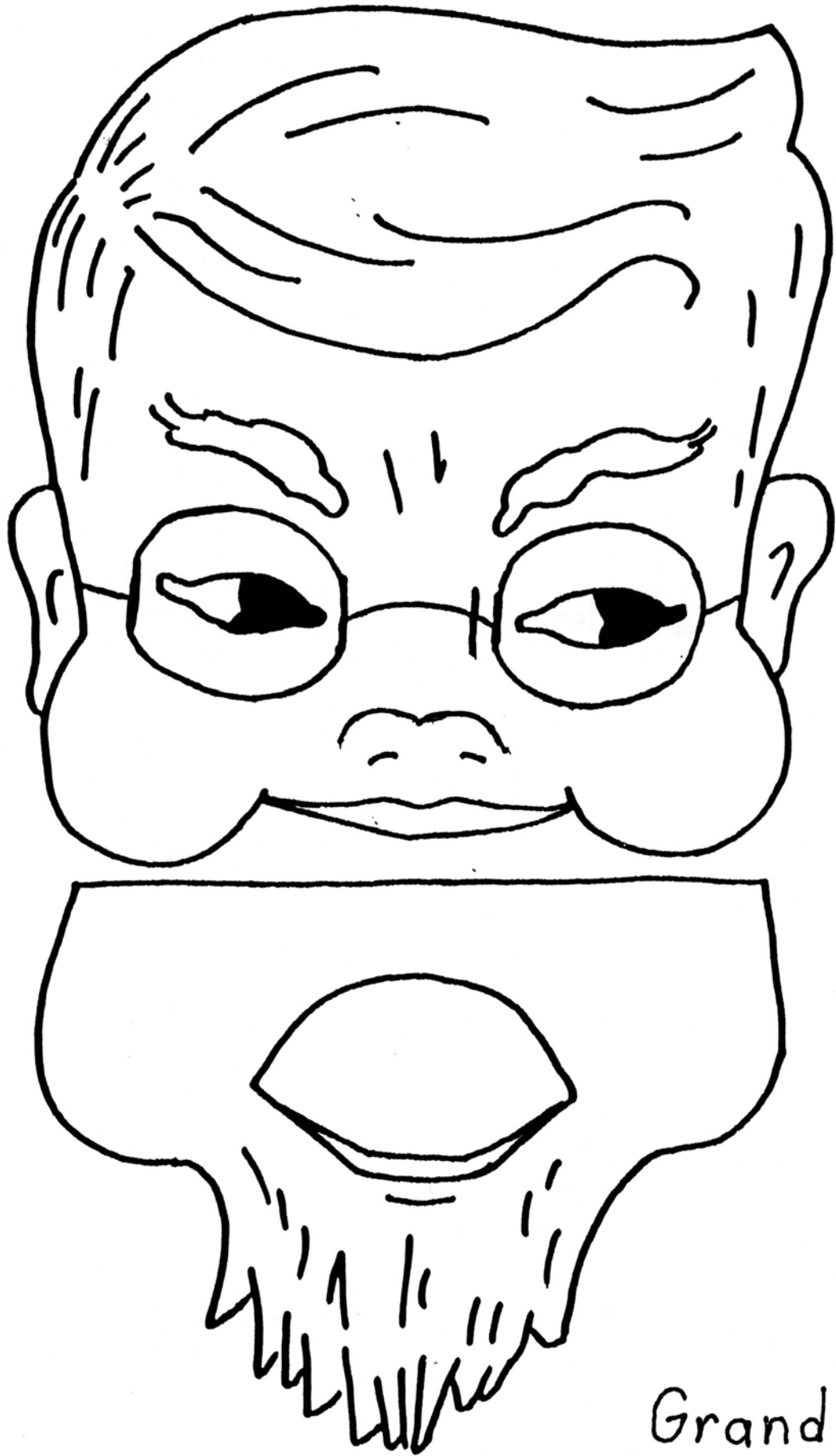
Objective: To recognize that acceptance and love provide a setting propitious for deciding to do right.

To value the relationship of grandparents.

For Discussion:

1. What is special about your grandparents?
2. What was special about Willie's grandparents?
3. Why did the Grandparents White choose to live with Ellen and James?
4. Examine the fourth commandment. How did James and Ellen White keep that commandment when the grandparents came to live with them?
(Possible response: Everyone "within they gates" rested on the Sabbath.)
5. Imagine James or Ellen White talking with the grandparents. Which of the following statements might they have said? Which statements do not sound like them?
 - a. You really should go to church with us on Sabbath.
 - b. We are so happy to have you here!
 - c. If you'd like to go to church with us, we'd be happy to have you come along.
 - d. Don't you understand that Sunday is not a holy day?
 - e. Surely you aren't still keeping Sunday holy!

Paper-Bag Puppet



Grandpa



Grandma

Paper-Bag Puppet

THE GREAT CAMPMEETINGS

"Wow, what a crowd!" Mike bounced excitedly on the station wagon's back seat, ignoring the fact that he was squeezed into rather close quarters with the sleeping bags, lunch box, and thermos jug.

"Sit still, Mike," Mother cautioned. "You'll have your foot in the lunch box if you're not careful. Wait till Daddy stops and you can run around outside."

The blue wagon threaded its way slowly past a large lot of campers and trailers and between rows of brown tents, stopping finally before an empty one. Mike jumped out, threw back the tent flaps, and examined the camp beds.

Dropping the wagon's tailgate, Daddy started handing things to Mother and Mike who stacked them on the tent's beds and floor.

"This is great," Mike decided. "Wonder how many people are here? It sure looks like a lot."

"I'm sure it's the largest crowd they've ever had," Daddy answered. "It's the 100th anniversary of California campmeetings, and everyone who can come is here to celebrate the event."

Mike believed it when he walked into the meeting hall later that evening. The seats were all filled and there wasn't even much standing room. He wondered if the old campmeetings had been like this a hundred years ago. He'd have to remember to ask Dad about it.

In the bustle of meetings, hikes, and campfires, Mike forgot all about his question until campmeeting was over and they were headed back across the mountains toward home.

Towering redwood trees lining the highway reminded Mike of long ago things, and suddenly he remembered his question.

"Dad, did Adventists a hundred years ago have campmeetings as big as ours?"

"Yes, Mike, they did. I remember reading something that Ellen White wrote in 1876. She reported that she and her family had been attending many different campmeetings for weeks in a row. There were more than 20,000 people at one of them. She also noted that they had been sleeping in open tents everywhere they went, and yet none of the White family had colds."

"I suppose they had the campmeetings in warm weather, though, didn't they Dad?"

"Not always. I read about one that was held in Kansas in October."

"Is it cold in Kansas then?"

"Sure is. And the snow came early that year. In her book Life Sketches Mrs. White wrote that snow covered the ground and the air was piercing cold, but nobody went home. People had expected cold weather, so every tent had a heating stove. That wasn't such a big campmeeting since only 150 people were there, but some of them had driven 200 miles by wagon or carriage to be there. They really expected to get a blessing from that campmeeting."

"Why did they have it so late in the year? Mike looked puzzled.

"Was that the only time the Whites could be with them?"

"I think you're right." Dad slowed the station wagon to a crawl behind a huge truck laboring uphill. "Even though the Whites traveled all summer long, they couldn't visit every place or see all the people who wanted to hear and talk to them. In those days the leaders gave their full time to the members at campmeetings, from early morning till late at night. They counseled, prayed, preached--whatever needed to be done, all day long. Campmeeting meant hard work for the leaders."

"I think that would be neat! I'd go knock on Mrs. White's tent and talk to her and then play with her boys."

"That would be fun, wouldn't it," Dad agreed. "But that little Kansas meeting was nothing compared with the one in Ohio where 2,000 people came and Mrs. White reported that a 'most intense interest prevailed' there."

"Did she mean that non-Adventist people showed an interest, too?"

"That's right. They were interested in her new health message. But the largest campmeeting that year was held in Groveland, Massachusetts, four miles from the city of Haverhill. They really had crowds! Eighteen trains a day ran out of Haverhill, and every one of them stopped at the campground to unload passengers. Steamers on the Merrimac River ran back and forth twice a day between Haverhill and the campground, and on Sundays they ran every hour, there were so many people trying to get out to Groveland.

"The week-end crowds were unbelievable. Mrs. White watched trains arrive that were so crowded people hung from the platforms and steps and the conductor had to climb right on top of the cars to find space enough to signal the engineer! That morning she spoke on temperance. The afternoon

train brought fifteen more cars filled with people. Every seat was taken at that afternoon meeting, and so was all the standing room. Some were up in trees like Zacchaeus so they could see and hear Mrs. White better."

Mike's eyes sparkled. "I'd like that! I'd have been in a tree for sure."

"Bet you would," Dad chuckled. "You'd have been safer up there than on the ground, I'd imagine. That's where those 20,000 people crowded onto the campground. The leaders hadn't expected so many, of course, and the food ran out. Even though it was Sunday, the local bakeries opened up and sent out all the baked goods they had. Still food was short. In spite of the difficulties, many listeners gave their hearts to the Lord, and thirty-five were baptized in the Merrimac River the next afternoon."

"Where did the Whites go after that, Dad?"

"Up to Maine. It had rained Friday night and everyone was afraid Sabbath would be a wet day, too, but it cleared up. Mrs. White preached on the love of Jesus that day, and sixty came forward to surrender to Jesus. Again on Sunday the crowds came. Carriages nearly blocked the camp's entrance. A steamer came up from Augusta bringing hundreds of people. 3,000 were in the audience, and without a loud speaker system, the brethren decided to put the pulpit right in the center of the crowd so everyone could hear clearly. Both Elder and Mrs. White spoke that day.

"In spite of all those crowds, things were orderly and one New York paper reported that the police had no trouble at all with the campmeeting groups at the Adventist camp."

"That was good, wasn't it," Mike remarked.

"Yes, it was. Adventists are proud of being good citizens as well as good Christians."

"Is that all you know about the old campmeetings?"

"Well, I do remember one more. It was the 1876 Michigan campmeeting called the 'Grand Triumph of the Year, 'though I don't know why they called it that when the Massachusetts one had so many more people. At any rate, tents were pitched in two squares, one inside the other. In the center stood a huge new tent that could seat 5,000. Reporters said there were 10,000 there, however, and when Mrs. White called for people to accept Christ, 350 of the listeners came forward. Maybe that was the 'Grand Triumph.'"

Mike looked thoughtful. "If that was in 1876 they must have been having other big programs going on to celebrate America's 100th year of independence, too."

"They sure did. For months the papers from Maine to Mississippi were full of centennial news and campmeetings, just like the Soquel papers were this week."

Through the gathering darkness the lights of Santa Clara twinkled below. Mike tried to imagine those great campmeetings of a hundred years ago with their horses and wagons and Mrs. White in person.

"I wish I could have seen Ellen White," he said wistfully.

Dad smiled. "That's one of the things you can look forward to when Jesus comes. We'll have a great big campmeeting then, and that's one we don't want to miss!"

THE GREAT CAMPMEETINGS

Objective: To understand the dedication of the believers and the power of God which made early campmeetings meaningful.

For Discussion:

1. Imagine what a young visitor might say to Ellen White at campmeeting if he visited her in her tent. What do you think she would say to her visitor?
2. What new things do you suppose non-Adventist people heard about health when they visited the Groveland campmeeting?
3. Why would a campmeeting speaker talk about temperance?
4. Why would a campmeeting speaker talk about health?
5. Why do you think many non-Adventists attended the early campmeetings?
6. What would cause a person to choose to live in a tent in the snow to attend campmeeting?
7. Compare the early campmeetings to church retreats or campmeetings that you have attended. How are they alike? How are they different?

MISSISSIPPI RIVERBOAT

Early one June morning in the year 1870, sixteen-year-old Willie White and his parents, James and Ellen White, drove into Dubuque, Iowa, then headed straight for the river landing.

"Hey," Willie exclaimed, "the boat's already here."

"So it is." James White glanced around the dock. "Looks like we'll be leaving right on time for campmeeting. Why, I believe I see nearly a dozen other Adventists who will be going along with us. "Good morning, Brother," he called to a nearby man. "Fine day for a river trip!"

The man tipped his hat and waved, then continued helping his family to board the ship.

Willie could imagine little groups of believers like this traveling by boat, by train, and by carriage all over the plains country to get to the Minnesota campmeeting.

"Whoo-oo!" The boat's mournful whistle hurried the travelers on board. Engines began to chug and paddlewheels turned and splashed. Promptly at nine o'clock it pulled away from the dock and its hundred passengers settled themselves on deck or below in private cabins, as they chose. Willie and his father stayed on deck.

"I would love to stay up on deck this beautiful day," Ellen White said, looking at the green banks and blue sky. "But I have so many things to write that I guess I'd better spend the time below."

Willie felt sorry that Mother couldn't enjoy the scenery with them, but he knew that she needed to write down some of the things God had shown her in recent visions.

The stewardess found a cool, quiet place where Mother could work and furnished her with pens and paper. Dipping her pen in an inkwell, she began to write.

On deck the sun shone brightly. Father led a group of boys to the front of the boat where they watched it plow through the water.

"Look!" Willie pointed. "What's that coming down the river?"

"It's not a boat," one boy answered. "It's too broad and long. My, it's low in the water."

As it drew closer the boys could see that it was a lumber raft, piled high with beams and boards. Men standing on the pile held boards shaped into crude propellers and rudders with which they guided the clumsy craft downstream. James White explained.

"Upriver in the forests men drag logs to the sawmill where they are cut into boards and beams. Then they rope and chain them together and float them downriver to the cities to sell."

Willie eyed the strange craft. "That's a smart way to ship lumber cheaply," he observed. "Makes the river do the work. But it must take them days to get anywhere."

As the raft neared the boat, passengers crowded against the rail watching it go by. Now they could see a little cookhouse that the men had built atop the raft. The lumbermen cupped their hands and shouted, "PAPERS! PAPERS! WE WANT PAPERS!"

"Of course they would," thought Willie. They've probably been on the raft for several days already, and they have nothing to read."

Suddenly one of the men dove off the raft into the river and swam toward the steamboat. Passengers on the boat took their newspapers, twisted them into hard rolls, and threw them toward the man in the water. He grabbed them and swam back to the raft. Pulling himself up onto the logs, he opened the wet newspapers and spread them in the sun to dry. Soon the boatmen would have something to read.

James White stroked his long beard thoughtfully. "Willie, why shouldn't those men have something really good to read?" he asked. "Why can't we give them some tracts about Jesus' coming?"

"That's a good idea, Father. What have we got?"

"Down in the brown bag in our cabin are some copies of the Review, some Youth's Instructors, and a bundle of tracts. Bring some of them up here, will you? And hurry!"

Willie sprinted across the deck and took the steps two at a time. Coming back up with the papers, he laid them on the bench near his father.

"Now go get some string from the cook and some pieces of coal about as big as my fist from the engine room," James White continued.

Willie hurried off wondering what in the world Father wanted with those things, but he got them and laid them beside the tracts and papers. Fascinated, he watched while his father made a neat package of two Reviews, an Instructor, and some tracts. These he rolled and folded around a lump of coal to add weight, and tied the package tightly with string. He laid that on the bench and wrapped another. Before long he had a neat pile of little packages.

"Now, Willie," he said, "when the next lumber raft comes past us we'll be ready."

"May I throw some of them?" Willie asked.

"Of course," his father replied. "It ought to be fun."

The two travelers watched and waited. Soon another lumber raft poked its nose around a bend in the river. The shouting of the raftsmen could be heard above the paddlewheel's noise. Would it come close enough to their boat so they could throw the packages? Willie's eyes gleamed with excitement as he tightened his grip on the package in his hand. A swift current swept the raft close, and Willie drew back his arm and pitched with all his might toward the pile of floating boards. James White threw, too. Both missiles landed right on the raft.

Now other passengers crowded around to watch. They could see the men scrambling for tracts. The boys near Willie began throwing packets, too. As the raft floated out of range, Willie saw the men settling down to read the tracts.

He turned toward his father. "That's a new way to do missionary work!" he laughed. "They'll read them all right, because they haven't anything else to do."

"Right," said Father. "Now, let's get some more ready for the next raft."

Several times that day the riverboat met lumber rafts, and every time Willie and his friends helped Elder White throw missionary missiles to the eager lumbermen.

"Won't there be any more rafts?" asked one of the boys. "It's getting dark, but I hate to quit. I landed that last one right in the fellow's hands! I could be a 'pro' with a little more practice!"

James White laughed. "It was fun, wasn't it? We've entertained ourselves all afternoon and had a good time, too. We'll never know what good comes from those tracts, but I'm sure the Lord will bless the seeds of truth we've sown here on the Mississippi River."

MISSISSIPPI RIVERBOAT

Objective: To appreciate the ingenuity that God has given to people that can further the spread of the "good news."

For Discussion:

1. If you could give a paper on a religious topic to someone wanting to read, what subject would you want it to be about?
2. What were the favorite subjects in the papers printed by the early Seventh-day Adventists?
3. In what places today might people be interested in reading papers that you could provide? (Possible answers: Laundromats, doctors' and dentists' offices, public transportation terminals)
4. Name a book or paper that you'd like to give to an interested reader.
5. Tell the way you would like this story to end: "Perhaps one of the papers that Willie and his father threw to the raft fell into the hands of a lumberman who . . ."
6. Complete: "God didn't tell James White what to do when the lumber rafts came by because . . . (Possible response: God gives every normal person a problem-solving mind and opportunity to choose solutions of his own for the problems he meets.)"
7. Imagine the visit the White family had at the end of the day. What news did Willie and his father have for Ellen White?
8. Ellen White probably did not complain about her day aboard ship which she spent writing. What do you suppose she said about her accomplishments for the day? What gratitude might she have expressed?

MISSISSIPPI RIVER ESCAPE

Willie and his father, Elder White, had enjoyed their day on the Mississippi riverboat. They had managed to distribute many pieces of truth-filled literature to the men on passing lumber rafts. They had checked on Mother several times and always found her busy writing below.

Now as evening fell, the adventists on board gathered at the front of the boat, enjoying the breeze. Someone began a hymn, and all joined in singing it. Before long they heard hands clapping and voices shouting "Give us more! Sing that one again."

Looking around they discovered several travelers who had come up on deck to investigate the music. Quickly the Adventists sang another hymn, and another.

A feeble-looking gentleman stepped up to Elder James White and introduced himself as a traveling businessman.

"Sir," he continued, "it is rumored about the ship that your wife is a famous public speaker. The passengers are requesting that she speak to them this evening in the ladies' cabin, if she would."

Pleasant surprise crossed Elder White's face. "I'll be glad to ask her," he replied. "Just a moment."

Below deck, James White found his wife still writing. Laying his large hand lovingly on her slender shoulder, he spoke. "Don't you need a rest from writing, my dear? You've been at this all day long. The passengers want you to speak to them this evening. Do you think you could? Or are you too tired?"

Ellen White took a deep breath and straightened up, rubbing her writing hand. "Oh my, I don't know," she said. "Do you think it would be proper? I'm not too tired, but what would I talk about?"

After a short discussion Elder White returned to the deck with the news that Mrs. White had agreed to speak to them in about an hour.

Nearly all of the boat's one hundred passengers gathered to listen as the little lady with the gracious presence and clear, melodious voice spoke to them of God's love as it is revealed in nature. It was a most appropriate topic, out there on the river.

As Willie listened to his mother's voice telling of God's loving care for His creatures, he felt God's presence very near. What a pleasant day they had had, he thought.

After an hour the meeting broke up, and Willie followed his parents to their cabin for the night. Before going to bed they knelt in worship together, thanking God for the opportunities they had to witness that day, and asking that he send His angels to watch over them on the steamship as it traveled up the dark river during the night.

The chug-chug of the engines and the splashing of the paddlewheels lulled Willie into a sound sleep.

Suddenly a terrible crash awakened the White family. The boat shook and shuddered. Heavy grinding noises came from the paddlewheels. People shouted. Elder White stuck his head out the cabin door.

"What's going on?" he called.

Suddenly the grinding ceased and the familiar chug-chug of the engine blended with the spish-splash of the paddlewheels. Elder White drew back inside.

"Don't know what it was," he reported, "but it seems all right now."

Willie was the first one of the family on deck the next morning. Eagerly he joined a group of passengers who were questioning the captain.

"What happened last night?" a burly man demanded. "What was all that crashing and noise about?"

"It nearly scared my wife out of her wits," a feeble, old man added. "I hope you have a good explanation for giving us such a scare."

"We almost had a very serious accident," the captain answered. "As we sailed upstream at our usual speed, we rounded a blind bend and ran right into an unlighted lumber raft. We had no time to turn, and neither did they." He brought his hands together with a loud clap. "We hit that raft square in the middle. It broke the chain, split the pile completely in two, and when the lumber swirled past both sides of our boat, it got dragged into the paddlewheels. That's what made the grinding noise."

Willie hurried back to the cabin to report the news. "We hit a lumber raft last night," he told his parents, repeating the captain's story. "I think it's a miracle that the chains broke and not the front end of our boat."

"The angels must have been watching over us," Father agreed. "I really don't see how such a thing could have happened with so little real damage."

Ellen White smiled, "Aren't we on our way to campmeeting?" she asked them. "And didn't we ask for God's protection just last night? He surely sent the angels to travel the river with us."

THE LONG FIGHT

The Whites had been traveling again. That was not at all unusual, for it seemed every church group wanted to hear both of them preach. Rumors of the marvelous sermons they gave and of special blessings the hearers received kept the speaking invitations pouring in all the time.

It was spring of 1858, and Ellen and James were at Lovett's Grove, Ohio, holding a funeral. James White spoke first, and then Ellen rose to add her own message of comfort for the family. She spoke of the resurrection at Christ's coming, and of the hope of seeing loved ones again.

All at once her sermon stopped as she seemed to be staring right through the ceiling. She was having a very special vision, a vision of the whole great fight between Christ and Satan. She saw a "rerun" of the fall of Satan, the actual fighting between Satan and his angels and Christ and His army. She saw Satan hurled out of heaven, then sitting on earth angrily trying to plot a way to get even with Christ. She watched as the world's history began and Satan tempted Eve and thus gained control of our planet. She saw Cain kill Abel in the first murder.

Scene after scene appeared before her—the wars, the fights, the bombings, the persecutions—everything that would happen to our planet Earth until Christ came back to reclaim it. She had seen these pictures before, ten years earlier, but not in such detail. Now she was being reminded of every scene and told "Write it down! Write it all down! It will not be easy. Satan doesn't want the story told. He will try to stop you, but God will send angels to keep

back the evil forces. You just go ahead and write."

When the vision was over, people crowded around asking questions. Ellen told them briefly about what she had seen and promised to write it all out soon. Funeral tears dried up as the mourners realized that God had been right there with them and had promised to come again and raise the dead someday.

Two days later the Whites were on the train headed back to Michigan. On the way they discussed this latest vision and made plans to write it out and print it at once. Mrs. White could hardly wait to get started. It was such a fascinating story!

When they arrived in Jackson, Mr. Palmer, at whose home they had stayed the night before the terrible train wreck, met them at the station and took them to his home again. Mrs. White climbed out of the buggy and hurried into the house to greet Mrs. Palmer while the men put away the horses.

The two ladies were chatting, catching up on the news, when suddenly Ellen stopped talking. A surprised look swept over her face. Her tongue would not form words. It felt thick and heavy. A strange, cold feeling came over her right side, and she fell, unconscious.

When she began to wake, Ellen heard voices around her praying earnestly. She tried to move her arms. They wouldn't move. She tried to lift her legs. She couldn't. For a while she thought surely she would die and never again see her children just 50 miles away! So near home to die!

Still the Palmers and Elder White kept praying. Gradually a prickling began in her arms and legs, the feeling of blood starting to circulate again. Her tongue began to feel more normal, and soon she could talk and praise the Lord that she had not died. Still not well, she spent a miserable night with much pain.

In the morning she had regained some strength and decided to hurry on home to her children.

For several weeks after she got home she could not feel much. The children touched her arm, but she didn't know it. James poured cold water on her head, trying to help her regain her sense of feeling. She didn't even know the water was there. Her balance was upset, too, and she staggered as she walked. Today we would call this kind of attack a "stroke."

In the midst of all this, something kept bothering Ellen. It was the angel's command during that last vision. "Write it down, Ellen. Write it down. Satan will try to stop you, but write it down. Angels will help you."

All at once it became clear to her. Satan **HAD** tried to stop her. God hadn't let Satan kill her. She was still alive. She must write the vision.

At first she was so weak that she could only write one page a day and then she had to rest three days after that! As she kept at it the strength increased and she was able to write more. Soon she was writing 14 pages at a sitting, the words just rolling onto the paper.

That June, during another vision, the Lord showed Ellen that Satan had tried to kill her before she could write the story of his great rebellion against heaven. The angels had surrounded her and saved her life. Ellen could see right then that publishing this book wasn't going to be easy. And she was right.

It's no easy job to write the history of the whole world including what happened before Creation and what will happen after the end of the world! Many times Mrs. White would forget what she had seen and have to think hard and pray about it before she could remember. Other times the Lord would show her again in a night dream some scene that she couldn't quite recall. Sometimes she would look through history books, to find a description of the scene, and if it was

recorded the way she had seen it, she would include that writer's account in her own story. Slowly the book took shape. When the first copies came off the press, there was great rejoicing in the White's household.

It has been about a hundred years since Ellen White first made so plain the truth about the fight between Christ and Satan. Thousands of copies of The Great Controversy have been spread around the world in many languages. Again and again Satan has tried to stop the sale of that book, but God has protected it and put it in the hands of those honestly seeking for truth.

Five years after she died a young sailor left his ship in Portland, Oregon, and checked into the hospital with a bad case of flu. When he was well enough to leave, he moved into a nearby boarding house to get his strength back.

After his ship returned to port, Johnny hurried out to talk to the captain.

"I'm not well enough for deck work," he told his captain, "but could you let me be nightwatchman for a month or two till I get stronger? I need to get back to work."

The captain agreed, so Johnny hurried back to pack his things.

As he was paying his bill, Johnny asked his landlady, "Do you have any old books around that I could read? On the night shift I'll have lots of time."

"Sure, Johnny," she answered. "Down in the cellar there's a whole box of books, but I'm afraid they're in kind of bad shape. Take what you want, if there are any good ones."

In the cellar Johnny found the box, but the books were falling to bits. Only one book didn't seem moldy.

"The Great Controversy," Johnny read. "Controversy means fight. Sounds good, I love fights!"

Several days later he found some free time and got out his "fight" book. He was a bit disappointed to find it was religious. It did start out with Roman

armies attacking Jerusalem, though, and Johnny kept reading. He read until he ran into the chapter about the Catholics persecuting the Christians in Rome. Johnny was Catholic, and he didn't like that part at all. Still, he couldn't seem to put the book down. Sometimes he would lay it aside, but always he kept coming back to it again.

In port he wrote a letter to the publishing house in Battle Creek, Michigan, and asked for more copies of the "fight" book. Two of these he sent to Catholic priests. His interest in the book led him to a group of Adventists and, leaving his post as nightwatchman, he was baptized and went to work selling the powerful little volume that had changed his life — The Great Controversy.

Satan knows that Ellen's book will change lives because it is filled with truth from God. Even today he hates to have people read that book. It shows him up for what he really is—a liar and a murderer. It makes the reader love God and hate the devil. Is it any wonder that he tries to get rid of The Great Controversy?

Based on Life Sketches, pp. 161-163; Sailor's story in the Emphasis Week stories for 1966-67, pp. 38-40.

THE LONG FIGHT

Objective: To perceive the power of God in overcoming Satan's efforts to destroy a knowledge of God's plan.

For Discussion:

1. What fight is described in the book called The Great Controversy?
2. How did Ellen White learn the story of the long, long fight that Satan has had with God?
3. Why are wars, bombings, plagues, and persecutions part of the story of the long fight?
4. How did Ellen White become part of the long fight between God and Satan?
5. When Satan tried to end Ellen White's life, how did God stop his work?

HOW TO BE SMART

by D.A. Delafield

One time Sister White was returning to the East by train. She had been in California. A man who didn't believe in God was riding in the same coach and he was busy engaging in conversation as many as cared to talk about religion. The man's favorite subject was the Bible and Christianity. First he would talk to one person and then another. He discussed the Christian religion in such a manner as to make it appear utterly ridiculous. Some of the careless people would laugh at his clever arguments and mannerisms, but the more serious minded Christians on the train hoped that somebody smart enough could be found to make him beat a retreat. His face flowed with triumph and he walked up and down the car bragging like the giant Goliath on the field of battle.

After a while this infidel came and sat down next to Mrs. White whose hair was then grey and who had in her hand a Bible. Immediately he started a tirade on God's Word. Religion, he said, was like juggling balls. It was trickery. He compared it to sorcery and magic. On and on he ranted and raved. But Mrs. White didn't say a word. She just sat there and let him talk.

The whole car could hear him and naturally many wondered what the quiet little lady with the Bible would say, but she said nothing. After the infidel had talked and talked until he was exhausted, Mrs. White turned to him and with deep feeling quoted John 17:3. "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent."

Then with a happy heart she told this unbeliever about her own experience in discovering the love of Jesus. "You call religion sorcery," she said, with deep earnestness, "Jugglery, and all these things, but we have a more sure word of prophecy, a promise whereunto ye do well that ye take heed." She purposely lifted her voice so that all in the car could hear her, and they did hear her.

The infidel then objected vigorously to what Mrs. White said. He asked her pointedly, trying to make her look ignorant, "Have you ever studied such and such an author?"

Sister White replied, "I have not."

Then he sneered, "There, there you don't know." But she declared firmly, "I don't want to know. I have not time to read such trash!"

Jesus is the Light of the World, she said, and so far as their teachings were true, the worldly philosophers simply refelect the light shone from the Sun of Righteousness like the moon reflects the light of the sun.

How to be smart...2

Well, the man just "hemmed and hawed" as they said in those days. Then he became angry and turned his face in disgust. He didn't say a word but in the car there was a great uproar. The people were all laughing at him and saying that he was put down by a little woman. And that was the truth; she had truly silenced him. So in humiliation he got up and went out.

Now Sister White didn't use any fancy arguments on this man. She simply told a scoffer, who thought he was so smart, about the knowledge of God. The Spirit of God took her words and her simple statement about Jesus and His love and drove these home to his hardened heart like a well-aimed arrow from a bow. It was an exciting experience and as we think of it, we see that true smartness is simply to be keen and alert in understanding God and His plan of salvation.

We should all read the precious Bible more and more for there we will find the purest and highest wisdom in the world.

Harvest 90 Education Project. Pioneer Stories

The Don't Believes

On Sunday afternoon, April 20, 1879, a new Seventh-day Adventist church was dedicated in Battle Creek, Michigan. Designed to seat 3,200 people, it was the fourth, and by far the largest, Adventist church ever constructed in the city. Built with a brick exterior over frame structure, the building was 105 x 130 feet in size with an impressive 108 foot high clock and bell tower over the main entrance.

The church got its name, "The Dime Tabernacle," from the novel fund-raising campaign that had been carried on to fund its construction. When James White (1821-1881) proposed building the new church, he also suggested that each Adventist should contribute a dime a month for a year to pay for it.

As with any enterprise, the idea of building such a large church at a time when the entire world membership of the denomination was less than 15,000, had its share of critics. Apparently their ranks swelled sufficiently, or at least their criticisms became loud enough, so that The Advent Review and Sabbath Herald editor, Elder Uriah Smith (1832-1903), wrote an editorial responding to them in the April 6, 1879, issue of the paper. Describing them, he said,

. . . the topic of their discourse is now the new tabernacle-- "we don't believe in building great big meeting houses!" What have been their texts in times past?--They have been these: "we don't believe in systematic benevolence;" "we don't believe in camp-meetings;" "we don't believe in establishing a Health Institute;" "we don't believe in tract and missionary operations;" and now, "we don't believe in building tabernacles," and if we do, "we don't believe in Christmas trees to pay for them;" "and if ever these dear "don't believes" get through to the kingdom, we expect to hear them say, as great multitudes come up from land and sea, "we don't believe in such a great big crowd. . . ."

Elder Smith then asked, "Where would the cause have been now, if the views and feelings of these persons had prevailed?" He proceeded to list a number of successful aspects of the church's program that would not have been in operation if these "Don't Believes" had had their way.

He ended his editorial by stating that personally he did believe in the tabernacle - because it was needed. He also stated that he believed a larger press that could print 30,000 impressions per hour instead of ten or fifteen hundred would soon be needed and that most assuredly he believed in the speedy return of the Lord and that it would be a great multitude that would be raised at the first resurrection. "But," he concluded, "we don't believe in the "Don't-Believes."

March 14, 1858

Great Controversy vision given to Ellen White in Lovett's Grove, Ohio.

During the weekend of March 13 and 14, 1858, James and Ellen White attended meetings at Lovett's Grove, now Bowling Green, Ohio. On Sunday afternoon, the fourteenth, James White conducted a funeral in the school-house where the meetings on Sabbath had been held. Following his funeral sermon, Ellen White stood up and began to offer some words of comfort to the mourners. While speaking, she was taken off in vision. For two hours, during which time the congregation remained in the building, God gave her what we now call the Great Controversy vision. Of that experience, she later wrote,

In the vision at Lovett's Grove, most of the matter which I had seen ten years before concerning the great controversy of the ages between Christ and Satan, was repeated, and I was instructed to write it out. I was shown that while I should have to contend with the powers of darkness, for Satan would make strong efforts to hinder me, yet I must put my trust in God, and angels would not leave me in the conflict.--Life Sketches of Ellen G. White, p. 162.

It must have been somewhat awkward for Ellen White to be given this vision at a funeral. After all, funerals are sad and somber occasions, not the place where one would normally choose to have a vision. However, the choice was not Ellen's, but God's. And what better place to demonstrate the ultimate results of sin than at a funeral? It is no wonder God chose to give Ellen White the Great Controversy vision there.

The following day James and Ellen White started towards home in Battle Creek, Michigan. As they traveled on the train, they talked about Ellen's vision and the need to get it written out and printed as soon as they reached home. Arriving in Jackson, Michigan, on their way home, they visited their long-time friends, Brother and Sister Daniel R. Palmer. There Ellen White suffered a stroke of paralysis. Later she described what happened:

As I was conversing with Sister Palmer, my tongue refused to utter what I wished to say, and seemed large and numb. A strange, cold sensation struck my heart, passed over my head, and down my right side. For a time I was insensible, but was aroused by the voice of earnest prayer. I tried to use my left limbs, but they were perfectly useless.--Ibid.

In response to continued earnest prayer, Mrs White was strengthened enough so she could continue the journey to her home in Battle Creek. There

she had to go to bed and rest. However, she was determined to write out the vision.

At first I could write out but one page a day, and then rest three days, but as I progressed, my strength increased. The numbness in my head did not seem to becloud my mind, and before I closed that work ("Spiritual Gifts," Volume I) the effect of the stroke had entirely left me.--Ibid.

It was June before Ellen White was able to complete most of her manuscript. Only then was the significance of the stroke in Jackson, Michigan, revealed to her.

I was shown in vision that in the sudden attack at Jackson. Satan intended to take my life, in order to hinder the work I was about to write; but angels of God were sent to my rescue.--Ibid.

In September, Spiritual Gifts, Volume 1 was published. Containing 219 pages, it touched only briefly on the high points of the conflict story between Christ and Satan. The subtitle of that original little book, The Great Controversy Between Christ and His Angels and Satan and His Angels was later used as the title of the expanded volume we have today. Had Satan been successful in killing Mrs. White in Jackson, we would not have had any of the five volumes we now call the "Conflict of the Ages" series.

Memorable Dates by James R. Nix, pp. 30-32

June 4, 1859

Systematic Benevolence adopted at conference held in Battle Creek, Michigan.

In the spring of 1858, the Battle Creek, Michigan, congregation formed a study group, under the leadership of John Andrews, to search the Bible for clues as to God's plan for the support of the ministry. In January of 1859 this group proposed a plan of systematic giving which was approved by the Battle Creek Church; soon it was being promoted through the columns of the Review and Herald. Later that year a general conference of advent believers, meeting in Battle Creek on June 4, recommended the system to all Adventists.

The Battle Creek brethren suggested that, following Paul's instructions in First Corinthians 16:2, every believer set aside a particular sum each "first day." Brethren were encouraged to pledge from two to ten cents. An additional amount of up to five cents per week should be pledged for every \$100 worth of property owned. These recommended amounts were altered slightly at the summer general conference.

"Systematic Benevolence," or "sister Betsy" as it was soon nicknamed, caught on rapidly, and immediately raised a new problem since there were no conferences organized at the time; to whom should the pledges be paid, and what should be done with the money received? The Review counseled each company of believers to appoint a treasurer, who should keep five dollars on hand for

aiding itinerant preachers. The remainder might be sent too the state's evangelistic tent companies for expenses. John Loughborough's suggestion, in 1861, that Biblical tithing be introduced was apparently premature. In spite of James White's endorsement, it failed to attract wide support.

Throughout the 1860's and 70's the Review's columns carried numerous articles in support of Systematic Benevolence; gradually more precise tithing concepts developed. In 1876 the General Conference in session formally resolved that it was the duty of all brothers and sisters, "under ordinary circumstances, to devote one-tenth of all their income, from whatever source, to the cause of God." This was at a time when the United States was deep in the Panic of 1873, the worst financial depression the country had yet experienced. The average church member was slow to respond to the General Conference resolution. In 1878 a specially appointed committee produced a pamphlet giving Old and New Testament evidence in favor of reckoning the tithe on income rather than on property holdings. This pamphlet's wide circulation, coinciding as it did with an economic upturn, resulted in gratifying increases in tithes paid into what was still called the Systematic Benevolence Fund.

It was not easy at first to limit tithe funds to the support of the ministry although SDA leaders believed this was a clear Biblical doctrine. Local churches frequently appropriated these funds for church repairs or maintenance. The Review took a strong position against such actions. Church maintenance was to be financed from

free-will and thank offerings. Yet an individual's use of his income was recognized as a highly personal matter, better left in the long run to the promptings of the Holy Spirit. Therefore, the conferences stopped short of making payments of an honest tithe a matter of church discipline.

At the Dinner Table

Is mealtime a happy time? It should be, according to Ellen White. Some were critical of others at the table, and she spoke with no confidence of those who "serve them up as a dainty dessert." (Adventist Home, page 440)

"Some," Ellen White said, "have so educated themselves to criticism that they would criticize the table in heaven. Their taste has been so perverted that they would be inclined to criticize even the table of the Lord in His kingdom." 5T 690.

She had some practical counsel for mealtime:

When [you] gather about the table to partake of God's precious bounties, make this a season of cheerfulness. Do not make it a season of grave decorum as though they were standing about a coffin, but have it a social season where every countenance is full of joy and happiness, where there is naught but cheerful words spoken. --Letter 19, 1886.
* * *

While living in Australia, Ellen White employed young Dores Robinson as a literary assistant. He later married her granddaughter, Ella. When he attended the first meal at her home, the dinner included cowpeas. After prayer, Sara McEnterfer, Ellen White's personal assistant, brought her a plate of her favorite greens from the garden. As she put the plate before her, she said: "Mother, here is your horsefeed." Glancing around the table, and seeing the other food, Ellen White replied: "I don't know that my horse feed is any worse than your cowpeas." --Arthur White.

Laughter and Tears of our Pioneers by Paul A. Gordon and James R. Nix

MODESTY NEVER HURTS

Planning camp meetings has never been easy for those in charge. And certainly, the large crowds that were expected to attend the camp meeting in 1876 in Groveland, Massachusetts, would be no exception. But making large plans never bothered Elder Stephen N. Haskell [1833-1922].

A grove of oak and pine trees was selected as the campsite. Train tracks of the Boston and Maine railroad ran along one side of the grove. The location was also near a river so that ferry boats could bring people out for the day to the meetings.

As the time approached, Elder Haskell made out a list of special favors that he hoped to get the railroad company to do for their camp meeting. With another young minister, Asa T. Robinson [1850-1949], accompanying him, the two men went to see Mr. Ferber, president of the railroad company.

The list of things that Elder Haskell wanted filled two large sheets of legal-sized paper. Among other things, he asked that two carloads of freight be transferred free of charge from the storage room at South Lancaster, Massachusetts, about forty miles to the campground. And, of course, he then wanted everything taken back for free when the meetings were over. He also wanted free passes for the conference and committee men and half-fare permits for campers coming from a distance. Elder Haskell told the president that they would need trains run on Sundays as well as week-days, with extra trains run during the week. He also indicated that a platform needed to be built beside the track, and water piped to the grounds.

Mr. Ferber glanced over the list and frowned a bit, but a few minutes talking with the two ministers put him in a better mood. He tapped a bell to call an office boy. "Take these men to the manager's office," he ordered.

The manager read over the list and then looked up, "Gentlemen, why don't you ask for the world?"

"Oh, we thought we would be a little modest," responded Elder Haskell. However, in the end the two men got everything they asked for --except that the platform did not end up being built quite as long as they originally requested. [E.M. Robinson, S. N. Haskell, pp.33,34.]

And what about the camp meeting itself? It was at this Groveland camp meeting on Sunday morning that Ellen White spoke on the subject of Christian temperance to 20,000 people, the largest crowd she ever talked to at one time. River steamers ran twice a day from Haverhill, four miles away, and every hour on Sunday. Eighteen trains ran each day, all stopping at the campground. The 2:30 train on Sunday afternoon had fifteen cars, literally packed with people. The platform and steps were so full that the conductor had to climb on the roof in order to signal the engineer. He reported that it would have taken twenty-five railroad cars to carry all the people who

were waiting for a ride at the depot out to the campground. [3 EGW Biography, pp.45, 46] In the end, Elder Haskell's "modest" proposal turned out to be a real success for all concerned.

Taken from Laughter and Tears of Our Pioneers by Paul A. Gordon and James R. Nix.

THE BLESSED HOPE

The life and death of Annie Smith

--ooOOoo--

CHARACTERS

Joseph Bates
Leonard Hastings
Henry Nichols
Annie Smith
John Smith
Rebekah Smith
Samuel Smith
Uriah Smith
Several unnamed persons

Synopsis of
THE BLESSED HOPE

Although most of Annie Smith's short life was spent in a valley of shadows, she focused on the bright hope of Jesus Christ's return. The play opens at the Smith home in the small village of West Wilton, New Hampshire. The date is Friday, July 27, 1855, the day after Annie's death, and we find Rebekah Smith alone, grieving over the loss of her daughter. A surprise visit from an Adventist friend in the nearby hamlet of New Ipswich brings comfort to Rebekah, and allows her to reminisce about the events of Annie's life.

Rebekah's reminiscences take us back in time to a public meeting in Boston exactly four years previously, when unusual circumstances brought Annie into an encounter with Elder Joseph Bates. As a result of the encounter, Annie's faith in the Advent was renewed. Scene 2 takes us back to that meeting.

As Rebekah's reminiscing continues, we find ourselves again in the Smith home on a November day in 1854, when a tired Annie comes home from a three-year stint as copy editor for *The Review and Herald*. Her mother and two of her brothers are eager to hear about her work experiences, her disappointments, and to share pride in her literary accomplishments. But the dreaded consumption (tuberculosis) has claimed the lives of several of her friends, and the family is suddenly faced with the reality that Annie herself has contracted the disease.

In the final Sabbath meeting scene, two days after Annie's death, Leonard Hastings brings comfort to the bereaved family and points all of us to the "blessed hope" which was the source of Annie's spiritual strength.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Born March 16, 1828, in the village of West Wilton, New Hampshire, Annie Smith was a Baptist until she and her family joined the Advent awakening of 1844. Following the disappointment of that year, she turned her attention to teaching, oil painting, and French. She also wrote poetry for literary magazines. Her younger brother, Uriah, also turned away after the disappointment. Their godly mother, Rebekah Smith, was concerned about her children and prayed for them daily. When Elder Joseph Bates planned to hold some meetings in the nearby city of Boston during July 1851, Rebekah encouraged Annie to attend. She decided to go simply to please her mother. The night before the meeting, Annie dreamed that she arrived late to a meeting and found the last available seat just before the speaker got up to preach about the Sanctuary and 2300 Days. Bates had a similar dream in which he saw a young lady arrive late for his meeting and take the only remaining seat. Impressed by this providential event, Annie accepted the Sabbath and the Advent message.

Soon afterwards, Elder James White invited Annie to assist in the Adventist publishing venture. Despite a problem with her eyesight, Annie accepted the employment offer and later was virtually the assistant editor. For the next three years her poems appeared regularly in *The Review and Herald* and *Youth's Instructor* and about twenty-five of them were sung as hymns.

While working with the Whites at Saratoga Springs and later Rochester, New York, Annie fell in love with the young John Andrews. It was a deep blow to her when Andrews decided to marry Angeline Stephens. In November 1854, Annie returned home sick with tuberculosis. At home she finished a long poem, "Home Here and Home in Heaven," which occupied her for four months. Her brother Uriah, who had also joined the editorial staff of *The Review and Herald*, came home for a visit to assist Annie in preparing this and her other poems for publication. Since the peony was her favorite flower, Uriah sketched and engraved one for the title page of her book. Annie believed that when her book of poems was done, she would either die or get well. Anxious to see the proofs of the book, and hearing that help was needed at the office, she urged her brother to return, which he did on July 17. When he left with the manuscript, she said "I am ready now to die", and lived less than ten days after that.

List of Sources:

Durand, Eugene F. *Yours in the Blessed Hope*, Uriah Smith. Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1980.

Graybill, Ron. "The Life and Love of Annie Smith." *Adventist Heritage*, Vol.2, No.1, Summer 1975, pp.14-23

Smith, Annie. *Home Here, and Home in Heaven: With Other Poems*. Rochester, NY: Advent Review Office, 1855.

Smith, Rebekah. *Poems, with a Sketch of the Life and Experience of Annie R. Smith*. Manchester, NH : John B. Clark, 1871.

White, Ellen G. *Spiritual Gifts*, Vol. 2. Battle Creek, MI: James White, 1860.

CHARACTERS

- Joseph Bates A former sea captain and Millerite preacher who accepted the Sabbath truth. In 1851 he conducted some meetings in Boston, which Annie Smith attended; during these meetings she decided to join the Advent cause.
- Leonard Hastings A farmer and Sabbath-keeper who lived at New Ipswich, New Hampshire, not many miles from the Smiths at West Wilton. It is possible that Hastings conducted Annie Smith's funeral service in 1855.
- Henry Nichols Member of an early Sabbath-keeping family at Dorchester, near Boston. There is no direct evidence that he or his family were present at Joseph Bates' Boston meetings in the summer of 1851.
- Annie Smith Daughter of Samuel and Rebekah, born in 1828. Originally a Millerite, Annie turned away from the faith but became an Adventist believer and Sabbath-keeper after attending meetings in Boston conducted by Joseph Bates. She worked for James White in the publishing work for three years, and during that time she wrote many poems and hymns. She died of tuberculosis in 1855.
- John Smith Oldest of the four Smith children – two years older than Annie.
- Rebekah Smith Mother of four children – John, Annie, Samuel, and Uriah. The family lived in the village of West Wilton in southern New Hampshire. Rebekah's husband, Samuel Smith, Senior died in 1852, three years before Annie herself died at home in 1855. Rebekah's account is a primary source of information concerning Annie's sickness and death.
- Samuel Smith Another of the Smith children – two years younger than Annie, and two years older than Uriah.
- Uriah Smith Youngest of the four Smith children, and four years younger than Annie. Uriah was invited to join the staff of *The Review and Herald* Office shortly after Annie commenced work there. When the office was moved to Battle Creek in 1855, Uriah became editor of *The Review and Herald*.

THE BLESSED HOPE

SCENE 1. Living room of Rebekah Smith's home in West Wilton, New Hampshire. The date is July 27, 1855. Mrs. Smith is alone in the room, sitting at a table, writing. She speaks aloud as she writes.

(An organ in the background plays softly "How Far From Home" [SDAH 439] to introduce this scene.)

Rebekah: Tuesday night was a solemn and eventful night. I stayed with Annie alone throughout the night. Neither of us slept. She was very happy, and talked a lot with me. She felt bad to have me kept up on her account. She said, "I am here now, your dying girl. I think this is the last night, and you must be sure to rest when I am gone. Thank you for taking care of me. In heaven there will be no sorrow or suffering. We shall all be free from pain there, and we shall live forever. Yes, and I can smile through all my sufferings."

Wednesday, the 25th, a deathly coldness was upon her. In the afternoon she became more free from pain and distress. In the evening she said, "I shall not want anyone to sit up; you can lie on the lounge." At one o'clock in the morning I called her brother Samuel. She talked with him awhile, then asked him to moisten her face with a damp cloth, and said she felt sleepy. She was indeed going into her last sleep. Samuel soon afterward came to me and said, "I believe Annie is dying." I spoke to her. She took no notice, breathed a few times, and died apparently as easy as any one going into a natural sleep. Her sufferings were over. She was gone. It was four o'clock in the morning, July 26, 1855.

(Rebekah lays down her pen, and closes her diary. From the table she picks up a framed portrait of Annie, and studies it silently for a few moments, then speaks while looking at the picture.)

Annie, you were such a sweet and courageous girl. You asked us not to weep for you, but instead to be happy in the blessed hope. The blessed hope . . . the hope you expressed so often in your hymns and poems.

(She begins humming and singing softly the words of one of Annie's hymns [SDAH 439].)

Then weep no more, since we shall meet,
Where weary footsteps never roam.
Our trials past, our joys complete,
Safe in our Father's home.

(There is a knock at the door. She goes to the door, and welcomes Leonard Hastings into her living room.)

Rebekah: Brother Hastings, do come in. How nice of you to come at this time.

Hastings: Sister Smith, I just heard this morning of Annie's death—early on Thursday morning?—so I decided to ride over here this afternoon. Sister Smith, I know what a time of trial and suffering this has been for her, and for you.

- Rebekah: Yes, she suffered a great deal, and yet she was happy right to the end.
- Hastings: Sister, we can praise the Lord that your daughter died in the blessed hope of the Advent.
- Rebekah: Yes, that has been a great comfort to all of us.
- Hastings: So many of Annie's poems were expressions of her deep and abiding faith in the Lord.
- Rebekah: You know, Brother Hastings, it was Annie's wish to finish her book of poems and have it ready for publication before she died.
- Hastings: Was she able to do that?
- Rebekah: Yes, her wish was granted. Uriah came home for a few days and helped her copy and arrange her poetry for publication. He will also arrange to have the printing done. Annie decided to entitle it, "Home Here, and Home in Heaven." Would you like to see it?
- Hastings: Certainly. *(They stand and move slowly toward the exit during the remainder of conversation.)* Her gift of poetry has been a blessing to so many. She must have contributed at least forty poems to the Review and the Youth's Instructor during the past four years — since she took hold of the message.
- Rebekah: Is it four years already? It was because of Elder Bates' ministry that Annie gave her heart to the Lord. I remember the day Elder Bates came to visit me, and I was so distressed because both Annie and Uriah were seeking their future out in the world. And he prayed right here with me, that the Lord would speak to their young hearts.
- Hastings: Yes, Sister Smith, and those prayers were answered, weren't they?
- Rebekah: In a remarkable way, Brother Hastings. Elder Bates was conducting some Sabbath meetings in Boston, and I urged Annie to go. And she did go. But, you know, a strange thing happened at that meeting — yes, a very strange thing!
- (Rebekah and Hastings exit. The organ begins playing an old Advent hymn, as Scene 2 commences.)*

SCENE 2. Interior of a home in Boston. The date is Sabbath, July 26, 1851.

(Elder Bates and Henry Nichols enter and stand conversing together as several other people enter and find seats.)

- Bates: You know, Brother Nichols, I had a peculiar dream last night. I can't help thinking about it as we see the folk arriving for our meeting.
- Nichols: What was the dream about, Elder Bates?
- Bates: Well, I was here at this meeting preparing to preach. We were singing an opening hymn and just as we finished the song a young lady walked into the room. She looked embarrassed at arriving late. She found the only vacant seat in the room and began to listen very attentively to my preaching.
- Nichols: Can you remember what she looked like?

Bates: Yes. She was small and sweet, and wore a white shawl over her shoulders. That's all I can remember right now.

Nichols: I don't see anyone like that at our meeting tonight. Well, I think we should begin, Elder Bates. Are you ready?

(Bates nods approval and sits. The organ stops playing, and Nichols opens the meeting.)

Brothers and Sisters, it is truly God's will that all of us are here today. This is the first of two meetings that Brother Bates will conduct here in Boston. God willing, many precious souls will be won for the Kingdom of God.

There are several Advent believers who are needy at this time. We invite you to assist these dear brothers and sisters as we take up an offering. We ask you to give as the Lord has blessed you. Elder Bates, would you offer a prayer before the offering is taken?

Bates: Shall we bow our heads? Heavenly Father, we ask for Thy presence in our meeting here today. Bless each soul, and may the offering that we give be blessed in Thy service. We ask this in Jesus Name. Amen.

(The offering is collected.)

Nichols: To begin our meeting today let us sing together that wonderful Advent hymn, "Watch Ye Saints." [SDAH 598] We will stand to sing.

(The audience may be cued to join in the hymn. During the last verse, Annie enters from the rear of the auditorium and walks onto the stage, looks around for a seat, and eventually finds one near the front. At the conclusion of the hymn, Rebekah's voice is heard, off-stage.)

Rebekah's Voice: The Lord surely worked in a mysterious way, Brother Hastings. It happened just the way that Brother Bates dreamed. At the last moment he changed the topic of his sermon, and preached instead about the 2300 days, the cleansing of the sanctuary, and the Sabbath. When the meeting ended, another strange thing happened.

(The meeting concluded, the organ begins playing very softly. Elder Bates greets believers as they leave. Annie Smith steps forward to meet him.)

Bates: Hello. I believe this is Sister Smith's daughter, from West Wilton?

Annie: *(Surprised)* Why, yes, Elder Bates! But how did you know me?

Bates: Well, it's true that I've not met you before, but your face looks familiar. You see, I dreamed about you last night.

Annie: *(More surprised)* You dreamed about me?

Bates: That's right. I dreamed that after the meeting started tonight, you came in and found the only available seat. And I dreamed that at the last moment I changed my topic and preached as I did on the sanctuary truth.

Annie: *(Excited)* And last night I dreamed about you, Elder Bates!

8-The Blessed Hope

Bates: You did?

Annie: Yes. I dreamed that I arrived late at the meeting, and you were preaching a sermon about the sanctuary and the 2300 days, with your chart. And I sat in the only chair that I could find. In my dream, you were explaining about the meaning of the heavenly sanctuary. And I dreamed that what you said was the truth. Everything has happened exactly the way I dreamed it!

Bates: Well, that is certainly very interesting! Sister Smith, I believe the Lord had a guiding hand in all this.

Annie: Perhaps so. It wasn't that I had planned to arrive late for the meeting, Elder Bates. I left in plenty of time, but I missed the turn, and by the time I discovered my mistake, the meeting had already begun.

Bates: Sister Annie, what made you decide to come to the meeting tonight?

Annie: Well it was only to please my mother really. She wanted me to come.

Bates: Your dear mother has been praying very much that you would attend here tonight. She loves you and wants to see you in the truth.

Annie: I know you are right, Elder Bates. I've wandered a long way from God during these last few years, but I guess mother's prayers have followed me.

Bates: You used to be a believer in the Advent Hope, Sister Annie?

Annie: That's right. All of my family were Millerites, and we were excited about the Lord coming back in 1844. They were distressing and yet wonderful times. But then came the terrible disappointment, and I just felt . . . angry and disillusioned. So I turned my back on spiritual things, and went out to get an education in the world.

Bates: Your mother told me of your literary success. I think she said you had several poems published.

Annie: Yes, I have been most fortunate to have had my poetry published in two important literary magazines. I feel that I have a future in writing.

Bates: I am sure that the Lord could use your talents, Sister Smith. Perhaps you could write to inspire faith in the advent message.

Annie: Yes, perhaps so.

Bates: They are going to be holding meetings here each Sabbath. Would you like to join them?

Annie: Yes. I would like to come.

(Both leave the room as the organ continues playing for a few moments.)

Rebekah's Voice: What rejoicing there was in the weeks after that, as Annie and later Uriah joined the Advent faith. I remember that soon after attending those meetings, Annie wrote her first poem with a spiritual theme. She called it "Fear Not, Little Flock,"

and sent it to Elder James White at the Review, with a letter telling of her newfound faith. Elder White printed both the letter and the poem in the paper.

Soon after that, Annie changed the poem a little, and Elder James White included it in the hymnal he published the very next year. This was the first of about twenty-five hymns that Annie wrote during the past four years.

(At this point, a singing group comes on the platform and sings the Annie Smith hymn: "Long Upon the Mountains" [SDAH 447])

Elder James White was so impressed with Annie's poetic talent that he wrote to ask if she would come and help with the editing of *The Review and Herald*. At first she declined because of trouble she was having with her eyes, but later she agreed, and spent three years working as copy editor for the paper. Sometimes she had the sole responsibility of preparing the Review, when the Whites were away on preaching tours. She continued to write hymns and poetry during her work at the Review office.

But Annie's work came to a sudden end when she returned home to West Wilton in November of 1854.

SCENE 3. Living room of Rebekah Smith's home in West Wilton. The date is November 7, 1854. Rebekah is sitting in the room, reading, as three members of her family — Annie, John, and Samuel — enter. John and Samuel are carrying Annie's suitcases. They place them at one side of the room. Annie has just arrived home from Rochester. Annie looks weary.

Rebekah: *(Rises to greet Annie)* Annie, my dear! It's wonderful to have you home again.

Annie: Mother! Oh, it is good to be home again! *(Sits wearily. Rebekah sits also.)*

John: We'll just place your cases here for now. *(John and Samuel set cases down, and sit also.)*

Annie: Thank you, John and Samuel.

Rebekah: Was the train crowded? Were you able to get a seat all the way?

Annie: Yes, it was quite crowded. And it was miserably cold when we started out this morning from Rochester. I wished that I hadn't packed my winter shawl.

Rebekah: I'm sorry that Uriah could not have accompanied you home.

Annie: Yes, that would have been nice, but we have all been so busy at the office. But he sends his love to you all, and hopes to come home for a while in the spring.

John: So, have you been enjoying your work? We think of you every time *The Review and Herald* arrives.

Annie: Well, the work is very tedious, really. My job is to check every word that is printed in the *Review*. I am concerned about the spelling, the grammar, the mode of expression. I daren't make a single mistake!

Rebekah: Dear me! Is Elder White such a hard master?

- Annie: Oh, he's very good to me really. And his wife Ellen is such a kind, thoughtful person. But they are both so very busy. They are often away on preaching trips, answering correspondence, driving themselves very hard. And so we are often working under pressure to meet deadlines. And Elder White is a perfectionist when it comes to printing the papers!
- Samuel: I'll bet you never make any mistakes. *(Laughter)*
- John: Well, not more than one to a page! *(More laughter)*
- Annie: The truth lies somewhere between those two extremes. But you may be sure that whatever mistakes there are, Elder White will find them. But he has a sense of humor, I'm glad to say.
- Rebekah: John and Samuel, why don't you take Annie's cases up to her room? And open her window a little, for some fresh air. *(They get up and leave with cases.)* Annie dear, I think you look very tired and drawn. I'm afraid you have been working much too hard, and not taking time for proper rest and sleep.
- Annie: You're probably right, mother. But after my disappointment with John, I had to keep busy. Otherwise I should have been a useless, heart-broken girl.
- Rebekah: I know that John Andrews is a bright and handsome young man, and doubtless you both shared a good deal in common. But, perhaps the Lord has someone else in mind for you, my dear.
- Annie: No, mother, I don't believe so! I had a such deep love for John, and I felt so terribly hurt when he turned away from me. It was the deepest trial I have ever had to face. I wept for many days . . . and nights.
- Rebekah: My poor dear girl! How I wish I had been nearer to you.
- Annie: Oh, there were many kind folk in Rochester. Sister White was so very kind, and seemed to understand what I was going through.
- (Enter John and Samuel again. John is carrying a scrapbook with him.)*
- Annie: What is that you have, John?
- John: I have been keeping a scrapbook of your poetry, Annie. I believe I have everything that you have ever had published.
- Samuel: It seems that half of the poems are written for people's funerals.
- Rebekah: Samuel!
- Annie: Well, unfortunately it seems that way sometimes, I'm sure. And perhaps the Lord has placed a special burden on me to write for such sad occasions. There have been several bereavements of our fellow workers at the press. Elder White's brother, Nathaniel, was in Rochester for several months, until he died with consumption, and of course I wrote a poem for the family. Then another of the workers, Luman Masten — just a young man — also died of consumption. Later Sister White's brother, Robert Harmon, passed away in Gorham, Maine,

and I wrote an epitaph for him. Oh, and now Elder White's sister, Anna, is lying at death's door. She has consumption too.

Rebekah: May the Lord come soon, and put an end to all this suffering and death.

John: One of your poems I have here is entitled "The Blessed Hope." [SDAH 441] It is one I like very much. It seems to me you had particular people in mind when you wrote it.

Annie: Yes, John, that's right. Perhaps you have guessed who they are?

John: Well, let me try. Here is the first verse:

I saw one weary, sad and torn,
With eager steps press on the way,
Who long the hallowed cross had borne,
Still looking for the promised day;
While many a line of grief and care,
Upon his brow was furrowed there;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
"O this," he said, "the blessed hope."

My guess is that you are writing about Elder Joseph Bates.

Annie: You guessed right.

Samuel: I don't think anyone has more furrows in his brow than Elder Bates.

Annie: What about the second verse?

John: (*Continues reading.*)

And one I saw, with sword and shield,
Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,
And fought, unyielding, on the field,
To win an everlasting crown.
Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,
No murmur from his heart arose . . .

That must surely be Elder James White. No one has fought so hard for the truth, and met so much opposition.

Annie: You're right again, John.

John: But it's the third verse that I can't get.

And there was one who left behind
The cherished friends of early years,
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned,
To tread the path bedewed with tears.
Through trials deep and conflicts sore,
Yet still a smile of joy he wore . . .

Now who can that refer to?

Annie: (*A little agitated*) I'm not sure you would understand, if I told you.

John: What do you mean by that, sister?

12-The Blessed Hope

Annie: It's my special secret, really. Perhaps you should read it by changing the gender in that verse.

Samuel: What does "changing the gender" mean?

John: Listen, Samuel.

And there was one who left behind,
The cherished friends of early years,
And honor, pleasure, wealth resigned,
To tread the path bedewed with tears.
Through trials deep and conflicts sore,
Yet still a smile of joy she wore.
I asked what buoyed her spirits up,
"O this," said she, "the blessed hope."

Who could that be but my own dear sister, Annie?

Rebekah: How lovely.

Annie: Actually I wrote the poem so that it could be sung to a hymn tune composed several years ago.

Rebekah: Nice. Is it a familiar tune?

John: Perhaps Annie would sing it to us.

Samuel: Yes, would you, sis?

Annie: I'm feeling very weary, but perhaps I shall sing the fourth and last verse for you.

Annie: *(Sings)*

While pilgrims here we journey on,
In this dark vale of sin and gloom,
Through tribulation, hate and scorn,
Or through the portals of the tomb,
Till our returning King shall come . . .

(Begins coughing violently, cannot continue, and falls back into chair.)

Rebekah: John, help me take Annie up to her room. We have a very sick girl.

(Exit, helping Annie off stage. Organ begins playing softly as the final scene opens.)

SCENE 4. A room in a house at West Wilton, New Hampshire. Several unidentified people, friends of the Smith family, are seated in the room. The date is Sabbath, July 28, 1855. A soloist sings two verses of "How Far From Home". [SDAH 439] As the song concludes, Leonard Hastings, Rebekah and her three remaining children enter. All sit except Hastings.

Hastings: *(Faces audience as he reads.)*

Annie Rebekah Smith was born here in West Wilton, New Hampshire, on March 16, 1828, daughter of Rebekah and the late Samuel Smith, Senior. At the early age of ten, she became a member of the local Baptist Church, and later, with her parents, joined the Millerite movement.

Four years ago, while attending meetings in Boston conducted by Elder Bates, Annie became a Sabbath-keeper. Soon after that she composed her first religious poem which she sent to *The Review and Herald*. Recognizing her literary talents, Elder White invited her to join the *Review* editorial staff, which she did shortly thereafter.

Annie was forced by ill health to return home last November, and it was soon determined that she had contracted consumption. She passed to her rest this past Thursday, July 26, 1855. (*End of reading.*)

Sister Annie has been a great inspiration to every one of us. During a brief life-span of twenty-seven years, she composed dozens of poems and hymns which have brought encouragement and blessing to so many Advent followers. When she came home from Rochester eight months ago, Annie expressed the wish that she might be spared long enough to publish a book of her poetry. That wish was granted. Her brother Uriah came home in May and helped her copy and arrange her poems for publication. That book of Annie's poetry will shortly be printed. Uriah also drew a sketch of her favorite flower, the peony, which is to appear on the title page of her book.

Just two days before her death, Annie composed this short poem:

O, shed not a tear o'er the spot where I sleep;
For the living and not for the dead ye may weep;
Why mourn for the weary who sweetly repose,
Free in the grave from life's burden and woes?

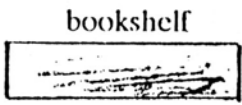
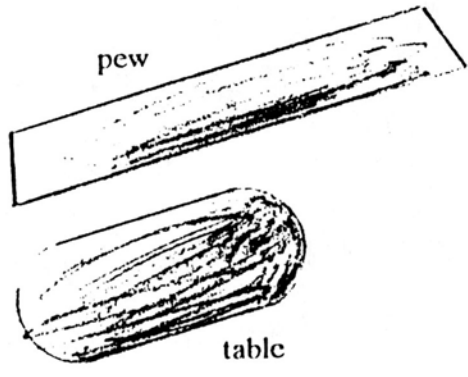
I long now to rest in the lone, quiet tomb,
For the footsteps of Jesus have lightened its gloom;
I die in the hope of soon meeting again
The friends that I love, with Him ever to reign.

Those words beautifully express Annie's faith and her longing for the return of Jesus, which she described as "the Blessed Hope." May we each hold fast to that hope.

(The congregation may then sing the hymn "The Blessed Hope" [SDAH 441], followed by a benediction.)

STAGING SUGGESTIONS

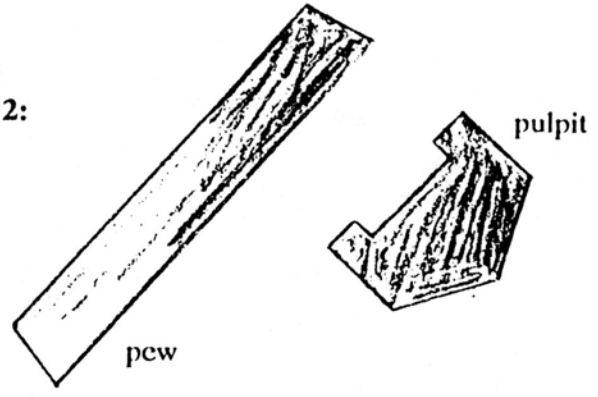
Scene 1:



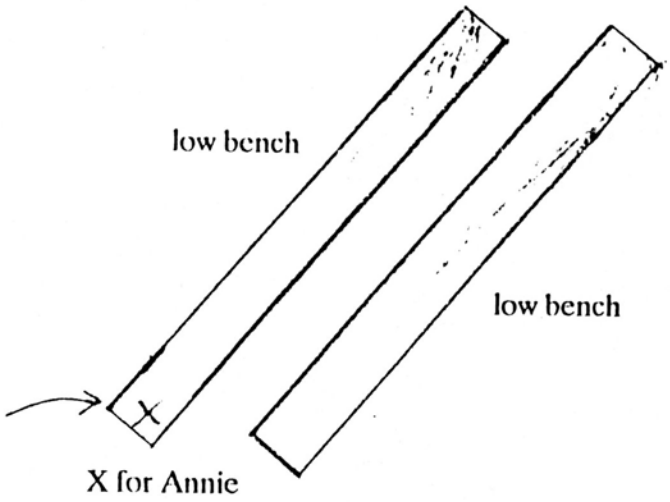
Props:
pen
ink
picture of Ann
afghans for pew

rocking chair

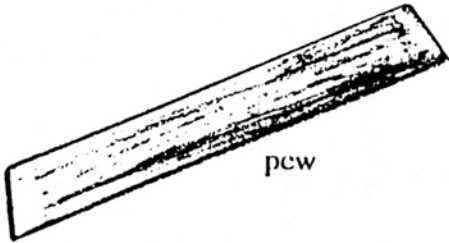
Scene 2:



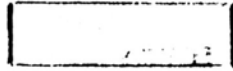
Props:
white shawl
Bibles



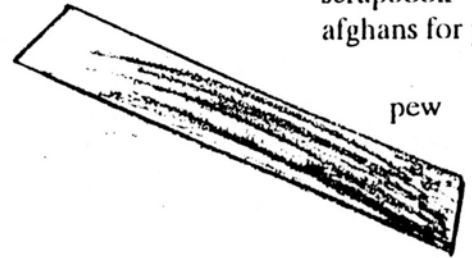
Scene 3



pew



bookshelf



pew

Props:
suitcase or trunk
book
scrapbook
afghans for pews

Scene 4:
same as scene 2

Playing Our Past by the Canadian Union College Heritage Players.
Publishers: North American Division Office of Education.

MAKING US A NAME

The Adventists struggle to organize and select a name.

—ooOOoo—

CHARACTERS

John N. Andrews
Joseph Bates
Stephen Belden
Ezra Brackett
T. J. Butler
Merritt Cornell
Abram Dodge
Joseph Frisbie
David Hewitt
Moses Hull
J. N. Loughborough
W. Ingraham
E. A. Poole
Uriah Smith
J. H. Waggoner
S. B. Warren
Ellen White
James White

Synopsis of
MAKING US A NAME

As the play opens, we find a physically exhausted James White at home in Rochester, New York, venting his emotions and frustrations in a statement for *The Review and Herald*, of which he is both manager and editor. In 1855 a heavy burden of debt hangs over the publishing operation, and this, combined with long hours of work in the office, and a responsibility for housing and feeding many of the press employees, has undermined James White's health. His wife, Ellen, lends a sympathetic ear and supports his decision to have the publishing work relocated and the responsibilities shared by a committee.

Scene Two is set at Battle Creek, Michigan, some months later, where we join a meeting of four local Sabbath-keeping Adventists, among them David Hewitt, their first convert in the town. The four reach a decision to establish the Review press and office in their town before the end of the year, and appoint a committee to carry out the plan.

Scene Three opens five years later, in 1860, at the Battle Creek office of the young *Review* editor, Uriah Smith, as James White arrives with the notice of an important general meeting to be held in Battle Creek from September 28 to October 1. Despite the fact that the labor is now shared by several people, White is still plagued by financial responsibilities which should be shouldered by the church rather than by an individual. The church must legally organize in order to hold and insure property. But the idea has met with considerable opposition from some Adventist leaders who harbor fears of the church becoming "Babylon" if it becomes an official organization with a name. The general meeting to be held in Battle Creek will address this issue. As Uriah Smith says, "It looks like it will be an interesting meeting!"

The final scene takes us right into the Battle Creek Conference of 1860, where delegates from churches all over the northeast discuss the question of whether or not to organize. Joseph Bates chairs the discussion, and one by one the delegates come to understand and support White's proposal. Having made an affirmative decision to organize, the conference must now decide on a name for the body, an issue which raises the hackles of several delegates who are opposed to "taking a name." A majority finally comes out in support of finding an appropriate name, and it is David Hewitt who suggests the name "Seventh-day Adventists" for the growing body of believers.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

The subject of organization was a sensitive one for the early Adventist believers. Ousted from the churches of their day, the Millerites equated ecclesiastical organization with "Babylon." For several years after the 1844 Disappointment, Adventists held that the door of salvation remained shut to the apostate churches of Christendom.

In contrast to the experience of most Millerites, James White had not suffered expulsion from his church, and retained his ordination as an elder of The Christian Church. As a consequence, he was never forcefully opposed to the concept of church organization, and from the early 1850's both Ellen and James White encouraged the move toward "gospel order." Through publication of the *Present Truth* and *Review and Herald* papers, the Whites were able to establish a measure of unity in faith and practice among the believers.

As the number of Sabbath-keeping Adventists multiplied, and the movement expanded beyond the confines of New England, the need for some form of organizational unity and division of responsibility became increasingly apparent. Yet progress in that direction was slow and fraught with controversy. Finally, James White used the question of legal ownership and insurance protection of property (such as publishing office and church buildings) to bring the whole question of organization and "taking a name" into open discussion.

A Conference at Battle Creek in the fall of 1860 resulted in the first steps toward church organization and it was at this meeting that the name "Seventh-day Adventists" was chosen. A year later, the Michigan Conference of Seventh-day Adventists was organized, but it was until 1863 that the General Conference was established.

The historic 1860 Conference actually began on Saturday night, September 30. and continued through the following Monday, October 2. In this play the sessions and discussions of the Conference have been combined and rearranged into a single scene. However, the views of the various delegates, as well as their arguments, are accurately reflected in the play.

List of Sources:

Advent Review and Sabbath Herald, Vols. 6, 7 (1855) and 15, 16 (1860).

Anderson, Godfrey T. "Make Us A Name." *Adventist Heritage*, Vol.1, no.2, July 1974, pp.28-34

The Beginnings of Adventism in Battle Creek, compiled from articles published in The Enquirer and News, during the 1932 Fall Council.

Loughborough, John N. *The Great Second Advent Movement*. Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1905.

Spalding, Arthur W. *Footprints of the Pioneers*. Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1947.

Spalding, Arthur W. *Origin and History of Seventh-day Adventists*. Vol. 1. Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1961.

White, Arthur L. *Ellen G. White: the Early Years, 1827-1862*. Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1985.

CHARACTERS

- J. N. Andrews Although his family lived at Waukon, Iowa, in 1860, Andrews was a busy evangelist who at that time was conducting meetings in New York state. His views on all topics and doctrines were carefully thought out, and Bible-based.
- Joseph Bates Born in 1792, Bates was much older than most of the early Adventist pioneers, and was well respected by the believers. He chaired the important 1860 Conference where the name "Seventh-day Adventists" was chosen for the growing church.
- Stephen Belden One of the early workers at *The Review and Herald* in Battle Creek, Belden was married to Sarah Harmon, Ellen White's sister. Their son, Frank E. Belden, became an Adventist hymn-writer.
- Ezra Brackett A layman from Battle Creek to the 1860 Conference.
- T. J. Butler A leader of the Sabbath-keeping Adventist church at Gilboa, Ohio, who opposed the concept of church organization and of "taking a name." He was the only delegate to vote against the name "Seventh-day Adventists" at the 1860 Conference, and he and his church left the organization.
- Merritt Cornell An energetic preacher, he and J. N. Loughborough conducted the first Sabbath-keeping Adventist tent meetings at Battle Creek in 1854. He was a delegate from Iowa at the 1860 Conference.
- Abram Dodge An early Advent believer in Battle Creek.
- Joseph Frisbie A Methodist minister converted to the Adventist faith in 1853. He moved to Battle Creek and became a leader in the early work of the church there. The first Seventh-day Adventist church in Battle Creek was built on his property.
- David Hewitt Remembered as "the most honest man in town," David Hewitt was the first Adventist convert in Battle Creek. He took an active role in the growth of the church at Battle Creek, was the local agent for the *Review*, and in the 1860 Conference he moved the adoption of the name "Seventh-day Adventists."
- Moses Hull A delegate to the 1860 Conference from Knoxville, Iowa. He was an eloquent and convincing preacher, and supported the concept of church organization. Later he left the SDA Church.
- John N. Loughborough Converted to the Advent truth by J. N. Andrews, Loughborough was a strong preacher for the church. He attended the 1860 Conference, and strongly supported the move to organize.
- W. Ingraham A delegate from Wisconsin to the 1860 Conference.
- E. A. Poole A delegate from New York State to the 1860 Conference. Although initially opposed to organization and adopting a name, he eventually supported the action.

- Uriah Smith As a young man of 21, Smith joined the staff of *The Advent Review* and, in 1855 when the publishing work was moved to Battle Creek, he became its editor, a position he held for most of the next 50 years.
- J. H. Waggoner Although he had misgivings about organization, Waggoner finally supported the actions of the 1860 Conference. At that time he was a tent evangelist in Michigan.
- S. B. Warren One of the earliest Advent believers at Battle Creek.
- Ellen White Through divine revelation, Ellen White guided the growing Adventist movement, including its progress toward organization. Ellen White gave birth to their fourth son just a few days prior to the 1860 Conference.
- James White From the earliest days after the 1844 Disappointment, James White took a leadership role in the Sabbath-keeping Adventist movement, especially in the organization of the publishing work.

MAKING US A NAME

SCENE 1. A room in the White home at Rochester, New York. The room serves as James White's editorial office for *The Review and Herald*. James White sits at his desk writing. He reads aloud as he writes, with increasing emotion and frustration. The date is February 1855.

James: "Nearly three years since, we came to this city to establish the Press with only \$15. At that time there were no friends in this vicinity able to assist us, and we were almost entirely destitute of everything to commence housekeeping. Those who then joined us in this enterprise toiled for no more than food and clothing.

"The care of a large family, and of the *Review*, has fallen principally on us. In this time we have travelled and labored in the churches about one third of the time. This amount of care and labor, together with protracted sickness and deaths in our family, has brought us very near the grave. In this prostrated condition we have been saddened with pecuniary embarrassment, and the unreasonableness of 'false brethren.'

"Our usual hours of confinement to our business have been from 14 to 18 out of 24. This has well nigh ruined our health. We are resolved on a change, even if we leave the Office entirely. We hope to live, and if possible, yet do some little good in the world. Having worn out a good constitution in this cause, we can now hope for no more, than that by rest, and care, with the blessing of God, we may yet be able to do something.

"When we consented to take charge of the *Review*, it was with the hope that a Financial Committee would relieve us of much care. But we are still left with the whole burden upon us. Without capital, and without health, we cannot much longer bear the burden.

(At this point, Ellen White enters the room behind where James is sitting. He is not aware of her as she stands behind him, silently listening.)

"We have decided :

"1. To take all proper means for the recovery of health.

"2. To be free from the care of a large family. The hands in the Office will have to pay the usual price of board elsewhere, and receive more wages.

This will increase the cost of the *Review*.

"3. To get free from debts as soon . . .

(Suddenly stops, aware that someone is standing behind him. Turns around to find Ellen looking at him. A moment of silence.)

Ellen: *(With a touch of humor.)* Is something troubling you, James?

James: *(Sighs)* I've been writing a piece for next week's *Review*. *(Turns in his chair to face Ellen.)* Ellen, we are putting ourselves in the grave with all we are trying to do.

Ellen: I have no quarrel with that, James. The Lord does not expect you to administer His church single-handed. *(She places a hand on his shoulder, while continuing to stand behind him, and looking away from him most of the time.)*

James: The Lord doesn't, Ellen, but the saints do! Whenever there is a problem or something to be done, let Brother White take care of it! We don't need a management committee! Brother White has done it all since he started with *Present Truth* six years ago. Let him carry it till the Lord comes!

Ellen: So what is Brother White proposing to do?

James: For a start, we are going to begin charging for the *Review*. Up to now, we have depended on the friends of the cause to send in enough to cover expenses, so that the worthy poor can receive it free of charge. But, beginning in April, we are going to charge one dollar for an annual subscription!

Ellen: I think that is a good decision.

James: Well, some will strongly oppose it. "Buy the truth, and sell it not!" is their maxim. They want the truth freely available to all, but they choose to ignore the first part of the maxim—"buy the truth." These so-called "friends of the cause" will not accept their responsibility to pay for the paper!

Ellen: What else do you propose?

James: *(Emphatically)* Ellen, it is time that we stopped trying to operate an accommodation house and a publishing office, all within our living quarters. Why, our "family" sometimes numbers twenty! The burden is too much and runs us into debt.

(Quietly) Besides, I fear for the state of our health. Brother Masten died a few months ago of consumption. Sister Annie Smith has had to return home with an illness that turns out to be the same thing. And now Brother Andrews has worn himself into such a state of feeble health that he is returning home to rest. Soon there will be no one left for the work but ourselves—and I feel like I have one foot in the grave already!

Ellen: My poor James! All of what you say is true. We should start paying a small wage to our workers, and ask them to find accommodations elsewhere. I think that is necessary for the health and happiness of our own little family. But what are your plans for the *Review* office?

James: I wish we could find a group of brethren willing to accept financial management of the printing shop, and a new committee to take charge of the publishing. We have carried the entire responsibility for publishing since we started out at Rocky Hill nearly six years ago. I think it is now time we were free to give ourselves to travelling and preaching.

Ellen: Are there brethren anywhere who would be willing to take over the publishing work?

James: *(Gets up from desk.)* We have brethren in Vermont who have the means and the will to do it, I believe. And there are some in Michigan who could do it. Of the two, Michigan might be more central, since our work now is rapidly opening up as far west as Iowa.

Ellen: *(Ellen sits in his chair)* James, I think your proposals are good, and they should be discussed with the believers. But be prepared for some opposition. There are many who are opposed to organization in any form.

James: You are right, Ellen. Some think that the word "organization" is synonymous with "Babylon"! *(Both leave.)*

SCENE 2. Interior of an almost-completed church building in Battle Creek, Michigan. "Furniture" consists solely of three saw horses and a step-ladder. The date is September 23, 1855.

(David Hewitt and S.B. Warren enter.)

Hewitt: *(Looking around the room.)* So our meeting house here in Battle Creek is just about completed. Just the interior to finish. Eighteen feet one way, and twenty-four feet the other. Ample room for a congregation of twenty-four members, don't you agree, Brother Warren?

Warren: I am sure it will, Brother Hewitt. And I know you and your wife are looking forward to its completion. Your home has been our meeting place until now.

Hewitt: Mrs. Hewitt and I have been happy to have our parlor used for the Sabbath meetings, but it has become very crowded. This building will be adequate for the needs of our church here in Battle Creek until the Lord comes.

Warren: Yes, the Lord has surely blessed the progress of the work in this town. The expansion of the church all throughout the West has been rapid. Why, Brother Hewitt, you and your wife were the first converts here in Battle Creek, and that wasn't very long ago, was it?

Hewitt: Just three years ago. Yes, I remember the day very well. There was a knock at the door just as we were preparing to eat breakfast. I opened it to find a total stranger who said, "Are you Mr. David Hewitt?" I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "I have been directed to you as the most honest man in town. My name is Joseph Bates, and I have some important truth to present to you."

Warren: What a surprise that must have been!

Hewitt: It surely was. I was taken aback for a moment, but I said, "Come in, Mr. Bates. We are just sitting down to breakfast. Eat with us, and then we will listen to you." So we ate breakfast, and then he opened God's Word to us. By five o'clock that afternoon my wife and I were ready to accept the Sabbath and the Third Angel's Message. Quite an event for a couple of devout Presbyterians!

Warren: I'm sure it was. I heard the story from Brother Bates. How the Lord impressed him to travel west to Battle Creek, even though there were no Advent believers here. How he went to the post office and asked to be directed to the most honest

man in town. The postmaster thought for a moment and said, "That would be David Hewitt. He lives down on Van Buren Street."

Hewitt: Here come Elder Frisbie and Brother Dodge. (*Frisbie and Dodge enter. Frisbie greets each of them.*) Shall we meet here, Brother Frisbie, or back at my house?

Frisbie: Why don't we meet right here, brethren? (*Three sit on saw-horses, the other on the step ladder.*) This meeting house will be a great blessing to all of us here in Battle Creek.

Dodge: It surely will. Mind you, there are some who think the church should not be erecting buildings so close to the Second Coming.

Frisbie: There will always be those Adventists who oppose progress and organization at any level. Some think all organization is the work of the Devil. Brother White faces the same criticism in regard to the *Review* office.

Warren: You have heard from Brother White? Has he made a decision regarding the relocation of the publishing office?

Frisbie: Yes, that is why I called us together today. Brother White has written, saying that he favors Battle Creek.

Hewitt: A good decision!

Dodge: Wasn't it a choice between Vermont and Battle Creek? Did the Vermont brethren withdraw their offer?

Frisbie: Oh, I am sure the brethren in Vermont would be happy to have the *Review* office there, but they agree with Brother White that Michigan will be more central as our message moves westward.

Hewitt: Well, several of us here in Battle Creek have been blessed with means, and we are ready to construct a building immediately to house the printing plant, including an office for the editor.

Dodge: In fact, land is already available for that purpose.

Frisbie: Yes, and Brother White was much encouraged by our offer, brethren. He would like to have the *Review* moved here as soon as possible. I think we ought to appoint a committee of three to make plans for the building and for moving the press from Rochester.

Hewitt: That is a sound idea. I think Brother Henry Lyon should be a member of that committee. He sold his farm in order to advance money for the Lord's work. He is also a carpenter.

Warren: Brother Cyrenius Smith is another local member who is blessed with means that he wants to use to advance the cause. I suggest his name for that committee.

Frisbie: Do you have a nomination, Brother Dodge?

Dodge: (*Reflects a moment.*) Yes, I think Dan Palmer who lives over in Jackson should be the third member. He also is willing to put money into this cause.

10.-Making Us a Name

- Frisbie: Good. That gives us a committee of three.
- Hewitt: I think we should report this action in the *Review*.
- Frisbie: A good idea. Brother Dodge, will you be our secretary, and send Brother White a report of our meeting for the paper?
- Dodge: I'll be happy to do that. I think we should encourage our believers to send in their free-will offerings to assist with this project.
- Hewitt: Yes, I like that idea.
- Warren: We understand that Brother White's health is poor. Will that prevent him from keeping a controlling hand in the publishing work?
- Hewitt: I couldn't imagine the *Review* without Brother White.
- Frisbie: Neither could I. What I think Brother White has in mind is the appointment of a resident editor for the *Review*. That would relieve him of the day-to-day management problems. But I am sure Brother White will continue to oversee the publishing work.
- Dodge: I am sure the committee will want it that way. But who would be the resident editor here in Battle Creek?
- Frisbie: I think Brother White will recommend Uriah Smith for that job. He is now the editorial assistant. Just a young man, but talented and dedicated.
- Warren: This is going to make Battle Creek a center for the Adventist work. (*Looks at Hewitt.*) This meeting-house may be filled more quickly than we planned!
- Hewitt: Could that be possible? Well, brethren, my wife has lunch ready for us at home, so let's adjourn to my house.
(*All four exit.*)

SCENE 3. Uriah Smith's office at the "Steam Press of *The Review and Herald*" in Battle Creek, Michigan. The date is around August, 1860. Smith is checking proofs as James White enters.

- Smith: Hello, Brother White. Do you have something for next week's *Review*?
- White: Yes, Brother Smith. I do have something here. (*Hands copy to Smith.*) It is a notice for an important meeting.
- Smith: (*Reads*) "General conference at Battle Creek. It is deemed advisable to hold a general conference at Battle Creek, to commence at 6 pm on September 28, 1860." That's just a few weeks away. (*Pause*) So you have made the decision?
- White: (*Sits*) Yes, I have consulted with Brother Bates, and we have decided that the whole question of church organization should be discussed in an open meeting. This is too important an issue to deal with in any other way.

Smith: I agree most heartily! Ever since you wrote that article last February, the issue of organizing and "making us a name" has been a major point of contention. Not a week goes by without at least one or two letters to the editor. I think we have had something on the subject in every other issue of the paper.

White: It all started with my piece entitled "Borrowed Money." As I was at pains to point out in that article, my appointment as the publishing agent for the church makes me totally responsible for all the debts of the office. That is more than any individual should be expected to bear!

Smith: Of course it is! But many of the brethren have had trouble seeing that. They think we took all the necessary steps five years ago, when we relieved you of the care of editing the *Review*, but forgetting you still have to bear the entire financial responsibility for it.

White: Precisely. At that time the load became so great that my health completely failed. And I believe the brethren did according to their best light at that time. But it is high time that we take the next step. The church must organize in such a way as to be able to legally own and insure property such as this publishing plant. That is why I submitted that piece for the *Review*, inviting anyone who opposed my suggestion to write out a plan which we, as a people, could act upon.

Smith: *(Removes file of correspondence.)* Well, here is the file of correspondence on the subject, up to yesterday. *(White takes it and begins to peruse some of the letters.)*

White: I see that letters are still coming on the subject. Ah, here is Brother Cottrell's letter. *(Reads)* "Brother White proposes to secure the property of the church. I think it would be wrong to 'make us a name', since that lies at the foundation of Babylon. I do not think God would approve of it. The work is the Lord's and he needs not the aid of insurance companies to take care of His property. I think we should leave this matter to the Lord."

"Leave this matter to the Lord," he says. Well, I guess it is perfectly right to leave the sun, moon, and stars with the Lord, and the earth with its revolutions. But if God calls on us to act the part of faithful stewards of His goods, we had better attend to those matters in a legal manner!

(Picks up another letter.) Here's another one. "It is my prayer that God will avert an evil in His sight, and that we all may get the victory over the beast, his image, his mark and the number of his name." All this concern with Babylon and the two-horned beast.

Smith: I fail to see how church organization can be equated with Babylon.

White: Well, unless we do something quickly to put an end to all the confusion among the brethren, we will soon have a perfect Babylon within the church!

(Picks up another letter.) "I would like to request you to give me the evidence for using some words in your *Review* article which are unscriptural. The word 'church' is used instead of chapel; and the word 'organization' is used for gospel order. I believe we should keep to the Bible expressions." This brother doesn't

know his Bible! The words 'chapel' and 'gospel order' are not found anywhere in the Scriptures, so they are no more scriptural than the ones he objects to.

Smith: Here is a recent letter from Brother Miles, over in Mannsville, New York. (*Hands letter to White.*)

White: So what does Brother Miles have to say? (*Reads*) "Brother White has taken such a position about organizing churches, and also of making us a name, that I see no consistency in his former position. I must say that a good many in this church have lost interest in reading the *Review*, as well as myself. I want the *Review* discontinued."

Well, Brother Miles is suffering from a confused and unhappy state of mind. What a pity that a few columns from our pen on the subject of organization should spoil the *Review* for him.

Smith: It appears that the planned conference here in Battle Creek is going to be a very interesting one.

White: (*Stands to go.*) I believe saner logic will prevail as we meet in session under the Lord's guidance. But, as you say, it will be an interesting session.

SCENE 4. Interior of the new Battle Creek Church. Making their way on to the platform from various points in the audience are the following : Joseph Bates, James White, John Loughborough, John Andrews, Joseph Frisbie, J. H. Waggoner, T. J. Butler. Other delegates enter from the rear and take their seats in the audience. The date is the beginning of October 1860.

Frisbie: (*Stands at podium.*) Brothers and Sisters, we welcome every one of you to Battle Creek for this special Conference. I believe this is the largest meeting of Advent believers to date (*Amens*), and I see that all of our 300 seats are filled.

Some of you have travelled great distances to be here for this important meeting—from New York State in the east to Iowa in the west. With so many visitors, our accommodations are taxed to capacity, and we are sorry for some discomforts. I believe all of us here in Battle Creek have opened our homes. Some of the brethren have beds in our barns and cellars. Some of the sisters have been willing to sleep on camp meeting beds on our chamber floors. But I think no one has been turned away who needed a place to rest. So again I say welcome.

The work here in Battle Creek has certainly gone forward. Exactly five years ago a handful of believers in this town built a meeting-house over on Cass Street—just a small building measuring 18 feet by 24. That church was too small almost from the start, and within two years we were erecting this fine new church which measures 28 by 42 feet, seating around 300, at a cost of \$881. When we built it three years ago, some of us wondered if we would ever see it filled, but today we see it overflowing with believers.

I should explain that for our regular Sabbath worship service, the sisters enter by the left door and sit on the left side of the sanctuary, while the brethren enter at the right door and sit on the right side.

At this time I will introduce Brother Joseph Bates, who has agreed to chair this important series of meetings. Brother Bates. *(Sits)*

Bates: *(Comes to podium.)* Thank you, Brother Frisbie. May I add my own warm welcome to these meetings. The progress of our work has indeed been rapid, not only here in Battle Creek but elsewhere, and it is perhaps for that reason that this special conference is necessary. As the work expands, many of the brethren see a need for some form of organization, so that as a church body we can have the ownership of property such as our new steam press and meeting-houses such as this one.

We have delegates here from many places. Would all of the appointed delegates please stand. *(All delegates stand, including several in the congregation.)* Please tell us your name and the state or district you represent.

(Each delegate calls out his name, and city or state, then sits.)

Brackett: Ezra Brackett from Battle Creek.

Hull: Moses Hull from Knoxville, Iowa.

Cornell: Merritt Cornell, also from Iowa.

Ingraham: William Ingraham from Wisconsin.

Holt: George Holt from Ohio.

Poole: E. A. Poole from New York State.

Belden: Stephen Belden from the press here at Battle Creek.

Waggoner: J. H. Waggoner, a tent evangelist here in Michigan

Frisbie: Joseph Frisbie from Battle Creek.

Loughborough: John Loughborough from Parkville, Michigan.

Andrews: John Andrews from Waukon, Iowa, but I am currently conducting evangelistic meetings in New York State.

Butler: My name is Butler, and I bring a letter from the believers in Gilboa, Ohio. Do you wish me to read the letter?

Bates: Please, Brother Butler.

Butler: *(Reading)* "The church of God at Gilboa to their brethren assembled in conference at Battle Creek, greetings! Dear brethren, through our delegate, Brother Butler, we submit the following resolution as our unanimous sentiments: Resolved, that we are highly favorable to such organization only as the Bible authorizes and recognizes, built upon the foundation of apostles, prophets, and Jesus Christ Himself." *(Amen)*

14-Making Us a Name

- Bates: Thank you, Brother Butler. Now, there are one or two brethren with me on the platform, who have not been introduced. Elder White needs no introduction. We regret that Sister White cannot attend our conference. She gave birth to a son just a few days ago, and so is confined. Brother Uriah Smith is the editor of the *Review*, and I have asked him to be the secretary for our conference proceedings. *(Sits)*
- Andrews: *(Comes to podium.)* Let us begin our meeting today by singing together Hymn No.260 in the hymnal. ["Lord, In the Morning" *SDAH* 39] *(Audience should be cued to join in singing of hymn.)*
- Waggoner: *(Comes to podium.)* Shall we pray? *(Remains standing.)* Our Lord, we bow before Thee this day, asking Thy blessing on this meeting. May Thy Holy Spirit infuse our hearts, and guide in all that is said and done. We pray in Jesus precious name, Amen. *(All sit.)*
- Bates: *(Comes to podium.)* Before we get into our discussion, I want to mention the needs of some of our brethren and sisters. Many have come from afar as delegates to this conference, and spent most or all of their savings. Others of us live close by, so have not been faced with expenses. I trust we have all come prepared to contribute to the needs of the cause. So let us take up an offering, and invite each to contribute as the Lord has blessed him. *(Sits)*
(An offering is taken.)
- Bates: *(Comes to podium.)* Now, brethren, let us give consideration to the subject of organization. We are ready for those who have anything to say on the subject. Brother Hull?
- Hull: *(From congregation)* Mr. Chairman, as Brother White has written considerably on the subject of organization, I move that he now spend a few minutes talking to us about his views on the subject. *(Bates sits, White comes to podium.)*
- White: Well, brethren, I did not plan to take a very active part in this matter, since I have spoken very freely on the subject in the *Review* during the past several months.
Briefly, the situation is this. I am charged by the church to be its publishing agent, with responsibility for the steam press, books and papers. But since we have no form of legal organization, this also means that I am in effect the owner of the business and all of the equipment. This is quite a responsibility, and I believe the time has come when we need some form of organization to hold property—the publishing house as well as our various meeting houses.
Now, brethren, if the church decides to leave the property in my hands, I shall manage it the best I can. But it is my desire and request that the plan I suggested five years ago be so carried out that no one connected with the office shall have any personal financial interest there. *(White remains at podium during debate.)*

- Brackett: *(From congregation)* Brother Chairman, I think we should honor Brother White's request, and take steps to conduct our business in a legal manner. *(Some Amens)* We have property that lies in Brother White's hands. Suppose Brother White should drop away this evening—all of that property would go to his children, and no action could be taken to recover it till his youngest child became of age.
- Bates: *(Stands and speaks at his seat.)* If your farms, brethren, were in such a situation, you would take some action, would you not? *(Sits)*
- Cornell: *(From congregation)* I wish it were possible to have an organization that would comply with the law of the land, without compromising the truth of God. *(Some amens)*
- Butler: *(Stands and comes to podium, beside White.)* I represent the views of the church at Gilboa. Brethren, we believe that if it is God's will that we have an organization, then the Lord has revealed it in His book somewhere. *(Waves his Bible.)* So I will propose, Mr. Chairman, that we organize upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief cornerstone. *(One or two amens as he returns to seat.)*
- White: But the scriptures do not tell us how the church built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, can hold printing presses, offices, etc.
- Andrews: *(Stands at seat.)* I find nothing in the Bible opposed to an organization sufficient to hold the property of the church. The Bible commands us to let our light shine, but we are not told just how we should do it. All of us believe it is all right to pitch our evangelistic tent from place to place, but the Bible says nothing about it. We believe it is right to publish books and papers, but again the Bible says nothing about that. *(Sits)*
- Waggoner: *(Comes to podium.)* Brethren, Brother Cottrell had some views which he expressed in the Review some time back. He regrets being unable to be here this weekend, but has written out some of his concerns. Although at first he was strongly opposed to any concept of organization, he now feels that he could go along with some sort of publishing association to legally hold our printing press. But he still has some concerns. He writes : "Concerning meeting-houses, each church that builds one can doubtless find a way to hold it legally without entering into any unscriptural organization. They are justly the property of those who built them. May God guide you in your deliberations, R. F. Cottrell."
- White: Brother Cottrell has certainly changed his view, and for that we may be glad. *(Several amens. Waggoner returns to his seat.)* But he still objects to having a church organization which could own our church buildings. Brethren, I believe we need to secure our meeting-houses. *(Amens)* This building in which we meet today is actually the legal property of Brother Stephen Belden. It is built on a lot owned by him, and he holds the deed to the property.

- Loughborough: (*Stands and speaks at seat.*) I am sure we can trust our Brother Belden, but I heard of a case in Cincinnati some years ago when the Adventists lost their meeting-house! As I remember, their church was built on a brother's lot, and one day this brother got the key, locked out the congregation, and turned the building into a vinegar establishment! (*Sits*)
- White: Exactly! And in the case of this meeting-house, Brother Belden cannot legally transfer ownership to the church, simply because we are not a legal organization. If he should be taken away, the law would place all this to his heirs, and then it might be turned into a vinegar establishment or anything else.
- Poole: (*From congregation*) I have trust in our brethren. The way the cause has been managed seems to have been blessed of God. It seems to me that it is impossible to organize without compromising the principle of liberty. If we organize, all we have done is to build a throne upon which the Man of Sin might sit and rule in the temple of God. (*One or two amens.*)
- Andrews: (*Comes to podium*) Brethren, may I read a short extract from Sister White's *Testimony to the Church* No.5 that came out last year? "I saw that God was displeased with the slack, loose manner in which many of his professed people conduct their worldly business. They seem to lose all sense of the fact that the property they are using belongs to God, and they must render to him an account of their stewardship. Some leave their worldly business in perfect confusion." I trust this may not be said of us as a church. (*Amens*) I will move that we form an association for the purpose of holding our property. (*Sits*)
- Waggoner: (*Stands and speaks from seat*) With many of the brethren, I have had misgivings on the subject of organization. I am still not free from prejudice. But I can think of no plan better than the one we have proposed. I am now prepared to endorse the position of Brother White and Brother Andrews. (*Sits*)
- Bates: (*Comes to podium.*) I think, brethren, that we ought to appoint a committee to draw up a proposed constitution for an association which would enable us to hold property. Then we can vote on it. I will suggest the names of Brother Andrews, Brother Waggoner, and Brother Butler to be that committee. (*Bates remains at podium for rest of scene.*)
- Cornell: (*From congregation*) If we are going to form an association, then we must be known by some name. Is there any scripture to show that it is wrong to have a name? Are the churches Babylon because they have names?
- White: To be sure, we are obliged to have a name. I meet with friends very often who ask me what the name of our people is; and it is quite embarrassing not to be able to give any. We give our children names about when they are born. When our cause was young, and we were few in number, we did not see the necessity of taking a name. But it seems to me the child is now so grown that it is exceedingly awkward to have no name for it.
- Poole: (*From congregation*) The reason I object to the adoption of a name is that we will become like all the other denominations, and that will not advance the truth.

- Frishie: *(Stands and speaks at seat. White returns to seat during this speech.)* I have also been opposed to adopting a name, but the fact is, brethren, we are becoming known by a variety of names. Why, I just heard today that our believers in Parkville, Michigan, have formed themselves into an association to hold property and call themselves the Parkville Church of Christ's Second Advent. The believers in Fairfield, Iowa, have done a similar thing, but they call themselves the Church of the Living God. And so it goes. *(Sits)*
- Cornell: *(From congregation)* Brother Arnold once expressed the idea that our only true name is "The Remnant." Some say we become Babylon by adopting a name, and Babylon signifies "confusion." But it seems to me there is confusion in the names already chosen, and if something is not done, our churches will still go on choosing different names. *(Amens)*
- Hewitt: *(From congregation)* Five years ago we moved the publishing office here to Battle Creek, and held a conference. Our local newspaper, the Battle Creek Journal, in reporting on that event, got us confused with the Seventh-Day Baptists. And we could hardly blame them, for as a people we keep holy the seventh-day and we are baptists. But such is the confusion because we do not have a name.
- Belden: *(From congregation)* Going without a name would, in my opinion, be like publishing books without titles, or sending out a paper without a heading.
- Butler: *(Stands and speaks at seat.)* We profess to be lively stones in the temple of God, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets. This being the case, what does the Lord himself declare us to be? In Ephesians He says we are the Church of God. There is our name brethren — the Church of God! We should consider no other. *(Sits)*
- White: *(Comes to podium)* I admit to proposing that name in the Review some time back, but I now realize, brethren, that the name Church of God is already in use by one or two denominations, as well as by some fanatical groups. I now believe that we should avoid it. *(Sits)*
- Hewitt: *(From congregation)* I mentioned a few minutes ago that we have been wrongly called Seventh-Day Baptists here in Battle Creek. With them we share the doctrine of the true Sabbath, but we have always been loosely known as Adventists. So I propose that we take the name Seventh-day Adventists.
- Waggoner: *(Comes to podium)* That is a name which has been used by us several times, and it does contain two of our distinct doctrines — the Sabbath and the Second Coming. *(Sits)*
- Loughborough: *(Speaks from seat.)* I think the name "Seventh-day Adventists" is the most natural and appropriate name we could take.
- Butler: *(Stands and speaks heatedly.)* The believers at Gilboa cannot support it!

Poole: *(From congregation)* Brethren, Brother Hewitt proposed that we take the name of Seventh-day Adventists. I would feel more inclined to support the motion if we were merely to call ourselves Seventh-day Adventists. That would leave the matter more open to discussion among the believers.

Bates: Will you move that, Brother Poole?

Poole: I move that we call ourselves Seventh-day Adventists.

Cornell: *(From congregation)* I will second that motion.

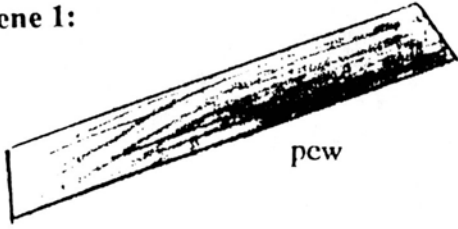
Bates: I will call for a vote on that motion. All delegates who support the motion to call ourselves Seventh-day Adventists, please stand. *(All delegates stand except Butler, Ingraham, and Andrews.)* Are there any opposed? *(Butler stands. Ingraham and Andrews abstain.)*

Thank you, brethren. We will recommend this to our believers through the pages of the *Review*. Indeed, Brother Smith, I think we should publish the entire proceedings of this conference in the *Review*. *(Amens)* Brethren and Sisters, may we always be loyal to the Sabbath and be ready for our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming. *(Amens)* Brother White, would you dismiss our meeting with prayer?

White: Please stand with me. *(All stand, including audience.)* We thank Thee, Lord, for Thy leading through our deliberations. We ask that Thou wilt bless the decisions we have made today, and may this church go onward and hasten Thy coming. Amen.

STAGING SUGGESTIONS

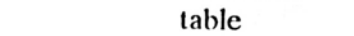
Scene 1:



pew



chair



table

Props:
pen
ink
papers

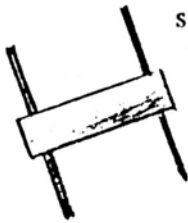
Scene 2:



step ladder



sawhorse



sawhorse



sawhorse

Scene 3:



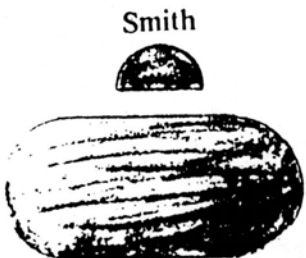
chair



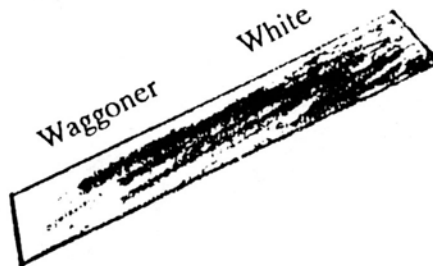
chair

Props:
paper
file of correspondence

Scene 4:



Smith



Waggoner
White



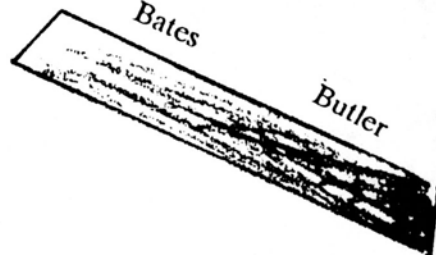
Loughborough



Frisbie



Andrews



Bates
Butler

props:
letter
book
Bibles

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

A suggested program contains the following :

1. Cover (see page 91)
2. Historical background
3. Character sketches
4. Synopsis: Very brief synopsis of each scene, giving setting and action in two sentences.
5. List of cast members
6. Words to hymn if needed: "Lord in the Morning" (*SDAII* 39)
7. Illustration: Map (see page 92)

"MAKING US A NAME"

DEAR BRO. SMITH: Bro. White has asked the brethren to speak in relation to his position to secure the property of the church. I do not know precisely what measures he intends in his suggestion, but understand it is to get incorporated as a religious body according to law. For myself I think it would be wrong to "make us a name", since that lies at the foundation of Babylon. I do not think that God would approve it. The work in which we are engaged is the Lord's, and he needs not the aid of insurance companies to take care of his property.

(The above letter appeared in the Review & Herald of April 26, 1860. The conference was called in September 1860 to discuss this matter in detail)

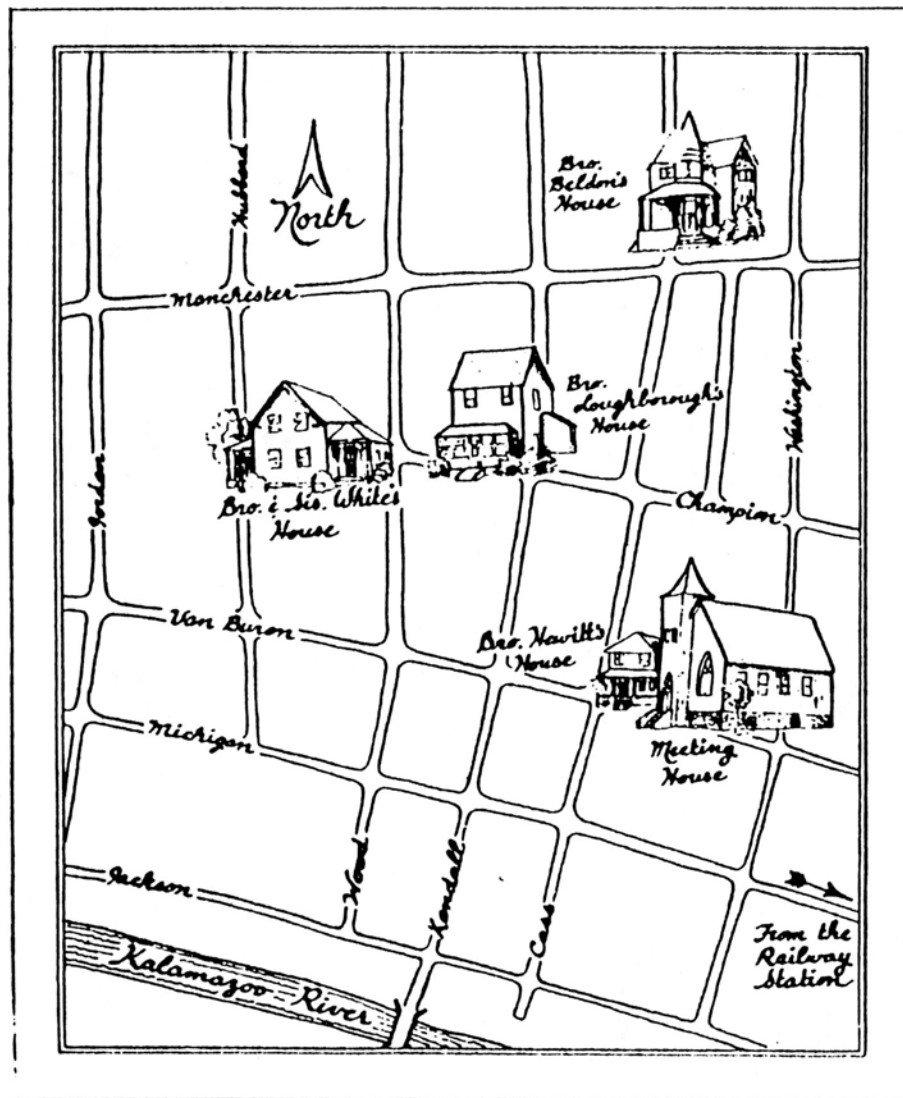
"MAKING US A NAME"
THE BATTLE CREEK CONFERENCE OF 1860
SEPTEMBER 28 to OCTOBER 1

Program Cover

Directions for delegates attending conference at

Battle Creek

September 28 - October 1, 1860



Map

Playing Our Past by the Canadian Union College Heritage Players.
Publisher: North American Division Office of Education.

NELLIE'S DOUBTING MOTHER

by Sharon Davis Messer

Note:

The names of the children could not be found. This is based on a story reported in Volume 2 of E. G. W. Biography pp. 232-236. According to that account the Sisley family lived about 13 miles from Battle Creek in Convis, Michigan. With 13 miles to go by horse and buggy it doesn't seem likely that they left *after* supper for the meeting. Also, according to A. White's account, from the family, only Nellie and her mother were present that night--none of the other children were apparently there.

Cast of Characters

In order of appearance:

Mrs. Sisley

Nellie

Paul

Peter

Sally

Mr. White

Mrs. White

First man

Second man

Any number for audience

Act I: Sisley Family Kitchen

Act II: Battle Creek meeting house

Act III: Sisley Family Kitchen

Time: 1868

Time of Playing: 15 minutes

Properties

Table, tablecloth (optional), 5 plates, glasses and settings of flatware, 3-4 bowls or plates for food, 5 chairs, podium, Bible, 2 chairs behind podium, and as many chairs as are needed for the size of the audience selected, small lamp with removable shade, hand mirror, small clock, woman's handkerchief

Costuming

Mrs. Sisley, Long dress or long skirt and blouse, shawl or sweater optional

Nellie, Sally:

Mrs. White: Preferably dark long dress, or dark long skirt with white blouse.

Paul, Peter, Dark slacks, white or colored long sleeve shirt, suspenders
First Man, (optional) jacket for meeting (optional)

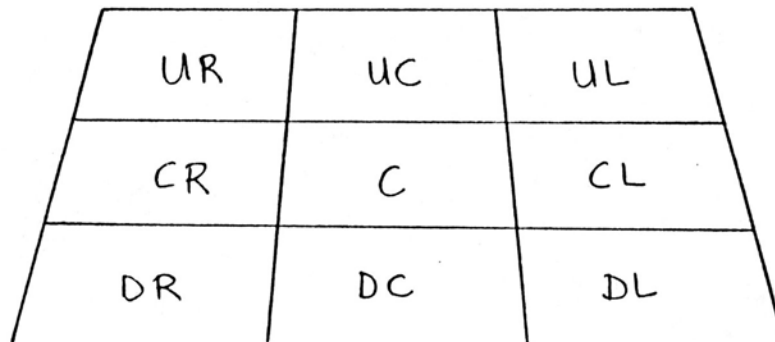
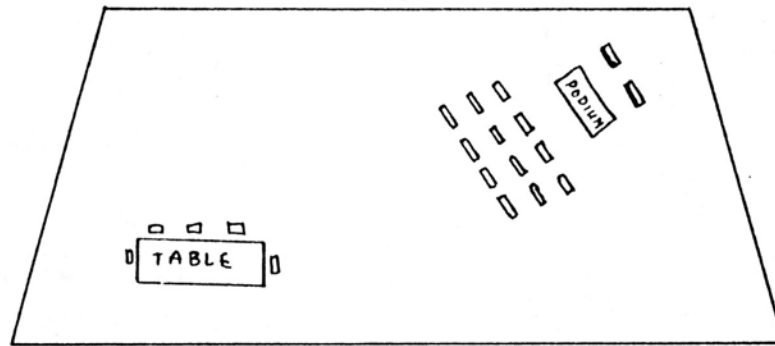
Second Man:

2--Nellie's Doubting Mother

Mr. White: Dark suit, white shirt, no tie
Audience: Similar to other characters

Notes on Staging

For simplicity of production it is recommended that both scenes be set up on the stage throughout the play. The kitchen scene could be on the audience's left and the meeting house scene be on the right. If desired, however, each scene could be played in the center of the stage and the furnishings removed between acts.



Act I:

CHARACTERS: Mrs. Sisley, Nellie, Paul, Peter, Sally

SCENE: *Family is seated around the kitchen table eating the evening meal. Mrs. Sisley is seated at the head of the table with them. The actors are pretending to eat occasionally passing food to each other. Clock is on the table.*

- Nellie:** I can hardly wait to go to the meeting tonight!
- Paul:** One prayer meeting is like any other prayer meeting. *(sighs heavily)* Mom, do I have to go?
- Nellie:** But this one is special! I heard the Whites will be there. They've been gone for months.
- Peter:** You just want to see their son, Willie.
- Sally:** Willie? Ha! I think she has her eyes on Edson--he's much more mature! Why, he's 19 going on 20 and Willie--he's just a boy!
- Peter:** He's the same age as Nellie! She's fourteen and SHE'S no child--SHE'S too bossy for that! *(Paul and Sally join Peter in laughing)*
- Nellie:** Mother!
- Mother:** Now, children, quit teasing your big sister. Eat your supper or we'll be late to the meeting. *(pauses)* Do you suppose these visions Mrs. White has are really from the Lord?
- Peter:** *(talks like his mouth is full)* I bet she's a fake.
- Nellie:** *(frowns at Peter)* Of course they are, Mother.
- Mrs. Sisley:** But how can we be sure?
- Nellie:** Mother, you're much too skeptical.
- Mrs. Sisley:** I can't help feeling like a "doubting Thomas: but there are so many people who profess to receive visions from the Lord. Take Joseph Smith, for example, the founder of the Mormon church. He claimed to have visions. Then there was Ann Lee who claimed she had revelations. They each have quite a following here in the United States. And then there was . . .
- Paul:** *(interrupting)* What church did Anna...Ann...well, whatever her name was...what church did she start?
- Mrs. Sisley:** The Shaker. Back in England I remember my father referring to them as the "Shaking Quakers."
- Peter:** *(giggling)* Were they cold or somethin'?
- Nellie:** Don't be silly. It was because of the religious dance they did.
- Mrs. Sisley:** That's correct, Nellie. They believed by doing this shaking dance they's receive the gift of prophecy. But back to Mrs. White, I just wish I could somehow know for sure she was truly receiving these visions from Good.
- Sally:** Can we have some of that apple cake you made, Mother?
- Mrs. Sisley:** Cake? *(glances at the clock)* Oh no! We're going to be late! No time for cake tonight! *(abruptly stands and gives orders as the curtain closes)* Sally, clear the table, Nellie, help your sister, Peter, feed the goats, Paul, go change your shirt--that one has a hole in it . . .

Curtain

Act II

Characters: The entire cast

SCENE: Podium and two chairs can be placed CL facing the audience. The audience chairs can be at an angle to the edge of the stage DC facing the podium. Nellie and her family enter and seat themselves just as Elder and Mrs. White walk up the aisle and sit down on the rostrum.

PROPS: Bible, small lamp, hand mirror

Mrs. White: *(steps up to the pulpit, Bible in hand).* Let's join in singing "O Brother, Be Faithful." *(Audience joins Elder White in song)*

Eld. White: Shall we pray. Our Father, we ask that you might be with us in a special way this evening. Bless each person gathered here so that each may finally leave this place filled with Your presence. Amen. *(pause)* I know that it is Mrs. White you want to hear so we will turn the meeting over to her at this time.

Mrs. White: *(steps to the pulpit, with a smile she begins)* Jesus is coming so soon. And tho' I am happy because He is coming soon--my heart is saddened for there are so many, even some of you here in this tabernacle, who are not preparing to meet Jesus. This world is not our home, we are but pilgrims and strangers. We need to prepare ourselves for our heavenly home. Jesus' coming is sooner than we think. O' brothers and sisters, be faithful . . .*(suddenly she falls softly backwards to the floor as if in a faint. People in the audience gasp, their whispers getting louder and louder; Mr. White steps to his wife's side and raises her head and shoulders to rest on his knee, her hands are clasped across her chest)*

Nellie: *(grabs her mother's arm and exclaims in stage whisper)* She's fainted!

Paul: I'll get a glass of water!

Eld. White: *(his voice rising above the hubbub)* Don't be alarmed, for Mrs. White has not fainted. She is in vision. *(Paul returns to his seat, the audience is suddenly stilled)* There may be some in this congregation who may have doubts in regard to Mrs. White's inspiration and about her visions. If there are any such, we would be glad to have them come forward and try the physical tests as they are given in the Bible.

Nellie: *(stage whisper)* Mother, it's as if he knows what you've been thinking. Why don't we go up?

Mrs. Sisley: Yes, I believe we should. *(the two go up to the front where they stand by Mrs. White's head, two men from the audience also step forward)*

Nellie: She doesn't look like she's breathing. And her eyes, they're open; . . .

Mrs. Sisley: *(interrupts)* But they don't blink!

- Eld. White:** The entire congregation has seen Mrs. White fall. We know she has lost her natural strength. Now we wish to see if she has supernatural strength. I want you two men who are up here to take her hands apart. you have two hands to her one. *(the men try--unsuccessfully)*
- Nellie:** You're hurting her! Stop!
- Eld. White:** *(kindly)* Don't be anxious. She is safe in God's keeping. Try prying one finger at a time. *(the men rise after trying again)*
- First man:** There's no way we can pull her hands apart. We give up.
- Eld. White:** Now I want you to hold her arms still. *(the men take hold of her wrists but are "unable" to stop the flowing movement of her arms.)*
- Second Man:** I'm afraid we'll hurt her or interfere with her vision.
- Eld. White:** No. You won't hurt her for she is safe in God's keeping, nor will you interfere with the vision for she is wholly unconscious to anything about her.
- Mrs. Sisley:** She still hasn't blinked!
- Eld. White:** Now that you are satisfied with her supernatural strength while in vision we will see if her eyelids close. *(Mr. White reaches for a lamp nearby, removes the shade, then passes the bright light in front of Mrs. White's face.)*
- Mrs. Sisley:** Surely that bright light will make her close her eyes!
- Nellie:** But she doesn't even seem to notice it. I guess it's because she's seeing something even more gloriously bright and wonderful.
- Eld. White:** Now we must see if there is any breath in her body. Does anyone have a mirror? *(one is passed forward)* What happens when we breathe on a mirror, young lady?
- Nellie:** It gets all foggy-looking.
- Eld. White:** *(holds mirror in front of his wife's face)*
- Mrs. Sisley:** *(shakes head in wonder)*
- Nellie:** Look at her expression! Awhile ago she looked extremely happy but now, it looks like a shadow has passed over her face and she looks so sad. I wonder what she sees?
- Eld. White:** *(addressing Mrs. Sisley)* Do you know how to take a pulse?
- Mrs. Sisley:** Yes, I worked in the Health Reform Institute for awhile.
- Eld. White:** Please take my wife's pulse. See if there's anything different about it.
- Mrs. Sisley:** *(kneels and takes Mrs. White's pulse)* Her heartbeat is very regular!
- Mrs. White:** *(coming out of vision she takes three deep breaths and her husband helps her up as the people return to their seats)*
- Eld. White:** The congregation would be very interested in the vision. I know that they would like to know something of what you saw.

6--Nellie's Doubting Mother

Mrs. White: *(steps forward)* Gladly I will tell them. I saw the bright and glorious home the Lord is preparing for His people. I also saw the destruction of the wicked. I was greatly troubled dear brothers and sisters for I saw some who had been Seventh-day Adventists among the lost. They had once started on the narrow pathway to the heavenly home but for different reasons turned aside. Some became discouraged. Some were much in love with the pleasures of this world. Others were more interested in making money than in serving Christ. My heart bled to see so many turn from our loving Savior.

We are living in an evil age. The perils of the last days thicken around us. But while the attention of worldlings is turned to various enterprises, ours should be to the heavens, looking forward to the glorious appearing of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Will all who profess godliness put away every wrong, to confess to God every secret sin. Consecrate your whole heart to God.

And you young people. My heart aches for you as does the heart of God. O, that the loud sound of music would cease so God's still, small voice could be heard. Oh, that you would devote less time to pleasing your own fancy, less time worrying about clothes of the latest styles, and spending much time in vain conversation. Pray to God, pray as you never have before, that Satan will not delude you.

My dear people. There are so many others who would embrace the precious truth if it were brought before them. Missionaries are needed among us, self sacrificing missionaries, who live not too please themselves, but live to do others good.

Jesus is coming soon. Take ye heed, watch and pray for ye know not when the time is.*

Curtain

Act III

Characters: Mrs. Sisley, Nellie, Paul, Peter, Sally

SCENE: Back in the Sisley Family Kitchen. Peter, Sally, and Paul, pull out the kitchen chairs casually and are seated. Mrs. Sisley and Nellie stand to the left end of the table.

Mrs. Sisley: How glad I am that we were at the meeting tonight. Now we have seen Sister White is vision.

Nellie: Now do you believe her visions are from Good, Mother?

Mrs. Sisley: *(hugs her daughter)* Yes, Nellie, I do. I think we all do. *(the other children nod in agreement)*

Nellie: When she started speaking about missionaries I had the distinct impression she was speaking directly to me.**

Mrs. Sisley: *(softly)* I know.

- Nellie:** What do you mean?
- Mrs. Sisley:** I saw the expression on your face when she spoke of the need for missionaries and I knew right then that someday you would journey far across the sea. *(dabs tears with handkerchief)* I..I..don't know if I can give you up..I ...
- Nellie:** Why, Mother! I'm not going tomorrow!
- Peter:** *(teasingly)* She has to wait for Willie to finish school first!
- Sally:** I told you she likes Edson--not Willie!
- Mrs. Sisley:** *(smiles lovingly at her children)* Children! Children! We're not going to lose Nellie for a long time! She's needed right here. THIS is her mission field for now. *(seats herself and gathers the children about her knees)* I think the time has come, though, when we need to dedicate our hearts and lives to God so that we'll be ready when He comes. What do you think? *(Children nod heads in agreement and go to where their mother is seated and kneel in prayer.)* Nellie, would you pray?
- Nellie:** Our dear Savior, thank you for the privilege we had of seeing Mrs. White in vision and for strengthening our faith in your prophet. help us to stay close by your side so we'll be ready when you come. We all love you--very much. In Jesus name, amen. *(pause)* This has been a prayer meeting I'll never forget!
- Paul:** That's for sure!

Curtain!

* Mrs. White's vision on July 12, 1868 (in this story) is in *Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. 2, pp. 112-199.

**Nellie married a young minister and spent a large part of her life as a missionary in Australia.

This play is based on a story by Arthur White in the book, *Notes and Papers Concerning Ellen G. White*, published by the White Estate. pp. 339-341.

LIGHT AND SHADOW

In the face of personal tragedy, J.N. Andrews carries the light of the gospel to Europe.

— ooOOoo —

CHARACTERS:

Angeline Andrews
Charles Andrews
John N. Andrews
Mary Andrews
Sarah Andrews
William Andrews
George I. Butler
Uriah Smith
Ademar Vuilleumier
James White
A Physician
A Railway Conductor

Synopsis of
LIGHT AND SHADOW

Scene 1 opens in Rochester, New York, where the Andrews family has a visitor. Ademar Vuilleumier is one of a small company of Swiss Sabbath-keepers converted to Adventism by an ex-Catholic priest, M. B. Czechowski, a somewhat controversial character. Vuilleumier has come to America to increase his own knowledge of the Adventist doctrines, and to plead for the church to send an official worker to Switzerland. Vuilleumier meets the four members of the Andrews family – Elder John Andrews, his wife Angeline, and their children Charles and Mary. Elder Andrews supports the concept of sending a missionary to Switzerland. But who will go?

The Second Scene is set four years later at the 1874 General Conference Session where the church's first foreign missionary appointment is made: John Andrews will go to Switzerland. We join three church leaders – James White, George Butler, and Uriah Smith – as they discuss the new appointment and Andrews' fitness for the task. Elder White tells of tragedy that has three times struck Elder Andrews – the death of two of his children in infancy, and the recent loss of his wife, Angeline. Andrews and his two surviving children face a difficult assignment without the presence of a wife and mother. But he is enthusiastic about the call, and arrangements are made for them to sail for Europe within four weeks.

In Scene 3 we visit the home of John Andrews' aging mother, Sarah, at Waukon, Iowa, when the mail brings a letter from her granddaughter, Mary. We hear of the family's adjustments to a new language and culture, of plans to publish a paper, and of an amazing incident in Germany. Mother Andrews rejoices in her son's energy in the work, but fears he is jeopardizing his own health and the welfare of his family.

Sarah's fears seem well-founded as, in Scene 4, we are taken to Andrews' apartment in Basel sometime in the early part of 1878. The pantry is nearly empty, and Mary lies ill with fever. It turns out to be the dreaded consumption (tuberculosis). But Elder Andrews grasps the hope of taking Mary back to America and placing her in the Battle Creek Sanitarium while he attends a General Conference Session.

The Fifth Scene is set one year later, in Elder White's office in Battle Creek, Michigan. Here George Butler, Uriah Smith and James White discuss recent events. We learn of Mary Andrews' untimely death, and the deep sorrow this has brought to her father. Andrews himself is in deteriorating health, but is anxious to return to Switzerland. En route he plans a visit with one of his early evangelistic converts, John Loughborough, who is now a missionary in England. Severe illness nearly prostrates Andrews during the voyage back to Europe, and the final Scene depicts his arrival at Basel, sick with fever, yet determined to give all of his remaining strength to the expanding work of the church in central Europe.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

In its formative years, the Adventist Church could not conceive of reaching the whole world with its doctrinal message. Its membership was too small, the sense of imminence of the Second Advent too strong. Yet by the late 1860's and early 1870's the growing church began to accept its mission to "every nation, kindred, tongue and people."

By 1868 a company of Sabbath-keepers had been raised up in Switzerland by an ex-Catholic priest, M. B. Czechowski, who had accepted the Seventh-day Adventist doctrines while in America. For several reasons, the church was unwilling to sponsor Czechowski as its first foreign missionary to Europe, so he went with the support of the Sunday-keeping Adventists. Once in Europe, however, he began teaching the seventh-day Sabbath and other distinctive S.D.A. doctrines, and was soon baptizing converts in Italy and Switzerland.

The new Sabbath-keeping converts in Switzerland learned of the existence of the Seventh-day Adventist Church by accident, and in 1869 they sent James Erzberger, a German-speaking Swiss, to North America to make contact with the church. He returned to Switzerland the following year as an ordained minister. However, most of the Sabbath believers in Switzerland were French-speaking, so in 1870 Ademar Vuilleumier came to America to persuade the church to send a supported worker to Switzerland. The church responded four years later by sending Elder John Andrews as its first official foreign missionary.

When Andrews sailed in September 1874, he took with him a son, Charles, and daughter, Mary. Two other children had died in infancy, and his wife Angeline passed away in 1872. Andrews himself was a scholar and writer as well as a public preacher, and he soon concluded that the best evangelistic approach in Switzerland was to publish a paper in the French language. This he commenced to do as soon as he had a good grasp of the language. During the first four years, new Swiss converts were made with difficulty, but a solid basis for the future work of the church was laid.

Tragedy, however, again struck the Andrews family. Partly as a result of poor diet and damp living conditions, Mary contracted tuberculosis ("consumption" in those days) and died during a visit home to America for the General Conference Session of 1878. The death of his daughter was a grievous loss to Andrews, himself suffering from ill health. In the summer of 1879 he returned to Europe, but was forced through major illness to spend three months in England with the missionary Loughborough family. On arrival in Basel, he was too sick to resume his work and spent several weeks in bed. Although he recovered sufficiently to lead the work again, and travel to various localities, he too succumbed to tuberculosis. His mother, Sarah Andrews, travelled to Switzerland in the summer of 1883 and she remained with him until his death in October of that year. John N. Andrews was in every way a true missionary, and by the time of his death in 1883 the Seventh-day Adventist Church was developing in more than a dozen countries of the world.

List of Sources:

Graybill, Ron. "John N. Andrews: the Family Man." *Adventist Heritage*, Vol.9, No.1, 1984, pp.9-23.

Historical Sketches of the Foreign Missions of the Seventh-day Adventists. Basel, Switzerland: Imprimerie Polyglotte, 1886.

Leonard, Harry, ed. *J. N. Andrews, the Man and the Mission.* Andrews University Press, 1985.

Maxwell, C. Mervyn. *Tell It to the World.* Pacific Press Publishing Association, 1976.

Robinson, Virgil. *John Nevins Andrews: Flame For the Lord.* Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1975.

Spalding, Arthur Whitefield. *Origin and History of Seventh-day Adventists.* Vol. 2. Review and Herald Publishing Association, 1962.

Zurcher, Jean. "John N. Andrews: the Christopher Columbus of Adventists." *Adventist Heritage*, Vol.9, No.1, 1984, pp. 25-46.

Playing Our Past by the Canadian Union College Heritage Players
Publisher: North American Division Office of Education

CHARACTERS

- Angeline Andrews Wife of John Andrews. She died in 1872.
- Charles Andrews Son of John and Angeline. He was seventeen when he accompanied his father to Europe. In Switzerland, he assisted his father in the printing work.
- John N. Andrews Born in 1828 at Poland, Maine, John Andrews became a Millerite and later a Seventh-day Adventist. As a young minister, he travelled extensively throughout the northeastern States, preaching and writing for *The Advent Review and Sabbath Herald*. He was the third President of the General Conference, from 1867 to 1869. He married Angeline Stevens, and although four children were born to the marriage, only two survived infancy. Angeline herself died in 1872, and two years later Andrews went to Switzerland as the church's first supported foreign missionary. He spent eight years there until his life was cut short by tuberculosis in 1883.
- Mary Andrews Daughter of John and Angeline. She was twelve years of age when she accompanied her father to Switzerland in 1874. She was a valuable helper in the publishing work until she contracted tuberculosis and died in 1878.
- Sarah Andrews Mother of John Andrews. In 1883 at Ellen White's insistence, she travelled to Switzerland to be near her son until his death late in the same year.
- William Andrews Crippled brother of John Andrews. He died in Iowa in 1878. His widow, Martha, accompanied Sarah Andrews to Switzerland in the summer of 1883.
- George Butler Butler was General Conference President at the 1874 Session when the decision was made to send J. N. Andrews to Switzerland. His place was then taken by James White, but he again led the church from 1880 to 1888.
- Uriah Smith Editor of *The Review and Herald* for most of the first fifty years of its publication, Uriah Smith was a very influential voice in the Adventist Church. He lost one leg when a youth, and managed with a wooden leg for the rest of his life. Uriah Smith was also a brother-in-law of J.N. Andrews, having married Harriet Stevens, the sister of Angeline (Stevens) Andrews.
- Ademar Vuilleumier A French-speaking Swiss Sabbath-keeper who came to America in 1870, and pled for the church to send a missionary to his homeland. He remained in America for four years, returning to Switzerland with Andrews in 1874.

6 --Light and Shadow

James White

Husband of Ellen White, and a prominent leader of the Seventh-day Adventist Church until his death in 1881. James White was President of the General Conference during most of the years that Andrews was in Switzerland.

*Imaginary
Characters*

*A Physician in Basel, Switzerland
A Railway Conductor*

- Butler: I remember an editorial that you once published in the *Review*, Brother Smith. It put forward the idea that perhaps Christ's command to preach the gospel to peoples and tongues could be fulfilled right here in North America. You pointed out that we have immigrants from practically every nation on earth.
- Smith: Yes, I recall that editorial. It seemed to me that we were putting off the Second Coming when we talked about preaching the message worldwide.
- White: Well, brethren, whatever reservations we had about Brother Czechowski, the Lord has used him to bring the Sabbath truth to Europe. But we have been slow to respond to the call of the Swiss believers. When Brother Vuilleumier came here four years ago, we promised him that we would send a worker to Switzerland. It has taken us four years to fulfil that promise!
- Smith: Yes, we have dragged our feet on this matter. Perhaps we would not even have acted now, if it hadn't been for Sister White's vision in California last April. She warned us that we were entertaining too limited ideas of the work. "Your house is the world!" she said.
- Butler: She was right. Our faith has been too small, too limited. But in Brother Andrews I believe we have selected the right man to take the light of truth beyond America.
- White: I just wish he was going out there with a companion. The death of his wife, Angeline, two years ago was a tragedy for Brother Andrews and the two children. He will need a wife in Switzerland, and his children will need a mother.
- Smith: Yes, it will be a great challenge for him to take charge of the work, as well as to look after Mary and Charles. Though, mind you, Charles is now seventeen, and a very capable lad. He may be a valuable help to his father. Mary is about twelve I think.
- White: Brother Andrews' life has been darkened by many shadows. There were two other children who died in infancy, you know. Yes, Brother Andrews leaves half his family in the silent grave.
- Butler: He himself is not a robust man. I hope he will care for himself, and eat healthfully. (*Looks around.*) I say, here comes Brother Andrews now. And Brother Vuilleumier is with him.
- (*Enter John Andrews and Ademar Vuilleumier.*)
- White: Brethren, come and join us. (*They pull chairs up to the table and sit down.*)
- Smith: We have just been talking about Switzerland, and the decision to send you there as our first supported missionary.
- Andrews: (*Greets each one.*) We can visit for just a moment or two. I believe we already have our travel arrangements in hand.
- Butler: Travel arrangements already?
- Andrews: Yes, we can get a passage on the Cunard liner, Atlas, sailing from New York on September 15. That's exactly one month from today.

Vuilleumier: And I will return to Switzerland with Elder Andrews and the two children. I will begin giving them French lessons as soon as the voyage begins.

White: It is a long time since you left your homeland, Brother Vuilleumier.

Vuilleumier: Four years, Elder White. I am eager to return.

Butler: Brother Andrews, our General Conference Committee has discussed how we may best support you in Switzerland. We know so little about the cost of living there. The wage you get here may prove either too little or too much. So we propose to send you contributions from time to time to assist with your mission work, as well as your living expenses. Does that meet your mind?

Andrews: That is fine with me, Brother Butler. This will be a new experiment for our church in many respects.

White: Indeed it will. Brother Andrews, how is your dear mother? I hope you will have opportunity to visit her out in Iowa before you leave. She is a wonderful saint.

Andrews: Yes, I plan to take a few days to travel out to Iowa and spend a little time with her. *(Pause)* Well, brethren, we must be on our way. We have some matters to attend to before the evening meeting begins.

Smith: *(Rising from table.)* I guess we all have things to do before the meeting. Goodbye, brethren.

(All leave.)

SCENE 3. Living room of Sarah Andrews' home at Waukon, Iowa. Sarah Andrews sits in a rocker, knitting. Her son William, who is crippled, comes in carrying an armful of letters.

William: Hello, mother. The mail has come in from Chicago, and I see there is a letter from Switzerland for you. Must be from John.

Sarah: Thank you for bringing my mail, William. Let's see. *(Opens letter.)* Oh, this is from Mary. *(Reads)*

Dear Grandmother:

Thank you for your last letter to all of us. But we couldn't read your letter as soon as it arrived. That was because Father has made a new rule that we can only use English for one hour every day, and that is our supper hour. In fact, we even had to sign a pledge that we would do this. Sometimes it seems harsh, but I guess it is necessary if we are to learn this language. French is certainly challenging. We walk around the house all day with our French dictionaries. Sometimes we make funny mistakes. Yesterday I asked brother how he was feeling and he looked at the clock and answered, "a quarter past two." He had a good laugh over that.

Everything is so different here in Basel. You don't shop for milk and bread here. A farmer brings his cow by in the morning and you run outside with a pail and he milks the cow for you right there in the street. Bread also is brought to the house by the local baker. It is crusty and white. Father wishes it were whole

wheat but the baker just shakes his head whenever Father mentions it. They don't seem to know about health reform here.

The work here in Switzerland is slow and difficult. Father cannot get permission to conduct public meetings, so he plans to start printing a paper just as soon as his French is good enough. Today, though, Father has just returned from a trip north to Prussia with exciting news. I will tell you the story.

One day, about six weeks ago, a German-speaking man came begging at Mr. Erzberger's home. He wanted food and a bed for the night. Mrs. Erzberger invited him inside, and after the meal, they began to talk to their visitor about the Adventist truth. It seemed a good opportunity to witness.

When they talked about the Sabbath, the man expressed surprise, and said there was a whole company of people keeping the seventh-day in his home town of Elberfeld in Prussia. Mr. Erzberger could hardly believe his ears, and the very next day he told Father about the beggar's visit.

Anyway, Father and Mr. Erzberger decided to travel up to Elberfeld to find these Sabbath-keepers. When they got there, they found a group of about fifty people who thought that they were the only Sabbath-keepers in the world! Father stayed with them for about five weeks, preaching to them. Father says it must be the work of the Holy Spirit who is opening up the way for the Advent message throughout Europe. Isn't that wonderful!

Well, there is more I could tell you, but I am writing this during my daily "English hour" and my time is almost up.

Thank you, Grandmother, for your love and prayers. We hope we will see you again soon. Perhaps you might even be able to come and see us here. Father is too busy to write to you just now, but he and Charles send their love. Our regards to Uncle William and Aunt Martha also.

Love,

Your granddaughter, Mary.

Sarah: What a nice letter!

William: Yes it is. It is a good thing that Mary enjoys writing letters or you may not hear from them very often. *(Pause)* So when are you planning to visit them in Switzerland?

Sarah: Me? Go to Europe? I would rather save the money and send it to John to help with his mission. *(Pause)* I just hope they are eating well and looking after themselves! I have a suspicion that John will use every penny he has in the work, and not keep enough for their food and clothing.

SCENE 4. A room in the Andrews' apartment in Basel, Switzerland. The date is sometime early in 1878. Mary is lying on a small couch, ill. John Andrews sits by her, writing an article for his paper, *Signes des Temps*. Soon Charles enters.

Andrews: *(Looks up as Charles enters.)* Hello, son, have you finished the typesetting already?

Charles: Yes, father. How is Mary?

Andrews: No different, as much as I can tell. Sister Ings has gone to fetch a doctor. *(Pause)* Have you had something to eat?

Charles: No, father. There is nothing much in the pantry except potatoes and some white bread.

Andrews: I know, son, I know. *(Sighs)* Perhaps tomorrow you should take what little money we have and buy some fruit. The Lord knows we have spent almost everything to pay for printing this month. *(There is a knock at the door.)*

Charles: This must be the doctor. *(Goes to door; doctor enters.)* Bon jour, Doctor, come in.

Doctor: Bon jour. *(Comes in.)* You have a sick child? *(Sees Mary on couch and goes over.)*

Andrews: She has a high fever, Doctor. She is unable to keep any food down.

Doctor: I will examine her. *(Goes to Mary's bedside. John Andrews and Charles stand some distance away.)*

Charles: Father, have you finished translating the article on the image of Daniel Two?

Andrews: It is nearly completed, son. I had many interruptions today on account of Mary being ill. I will try to finish it tonight, then you can set the type tomorrow.

Charles: That means we can get it to the printer by Friday.

(At this point, the Doctor comes forward.)

Doctor: I have bad news for you, Monsieur Andrews.

Andrews: Yes?

Doctor: Your daughter has consumption.

Andrews: Consumption!

Doctor: I am afraid so. She may live perhaps one year. I would advise you to stay away from her bedside as much as possible. Consumption is a contagious disease, you know. *(Pause, then shakes hands.)* I am sorry, Monsieur. I will send someone with medication for your daughter. Au revoir. *(He leaves.)*

Charles: Mary has consumption?

Andrews: That is what he said, Charles. *(Long pause as he looks towards Mary.)* But stay away from her bedside? That is something I cannot do! Mary came willingly to Europe with me, without a mother. She has stood by me loyally these last four difficult years. I will not let her down. *(Returns to her bedside.)*

Charles: Father, remember you have an invitation to attend the General Conference in America just a few weeks from now. Will you still go?

Andrews: *(Ponders a moment.)* Yes, Charles, I will go. I will write to the brethren, and ask if I may take Mary with me. There is a newly enlarged sanitarium in Battle Creek under the direction of Dr. Kellogg. Mary will receive the best treatment there. Son, we must hope and pray.

Charles: We will, father. We will.

(Andrews remains with bowed head at Mary's bedside as Charles softly leaves the room.)

SCENE 5. Office of the General Conference President at Battle Creek. The date is June 1879. James White (President), George Butler, and Uriah Smith enter together.

White: Well, brethren, it is good to be home here in Battle Creek after camp-meetings in the west – though Ellen and I will be moving west again for more meetings in just a few days. I am sorry that we were not able to come for the dedication of the new Tabernacle here in Battle Creek.

Smith: We missed you, Brother White. It was a high day for Battle Creek, and Brother Andrews preached a most wonderful sermon.

Butler: Yes, it was a sermon from the heart.

White: That man has endured so much sadness, yet he is thoroughly committed to finishing the work.

Butler: The death of Mary last November was a severe blow to him. She had been such a blessing to him since his wife passed away. I believe she was his main source of editorial help with the French paper.

White: It was a severe blow. He has not yet recovered from it.

Butler: But he is determined to return to Switzerland. His heart is there. He sees the work opening up in so many places in Europe. He tells of believers in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Germany, France, and Italy – even in Egypt.

Smith: I am afraid for his health. Brother Andrews arrived here last summer looking half-dead. I am not sure that he looks much better now that he is getting ready to return.

White: I can remember when several of us were in that condition about fifteen years ago. Half dead men! I think Brother Bates was the only healthy man in our cause. Then Ellen was given the vision about health reform, and we realized that our style of living had to change.

Butler: The problem with Brother Andrews is that he is so busy, he forgets to eat.

Smith: The problem with Brother Andrews is that he doesn't have a wife to look after him!

- White: You have hit the nail on the head, Brother Smith! Ellen has urged him strongly to re-marry before he returns to Switzerland.
- Smith: What was his response to her counsel?
- White: The poor man loved Angeline so much that seven years after her death he still cannot bring himself to look for another. He could only write and thank Ellen for her interest in him and his happiness.
- Butler: That is Brother Andrews' decision, and we must respect it. In less than a month he sails again for Europe to try to take up his work where he left it nearly a year ago. Brethren, may God go with him, and may the work in Europe continue to grow and expand until the Lord comes. *(Amen)*
- White: Brother Andrews plans to spend a few days in England with the Loughboroughs on his way to Basel. John Loughborough was one of his early converts from back in the fifties, you know. I think the visit will bring encouragement to both of them.

SCENE 6. The interior of a railway carriage, en route to Basel, Switzerland. There are two adjoining seats, facing the audience. Andrews occupies one of them, his suitcase standing beside him. The other seat is empty. Andrews is wearing a heavy overcoat, and is asleep as the scene opens.

Andrews: *(Rouses from sleep, feeling hot. Wipes his forehead, removes his coat. Attempts to settle down again, then wipes his forehead again. Then he lapses into sleep. Soon he begins to talk with eyes closed most of the time. His speech is punctuated by many pauses. He has a severe fever.)*

Seems hot in here. *(Pause)* You need help with the typesetting, son. We must find extra help. How can you run a publishing house this way? Tell the brethren we need our own printing press. They must understand. Write to the brethren. Tell the brethren. *(Pause)*

Mary can't help us anymore, son. Why is my life so much in shadow? *(Sighs)* "Brother Andrews, you must keep your hand firmly in the hand of God." I will, Brother White, I will. But it seems that my hand is numb. My hand is numb. Where is He leading me?

Brother Loughborough, we haven't had such a good visit for nearly twenty years. That's a long time. Angeline was with us then. And Mary. We were conducting an evangelistic campaign in Rochester. And you came along, Brother Loughborough. You came with a list of Bible texts which proved the Sabbath was changed to Sunday. Remember that? "Yes, Brother Andrews, I remember that night. You preached on the Sabbath. And you used every one of my texts to prove that the Sabbath was not changed. By the end of the sermon I had crossed them all off my list." You became a Seventh-day Adventist in one night, Brother Loughborough. I must preach like that again. Brother Loughborough – my spiritual son. You call me your spiritual father.

(Suddenly wakes up cold and shivering. Reaches for his coat and pulls it over him. Then back into fitful sleep.)

Son, how are you coping with the typesetting? You need help with it. I must find more help. We need our own printing press. Must write to the brethren, and ask for our own publishing house. Tell the brethren. "You tell them, father." Yes, son, I'll tell them. We'll both tell them.

"Brother Andrews. They say you have the whole Bible memorized." The whole Bible? That's not quite right, Sister Loughborough. If you destroyed the New Testament, I could rewrite it again, word for word. But not the Old Testament. Not yet, sister. But the New Testament, yes. "That's marvellous, Brother Andrews."

(Again wakes up hot. Casts off coat.)

"You didn't bring Mary home with you, Father." Andrews, you must keep your hand firmly in God's hand." I will, Brother White, I will. But it seems my hand is numb. Holding onto God with a numb hand.

I'll preach again, Brother White. Just like the night Brother Loughborough came. I'm his spiritual father. The New Testament, yes. I could rewrite it, word for word. But not the Old Testament. Not yet, Sister Loughborough. But the New Testament, yes. Tell the brethren.

I'll preach again, Brother White. I must work while it is day. The night comes, when no man can work. The night comes. *(Pause while he sleeps. Suddenly a uniformed officer enters, and shakes him.)*

Officer: Excuse me, sir. This is Basel. You are leaving the train here, sir?

Andrews: *(Wakes suddenly.)* Basel! Yes!

(Grabs coat, picks up case, then almost collapses.)

Officer: Let me carry your case, Monsieur. This way.

Andrews: Thank you, sir.

(Both exit.)

Voice: *(Music fades in, then out to voice.)*

Elder Andrews arrived at Basel on August 11, 1879, sick with fever. He spent several weeks in bed, making a slow recovery. During the next three years he tried to resume his intensive program of writing, editing, preaching, and travelling. But his health deteriorated progressively, as symptoms of the dreaded consumption began to appear in his body.

In 1882 his close friend, Elder John Loughborough, travelled over from England to anoint him. His health continued to worsen, and in the summer of 1883 his elderly mother, Sarah Andrews, came to Switzerland to be with him. He died at sunset on Sunday, October 21, 1883, at the age of 54 years. He spent a total of eight years in Switzerland as the first Seventh-day Adventist foreign missionary.

MEMORABLE DATES

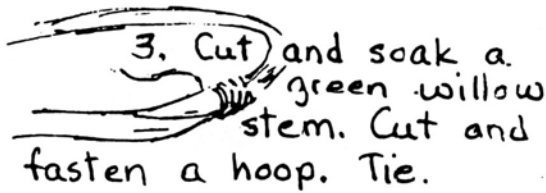
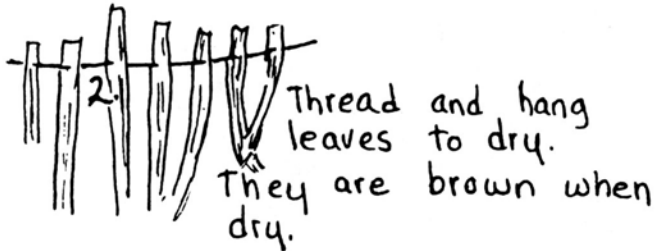
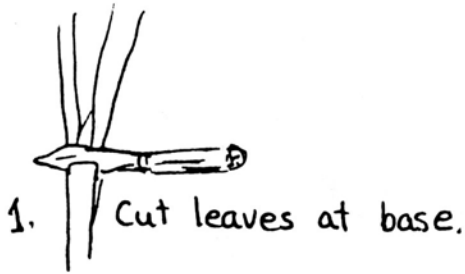
Some of the following dates may be useful as you plan this unit. Most of the information is found in the Memorable Dates From Our Adventist Past by Jim Nix. (Numbers in parentheses refer to full articles in Memorable Dates.)

January	4,	1875	Battle Creek College dedicated
January	5,	1879	American Health and Temperance Association organized
February	6,	1864	First SDA Church in Canada organized at Westbury, Quebec
February	7,	1871	Adelia P. Van Horn elected first woman treasurer of the General Conference
March	14,	1858	Great Controversy vision given to Ellen White in Lovett's Grove, Ohio
April	20,	1879	Dime Tabernacle, in Battle Creek, dedicated
May	13,	1860	Parkville, MI the first legally organized SDA Church
May	21,	1863	General Conference organized in Battle Creek
June	3,	1872	First denominationally operated church school opened in Battle Creek.
June	4,	1874	First issue of Signs of the Times, edited by James White published in Oakland, CA
June	8,	1869	Vigilant Missionary Society organized in South Lancaster, MA
June	9,	1854	First tent meeting held by Sabbath-keeping Adventist opened in Battle Creek
July	18,	1868	SDA work officially begun in California
August	3,	1868	Ellen White vision about American Civil War, given at Roosevelt, N.Y.
August	21,	1864	First SDA camp meeting in Canada at Magog, Quebec
August	30,	1864	SDA's petitioned U.S. government for non-combatant status during Civil War

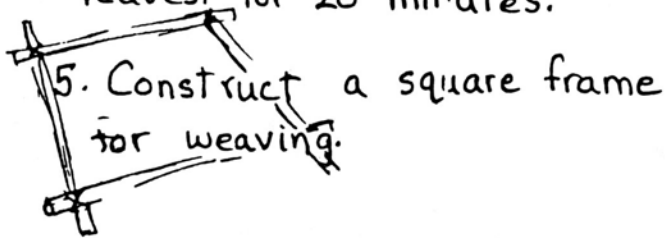
September 1,	1868	First official SDA camp meeting opened in Wright, MI
September 5,	1866	Western Health Reform Institute (Later to be called Battle Creek Sanitarium) just opened to patients
September 15,	1874	J.N. Andrews and children, Charles and Mary, left for Europe as first official SDA missionaries
September 28,	1860	Meeting at Battle Creek to organize SDA publishing work
October 1,	1860	The name Seventh-day Adventist chosen
October 2,	1872	First western SDA camp meeting opened at Windsor, CA
October 6,	1861	Michigan first conference to be organized
December 25,	1865	Ellen G. White vision to establish health institution

CATTAIL WEAVING

Thanks to the Curious Naturalist
Vol. XIX, No. 4 Summer, 1980



4. Soak dried cattail leaves for 20 minutes.



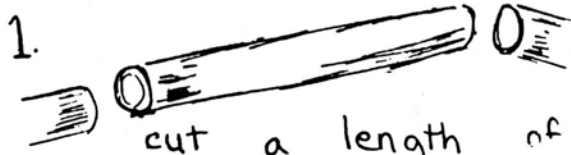
7. Lay hoop on woven mat. Cut off leaves, a few at a time. Leave enough to bend over hoop.

8. Lash the bent over leaves to the hoop with a thong. Leave the thong in and out of every second leaf.

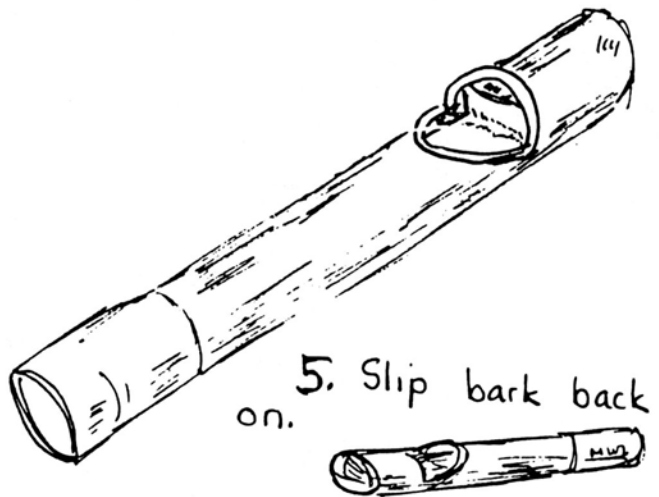
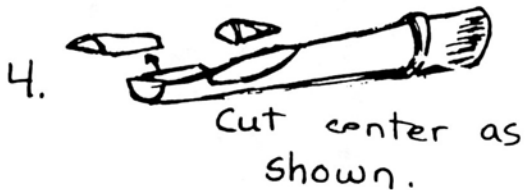
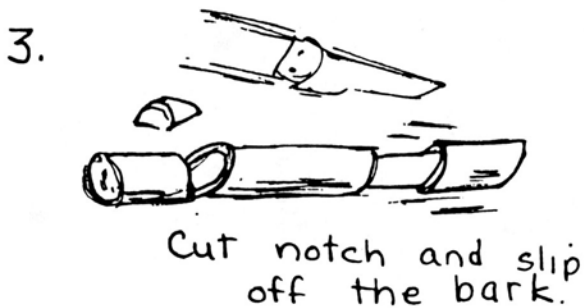


How to make a Willow Whistle

Thanks to The Curious Naturalist,
Vol XVI - no 3, Spring, 1977



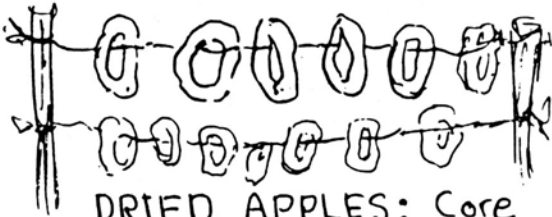
cut a length of twig (hickory is good too)



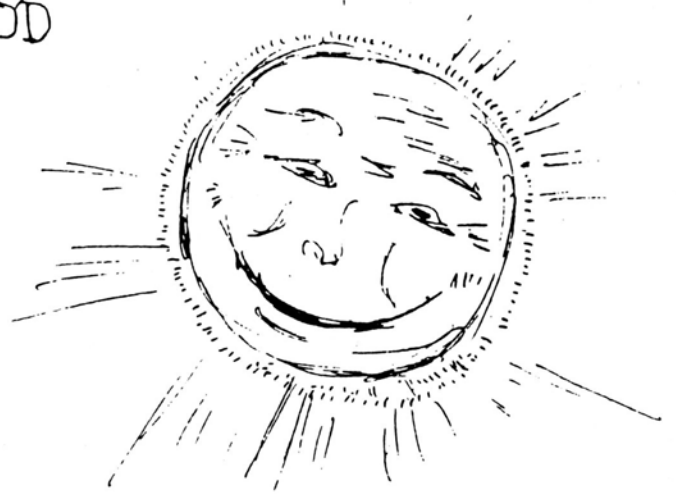
Early spring is the very best time to try to make a willow whistle. Sometimes green hickory branches are easier to use.

Your whistles may be made in any size which pleases you.

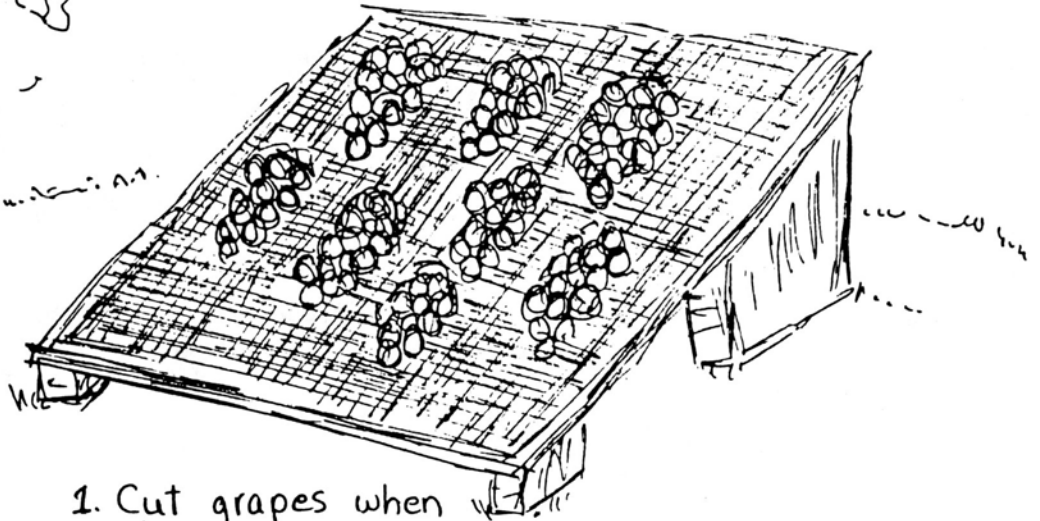
DRYING FOOD



DRIED APPLES: Core and slice thinly. String so the slices don't touch. Hang to dry.



DRIED GRAPES = RAISINS



1. Cut grapes when ripe
2. Lay the bunches on the screen so that they get plenty of air and light. Try to choose a period of dry weather.
3. After a week, the grapes should brown and shrivel on the sunny side.
4. Turn the bunches over and dry the other side.

→ Move inside if raining.

→ Check to keep the flies away.



Natural Dyes



Goldenrod flower heads give a yellow color. Best if picked early.



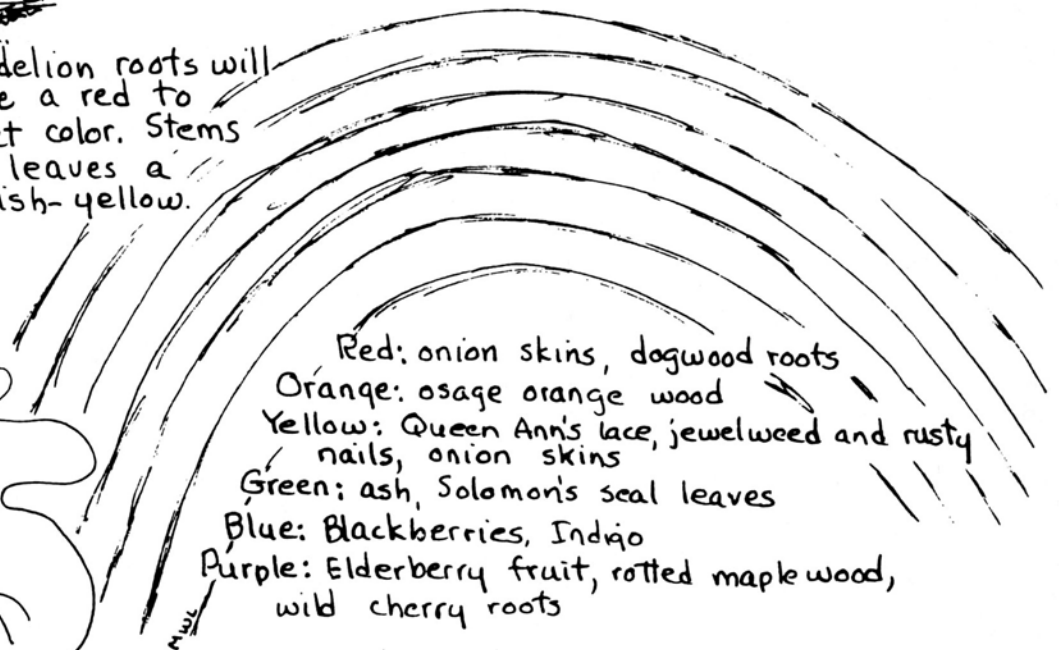
Dandelion roots will give a red to violet color. Stems and leaves a greenish-yellow.



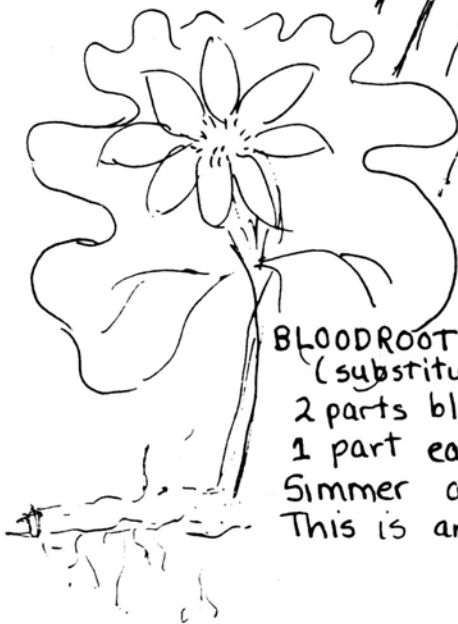
Sassafras root, bark makes a rose-tan dye.

How to Dye material:

1. Chop up plant material. Soak in soft water overnight.
2. Make mordant - cotton: $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of washing soda.
wool: $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of wool, 1 ounce alum in gallon of water.
3. Simmer the mixture for an hour, strain off liquid.
4. Soak material in mordant mixture overnight
5. Take material from mordant, squeeze out and simmer in dye water until dye takes.
6. Rinse dyed material in hot water and cool gradually until clear. Dry in the shade

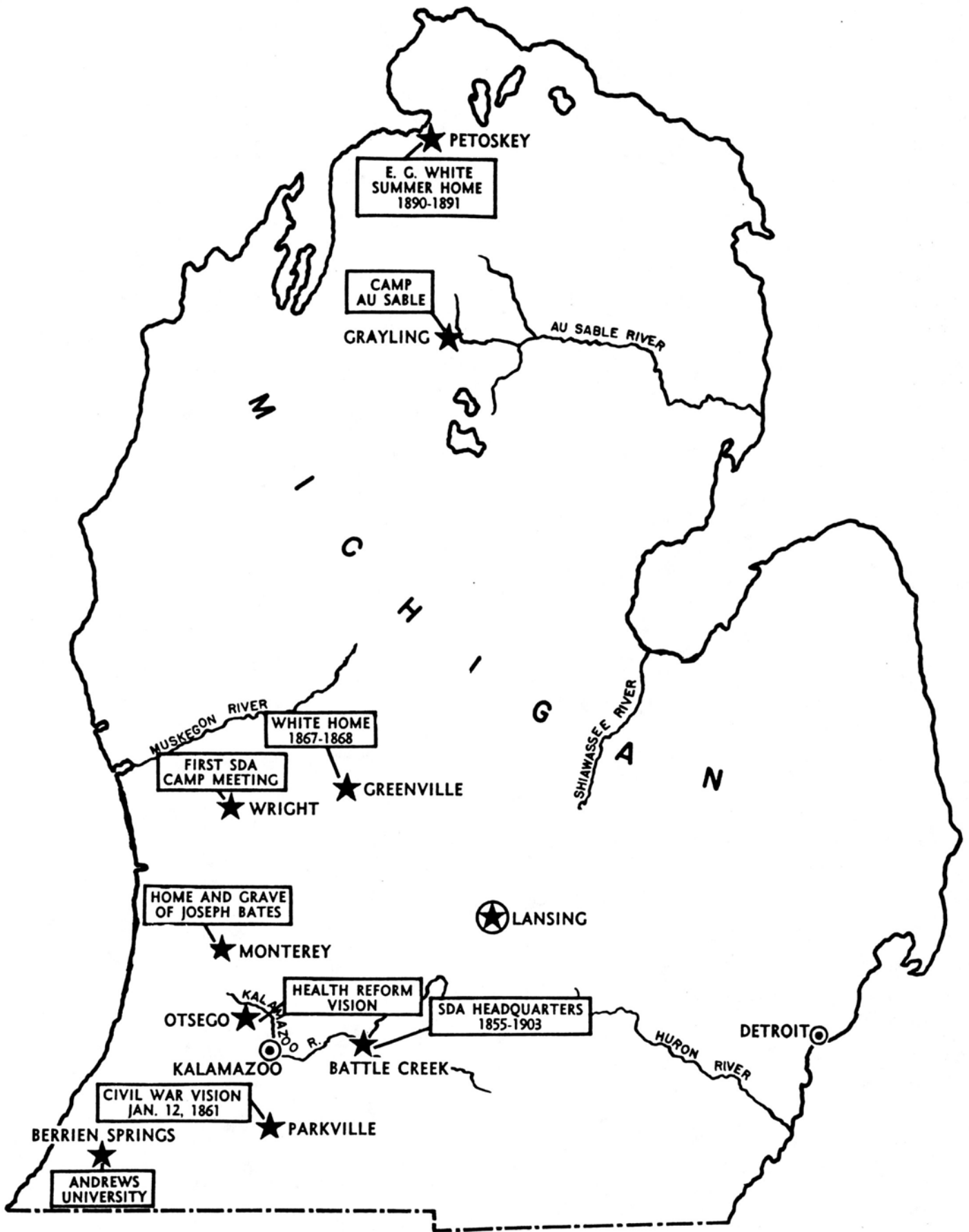


Red: onion skins, dogwood roots
 Orange: osage orange wood
 Yellow: Queen Ann's lace, jewelweed and rusty nails, onion skins
 Green: ash, Solomon's seal leaves
 Blue: Blackberries, Indigo
 Purple: Elderberry fruit, rotted maple wood, wild cherry roots



BLOODROOT (substitute beets)

2 parts bloodroot, fresh or dried
 1 part each. wild plum bark, red dogwood, alder
 Simmer altogether until color desired is revealed.
 This is an Indian formula for a SCARLET dye.



SDA Historical Map

VIDEOS:

Keepers of the Flame
Evening with James White
I Knew Ellen White
Attic Stories
Miller Farm/Washington, New Hampshire Church
Elmshaven Years

CASSETTES:

Stories of Early Church
(NOT YET AVAILABLE--being developed by "Your Story Hour")

RESOURCE BIBLIOGRAPHY



CATCH THE VISION

Harvest 90 Education Project

NADOE, General Conference

6840 Eastern Avenue, NW

Washington, DC 20012

(202) 722-6413

June, 1988

Children's Books (ages 0-4)

Gathering Fruit, Tom Kohls.

This illustrated story tells about when Mrs. White took some children out to pick berries. It draws out a useful lesson on witnessing.

The Green Cord, Tom Kohls.

Two of Ellen White's visions that deal with heaven are explored.

The Missing Hairnet, Tom Kohls.

Discover why God told Mrs. White where the hairnet was.

A Trip to Heaven, Tom Kohls.

This is the story of an Ellen White dream about the journey to heaven. It is also about faith.

Children's Books (ages 5-8)

Eight Laws of Health, Joe Maniscalco.

In simple language and effective illustration are presented the eight laws of health spelled out by Ellen G. White in *The Ministry of Healing*.

Joey Finds Out, Miriam Wood.

The story of a small boy who attends the General Conference session in Vienna.

Long Ago Stories, Miriam Hardings.

Here are stories you can read to small children that show them how God led Ellen White and other pioneer Adventists through many exciting experiences. This book will help children appreciate the church they are growing up in, and will strengthen their faith in later life.

Children's Books (ages 9-12)

Burning Hope, Dan Day.

The story of courage and adventure of God's leading the young German, Haans Mayr, who recognized God's call and refused to let circumstances or his father turn him aside.

Determined to Love, Kay Rizzo.

Many people said unkind things about the Indians of South America. But Ferdinand and Ana Stahl didn't believe all that they heard. As you read this book, you will discover thrilling stories of God's love and deliverance, and of triumph over opposition.

Journey to Freedom, Patricia Maxwell.

Tells how Anna Knight overcame every difficulty she met with determination, hard work, and God's help. At 97 years of age she received the church's highest award for educational excellence--the Medallion of Merit. A truly inspiring life.

Jungle Adventurer, Eileen Lantry.

Some people push toward a goal, letting nothing stop them. God uses people like these in powerful ways. Once O. E. Davis accepted God's call to mission service, nothing could stop him. Follow him as he establishes a mission station in western British Guiana.

Mary Andrews, Companion of Sorrows, Carolyn Byers.

Mary Francis was only 13 years old when she arrived in Switzerland. Her father was going to be a missionary. But what was *she* going to do? Teens will enjoy this compelling story about the daughter of the first Adventist foreign missionary.

Over My Shoulder, Ella White Robinson.

Here's an authentic, firsthand account of some of the exciting events of our Adventist past, recalled by a woman who was there.

She Fulfilled the Impossible Dream, Dewitt S. Williams.

Eva Dykes was the first Black American woman to ever complete the requirements for a Ph.D. degree. She went on to devote her life to service.

Spicer: Leader With the Common Touch, Godfrey Anderson.

The affectionate biography of a great Adventist leader, and of his special burden for the overseas work of the church.

The Making of a Missionary, Martha Odom.

Oliver Montgomery was determined to take the gospel along the entire length of the Amazon River. No white man had ever made this journey before. Follow Montgomery on this trek.

The Solusi Story, Virgil Robinson.

A veteran storyteller unfolds the whole tale of the founding of the Solusi Mission.

The Truth Seekers, Myrtle A. Pohle.

This is the saga of the Hispanic churches of the Southwest.

Those Happy Golden Years, Miriam Wood.

A skillful writer shares her collection of stories about evangelism--many of which happened to her and her husband in their early ministry.

Trail of Peril, Yvonne Davy.

The true story of Joseph Wolff, the German rabbi's son who became a Christian and witnessed throughout the world. His adventures and narrow escapes rival those of the most imaginative fiction.

Without Fear or Favor, Virginia Duffy Steinway.

A biography of a spirited, strong-minded Adventist leader--M. L. Andreasen--who was determined that he would not compromise truth as he saw it.

Sanctuary

Christ Our Righteousness, Arthur G. Daniells.

The Cross and Its Shadow, S. N. Haskell.

This is a reprint of an important early Advent book, which explains the sanctuary and its services.

The Sanctuary, 1844, and the Pioneers, Paul A. Gordon.

On what did the early Adventist leaders base the sanctuary doctrine? In this book the author demonstrates that they arrived at a consensus as a result of a long period of serious Bible study.

The Sound of Trumpets, George Reid.

Ellen White and the Adventist lifestyle--this study of our health movement deals particularly with Mrs. White's role in the formulation of Adventist health teachings.

The Story of Our Health Message, Dores Eugene Robinson.

This book is a comprehensive history and includes the story behind the founding of Loma Linda University.

The Story of the SDA Church, Eugene F. Durand.

Seventh-day Adventists appear near the bottom of the list of major denominations. However, their influence is far-reaching. The author examines the history of its activities, structure, and beliefs. He shows that Adventism is a way of life that appeals to men and women of every culture, class, and nationality.

Tell it to the World, (revised) Mervyn Maxwell.

A biographical history of the Advent movement from William Miller through the organization of the church in 1863 and the events following the 1901 General Conference session.

Thirteen Crisis Years--1888-1901, A. V. Olson.

They were perilous times, and the author takes a clear-eyed look at them in this stimulating review of the 13 years following the 1888 General Conference session.

The Vision Bold, Warren Johns and Richard Utt.

The richly illustrated, colorful book combines a pictorial history of the Adventist health message with an analysis of the philosophy behind it.

Unknown Prophet: The Story of William Ellis Foy, Delbert W. Baker.

The first Millerite to see visions before the Great Disappointment was a tall Black preacher named William Foy. What happened to him? This book reveals facts about his ministry and visions that very nearly disappeared in the shadows of time.

We Have Tomorrow, Louis B. Reynolds.

The role played by Black Adventists in our church's history. The illustrations and dust jacket painting are by Harry Anderson.

Winds of Change, Ernest H. J. Steed.

Using the history of temperance work as a backdrop, Dr. Steed enumerates point by point the biblical and Spirit of Prophecy counsel on this important topic.

Witness of the Pioneers.

A compilation. Subtitled *Concerning the Spirit of Prophecy*, this unique commentary on the life and work of Ellen G. White and her times uses facsimile reproductions of articles from various journals of the day. The large 10" by 12" by 14" size matches the *Review and Herald Articles volumes*.

A Word to the Little Flock.

A facsimile reproduction of an Advent classic, this booklet contains articles on prophetic exposition by James White, the early visions of Ellen G. White, and a statement by Joseph Bates. (White Estate)

The Spirit of Prophecy Treasure Chest.

A collection of authors, including pioneers of the Adventist Church, discuss the Spirit of Prophecy. This reference book includes many documented stories of how the Spirit of God acted through Ellen G. White.

Testimony of Jesus, F. M. Wilcox.

A reprinting of an Adventist classic, this review of the work and teachings of Ellen G. White aims to establish confidence in the Advent message.

Witness of the Pioneers, A compilation.

This unique commentary on the life and work of Ellen G. White uses facsimile reproductions of articles from various journals of her time.

The World of Ellen G. White, Gary Land, ed.

Fourteen specialists examine specific areas of nineteenth-century life, such as literature, amusements, and rail travel. Together they have created a readable, accurate resource for anyone who wants to understand the writings of Ellen White better.

GAMES

Waymarks--Adventist Heritage Game.

Discover interesting church history trivia while playing this absorbing card game. Ages 10 to adult.

BOOKS IN SPANISH

Life Sketches, Ellen G. White.

Tell Me About Ellen White, Marye Trim.

MUSIC

Christ in Song

Now you can sing those old favorites from years gone by. This one volume contains many of the best loved songs of the Advent movement from its earliest days.

Companion to the Seventh-day Adventist Hymnal, Wayne Hooper and E. E. White.

PICTURES

"Adventist Heritage Pictures," Vernon Nye (PP).

Four ready-to-frame pencil drawings: Elmshaven; Washington, New Hampshire Church; William Miller Chapel; 1881 Pacific Press Publishing House.

Other Books:

Adventism in America, A History, Gary Land, ed.

William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1986. 301 pp.

RESOURCE BIBLIOGRAPHY--9

Hetzel, M. Carol	<i>The Undaunted</i>	1967	PPPA	181pp
Johnson, H. M. & Dinsmere, E. Roose	<i>Stories of Little Ellen and the Message</i>	1950		95pp
Joiner, James	<i>These Were the Courageous</i>	1968	SPA	100pp
Knight, Anna	<i>Mississippi Girl</i>	1952	SPA	224pp
Lantry, Eileen	<i>Dark Night, Brilliant Star</i>	1981	PPPA	112pp
Lantry, Eileen	<i>Miss Marian's Gold</i>	1981	PPPA	80pp
McComber, Harold	<i>The Advent Message in The Golden West</i>	1968	PPPA	184pp
Miller, Mabel	<i>William & His Twenty Two</i>	1959	R&H	158pp
Nelson, Kathryn	<i>Kate Lindsey, M.D.</i>	1963	SPA	192pp
Ochs, Don & Grace	<i>The Past & the Presidents</i>	1974	SPA	231pp
Robinson, Ella M.	<i>Lighter of Gospel Fires</i>	1954	PPPA	169pp
Robinson, Ella M.	<i>S. N. Haskell, Man of Action</i>	1967	R&H	256pp
Robinson, Ella M.	<i>Stories of My Grandmother</i>	1967	SPA	200pp
Robinson, Virgil	<i>Cabin Boy to Advent Crusader</i>	1960	SPA	190pp
Robinson, Virgil	<i>Flame for the Lord</i>	1975	R&H	122pp
Spalding, Arthur W.	<i>Origin & History of Seventh-day Adventists, V. 1-4</i>	1961		
Spalding, Arthur W.	<i>Pioneer Stories of the Second Advent Movement</i>	1922	SPA	384pp
Spicer, W. A.	<i>Pioneer Days of the Advent Movement</i>	1941	R&H	256pp
Thiele, M. Rossiter	<i>By Saddle and Sleigh</i>	1965	R&H	128pp
Thomsen, Russel J.	<i>Baptists--Their Legacy to Seventh-day Adventists</i>	1971	PPPA	95pp
Trustees of the EGW Estate	<i>I'd Like to Ask Sister White</i>	1965	R&H	160pp
Trim Marye	<i>Tell Me About Ellen White</i>	1975	R&H	
VandeVere, Emmett	<i>Rugged Heart</i>	1979	SPA	138pp
Wall, Ava C.	<i>They Also Served</i>	1940	R&H	191pp
Westphal, Barbara	<i>Ana Stahl of the Andes and Amazon</i>	1960	PPPA	127pp
Wheeler, Ruth	<i>His Messenger</i>	1939	R&H	192pp
(no author)	<i>Pioneer Stories Retold</i>	1956	R&H	192pp
	<i>Facsimiles of the Two Earliest SDA Periodicals</i>	1946	R&H	231pp

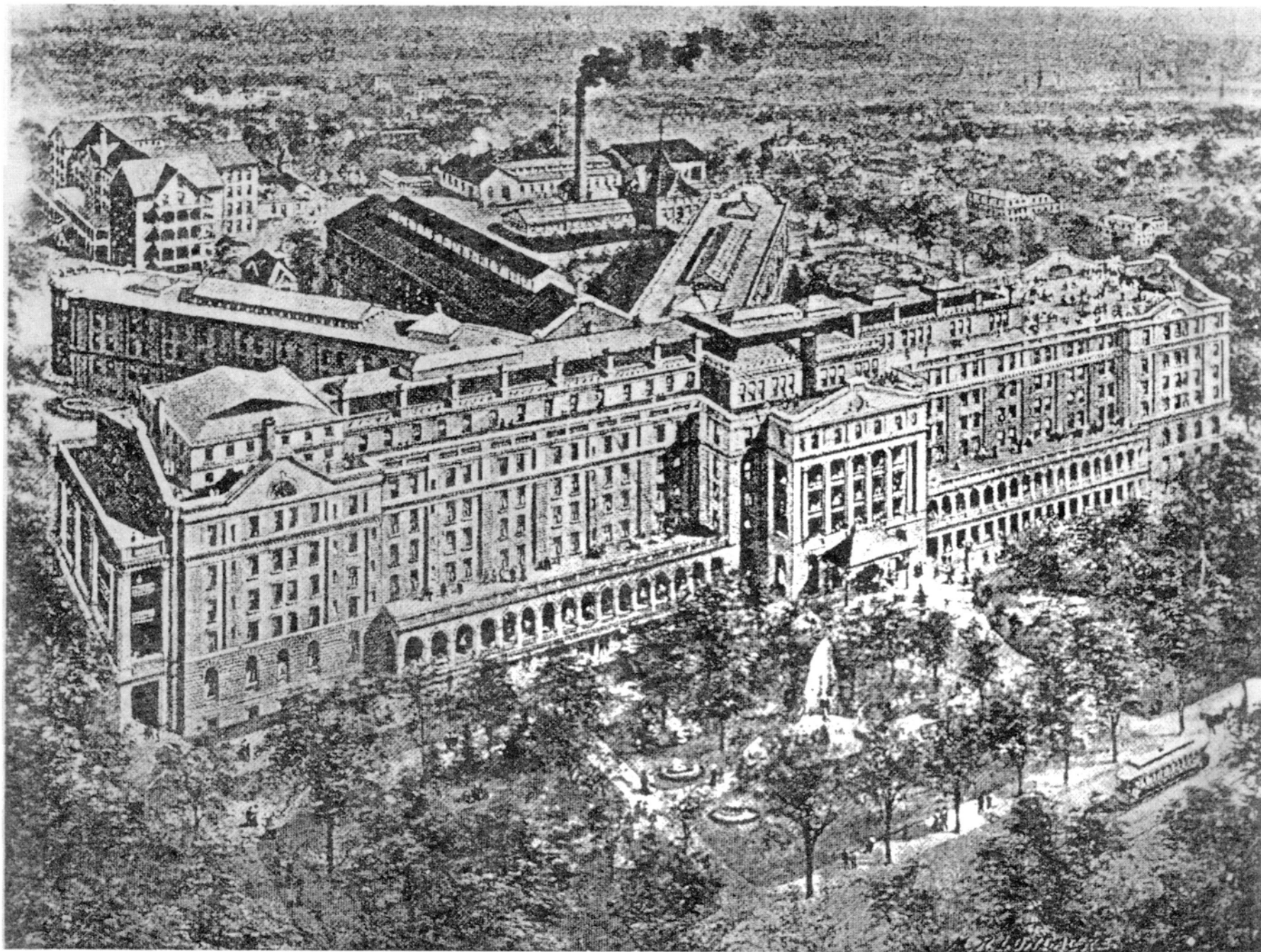


Tabernacle, Battle Creek.



BATTLE CREEK COLLEGE.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.



BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM,
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—51

