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ELLEN G. WHITE RESEARCH CENTER
Andrews University
Berrien Springs, Mich. 49104

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY EMPHASIS STORIES

VOLUME III

Prepared Jointly

By

Norma Youngberg, Fern Babcock,

The Ellen G. White Estate,

and

The General Conference

Department of Education

April, 1982

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The General Conference Department of Education

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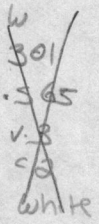

PREFACE

In 1964 the White Estate launched a program for Seventh-day Adventist elementary schools known as "Spirit of Prophecy Emphasis Week." Stories, pictures, and class aids were prepared for five days of worships or class sessions. The emphasis in each program was the role of Ellen White as the Lord spoke through her in dreams and visions. Eventually a six-year cycle of materials was produced on such topics as "Prophets and Visions," "The Human Interest Story, "A Worldwide Church," and "Ellen White and Her Friends."

After several years of revising and updating, it was suggested that the programs should (1) be put in more permanent form, and (2) be written for upper and lower grade levels. A committee composed of elementary teachers and supervisors met for three weeks in the summer of 1977. They combed through Emphasis Week materials, books, manuscripts, and other White Estate sources, selecting what they considered to be the best stories available.

Norma Youngberg and Fern Babcock were asked to adapt and write the stories for two grade levels, and Edna Maye Loveless prepared teacher discussion ideas for each story. Finally, the White Estate and the General Conference Department of Education cooperated in organizing and producing the books.

This book, then, is the third in a series of four books containing stories on two grade levels that will eventually be prepared. There will be three broad subject areas in each of the four cycles: (1) Human Interest, (2) Prophets, Visions, and Insights, and (3) Your House is the World.

Center for Adventist Research
Andrews University
Berrien Springs, Michigan

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We do hope that you will find that these stories, prepared exclusively for Seventh-day Adventist elementary schools, inspire you as a teacher as well as provide a valuable tool to build the trust and confidence of your students in the prophetic gift as witnessed in God's remnant church.

Paul A. Gordon
Ellen G. White Estate
Washington, D.C.

Marion L. Hartlein
General Conference
Department of Education
Washington, D.C.

April, 1982

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HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

Early Years:	My First Vision--The Path
	My First Vision--Celestial City
	Encouragement from Heaven
Middle Years:	The Deadly Tub
	An Angel Rides the Train
Later Years:	Kindness to Animals

MY FIRST VISION - THE PATH

You wanted to know about my first vision? Well, I'll tell you, it was certainly exciting! I was just 17 then, only a teenager, but I really loved Jesus and wanted to do His will.

The day I had the vision I was over at Mrs. Haines' house. She had three ladies visiting with her that morning, and when I arrived she suggested that we have morning worship together. I thought that was a good idea, because somehow when you pray with your friends, you seem to get closer to God and to each other, too.

Some of us were feeling rather far away from God right then. You see, Brother William Miller had led us to believe that Jesus was planning to come that very year, and we'd been excited and worked so hard telling others to get ready that we just couldn't understand it when He didn't come after all. We were very discouraged. Some of the people said, "Oh well, I never really believed it anyway. I'm going back to my own church." Others asked, "What's wrong? Did God let us down?" Then there were a few of us who wondered if we understood God's Bible prophecies correctly. Maybe our dates were wrong. Altogether, we had quite a lot to pray about that day at Mrs. Haines'.

As one of the ladies began praying, I suddenly had the strangest feeling. It seemed that God's Spirit was right there with me, and before I knew it, I felt as if I were rising up, up, up--right out of the house, out of the United States, and clear out of the world. It was kind of like a dream, but much more real. My body stayed right there in the living room, of course, but my mind seemed far above the world. I wondered where my Adventist friends were, and if they were making this strange space trip, too. I looked back on the world, but I couldn't see anyone at all.

"Look again, and look a little higher," a voice commanded me. I raised my eyes and saw a straight, narrow path high above the world. Adventists were traveling that path to a shining city which lay at the end of it. A bright light at the beginning of the path shone along it so that no one would stumble and fall off. An angel, for that's whose voice I had heard, told me that the light was Pastor Miller's message about Jesus' soon coming. He also pointed out that Jesus was at the head of the group that was going to heaven. Sure enough, when I looked again I could see Jesus up front, calling to everyone to follow Him.

Then I noticed something strange. Those who kept looking at Jesus as they marched weren't having any trouble staying on the path. A few, however, were getting tired of the long trip and began complaining, "I'm so weary! That city's an awful long way. We'll never get there! I thought we'd be there long before now." And as they complained and looked around, they began to stumble.

Jesus heard them and He raised His right arm toward the marchers, releasing a bright ray of light that made the path much plainer. Some brightened up and cried, "Praise the Lord!" and hurried up the path, looking at Jesus once more.

Others, however, began muttering more loudly. "That message about Jesus' coming was all a fake! It never was 'new light' for us. God didn't send that message. It was all made up in William Miller's head!"

No sooner had they uttered these disbelieving words than the light behind them blinked off and they were left in complete darkness. Of course they lost sight of Jesus entirely, and in the dark stumbled blindly around until they fell off the path. It was awful watching them fall back into the wicked, dark world below, but they wouldn't believe.

All at once I heard a loud noise. To the wicked it seemed like thunder or an earthquake. To those of us on the path--for now I seemed to be marching

there, too—it sounded plainly like the voice of God announcing Jesus' return to earth. How happy we felt!

Then I noticed that this special group of people who had lived to see Jesus come all had writing on their foreheads. It said, "God, New Jerusalem," and beside the words was a lovely star containing a new name for Jesus. It was clear that we were all addressed for delivery to God in the Holy City. When we realized this, we began to shout praises to God and hug each other for joy. This made the wicked people furious, and they rushed angrily up to grab us, but when we stretched out our hands toward them and said the name of Jesus, they fell helpless on the ground. We knew then that God was really with us, and our enemies knew it, too.

Our attention was soon drawn to a little black cloud in the eastern sky. Somehow we all knew it was the cloud Jesus was coming on. He was no longer at the head of our line (you know how things change around in a dream) but was up there on the cloud and getting closer every minute. The bottom of the cloud looked like fire and flames, and a huge rainbow arched over it. Ten thousand angels hovered around the cloud, singing a beautiful song.

In the center of the cloud sat Jesus, His hair white and curled down to His shoulders. Many crowns rested on his head. His feet looked like fire, and His right hand held a sharp, curved sickle—the kind farmers used to cut wheat with. His left hand held a silver trumpet, and His eyes—oh, how can I tell you about His eyes? They looked right through us, knowing all about us. Suddenly we felt unworthy, remembering all the bad things we had done. Our faces turned white, and we cried out, "Who can stand before you? Are we good enough?"

The angels hushed their singing and a terrible silence hung in the air. Through that awful silence we felt Jesus' loving eyes looking at us and heard His voice answer, "Those who have clean hands and pure hearts shall be able to

stand. My grace is sufficient for you." Then we knew that although we were not good enough, He was giving us **HIS** goodness to cover us and make us worthy of saving. How glad, glad, glad we were! The awful feelings we had before were gone. Jesus had erased our sins as He had promised, and we were free! We were saved!

The angels burst out singing more joyfully than ever, and the cloud began moving toward earth again. Jesus lifted His silver trumpet and blew it hard. Then He shouted toward the earth, "Awake! Awake! Awake! Ye that sleep in the dust--arise!"

With that, the whole earth shook and graves cracked open. Those who had died loving Jesus began to come out of their coffins. Before they realized what was happening, their bodies had become well and perfect and they had been caught up into the air to join us and Jesus. People who had lost arms and legs were astonished to find them back again. Old ladies looked young. Wrinkled skin smoothed out. Praises to Jesus just filled the air!

Together with the newly raised ones, we entered the big white cloud and began moving up through space toward the Holy City. For seven days we traveled, passing various planets that we used to know as stars when we were on earth. On the way, we spent our first Sabbath together with Jesus as our speaker. What a Sabbath that was!

Just outside of heaven we left the cloud and stopped to stand on a shining glass sea. There Jesus passed out crowns, putting them on each head Himself. He also handed out palm branches for us to wave as we entered the city and golden harps, which, strangely enough, we all knew how to play.

The crowns were covered with stars--one for each soul the owner had won to Christ. Some had only a few stars, but it didn't matter at all. Everyone was perfectly satisfied with his own crown.

In our pure white robes that covered us from shoulders to feet, we made a beautiful sight marching across the glass sea to the city gate. When we reached it, Jesus Himself took hold of the gate that had been made of a single huge pearl and swung it back on its hinges declaring, "You have washed your robes in My blood, and stood stiffly for My truth. Enter in!" He meant, of course, that we had accepted His life to cover our own worthless one, and that we hadn't given up when people tried to make us forget Jesus and His coming. As we marched into the city, all of us felt that we belonged there and we felt the peace and love of heaven around us. It was wonderful.

What was heaven like? I can't begin to tell you all of it. I know that I saw more gold than I'd ever imagined there could be, and I saw a—but that gets into another whole story. I'll tell that one next and we'll call it "The Celestial (or heavenly) City."

Adapted from Early Writings, page 14-20.

MY FIRST VISION - THE PATH

Objective: To recognize the reality of joining Jesus at the second coming.

To perceive God's graciousness in reinforcing a belief in His promises by sending a vision about His coming.

For Discussion:

1. People who complained, "We'll never get there," are like people who talk about Jesus' coming and say . . .

   (He's not coming.)

2. Before Ellen White, other people have had visions of the second coming:

   Enoch's vision is reported in Jude 1:14.

   John's vision is reported in Revelation 1:7.

   Paul's vision is reported in I Thessalonians 4:16, 17.

   Imagine you are painting a mural of Jesus' second coming. What facts might you use from Ellen White's vision for the scene? What facts will you add from Enoch, John, and Paul?

3. Write (or role play) dialogue between a small child and his believing parents who are explaining events to him on the day Jesus returns. You might start this way:

   "Joel, watch that little black cloud over there. Tell me if it seems to get bigger."

MY FIRST VISION, PART II - CELESTIAL CITY

After our seven-day trip through space and our happy march across the glass sea, we all wanted to see inside those gates of pearl. The first thing that we saw was God's throne. It was a glorious golden throne which had--now imagine this!--a lovely clear stream of water pouring right out from under it. The water turned into a shining river lined with trees. One tree was quite different from the rest. It had two trunks, one on each side of the river. Yet it was all one tree, for the branches grew together at the top. Both trunks were golden and you could see through them like glass. The tree was loaded with a beautiful fruit I'd never seen before. It looked delicious, all gold and silvery.

We had just seated ourselves under the tree to admire all the beauty, when Brother Fitch and Brother Stockman came walking by. They had been preachers back on earth but had died before Jesus' coming. Now they wanted to know all the news.

"What happened after we died?" they asked. "Did you have to go through terrible trials before Jesus came? How did you manage?"

Some of us had been through terrible times before Jesus rescued us, but now when we tried to tell about them they seemed so little and foolish compared with this golden city that they weren't worth discussing. "Heaven is cheap enough!" we cried. A little sacrifice on earth for all this heavenly beauty seemed the best bargain we'd ever heard of. And then, because we just felt full of love for Jesus who had made all this possible, we played our harps and sang a hallelujah song that echoed throughout the city.

Next Jesus called us to come with Him, and He led us back down to earth again. Upon reaching it He stood on top of a huge mountain that flattened right out under His feet into a big wide plain.

Suddenly we all saw something in the sky. To our amazement, the Celestial City was coming right down--the whole city with its four walls of many-colored precious stones, its 12 pearly gates, and the special angel at each gate. It was coming straight toward that big, flat plain.

As soon as it had landed, we began to examine the things around the city. We saw silver houses on the plain, each held up by four silver pillars set with pearls. These were to be our houses! As I watched, some of the redeemed earth-people went into their houses, took off their crowns and put them on a golden shelf inside the doors. They then went out into the garden to do something with the earth. It wasn't digging and weeding as we do here. No, it was much different. I can't even explain it, but no one stopped to straighten his back or wipe his forehead. They did stop and shout, "Praise the Lord" to each other at times, but whatever the work was, it was fun to do and they didn't get tired.

Nearby I saw a field of flowers. I ran to pick them, and then stopped--realizing that they would never die. "They'll never fade!" I cried. "Oh praise God for that!" The flowers were just perfect, the way God first made them. No bugs, no thorns, no dead petals.

Next I saw a field of tall grass, bright live-green grass with silver and gold reflections. It waved softly beside the animals lying in the fields. A lion, a lamb, a leopard, and a wolf were all lying peacefully together. As we passed them, they rose and began to follow us, but I was not at all afraid. I knew they'd

never hurt anything. What a thrill to have them so tame!

Past the field we entered a woods, not a dark woods as we have on earth, but one full of light. "We are safe here in these woods," we called to each other. "We could even sleep here." But we had no time to stop and rest, for we were on our way to Mt. Zion.

On the way we met a group who were staring at all the things around them just as we were. I noticed that they had brighter crowns and a red border on their robes. I hurried to catch up with Jesus at the front of the line and asked Him who these people were.

"They are martyrs who died for My sake on earth," He answered soberly.

Then I noticed that there were even little children in that group, and they had red-bordered robes, too. How brave they must have been to die rather than give up loving Jesus.

When we finally stood before the temple, Jesus raised His voice and announced, "Only the 144,000 who lived to see Me come and who had special trials can come into this temple." What an honor!

"Alleluia!" we shouted. What else can you say except, "Praise the Lord" when things are so beautiful they take your breath away?

The temple sparkled in the light. It stood on seven of those see-through glass pillars decorated with huge white pearls. Inside, to our great joy, we found our own names written on stone tablets. I wish I had heaven's language to tell you all we saw in the temple. Our language just doesn't have words to describe some things.

When we finally came out of the temple, Jesus left us and returned to His city. Soon we heard Him calling across the fields, "Come, My people. Come to supper. You've suffered for Me and done My will. Now I Myself will serve you."

Hurrying back to the city, we passed through the gates and stopped to stare at a table miles and miles long. Our eyes were so strong now that we could see the other end of it. On the table were fruits from that lovely two-trunked Tree of Life, manna (like the children of Israel ate in the wilderness), almonds, figs, pomegranates, grapes, and all sorts of fruit. I could hardly wait to sit down, but when I asked Jesus if I could have some fruit, He answered kindly, "No, not now, Ellen. Those who eat this fruit will never go back to earth again. You must go back and tell others what you have seen and encourage them. In a little while, if you are faithful, you shall eat this fruit and drink the water from heaven's fountain."

While others began to seat themselves at the table, my angel guide lifted me up and carried me gently back to earth.

The women in Mrs. Haines' living room knew something strange had happened to me. They couldn't make me talk or take a breath. My eyes were open as I looked beyond our world to other worlds. They knew I wasn't dead, because sometimes I would gesture or speak a word. But as the angel left me and earth's darkness closed in around me, I cried bitterly. The world seemed horrible. Heaven had been so lovely, I didn't want to come back at all.

I told the women of my dream. They were sure the vision had come from God, and urged me to tell others. I didn't want to. Who would listen to a teenager? Later when I finally did tell, some laughed. Others, like the ladies, believed that God had sent us encouragement because of our disappointment that He hadn't come, a message to let us know that Brother Miller's ideas were not lies, but were a light to help us on the way to heaven. We all felt better after we'd talked it over that morning at Mrs. Haines, and we knelt and thanked God for His encouragement.

Still, the other women didn't see the beauty I saw. They don't have any idea how dark and dreary this world is. Sometimes I feel I can't stay here a minute longer. I get so homesick for the Celestial City and the New Earth, that I can hardly wait to be with Jesus at that long silver table. Won't you plan to sit at that table with me? All the sacrifices you make here are more than worth it. Heaven is cheap at any price!

Adapted from Early Writings, p. 14-20.

MY FIRST VISION, PART II - CELESTIAL CITY

Objective: To understand the reality of heaven as a place to explore and to find fellowship.

For Discussion:

1. Think of ways to complete each sentence:
   a. An animal I'd really like to have as a pet in heaven is . . .
   b. Compared to the church I worship in, the Temple in heaven is . . .
      (many times bigger; more beautiful; never in need of heat or air conditioning; never in need of repair; graced by a heavenly choir)
   c. Ten people I'd like to be seated near at the table in heaven are . . .
   d. Since Jesus will be serving the meal, I expect to say to Him . . .
      (When will you come to my house for dinner?
      I'm so glad to be here.
      This is the nicest thing that's ever happened to me.)
2. Read Revelation 21:1-5; 22:1-6.
   a. Use the facts from Ellen White's vision and these Bible texts to write directions for making a filmstrip of scenes about heaven.
      (No night scenes; silver houses on the plains; people wearing red-bordered robes; temple; close-up of names in book; supper.)
   b. Write directions for making a soundtrack to go with the filmstrip.
      It should include: sound of many people, but no crying;
      harp playing, clinking of glasses; animal sounds.

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM HEAVEN

Although Ellen White had many happy and pleasant times in her life, she also had more than her share of hard, discouraging experiences. One of the earliest, of course, was when she had to drop out of school after being hit in the face with a rock. But besides that, many of the townspeople made fun of Ellen's whole family because they believed that Jesus was coming right away. Neighborhood children teased, "Are you ready to go to heaven, Ellen? Is your long white robe made?" And the youngsters would run away laughing cruelly.

When Ellen felt she couldn't take any more, she would go to her bedroom and talk to Jesus about it. Somehow that seemed to restore her faith in His coming and make the teasing hurt less.

One morning as Ellen was praying, laughter and shouts drifted up from the street below. Suddenly a big rock came crashing through the bedroom window, showering broken glass all around the startled girl. Carefully she stepped away from the glass and examined herself. She was unharmed. Thanking the Lord for His protection, she hurried out for a broom and dustpan to clean up the mess. How she wished the neighborhood children would believe in Jesus, too.

Their parents were just as bad. Several times they had sent for the police, complaining that the Harmon family was disturbing the peace with their prayers and singing.

One evening when a police officer knocked on their door, Mother Harmon opened it.

"Good evening," she greeted him. "What can we do for you?"

"I've come to investigate a report that you are disturbing the peace," he answered gruffly. "What are you going to do about these continual complaints?"

Mother Harmon smiled. "We intend to serve God no matter what happens," she replied gently. "I'm sorry our neighbors don't like it."

The officer backed off. How do you arrest a woman for having worship with her children?

A few days later during evening worship some rough young men gathered around the house and began yelling. When the singing continued inside, one boy ran to call the police again. The officer who came to investigate listened carefully, expecting to hear some fearful racket. All he heard was hymn-singing.

Turning to the boys he shouted, "Is **THIS** what you called me out to hear? It's just a family having evening worship, something every family ought to be doing. They aren't disturbing anyone. If you call me for such a thing again, I'll lock **YOU** up for the night!"

But while the neighbors made fun of the Harmons on sunny days, it was a different story when the terrible New England storms came. When clouds gathered and lightning flashed, neighbors would sometimes send a child to call one of the Harmon family to stay with them. This puzzled Ellen until one of the youngsters explained. "Ma says that lightning won't strike a house where the Advents are!"

When the worst storm of the season hit, many thought that the coming of Jesus, which the "Advents" had preached, must be about to take place, and they ran into the street calling on God for mercy.

That night Ellen's brother Robert walked out of the house and up the street in the storm, praising God aloud and trying to reason with his neighbors.

Afterward he declared, "I never prized the Christian hope so much as that night when I saw the terror of those who had no hope in Christ."

So it was that Ellen became used to persecution even as a young girl, and after she married and began speaking more and more, persecution really grew. Many who received personal messages from God pointing out their sins hated Ellen for telling the truth. They denied their sins and told many lies about Ellen. Later on when James and Ellen moved to Battle Creek, Michigan, they suffered the most cruel kind of persecution—not from unbelievers, but from their own friends in the Battle Creek Church.

One winter after James had been sick for a long time, Ellen prayed earnestly about a call to travel and preach. Although James was sick, God directed her to take him and go ahead. Almost the whole Battle Creek Church tried to stop them from going, and many said bitter words when Ellen insisted on making the trip. She was dragging James to his death, they said, and she'd be sorry.

Ellen and James went anyway, and the Lord blessed their efforts. James improved in health as he traveled and came home much better. People were determined to find fault, however, and criticized them anyway. Some said that James was a greedy money-grabber, that he would do anything for money.

Once he was scolded for selling bottles, a job that the church members felt was too low for a minister. The truth of the matter was that when they were moving from one house to another, the Whites found in the basement a lot of old bottles which Willie cleaned up and asked permission to sell. James not only gave him permission, but took the boy and his bottles to the store so he could sell them. A so-called friend rode along and started the story that the minister had begun selling bottles!

Another cruel bit of gossip began when Ellen bought an easy chair for her husband. Because he had been sick, James was thin and his bones really hurt when he sat on the hard wooden chairs they had at home. Ellen went out and purchased a nice, padded easy chair for $15 and brought it home for her husband. The story of this "extravagance" flew through the churches like an evil bird, causing much criticism that hurt Ellen. It seemed so unfair since the Whites had given everything they had and all their strength to the Lord's work. At times like this the whole family felt discouraged.

God did not leave the Whites without hope, however. About that time John Loughborough had a special dream from God that brought encouragement. John had heard all the gossip and halfway believed it until one night when he dreamed of a strange train.

He was on the train, and so were a number of Battle Creek members. The train cars had low ceilings and no one could stand up in them. The air was stuffy and smelled as if the cars had never been aired out. The track was rough and the coaches shook furiously. Sometimes baggage or passengers fell off the train. Many times the train stopped so people could put things back on again or repair the bad track. Everyone looked miserable.

Suddenly they came to a turntable, a large length of track on a round platform.

The trains would pull onto the platform, and then with gears and levers, the trainmen could move the big round turntable in a circle and head the train back in the opposite direction.

As John Loughborough stepped off the train, he saw the Whites standing by the turntable controls.

"This train is going all wrong," they told him. "It must be turned around."

James and Ellen took hold of the cranks together and tugged with all their might. When John saw the train begin to turn, he took hold, too, and helped them. Soon it was headed back the way it had come.

When John climbed aboard, he looked at the train in astonishment. Broad, high coaches with large, clear windows now stood before him. The track seemed firm and smooth, and the train was filled with happy, cheerful passengers. This time Ellen and James were on board, too. When John saw the wonderful change, he cried out with delight--and woke up.

At once he knew that this dream referred to the Battle Creek Church, that the church was going in the wrong direction, and that he should help Ellen and James White turn it around.

When John went to the Whites and told them his dream, they were greatly encouraged and returned with him to Battle Creek to try and "start the train in the other direction" and keep the church members headed for the kingdom.

So it was that whenever things got too discouraging, Ellen learned to look eagerly for the help God would surely send her, and He always rewarded her faith.

References: Opposition to Harmons, Spiritual Gifts, Vol. II, pp. 79-83; Opposition from Battle Creek members, Life Sketches, pp. 173-177; Loughborough's Dream, Testimonies, Vol. 1, p. 601.

ENCOURAGEMENT FROM HEAVEN

Objective: To understand that God is concerned when His people are discouraged and will go to great lengths to bring them encouragement.

For Discussion:

1. When the Harmons were reported for disturbing the peace, they might have said to the officers:

   a. "It's not fair!"

   b. "Why don't you send those boys home?"

   c. "Those boys don't tell the truth!"

   Instead, they didn't blame; they didn't defend themselves. They simply said . . .

   (We intend to serve God no matter what happens. We're sorry the neighbors don't like it.)

2. If the Harmons had said a, b, or c above, what would have been different about the neighbors' requests during storms?

   (Lightning won't strike a house where Adventists are, but we can't ask them to come here because we made them angry; or we won't ask them because they're angry with us.)

3. If I saw a preacher selling bottles, I might think

   a. he's greedy

   b. he should be doing his preaching tasks instead

   c. he's losing dignity to do that

   d. he's teaching his son to be thrifty

   e. he's cleaned out his basement

4. In James White's case, which of the above are true?

   (d & e)

5. If you heard someone say that the Whites spent too much money on a chair for James, what would you say?

6. What do you learn about God from the dream He sent to John Loughborough?

(See objective above.)

For Activity: Make a model train track and turntable to show how it works.

THE DEADLY TUB

My name is Jenny Fraser and I live with Mrs. White. Clarissa, my girlfriend, lives here too, and we both help around the house. The Whites have so much company that we're kept quite busy feeding everyone and keeping the house clean. Mrs. White helps, of course, but she has to spend so much time writing down messages from the Lord for different people that she hasn't much time to spend in her kitchen. Working for her is very interesting, however, and Clarissa and I feel that if we can give her more writing time by doing her housework, then we're kind of helping the Lord, too.

I've got this to say for Mrs. White, though. With all her writing work, she surely knows what goes on in this house! She checks on market prices, knows when we should start the summer canning, and concerns herself with the diet of those silly chickens out back. She also insists we keep the floors spotless-and that isn't as easy as it sounds, for we don't have a nice smooth floor in the kitchen. It's a rough, board floor that takes the skin right off your knuckles if you aren't careful, and the dirt seems to get ground right into the boards.

At any rate, one day last summer the two older boys, Henry and Edson, were out working in the yard. I had just finished scrubbing the kitchen when I realized it was nearly time to eat and nothing was ready yet. In fact, the stove was barely warmed up, and with a wood stove, you've got to give it plenty of time and lots of dry wood if you expect to get it hot enough to cook on. Mrs. White was upstairs, writing away as usual, and baby Willie, almost two, seemed determined to get in my way.

"Can't you boys play with Willie?" I called out the window.

"We've got to rake up these leaves before Father gets home," Edson called back. "If Willie gets out here he'll scatter the leaves all around. Besides, he might run in the street."

I sighed, and turned back to Willie. There he was, pulling the cloth off the table again. I rescued it and handed him a little wooden bucket to play with.

For quite a while he played nicely with the pail as I tried to get the work done. I don't know where Clarissa was that day, but it seemed that I had an awful lot to do. First thing was to get that stove hot, put the potatoes on to cook, and then empty the tub of water I'd used to scrub the floor. If I didn't hurry, dinner would be late.

On my way to get some woodchips from the pile out back, I stopped to check on Willie. His little head was bent over the tub of dirty scrub water and his hand seemed to be in it.

"What are you doing, Willie?" I asked.

"Sticky boat, sticky boat," he laughed, pushing the little wooden pail around like a stick in the scrub water.

I laughed at him. "Well, that won't hurt, I guess. Don't tip my tub over." With that, I dashed into the yard to fill my apron with woodchips to heat the fire. I came right back—honestly, I did—but the minute I stepped inside I felt something wrong. Willie's baby talk had stopped, and when that baby's quiet, he's up to something, you can guess.

I hurried into the kitchen. Nothing moved there. I was turning toward the dining room when a terrible thing caught my attention. It was one tiny white foot sticking out of the washtub. I dropped my apron and chips flew everywhere.

Snatching Willie out of the water, I shook him. He hung there in my hands, limp and lifeless.

"Willie's drowned! Willie's drowned!" I screamed. "Help! Help! Help!"

Mrs. White flew down the stairs and into the kitchen. Her eyes took it all in—the limp baby, the scrub water and my fear.

"Was the water hot or cold, Jenny?" Her voice was sharp.

But my head wasn't working at all.

"He's dead, he's dead," I moaned. "Can't you see he's dead?"

She was beside me in a split second, her eyes serious—and frantic. Grabbing my shoulders, she shook me—hard.

"**WAS IT HOT OR COLD**?" she repeated. "Tell me at once!"

"Cold," I whispered, feeling faint.

"Give me that child," Mrs. White commanded. "Get hold of yourself and send for the doctor."

Edson and Henry were outside, but I didn't even think of them. I wasn't thinking of anything except that Willie had drowned, and I'd left him in the kitchen with that tub of water. I ran out the front door.

"Run for the doctor," I yelled at a man passing on the street. "Willie's drowned!"

The man seemed to realize the emergency and began to run. In my confusion I ran after him, pounding him on the back and screaming, "Run! Run! Run faster!"

If I hadn't tired out, I think I might have run all the way to the doctor's with him, but I suddenly realized what I was doing and how exhausted I was, and turned back toward the house.

There on the lawn I had the surprise of my life. I'd expected Mrs. White

to be holding Willie and crying. Instead, she was rolling him back and forth on the grass. Her sewing scissors were on the steps where she'd left them with Willie's clothes. She had cut them right off of him. Neighbors began to gather, and Elder White came running from the office.

"What's wrong?" he called.

"Oh, Elder White," I wept, "Willie drowned in the washtub. Willie's dead."

Mrs. White said nothing. She just kept rolling the baby on the grass. Dirty water trickled out of his mouth and then stopped. More came out. Occasionally she would stop and lift Willie and shake him, but he did not respond.

Neighbors began to mutter. "Somebody ought to take that poor dead baby away from her. She's gone crazy!"

But when someone tried to do just that, Elder White, who had been watching his wife carefully, stepped in.

"Leave her alone," he ordered. "She knows what she's doing."

For twenty minutes she rolled and shook that child. At last when she lifted him up and held his cheek against hers, listening for signs of life, she thought she felt his lips twitch.

"He tried to kiss me!" she cried. "He's still alive, I think. Quick, Jenny, warm some towels."

You can imagine how quickly I ran. Mrs. White wrapped a warm towel around Willie and began rubbing his arms and legs briskly, trying to bring color back to the pale skin. All the time she worked I was praying, "Dear God, save Willie. Please God, save Willie."

It seemed like hours, although it was only minutes, before we heard a feeble cry and were sure Willie was alive.

"Thank God! Thank God!" Mrs. White exclaimed joyfully. "My baby will live. Oh, thank God!"

For many days after that we kept a special eye on Willie. I feared he'd get pneumonia and die anyway. But Willie didn't get pneumonia, and after he grew up and became a preacher and a writer and helped his mother so much in her work, I had to admit that the plunge into the wash water hadn't affected him at all.

You can be sure that I always emptied the tub promptly after that, and I kept Willie where I could see him whenever he was awake. You may also be sure that I prayed a special prayer that night, a prayer of thanks to God that the little fellow would still be around to bother me the next day.

Adapted from Ella Robinson's Stories of My Grandmother, pp. 100-102.

THE DEADLY TUB

Objective: To understand the kind of home and family concerns and executive responsibilities that accompany a prophet's task as God's messenger.

For Discussion:

1. How was the White's house different from your own?

   (Wood stove; rough board floors; a mother who was God's special messenger)

2. Which of the following sound like something Ellen White would say when she found her son apparently drowned?

   a. Why did you leave him alone?

   b. Was the water hot or cold?

   c. Go for the doctor?

   d. I can't trust you a minute with my child.

   e. We'll ask the Father to bless our efforts to save him.

3. What would a person do today to treat a person apparently drowned?

   (Administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation; demonstrate)

4. How might Jenny finish these sentences after the incident with the tub?

   a. I learned that I should . . .

   b. I learned that Ellen White . . .

AN ANGEL RIDES THE TRAIN

It was spring, 1854, and the warm thaws had turned the road into a muddy mess outside the Palmers' house in Jackson, Michigan. Mrs. White peered out the bedroom window at the mud and turned away thankfully. Already she and James had spent hours on roads just like that, horses slipping and mud flying up from the wheels. She was glad that their trip tonight would be on a clean, dry train.

"Be sure to put my lap robe in," she reminded her husband. "The cars are a bit drafty sometimes."

James picked up her robe and tucked it into a carrying bag. His face looked troubled.

"You know," he confessed, "I don't feel at all right about this trip. I wish we weren't going."

Ellen looked up quickly. "Do you think we ought to cancel it?" she inquired. "I've been uneasy, too."

"No, I guess not," James said slowly. "We have an appointment over in Wisconsin, and if we don't show up the people will be disappointed."

Ellen looked thoughtful as she hurried around the room picking up the last few items to pack in her trunk. She was glad the train didn't leave until 8 p.m. They'd have time for supper before they left.

After supper when the Whites and Palmers gathered for worship, James told everyone that he'd been uneasy about that trip, and Ellen confessed her own doubts.

"Let's pray about it," Mr. Palmer urged. "If it's not best that you go now,

God can stop you. If there's any danger He can protect you."

Ellen smiled at that. How well she knew about God's protection! Time after time He had made it perfectly clear that angels were guarding her and her family.

After worship the Whites collected their belongings and got them into the carriage waiting in the muddy drive.

"Don't forget the trunk of books, James," Ellen called. It seemed they were always delivering books somewhere, and books were so heavy!

At the station, the Whites stood on the platform watching for the train. Soon its headlight could be seen, and before long it was pulling into the station, the brakemen running from car to car to set the brakes on each coach. Without them, the train would coast for half a mile or more without stopping. Getting the brakes set on each car was very important.

Ready to board, James checked the book trunk onto the baggage car, and collecting the hand luggage, helped his wife onto the train.

"Let's sit in the first car," Ellen suggested. "It has seats with high backs, and we might rest our heads and get some sleep tonight."

They paused at the entrance to the first car, noting that every seat was already filled.

"We'll have to try the next car, Ellen." James said. "It won't be as comfortable, but this one's full."

In the second car back from the engine they found seats, and James began putting their carrying bags and lunch under the seats. Some bags he tucked in around their feet. Pulling out the lap robe, he handed it to his wife.

"Here, dear, take off your bonnet and make yourself comfortable."

But although Ellen took the blanket, she made no move to take off her hat

as she usually did. "I still don't feel right about this train, James," she protested. "I just don't feel comfortable at all."

"All Abooooooard!" called the conductor. The brakemen ran from car to car releasing the brakes and the train started up the track into the darkness. Passengers settled down, opened newspapers, pulled out pillows, and got ready to spend the night. Ellen and James sat strangely upright, Ellen's bonnet still tied on her head and her hands still clutching her purse and their carpetbag.

Picking up speed, the train chugged along, its big headlight cutting into the night. It had gone barely three miles from the station when a sudden jerk sent passengers and bundles flying. Brakes screeched, metal crashed, and in the following stillness screams and groans pierced the night. Picking themselves up, the Whites forced open the train window and looked out. By the dim rays from the still-glowing headlight, they were horrified to see the engine lying beside the track. The first passenger car also lay on its side, partially crushed. The second, the one in which they were riding, stood on the tracks unharmed about a hundred feet from the wreckage.

"Quick, James!" Ellen exclaimed. "See if you can help those poor people!"

James and the other unharmed men jumped out the carriage door and hurried to help the passengers in the crushed car ahead.

"Another train is due on this track," someone cried. "We'll all be killed if we don't stop it."

"Grab those splintered boards," James ordered one of the men. "Start a warning fire so the other train can see us. Some of you light sticks for torches and run down the track ahead of the train. We've got to stop that other one."

Bonfires soon lit the wreck and provided warmth for the injured. James and a friend headed back toward Jackson to call for doctors and more help. But

James didn't forget his wife.

Taking Ellen in his arms, James carried her across a small stream and swampy field to the main road. There he put her down and the two of them walked with the other man toward a light half a mile down the road. Here at a farmhouse Mrs. White waited while the two men went on to Jackson.

Once help was on its way, James borrowed a team of horses and returned for Ellen. Together they drove to the nearby home of another Adventist family and spent the night.

The next morning after breakfast, the Whites went back to the crash site to see what had caused the wreck. A large ox lay dead on the tracks. The engine had evidently hit it and jumped off the rails. The first passenger car had crashed into the engine's rear before also jumping the tracks and falling to one side. One end stood high on a heap of crushed metal and broken wood. This was the car they had first tried to find seats in. This was the car where there had been so many injuries!

"Look here," a trainman exclaimed. "How do you suppose the rest of the train got unhooked from the first cars?"

Onlookers gathered around to see what he was pointing at. The car the Whites had been in stood quite a way back from the wreck, and the coupling pin that had held it to the car ahead was still attached to its chain and lay peacefully between the tracks as though it had been placed there. No brakeman had been at that spot at the time of the accident to unhook the cars or apply the brake. No one could understand how the two cars had come apart, or how the rest of the carriages had come to a stop. If they had remained hooked together or kept rolling, the Whites' car would have crashed into the wreck ahead of it.

Ellen looked at her husband. "God heard our prayers," she declared

thankfully. "Evil angels tried to end our work last night, I think, but God protected us. I think an angel uncoupled the cars."

Later that day the Whites caught another train and continued their journey. Although they arrived a bit late for their appointment, they had a thrilling story to tell when they reached Wisconsin, a story of God's love and protection in dangerous places.

Based on Life Sketches, pp. 153, 154; His Messenger by Ruth Wheeler, pp. 97-99; Tell Me About Ellen White by Mary Trim, p. 16.

AN ANGEL RIDES THE TRAIN

Objective: To understand the care God has for His people.

For Discussion:

1. What reasons did the Whites have for taking a train trip?
2. What reasons did the Whites have for not taking a train trip?
3. When they saw the injured people in the first train car, the Whites decided . . .

   (to help the injured; that God had protected them; to go after the help of a doctor; to warn trains that would be coming on the track)
4. What special discovery made the Whites aware that they were especially protected?

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

The clopping of the horses' hooves broke the stillness of the Australian countryside as Mrs. White's carriage rolled along at a brisk pace. The elderly lady leaned forward eagerly to see the white flowers alongside the road. After hours of writing, there were times when she just needed to get outside into the fresh air. A country buggy ride was perfect for times like that, especially when little Ella could go along. Mrs. White smiled at her granddaughter, holding on so tightly to her grandma's dress just in case the horses made a quick stop.

Suddenly the carriage slowed, for something blocked the road ahead. As they drew closer, those in the buggy could see a bony old horse trying vainly to pull a heavily loaded wagon up a steep hill. Beside the cart stood the driver, whipping the horse unmercifully.

"Get up there, Nell! Curses on you! You're the most no-good horse I ever saw. Get up that hill before I beat your hide off!"

"Stop!" cried Mrs. White. "Sara, stop this carriage!"

Mrs. White's companion pulled back on the reins and the horses came to a halt beside the bony mare.

"Sir, have you lost your mind?" Mrs. White's voice was sharp and her eyes flashed. "Can't you see that poor horse is doing her best? You've overloaded that wagon. Take some of the wood off."

The whip stopped in mid-air, and the man turned around. If he thought of defending himself, the fire in the old lady's eyes stopped him.

"Oh, all right," he grumbled. "I'm sorry. I'll take off some and make two trips."

The man began piling part of the wood beside the road where he could

find it later. Did the horse look gratefully at Mrs. White? Or did her granddaughter just imagine it?

As the carriage started up again, Mrs. White spoke firmly. "People who abuse animals will have to answer for it in the day of judgment, Ella. (PP 443). Just as Balaam's donkey had an angel beside him that Balaam could only see when God opened his eyes, so God sends angels to note the care given to every animal on earth. He records any mistreatment. God made the animals and has already told us that when even a sparrow falls, He records it. Why don't people realize that He expects us to care for the poor dumb creatures He put on the earth? It hurts me to see people treating a horse like that."

"Does the Bible say we <u>have</u> to care for animals, Grandma?" Ella asked uncertainly.

"It certainly does, dear. It even says that if we see that someone's ox or donkey has fallen into a ditch, it's our duty to stop and help get it out."

"I'd help get it out, Grandma. I wouldn't want to see any animal hurt. Why do people hurt animals?"

"Sometimes it's because the devil has led people to believe that animals don't have feelings, Ella. Sometimes people think they have a right to treat any animal badly just because it's an animal. I'm glad you're kind to animals, dear. But sometimes by just neglecting them you can hurt them, too, you know. If the cat doesn't get any food all day or the dog gets locked in the shed for hours, that hurts, too. Any animal you own must have the best of care, and if you see any animal hurt or in need, God expects you to help."

"Oh, look at that pretty bird, Grandma," exclaimed Ella. "That's much prettier than an old sparrow."

Mrs. White smiled and smoothed Ella's dark hair.

"Yes, it is, but God still cares for the sparrow just as much as for the pretty songbird. Do you know what the Lord told me once? He said that if it were up to Satan, he'd kill every single songbird we have on the earth! He hates them for singing praises to God all the time. (DA 356, 357). Aren't we glad that God stops him from doing that?"

"Ruthie's dad isn't kind to HIS animals!" Ella declared. "He wrung their chicken's neck and the family ate him!"

Grandma White looked sad. "Yes, dear, many people eat meat. One reason I don't is because I can't bear to think of the poor suffering creatures that are killed just to provide food for the table."

After the buggy ride, Ella and Grandma went to the pasture in search of the cow. Gently they coaxed her up to the barn for milking. The hired man tied her legs so she couldn't kick while he milked her.

"You know," Mrs. White remarked, "if you'd give her a little grain to eat while you're milking her and talk soothingly as you milk, you'd never need to tie her legs. It would be less work for you and more comfortable for her."

So it was that everywhere she went, Mrs. White carried with her a kindness for both people and animals. Every day she remembered that God had created them both, and that He expects us to treat them as His special creations.

Based on Stories of My Grandmother by Ella Robinson, p. 126 ff.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Objective: To examine examples of sensitivity and kindness to animals.

For Discussion:

1. Because she had sympathy for a horse, Ellen White . . .
2. Because she had sympathy for chickens (and other animals often used for food), Ellen White . . .
3. Because of her concern for a cow, Ellen White . . .
4. Because of God's love for songbirds, He prevents Satan from carrying out his desire to . . .
5. Something I can do this week to show kindness to an animal is . . .

PROPHETS, VISIONS, & INSIGHTS

The Missing Hairnet

Ellen and the Tithe

The Long Fight

The Bible and The Testimonies

Ellen's Computer—Marian Davis

The Hidden Money

THE MISSING HAIRNET

A few blocks from Pacific Union College in Angwin, California, stands a large, two-story house surrounded by a garden and orchard. This was the home of Ellen White, affectionately called "Sister White" in the college community. Because her husband was dead and she didn't enjoy living alone, Sister White took into her home several of the college girls. Among them was one intelligent young lady who helped with the teaching at the college. We'll call her Betsy.

How Betsy enjoyed living in Mrs. White's home! It was so much better than being in the dorm. Mrs. White was like a mother to the girls, encouraging them, surprising them with little gifts, and scolding them when she thought they needed it. They were a happy group, living together like that, until the trouble began.

Betsy had gone upstairs to Mrs. White's bedroom on an errand when something on the dresser caught her eye. It was Mrs. White's fine, almost invisible, silk hairnet. A hairnet was right in fashion in those days. It kept your hair in place, held every curl where the wind couldn't get at it, and was a most useful item. Most nets, however, were made of coarse cotton strings that could easily be seen against your hair. Not this net, though. It was pure silk and as fine as real hair. It would hold your hair in place and no one could even tell you had a hairnet on. Now <u>that</u> was the kind of net to have!

Standing beside it, Betsy began to imagine it on her own dark hair. It would just look perfect! Glancing around to be sure she was completely alone,

Betsy picked up the hairnet and slipped it into her pocket. Mrs. White would never miss it, and Betsy's hair would stay neat and pretty in spite of the mountain breezes that swept the college campus.

Before going back downstairs, Betsy stopped by her own room, opened the trunk beside her bed, and laid the hairnet in one corner of the little vanity tray just inside the lid. Closing it, she made her way downstairs and went about her duties again.

That afternoon as Mrs. White prepared to go out, she stood before her mirror, combing her hair. Reaching for her hairnet, she was startled to find it no longer where she had left it.

"It probably blew off onto the floor," she thought. "It's so light."

Bending down, Mrs. White searched the floor beside the dresser. Not finding the hairnet, she got down on her hands and knees to look beneath the bed. The more she searched, the more upset she became. If it wasn't on the dresser or under the bed, then (was it possible?) someone must have taken it.

That evening when the girls gathered around the fireplace for worship, Mrs. White told them a story of pioneer days. The girls enjoyed the story, but were puzzled when she ended worship by asking a question.

"Have any of you seen my hairnet? It was right on the dresser in my room, but when I went to get it, it was gone. It can't get away by itself, and I really need it."

The girls looked at each other in surprise and shook their heads. No one seemed to know a thing about the missing hairnet.

The next day as Sister White was passing through Betsy's room, she noticed Betsy's trunk.

"Lift the lid!" a voice commanded.

"Oh no," she thought. "That's not my trunk. I can't open Betsy's trunk."

Quickly she started out of the room.

"Lift that trunk lid!" The voice commanded more sternly. This time she recognized it as an impression from God, so obediently she reentered the room and lifted the trunk's lid. There lay her missing hairnet.

"Oh, dear," thought Mrs. White. "Did Betsy want my hairnet that badly? How can I get her to make this right? I would hate to have a fuss with her over such a small thing as a hairnet!"

Leaving the net there, Mrs. White hurried downstairs.

That evening at worship, the subject of the hairnet came up again.

"Doesn't anyone know where my hairnet is?" Mrs. White begged. "Someone must have seen it. Doesn't anyone know where it is?"

The girls shook their heads. Betsy's head shook right along with the rest, but she didn't look Mrs. White in the eye. Mrs. White felt sad. She just couldn't bring herself to accuse Betsy of theft.

A few days later she was seated in front of the fireplace, her writing board on her lap as she hand-wrote page after page. She had been writing for several hours now, and her hand, her mind, and her eyes were tired. Laying down the pen, she relaxed and watched the fire. Suddenly, just for a moment, she was in vision. It was one of the shortest visions she ever had.

In it she saw the hand and arm of a young girl. A silk hairnet lay in the hand. She saw the hand lift the hairnet toward a kerosene lamp that was burning on the table. Quickly the young fingers dangled the hairnet down the chimney toward the flame. Instantly it flared up and vanished. The vision was over. Now Mrs. White knew what had happened to the missing hairnet.

That evening at worship Sister White again asked about the hairnet. The girls squirmed uneasily and looked at each other. They were getting annoyed.

Really, they knew nothing about that net. Why did she keep asking? Sister White dropped the matter and ended worship with prayer, as usual.

Later she called Betsy.

"I want to talk to you about my hairnet, dear," she began. She went on to tell Betsy of the voice that had ordered her to open the trunk. She told her of the vision of the burning hairnet. Betsy sat there, eyes on the floor, twisting a handkerchief.

"Now, Betsy," pled Mrs. White, "please tell the truth. Did you take my hairnet?"

Betsy burst into tears. "Yes, I did," she sobbed. "I wanted it so much and I didn't think you would miss it. When you began to ask about it, I was afraid you'd find it, so I burned it up. I thought no one would ever know about it. I didn't know God would show you such a small thing in a vision."

"The hairnet is a small thing, Betsy," Mrs. White said, putting an arm around the weeping girl, "but dishonesty is not. God cared enough about you to give me a vision over such a tiny thing as a hairnet. Can you accept the fact that He loves you so much He wanted to correct you on this small but important thing?"

That night was a turning point in Betsy's life. Not only did she confess her sin, but she gave her heart completely to God, and from that time on tried to live an honest Christian life that was an inspiration to other college students. Never did she forget that God cares about even the tiny things in our lives, and that He loves us more than we can imagine.

Based on A. L. White's Spirit of Prophecy Day Sermon, 1970

THE MISSING HAIRNET

Objective: To examine ways of dealing with wrong doing.

For Discussion:

1. When Betsy took Mrs. White's hairnet, who was most important to her?
   a. Betsy
   b. Mrs. White
   c. God
2. When Betsy burned Mrs. White's hairnet, what was important to her?
   a. keeping the hairnet for herself
   b. Mrs. White's loss
   c. not being found out
3. When God gave Mrs. White the vision about the hairnet, what was important to Him?
   a. punishing Betsy
   b. helping Betsy see the selfishness of her act
   c. returning the hairnet to Ellen White
4. Why didn't Ellen White remove the hairnet from Betsy's trunk?
5. When she talked to Betsy, Mrs. White's main concern was
   a. pointing out how Betsy had wronged her
   b. getting Betsy to confess
   c. letting Betsy know how much God loved her

ELLEN AND THE TITHE

"Mama!" Sherri's voice drifted downstairs and into the kitchen where Mother was working. "Mama, may I have this cloth to make a dress for my doll?"

Mother looked up. "Bring it down here," she called. "I can't see what cloth you have."

Sherri ran down the steps, a piece of blue material in her hand.

"It's this," she explained. "It's a scrap from the Sabbath dress you made me, and it's just the right size for my doll. May I have it?"

Mother looked at it and nodded. "Yes, that one's okay to use. Just don't use the big piece. I want to make an apron out of that."

Sherri turned to leave and then stopped. A pile of money on the table in front of Mother caught her attention. Money was always interesting.

"What are you doing, Mama?" she asked. "What's all the money for?"

Mother smiled. Sherri was the most curious child!

"I'm counting out the tithe to turn in at church tomorrow," she replied. "See? Here's my tithe envelope."

"Oh!" Sherri looked puzzled. "Didn't Daddy just put the tithe in last week when he got paid? He let me put the envelope in the offering plate at church."

This time Mother laughed out loud. Her Sherri noticed everything!

"Yes, dear. Daddy paid tithe on his check last week. This is the money I just got from Mr. Kramer for typing I did for his office this week. I'm tithing it now."

Sherri understood that. She knew all about tithe and paid her own regularly.

"We tithe everything, don't we Mama. I tithe my allowance, Ronnie tithes his carwash money, you tithe your typing money, Dad tithes his paycheck—it's a wonder Queenie doesn't tithe her bones! She's in this family, too."

Hearing her name, the big collie under the table wagged her tail and held up her nose for Sherri's friendly pat. Sherri patted, but kept on talking.

"I think I've paid tithe ever since I was little and used to get all the pennies from Daddy's pocket every night. Daddy used to say, 'Nine for you and one for Jesus,' and I'd put a whole nickel in the tithe envelope sometimes! I'll bet the church treasurer thought I was silly!"

Mother smiled but shook her head. "No, dear, I don't think he did. He knew that we were trying to get you into the tithe habit. Since the tithe is really God's own money, we wanted to be sure you gave it back to Him every time."

Sherri's hand ran through Queenie's hair, but her forehead wrinkled into a frown. She didn't seem to be thinking about the dog.

"Why doesn't everybody pay tithe, then?" she asked. "When Jan and I sold cookies last week, she didn't want to pay tithe on what she earned at all. I finally gave her half of the money we made and let her do what she wanted with it. I tithed mine, but she said their family couldn't afford to pay tithe, so they didn't. Are we richer than they are?"

Mother shook her head again. "I don't think so. Both of Jan's parents work full time, and I don't have a regular job. I do Mr. Kramer's typing sometimes, but that doesn't pay much."

Mother tucked some money into the tithe envelope and wrote the amount on the outside of it.

"They probably don't understand about tithe." Mother said. "They aren't Adventists, you know, and not all churches teach that God expects us to pay

tithe. If God hadn't shown Ellen White the importance of tithe paying maybe we wouldn't be paying tithe either."

Not pay tithe? Sherri looked surprised.

"You see," Mother went on, "when our church began even the leaders didn't understand about tithe paying. Some thought they should pay all their bills and if they had any money left over, give some to God. If they didn't have any left over, well God could wait till next time. Some people thought they should give the preacher a bushel of wheat or a few chickens to help pay him for his preaching. But there was no regular plan of giving. The ministers had a hard time because they had no regular payday. Most of them worked at other jobs during the week to get money for food and clothes. Even Elder White cut hay and sold horses so he'd have money for food.

"After many years of this, the church leaders decided that this wasn't a very good way to do things. They never knew how much money to expect in the offerings, so they couldn't plan ways to spread the message to other places. Elder White studied the matter with a committee of men and they published a little article suggesting that all members start giving to the Lord regularly."

"How much were they supposed to give?" Sherri asked.

"It sounds like a very little bit now," Mother smiled, "but all the men were supposed to give between 5 and 25 cents a week, and the women from 2-10 cents a week. Besides this, each person was to figure up the worth of his property and give 1-5 cents for each $100 worth of property he had. So if you had a piece of land worth a thousand dollars, you'd give between 10 and 50 cents a year as a tithe for using that land."

Sherri giggled. "Ten cents a year? That's nothing!"

"I told you it didn't sound like much," Mother said. "But that was the

beginning of regular giving in our church, and that's the important thing. When the members began to give regularly, the church officers could plan on publishing papers and sending out missionaries because they knew there would be more money the next month."

"That still wasn't real tithe paying, though," Sherri insisted.

"No, it wasn't," Mother agreed. "But after they started the regular giving system, the leaders found that text in Malachi that tells us to bring all tithes to God. Mrs. White began writing about the subject, and they studied what she had written. She explained that a tithe is one-tenth of all the increase and that it always belongs to God. People who keep that part are stealing from God. Mrs. White pointed out that our love offerings are different from tithe. Tithe belongs to God and we just return it. Offerings are gifts we give just to show Him we love Him."

"But what if you don't have money enough to pay tithe?" Sherri asked. "What happens then?"

Mother straightened the papers on the table.

"When we pay tithe first before we pay any bills, we find that God blesses what is left and our money goes much farther than it would have if we'd kept all of it to start with. God promised it would, and it always does. Since tithe is God's own money, we always take that out before we use any of the paycheck for other things."

Sherri smoothed the blue cloth on her lap.

"I tried to tell Jan about the tithe," she said sadly. "When we sold the cookies, I paid you for the flour and sugar and then the rest of the cookie money was ours. I wanted to pay tithe on all of it, but Jan didn't want to. So I gave her half of the money and paid tithe just on my half. Was that okay?"

"Yes, that was right. You don't have to tithe her money. Just your own. And when you give special love gifts like you did on 13th Sabbath when you put your own dollar into the offering, God is as happy as I am when you give me a gift."

Sherri jumped up and tripped over Queenie.

"Oh, Queenie! I'm sorry." The girl stooped to hug her collie. "If you're done with the tithe now, could you help me make a dress for Barbie, Mama?"

Mother tucked the sealed envelope into her purse.

"I guess I can help you until it's time to fix supper. You know, even that dress material was a blessing from God. I got it on a half-price sale and made a dress. Now there's enough left for an apron and a doll's dress, too. God really does bless when we put Him first."

Based on "Highlights of the Beginnings of the Tithing System" by Arthur L. White.

ELLEN AND THE TITHE

Objective: To appreciate the fairness of tithe paying.

For Discussion:

1. Before the Adventist church taught tithe paying as one of God's plans, how were ministers paid?
2. It is best to return tithe to God
   a. before spending any part of the money from which it comes
   b. after paying bills
   c. after deciding if the church uses the tithe rightly
3. How does tithing prosper the church?
4. How does tithing prosper the tithe payer?
5. What is a good response to a person who says, "It's all right for you to pay tithe, but my income is so large that I'd have to pay a lot more than you would"?
   (You'd also have a lot more money left over than I would. That's part of the fairness of God's plan.)

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.

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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 <u>this</u> 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?

THE BIBLE AND THE TESTIMONIES

"Mom, what's a turban?"

Mother came from the kitchen drying her hands.

"It's a kind of hat, Kevin," she answered. "Why do you ask?"

Kevin looked up from his books.

"The teacher said I'd need to wear a turban in the school play," he explained, "but I don't have one."

"It's just cloth wrapped around your head in a certain way," Mother said. "Get that book on India from the bookcase and I'll show you."

Kevin found the India book and mother found the page on wrapping a turban. She even got a piece of cloth and tied it on turban-style. Kevin laughed at his reflection in the mirror.

"I sure look like an Indian," he declared. "This makes a good turban. Now I guess I'd better get my math done for tomorrow."

"Before you start on that," Mother interrupted, "let's have worship so I can get Kathy to bed."

When Mother called, five-year-old Kathy came bouncing down the stairs and into the living room. Daddy put down his paper and made room for her on his lap.

"What shall we read tonight?" Daddy asked. "Does anybody want to read something special?"

Kevin's eyes shone with an idea.

"Yes, Daddy. Read where it says we shouldn't go to movies. At lunch

yesterday Todd was talking about this neat horror movie he'd seen and the teacher asked him to stop talking about it. She said Adventists don't go to movies, and since this was an Adventist school she'd rather not hear about horror movies. Scott still doesn't understand, so I thought if you'd read me the texts about movies I'd show them to Scott tomorrow."

Daddy glanced over Kathy's head at Mother, and they both smiled.

"It's not quite that easy, son," Daddy said. "They didn't have movies in Bible times, so there's no text that says 'Don't go to movies.' But there are texts that help us know what to do about them. Look at Philippians 4:18, Kevin. Find it and read it for us."

Kevin took his own Bible and hunted in the New Testament for the tiny book. It was only two pages long. Finding the text he read, "Finally brethren, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

"Do you understand that?" Daddy asked.

"Not all of it," Kevin admitted.

"It means 'think about good things'!" Kathy said importantly. "I know THAT, Kevvy."

Everyone laughed.

"That's right, Kathy," Mother assured her.

"But what's 'virtue'?" Kevin wanted to know.

"Virtue is goodness," Daddy explained. "What Paul was telling the Philippian people is that they should think about pure, good things if they wanted to be good Christians."

"Some movies are good, though," Kevin insisted.

Daddy nodded. "Yes, some are. But a horror movie with killing and

monsters isn't good or lovely, is it? And movies about families that break up aren't 'of good report,' are they? And what about the comedy movies that make fun of people who are old or short or fat or foreigners? It seems to me they lack 'goodness,' don't they?"

"I suppose," Kevin admitted. "But where do we get the idea that we shouldn't go to a theater at all, even to see good movies? You and Mom don't let us go and the teacher said we shouldn't."

Mother rose and headed for the bookcase. She picked out a blue book and came back to the couch.

"Kevin, remember how we looked in the India book today to find out more about turbans? And it told us even how to make one? Well, Ellen White's books are helpful like that. When we run into a problem today like this one of what to do about movies and we find there <u>are</u> no Bible texts that mention them, we search for a main idea or principle like the one in Philippians. It tells us what kind of things we should think about and look at. Then if we want to know more, we look in Mrs. White's <u>Testimonies for the Church</u> and see if she mentions going to the theater because they DID have theaters in her time."

"This blue book is the index to all of Mrs. White's books. Look here under 'theater.' See what it says? 'Attendance at the theater is against Christ's teachings,' 'the theater is among most dangerous pleasures,' 'crime is acted out at the theater,' 'your mind gets used to light, silly, bad things at the theater and becomes spoiled,' 'the only safe way is to avoid the theater,' 'true Christians will not be found at the theater.' See how this makes it clear that the theater and movies are not 'of good report' or of 'virtue'? Do you see how her writings shed light on the Bible's idea of what to look at?"

Kevin was on the couch now, looking over his mother's shoulder at the

long list of references under "theater."

"Wow! She sure says a lot about it," he agreed. "I guess we could just forget about the Bible and read Mrs. White's books, couldn't we? They explain things so much better."

Daddy shook his head quickly.

"Oh no, Kevin. The Bible is God's holy Word and it always comes first. Even Mrs. White told people that her writings were never to replace the Bible. They were just additional messages that God sent in our day to make the Bible clearer. She herself said there were no NEW ideas in her writings. They were the same as the ideas in the Bible, but more detailed. We are glad to have her books, but the Bible comes first."

"Most of the Bible is so plain that anyone can understand it—just as Kathy got the meaning of tonight's text, and she's only five. But on some subjects God gave Mrs. White more explanation and that's what she wrote up in the Testimonies. Many chapters in the Bible Mrs. White wrote nothing about. She didn't have any more information on those, so she said nothing at all about them."

Mother nodded. "You see, Kevin, Mrs. White's books just point us to the Bible and make the Bible plain. Her books talk about today's problems and how to handle them. In Volume 5 of the Testimonies she says that if everyone had studied God's word carefully, really trying to do what was right, God wouldn't even have had to send extra messages through her. So you see, her books are like the India book that gave you more details on how to make the turban. What your teacher tells you is important, and the Bible is most important. But other books help to explain a little more in detail."

Kevin looked thoughful, but Kathy had begun to wiggle.

"Kathy's been very quiet in worship tonight," Mother went on. "Let's sing one of her Sabbath School songs with her. How about 'Oh Be Careful Little Feet Where You Go'? That's what we've been talking about tonight—being careful of where we go and what we see."

Kathy's face broke into a smile. She hadn't understood too much after the text, but she certainly knew that song. Pointing to her feet she began to sing and the whole family joined her.

Based on Index to the Writings of E. G. White, "Theater" listings.

THE BIBLE AND THE TESTIMONIES

Objective: To discover the special uses of Ellen White's works.

For Discussion:

1. Read Philippians 4:8. Describe a time in your life when you have enjoyed thinking about or seeing
   a. something lovely
   b. something that deserved a good report
   c. something virtuous
   d. something you could praise
2. Recall a time in your life when you have watched a television program which Philippians 4:8 warns you about.
3. Look up one of Ellen White's statements about theater as listed in the Index.
4. Since we have the Bible, why do we also need Ellen White's books?

ELLEN'S COMPUTER—MARIAN DAVIS

Writing a book is a big job, and most people never write one. But those who do, have many things available today to make their work easier. Copy machines duplicate pages in seconds. Electric typewriters turn out copy in straight, even lines. And then there are computers. Library computers store all sorts of information, and when a writer wants to know where to find material on the Sioux Indians, for instance, the computer can type for him a list of magazines, books, and pamphlets—all having to do with Sioux Indians. It saves hours of time hunting through bookshelves.

After the writer has finished with his book, he gives it to a team of editors. They read it and improve it, correcting his spelling, cutting long sentences into two shorter ones, and making the whole book more interesting. Without the copy machine, typewriter, computer, and editors, it would be very hard indeed to write a book.

In the 1880's when Mrs. White began writing her books, all these helps were not available. She had editors, of course, but instead of a copy machine and a typewriter, she wrote page after page by hand. Then she gave her pages to a copyist who, at first, also copied them by hand. In the late 1800's when the typewriter was first used, Willie White, Mrs. White's son, was one of the first to buy one. By 1885 he was sending out typewritten letters, but Mrs. White's secretaries were still copying things by hand. Later on they learned to use typewriters, too, and what a lot of time it saved!

But as for using a computer, well, no one had heard of such a thing—not

Mrs. White, not her son, and certainly not the copyists. Computers just hadn't been invented yet. The closest thing that Mrs. White had to a computer was her helper, Marian Davis.

Marian had a marvelous memory and a clever filing system. When Mrs. White asked her to find something, Marian could usually locate it quickly. And Marian was better than a computer, in a way, for she could talk back, ask questions, and discuss things with Mrs. White. She was a secretary, editor, companion, and computer all in one package. She made Mrs. White's job a lot easier. How did Marian come to have such an interesting job?

Marian had been born to the Davis family in Maine, Mrs. White's home state. She was only three years old when her daddy left New England and sailed to California to hunt for gold. The 1849 Gold Rush was on, and Mr. Davis hurried out there, hoping to get rich. Thousands of men swarmed across California, hunting in streams for the precious gold nuggets. But most of them, like Mr. Davis, didn't find gold at all.

While Mr. Davis was away, however, his wife found a treasure. She discovered the Bible and its precious truths, and she was baptized by Elder Joseph Bates into the Seventh-day Adventist church. When he returned, Mr. Davis learned the Bible truths from his wife and joined the church, too. So it was that Marian grew up in an Adventist home in Maine.

When she was 21, Marian's family moved to Battle Creek, Michigan. This town was the headquarters of the SDA church at that time. Marian was delighted to find a college, a hospital, and the Review and Herald Publishing House there as well. She was also pleased to become acquainted with Elder and Mrs. White, Battle Creek residents. Marian's sister, Grace, became so fond of

Elder White that she finally asked him to baptize her, and he was more than glad to do so.

After attending classes for a while, Marian accepted a job teaching in a small country school. Although teaching is difficult now, it was much more demanding then. A teacher had to clean her own classroom, keep the wood stove burning all day, and manage all eight grades in the same room at the same time. Trying to do all of this, Marian became tired and sick and finally returned to Battle Creek to get well again.

Afraid to go back to teaching, Marian took a job at the Review and Herald press where she became even better acquainted with Elder and Mrs. White. Elder White was there most of the time writing articles for the Review and seeing that the magazine got published. Mrs. White came in and out, checking on her books as they went to press. While Marian watched the Whites, they were also watching her and noting what a careful, cheerful worker she was.

One day Mrs. White called Marian to her home.

"Marian," she began, "you've done such a good job at the Review that I think you're just the one I need to help me. I need someone to travel with me, keep my notes together, copy my writings, and edit them for me. You've had a good education and I think you could do it. You know, I only had three grades of schooling because of my accident, and while the Lord gives me messages to write, he doesn't tell me exactly what words to use. He just gives me the general idea and I'm supposed to write it out. I'm not as good at grammar as you are, Marian, and my words don't always go together smoothly. Would you be willing to come and help me?"

Marian's eyes glowed with excitement. To work with Mrs. White, to travel with her, to be one of the first to read God's latest messages to the church—that would be great! Marian agreed at once, little knowing that she had

chosen her job for the next 25 years!

Marian's first trip with Mrs. White turned out to be more exciting than she'd expected. As she traveled with a train of covered wagons across Texas, Marian got wet, shaken up, and worn out. The night that she, two little girls, and Mrs. White all had to sleep on one bed while their tent slowly filled with water, Marian may have wondered why she'd left teaching! (For the whole story, read "Wagon Train West" in Volume II of this series, page 131.)

That was only the first of many trips. After Elder White died, Marian traveled with Mrs. White to Europe, to California, to Australia, and back to America again. Mrs. White wrote that Marian was "the best help I could have and is appreciated highly by me." What did Marian do that made her such a help?

Well, every day when Mrs. White had written as much as she could, she gave it to Marian. Marian would recopy it neatly, correcting any mistakes. Then her computer mind spun into action. If the story was about the Lost Sheep, Marian would think back through all the things she had copied. Had Mrs. White written anything else about that parable that might also fit here? In a letter? In a sermon? In a Review article? Marian's memory was fantastic. Her mind would whirr around and...Presto! There was more material on the Lost Sheep story.

Then Marian would head for her Fabulous File. Every article, every diary entry, every letter, every sermon, Marian pasted into a big scrapbook. When one filled she began another. Thirty large scrapbooks she had, and it was from these that she dug out additional information on whatever subject she was copying.

Putting together The Desire of Ages, Jesus' life story, kept Marian busy for a long time. When Mrs. White began writing about Jesus' birth, Marian hunted up every scrap of writing her boss had ever done on that subject and

brought all the bits together, arranged events in the order in which they happened, and divided them into paragraphs and chapters. She was better than a computer when she asked, "Do you think this parable of the man who found hidden treasure in his field and the story about the merchant hunting pearls both mean the same thing, Mrs. White? Isn't there a difference between the man who was really hunting and the one who just stumbled onto the treasure? Could we bring this out more clearly?"

Mrs. White appreciated and considered all of Marian's suggestions. Sometimes she changed what she had written and made it more clear. But other times she didn't, especially if Marian had suggested she write on a topic the Lord hadn't told her anything about.

"I have no instruction on this point, Marian," she would say.

Then Marian understood, and left the writing just as it was, for neither of these women wanted anything but God's own messages to be included in the inspired books.

One thing Marian was very careful about. Never did she copy her own ideas into Mrs. White's writings. Every time she finished an article she handed it back to Mrs. White for checking and approval.

Mrs. White wrote, "The books are not Marian's but my own, gathered from all my writings. Marian's ability to arrange the matter is of great value to me. It saves my poring over a mass of matter which I have not time to do." (61a, 1900).

So, like a computer, Marian remembered, arranged, and filed information for Mrs. White. When she had finished The Desire of Ages Marian noticed that there were many of Christ's parables which they couldn't squeeze into that book, so she suggested that they put them all together and make another book -- Christ's Object Lessons. And that's what they did. Marian helped to write Steps

to Christ, Education, The Ministry of Healing, and many other books.

In 1903 Marian made an evening visit to the Chabot Observatory in Oakland, California, to see the stars through a big telescope. Mrs. White's descriptions of outer space fascinated Marian, and she wanted to see as much of it as she could. In the cool night air she took cold and in a few days became so sick she had to be taken to the hospital. Mrs. White hurried from Washington, D. C., back to California to be with her friend. When Marian died a few weeks later, Mrs. White wrote sadly, "I shall miss her so much. Who will fill her place?" (MS 146, 1904).

Marian's father hunted for gold and didn't find it. Marian found gems of truth in Ellen's writings, and because of her work, we, too, can read Ellen's books and collect some of the treasure for ourselves.

Based on Marian Davis Obit., R&H, December 1, 1904

S-7-1884
0-55-1894
K-41-1895
I-61a-1900
W-70-1903
O-55-1905

Emphasis Week Story, Day 4, 1972-73.

Teacher's Note: Typewriters were first patented in 1829. Remington was first to sell to the public in 1883. Calligraph began selling in 1883. The first model had only capital letters. A later model had separate keyboards for capitals and small letters.

ELLEN'S COMPUTER—MARIAN DAVIS

Objective: To understand the nature of the editorial work done on Ellen White's books.

For Discussion:

1. Practice writing your name or a sentence as fast as you can. Now race with a person typing to see how your writing speed compares with typing speed. Imagine how long it took to write Ellen White's books. (Copy a short page, keeping record of the time it takes. Compute how long it would take just to copy the entire book.)
2. Marian has been called a computer in our story because
   a. she taught school
   b. she traveled so many places with Ellen White
   c. she had a good memory and marvelous filing system
   d. she copied Ellen White's stories
3. Marian's work with Ellen White's books was concerned with
   a. saying the ideas well
   b. including Marian's own ideas
   c. finding all the ideas Ellen White had written on the subject or incident
4. Look at the books Marian helped Mrs. White put together: The Desire of Ages, Christ's Object Lessons, Steps to Christ, Education, and The Ministry of Healing. What is each about?

THE HIDDEN MONEY

During the winter of 1849 and 1850 James and Ellen White lived in Oswego, New York, on the shores of Lake Ontario. While they lived there, James White published several issues of the Adventists' first little paper, The Present Truth. He also held meetings where he preached the message, especially the Sabbath truth. Many of the townspeople were deeply disturbed over Elder White's sermons, and decided that there should be a revival in their own church. They asked the county treasurer, a well-respected man, to lead out in a revival crusade. Mr. Treasurer was only too glad to do that, and he began preaching against the Adventists. Some found it hard to decide between the two evangelistic crusades.

Hiram Patch and his girlfriend were really upset. They spent much time talking about the problem and trying to decide what to do.

"You know," Hiram began, "Elder and Mrs. White are truly dedicated folks. When I leave their meeting, I'm certain that I should keep the seventh day Sabbath and follow their teachings."

"But who are they? Where do they come from?" his fiancee asked. "They are newcomers who live in a rented house with only a few odds and ends of furniture. Nobody around here ever heard of the doctrines they preach. At the Methodist revival they have a large congregation, beautiful music, and Mr. Treasurer is **SO** enthusiastic! When he begs sinners to give their hearts to the Lord, how he wrings his hands in distress at their lost condition! How he weeps and prays for the sinners! Surely the Lord is with him!"

"True," answered Hiram. "Yet the quiet call in Elder White's meeting gets to me more than Mr. Treasurer's big display, somehow."

"Okay," the girl suggested, "let's just keep going to both services and pray the Lord will show us clearly which group to join."

Hiram agreed. Back and forth they went from the big enthusiastic revival to the Whites' small earnest group. Still they were unable to decide.

Then one night, while at the smaller meeting, they had a chance to see Mrs. White in vision. This was a unique experience for them, watching while heaven directly contacted someone on earth. At the close of the vision Mrs. White told them what she had seen and then added a special message for Hiram and his girlfriend. God had seen them, she told them, and knew all about their problem.

"I was told to say to you, wait a month and you will know for yourself the character of the persons who are engaged in this revival, and who profess to have such a great burden for sinners."

"Fair enough," said Hiram Patch. "I will wait."

A few weeks later Mr. Treasurer got so excited and emotional over his call to sinners that he broke a blood vessel inside his body and had to be rushed home on a stretcher, leaving others to finish his active campaign. Someone else had to come in and take over his treasurer's work for the county, too, as his recovery promised to take quite a while.

The new county treasurer began going over the books and discovered that a thousand dollars seemed to be missing from the funds. No one dreamed, of course, that Mr. Treasurer could have been guilty of stealing it. They thought that he had paid it out and forgotten to write it down. At any rate, they must ask him about the money right away.

The sheriff and the constable were sent to Mr. Treasurer's home to question him. Cautious, the constable agreed to stay in a shed behind the house while the sheriff went in the front door alone.

In response to his knock, the sheriff heard the treasurer calling "Come on in. I'm in bed."

With his hat in hand, the sheriff stood by the sick man's bed. "I'm sorry to bother you about this," he began, "but the new treasurer asked me to come and talk to you about a problem with the county funds. It seems that they are a thousand dollars short. We suppose, of course, that you had to pay someone that amount and just forgot to write it down. Could you tell us where the money went?"

"A thousand dollars?" exclaimed the sick man. "Oh my no! I have no idea where it is. I certainly hope you don't think I took it."

Just then Mrs. Treasurer entered, wiping her hands on her apron. "Why are you disturbing my poor sick husband?" she scolded. The sheriff explained.

"How terrible!" the woman exclaimed. "I wonder where the money has gone! We don't know a thing about it, of course." Then she solemnly raised her hand toward heaven. "God knows we wouldn't have taken it!"

The opening of the kitchen door startled Mrs. Treasurer and her face turned pale at what she saw. Coming through the door was the constable, clutching in his right hand a bag of money marked "$1,000."

"Where, where did you get that?" she faltered.

"I think you know," answered the constable. "I was outside waiting for the sheriff in your shed and I saw you run out the back door and bury this bag in the snowbank. After you came back inside, I went and dug it out. Here's the missing money—and you dared to swear in God's name that you didn't know a thing about

it!" The constable's disgust was very evident.

The big revival meetings collapsed the next day. No one wanted to carry on after the phony revivalist had been found out.

"Well, I guess Mrs. White was right, wasn't she?" Hiram asked his girlfriend. "It hasn't been quite a month, and we surely know now that his work was not from the Lord. How could he plead so with the sinners in the audience when he was such a big sinner himself?"

Before long the young couple became Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Patch and were baptized into the little Adventist church where they became faithful witnesses for God—all because of a fulfilled prediction made by Ellen White.

Adapted from Emphasis Week, 70 & 71, pp. 35-37; The Great Second Advent Movement by J. N. Loughborough, p. 231.

THE HIDDEN MONEY

Objective: To examine invalid reasons for deciding what is truth.

For Discussion:

1. Which of these is important in deciding what to believe?
   a. The size of the church where something is taught
   b. The beauty of the church music
   c. The preacher's enthusiasm for preaching
   d. Where the preacher comes from
   e. The effects of the teaching on the preacher's personal life
2. Instead of sending a message to Hiram Patch saying, "What's the matter with you? Why don't you decide?" what was God's message to Patch and his fiancee?

YOUR HOUSE IS THE WORLD

Africa:	Escape from Destruction
Australia:	Blessing a Baby The Pocock Story
Middle East:	The Book and the Tomb
North America:	The Mysterious Voice The Mountain Children Overworked Pioneers I Overworked Pioneers II

ESCAPE FROM DESTRUCTION

In the village of Kudat on the beautiful Murudu Bay of North Borneo lived an Adventist family by the name of Hung. They felt very fortunate to live in Kudat, for the Bay provided such a good place to live. The soil was rich, many fruit trees grew there, and their gardens were full of fine vegetables and tapioca. With plenty of rice and lots of fish from Murudu Bay, they couldn't imagine a nicer spot to live.

The girl, Amoy, the boy Ahtsai, and the baby Ahluk played in the sunshine every day and sometimes helped Mother weed the garden. At night Father read to them from his precious Chinese books by Ellen White. These were his greatest treasures, and he loved to gather the family to listen to them. His favorite was The Ministry of Healing, and he read from that book every single day.

One day as he was reading silently, he laid down the book and spoke to his wife.

"Mama, Ellen White says that we should move out of the city and into the country. She says it's better for children to grow up away from the evils of the city."

Mother Hung looked at him in surprise.

"But we have a good house here," she protested. "Our rice bins are full, we have many fruit trees, and the children are in a good school. All our friends are here. Why should we move?"

"All that you say is true," agreed Father Hung," but Ellen White says to move out of the city. She says that if we do, our children will grow up with God's blessing and with a knowledge of how to work. Here there is not much

work to do. Our trees are already giving fruit, and the garden takes little care. The children are often at the market or running in the streets. I think Mrs. White is right. If it is for the good of the children, we ought to move."

So it was that the Hung family began to look for a country location. Father took trips across the bay to seek new land. The Hungs sold their house and fruit trees and packed their goods.

"Why are you so foolish?" the neighbors asked. "You have all you need here. Why go off to the jungle where you will have to work hard and begin all over again?"

Father Hung tried to explain. The more he talked, the more sensible his idea seemed. In the end, four other families decided to move with him. The rest mocked and called him crazy.

Thirteen miles from Kudat they found a place called Sequati. The land there had never before been plowed. It had been covered with jungle and trees for as long as anyone could remember. Father Hung dug into the soil and looked at it carefully. He was sure it was good earth. He was delighted when he found that the land belonged to the government, and that if he would mark off a portion and clear and plant it, he could have it very cheaply.

During the next few months, Father Hung and his friends staked out large plots for themselves. They began cutting back the jungle and building houses. They made them stronger and larger than those they had owned in the crowded city. The families liked that.

Since part of the land was low, they made it into rice paddies. On the higher land they placed fruit trees. They planted big golden pomolos (a fruit much like a grapefruit), juicy sweet oranges, tangy limes, luscious pink guavas, mangoes whose juice dripped right off your elbows when you ate them, and many other delicious tropical fruits. It was surprising how fast they grew in the fertile

soil. The rice field, too, gave unusually large crops of rice. All the farmers had asked God's blessing on their fields as they planted, and now when the crops came in, they thanked Him for His blessings and built Him a house of worship.

When the government inspector came around to see how the land was being cultivated, he was surprised at how well things were growing. "These are hard working people," he told his bosses, "and we did well to sell the land to them."

Time passed, and war came to Indonesia. Finally it even came to the island of Borneo. The families that had moved to Sequati were well established when they heard the terrible news from Kudat. Enemy planes had flown over the city and bombed it, destroying everything. Fires started by the bombs burned whatever was left.

Father Hung shook his head in sorrow. "Truly it was God's will that we should move from Kudat," he declared. "If we had stayed there, we would have surely lost everything—maybe even our children. And look how God has blessed us here! We have had good crops and fine fruit trees. We have a large comfortable house and our children are strong and healthy. They love the Lord and worship with us every Sabbath. I am not sorry that I read in The Ministry of Healing that we should move from the city into a country place."

"You are right," Mother Hung replied. "We did well to come here. But one thing worries me. The children have learned to work and to worship, but they have not learned much reading and writing. I wish we had an Adventist school in this place."

"Let's pray about it," Father Hung suggested. "The Lord knows that we have several children here who need a school. I'm sure He can arrange one for us."

Before the year was out, Seventh-day Adventist workers came to build a new school in Sequati. How the little group rejoiced in God's leading--first in

helping them to escape the destruction of the city, and next in providing an education for their children.

Once again the influence of Ellen White's books had traveled far across the oceans to bless the lives of people she had never met—people who loved God and were ready to listen to His messenger.

Reference: This story was told to Norma Youngberg by her son, Robert, who was a missionary in Borneo after World War II. Robert personally knew and talked with the Hung family who told him their story of "Escape from Destruction".

ESCAPE FROM DESTRUCTION

Objective: To perceive the long-range effectiveness of counsel from God's prophet.

Map Study: Find North Borneo on the map.

For Discussion:

1. Name the advantages of living in the country
2. Why does God recommend country living for families?
3. For people who do not presently have the advantage of country living, what suggestions do you have for avoiding some city living problems? (Find work for the children; try growing a garden; at least cultivate some plants in the house.)

BLESSING A BABY

Grandma White rose early one morning. She had quite a bit of writing to do, and she wanted to get it done. She had a special visit to make that day. A baby boy had just been born to the Conleys who lived near her, and she hadn't been over to see him yet. Mr. Conley had built her Avondale home, and Grandma White smiled to herself as she remembered how the hard-working non-Adventist carpenter had given up swearing and smoking while he built her house. He said those things didn't go along with Mrs. White's house somehow!

Now, as a good neighbor, she wanted to visit. She loved children and would welcome a chance to hold the tiny newcomer.

"Yoo-hoo! Is anyone home?" Mrs. White called from the Conley's front porch.

"Why, it's Mrs. White!" Mrs. Conley exclaimed, quickly smoothing out the bedcovers around herself. "Come on in."

Mrs. White opened the screen and stepped inside, making her way toward the bedroom.

"Hello there, Mary. How are you doing? And where's this fine young fellow you brought into the world?"

Mrs. Conley smiled and pulled back the covers. There, peacefully asleep beside her, lay little John Conley, rather red and wrinkled, but looking quite beautiful to the two women who were admiring him.

"Oh, what a healthy little fellow he is," exclaimed Mrs. White. "Is he eating well and sleeping nights so you can rest?"

Mrs. Conley laughed. "Well, he's eating all right, but as for sleeping all night, I think that's too much to expect when he's so young. He seems to want his stomach filled every few hours, but as soon as I feed him, he goes right to sleep again, so I can't complain. I'll be up and around in another day or so. The doctor didn't want me to rush it, and I guess it won't hurt me to get a little extra rest right now."

"Not at all," agreed Mrs. White, pulling up a chair. "My, I'm glad that you're doing well and the baby is healthy. And you've named him John, I hear. That's a good old-fashioned Bible name. It should give him something to live up to."

As if baby John already knew his name, he puckered up his tiny face and opened his eyes. The strange face bending over him startled him at first, and he looked as if he were deciding whether or not to cry. Something in the kind eyes and calm manner of the visitor assured him that he was safe. He unpuckered his face and kept a watchful eye on the stranger.

"He IS a good baby," Mrs. White laughed. "Do you suppose he'd let me hold him?"

Proudly Mrs. Conley passed the well-wrapped bundle to her neighbor. It was so kind of Mrs. White to take time from her busy program of speaking and writing to come and chat about the new baby.

Mrs. White held him up and laid her wrinkled cheek against his smooth one. "Babies are so soft," she murmured, "and so new and unspoiled. Here's little John with a whole life ahead of him. Wonder what he'll be. You've got a real responsibility, Mary, to train him for the Lord."

"Don't I know it," Mrs. Conley agreed. "It's not easy to raise obedient children, either. I hope he's as good and kind as your Willie."

Mrs. White smiled. Willie was unusually kind to her, and she had thanked God for it many times. Since her husband's death, Mrs. White didn't know what she would have done without Willie.

"Would you like me to pray for him, Mary?" she inquired.

"Oh yes--would you?" The Conleys had great faith in Ellen White's prayers and were delighted to have this good woman call the Lord's special attention to their new son.

Lifting the baby in her arms as if holding him out before God, Ellen White began to pray. She prayed that baby John would grow up to love and serve Jesus, and that someday he might be a worker for God and help spread the message of God's love to the world. She prayed that he would stay well and strong, and that his parents would guide him carefully. As Ellen prayed, it seemed that angels drew near and soft, heavenly peace filled the room. Mrs. Conley felt sure God was paying attention to this prayer.

After the "Amen," Ellen held out the little bundle and Mrs. Conley tucked it back in the big bed beside her.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if God would put His Spirit in this child's heart to become a minister for him?" Ellen asked. "Teach him to love the Lord, Mary. God bless you as you raise him."

During the months that followed, Ellen White watched baby John grow and develop into a sweet, obedient child. When she left Australia in 1900, he was still small, but he knew all about Jesus and how much God loved him.

Long after Ellen had been laid to rest, John Conley gave his heart to the Lord and became a minister. All his life he had heard how Mrs. White had prayed for him and that God wanted him to do a special job. He loved his work as a minister and continued preaching the message until he himself was an old man.

Ellen's prayer that he might be a good worker for God was certainly answered.

Reference: E. L. Minchin's account and Paul Gordon's personal interview with John Conley's nephew in Australia.

BLESSING A BABY

Objective: To observe and know Ellen White as a personable neighbor witnessing with ease.

For Discussion:

1. What special advantages did baby John Conley have because his parents knew Ellen White?

   (She influenced his father to quit smoking and swearing.

   She encouraged his mother to raise him to serve God.)

2. When Ellen White visited the Conleys, she was functioning principally as

   a. a prophetess

   b. a neighbor

3. Recall the story Jesus told when someone asked him, "Who is my neighbor?"

   (See Luke 10:25.)

4. Imagine someone's asking John Conley when he grew to manhood, "What was it like to have Ellen White for a neighbor?" What do you think he would answer?

THE POCOCK STORY

During the time that Mrs. White was living in Australia, the Pocock family were living there too, about 90 miles away from her. They were an Adventist family with young children, and Father Pocock was a coachbuilder and carpenter in Parramatta.

Mr. Pocock loved God and His Word and studied the Bible carefully. Everyone knew of his interest in religion, so when Elder Robert Hare began to hold meetings in Parramatta, a friend told John Pocock, "You ought to go hear that preacher, John. You'd like him. He preaches right from the Bible."

Interested, John went to hear Elder Hare's lecture, "Who Changed the Sabbath?" The fact that people in the Old Testament had kept the seventh day holy had often puzzled him. Nowhere could he find a text showing a change to Sunday. Now he sat in his seat, eagerly drinking in the Bible proofs.

The sermon shocked Mr. Pocock. He saw the truth at once and when he got home that night, he declared to his wife, "I'm going to begin keeping Saturday holy this very week. I know it's right."

"Oh dear," his wife exclaimed. "You will lose your job if you don't work on Saturdays. You know how busy that day is in the coach business. Everyone brings buggies in for repair on Saturdays."

"Yes, I may lose my job," her husband answered, "and I don't know how we'll manage if I do. But I must keep Sabbath."

Mrs. Pocock was right. Her husband did lose his job. Thinking that perhaps they could manage if he moved out of town, he located an inexpensive

piece of land high on a rocky mountain. Bit by bit he hauled logs and lumber up the mountain and built a small cabin for his family, meanwhile doing odd jobs here and there wherever work was available. Another steady job, however, he could not find.

Hearing that work might be available at Avondale College, he left his family and traveled to Cooranbong. There he found temporary work and was able to take food home to the family on weekends. While at Cooranbong, Mr. Pocock ate many meals at Mrs. White's home. He loved starting the day there, listening to her cheery conversation and eating the warm, hearty breakfasts she served.

"Ellen White gave out cheerfulness and joy," he recalled later. "We had such pleasure in her presence that every breakfast seemed a feast."

Some mornings Mrs. White would remark that she'd been up writing since 2 or 3 o'clock. Once she mentioned that she'd written 40 pages before breakfast! She was hard at work on Volumes 6, 7, and 8 of the Testimonies to the Church at that time.

"Sunnyside, Mrs. White's home, was a busy place," Mr. Pocock later told his children. "It was especially busy on mail days when packets of letters were made up to mail to America. Everyone worked hard to get the letters ready to go on the ship."

At morning worship Mrs. White led the group in prayer, telling the Lord of the problems with His work in America, Australia, and other parts of the world. At times she prayed so earnestly it brought tears to the eyes of those listening.

After breakfast she usually spent some time in the garden hoeing. Watching the fog disappear from the nearby hills, she often sang the old hymn, "When the Mists Have Rolled in Splendor From the Beauty of the Hills." Folks stopped to greet the smiling old lady and talk awhile. Everyone in the

community loved her.

When his work at Avondale ended, Mr. Pocock stopped at Mrs. White's to say goodbye before leaving.

"Thank you for all you've done to help me," the carpenter said. "I've appreciated all the meals and your help in finding a place to stay. Do you have any extra books I could take with me? I have none at home, and I need to keep studying."

Mrs. White was pleased. She had heard Mr. Pocock teach a Sabbath School class, and felt that he had a talent for telling others of God's love.

"I'm sure I have something you could use," she answered. "Let me look."

In a few minutes she returned with a pile of books and magazines. Mr. Pocock accepted them eagerly.

"I'm sorry we ran out of work," Mrs. White apologized. "If we ever need any more painting or carpentry done, I'll call you. Is there anything else we could do to help you out now?"

The workman hesitated and then spoke.

"Do you suppose you have any old clothes that my wife might make over for our children?" he inquired. "With five of them we find it hard to keep them dressed decently."

Mrs. White smiled. For years she had collected old clothing and watched for sales on strong, new cloth to fill just such requests. Word had gotten around town that Mrs. White really cared about the poor, and nearly every day someone came to ask for help.

Stepping into the closet, she dragged out a box of things.

"Here, John," she called. "Take these to your wife."

Mr. Pocock hoisted the big box off the floor. "Thank you so much, Sister White," he said. "You're certainly a blessing in this place. Remember our family

in prayer, would you? And don't forget to call me if any work turns up."

During the next few years Mrs. White did not forget the Pocock family. Twice a year she sent them boxes of clothing and words of encouragement. Three years later she sent for Mr. Pocock to come again. This time he brought the family with him. They borrowed Mrs. White's campmeeting tent, put an iron roof over it, and lived there on her property all year. When work ran out again, he and the family moved back to the mountain cabin.

In 1899, Brother Starr and his wife became acquainted with the Pocock family and were shocked to see how little the family had to eat. All five children were thin and hungry. He told Mrs. White about it, since he knew she'd been helping the family.

"We've just finished the large new school building," she told Mr. Starr. "Tell John to come down and help us paint it."

It was late in May when Mr. Pocock again came to Cooranbong. The more Mrs. White had thought about that family stuck up there on the mountainside two miles from neighbors and farther than that from a road, the more she felt they should move closer to civilization and food for the children. Mrs. Starr's account of the children's hunger had horrified her.

"Why didn't you tell us how things really were?" she asked Mr. Pocock when he arrived. "We are all part of the Lord's family. I knew you needed clothes, but I didn't realize that you were going hungry. I don't have any money, but I borrowed this three pounds for train fare, and I want you to go right home and bring your family back with you."

While he was gone, Mrs. White checked into houses for rent. She found one, but decided it wasn't fit to live in. Then she spoke to Brother Hughes who had just built a new home, and told him of the Pococks' plight.

"They can move into our old cottage," Mr. Hughes told her. "I won"t charge them a thing."

Mrs. White was delighted, and sent her helpers over to clean the house before the Pococks arrived.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Pocock was having a hard time taking care of all the children while she packed. The oldest was only 10, and the youngest was still a baby. On the last day, the Pococks decided to take their children down the mountain to their grandparents while they spent one last night in the cabin and hauled down the luggage.

The grandparents, non-Adventists, were quite poor, too, and when one of the neighbors gave them a wild parrot to eat, Grandma gratefully made parrot stew. The children were delighted, and four-year-old Albert ate till his little stomach almost burst. The children went to bed with really full stomachs for once.

Early the next morning the parents came down the mountain, picked up the children, and walked three miles in very hot sun to reach the train station. There Mr. Pocock used Mrs. White's money to buy tickets to Cooranbong.

"Mommy, I don't feel good,"Albert complained. "My tummy hurts."

"Mine, too," said the next oldest child.

Thinking that it might have been sunstroke from the hot walk, Mrs. Pocock wet cloths and put them on the children's heads.

At the station in Cooranbong, Mrs. White's buggy was waiting for them and the Pococks went to her house for a good dinner. Since the children were sick, she took them to their own cottage right after lunch, and sent Sara McEnterfer, her helper, over to nurse the little ones.

That night a terrific storm struck, the worst anyone could remember.

"My, I'm thankful that the Pococks are not on that mountain," thought Mrs. White. "I wonder how the children are?"

During the night it became evident that the children had been poisoned by the parrot stew. Albert was especially ill. He had eaten the most and was the smallest. Fever, vomiting, and diarrhea soon left him unconscious.

Sara stayed with the Pococks all night, nursing the children. Sister Rodd came in the next day to help her. In spite of all they could do, little Albert died on Sabbath morning. How heartsick Father Pocock was. He had tried to better conditions for his family and in the process, Albert had died. Dozens of sympathetic believers came to the funeral Sunday and comforted the little family. During all of this, Mr. Pocock's commitment to the Lord never changed. His kind, considerate ways made converts of others around him, and kept his own children close to the Lord.

The next summer as Mrs. White was preparing to leave Australia and return to the States, a baby girl, May, was born to the Pocock family. Once again there were five children. Ellen hurried over to see the new baby, holding her in her arms and praying that God would bless this baby and help her to love and serve Him when she grew up.

God heard that prayer, for May grew to be a lovely Christian girl and married Elder E. L. Minchin. Together for many years in many lands May and her husband worked for the Lord. Their five children are all workers for God, a part of the harvest of faithful believers who were encouraged by Ellen White's kindness and lasting interest in their family.

Adapted from E.W. Letters W-63-1899, K-75-1899, H-70-1899
Welfare Ministry 333 & 337, and confirmed by letter from May Pocock Minchin, July, 1981.

THE POCOCK STORY

Objective: To understand that in spite of Ellen White's active life, she allowed time for interaction with people in need.

For Discussion:

Tell how you think John Pocock would answer each of the following questions. Base your responses on the story.

1. What did Ellen White do as a prophetess when you knew her?

   (She wrote Testimonies, Vols. 6, 7, & 8. Sometimes as early as 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning she'd start writing. On mail days she supervised preparation of letters to go to the U.S.)

2. What did Ellen White do as a hostess?

   (Presided at a hearty breakfast.)

3. What did Ellen White do as a homemaker?

   (Hoed in the garden.)

4. What did Ellen White do as your friend?

   (Gave books and clothing to my family; sent for my family when she learned we were hungry; found housing for the family; got the family to leave the country when it was impossible for Father to make a living there.)

5. What are the long-term outcomes of Ellen White's kindnesses to your family?

   (The third generation has contributed significantly to God's work.)

THE BOOK AND THE TOMB

Blowing horns and screeching brakes wakened Pastor Daniel Kubrock from his sound sleep. For a moment he couldn't remember where he was. Something seemed strange. What was it?

Suddenly it came back to him. Of course things seemed foreign. They were. This was Jerusalem, holiest of all Christian shrines. For years he had wished to see the historic city, and now, on his way back from the mission field, his dream was coming true. Now he could walk on the Mount of Olives, visit Calvary, and see where the angel had burst the Roman seal and rolled away the huge stone from the mouth of Christ's tomb. His heart thrilled at the prospect, and he rose and dressed quickly, eager to be on his way early.

Tucking his New Testament into his pocket, he took a map of Jerusalem in hand and made his way out of the hotel and into the narrow streets of the city. It was a long walk to the city gate, but such an interesting one. Vendors called their morning wares, twentieth century cars fought with donkeys for right of way on the streets, and a little beggar boy followed along begging for coins. At the city's gate he paused. Then, following the map's directions, he headed up the hill toward Calvary.

Before long he stood with bowed head on the spot where soldiers had once nailed Jesus to a rough cross. He tried to picture the crowd, excited, angry, urging the soldiers to get on with the crucifixion. He could imagine the two thieves, fighting, clawing, biting at the soldier's hands in panic as they realized that this horrible death was to be theirs.

In his mind's eye he could see the heavy hammer coming down on the rough metal spikes, could imagine them driving through soft flesh and anchoring themselves in the wood beneath. He could see the sweat standing out on Christ's forehead as He bit His lip and fought the pain. There in the early morning light he could almost hear the controlled anguish in the words, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Seating himself on a nearby rock, Pastor Kubrock opened his New Testament and reread the familiar story. He could see the soldiers raise the cross and drop it with a dull thud into the deep hole they had dug for it. He could imagine the pain that the jolt would cause as flesh tore against nails. Tears came to his eyes as he realized that all this had been done for him.

Deep in remembering, he forgot the time until the sun's hot rays reminded him that early morning had long past. He must be moving on. Leaving Calvary, he began to follow the directions to Joseph's tomb, the new tomb in the rock which hundreds of years ago had been donated by a wealthy man as a final resting place for God's only Son. As he approached it, still deep in thought, a nearby voice startled him.

"Good morning, Sir," it said respectfully. "I am William Day. I take care of the tomb and the gardens. Would you like me to guide you around and point out things of interest?"

Mr. Kubrock looked at the caretaker. He seemed friendly and pleasant. It would be nice to have someone familiar with the scene to answer the many questions that came to his mind.

"Certainly," Pastor Kubrock replied. "I'd appreciate a guide. What can you tell me about this place?"

As they began to walk together through the beautiful gardens surrounding

the tomb the young pastor listened with growing amazement while the caretaker described Jesus' death, burial, and resurrection. He spoke with such feeling and made the scenes so vivid that they seemed to be happening right now. It all sounded familiar, somehow. Where had he heard those phrases before? Finally he spoke up.

"Mr. Day," asked the pastor, "have you ever read the book, The Desire of Ages?"

Now it was the guide's turn to be surprised.

"Why, yes," he exclaimed. "Do you know that book? A Seventh-day Adventist man in Beirut, Lebanon, gave me a copy. I have collected many books describing the events that surrounded Christ's crucifixion, but I treasure The Desire of Ages above all the others. It seems that the author must have been right here, must have been present to hear and see what was taking place. It's all so real."

The guide stopped a minute, seeking the right words in English.

"You know," he continued, "I read those chapters over and over so that I may pass on to the many visitors I serve each day the feeling of Jesus' beauty and kindness during His suffering and humiliation. I want every visitor to see it all and to sense the glorious power of the resurrection as the author describes it in that book. It is marvelous."

Pastor Kubrock smiled. No wonder the guide spoke with such feeling. He had absorbed Ellen White's inspired descriptions of Christ's death and resurrection. Thanks to her book, thousands of visitors who came to the tomb would hear Jesus' story told with love and compassion. Thanks to Ellen's book, hearts would be touched. Here in the midst of Jerusalem, thousands of miles

from America in places where Ellen had never been, her inspired visions were making the death and life of Christ meaningful to people of all religions. How many lives were touched by this greatest of love stories only eternity will reveal.

Based on a story told by Daniel Kubrock whose wife is Ellen White's great-granddaughter.

THE BOOK AND THE TOMB

Objective: To focus on the important story of Jesus' death, burial, and resurrection.

Map Study: Find Jerusalem on a world map.

For Discussion:

1. Retell the story of Jesus' death. (Who was there? What did Jesus say and do before death? Tell about the people involved at the time.)

   Pilate

   Simon the Cyrene

   The thieves

   The chief priests

   The disciples

   Mary, the mother of Jesus

2. Examine the table of contents of The Desire of Ages. Select the chapters that would help a guide describe the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus.
3. If you were telling someone about the final scenes of Jesus' life, what would be important to include?
4. Why do you think Ellen White wrote about Jesus' death when we already have a report from each of the four gospel writers—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John?

THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE

One by one lights flicked off in the rooms along the hospital corridor. Nurses passed out bedtime pills and told their patients goodnight. Soon only the soft swishing of the cleaning lady's mop disturbed the peace in Hospital II.

But sleep did not come to one weary patient. In Room 217 Mother Brooks lay wide awake and worried, and with good reason. Sick as she was, she had almost refused to come to the hospital. Who would take care of her ten children? That was no small task! Just fixing breakfast took a long time when you were feeding that many, and rounding up all the lunches and books before school was a job. Besides, only mothers know where to look for some things! Now here she was, helpless, useless, and worried.

In her distress, this godly black mother turned her thoughts toward her Saviour. He had helped her so much in the past. She began praying for her children.

"Bless Elliott and Charles, dear Lord. I know You love them as much as I do, but they get into mischief so easily. Lord, I'm not home to watch them now. Change their hearts and make them more obedient, please. Help Patty to take care of the baby. You have promised to save my children, Lord. I'm counting on that. Bless every one of them."

"Thank You for being with us these many years, Lord. Thank You for my good husband and for his love. Most of all, thank You for Your sacrifice for us. Heal me, Lord, so that I can get home to my children."

As she lay there praying quietly, Mother Brooks suddenly heard a voice, a

voice that she felt came from God.

"Keep my commandments," the voice said.

Mattie sat up, startled. "Which one am I not keeping?" she asked.

In her mind she saw the ten commandments. One stood out from the rest. One was large and very clear. It was the 4th commandment.

". . .Six days shalt thou do all thy work, and the seventh is the Sabbath. . ." Mother Brooks looked astonished. The seventh was Saturday. She'd been keeping Sunday. But what did this have to do with the things she'd been praying about? What did keeping the seventh day have to do with saving the children and getting her health back? Mattie Brooks would soon discover that that simple message had a lot to do with both her health and her children's salvation.

Mother Brooks had always been a devout Methodist who "kept" Sunday. Now that she felt she was "keeping" the wrong day, she promised the Lord she'd start observing the seventh day and teach her children to do so, too. As she studied her Bible during the following days in bed, everything she read seemed to plainly reveal God's seventh-day Sabbath.

For the next seven years Mother Brooks and the children kept Sabbath from midnight Friday to midnight Saturday. For seven long years she had no idea that anyone else kept that day sacred. So great was her devotion to the Lord who had spoken to her, and so great was her desire to do His will, that she continued to keep Sabbath even when her neighbors told her she was crazy.

Since she had come from a long line of Methodist preachers, she had no thought of leaving that church, but she HAD to keep Saturday. Hostility rose on every side. Father did not agree at all with her new idea. Everywhere she went people scoffed and scorned her. Finally her own church decided to act. A delegation of leaders came to bring Mother Brooks back into the fold.

The senior deacon led the group who came that night to straighten out Mother Brooks. First they pled with her, pointing out her Methodist heritage, and stating that surely all her beloved preacher-ancestors couldn't have been wrong about what day they kept. When that didn't change her mind, the committee urged her for the sake of her husband and children to give up this strange idea. Finally they began to argue, trying to prove that God had commanded no such Sabbath.

By this time Mother Brooks was a good Bible student. She had spent many hours studying its pages on Sabbath and on Sundays, too, since she felt unwelcome at the Methodist church now. She didn't argue with the deacons; she was too sharp for that. But she asked innocent questions that were so full of truth the men could find no answers. Finally, confused and upset, they rose to leave.

When all had filed out the door except the senior deacon, he turned back and pulled from under his arm a brown paper bag. He handed it to Mother Brooks.

When he had gone, the children clustered around Mother. She carefully opened the package. Inside was a large bound volume of The Great Controversy. The title page stated that it had been written by Ellen G. White, someone they'd never heard of. Right away they began to read, and God spoke to the family again, this time through the pages of a book.

Young Charles had not yet reached ten years of age, but his interest in that book was tremendous. Here were heroes any boy could admire—Huss, Jerome, Luther, Wycliffe the Bible smuggler, and the Waldensians hiding in the hills with their handwritten Bibles. As Mother read, the message of the great struggle between Christ and Satan became very clear to Charles and the other children. They began to understand the Sabbath as a flag of loyalty under which

Christ's troops must march.

Mother Brooks determined to find out more about the people who wrote the book. Before long she and the children joined the Adventist church. Seven years later, to their great joy, Father also saw the light and followed. Now the whole family was keeping God's Sabbath. The voice that had spoken to Mother so long ago in the hospital room was the same voice she still heard speaking to her heart through Ellen White's book.

Young Charles never forgot that he was part of the great fight against evil. When he grew up, he became a pastor, an evangelist, and finally a General Conference minister known and loved throughout the world as one of God's men. Hundreds have been baptized into the Adventist church because of his work for the Lord, and to this day he still regards Ellen White as a personal friend whose words were God's voice to his family.

Based on What Ellen White Means to Me, by D.R. Douglass, the C.D. Brooks testimonial. This manuscript approved by C.D. Brooks, 3-81

THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE

Objective: To perceive the power of God's messages through His prophets to lead people to make momentous decisions to follow Him.

For Discussion:

1. Think of objections Mother Brooks might have made to the idea that she should observe the seventh day as the Sabbath.
2. What objections did Mother Brooks meet when she decided to observe the Sabbath?
3. Imagine the story of the deacon from the Methodist church who left The Great Controversy with Mrs. Brooks. Do you think he had read the book? Do you think he had struggled with some of the issues Mrs. Brooks faced?
4. Choose a chapter in The Great Controversy that you think a 12-year-old child would find interesting to read. Summarize what Charles might have enjoyed about the chapter.
5. Tell the story of one of these people who responded to God's leading and whose story is recorded in The Great Controversy:

   Huss

   Jerome

   Luther

   Wycliffe

   Tyndale

   Joseph Wolf

   Waldenses
6. If you asked C. D. Brooks what God did for his family, what might he say?

THE MOUNTAIN CHILDREN

Back in the 1800's, many children in the mountains of Tennessee never had a chance to go to school. Life in the mountains was hard and poor, and some children who couldn't read and write had parents who couldn't read and write, either. Pioneer Adventists were concerned about these mountain children. Among those concerned were Mrs. White, Edward Sutherland, and Percy Magan.

For several years Mrs. White had been interested in the work her son was doing among the blacks of the South. Edson had a missionary steamboat called the Morning Star which cruised up and down southern rivers. Now in 1904 Sutherland and Magan were talking of starting a school for the Tennessee mountain children, and when Mrs. White heard of it, she was all in favor. Start small, she urged them, and grow bigger as you find the money to do so. These two men had been fine educators in the North, and she was sure they would do a good job with the southern young people. She knew they would not only teach their students to read and write and master a trade or skill so that they could make a living in the world, but they would also teach them about healthful living and God's place in their lives.

Mrs. White was in Tennessee visiting her son Edson when Sutherland and Magan came south hunting land for their dream school.

"Let's go upriver on the Morning Star, Edson," she suggested. "We can look for a good piece of land as we cruise along the river."

Sutherland, Mrs. White, and others got onto the boat, intending to pick up

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Andrews University
Berrien Springs, Michigan

Percy Magan at a landing several miles upstream.

"Ka-KLUNK! Ka-KLUNK!" went the engine.

"Oh dear," sighed Edson. "The engine's gone again. I'll have to pull over by the bank here and work on it awhile."

"That's all right," said Mrs. White cheerfully. "I think we're close to that Ferguson-Nelson property I'd hoped to get a look at. Come, Brother Sutherland. Let's get out and walk."

Edward Sutherland had already seen that property. It was the rockiest, poorest, scrubbiest, most miserable piece of land he'd ever seen. He was not at all interested in looking at it again. But when Mrs. White told you to come, somehow you just went!

"Why it's lovely, Edward," she exclaimed when they reached the edge of the rocky land. "It looks just like the land I saw in a vision, the land the Lord told me you should get for your new school."

Edward's heart sank. He didn't want this land. Besides, it was owned by a very cross lady who didn't want to sell it. Mrs. White headed back toward the steamboat, talking about how fine it was, acting as if everything were settled now.

When they picked up Percy Magan later that day, Mrs. White told him she'd seen his new school land. When he found out which land it was, he nearly exploded. No way were they going to invest in that horrible, rocky property.

For several days they argued. Something kept drawing them back upriver to look again at that farm. Mrs. White kept assuring the men that this was the land the Lord wanted them to have. Finally the men gave in, for in spite of their own opinions, they had much confidence in Mrs. White's directions.

After returning north again to visit friends and raise money for the

project, the two men hurried back south and bought the rocky farm. On it they began Madison School, a special work-study school for the mountain children. Some were trained as teachers, others as nurses. Some became cooks and others blacksmiths. Each young person had to master a skill before getting out of school. That was one of Ed Sutherland's most definite requirements.

On the farms around the school farmers grew tobacco. They sent their children into the fields to weed and pick the crop. Working in the tobacco fields poisoned the children and made them sick. Their eyes and hands became red and sore from the poisonous plant they handled. Madison teachers began to teach the students how to raise strawberries instead of tobacco, and the strawberries made more money, too. Soon some of the farmers themselves were switching crops. The little self-supporting school began to influence the community.

Students who graduated from Madison often went into the hills and started their own little one-teacher schools for other mountain children. Some of the mountaineers were very rough. They made liquor in their moonshine stills and got into drunken fights. Murders were not uncommon back in the hills, either. Both parents and children chewed tobacco, spitting the brown juice on the ground--or on the floor--wherever they happened to be. Madison graduates tried to teach their students that the tobacco polluted their bodies and asked the students to stop. Some did, but some just couldn't leave it alone. They'd been tobacco chewers for years, even though they were just children.

Charley was one of this latter group. He carried a plug of tobacco in his pocket, and the minute he left school, popped it into his mouth. Everyone in his family chewed. Why shouldn't he?

When Charley told his family what the teacher had said about the harmful effects of tobacco, the family agreed that Charley, at least, should stop his

chewing. His mother even promised to buy him shoes (his first pair!) if he would quit. But even with the shoes in mind, Charley couldn't leave that plug of tobacco alone. His uncle promised him a whole sack full of candy if he'd stop, but still Charley couldn't quit.

Then one day Charley discovered music. In school he led the singing, and whenever his teacher, Miss Margaret, played the piano, Charley would drape himself over one end of it and watch her every move.

Finally Miss Margaret had an idea. "Tell you what, Charley," she proposed, "if you'll stop chewing tobacco, I'll teach you to play the piano."

"Don't know as I can stop, Miss," he said sadly.

"Well, you try to stay off it for one whole day," the teacher suggested, "and when you do, come to me and I'll give you a lesson."

The next day Charley sneaked off after school, clutching his tobacco plug. But the following day he remained although he'd been dismissed with the other students.

"I'm ready for a lesson, Miss Margaret," he announced with pride. "I ain't touched my plug all day and it's right here." He patted his hip pocket as he spoke.

Miss Margaret sat him down and he began to learn. Charley never touched another plug of tobacco. He didn't want to miss even one day's piano lesson.

Charley practiced and became a fine pianist. He later went to Madison and learned to be a teacher like his beloved Miss Margaret. Charley's mom couldn't get over how quickly he'd quit tobacco when he'd made up his mind to do it.

"Why didn't you stop for the sack of candy?" she questioned.

"I figured it wouldn't last very long," he grinned, "but music lessons would

last as long as I did!"

Ed Sutherland's Madison School grew and grew until it included a hospital, school, and health food factory all on one campus. The land and location proved, as Mrs. White had said it would, a good place for a school. Through Madison the mountain children of Tennessee began to have a chance for a better way of life, thanks to Sutherland, Magan, and Mrs. White.

Based on Madison, God's Beautiful Farm by Ira Gish and Harry Christian, and on Sister White by A.W. Spalding, pp 91-98

THE MOUNTAIN CHILDREN

Objective: To imagine the changes that can occur through establishing a Christian school.

For Discussion:

1. Ellen White's son, Edson, is remembered for . . .
2. Life is hard for people who can't read and write because . . .
3. In addition to learning to read and write, each student at Madison was required to . . .
4. The disagreeable thing(s) about growing tobacco is/are . . .
   (working with the leaves can make one sick; the ultimate objective is not in consonance with caring about your fellowman)
5. The disagreeable thing(s) about chewing tobacco is/are . . .
   (the necessity of spitting the juice out; harmful effects to the body; habit-forming nature of the practice)
6. If I had been in a tobacco-growing family near the new Madison School, this change probably would have occurred: . . .
7. To help Charley quit tobacco, Charley's teacher was willing to . . .
8. Madison School is located at its present site because . . .

OVERWORKED PIONEERS I

Baby Edson was just six weeks old when James and Ellen White decided that they'd been off the traveling trail long enough and they'd better visit some of the Maine churches again. The believers in Paris, Maine, had not been doing very well. Some were not accepting Bible truths. Others were following the Bible so strictly that they made life miserable for themselves and everyone around them. So when the members all gathered to hear the Whites speak on a September morning, things were rather uncomfortable.

As the group began to study and pray, they began to feel God's spirit with them. Suddenly, as it had been with the disciples on the day of Pentecost, the Holy Spirit touched their hearts and changed their lives. People began to see their wrongs and confess them to each other.

"Oh, Mommy," a child might have sobbed. "I'm so sorry that I lied about going to Susan's last week. And I'm sorry for fussing about doing the dishes tonight. Will you forgive me? I really want to be good and go to heaven."

And we can imagine the mother, tears running down her face, taking her child in her arms and saying, "Of course I forgive you, darling. Will you forgive me? I was so cross with you, and sometimes I forget that you need time to play."

All over the little congregation parents, children, and church members confessed to each other and asked God's forgiveness.

In the midst of all this a young man listened and watched. God's spirit was speaking to him, too, showing him where he needed to make changes in his own life. Would he make them?

"I would exchange a thousand errors for one truth," he exclaimed at last, accepting God's leading in his life.

"Thank God," thought Ellen White. "Here is an honest young man. The Lord is fitting him for future work. God has plans for this man."

Ellen White had known John Andrews before. He had been born in her own home town, Portland, Maine, and had joined the Sabbathkeepers when he was only 17. Now he was 20, and God was "fitting him for future work," according to Ellen.

It seemed she was right, for the very next year he began preaching, and three years later--when he was only 24 years old--he was ordained as a minister for God.

Never had the people seen such a hard worker as John Andrews. He held meetings in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Ohio, Michigan, and Canada. He wrote furiously, 170,000 words of long articles for the believers to read. So hard did he work and so long did he write that his health broke down completely. God's energetic young firebrand seemed to have burned himself out.

Discouraged, John left preaching and headed for his parents' home in Iowa. He had worn himself out in just five years.

Away from the pressures of preaching, John had time to think, pray, do farm work, and get his health back. But it was lonely out there on the farm, and the year after he went home he found a lovely young lady who agreed to become Mrs. John Andrews. John began to feel much better, and by the end of the next year he had not only a new wife, but a new son as well! Baby Charles delighted John, and the outdoor farm life suited the whole family.

After four years of rest, John began to think about returning to the ministry. He had kept on studying, of course. In fact, when the Sabbathkeepers

back East had a dispute about when the Sabbath should start—at 6 p.m. every Friday night or at sundown—they wrote and asked John to study the matter and decide for them. He did, and wrote back that he felt the Bible clearly taught that Sabbath should be kept from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday. The brethren agreed, and that is still how Adventists keep Sabbath today.

In 1859 John Andrews went East again and began to preach. That spring he visited James and Ellen White, and before he left, Elder White decided that the young man needed some help, especially now that he had a family.

"I'd like you to accept this fine leather for some new boots, Brother Andrews," James White told him. "You need to keep your feet warm and take care of your health this time."

"And would you take this little flannel shirt and some stocking yarn for baby Charles?" Mrs. White asked. "I've already wrapped up a new calico dress, some stout calfskin shoes, and this nine shillings for your wife, Angeline."

She stepped to the closet and pulled out a nice, quilted cape.

"I'd like to send something to your mother, too, John. Do you think she'd like this warm cape?"

John's heart was touched. The Whites had already fed and housed him for nothing. Now they were sending him home with gifts for the whole family. Looking around their plainly furnished living room he could tell that the Whites didn't have any too much for themselves, either. But that was one nice thing about belonging to the family of God. Each one helped the others.

"Yes," he replied gratefully, "I'm sure she'll appreciate it. Thank you so much, and do come and see us when you can."

John rode off into the snappy March wind with a warm heart.

"Get up there, Jake," he called to the old horse. "We've got to get home and see little Charlie."

Elder Andrews met James and Ellen frequently after that as they traveled around New England, sometimes preaching together, sometimes separately in different places. Now Elder Andrews' health seemed better. His home was made happier, too, when baby Mary was born. Now it was Elder White who was overworking, even though everyone cautioned him to slow down.

In 1865, sick and unable to work at all, James White went to Danville, New York, to try some water treatments he thought might cure him. Here he became so ill that he told Ellen, "Send for some of the brethren, Ellen. Send for John Andrews and the others. See if they'll come and pray for me. I feel as if this is the end."

Ellen sent for them and they all came. John Andrews even stayed on a few days longer after the other men had left. Elder White seemed about the same. There had been no miraculous answer to their prayers. But James White had been cheered by the concern and love of his fellow workers and gradually his health improved. For a few months all of the pioneers paid more attention to their own health.

References follow Part II.

OVERWORKED PIONEERS I

Objective: To understand the heavy burdens the early pioneers carried.

To perceive God's guiding hand in nurturing a growing understanding of His will.

Map Study: Locate Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Ohio, Michigan, and Canada, where John Andrews preached.

For Discussion:

1. What special talents did John Andrews use for the Lord?
   (Writing; preaching; praying for others; researching)
2. What mistake did John Andrews make in working for the Lord?
   (He overworked.)
3. What mistake did James White make in working for the Lord?
   (He overworked.)
4. What contribution did John Andrews make in the question about when to begin and end observation of the Sabbath?
5. Read the text that supports the practice of observing Sabbath from sundown to sundown. Which words do you think describe God's response to His people before they observed Sabbath sundown to sundown?
   a. displeased
   b. patient
   c. helpful
   d. condemning
   e. rejecting
   f. caring
   g. instructive
6. Which words do you think describe God's response to His people when they overworked?
   a. displeased
   b. sympathetic
   c. condemning
   d. caring
   e. instructive

OVERWORKED PIONEERS II

Three years after James narrowly escaped death from overworking, Ellen White became sick. Long hard trips, hours of preaching, nights of writing, and the many cares of a housewife had worn her out. Discouraged, she felt unable to get out of bed. Why did God send her so many messages to write? Some of the people she wrote them to didn't pay any attention at all, and her work was wasted.

That evening Brother Andrews held a meeting in the church nearby. Mrs. White stayed home, breathless and faint, attended by her faithful husband. When Elder Andrews got home, he called a special prayer meeting for Ellen. That night she slept well for the first time in days, and the next morning she felt much better.

What had encouraged her so during the night? She had had a dream, a lovely encouraging dream that the Lord had sent just for her.

In her dream, Ellen saw a messenger with a bolt of white cloth.

"Cut it into garments," he ordered. "We want all sizes and shapes. Make big ones and small ones, short ones and long ones. Then hang them up here when they are cut out. That way they'll be ready when we need to make them up for someone."

Somehow Ellen sensed that some of the clothes she would be cutting out would be given to people who didn't deserve them at all. Her work would be wasted, just as her writing was wasted when people refused to pay attention to her messages.

"Is this the only piece of cloth I have to cut up?" Ellen asked hopefully.

"No, I'm afraid not," the messenger replied. "As soon as you finish this bolt, I'll bring you another one."

Ellen sighed. How could she ever get all the work done? There was no end to it. She had been cutting out garments for 20 years and no one appreciated all her work, neither had it done much good that she could see.

"Listen," she began desperately, "I know the woman this garment is being cut for. She won't value it at all. She's poor, not very smart, and sloppy as well. It's a waste of time and energy to cut out a dress for her."

The messenger shook his head reproachfully. "You cut out the garments," he insisted. "That is your duty. The loss won't be yours but mine if she doesn't want the dress. God doesn't look at things the way you do. He gives you your work, and you don't know what will succeed--this or that. Many poor souls that you think won't go to the kingdom will be there, and many that you think are sure to go will be left out."

Ellen held up her hands. They were covered with callouses from holding the scissors and cutting with them for so many years. She shrank at the thought of starting in again.

"Cut out the garments," the messenger commanded. "You are not released from work yet."

Feeling so weary she could hardly pick up the scissors, Ellen reached for them anyway. At least they were new and shiny and looked sharp. Dull scissors were so hard to cut with. To her astonishment, the minute she lifted the scissors her weariness and discouragement fled as if chased away by angels. Clip, clip, clip she went into the new cloth, and the work went quickly.

No wonder she felt so much better in the morning. The dream had been a direct message from God. It assured Ellen that she was not to give up the work,

and reminded her that she was not to judge which of her messages would be helpful and which would be wasted. God would take care of that matter. All she had to do was keep on following His directions and He would give her strength to carry them out.

Seeing Mrs. White's improvement the next morning after his special prayer meeting, John Andrews was encouraged, too. When Mrs. White went back to her writing desk, John Andrews drove off to preach in another town.

Elder Andrews held many important positions in the new Adventist church when it was organized. He became the third General Conference president, editor of the Review, and the Adventists' first foreign missionary. In 1874, two years after his dear Angeline had died of TB, the General Conference sent him, Mary, and Charles to Switzerland to begin Adventist work in Europe.

Working as hard as ever, he preached and wrote continually. Before long he had a printing press running and was publishing the Signs of the Times in Europe. Hard work and poor health finally caused his death nine years after he went to Europe.

Few of the early pioneers had as much effect on the Adventist church as did John Andrews. He helped settle the question of when to begin and end the Sabbath hours. His further studies into the matter of how God expects us to spend our money led the church to adopt the system of tithing that supports our church today.

The dedication and hard work of pioneers like the Andrews and White families give us a heritage to live up to. It is up to us to build on the strong foundation they laid, and like them, to take up whatever tasks God gives us to do and do them the best we can.

Based on Life Sketches, 127, 171, & 183; SDA Encyclopedia, "JN Andrews"; Welfare Ministry, p. 324

OVERWORKED PIONEERS II

Objective: To perceive God's care in encouraging his weary workers.

Map Study: Locate Switzerland, site of John Andrews' mission service.

For Discussion:

1. How did God answer John Andrews' prayer for Ellen White?
2. What did the dream about cutting cloth into garments mean to Ellen White?
3. What is the Review, which John Andrews edited?
4. What is the General Conference, where John Andrews served as president?
5. What special talents made John Andrews a good candidate for mission service?

   (He knew several languages; was an excellent scholar, writer, and researcher.)
6. What very good excuses could John Andrews have given for not going to Switzerland?

   (No one else has gone from the Adventist church to be a missionary.

   I've been widowed.

   I have two children who need care.

   Although I know seven languages, French is unknown to me, and I'm no longer a young man for learning languages.

   I once fell so ill from overwork that I had to quit preaching for several years; being a missionary is hard work!)

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY EMPHASIS STORIES

Volume III, Part II

Grades 5–8

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

Early Years:	Leaving the Church She Loved
	Prayers of Healing
Middle Years:	Miracle for a Teenager
	Special Prayers, Special Answers
	A Stormy Trip to Oregon
	Back from Oregon
	Stricken Down
	Ellen Goes on Alone
Later Years:	Hailstone Horror

LEAVING THE CHURCH SHE LOVED

Ellen had reached the age of sixteen. It was the year 1843 and many people were talking of Jesus' coming. Preachers proclaimed it in churches, barns, and open-air meetings. It had not been long since Ellen's baptism, and in her new love of the Lord, she was excited by the thought of His soon coming. Whenever she heard of the Advent message being preached somewhere, she tried to attend the meeting.

As truth of the Coming sank into her heart, she began to worry about her own readiness. Often she prayed, asking God to assure her that she was ready, but God didn't seem to answer. Whenever she knelt to pray, something seemed to ask why she didn't pray aloud at prayer meetings as well as in secret, and that question bothered her. Ellen's natural shyness made her shrink from the idea. She could well imagine opening her mouth to speak and having no words come out—or worse yet, having them come out all mixed up. Since the problem came to mind every time she knelt to pray alone, she became so distressed that she stopped praying completely.

For three weeks she remained depressed about the matter. How long this would have gone on no one knows, but the Lord took pity on her and gave her a dream in the night.

In her dream she met Jesus, so kind and loving that she wished to stay with Him forever. An angel told her that she must leave, but gave to her a coiled green cord and told her to keep it near her heart. When she wanted to reach Jesus, she must stretch out the cord and connect with Him. She must not,

however, leave it too long coiled, or it would tangle and become useless.

Delighted with her gift, she woke, realizing that the green cord represented faith, and that through faith she should reach out to Jesus.

Taking courage, she now talked her problem over with her mother, who advised her to visit Brother Stockman, a good Christian preacher, and ask his counsel. He gave her hope and told her to do what the Lord commanded.

That night at prayer meeting she shook inside with fear. After two or three had prayed, she opened her mouth, determined to say something for the Lord. To her surprise, the words flowed easily and peace rolled over her heart. As she prayed, angels seemed to draw near, and her earnestness caused many to weep. She left that night feeling a new freedom to witness for Christ.

At the next meeting of the Advent believers, she rose with others to tell what the Lord had done for her. Brother Stockman heard and was astonished at her courage and lack of shyness, and he rose to praise the Lord for giving her strength to speak up for Him.

Although Ellen and her family were attending the Advent meetings, they still belonged to the Methodist church and went there, too. At the next Methodist class meeting, Ellen and her brother Robert were both eager to share with their friends their new experiences and their belief in Christ's soon coming.

Ellen explained how shy she'd been and how she'd found peace in doing God's will, and told of her joy in anticipating Christ's soon return. She stopped talking, expecting that some of her fellow church members would speak up and rejoice with her in this new Christian growth. To her astonishment, she felt a cold silence settle around her and heard the presiding elder speak.

"Ellen, I want you to reconsider this notion of the Second Coming," he said sternly. "Wouldn't you rather live a long life of holiness and good works than to

have Jesus come now and destroy all the poor sinners?"

"No," Ellen answered quickly. "I'd rather have Jesus come now and end all the sin and suffering so it doesn't continue to hurt people."

The elder frowned and tried a new approach.

"But wouldn't you rather die easily in your own bed than to go through the pain of becoming immortal?"

Ellen shook her head again. "I just want Jesus to come," she insisted. "I don't care if I live or die. Anyway, the Bible says that we shall all be changed in a 'twinkling of an eye,' and even if the changing is painful—which I'm not sure it is—that won't be a very long time. I'm sure I can stand it. All I know is that when I am close to Jesus as I've been lately, I long for Him to come and get me right now."

Several of the older members groaned and muttered, and some moved their chairs rather rudely trying to drown out Ellen's replies with their noise.

The elder shrugged, and turned from Ellen to someone else, ending her testimony. He'd much prefer that Ellen didn't discuss her new ideas in the class.

On the way home, Ellen and Robert talked it over.

"Ellen, do you suppose we are deceived?" Robert asked anxiously.

"Not at all," she assured him. "I believe Pastor Miller is right. Look what this message has done for our spiritual lives!"

"That's so," agreed Robert. "A tree is known by its fruits, and the fruit of this message is that we feel we need to be closer to the Lord. Surely that is a good fruit."

Before they reached home that evening, Robert and Ellen had determined not to abandon their faith in Christ's soon coming.

At the next meeting, Ellen tried again. She told the class that her spiritual life had been completely changed through her belief in Jesus' soon

coming.

"Through Methodism!" boomed the class leader.

"No, through the Second Advent message," insisted Ellen. It's not been through any 'methods' that I've found liberty. It has been in the hope of seeing Jesus soon and leaving this world."

When she finished speaking and sat down, she realized that this would probably be the last time she would testify to her Methodist church friends unless she gave up the belief in the Second Coming. Even her friends were getting angry.

Not long after this the Methodist minister came to visit the Harmons. Since they all believed in the new messge, the minister dealt with them all at once.

"I have come to ask you to leave the church," he began frankly.

"Whatever for?" asked Father. "What have we done?"

"You have accepted a new and strange belief," he stated. "You have walked contrary to Methodist rules. It would be best if you just quietly withdraw from fellowship and avoid a church trial."

"No, sir," said Mr. Harmon. "We will not quietly withdraw. We have done no wrong unless it's a sin to be looking for our Lord's return. And I don't think this belief is 'new' or 'strange.' The New Testament is full of it. Paul himself is always talking of Christ's coming and urging us to look for it. No, we prefer to stand trial at the church and have our errors clearly pointed out. Do you have any texts to prove us wrong? If so, we can look at them tonight, and maybe we can clear up this matter."

The minister frowned and gathered his belongings.

"I can't waste time arguing with you all evening," he grumbled. "I have appointments to keep. Good night!"

Within a few days the Harmons were requested to attend their trial at the church. The meeting was held in the church lobby, and seemed to have been called hastily, as few of Mr. Harmon's friends were present to defend him. The only charge against them was that they had "walked contrary to Methodist rules."

"Which rules?" Father demanded.

"Well," the leader said hesitantly, "you've been attending other meetings and have neglected to meet regularly with your own Bible classes."

"I guess we have missed a few meetings," Father conceded, "but some of us were out of town. Others have felt compelled to stay at home because our testimonies were not welcome at the class meetings. But even if we have missed occasionally, that's no reason to remove us from fellowship. How about Brother John? And Sister Annie? And Miss Green? They haven't been to church for over a year, yet they are still regular members!"

This threw the meeting into confusion until the leader took a new approach.

"Brother Harmon," he asked, "will you confess that you have departed from the rules and agree to conform to them in the future?"

Father shook his head. "If that means giving up the hope of Christ's return, no we will not agree." His voice was firm. "Our standing with God means more to us than our standing with the Methodist church!"

Amidst cold silence the Harmons filed out of the building. In their hearts, however, they felt the warm blessing of God.

The following Sunday the elder read off the Harmons' names and

announced that they had been expelled for "walking contrary to the rules." He further warned that others who accepted strange beliefs would be similarly dealt with. His threat worked, and many who were sympathetic to the Second Advent message gave it up rather than lose their church memberships.

The Harmon family, however, found a special text that seemed written just for them, and they hung onto it. It read, "Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for My name's sake, said, 'Let the Lord be glorified; but He shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed'." Isaiah 66:5.

Believing this text, they continued to live and witness to Christ's Second Coming among the people of Portland, Maine.

Based on Life Sketches, Chapter 5, Spiritual Gifts, Vol. II, pages 15-25

LEAVING THE CHURCH SHE LOVED

Objective: To imagine what it would be like to defend one's faith in the Second Coming.

For Discussion:

1. If someone asked me if I believe Jesus is coming again, I would say . . . because . . . .
2. If someone asked me to pray at a church meeting, I would feel . . .
3. What is a good plan to follow before dismissing members from a church?
4. What is a good response for these remarks about Jesus' Second Coming?
   a. You surely don't believe Jesus is coming again?
   b. I don't believe that.
   c. Where did you get that idea?
   d. You know, don't you, that almost 2,000 years ago people thought Jesus would come very soon?
   e. Have you heard about those people in 1844 who expected Jesus to come?

PRAYERS OF HEALING

Icy New England winds poked into the black buggy, thrust cold fingers under Ellen's lap robe, and clutched at her ankles. Early spring travel in Maine could be most uncomfortable.

Elder James White and young Ellen Harmon had an appointment at the home of Ellen's friend, Frances Howland. As the house came into view at the edge of Topsham (Top-sum), Ellen thought with relief of the warm fire they'd find at the Howland's home, and of the good girl-to-girl talk she'd have with Frances. Being a messenger for God didn't leave you much time for being a teenager, and Ellen was still only 18.

Sometimes it was nice just to be a girl again, to be able to tell someone about James White and her growing attraction for the young minister, of his continual kindness in escorting her from place to place to deliver God's messages. Of course she didn't go alone with him--her mother saw to that! But still, if it had been up to Ellen to care for the horse and put the buggy away at the end of each trip, she wouldn't have gone many places. Ever since her childhood accident she had not been strong. Young Elder White had been such a blessing to her.

It was now just a little more than a year since the day when the Adventists were so disappointed that Jesus didn't return. Little groups of believers around New England tried to encourage each other and hang onto their belief that Jesus <u>was</u> still coming--even though they weren't sure just when.

When the buggy drew up in front of the Howland house, James helped

Ellen out and up the slippery steps. The door flew open, and Mrs. Howland's welcome voice pushed back the cold.

"Come on in, all of you! Take off those coats and get around the fire. You must be half frozen today. Why, Ellen, how well you look. I certainly wish Frances looked as well as you do."

Ellen stopped unbuttoning her coat and looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter with Frances?" she asked anxiously. "Does she have the flu?"

"Worse than that, I'm afraid," Mrs. Howland replied. "The doctor says she has rheumatic fever. All her joints ache and her temperature is very high."

"Oh, dear," Ellen exclaimed. "I'll go right up and see her."

Up the stairs Ellen went and into the sickroom. Her heart sank when she saw Frances in the large bed. Her small hands had swollen so badly that you couldn't even tell where her finger joints were.

For quite a while the two girls talked before Mrs. Howland called Ellen down for supper. After supper and worship, everyone sat around discussing Frances and her serious illness.

"Do you think that God could heal Frances, Brother Howland?" one of the visitors asked.

"Why, I'm not sure," he answered, rubbing his beard thoughtfully. "I suppose He could. I can try to believe she might be healed. I don't know, though, if I have enough faith."

Everyone sat quietly thinking. Did they each have enough faith? Did they really believe God could heal Frances? Or were they thinking deep inside, "Oh well, we can pray, but if He doesn't heal her, I won't be surprised"?

Suddenly Brother Howland spoke up. "Yes, I believe God can heal her. I

really do believe it. Let's ask Him to do it."

Together the believers knelt, claiming the promise of John 16:24, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Earnestly they prayed that Frances might be healed. As they prayed, the sense of God's presence grew stronger until one of the brethren spoke right out.

"Is there a sister here who has the faith to go and take her by the hand and bid her rise in the name of the Lord?"

Before he had even stopped speaking, Mrs. Curtis, a fine Christian woman, stood to her feet and headed up the stairs. As she entered the bedroom she felt God's Spirit right there with her, and taking the swollen, aching hand in her own, she commanded, "Sister Frances, in the name of the Lord, arise and be whole!"

Frances stared at Mrs. Curtis in amazement. A new strength and feeling of well-being surged through her body. Throwing back the covers, she swung her legs over the side of the bed and stood up. No longer did she feel shaky and feverish. No longer did her fingers refuse to bend. The swelling seemed to be shrinking.

"Praise God!" exclaimed Frances. "He has made me well. Oh, thank you, God, thank you!" The young girl began hurrying around the room, opening drawers and pulling out clothes. "Tell Mother I'll be right down, Mrs. Curtis," she requested.

Mrs. Curtis flew down the stairs and burst in upon the still continuing prayer meeting. "She's well, she's well," she cried. "She's coming right down. God answered our prayers!"

Prayers of healing turned to prayers of praise as the kneeling company heard quick footsteps hurrying around the upstairs bedroom. Before long Frances was kneeling with them, her face bright with joy and happiness, thanking God for her own healing.

The next morning for the first time in many days Frances appeared at the breakfast table. Heartily she ate her meal. How easily her fingers bent now.

After breakfast the company stayed at the big kitchen table for worship. James White opened his Bible and read from James 5, the chapter on God's healing power.

As he read, the front door opened into the hall and the doctor's footsteps were heard going up the stairs. He had come to check on Frances, just as he'd been doing for days. Alarmed at finding her bed empty, he hurried downstairs and pushed open the kitchen door. His eyes glanced around the table and when they landed on Frances he exclaimed, "So! Frances is better!"

"The Lord healed her," her father said. James White continued reading right where he'd been interrupted.

"Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him." James 5:14.

A curious expression of wonder and disbelief spread across the doctor's face. Never had he seen anything like this. But there it was, before his own eyes—Frances with a nearly empty cereal bowl before her and the glow of health on her cheeks. Shaking his head, he backed out of the kitchen and left. The group finished worship and scattered for the day's activities.

"I've been inside so long," Frances declared. "I'd like to go for a buggy ride today."

"Oh, do you really think you should?" her mother asked anxiously. "After all, dear, you just got out of bed."

"Mother—either I'm healed or I'm not. And I believe that I'm healed. Daddy, will you take me out for a ride?"

Brother Howland thought only a minute. "You're right, Frances," he

agreed. "God healed you, and you're just as well as ever. Bundle up and we'll ride down and visit the neighbors."

That night when Frances returned, she seemed perfectly well.

A few days later when she asked to be baptized, the believers agreed with her that although the water was icy, she was safe in God's hands. The baptism did not harm her at all, and never again did she have rheumatic fever.

Ellen had seen first-hand the power of claiming God's specific promises through prayer. It was a lesson she never forgot.

Adapted from Life Sketches, pages 74, 75.

PRAYERS OF HEALING

Objective: To understand the encouragement God brought to the early believers by responding to their petitions.

For Discussion:

1. When Frances was healed, whom did she thank?
2. Read John 16:24. Recall a time when the truth of this text was demonstrated in the life of someone you've read about or know.
3. Read James 5:14. Recall other incidents when God honored the prayers of His people who sought healing.
4. If I fail to receive healing when I request it from God, it means that
   a. God didn't hear me.
   b. I didn't ask for the right thing.
   c. I didn't have enough faith.
   d. God knew that I could bear not to receive it.
   e. I may be part of the demonstration of the trouble that Satan causes.

MIRACLE FOR A TEENAGER

Stockbridge Howland had a very unusual first name but it suited him. As an architect and designer, Stockbridge built houses, barns and (you guessed it) bridges. Everyone knew that his work was the best, and that he was a very dependable man. Maybe that's why everyone was so upset when he began believing the strange ideas of that Preacher Miller.

In 1841 when his friends first discovered that Stockbridge believed in Christ's soon coming, they tried to argue him out of it, tease him out of it, and shame him out of it. Nothing worked. He believed the teaching, and that was that.

After a few years had passed and Stockbridge remained unchanged, some of the important townsmen got together and made a strange agreement.

"I think that Stockbridge has gone crazy," one fellow declared. "We as a town ought to take care of the poor fellow. After all, he isn't in his right mind. Let's appoint a guardian for him, someone who can handle his money and finances. I'd hate to see him sink all his wealth into this crazy Millerite movement and leave his wife and children penniless for US to support."

So in spite of Mr. Howland's protests that he was perfectly able to handle his own money, a guardian was appointed for him. It was a nuisance, but it didn't stop him from believing in Jesus' soon coming. Even when Jesus didn't come in 1844, Stockbridge went right on believing.

The townsmen shook their heads.

"It's a good thing we have a guardian for him," they told each other. "Religion has really mixed up his mind."

Stockbridge Howland just kept on with his building and tried to ignore remarks about his crazy mind.

Months later the townsmen met again, this time to discuss building a new bridge in Topsham (Top-sum).

"This bridge must be really good," one officer declared. "We don't dare put money into something that will fall down as soon as we get it up."

"You're right there," another agreed, "but who can we get to design a really good bridge?"

"Stockbridge Howland is the best designer around," the first man answered, "but we can't hire him because he's crazy."

The men sat silent, looking at one another.

"Wait a minute," a smart little man insisted. "His religion is nutty, sure, but I've never seen anything about his business deals but plain good sense. We really ought to get Stockbridge to design this thing."

"But how can we hire a man declared insane? The town council would never approve the money."

The more they argued, the worse things got until someone came up with a bright idea.

"We declared him insane and appointed a guardian," a smart young fellow declared, "so why can't we declare that his mind has now healed and take away the guardian? Then we can hire him to build the bridge--and I know he'll do the best job."

That night Stockbridge couldn't help grinning as he told his wife that the town council had just decided he was no longer crazy--and that now that he was sane, they had offered him a contract to construct the new Topsham bridge. Mrs. Howland laughed, too, but they were both glad to be accepted back

into society and rid of that guardian.

The Howland's home had become what James White called "Fort Howland," a place where he and Ellen could retreat when opposition got too bad. For years the Whites and Howlands had been friends, ever since before Miss Frances Howland's miraculous healing. And when James and Ellen were married, it was the Howlands who took them in and gave them a place to live. Later on they offered to keep baby Henry so that he didn't have to travel all over with his preaching parents. Because of this, it was not surprising that the Whites were at worship in the Howlands' home one February night in 1849.

As they knelt for prayer, Ellen had a very brief vision. It was more like a command, really.

"Go to Dartmouth!" the Lord told her.

When they rose, she informed James that she'd been instructed to go to Dartmouth, and he looked astonished.

"Whatever for?" he questioned. "It's a long way from Topsham, Maine, to Dartmouth, Massachusetts. I'm not very anxious to make that trip with the roads the way they are in the spring."

"I don't know why, dear," Ellen confessed. "I just know that we have to go."

James White scratched his head thoughtfully. He knew that God did send messages to Ellen, and usually he agreed with them at once. But why go to Dartmouth? He decided to think it over while he rode downtown to pick up the mail.

At the post office he asked for Howlands' mail, knowing his own would be coming to their address. One letter addressed to the Whites had a strange

postmark. Dartmouth, Massachusetts! He sighed. He should have known!

Back at Howlands he read the letter with Ellen looking over his shoulder.

"Dear Brother and Sister White,

Our thirteen-year-old son is on the point of death. He began his illness with a case of whooping cough which has lasted nine weeks so far, and he's coughing his life away. We fear it has turned into TB, and we know how deadly that is. We believe in the Bible's counsel to send for the brethren and pray for the sick. Could you possibly come to Dartmouth right away and pray for our Gilbert? The doctors can't help, but we feel God can. Please hurry. He's sinking fast."

Sincerely,

Philip Collins

"Well, there's your answer, dear," Mrs. White said. "Now we know why we must go to Dartmouth. I'll start packing."

James White stood shaking his head. It was incredible how the Lord worked with Ellen. He saw it all the time, but that didn't stop his amazement at each fresh new incident.

It was a hard and chilly trip to Dartmouth. Hurrying to the sick boy's bed, they were shocked to see how wasted and thin he was. Skin hung loosely on the bones, and he looked almost like a skeleton already.

Mrs. Collins broke down and cried. "We've done everything for him," she sobbed. "Surely the Lord will hear us, don't you think? We love our Gilbert so much, and Gilbert loves the Lord, too. Can he be healed?"

Mrs. White put her arm around the crying mother.

"There, there," she soothed. "Surely the Lord sent us here for some good reason. I feel sure He will heal Gilbert. Why, He even told me to come to

Dartmouth before I got your letter saying why we should come. God in heaven is certainly concerned about you and your family. Let's get busy and pray about it right now."

Earnestly the Collinses and the Whites prayed, pleading for the boy's life. Gilbert, wasted and ill, hardly knew what they were doing. He did feel it, however, when Elder White lifted him in his arms and began to pace around the room with him. Holding him up as if offering him to the Lord, Elder White exclaimed, "You will NOT die, but live! Glory to God!"

In Gilbert's tired mind hope began to revive. No instant surge of healing filled his veins, however, and when Elder White laid him back on the bed, Mrs. Collins couldn't suppress a sob. It didn't seem that the Lord had heard at all.

James and Ellen left the next morning to visit some other companies in nearby towns.

"He's going to be all right," Ellen assured Mrs. Collins. I believe that the Lord will heal him and that it will be to God's glory. Have faith. We'll be back and check on him next week."

Eight days later the Whites returned to Dartmouth. When they drove up in front of the Collins' house, young Gilbert came running out to meet them. He had gained four pounds and was feeling like himself again. Joy and happiness fairly bubbled out of the little frame house.

Ellen lifted her face toward heaven.

"Thank you, God," she whispered. "Thank you for caring. Thank you that with all the teenagers in the world, you took time to help and heal this one. May he live to Your glory."

Ellen walked quickly into the house, anxious to complete her stop there and get back to her own little Henry who awaited her at "Fort Howland." When

you had to leave your own child so that you could do the Lord's work, it was certainly a comfort to be reminded how much God cared for the children.

Adapted from the SDA Encyclopedia, "Howland, Stockbridge" and Life Sketches, page 121.

MIRACLE FOR A TEENAGER

Objective: To perceive God's loving care for His children.

For Discussion:

1. Ellen White told Mr. and Mrs. Collins, "God is certainly concerned about you and your family." If they had said, "How do you know?" what could she have replied?
2. Suppose someone said to you, "God is certainly concerned about you and your family." What evidence could you give for God's concern for you and your family?
3. When Stockbridge Howland persisted in believing that Jesus is coming again, his neighbors called him crazy. What made them change their minds?

SPECIAL PRAYERS, SPECIAL ANSWERS

During the early days of the Adventist church, Ellen and James White were often called to pray for the sick. Both of them spent much time in Bible study and prayer and were so obviously eager to do God's will that sometimes other believers felt the Whites' prayers were of special value.

Although Mrs. White was in a hurry to get back to baby Henry after her trip to help the teenage Collins boy, events seemed to delay her still further. Word came to the Whites that the Hastings family at New Ipswich, New Hampshire, badly needed them. Mrs. Hastings was very ill and the family feared they might lose her. The Whites prayed about this new request, asking God to help them know whether they should go or not. After prayer both of them believed that they should go to New Ipswich, so they hitched up the horse and buggy and headed in that direction.

By nightfall they had reached South Boston, and since it was growing late, they decided to spend the night with their friends, the Nichols. Weary from the buggy ride, they gladly sat down in Mrs. Nichols' kitchen to rest. As they talked, Mrs. Nichols found out that the Whites were on their way to pray for Mrs. Hastings.

"Oh, how wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Do you suppose that while you're here you could go on into Boston and see Sister Temple? She has the most awful sore on her arm. None of the doctors can do a thing for her. She can't sleep, she can't eat, and she can't care for her family any more. The disease even seems to be affecting her lungs, and we are all afraid of TB. Can't you take time to see her?"

The Whites looked at each other and wondered. Was this also the Lord's will? Was there no end to the cases of illness that they had to be involved with?

After supper, alone in their room, they prayed. This time there was no clear answer from the Lord. Knowing that the Lord doesn't always give us clear answers right away, they decided that since they didn't feel impressed NOT to go, they probably should. Back into the buggy they climbed, and headed across town to see Sister Temple, not sure at all that the Lord would heal her even if they prayed.

At the Temple home they found the woman crying in pain with an ugly, open sore on her arm. It was no wonder the poor lady couldn't sleep. Her visitors couldn't even touch the arm to examine it.

Following Bible instructions, the Whites slowly poured pure olive oil onto the open wound and united in prayer, claiming God's promises for healing. Even before the prayers were finished, the pain left and Mrs. Temple stopped crying. Immediately they thanked the Lord for healing, although the sore was still there, for they took the disappearance of the pain to be a sign that God was working.

Hurrying on the next day, they reached the Hastings' home in New Hampshire. Mrs. Hastings met them at the door in tears.

"The Lord has sent you to us in a time of great need," she sobbed.

"What's the trouble?" Mrs. White asked gently.

"It's the baby," Mrs. Hastings cried. "He's only two months old and he cries every minute he's awake. I haven't slept all night since the child was born. I'm so worn out and exhausted, I just can't go on."

Mrs. White looked at the baby. It was true. Those continual cries got on her nerves, too, and she hadn't been there five minutes. Think of two months of that! No wonder the mother was sick!

Again following Bible instructions in James, the Whites prayed for Mrs. Hastings and felt that God was hearing and would break Satan's hold on her health. However, unless that child stopped crying, the mother would soon be sick again.

"Let's anoint the baby and pray for him, too," Mrs. White suggested. "Something must be wrong to make him cry like that for so long."

Mrs. Hastings agreed heartily. Anything to make the baby stop crying! So together they anointed the tiny child and prayed that God's calm, peaceful spirit would enter into the little body. As they prayed the continual wailing ceased. A blessed calm settled over the house. That night both mother and baby slept well.

When the Whites left and headed back to Boston, things were much improved in the Hastings' household. The mother was too thankful for words. Because she was a mother herself, Ellen White understood how tired and helpless Mrs. Hastings felt, and during their days together as Ellen helped with the cooking and cleaning, the two women soon became friends.

Back in Boston, the Whites drove by Mrs. Temple's house to check on her arm. It had been a little more than a week since their special prayers for her. How delighted they were to find her scrubbing clothes at the washtub, happy, free of pain, and caring for her family once more.

With cases such as these, it is no wonder that the Whites were in demand to pray for the sick. But did the prayers always bring healing? Not at all. In fact, in later years when the Whites prayed most earnestly and sincerely for two of their own sons, God did not see fit to answer with healing. Ellen didn't understand this at all, but it did not shake her trust in God. She knew He had heard, but if He felt it best that the boys be laid to rest, she would submit to His will.

Never did she demand that God do what she felt should be done. Always she asked "according to His will," and prepared to accept whatever answer she received. Sometimes those for whom she prayed were healed. Other times they were not, but they received from God a sense of peace and forgiveness of sins that meant so much before they died.

The Bible tells us that the "effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." That means that if someone really loves God and sincerely prays for another person, those prayers can do much good. The Whites' sincere and loving prayers brought comfort and blessing to thousands of distressed souls throughout their lives.

Adapted from Life Sketches, pages 121, 122.

SPECIAL PRAYERS, SPECIAL ANSWERS

Objective: To explore God's variable responses to the petitions of His children.

For Discussion:

1. The Bible says, "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." What did praying for Mrs. Temple (who had a sore on her arm) accomplish?
2. What did praying for Mrs. Hastings' baby accomplish?
3. Which of the following are probably true about praying for the White boy who died?
   a. God didn't hear the prayers.
   b. God said No.
   c. Satan was trying to discourage God's prophetess.
   d. God brought strength and comfort to the bereaved parents.
   e. The insights from the book of Job are pertinent here.

A STORMY TRIP TO OREGON

The year was 1878. Ellen and James White had been living in Healdsburg, California, for some time. Establishing work on the West Coast where things were not so comfortable as back East had not been an easy task, but the Whites had enjoyed the California climate and the work had prospered through their advice and counsel. In the spring, Elder White, whose health had been very poor when he arrived, began feeling much better and thought that if he could return to Michigan and get some good Battle Creek treatments, he'd be completely well. Glad to see her husband so much encouraged, Mrs. White urged him to return to Michigan.

"But what about you, dear?" he asked. "I don't think you're up to traveling across the country yet. You were having trouble with your heart just last week. I think we'd better stay right here."

"No, James," Ellen said. "You go on and get your treatments at Battle Creek. I'll stay here till my heart settles down, and then, if I feel up to it, I'd like to visit the folks in Oregon before going back East. You know how isolated they must feel up there. We ought to do anything we can to encourage them, I think. I'll meet you later on in the summer."

"Well, if you think that's best, dear," James White agreed, and began packing his suitcase for the trip back East.

By the first week of June, Ellen's health had improved and she began planning for her trip to Oregon. She would be unable to go by train, as tracks had not yet been laid through the mountains to that state. A fifty-mile section

of track had been laid between Oregon's two main cities, Portland and Salem, but that didn't help in getting there from California. The only practical way, Mrs. White thought, was to take a steamer from San Francisco and sail to her destination. Then her heart began troubling her again. Convinced that a sea cruise would help her, she decided to go ahead with the trip.

First she met with the San Francisco and Oakland churches under a large evangelistic tent in San Francisco. She spoke to the congregation there, and a few days later, with a lady companion and Elder J. N. Loughborough, she boarded the Oregon and sailed through the Golden Gate into the Pacific.

Almost at once the seas became rough, waves buffeting the ship this way and that. Most of the passengers hurried to their cabins and braced themselves in their bunks. Not so Ellen. She remained on deck nearly alone, enjoying the sight of the waves, blue-green and frothy white, rising as high as small hills around the little steamer.

As she looked at the stormy seas, she could not help picturing in her mind another storm on far off Galilee and remembering the way in which her Master had calmed it. That thought kept her calm when others were filled with fear.

Night came, but she did not go below. The captain had provided her with a comfortable deck chair and blankets. Plunging waves pitched the ship fearfully. Chilling winds blew across the decks. The captain came by and said, "I really think you should go downstairs."

She looked up at him and smiled. "I would much rather stay right here in the fresh air, if you don't mind. There are two ladies already sick in our cabin, and I'd rather not join them."

The captain looked at her kindly. "You won't need to go to your cabin," he

informed her. "I'll give you another place to sleep. But you must go below."

Calling the stewardess, he asked her to move Mrs. White into the upper parlor where a mattress lay on the floor. Although the move was accomplished quickly, Ellen became very seasick. She lay down on the mattress and did not rise from it until four days later. During that time she ate only once--some broth and crackers.

All the fourth night the winds and waves raged, but in the early morning as the ship passed the bar and entered the Columbia River, the water became smooth as glass. Like a swarm of bees the passengers poured out into the beautiful morning, weak and shaky. The brisk fresh air and sunshine soon made everyone feel better and people were ready to disembark when the ship pulled up to the dock.

Ellen had gone but a few yards from the ship when she realized that the land beneath her feet felt as if it were still rolling, like the ship's deck. She laughed at herself as she discovered that she was lifting her feet high and staggering a bit on solid land.

"I hope people don't think I'm drunk," she whispered to her lady friend, "but I can't help it! I still feel the ship's roll." Laughing together, the ladies allowed Elder Loughborough to help them into a carriage and the trio drove off to find living quarters in the city.

The believers in Oregon were excited to have Mrs. White with them, and had booked her for several speaking engagements. First she spoke to all of the Adventists. On the following Sunday and again that Tuesday she spoke in the Methodist church on the subject of "Temperance." Speaking invitations began pouring in, but she decided that she'd better save her strength for what she'd come to do--attend the very first Adventist campmeeting in that state. Earnestly she prayed for that convention.

"I cannot sleep nights," she wrote. "My heart is drawn out in prayer to God. . . He will hear. He will answer. I have not a doubt of it."

The meeting opened on June 27 in Salem. People came from far and near and more and more tents were added to the campground. Two hundred people camped around the two big tents, but on Sunday 2,000 crowded onto the grounds.

Mrs. White rose to speak, but emotion overcame her. Looking at all the earnest faces before her, and thinking how wonderful it was that God's message had found a place in so many hearts, she could not help thinking of James and wishing he was with her. Tears came to her eyes and her voice broke as she found it hard to keep her mind on her sermon. Where was James? What was he doing? Had he been able to get the treatments at Battle Creek? He'd been near death several times. What if the trip back had exhausted his reserves of energy? What if she didn't see him again? Her mind was in a turmoil.

Watching His servant trying to speak His message and still concerned with her own family problems, the Lord took pity on Ellen and gave her a very brief, reassuring vision. The church at Battle Creek came clearly before her eyes, and among the brethren she saw her husband well, healthy, and surrounded by a glowing heavenly light. He seemed strong and happy. Then the vision faded. It was enough. This compassionate assurance from God that her beloved husband was alive and well, filled Ellen with great relief and gratitude, and she then spoke easily to the people, telling them how kind and merciful the Lord had been to her and how much He loved them, too. As she saw how much her sincere testimony moved the congregation, Ellen felt that this meeting alone had been well worth the stormy trip to Oregon.

References: Life Sketches, pages 229-234 and Testimonies, Vol. 4, page 289 ff.

A STORMY TRIP TO OREGON

Objective: To learn that God will not leave us comfortless.

Map Study: Locate San Francisco, Oregon, and Battle Creek. Plot the probable route of Ellen White's ocean voyage to Portland, Oregon.

For Discussion:

1. Ellen White seemed to face separation from her husband
   a. joyfully
   b. sorrowfully
   c. reluctantly
   d. dutifully
   e. philosophically
   f. _____(your own word)
2. If you were on an ocean voyage in very stormy weather, what do you think you would do? How do you think you would feel?
3. Which of the purposes of visions did Ellen White's mini-vision in Oregon fulfill?
   a. counsel
   b. information
   c. encouragement
   d. warning

BACK FROM OREGON

You have already heard of my stormy trip to Oregon and of some of the happenings there. But I would like to tell you myself of the most interesting thing I did there and of my return to California.

While in Salem, Brother and Sister Carter and Sister Jordan asked me if I'd like to visit the prison with them. I thought that would be very interesting, as I had not been in a prison before, and while it was routine for them, it was new to me. At a signal from a bell, two men opened great iron gates and 150 prisoners came flocking into the chapel. The doors were securely locked behind them and there we were, locked in with the convicts. I had expected to see a set of repulsive-looking men, for somehow, we always imagine murderers and thieves to be tough-looking. I was surprised, then, to find my congregation made up of intelligent-looking fellows probably between the ages of 18 and 30. Their shoes were shined, their prison uniforms neat, and their hair smooth and clean.

Led by an Adventist brother, the prisoners sang songs they had learned in previous meetings. The organist, a prisoner, played beautifully.

As I looked at their faces, I could not help wondering what they had done to be here. To each of these men God had given talents, but they had misused them. I thought of their unhappy mothers and the grief that must have weighed on their families. What could I say to reach these men?

I opened the book of John and found a text. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Some of these men were probably ashamed of their heritage. Others may have

had parents who no longer wished to claim them as sons. The message that God loved us enough to call us His sons and wants us no matter what our condition, seemed very appropriate there in Salem prison.

I told them as much as I could of the story of redemption, of Jesus who was tempted and resisted for our sakes, of the forgiveness that we can have through His victory. How much my talk helped these men, I have no way of knowing, but I do know that the Bible promises that if we sow the seeds, there will be a harvest. I pray that some word spoken that day may find root in a convict's heart and that he will become a prisoner of Christ's love.

In Salem I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson. They had a lovely daughter, Edith, who wanted very much to attend the Christian college at Battle Creek. The Donaldsons knew that I was going back to Battle Creek, and they had struggled with themselves about asking me to take her. She was not a strong girl, and she was their only daughter. Yet they wanted what was best for her, and in the end, they asked if she could accompany me back East. I have always loved young people and was delighted to have Edith return with me, especially on the sea trip, which I was not really looking forward to after the stormy passage to get here.

When we went to purchase tickets for the return trip, I discovered that the boats were all fully booked on round-trip excursions. Every berth and even deck positions seemed taken. Finally, after a good deal of hunting, I found two places for myself and Edith on the good ship Idaho.

Soon after boarding the ship we located our cabin below deck. It proved quite comfortable, except that it was so stuffy. Calling the steward, I asked him to open the porthole for me and let in some fresh air. The sea breeze was lovely, and I wondered why they didn't keep the portholes open more often. Suddenly

the ship plunged into a trough of waves. A rushing, roaring sound followed.

"What's that, Edith?" I asked in alarm, but before she could answer a stream of sea water rushed into our cabin. Edith rang for the steward who looked at us quite reproachfully, and then carried out my sopping mattress and brought me a dry one. Needless to say, he bolted the porthole shut, and ended my lovely fresh air!

On this return trip the sea was much calmer and I felt better. I even attended meals in the dining room. One evening I saw there a man who thoroughly disgusted me.

A number of wealthy men from Oakland and San Francisco sat together at a table, drinking very freely. They were obviously tipsy when one of them, a man of about 60, called to the waiter.

"Steward, bring us more claret wine."

When the steward brought it, he held it up for all to see. "Here," he announced, "is my Christ, all the Christ I want. This is my Jesus. This is good cheer!" Then he drained the glass and others around the table followed his example. I couldn't help thinking of Belshazzar and his drunken jesting about God. He was obviously acting in the name of his captain, Satan. Some in the dining room laughed, but others like me looked disgusted and ashamed.

One day as I sat in my cabin writing, Edith burst in all excited. "Oh, Mrs. White, come and see the whales," she cried. Whales? Indeed I would come! I hurried up on deck with my young friend and saw there a lovely sight, a whole school of these monsters of the deep, spouting their fountains of water high into the air. Leaning against the cold deck railing with the wind blowing my hair, I thought how wonderful was our Creator to have made these beautiful creatures for our enjoyment. I sent up a silent prayer of gratitude to Him for this, another evidence of His love.

On the fourth day our ship sailed into San Francisco Bay. Some of the brethren met us at the dock and we spent several days with them. This time the large evangelistic tent had been moved to Oakland and meetings were in progress there. Several times I spoke under the big tent, and then, although many urged me to stay longer, I began making plans to return East and to meet my dear James and others of our family for a short vacation in the Colorado hills. Edith, too, was eager to be on her way to school, and so taking my daughter-in-law Emma with us, we headed East again, stopping many places to visit the believers and speak to them. Everywhere we stopped friends made us welcome and comfortable. I'm sure this made an impression on young Edith; and after hearing all the sermons en route to school and then finding a spiritual emphasis there at Battle Creek, we were overjoyed to hear later that she had been baptized at the Battle Creek camp meeting.

So ended our trip to the West—but our labors continued in many other places.

References: Testimonies, Vol. 4, page 289 ff and Letter 40A, 1878 (MS Release #304).

BACK FROM OREGON

Objective: To find the variety of pursuits that marked Ellen White's colorful life.

Map Study: Find Salem, Oregon, on a map.

For Discussion:

1. When Ellen White saw the Salem, Oregon, prisoners, she was surprised because . . .
2. Ellen White told the prisoners about . . .
3. Which of the following did Ellen White pursue on the sea voyage to San Francisco?
   a. Wrote
   b. Ate meals in the dining room
   c. Watched the whales frolic in the ocean
   d. All of the above
4. A Christian's life should be balanced by physical, mental, spiritual and social pursuits. What evidence does this story give of Ellen White's attention to each of these?
5. Which of Ellen White's pursuits show her concern for other people?

STRICKEN DOWN

Less than two years after Ellen White had her health reform vision, James White, her husband, nearly died of a stroke. Along with the paralysis he also experienced a nervous breakdown. Why should this happen? God had already given instructions about how to live healthfully. The White family had completely changed their eating habits, discarding meat and other foods of which God had disapproved.

James White had been eating differently and living more healthfully, but one thing he had not changed--he worked far too hard. One part of the health reform message he had ignored, the rest and relaxation. God had even sent special messages through Ellen about the matter of rest. She wrote, "I was shown that Sabbath keepers as a people labor too hard without allowing themselves change or periods of rest." James fit that category all too well.

Between 1861 and 1865 the Civil War had raged in America. Many Adventists had been drafted into the army, and James White and J. N. Andrews, as leaders of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, spent long days negotiating with the government for a special non-combatant status for church members. At the same time, James and Ellen were trying to publish more books and papers, skipping rest and meals to get the work done.

On the Wednesday morning of the stroke, James White rose early and informed ten-year-old Willie, "You don't need to go to Brother Lunt's for milk this morning, Willie. Mother and I will take a walk and call for the milk on the way home."

At the Lunts, Ellen went into the house to get the milk while James walked around back to look at the garden. Rows of tall green corn caught his eye, and he stepped closer to check the size of a nearly ripe ear. Suddenly his right arm dropped to his side and hung there helpless. Ellen, coming out with the milk, saw him stagger as if to fall. She sprang to his side and helped him toward the house.

Inside he struggled to speak. Only with the greatest effort could he utter, "Pray, pray." After some time of earnest praying, James was able to whisper and his arm began to move again, although his hand still would not work properly. They took him home and for five weeks Ellen nursed him there and prayed for his recovery—a prayer that the Lord did not seem inclined to answer with healing.

From her vision on health reform, Ellen recalled the value of water treatments, and began wishing James could have some. Her own strength was not sufficient to administer the treatments, for they must be done several times a day with heavy towels wrung out and applied to the body. She recalled a water treatment center in Dansville, New York, and resolved to take her husband there. Some thought James could not stand the trip back East, but he arrived in Dansville none the worse for the trip.

The Whites rented rooms near the health center and went daily for hydrotherapy treatments for three months in the fall of 1865. Three times each day they had prayer sessions asking the Lord for James' recovery. By the first of December James seemed no better. In fact, his nighttime restlessness and pain seemed worse than usual. Several times he woke his wife and had her pray with him for hours. He felt sure he would die and lacked faith to believe he would ever recover.

The doctors at the health center kept insisting that James should do

nothing but rest. From what God had previously shown her, Ellen felt that completely giving up the use of the muscles would leave them to stiffen and wither, and she felt that exercise and useful occupations were important parts of the treatment.

At last she decided to leave the center and took James to Rochester to the home of friends. There she called in J. N. Andrews and some of the other brethren and spent several days praying especially for James. James himself had lost faith in the possibility of ever being well again.

It was a rather dismal Christmas Eve that year. Holiday preparations were forgotten in the urgency for more prayer sessions. As the group knelt that evening, the light of heaven seemed to shine upon them and Ellen was taken in vision from the gloomy scene on earth to the splendor and glory of heaven. During the vision she was shown that her husband would eventually recover, but that it would be necessary little by little to get him to work and to exercise. She was shown that the common practice of keeping the stroke patient inactive was the worst thing that could be done for his condition, and that mild outdoor labor would be most helpful. Ellen was greatly cheered by this vision, and took James home to Battle Creek to begin following the Lord's prescription for recovery.

Ellen enlisted Willie to help her with an exercise schedule for James. At least twice a day they had him out walking, and whenever they could, they coaxed him to help them with the gardening. Sometimes Ellen would talk him into walking slowly up to the church on Sabbath where he would give a short talk. As he attempted to do these things, strength began to return and his speech improved. One day he spoke for a full hour, strongly, as he used to do before the stroke. Ellen was thrilled.

As winter continued, Ellen determined that she had long enough been away from her special work as God's messenger, and although she received much criticism from the church members at Battle Creek, she bundled up James and drove 90 miles to Wright, Michigan, to hold some meetings. For three months they stayed at one place or another in northern Michigan, James gradually resuming his preaching again.

When spring came in 1866, they asked a neighbor to plow their garden spot, and Ellen sent to town for three hoes. James groaned at the thought of using one, but he could not sit in the shade while his wife and Willie worked, so he took a hoe and joined them. Ellen smiled a secret smile at Willie. Daddy was working!

Later on while out for a buggy ride, Ellen saw some big pine chips near a newly felled tree.

"Stop, Willie," Ellen said. "See those big pine chips? They'll be good for starting the cookstove. Let's get them." She climbed out of the buggy and began to gather chips.

"Come, James," she urged. "help me pick up these chips." Reluctantly he climbed out of the buggy and began to help. When the task was completed he seemed glad that he had helped, and Ellen took it as another small sign that he was recovering as the angel had promised in her vision.

Not long after this he hoed an entire row of corn and was so pleased with himself that he reported the fact in the Review and Herald so that the believers would know he was really improving. Before long Ellen was having to warn him again against overworking.

How did Ellen White know what kind of treatment would work the miracle of healing for a stroke victim? Doctors of the time had no remedies except

complete bed rest, and this usually resulted in permanent disability or death. God told Ellen of a better way and she followed it, although it went against the medical practice of her times. Today we call it rehabilitation and occupational therapy and it is standard procedure for stroke cases. Ellen took no credit for her treatment. She said that the "severe shock of paralysis seriously affecting the brain was, by the good hand of God, removed from His servant."

Heavenly counsel produced dramatic results. The medical profession is now catching up with what God showed Ellen so many years ago.

Based on Life Sketches, pages 167-172 and Testimonies, Vol. 1, pages 553-564.

STRICKEN DOWN

Objective: To observe Providence and human effort working together for healthful living.

For Discussion:

1. What principles of healthful living did James White observe?
2. What principles of healthful living did James White violate?
3. What principle of health therapy did the Dansville treatment center ignore?
4. What rehabilitation and occupational therapy did Ellen White design for her husband?
5. What miracle did God work for James White?

ELLEN GOES ON ALONE

For 36 years after eighteen-year-old Ellen Harmon married the young preacher, James White, the two of them worked as a team to spread the gospel. While Ellen spoke and wrote, James preached, built up the publishing work, and sacrificed all he had to get the Review and Herald Press established. Long and hard he labored on the church's educational program and in helping to start medical work at Battle Creek. During the years he had had three strokes, a nervous breakdown, and been completely exhausted time after time. When he seemed to be doing the work of three men, Ellen cautioned him and begged him to slow down and let others carry on for a while.

"Where are the men to do this work?" he demanded. "My life has been given to the upbuilding of these institutions. It seems like death to me to leave them. They are as my children and I cannot separate my interest from them . . . I must see the publishing work prosper. It is interwoven with my very existence!"

So it was that when James turned 60 Ellen wrote, "Notwithstanding the labors, cares, and responsibilities with which my husband's life had been crowded, his sixtieth year found him active and vigorous in mind and body."

In the spring of 1881, they were both busy at Battle Creek with their writing projects. Appeals began coming in for the Whites to attend this meeting or that campmeeting. Toward the end of July they decided to accept one invitation to visit Charlotte, about 20 miles northeast of Battle Creek. Hitching up their buggy, they set off on a muggy hot day.

All during the ride James seemed unusually cheerful, praising God for His mercies to them and recalling the many times when He had helped them. James recalled the bad times when some of the church members and even the leaders had said untrue things about him.

"I'd have done better to have kept my mouth shut and ignored them," he concluded sadly. "I should have kept my mind on the Lord and not let that upset me. I'll try to do that in the future, and remember that whatever is ahead, God will care for us if we continue to do His will."

Ellen thrilled to see her husband so happy and talkative and thoroughly enjoyed the buggy ride. Little did she dream this was to be their last trip together.

Suddenly black clouds came up blocking the sun. In place of the sultry summer air, cool winds blew through the carriage, chilling James more than Ellen since he was doing the driving.

"Aren't you getting chilled?" Ellen asked anxiously. After all, sixty wasn't exactly young!

"Stop worrying," he scolded. "I'm in excellent health. A little wind won't hurt me."

And at first it seemed that it hadn't. In meeting after meeting he preached at Charlotte. Not until they were back in Battle Creek did he admit that he really didn't feel as well as he'd acted.

For the next few mornings, as their custom was, the Whites rose early and walked together to a nearby grove of trees to pray. Right now they were perplexed about the calls to speak. Should they preach? Or stay home and write? Sabbath morning James seemed especially anxious, and there in the grove he sent up three long, fervent prayers asking that God clearly reveal His will for them.

Suddenly he rose, peace written on his face.

"I think everything will be all right now," he told Ellen. "I feel . . . an assurance that the Lord will show us our duty, for we desire to do His will."

With that, the Whites returned home and then to the Tabernacle Church where James led the song service and Ellen smiled at him from her place on the platform nearby.

On the following Monday James woke with a fever. Within hours he was shaking with a malarial chill and Ellen was piling on quilts. By Tuesday morning, Ellen had it, too, and since neither one improved, on Wednesday the neighbors called a wide taxi-buggy, shoved a mattress into it, and carried the two sick ones side by side on it. At Battle Creek Sanitarium they were each given a private room and doctors went to work on the malaria.

By Friday Ellen began to feel a bit better until the doctor came around to talk with her.

"I'm afraid Elder While isn't doing well," he admittted. "He's sleeping much more than he should. In fact, I really wonder if he's going to pull through at his age."

Ellen sat up, startled. "Is it that bad?" she exclaimed. "Get me to his room at once!"

Although she was weak, the doctor sent for nurses to help her to James' room. As soon as she saw his face she knew he was dying.

"James! James!" Her voice was soft and urgent. "Speak to me!" She leaned over and held him close.

But James could hardly speak at all except to whisper a weak "Yes" or "No" to questions Ellen asked.

"Are you in pain?" she asked.

"No," he said faintly.

The idea that he might be dying was almost more than Ellen could bear. Yet, they had shared everything together before. Shouldn't they share this, too? She had to tell him.

"I'm afraid you're dying," she whispered. "Is Jesus precious to you?"

The dying man's face showed no surprise. He knew his own condition.

"Yes, oh yes," he whispered.

"Have you no desire to live?" she continued anxiously.

"No," he replied, every line of his face revealing deep weariness.

Ellen sighed. He had worked so hard. He had been so tired. It was selfish of her to wish he would live, but how would she go on without him? It seemed that her heart would break.

Just last week he had been strong and healthy, driving the buggy to Charlotte. Now this. Fighting back the tears, Ellen knelt by his bedside and prayed for him. His lack of fear was a great comfort to her. He seemed at peace with God and himself.

"Jesus loves you," she assured him. "The everlasting arms are beneath you."

"Yes, yes." James agreed, and closed his eyes in sleep.

Uriah Smith and others from Battle Creek Church came to the room to pray and then retired to another room to pray all night. Dr. Kellogg and his assistants worked constantly, trying to fan the spark of life that threatened to go out. The next morning James seemed more alert, but at noon the fever rose and chills hit again. James lapsed into unconsciousness and at 5 o'clock that Sabbath afternoon he passed away without a struggle.

The shock of his death nearly cost Ellen's life. For days she hovered

between life and death herself, her heartbeat so faint and her breath so shallow that it seemed she would go any minute. Only God's blessings and careful nursing kept her alive. James' funeral was held off all week in the hope that she would recover enough to attend.

The next Sabbath, although she had not yet been out of bed, Mrs. White was carried to the Tabernacle for the funeral. As she lay listening to the sermon, Ellen felt impressed that she should try to testify publicly to Christ's strength in times of sorrow. With difficulty she rose and walked to the pulpit, holding on tightly. As she stood there trembling, life flowed into her shaky legs and arms and God gave her the strength to speak for Him for ten minutes.

". . . when I saw my husband breathe his last, I felt that Jesus was more precious to me than He ever has been in any previous hour in my life," she assured the grieving congregation.

The service over, she accompanied the casket to the cemetery for burial.

Some suggested that they try to resurrect Elder White instead of burying him. As much as she loved him, Ellen disagreed.

"Why should we bring him back?" she asked. "I am not so selfish as to wish . . . to bring him back from his peaceful slumber to engage again in the battles of life. Like a tired warrior he has lain down to sleep. . . The best way in which I and my children can honor the memory of him . . . is to take the work where he left it and in the strength of Jesus, carry it forward to completion."

For nearly a year following this episode Mrs. White was in poor health. With difficulty she traveled west, trying to completely rid herself of the malaria that still lurked inside her body. In the hills of Colorado she visited a cottage where she and James had spent happy hours among the pines. How she missed him!

She wrote, "Again I have been among the mountains, but alone. None to share my thought and feelings . . . Alone, alone! . . . I longed to cry out in my anguish . . . but I felt that it would be unchristian to give myself up to sorrow. I sought help and comfort from above, and . . . the Lord's hand sustained me."

Two years later Ellen returned to Battle Creek. Again it was August, and here were the graves of her husband and two sons, the old Wood Street house, the buildings James had worked so hard to construct. Saddest of all was the memory of the little grove of trees where she and James had spent early morning hours in prayer.

That night discouragement and depression overwhelmed her and she could not sleep. All night she prayed and repeated her faith in God's leadings. As Sabbath dawned, she rose to dress for church and wondered how she'd ever be able to speak to the Tabernacle congregation again. As before, the Lord stood with her and she later said, "The Lord gave me strength and freedom as I presented the words."

Although Ellen had buried her husband, she never gave up hope of seeing him again at Christ's coming. Seventeen years later in a vision she saw herself coming with James out of a very dark place into brilliant light. When he saw her there James exclaimed, "What, have you been there, too, Ellen?" By this she understood that they would come from their graves together at Christ's coming, and the hope of the resurrection became more real than ever before.

Yes, Ellen went on alone, as far as the world could see. What they couldn't see was that her Savior stood close beside her, giving her the comfort and support she needed even after her beloved James had gone to rest. Jesus was very real to Ellen.

Based on Life Sketches, pages 247-270.

ELLEN GOES ON ALONE

Objective: To recognize the sustenance that God provides in times of grief and loss.

For Discussion:

By this time we should be well enought acquainted with Ellen White to tell how she would respond to each of the following comments or questions.

1. Recalling happy times with a loved one often brings comfort after that person has died. What happy times do you recall?
2. What circumstances led to your husband's death?
3. Your husband probably could have lived longer if his burdens hadn't been so heavy. What tasks consumed his energies?
4. Why don't we ask the Lord to resurrect your husband as He raised Lazarus?
5. Why don't you give up working so hard?

HAILSTONE HORROR

It was a February Sabbath in 1895. Ellen White, living in Australia, was driving home from church with her family in a carriage. Jessie, Ellen's horse, trotted along in front of them, swishing her tail to keep off the flies. Inside the carriage sat Ellen's nephew, Byron Belden, her companion, Sara McEnterfer, and pretty young May Lacey who would become Ellen's daughter-in-law before the year was out. Church had been interesting, and the four passengers discussed the sermon and their plans for the afternoon.

"Say," Ellen interrupted, "are those storm clouds over the Blue Mountains?"

"I'm afraid so, Aunt Ellen," Byron agreed. "Giddap there, Jessie. Let's beat the storm home."

Jessie's ears perked and her speed increased as Byron flicked the reins. Ellen watched the heavy clouds with growing concern.

"We're almost home," Byron said, raising his voice above the sound of the wind. "Here's the bridge."

Just as Jessie raced across the bridge and wheeled into the dirt lane toward home, thunder boomed, lightning cracked, and a cloud of dust rose whirling in front of them. Without warning big hailstones began pounding the carriage roof, huge shining chunks of ice as large as hen's eggs. In no time hail had covered the ground. Jessie slowed down, lost her footing amid the slippery stones and fell heavily onto her haunches. She began to struggle in the traces.

"Get out, Byron," Ellen ordered. "Hold Jessie's head and talk calmly to her so she won't think it's you hitting her."

Throwing one arm over his head to fend off the hailstones, Byron leaped from the carriage and seized the horse's bridle. Jessie was frantic. Never had she been beaten this way.

Ellen turned to the others. "We'd better get out, too," she declared. "The hail is getting heavier, and Jessie may panic and run."

Violent winds lashed the carriage, rocking it back and forth. Rain now mixed with the hail. As the two younger women helped Mrs. White from the buggy a blast of air snatched the seat cushions and threw them across a field. Together the women raced toward the house and flung open the door. No sooner were they inside than it slammed behind them.

May and Ellen hurried upstairs to change their wet clothes while Sara grabbed a shawl and ran back outside to help Byron. Hail pounded down as Byron squatted beside the frightened animal. Sara made it to the carriage, but the force of the wind and fury of the hail prevented anyone from unhitching the horse.

"Be still, Jessie," Byron ordered. "Hold still, I say."

Just at that moment a large stone struck Byron's forehead nearly knocking him to the ground. Sara stood huddled beneath the shawl, trying vainly to release the horse. Ice stones smashed at her wrists as she tugged at the stiff buckles. Byron shook his head, trying to clear away the dizziness that threatened to engulf him. Reaching for the reins, he tried again to help Sara unharness Jessie. Suddenly something gave and the horse stood free.

"Get back in the house," Byron urged. "I've got her now."

From an upstairs window, Ellen watched Sara coming back. Byron and the horse were standing beneath a tree, sheltered a bit from the blows of the hailstones.

Within minutes the storm began to slacken and as soon as the hailstones

had stopped, Byron reharnessed Jessie, gathered the scattered cushions, and drove into the yard. Through the window Ellen could see large swellings on the mare's body. The lump on Byron's forehead was clearly visible, too. Ellen hurried downstairs to help.

As Sara entered the kitchen, her soaked clothes dripped puddles onto the wooden floor. Silently she held out her hands toward Ellen, the wrists bruised and discolored.

"Oh, you poor thing!" Ellen exclaimed. "Get out of those wet clothes and into some dry ones. Then come down and let me put a poultice on your arms. They look awful!"

From the kitchen Ellen could see her nephew coming out of the barn. Jessie was safely inside now, and Byron entered the kitchen, his dripping clothes adding to the puddles on the floor. But it didn't matter, for the rain fell in sheets now, pouring across the porch and under the door, flooding the hall and creeping toward the dining room. On the south side of the house the gusting winds had driven the rain through hail-smashed windows. Glass littered the floor clear into the hall. Everywhere Ellen looked, water covered rugs and seeped into closets. She sighed. Such a mess! But Sara and Byron and Jessie were hurting. She went off to help them.

Sunday morning the sun rose in a clear sky over a muddy landscape. Ellen made her way to the barn where she rubbed Jessie's bruises with liniment and fed her carrots. Jessie took the carrots with soft lips and brushed her nose gratefully against Ellen's hand.

"You were a good girl not to run yesterday," Ellen told Jessie, stroking her dark mane. "We could have been killed if you'd run." Jessie whinnied softly as if she understood all about it.

The horse's bruises looked better this morning. So did Sara's wrists and Byron's forehead. With the sun shining and things so calm, it was hard to believe the horror of the afternoon before.

As Ellen walked toward the orchard, however, the whole thing seemed more real. Broken limbs and fallen leaves covered the ground. Unripe peaches from the tree nearest the house lay ruined in the mud. In the garden the hail had torn the rhubarb plants to ribbons, punctured the pumpkins, and tumbled the corn in a heap.

Ellen couldn't help thinking of the verses in Revelation which predicted hailstones as the seventh plague. Every stone then would weigh about sixty pounds and be about a foot square. If egg-sized hailstones could do this much damage, what would pumpkin-sized stones do? She shuddered to think of it. Looking at the poor beaten-down plants, she made a mental note that beaten-down people sometimes looked just as hopeless.

One year later when Ellen was writing to a father who had a reputation for finding fault with his wife and children, she must have remembered the hail-crushed plants for she wrote:

"My brother, your overbearing words hurt your children. Your words are often as desolating hail which breaks down tender plants." (AH, p. 439).

Ellen cared when her friends were hurt, when the horse was in pain, even when children she hardly knew were bruised by their father's harsh words. Ellen's concern and caring were merely a reflection of the character of her closest friend and associate, Jesus Christ. His love flowed through her to others, and made the world around her a better place to be.

Adapted from D. A. Delafield's Angel Over Her Tent, pages 115-119.

HAILSTONE HORROR

Objective: To assess priorities and values that emerge in a crisis situation as indicators of character.

For each circumstance below, choose the comment most typical of Ellen White's response:

1. When the hail began:
   a. Isn't this awful?
   b. I'm really scared!
   c. The horse must be terribly afraid and think you're beating her.
2. When Ellen White got to the house:
   a. I can't stand to look outside.
   b. Oh, the horse is really wounded. Byron, too.
   c. I'm so glad I'm safe.
3. When Sara and Byron's clothes dripped puddles on the floor:
   a. Look at the mess you're making on the floor! Get out of those clothes immediately.
   b. Are you all right?
   c. I can't help you. Water's coming in on all sides and I've got to take care of it.

PROPHETS, VISIONS, & INSIGHTS

The Snoopy Critic

Messages for Bushnell

Trees, Vines, and Rags

God's Stop Signs

The Secret Signs

THE SNOOPY CRITIC

Becky dashed into the house and flung her books on the couch. "Mom!" she shouted. "Mom, where are you?"

Mother appeared in the kitchen doorway.

"I'm right here. Stop shouting. What on earth's wrong?"

"Wrong?" Becky exploded. "I'll tell you what's wrong. The snoopy, critical, fault-finding people in this church. That's what's wrong."

Astonishment flitted across Mother's face. Becky's usual easy-going manner had disappeared entirely.

"I still don't understand," Mother said quietly. "Who's been critical?"

"That old Mrs. Brownell," Becky said fiercely. "She's such a pain. You know the student activity we had Saturday night when 7th and 8th grades played miniature golf? Well, she happened to drive by and saw us and stopped to see what was going on. She didn't come and talk to us, of course. She just pulled up by the curb to spy on us.

"She noticed that we were all wearing jeans and that one girl had a necklace on. That was Debbie's visiting cousin--not one of our class. But she went right home and called Debbie's mother and wanted to know who had authorized the outing and if we were properly chaperoned (she didn't see Mr. and Mrs. Albright, I guess), and what was wrong with the school that they let their students wear jeans and jewelry. She made it sound like miniature golfing was a sin and that the whole school was headed down the drain over Levis and one necklace. She makes me so mad!"

"I see," said Mother. "You don't feel that you were doing anything wrong, so her criticism is unfair."

"You'd better believe it's unfair!" Becky sputtered. "And she's always like this. She's the one who complained to the Sabbath School superintendent the day I arranged to have that college guy and his guitar for special music in youth Sabbath School. She didn't think guitars had any place in the church. And she got Sue in trouble last week reporting to her mom that she'd been seen in the basement during Sabbath School talking to some boy. Sue got out of that okay since she was there waiting to play the piano for David's trumpet solo in primary. But what business was it of hers? People like that make me want to get out of the church altogether."

Mother moved into the living room, straightened Becky's books in a corner of the couch, and sat down.

"I know what you mean," she agreed. "Unfounded criticism is especially discouraging. Mrs. Brownell reminds me of someone Ellen White once described as being so overbearing and critical she could hardly live with her."

"Ellen White said **THAT**?" Beckly asked in surprise. "I thought she was always patient and sweet—not like I am."

Mother laughed. "Ellen White was human, Becky. She was a woman, just like us. She got annoyed and discouraged and ready to give up at times. She wasn't a perfect saint!"

"Well, what did she do with that horrible woman?" Becky demanded.

"They were having an evangelistic meeting at the time," Mother explained. "All the church members were doing their best to make the meetings a success. Everyone was wearing himself out distributing invitations during the day and then helping with programs in the evening.

"But one member wasn't helping. She was just criticizing what everyone else did--the handbills weren't attractive, the speaker was using too many illustrations in his sermons, and why on earth had they invited that no-good family on Tucker Lane? And on and on. Bit by bit she found something to criticize in every member. But the lady had a problem with Mrs. White. She couldn't find anything to criticize!

"As the days passed and the meetings neared the end, the woman became frantic. Surely there was something about Mrs. White that wasn't in keeping with her teachings. She watched her at meals. Did she eat several desserts? No, she didn't overdo on sugar. Didn't she wear a little jewelry? No, not a bit. Finally the critical lady hit on a plan.

"During the final meeting while Ellen White was speaking, Mrs. Critical slipped out of the meeting and sneaked into the guest room where Ellen White was staying. Kneeling before Ellen's trunk, Mrs. Critical opened it and began rummaging through the contents, hoping to find an extravagant garment, a piece of expensive lace, some jewelry, a fancy bonnet, maybe even a box of tea! Anything that she could criticize!

"From the tray at the top of the trunk she lifted every article, examining it and putting it on the floor beside her. When she'd finished she lifted out the tray and began going through the clothes in the trunk. So absorbed was she in her search that time passed quickly. Just as she was removing the last few items, and was realizing to her disgust that there was nothing there, Ellen White walked in and caught her."

"Good for her," Becky said. "I'll bet she told that old snoop a thing or two."

Mother laughed. "I doubt that she just smiled sweetly and greeted the

lady," she said, "but we don't know just what she did say, for Ellen stopped telling the story right there. In ending it she said, 'We shall ever have just such people to deal with in this world. . . It is a marvel to me what patience the Lord has with such crooked material.' She told the story so that folks would understand how trying some church members could be, and to make it clear that she herself got discouraged with some of them. She always urged the members not to be so critical.

"Did you ever see this statement?"

Mother reached for the family Bible on the low table in front of her and took out a slip of paper.

"I copied this because I get critical, too, sometimes. Listen. 'God does not want any one person to be conscience for another. Talk of the love and humility of Jesus, but do not encourage the brethren and sisters to engage in picking flaws in the dress or appearance of another. Some take delight in this work. . . They climb upon the judgment seat and look to find something to criticize. . . God would have them step down from the judgment seat, for He has never placed them there."

If we could all take that advice, the church would be a better place, Becky. But since not all of us follow it, just ignore the criticism as long as you know you're not doing anything wrong."

Becky kicked her sneakers under the couch.

"I know," she muttered. "I try. But people like that make me wish I wasn't even in this church."

Mother patted the couch invitingly, and Becky reluctantly sat down.

"I know. Ellen White felt that way, too, sometimes. I remember how surprised I was to read in the Testimonies how discouraged Ellen got one time.

Her husband had been having trouble with some infected teeth and they'd been pulled that week. It left him swollen and grumpy. The Battle Creek members were right then criticizing both Ellen and James for 'sinfully wasting' money on a $14 chair. No one seemed to be paying any attention to Ellen's messages, and altogether it became too much. Ellen woke James in the night, crying.

" 'Oh, James,' she wept, 'I'm afraid that I shall become an infidel'."

"An INFIDEL?" Becky interrupted. "That's someone who doesn't believe the Bible at all, isn't it?"

"Yes, an infidel doesn't join a church or believe the Bible, and many times disbelieves there is a God, too. And here Ellen was afraid that she'd get so discouraged with the critical church she might leave it completely! Like I said, she was just as human as we are. James put his arms around her and tried to comfort her. Together they prayed until she felt calm again.

"Still, the next morning she told James that she didn't feel she should meet the appointment for the grove meeting in Bushnell, for no one listened to her messages anyway, and it was a waste of time and money.

"James went to the post office for mail and when he returned he had an interesting letter from a member in Wisconsin. The letter was describing a dream this Brother Matteson had had.

"He dreamed that he and the Whites and other workers were in a large hall with a pulpit that held many oil lamps. Everyone was busy filling the lamps for the evening meeting. Mrs. White seemed to fill hers fuller than anyone else. When their containers of oil ran out, the Whites went into a nearby warehouse to fill them.

"Just then a group of evil-looking men came along with sacks full of black soot and dumped them all over James and Ellen. Brother Matteson was most

upset and waited to see what would happen. The Whites were distressed, and began brushing each other and struggling to get rid of the soot. Finally they emerged from the warehouse as clean as when they had entered, and all the workers began again to fill lamps.

"Brother Matteson continued his letter by explaining the dream. The lamps were the believers. The oil was truth and God's love. Those filling the lamps were the workers. The evil men were a group who would try to stop the Whites' work. The Whites seemed covered with slander and criticism for a while, but by God's grace, they would come out clean at the end. He closed by encouraging James and Ellen not to let anything stop them from doing God's work.

"This letter from a man she barely knew coming at a time when Ellen's faith was wavering seemed to her a clear sign that she and James should continue their work, and that God would support them through criticism.

"We **ARE** God's church, Becky. Some of us haven't progressed very far toward the kingdom, and some will hinder the rest of us if we let them. We must keep our eyes on Jesus, not our fellow church members. I really feel sorry for Mrs. Brownell. She must be very unhappy and unsure of herself if she works so hard to find fault with others."

Becky sighed.

"Okay," she said at last. "I'll try not to let it bother me. I really do love the Lord and our church. I'm glad to know Mrs. White even felt like I do sometimes. I'll try to brush off the soot and keep going."

"That's my girl," Mother smiled. "Now how about helping me get supper before your dad gets here. If he comes home and finds nothing to eat, he might get critical, and **HIS** criticism we don't dare ignore!"

Laughing together, Becky and her mother disappeared into the kitchen.

Based on Testimonies, Vol. 1, pages 597, 598 and Teasdale, unpublished compilation, 1931.
Also Historical Sketches, pages 122, 123, compiled in 1886, Imprimerie Polyglotte, Basel, Switzerland.

THE SNOOPY CRITIC

Objective: To consider alternatives to critical behavior.

Vocabulary Study: infidel: a person who does not believe in religion.

For Discussion:

1. Ellen White told the story of a woman who snooped in her trunk to
   a. show that criticism can have little basis in fact.
   b. demonstrate the prevalence of criticism even in the church.
   c. discourage criticism.
2. Which of the following comments about a fellow church member violates the instructions in Romans 14:10?
   a. She spends too much money on clothes.
   b. I saw him go into a store on Sabbath—and he pretends to be such a good church member.
   c. They never arrive anywhere on time.
   d. He dresses so carelessly, indifferently.
   e. Avoid her; she's a vicious gossiper!
   f. They're lazy! That's why they're so poor.
   g. He's a cheat. Let me tell you what he did to me.
3. Think of a comment about each of the people mentioned in No. 2 that would be positive. For example, a might receive this comment: She is always beautifully dressed. And for d: I don't think clothes make a lot of difference to him; his values are on more important things.
4. Give an alternate, kind explanation of the behavior of each person in No. 2. For example, the behavior in a might be explained thus: Actually, by making her own clothes, she saves so much money that she has more clothes than most people do.

5. A critical person is sure to be

   a. better off than the people he criticizes.

   b. worse off than the people he criticizes.

   c. unhappy and unsure of himself.

6. Ellen White observed that the poor "are not more dependent upon the rich than are the rich upon the poor. While the one class ask a share in the blessings which God has bestowed upon their wealthier neighbors, the other need the faithful service, the strength of brain and bone and muscle, that are the capital of the poor." — Patriarchs and Prophets, page 535. Based on this instruction, make up a poor person's statement of appreciation for the rich. Make up a rich person's statement of appreciation for the poor.

MESSAGES FOR BUSHNELL

Robert entered the house slowly, dragging his feet. Standing in the hall, he peered around the corner into the parlor. There they were—all the chairs in the house lined up in neat rows. His sister's feet already pumped away at the wheezy old organ in the corner. The meeting seemed to be unavoidable.

Mr. Hill came up the hall from the kitchen and glanced at his son. From the slump of the boy's shoulders, the man knew something was wrong with Robert.

"Ready for meeting, Son?" he asked kindly. " 'Bout time, I reckon."

Robert's right foot shuffled against the rug.

"Do I have to come?" he asked pleadingly. "Meetings are so boring lately. We never have a real preacher, and I get tired of hearing Farmer Engen drone on and on. The man can hardly read. Can't I just walk out to the quarry this morning?"

Mr. Hill shook his head firmly. "No, Son, that would never do. The meeting is here at our house, and we must all welcome the believers who come. Maybe someday we'll get a regular preacher and have a real church, but for now, this is the best we can do. Anyway, the Lord has promised to meet here with us, and He and I would both miss you if you weren't here. Could you bring down Grandma's rocker for her?"

Robert sighed and started upstairs. He'd really hoped he could get out of this one. Without a preacher, each farmer in the little company of Sabbath keepers took a turn at speaking on Sabbaths. Some could hardly read, and one mumbled so you couldn't hear what he said at all. Robert wished Battle Creek

Church were closer. There they had real preachers who spoke clearly, pounded the pulpit, and made you feel that the Lord had given you a message. The little company at Bushnell had dwindled to almost nothing in the past few weeks. Some who had been baptized last year were already working on Sabbaths and using tobacco again. Why didn't Father give up these house meetings?

A commotion in the yard drew the teenager toward the window. Browns and Maceys had just arrived in their wagons, and from the way the women strolled toward the house, it didn't seem like they were too eager to attend, either.

When everyone had assembled in the parlor, there were only seven adults. They did their best to sing while Susan pumped the old organ, but Mr. Brown never did get on key and Mrs. Brown always sang one note behind everyone else. Song service proved to be a disaster. Mr. Macey led out in the lesson study, and Mr. Brown mumbled away for an hour about the sanctuary. The younger children became restless, and older sisters seemed only too glad to have an excuse to leave with a crying baby.

When the meeting had ended, Mr. Macey spoke right out.

"It's no use, Edwin. We shouldn't try to hold meetings any more. Most of our group have dropped out and we can't get a preacher. I think we ought to call it quits."

Robert's father nodded reluctantly. "I've held the meetings here as long as folk would come," he said, "but they're getting to be more of a burden than a blessing. I'm willing to call this the last meeting if you are."

Everyone agreed quickly, and Robert's heart lifted. Next week he wouldn't have to sit through meeting.

Maceys and Browns had climbed into their buggies and prepared to leave

when Jake Holcomb pulled up in front of the house.

"Hey, Bob," he called to Robert. "Here's your Pa's mail. Come and get it."

Robert ran across the yard and grabbed the mail.

"Thanks, Jake," he called as the wagon moved on. "That's right friendly of you to bring it by."

"No trouble," Jake answered, and disappeared down the road.

Mr. Hill had gone back into the house, and Robert hurried after him. "Here's the mail, Pa. What've we got?"

Mr. Hill sat down and thumbed through the papers. The largest was the new Review, and he scanned the back page for late news. Suddenly he leaped up.

"Robert!" he exclaimed. "Catch Maceys and Browns. Quick! There's news from the General Conference."

Like a flash, Robert flew out the door calling after the departing wagons. The drivers turned the horses and drove back into the yard. Mr. Hill stood on the steps.

"Listen to this," he demanded. "Grove Meeting. Providence permitting, there will be a Grove Meeting at Bushnell, Michigan . . . on Sabbath and Sunday, July 20 and 21. All those within a day's ride of Bushnell are urged to attend. A baptism and ordination will be held. The best grove nearest to the waters should be selected and well seated. As this young church is small, those coming must be nearly prepared to take care of themselves. James White."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Macey, plucking at her bonnet strings. "How can we have a grove meeting when we just agreed to disband?"

"We can't, my dear," replied her husband. "We'll have to keep going. It's only next weekend. I won't mind coming if we have a real preacher. Sounds like James White plans to come himself."

"I'm sure glad they're going to take care of themselves," Mrs. Brown declared. "With so few of us, we'd never be able to feed a crowd."

The faithful believers kept very busy that week. Robert helped to cut down logs for benches and drag them to the meeting site. By Friday things looked quite nice and the first arriving visitors had begun to pitch their tents under the trees nearby.

On Sabbath morning, 20 of the Bushnell group met at the Grove meeting, and many more had come from Greenville, Allegan, and Orleans. Elder and Mrs. White arrived for the meetings, and excitement filled the air. When Elder White rose to preach, Bob felt that for once meeting would be interesting. By the close of the weekend, the Bushnell believers were so encouraged that they begged the Whites to come back the next weekend to hold another grove meeting. James agreed, and word spread that a meeting would be held again July 26.

As wagons rolled in the next Sabbath, Robert felt glad about the meeting. Everyone was so enthusiastic, and Mrs. White planned to speak. When she rose during church and began to explain a Bible passage, even the children listened. To their surprise, she paused—laid aside her Bible—and began speaking especially to the Bushnell members. Her talk went something like this:

"I am looking into the faces of some who were shown to me in vision two years ago. Today your experiences come back clearly to my mind, and I have a message for you from the Lord. That brother over there near the pine tree. I can't call your name for I haven't been introduced to you, but your face is familiar and your experience stands out clearly before me." Then she spoke about how the man had left God out of his life, and told him that he would be truly happy only if he lived the kind of life God could bless.

Turning to a woman she said, "This sister sitting by Mrs. Maynard from

Greenville, I can't speak your name either. But I know your problems." She encouraged the woman to be faithful to God in spite of opposition.

"Then this brother back by the oak tree. Many things have come into your life to discourage you, brother. Your family is giving you a difficult time." As she went on to describe his difficulties, the man nodded in amazement.

From one person to the other she went, telling them what she had been shown of their lives two years earlier. Some she reproved for wrong doing. Others she commended for faithfulness. To all she brought a message of God's love and a plea to return completely to Him.

When she had finished, she sat down. Elder Strong leaped to his feet.

"I have to know if what Sister White has been saying is true," he declared. "The Whites are visitors and don't know us at all. Yet Sister White tells us that she saw us in vision and she had messages for us individually. Are all the things she said true? In every single case? Or has she made mistakes? I want to know right now."

One by one the people stood. The man by the pine tree said that Mrs. White had described his life better than he could have done it himself. He confessed his sins and said that he intended to return to keeping God's Sabbath. The others stood to testify, all affirming that Mrs. White had told the truth, and confessing their wrongs before their brethren.

Robert sat astounded. How did Mrs. White know that Mrs. Allen's husband had been giving her such a hard time about coming to church? The Allen boy had told him, because they were best friends, but he didn't think anyone else knew.

As the testimonies ended, Mrs. White and Elder Strong together appealed for the congregation to rededicate themselves to God. Many rose and made their way to the front, Robert among them. He had felt God's spirit in this meeting,

and it had convinced him of the Creator's personal concern for every individual.

That afternoon twelve new members, including Robert, were baptized into the church. The old members voted to organize the house meetings into a regular church company. Quickly they signed their names on the roll of members, and before the day was out, had elected officers. From that day on the Bushnell, Michigan, church was one of the most active in the conference and soon had its own regular pastor.

"What do you think of Mrs. White?" someone asked Robert later. "Is she really a prophet?"

"She surely is," he declared firmly. "Only God could have given her such specific knowledge about the Bushnell members. She made religion come alive for me. Church services that were boring are now interesting. It comes from my new relationship with God, and Ellen White helped me to find that relationship. As far as I'm concerned, she's a messenger from God, and I thank Him for her ministry in Bushnell."

References:
Robert is an imaginary character. The names of Hills, Maceys, Browns, and Allens were assigned to families whose names are not recorded. Elder Strong, Mrs. Maynard, and the Whites really attended the Bushnell Grove Meeting. This story was based on the following documents: "A Remarkable Test," Signs of the Times, August 29, 1878; "Report from Brother White," Review, August 13, 1867; "Grove Meeting," Review, July 16, 1867; Spirit of Prophecy Day Sermon, 1974.

MESSAGES FOR BUSHNELL

Objective: To recognize God's continuing interest in people who become discouraged.

For Discussion:

1. Read the stories of times when the Lord encouraged His discouraged people:
   a. I Kings 19 (Elijah)
   b. John 21 (the disciples)
   c. Judges 6:6-24 (Israel in Gideon's time)
   d. Genesis 32 (Jacob enroute to meet Esau)
2. From the stories listed in No. 1 and the Bushnell story, we can conclude that when God's people are discouraged:
   a. He sometimes uses other people to encourage them.
   b. He sometimes uses supernatural means to encourage them.
   c. He sometimes provides first for their physical needs.
   d. He cares about them.
   e. He condemns them for doubt.
   f. He sometimes gets their attention through pain.
   g. He uses a variety of ways to encourage them.
3. What changed Robert's ideas about church being boring?
   a. Ellen White's testimony
   b. A new relationship with God

TREES, VINES, AND RAGS

While Ellen White was alive God gave her thousands of personal messages for particular people. These were shown to her in visions or sometimes in dreams, and were messages of encouragement, correction, or reproof. Many times she did not even know the individual to whom the message had been sent, but she faithfully wrote it down anyway, and gave it as directed.

Some received the testimonies with thankfulness that God had taken notice of them and of their problems. Others rebelled, showed bitterness and anger, and tried to get even with Mrs. White for saying such things. Some read the messages and ignored them completely. Still others came and talked for long hours, pouring into her ears their complaints and murmurings, trying to justify themselves.

Passing on these personal messages was perhaps the hardest job that Ellen White had to do. She enjoyed writing out the messages of encouragement and reassuring people of God's love, but reproving someone for public or secret wrongs was a task she hated. Like most of us, she wanted people to love her and appreciate her work. Sometimes she knew well in advance that delivering a certain message would bring anger and criticism onto her own head, and she wrote reluctantly. She didn't dare to ignore the messages, however, for when God told her to do something, she knew that He expected obedience.

One night when she was most discouraged, she had a very encouraging dream. She found herself with other laborers working in a large grove of evergreens. She had been told to inspect each tree to see if it had a healthy root and clean bark and whether or not it was deformed. In short, she was to see if

each tree was flourishing.

As she bent to examine the first one, Ellen thought, "Oh, dear! This poor thing is badly bent. The wind is pushing it right over. I'll prop it up with a forked stick here, and see if we can get it to grow straight again." This done, she moved to a sickly looking bunch of trees and began scraping away the leaves around the base so that she could have a look at the roots.

"Why look at this!" she exclaimed. "See how these horrid worms have eaten away the roots? And this poor little tree's roots are all dried up. It's not getting enough water. It's going to die altogether if we don't water it." She dug further. "Look what a tangle! These two trees have crowded their roots all into this tiny space and intertwined until it's impossible to separate them. They need space to grow in before they choke each other to death."

As she discovered the cause for each tree's lack of growth, she pointed it out to the other workmen so that they could diagnose problems in the rest of the evergreen grove. They appreciated her help, and set about propping up bent trees, watering wilted ones, killing worms, and untangling roots. When they were done the whole grove seemed to sigh with relief and the trees lifted their branches proudly.

Ellen understood from this dream more about her own work in bearing personal testimonies. She realized that God was trying to straighten warped lives and dig out hidden sins that were causing the spiritual death of His people. In many cases the sins Ellen reproved were secret and unknown to any human being except the guilty one. These were the worms at the roots of the trees, and when they were killed, the tree could again lift its branches and grow. She was

glad to see from the dream that her instruction to one person might be applied later to another, as other trees were helped by her first diagnosis. Later, this led her to allow the public printing of certain private testimonies so that many people with the same problem could have the counsel. She didn't allow names to be used, of course, for it was no one's business to know who had been reproved. But if she wrote a message to one man who was gruff and mean with his family and told him how a change in his life would help to bring his children to the kingdom, she now knew that other harsh parents might profit from that same message being printed in a regular book. As a result of this, we have today the Testimonies to the Church, a nine volume set of specific messages both public and private, and from them we can apply principles of correction to many situations in our own lives. They are God's special messages to help us today with today's problems.

The dream of the trees helped Ellen to understand her work better, but she still shrank before the criticism that reproof brought upon her. After one especially hard week when she and James had both been under the fire of criticism from Battle Creek members, she dreamed that she was exhausted from hard work and was traveling to attend a large meeting. On the way some of the sisters accompanying her began arranging her hair and adjusting her dress. Weary, she fell asleep while they were still working over her, and awoke to find her traveling dress had been removed and in its place she was covered with a hodge-podge of old rags, pieces of bedquilts that had been knotted together to make a kind of dress. Was she ever upset!

"What have you done to me?" she demanded. "Who took off my dress and put this ragged thing on me? Where are my own clothes?"

Tearing off the rags, she threw them from her and cried out, "Bring me back my garments which I have worn for twenty-three years and have not

disgraced in a single instance. Unless you give me back my garments, I shall appeal to the people who will contribute and return me my own garments."

When she awoke, she realized that her dress had represented her own character which, with God's help, she had attempted to keep clean and attractive. Her enemies had tried to cover her with their own dirty, ragged, accusations about her character, and sometimes believers in the churches near Battle Creek had been forced to testify to the genuineness of Ellen's message and character when the leaders at Battle Creek were so critical. Standing entirely alone, Ellen felt helpless. Who could she really lean on for support?

God revealed that to her in a third dream.

A cluster of trees stood in a circle. Running over these trees a vine covered them clear to the top. Suddenly a strong wind came and shook the trees, and one after another, the tendrils of the vine loosened their hold upon the trees and fell back. Finally they clung only to the lower tree trunks. Then a woodsman came strolling by and cut off even that little support and left the vine helpless on the ground.

It had been such a nice vine and Ellen felt pity as she saw it lying on the ground. Wouldn't anyone come to help the vine up again? She waited.

All at once light filled the forest, and an angel appeared beside the deserted vine. He raised it so that it stood upright in the air and commanded, "Stand toward heaven, and let thy tendrils entwine about God. Thou art shaken from human support. Thou canst stand in the strength of God and flourish without it. Lean upon God alone, and thou shalt never lean in vain or be shaken therefrom."

Ellen felt an inexpressible relief swelling to joy as she saw the neglected

vine standing in mid-air. Then the angel turned to her.

"Thou art this vine," he said kindly. "All this shalt thou experience, and when these things occur, thou shalt fully understand the figure of the vine. God will be to thee a present help in time of trouble."

From that time on, Ellen had a different attitude toward criticism, gossip and persecution. She knew that she was God's messenger, and that even when everyone else had forsaken her, God would support and uphold her. This dream was a great encouragement to Ellen as she went on about her work.

Where do we today fit into Ellen's three dreams? Are there things in our lives that we need to correct to become flourishing trees? Do we ever ignore her messages or try to cover her with ragged accusations that she was not really God's messenger? Do we support her work or cut it down? Where do we, today, fit in the dreams?

Adapted from Testimonies, Vol. 1, pages 579 and 632; Life Sketches, pages 175, 176, and 201.

TREES, VINES, AND RAGS

Objective: To understand the nature of Ellen White's work through three dreams.

For Activity:

As your teacher reads from the story again, choose one of the dreams to illustrate on a poster. Read the record in Testimonies or Life Sketches, and choose words to provide a caption for your poster.

GOD'S STOP SIGNS

"Need any papers graded, Miss Hill?" Gary stood in the doorway of the seventh-grade room. It was his homeroom, and the private territory of his favorite teacher. Miss Hill looked up and smiled.

"How nice of you to offer," she said. "I've got a stack of fifth-grade spelling books that could use your attention. Sure you have time?"

"Sure," the boy replied, laying his books on a desk. "Mom's gone to the doctor this afternoon and can't pick me up till 4:30. I might as well help you. I don't have anything to study but math, and I'll do that tonight."

"Then I'd appreciate your help," said Miss Hill, handing him a stack of workbooks. "You're a good checker. I don't find many mistakes when you grade for me. Here's the key. There are 48 points in that lesson and we skipped number five. Okay?"

Gary pulled two desks together, spread out the workbooks, and both teacher and student worked silently for half an hour. All at once Miss Hill spoke.

"Gary, did Ron say anything after class about the field trip rules? He seemed really upset about them. I tried to catch him after school, but he ran for the bus and I missed him. Since he's not an Adventist, our rules must seem awfully strict to him."

Gary stopped grading and hesitated. Then he nodded.

"Yeah, he spouted off a bit. He's maddest about the 'no tea, coffee, or cola drinks' rule. He thinks that's just foolish. His family buys Coke by the case, and I've never seen his mom without a cup of coffee in her hand. He drinks it

too, and doesn't see why he shouldn't."

Miss Hill nodded thoughtfully.

"I can see why he'd feel that way," she agreed. "So many people use those drinks that it hardly seems possible they could be harmful. I've often marveled at how clever the devil is to make the most popular drink in every country around the world something that is physically harmful. Coffee in South America, tea in Asia and the Orient, Cokes everywhere in the world, and all three in the United States.

"The early Adventists used those beverages and when Ellen White began to speak out against them, she got quite a bit of opposition. Even today some who don't want to give them up claim there's nothing wrong with those drinks. They say that the small amount of caffeine they contain couldn't hurt anyone, even if it is a stimulant."

"Yeah," Gary agreed. "If they were going to hurt people, there ought to be more folks sick. Almost everyone drinks them."

"Some are sick," Miss Hill answered quickly. "Far more than we think are suffering the effects of caffeine poisoning. God didn't have Ellen White warn us about these drinks just for fun. He wanted His people as healthy and happy as they could be. He made us and He knows the effect caffeine can have on these bodies. The manufacturer of your dad's new Corvette specified that he use unleaded gas in it. If he's smart, he'll follow directions. He'd be foolish to try kerosene. The maker knows best what it will run on."

"But how does the caffeine hurt us, Miss Hill?" Gary asked earnestly. "It doesn't seem to have much effect."

"Nearly a hundred years ago in 1899 when Ellen White wrote that "Tea, coffee, and tobacco are all stimulating, and contain poisons," no one knew quite what harm they did. She added that the common caffeine

drinks contained a stimulant which whipped the nerves into action when they were tired, but left an after-effect of weariness and depression. Then the user wanted another cup to pick him up again. Haven't you seen that happen? Even the ones who use these drinks admit that they can't get going in the morning without them. If they don't drink coffee, they may get a bad headache or be irritable all day. It's their bodies demanding the regular stimulant.

"Only recently is science zeroing in on caffeine. I saw an article about it in a woman's magazine, then the Review came out with further information. It seems that someone wanted the Food and Drug Administration to allow producers to leave caffeine off the list of ingredients in food products. Before they could allow that, the FDA decided to test caffeine to be sure it had no harmful effects.

"A Mr. Collins who specialized in studying birth defects for the FDA began an experiment on 300 pregnant rats. When he gave them the rat-equivalent of 12-24 cups of coffee a day, the mothers gave birth to babies without toes. When he reduced the intake to the equivalent of two cups a day, the babies had slow bone development. Then a Belgian study with actual pregnant coffee-drinkers confirmed the research Mr. Collins had done. Caffeine did cause birth defects. Can you see how the devil is trying to ruin the human race, and how God with His warnings is trying to protect us?

"In 1979 another doctor discovered that caffeine caused breast lumps in women. Another researcher proved that caffeine could raise the blood pressure by ten points, making the heart wear out faster than normal. There may be other effects science still hasn't discovered, but a hundred years ago God warned us through Ellen White to stop using those very popular drinks. I'm very grateful to have a God like that."

"Wow, I didn't know all that," Gary exclaimed. "No wonder Americans have so many heart attacks and nervous breakdowns."

Miss Hill straightened the papers on her desk.

"Yes, it seems the devil's winning sometimes," she said. "I know of parents who wouldn't think of giving their child a cup of coffee because it might stunt his growth—but the same parent will hand the kid a Coke that has just as much caffeine in it. They are teaching their child to rely on drug stimulation the way they do. At our school we make every effort to follow God's health rules, and because of that we ask our students to obey them too when we are out in a group representing an Adventist school. If we could just convince all the kids to live healthfully, we'd soon have a healthier, happier church."

"Why didn't you explain all this, Miss Hill?" Gary asked. "Ron doesn't know these reasons any more than I did. I knew caffeine wasn't good for you, but no one ever said why."

"I guess I thought you'd learned all that in science class," Miss Hill admitted. "But of course, you wouldn't have known about the new caffeine studies, since the results were only out this month. I guess we'd better spend some worship time discussing this in our home room. Would that help?"

"It sure would," Gary declared. "Could you give us a list of all the soft drinks that contain caffeine, too? One of the kids said Mountain Dew had it, and I'd always thought that was okay."

"Tell you what," Miss Hill suggested. "We'll let you kids look at the labels and bring in the results. Then we'll make up a list. I don't know all the caffeine drinks nowadays. I've tried to get away from all the soft drinks because of sugar content. But we'll check it out. Say, isn't it about time for your mother to come?"

Gary glanced at the clock. "Right!" he exclaimed. "It's nearly 4:30 and the spelling books aren't done. We wasted all that time talking about caffeine. I have a study hall I don't need tomorrow. Can I finish them for you then?"

Miss Hill smiled. "You don't have to do them at all, Gary. But if you want to, I'll save them for study hall. As for wasting the time talking, I don't think we did. You've shown me where I need to do a little more teaching, and if I can get the point across, it's going to be a much better use of time than grading spelling books."

"See you tomorrow," Gary called, heading out the door. Outside he paused, and stuck his head back in.

"You know, Miss Hill," he teased, "for a teacher, you're pretty smart!" and laughing at her outraged protest, Gary darted down the hall before she could stop him.

Based on Temperance, pages 75-79, and "Caffeine Update" by Dr. Winston J. Craig, Adventist Review, August 27, 1981, pages 3-5.

GOD'S STOP SIGNS

Objective: To understand the soundness of Ellen White's instruction about avoiding caffeine.

For Discussion:

1. Examine the contents lable of pupular canned/bottled drinks to discover which contain caffeine.
2. Which of the following conditions can be caused or aggravated by caffeine?
   a. slow bone development
   b. weariness
   c. depression
   d. high blood pressure
   e. breast lumps
3. Why did God warn about drinking tea and coffee, when people can drink them for years and survive?

THE SECRET SIGNS

When Ellen White went to Australia in 1891, she traveled by ocean liner from California to New Zealand, and then on to Australia. On the ship between New Zealand and Australia, God gave Ellen a vision. He showed her that in Australia she would meet a certain man. He showed her his history, his experience, and his connection with God's work. When she reached Melbourne where the publishing house was located, she met the treasurer, Brother Faulkhead, and recognized him as the man she'd seen in vision a few days before.

Carefully she wrote out what the Lord had revealed to her about Mr. Faulkhead's connection with secret societies and the dangerous influence they had had on his Christian experience. But when she prepared to send the written message to Mr. Faulkhead, the Lord told her, "No, do not send it yet". She laid it aside and two or three months later, going through her papers, she came across it again. Again she thought, "I really should send this to Brother Faulkhead." But again the Spirit of God impressed her mind, "Not yet."

A whole year passed. The testimony still lay unsent. During that year Mr. Faulkhead had become more and more involved in his secret society. His fellow workers at the publishing house talked with him about the time he was devoting to his private meetings, but he said, "I won't give it up, no matter what any minister says. I know what I'm doing, and I'm not going to be taught by the preachers."

The day school closed for the year in Melbourne a board meeting was held after closing exercises. Mr. Faulkhead, as a board member, planned to attend.

Ellen White did not attend, but was there at the school and sent for Mr. Faulkhead. He walked down the hall to Ellen's room and she went straight to the point.

"Brother Faulkhead, the burden of your case is on my mind. I have a message for you. Several times I have thought to send it to you, but each time I have been forbidden by the Spirit of God to do so."

"Can't you give it to me now?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, I can," she replied. Walking over to the stand, she opened a drawer, took out some typewritten sheets, and then sat down to talk with Brother Faulkhead and to read him the testimony.

Sister White told him how she had seen his life in vision before she had ever arrived in Australia. God had shown her how Mr. Faulkhead had been converted, his loyalty to the church, his earnest work with the publishing house, and then his connection with a secret society. She pointed out that the believer is warned not to link himself with unbelievers.

Then she went on to tell Brother Faulkhead just what took place in his secret meetings. She told him just where his seat was in the lodge hall, and what he said in conversation. She continued, "I saw some of the men speak to you. They addressed you as 'Worshipful Master'." When she said that, Brother Faulkhead shuddered. These were secret words, used only in the secret meetings. How did she know them?

"I also saw you in church on Sabbath morning," she went on. "When the offering was called for you carefully looked through your coins and selected shillings and pence for the Lord's offering. I saw you later in the lodge hall, putting half crowns and pounds into the collection for the work of the lodge. You cannot serve two masters, Brother. If you give yourself completely

to God, you have no time for this secret organization."

As she spoke, she moved her hand in a strange way. Mr. Faulkhead started and turned pale. "Do you know what you're doing?" he asked Ellen.

"I haven't done anything," she replied.

"Oh yes you have," he insisted. "You just made the secret sign of my society."

As the discussion went on, Ellen urged him to cut his connection with this secret society. Then she moved her hand again. This time the man trembled all over.

"Sister White," he protested, "you've done it again, but this time you made the secret sign of the highest order of the society I belong to. Where did you learn it?"

"Why, my attending angel made it to me during the vision," Ellen replied. "I've no idea what it means."

"I don't understand it," Mr. Faulkhead declared. "I didn't even know that sign myself ten days ago. Only six people in all of Australia know that sign, and no woman could know it, for we hold that meeting in the utmost secrecy with guards outside the doors. This is very strange."

Later Brother Faulkhead admitted, "When Sister White made those two secret signs, that really put the fear of God into my heart. See how God was working to try and stop me from those things!"

As Ellen continued to plead with him to give himself wholly to God, tears came to his eyes.

"I accept every word," he said at last. "I accept the light the Lord has sent me through you. I will act upon it. I am a member of five lodges and three others are under my control. I transact all their business. Now I shall separate

myself from them as fast as possible."

Brother Faulkhead became a different man. He had always liked Ellen White but had little use for the testimonies she handed out to various individuals. Now things seemed different. God had sent a personal message just for him. God had pointed out dangers which he had not seen. Love for the Lord flooded his heart, and he determined to bring his life into harmony with God's will. Ellen White had not criticized the lodges. That was not her work. She had just pointed out that a Christian cannot serve two masters, and that secret societies like the Masons hindered a Christian's spiritual growth.

The next morning he resigned from all the secret societies. It took him a while to sever connections, for he had managed all their business. But he had determined to follow the Lord fully and to dedicate himself to God's work. He served the Adventist publishing house in Australia for many more years and died a loyal Adventist. His children grew to be workers for God.

Once again God had used Ellen White to bring correction and blessing to a man He had chosen for his kingdom.

Based on Mr. Faulkhead and the Secret Sign by Arthur L. White.

THE SECRET SIGNS

Objective: To understand the function of a prophet to bring correction and blessing.

For Discussion:

1. If Ellen White had talked to Brother Faulkhead ten days earlier, he would not have recognized . . .
2. Brother Faulkhead's offerings showed that the master he served was. . .
3. Which of the ten commandments was Brother Faulkhead violating in giving loyalty to secret societies?

YOUR HOUSE IS THE WORLD

Africa:	God's Hired Translator
Europe:	J. N. Andrews, First Missionary Ellen Brought Peace
North America:	The Crazy Canadians Edson's "Morning Star" Part I Edson's "Morning Star" Part II

GOD'S HIRED TRANSLATOR

Mr. Rasamoelina felt weary. Although he enjoyed his job as a school inspector for a protestant mission, there were times when he tired of all the traveling. Some trips were so boring that the inspector looked hard to find any interesting traveler on the same train that might be a good conversationalist. He was looking around now, on this train from Tamatave to Tananarive, in Madagascar. The 300-mile trip would take him right across the island through the mountains.

The trip was a familiar one, for school inspections kept Mr. Rasamoelina hopping all over the island. Again he looked at the passengers near him. At last his eye spotted something of interest--a man with a newspaper from Mauritius, another island about 500 miles east. Maybe he'd be worth talking to.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Rasamoelina politely. "Have you been on Mauritius?"

"I certainly have," beamed the man, "and I'm so excited about things I heard there."

In no time the two men were chatting like old friends. It seemed the man was excited about a series of religious lectures he had heard in Mauritius, lectures given by an Adventist missionary named Paul Badaut. His enthusiasm proved catching, and Mr. Rasamoelina found himself becoming very interested in the new things this man had learned about the Bible. Before he left the train, the traveler gave the inspector one of several leaflets the missionary had given to him. The address of the mission headquarters in Mauritius had been printed on

the leaflet.

When Mr. Rasamoelina reached home several days later, he wrote to Brother Paul Badaut and asked him for some literature. He told him about hearing of the interesting lectures, and stated that he urgently needed to know more. Brother Badaut answered immediately. He sent some tracts, a supply of the Present Truth magazine, and a few months later the General Conference Home Missionary Department mailed him Steps to Christ in English. It took several months to arrive, for ships in 1917 were slow and ships that stopped at Madagascar were few and far between.

Mr. Rasamoelina's delight at receiving the little book was unbounded. He knew enough English to realize its value. He read it at once, and then read it again. It spoke to his heart. He read it a third time, and by then had become convinced that this treasure must be translated into Malagasy, the language of Madagascar, so that many could enjoy it.

So as Mr. Rasamolina traveled around the island to inspect schools, he carried with him in his briefcase the little book by Ellen White. Now instead of hunting for things to keep him from getting bored on the train, he opened his little book and began translating it into Malagasy. Sheet by sheet the manuscript piled up. Waiting for appointments he translated. Waiting for trains he translated. Traveling he translated. The work progressed.

As he worked through the different chapters, pondering over which words to use to get the translation just exactly right, the message of the book took a powerful hold upon his life. It opened to him a door of communion with God that he had never before known. Sometimes because of the press of business he could not work on the translation, but always he returned to it with renewed enthusiasm and determination when work slowed down. Now nearly five years

had passed since the book first came to him and the translation was complete.

In 1922 an SDA missionary came to Tananarive to visit Mr. Rasamoelina who had been so interested in the message. How surprised he was to find not only a sincere Christian but also a complete translation of Steps to Christ in Malagasy. The manuscript was ready to be taken to the printers.

The missionary accepted it eagerly. Usually translation was an expensive process. Hiring a qualified man to work for a year or more on one book cost far more than the mission could generally afford. Here was a man, inspired by God's Spirit, who had done all the work free. It was hard to believe.

Now they had to wait for the General Conference to approve the translation and finance the publication of the book. When the pastor came back a second time in 1924, everything was made ready and the manuscript delivered to the printers in Tananarive. On June 22, 1925, the first little Adventist book in Madagascar appeared under the name Ny Dia Ho eo Amin'i Kristi. Mr. Rasamoelina could hardly contain his joy.

In this remarkable manner the Advent truth came to the large island. It paved the way for missionaries later, and proved a means of teaching the people even where there was no pastor.

In 1926 the Raspal family moved to Tananarive to begin the Adventist work. The little book Steps to Christ had already been in circulation several months and a small group of people were already waiting to be instructed further. By 1927 a number were ready for baptism, including Mr. Rasamoelina.

How the angels must have rejoiced to see the influence of that small book by Ellen White. Its message of love and salvation had reached half way across the world to an African island.

In honor of these first Adventists who were baptized in 1927, a jubilee service took place in December of 1977 celebrating sixty years since the message first came to Mr. Rasamoelina, and fifty years since the first baptism.

Some of those baptized were still living and took part in the ceremony. Large gatherings were held, some attended by such prominent persons as the government ministers of the country. The celebration proved to be a tremendous witness to all who observed it.

One of the most joyous parts of the program was presented when the first Madagascar Adventists retold their experiences. Brother Rasamoelina was no longer living, but another told his story. Praises to God for the message and the miracle of the translation rang across the island.

From this precious seed, Steps to Christ, an abundant harvest has resulted. In 1980 almost 8,500 Seventh-day Adventists meet each Sabbath on the island of Madagascar to worship, pray, and plan for the advance of the work.

As told by Dr. Jean Zurcher, President, Euro-Africa Division.

GOD'S HIRED TRANSLATOR

Objective: To see the effectiveness of Steps to Christ in leading people to join believers looking for Jesus' coming.

Map Study: Find Madagascar on a world map. Plot the probable route of a ship from New York to Madagascar.

For Discussion:

1. Who wrote Steps to Christ?
2. Why did Mr. Rasamoelina translate Steps to Christ into Malagasy?
3. Read Steps to Christ until you find something that probably made Mr. Rasamoelina say, "This is really good news."
4. When the Adventist family came to Madagascar, they probably said, "We want to tell you about the author of that little book." What do you think they said about Ellen White?

J. N. ANDREWS, FIRST MISSIONARY

Two miles from Atlantic Union College in Massachusetts stands a sturdy, white two-story house of special interest to Seventh-day Adventists. This was the home of J. N. Andrews before he left the United States in 1874 to become the first Adventist missionary.

Although he was born a century and a half ago, this pioneer still influences our work around the world. It was John Andrews who studied out the matter of when to start and stop the Sabbath hours. His Bible research turned up texts to indicate that Sabbath began and ended at sundown, and that's what Adventists still believe.

He helped to begin the plan of regular giving, a plan he called "systematic benevolence." It included not only the tithing plan but a method of giving regular offerings to the Lord. This system of giving which Andrews, Ellen and James White, and other pioneers started has made possible Adventist work around the world.

Many a young Adventist soldier owes a debt of thanks to John Andrews, even though he may not know it, for it was through Andrews' negotiations with the U. S. Government during the Civil War that Adventists were given the right to work at life-saving activities during wartime and the right to refuse to bear arms.

His well-researched book The History of the Sabbath helped Adventists to understand how Sabbath observance switched from Saturday to Sunday during the Dark Ages in Europe, and why it is so vital that people today keep God's original Sabbath.

These are only a few of the many ways in which J. N. Andrews influenced the Adventist church, and his work is still evident today.

Young John was a scholar as far back as anyone could remember. When his friend Marian discovered a little tract by Joseph Bates explaining the Sabbath truth, she hurried to show it to John. If there was anything wrong with the reasoning in it, John was sure to find out. When John read it, he was convinced of the truth, and at once began keeping Sabbath. His friend Marian and her brother Oswald joined him, and the three of them kept Sabbath even before James and Ellen White did.

Since he came from Ellen's home town of Portland, Maine, Mrs. White knew John. He had been converted in his late teens and had been ordained for preaching at the age of 24. Ellen encouraged the young man, and James discussed doctrines with him. Both the Whites begged John to slow down, however, for he seemed to go day and night, traveling, preaching, and holding discussions. But John was so sure the end was coming soon, that he couldn't slow down, and very soon his health took care of the problem. Only a few years after his ordination, exhausted, weak, and walking with a cane, the sick young minister left his work and retreated to his parents' farm in Iowa. James and Ellen felt badly about the move, but agreed that John must have rest. Meanwhile, they kept in touch by letter and James continued to discuss doctrines with him through the mail.

Good farm food and outdoor work began to rebuild his body, and his interest in a nearby neighbor's girl kept his mind occupied. In the second year at the farm he married the young lady, began preaching again, and soon was as busy as ever. When he made a trip back East, the Whites were delighted to see him looking so well and urged him to bring his family and come back to New England.

During the years that followed, John and his wife were blessed with a boy, Charles, and a girl, Mary. The brethren showed increasing confidence in John Andrews and appointed him a conference representative, Review and Herald editor, and finally, president of the General Conference itself.

Two things plagued the Andrews wherever they went: John's compulsion to overwork, and the dreaded tuberculosis. When Mrs. Andrews died of TB in 1872, John and the children were heartbroken. Ellen White wrote him letters of encouragement and tucked in notes and dollar bills for young Mary. She knew how hard it was to lose those you love, for she'd lost her own sons John and Henry. Gently she encouraged John to continue in the work for his talents were greatly needed.

When a young Swiss gentleman arrived at General Conference headquarters to ask that an American minister be sent to Europe, the committee thought long and hard about who they should send. Deciding that they'd better send the best they had to meet the scholarly Europeans, the General Conference men asked J. N. Andrews to accept the call.

John and his two teenagers sailed from Boston in 1874. They stopped at England en route, but their final destination was Switzerland. Once there, John began traveling to find isolated bands of Sabbath-keepers and spent all his spare time writing tracts for publication.

All three Andrews worked on the printing. The family made an agreement to force themselves to speak French. Only for one hour in the evening were they permitted to speak English. Mary picked up French quickly and soon became so fluent that she could correct errors in French manuscripts. John was proud of her.

With all the printing to be done, John began to see the need for a press of

his own. In letters to Battle Creek he requested donations for the European work. Ellen White read his letters and agreed. He really needed money, but where would it come from?

Suddenly she had an idea. Wrapped in tissue and lying in her big trunk was a lovely black silk dress. It had been given to her by some dear friends who were concerned at Mrs. White's reluctance to spend money on herself. The dress was finer than any she would have purchased, and she had looked forward to wearing it at camp meeting. Now, however, she had second thoughts. The dress was worth at least $45.

Hastening down to the local store, she cornered the merchant.

"If I can just get the money out of this dress," she explained, showing it to him, "we'll have some to send to Brother Andrews. Would you try to sell it for me?"

The shopkeeper agreed, and within the week had given Mrs. White $50 in cash. How pleased she was! Somehow, perhaps through the merchant, the story leaked out, and in Battle Creek, tales spread fast.

"Oh, my," said one sister when she heard it, "Mrs. White needed that dress. Her old one is quite worn out. But Brother Andrews does need money, I suppose. I wonder if I could make my bonnet do another year and send him a bit myself?"

The idea grew. Some gave $100, others more, others less. When it was gathered together, the Battle Creek folks sent John quite a bit of money.

Imagine their delight when he wrote back.

"You have no idea how timely your gift was. It came right when I needed it."

So the European work grew. A press was set up, magazines and tracts written, and the word about the Sabbath began filtering across Europe. The whole Andrews family worked so hard that none of them really took time to see that meals were either balanced or regular. Mary began to act extremely tired, and some days weak spells kept her at home. John became alarmed, and when the General Conference asked him to return to America for the 1878 General Conference Session, he took Mary to see Dr. Kellogg, world famous physician. Dr. Kellogg had the sad task of telling John that Mary was dying of TB, the disease that had taken her mother's life.

Mary's illness seemed more than John could take. She had been the joy of his life, so helpful and loving. Seventeen was too young to die. Ignoring everything else, John sat with Mary day after day, watching her grow weaker. When she died in November, he scarcely noticed the winter outside. The winter in his heart was far more chilling. Numbly he wrote to tell Charles that Mary was dead, and then he retired to a small rented house and hardly appeared in public at all.

With the coming of spring, however, John headed back to Switzerland taking with him his young neice, Edith Andrews, a girl of about Mary's age. When Charles met him at the station, John realized this was his only remaining child, and the two of them wept together.

Feverishly he threw himself into the work, trying to forget. By now he could read and write seven languages and knew the entire New Testament by heart. When he wasn't writing, he was studying. The writings began to bear fruit, and Adventist churches sprang up in Germany, Italy, and France.

Hard work and poor diet once again had an effect. John's strength began failing. He started coughing and sweating. By now the symptoms were only too familiar. J. N. Andrews had TB.

Alarmed, the General Conference sent John's aged mother to take care of him, but even her love and home-cooked food couldn't remedy the years of overwork and poor diet. Ellen and James wrote him encouraging letters, and joined American Adventists in organizing a special day of prayer on his behalf. But, at the age of 54, John Nevins Andrews died in Basel, Switzerland. The first Adventist missionary had given his life in mission service.

When the first Seventh-day Adventist university was organized in 1960, it was voted that it be named after this worthy pioneer who symbolized the acting out of Christ's commission to take the gospel to all the world. Andrews University today supplies teachers, preachers, and workers of all kinds for the Seventh-day Adventist church. For a scholar, it is a fitting memorial.

Adapted from A Soldier for Jesus by Patricia Maxwell, Pacific Press, 1981, SDA Encyclopedia, "Andrews, John Nevins," and EGW Manuscript 19, 1885.

J. N. ANDREWS, FIRST MISSIONARY

Objective: To perceive the great effort made and hardships endured to get mission work underway.

Map Study: Find Basel, Switzerland, on the map.

For Discussion:

1. Think of words to describe a good missionary.
   (Selfless; industrious; innovative; caring; careful; diplomatic)
2. Define systematic benevolence.
3. Defend the practice of systematic benevolence.
   (How does the practice bring security to missionaries?)
4. Identify the person who designed systematic benevolence for Adventists.
5. What mistake did John Andrews make in pursuing his work of preaching?
6. What lifestyle restored John Andrews' health?
7. Explain: Review and Herald; General Conference; press; Andrews University.
8. What special hardships attended John Andrews when he went to Switzerland?
   (Learning a new language; coping with widowed status; having limited funds for mission effort; lack of precedent in SDA mission service; two children to care for.)
9. What hardship had Andrews just suffered when he went the second time to Europe?
   (The death of his daughter, Mary.)

10. How did Ellen White start a fund for a press in Switzerland?

11. Propose an act that you could pursue, similar to Ellen White's, to support a mission project.

ELLEN BROUGHT PEACE

In the summer of 1885, four years after her husband's death, Ellen White sailed to Europe. More and more she had been impressed that the truth must go to the whole world. She had supported Elder J. N. Andrews when he went to Europe 11 years earlier and encouraged him to begin the work there. Although he accomplished much, his life had ended abruptly when he died of tuberculosis in 1883.

Andrews had been dead for two years now, and someone needed to encourage the European believers and enlarge the work further. Ellen went to Europe hoping to do just that. Upon her arrival, the brethren called a special council to lay plans.

During the council, Ellen's teeth began troubling her. At last she took time out to visit a dentist and have what she described as a "painful operation." She needed to talk and to think clearly, but how her jaw ached after that. Her problem was compounded by the fact that in the home where she was staying, young Edith Andrews, John's niece, was dying of TB.

Edith, a lovely young girl of 22, had come to Europe five years before with her uncle after his own daughter, Mary, had died of TB. Then in 1883, John himself had been a victim of the same disease. Now Edith, who had watched her cousin, Mary, and her Uncle John waste away, began to recognize the symptons in herself.

Edith had been working at the publishing house in Basel, Switzerland, but her example had not always been a good one. Instead of mingling freely with all

the workers at the press, Edith tended to choose only a few and center all her time and attention on them. Her exclusive friendships caused hard feelings at the press where many workers both young and old associated together.

During breaks in the council meetings, Ellen took time to discuss spiritual things with Edith. One Wednesday afternoon in September she had quite a long talk with the girl. Edith knew that she had not many weeks to live, and felt that she wasn't ready to die.

On the Sabbath after Ellen's dental work, she was resting in her room. Edith came hunting the motherly woman, wanting to talk to someone of her fears. It wasn't easy for Ellen to talk that day, for her teeth hurt so, but she put aside her own pain and did the best she could to comfort Edith. It was hard to find comforting things to say to someone who was dying at 22.

For two months after the council ended, Ellen White traveled through the Scandinavian countries and Italy, encouraging the workers and trying to gain some idea of ways in which the work could be expanded. When she returned to Basel after her eight weeks' absence, she noticed a marked change in Edith. Weak and pale, she took no interest in the Christmas preparations going on in town. Only one thing seemed to concern her.

"Mrs. White, how do I know that the Lord has accepted me?" she asked desperately. "I haven't always done what I should, and I know that I caused trouble at the publishing house. Now how can I know that I'm ready to meet God?" These were serious questions and Edith badly needed an answer.

"Edith, dear," said Mrs. White laying her hand gently on the girl's arm, "God has promised to pardon every sin if we truly repent. I believe that you have repented, and although you are too weak to try and correct all your past mistakes now, you are sorry for them and I believe that Jesus' life will supply the

deficiency for you."

Then she quoted Exodus 34:6, 7.

"The Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin."

"That's the kind of God we have, Edith," she said. "Do you believe Him? What sin can be too great for Him to pardon? Every soul is precious in His sight. He is touched by your illness."

As Mrs. White continued telling of the love of Jesus and reminding Edith of how He saved Peter even when he was sinking in doubt, tears came to the girl's eyes and ran down her feverish cheeks.

"Yes, I believe He accepts me," she said at last. "I believe He loves me and will save me. At last I have peace."

On Sabbath, December 19, Ellen White preached two sermons and was very weary when she finally returned to her room. Still she took time to write in her diary and to think about Edith.

"I was impressed," she wrote sadly, "that this is the last Sabbath Edith will ever see."

The next Thursday, the day before Christmas, Edith passed away. Ellen tried to comfort the others with the thought that Edith had fallen asleep in Jesus.

On Christmas day Ellen's diary read, "There is great solemnity upon my mind. Edith is dead in the house. Her record is in the books of heaven, unchangeable . . . We have evidence that Edith's life is not what it might have been, but her last days were days of penitence, repentance, and confession. We have reason to believe that the pitying Redeemer accepted Edith."

What a comfort the promise of the resurrection must have been to the early pioneers. Tuberculosis and other diseases so often cut short promising young lives. The situation would have been unbearable for those left behind had they not had the promise that their loved ones would be resurrected again. Having lost her own husband and two sons, Ellen could well understand the grief at Edith's death, and from her own experience spoke words of comfort. How thankful she was that she had been able to take the time to lead this young girl back to Christ and to bring peace to her heart in the last hours of her young life.

Adapted from E. G. White in Europe, pages 86-90, by D. A. Delafield, R&H, 1975.

ELLEN BROUGHT PEACE

Objective: To understand God's very important message that He is able to save all who come to Him.

For Discussion:

1. When Ellen White became an overseas missionary, she went first to . . .
2. The temptation that snared Edith Andrews while she worked as a missionary was . . .

   (Being selective in her friendships, leaving some people out.)
3. Edith Andrews' question to Ellen White was . . .
4. Ellen White encouraged Edith by talking about
   a. Edith's mistakes
   b. God's mercies
5. Ellen White believed God had accepted Edith because . . .

THE CRAZY CANADIANS

Asa Robinson came out early one morning to where his father chopped wood at the big woodpile. "Dad, I'm going down to New Hampshire to find out what's wrong with my brother, Dores. I think he's gone crazy."

His father drove the axe into the log and let it stay there. He straightened up and turned to his son. "Maybe he has gone crazy, Asa. Why else would he start going to church on Saturday? And he keeps on writing about so many other strange religious ideas. Go ahead, Son. Find out what's wrong with Dores."

Asa filled a bucket with woodchips and hesitated.

"While I'm down there, Dad, I think I'll try to find work for a while. The pay is much better in the States, you know, and I might be able to get a bit ahead."

Father Robinson sighed. "I was afraid of that, Asa. We hate to lose you, but you're twenty now and old enough to make decisions for yourself. Mother and I can manage the farm all right, so go ahead. But don't YOU get any peculiar religious ideas down there. We've got our own church here, you know."

"No danger, Dad," Asa assured him. "I'm going down there to straighten Dores out, remember?"

A few days later Asa left his home in New Brunswick, Canada, and journeyed to Cornish Flat, New Hampshire, where his brother, Dores, had a job felling timber. He arrived on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Comings, in whose home Dores stayed and worked, were Seventh-day Adventists, but Asa didn't know that.

He introduced himself and asked for his brother.

"Oh, he's out cutting trees in the wood lot." Mr. Comings informed him.

"Dores? Working on Sunday?" Asa rushed right out to find his brother and set him straight. His efforts failed, and he returned to the house and blurted out his problem to Mr. Comings.

"Asa won't pay any attention to what I tell him about working on Sunday. What can I do with that fellow?"

Instead of arguing, Mr. Comings handed Asa two books and suggested they might help. He glanced at the titles. The top book, The Great Controversy, had been written by a woman named Ellen G. White. The second seemed authored by a Uriah Smith. Asa decided to read The Great Controversy first. When he finished it, he said to himself, "The author of that book is inspired by God." As long as he lived he never changed his mind about Ellen White.

Next he read Uriah Smith's book. By that time he had become fully convinced of the Seventh-day Adventist beliefs. He laid the books aside and thoughtfully picked up his Bible. It opened to Isaiah 58, and his eye fell on the thirteenth verse, "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day . . ."

"Can it be that I have been breaking the Sabbath all these years?" he asked himself. It seemed that the Lord had placed that text in the Bible just for him. The words burned themselves into his mind.

That Friday night, kneeling alone in his room, he promised God that he would keep Sabbath, and he kept it all the remaining years of his life.

Now he knew what had happened to his brother, Dores. He wasn't crazy at all. His "craziness" made more sense than some people's sanity! From then on there were two "crazy Canadians" who shared their delight in the Sabbath and in

the hope of Christ's soon coming. Back in Canada, their parents despaired. Now both their boys were fanatics.

In the years that followed, both Dores and Asa became ministers. Dores pioneered the work in South Africa for a year and later sailed to India to begin the work there. During a terrible epidemic of smallpox, Dores became ill and died there in India. His wife and two adopted daughters returned to America without him, but the foundation he had laid made it possible for others to carry on the work more efficiently in Southern Asia.

At the General Conference session in 1891, several years after Dores had gone to South Africa, Asa was called to go and continue the work on that continent. During the session when the brethren were trying to decide whom to send, Asa Robinson sat right across the table from Elder O. A. Olsen, the General Conference president. Suddenly Elder Olsen picked up a pencil and pointed it directly at Asa, saying, "I believe the Lord has laid this burden for Africa on you, my brother."

Asa Robinson appeared startled and embarrassed.

"I can't imagine what makes you think that," he protested, trying to keep his face from revealing his true feelings.

"Think about it. Pray about it," Elder Olsen urged, and with that, he turned to other items of business.

At noon when the other delegates to the meeting had gone to the dining room, Asa Robinson fled to the woods to be alone with God. There on his knees he promised to go wherever God called. For weeks he had felt a burden for the African field, but he had shared his concern with no one. That afternoon when the meetings reconvened he told Elder Olsen that he believed God was calling him to Africa.

For six years he pioneered the work there. In 1894 Asa and Peter Wessels,

a South African convert, visited the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony and asked for a grant of land on which to begin a mission in the newly opened territory of Rhodesia. Cecil Rhodes instructed his land administrator to give the Adventists whatever land they needed, and the two men selected a lovely 12,000 acre tract on which to begin Solusi Mission. Sister White, who was in Australia at the time, wrote notes of advice and encouragement to the workers in South Africa and rejoiced with them in the advance of the work there.

In 1898 the Robinsons transferred to Australia where they worked for six more years in that corner of the earth. When Asa's son Dores, (named after his beloved older brother) came to Australia, he became a secretary and compiler for Ellen White and continued to work for her until her death in 1915. In later years he became part of the White Publications staff at the General Conference.

When Asa first read The Great Controversy and declared that its author was inspired, he had no idea how the message of the book would change his life nor how closely he would be associated with its author. His work for the Lord continued year after year, and when he was 95 he preached a sermon in California on "The Blessed Hope."

"I shall never forget," he said, "the joy that filled my soul on the first Sabbath that I kept. The Advent Hope grows brighter as we near the end of the journey."

Asa died at the age of 99, still "crazy" to some of his relatives, but infinitely wise in God's eyes.

Based on Norma Youngberg's story, "A. T. Robinson", and SDA Encyclopedia, "Robinson, Asa T." & "Robinson, Dores A."

THE CRAZY CANADIANS

Objective: To observe God's working through the written record of His plan and thus preparing workers for His cause.

Map Study: Locate New Brunswick, Canada, New Hampshire, South Africa, and India, sites significant to the Robinson brothers.

For Discussion:

1. The trouble with calling people crazy is that . . .

   (When we so label them, we may cease to try to understand them.)

2. Asa Robinson changed his mind about Dores' craziness after he had three things. What were they?

3. Dores Robinson pioneered missionary work on what two continents?

   (Africa, India)

4. Asa Robinson worked overseas on what two continents?

   (Africa, Australia)

5. Imagine the conversation Asa Robinson had with Ellen White when he met her. What would he tell her about the first time he saw her name?

EDSON'S "MORNING STAR" PART I

The year was 1893. Ellen White lived in Australia along with her third son, Willie. Her second son, Edson, carried on a private business in the thriving city of Chicago. Edson was now forty-four years of age, and as often happens to people in their forties, he began to consider where he was headed in life and what lasting good he had done for the Lord.

While visiting Battle Creek he discovered an interesting series of 10 articles written by his mother in 1891. They were a plea to the Adventist believers to stop neglecting the southern Negroes.

"Sin rests upon us as a church," she wrote, "because we have not made greater efforts for the salvation of souls among the colored people." The message struck Edson's heart.

In the nearly thirty years since the Civil War had ended and the black slaves had been freed, very little had been done to improve their lot. They were free, of course. But of what use is freedom if you can't read and write, can't vote, have no special work skill, and turn over every cent you earn to a white landlord? The US government had begun several black-help plans after the war, but most of them had died out due to prejudice, lack of funds, or corruption. And the Adventist church had ignored the whole situation. Ellen White was right in pointing out that Adventists had a duty as Christians toward the black race, and that God would hold them responsible for the task.

Edson returned to Chicago determined to do something to help the Negroes. He didn't get General Conference support in his venture, however. Many of the brethren there knew how many business deals he'd lost money on,

and what a poor organizer he was. When he proposed to build a paddlewheel steamer and go up and down the Mississippi River helping black folk, some of the brethren laughed and others just shook their heads. That Edson, like his dad, sometimes got wild ideas. He wasn't at all like his steady younger brother.

Edson's dream didn't disappear, however. For the last two or three years he had been steamboating on the upper Mississippi and already had his pilot's license and had captained a ship. He saw no reason why he shouldn't have his own missionary craft, so he set about building it at Allegan, Michigan, a little town on the Kalamazoo River.

Not content with a small beginning, Edson designed a ship 72 feet long and 12 feet wide. Its deck cabins hung out over the ship's hull two feet. He needed space, for he planned to house in this one ship a chapel, printing press, darkroom, living quarters for himself and other workers, library, kitchen, and storerooms.

Ellen White's manuscript had urged that schools be established for the blacks so that they could better themselves through education. Edson's ship would be a floating school.

Before setting out, however, he realized that he would need a very simple beginning reader. He found none on the market that suited him, so he sat down and wrote his own—The Gospel Primer. That was fortunate, for it sold for 25 cents and proved to be a bestseller that provided much needed cash for the new self-supporting work.

In 1884 Edson set out in the Morning Star with his wife Emma, his partner W. O. Palmer, and some young colporteurs. Together they sailed down the treacherous Kalamazoo River, trying to avoid the sandbars, floating logs, and deadly snags. When they reached Lake Michigan safely, they all heaved a sigh of relief. The ship was a bit scuffed up, but not seriously damaged from her first voyage.

Once at the lake they obtained a tow from a passing fruit steamer over to Chicago. Sailing through the canal into the mighty Mississippi River, Edson enjoyed piloting the vessel down its twisting course for 1500 miles to Vicksburg, Mississippi. There they anchored.

By January, 1895, the Whites and their helpers started school on board the Morning Star. It attracted not only black children, but their parents and grandparents as well. Being able to read was vitally important to these former slaves. Without reading one couldn't vote, own property, sign a contract, keep up with the news, or even read the label on a medicine bottle. As slaves they had never needed to do these things. Now as freemen, they were still slaves without the ability to read.

Seeing the need, Emma and Edson began holding school at night so that the adults could come, too. Thirty-five came the first night, but by the end of the second week 133 crowded onto the narrow benches on deck. Edson spent his mornings building more benches to accommodate the eager students.

Everyone wanted to learn to write. In penmanship class paper and pencils were passed around. Then the teacher wrote something on the blackboard and the students laboriously copied it. With six or eight to a bench, copying proved difficult. Some slipped onto the floor and used the bench seats as desks. Others stretched out flat on the deck, scowling up at the blackboard as they tried desperately to make the crooked little lines that spelled their name.

Monday and Thursday nights found them studying reading, spelling, arithmetic, penmanship, and grammar. When some students requested a Bible class, Edson taught it himself late into the night. Many of the Bible class students would later become the first black Adventist preachers and teachers in the South.

The Morning Star was more than just a school, however. Its printing press

provided handbills to be distributed in towns where the ship docked. The handbills advertised Sunday afternoon meetings at the ship.

Emma and Edson's musical abilities soon began to draw large crowds. When other workers joined them they formed a special musical group with two cornets and the pump organ. Writing to Willie in Australia, Edson told his brother, "You ought to see how these people enjoy singing." No wonder. For years that had been the slaves' only entertainment.

One of the ex-slaves they taught was an elderly lady called Auntie Miller. She reported, "I learned to read at the Whites' school. In a month I could read, but I could not understand. I used to cry over it. But then Sister White (Emma) she'd encourage me. Come sit right down by me, she would, and help me. In two months I could read so I could understand. Sister White certainly could sing. Brother White and she certainly could sing. She was the BEST singer."

Soon the work in Vicksburg began to grow and within a year a lovely little chapel had been erected. Leaving teachers there to carry on with the school, the Whites moved up the river, establishing new schools. At the end of the first ten years of their work along the Mississippi, nearly 50 schools flourished in six states. With the help of the Lord and the Morning Star, Edson and Emma were finally contributing to the growth of the Adventist church. They were helping to spread the gospel.

A. W. Spalding, Origin and History of SDA page 344, SDA Encyclopedia "Morning Star," "James Edson White", Emphasis Week Story 1974-75, pages 32-35.

EDSON'S "MORNING STAR" PART I

Objective: To learn the results of a few sentences of instruction from God's prophet when they are followed.

For Discussion:

1. When Ellen White wrote that Adventists should stop neglecting the southern blacks, did she know how a solution to the neglect would come?
2. If you could neither read nor write, what limitations would you face in life?
3. What reason could Edson have given for doing nothing for the blacks? (The people at the General Conference laughed at his idea about a steamboat school, and would offer no financing to him.)
4. Why do you think Edson called his boat the Morning Star? (See the story of Wycliffe for another morning star.)
5. What skills did Edson use in his ministry to blacks? (Shipbuilding; piloting; printing; writing; teaching; singing)
6. Which of Edson's pursuits probably was influenced by his mother's example? For which pursuits did he have his father's example--and possible experience from helping his father?
7. Jesus' example teaches us to meet people's needs. What needs of the blacks did Edson attempt to meet?

EDSON'S "MORNING STAR" PART II

While Edson was rejoicing over the success of his campaign to educate Negroes, many white southerners were not at all pleased. They had for years believed the Negro inferior to themselves. When the Emancipation Proclamation had ended slavery, many white southerners determined to do all that they could to make sure that Negroes never became equal to whites. Knowing that few slaves could read, they made laws requiring all voters to pass a reading test. They restricted land purchases. They refused blacks admission to public schools. They formed a group known as the Ku Klux Klan. The members were white racists who threatened any Negro who tried to vote or buy land. They didn't like white northerners who came south to help Negroes, either.

As word of Edson's work spread, white racists became alarmed. What might happen if all these blacks learned to read, started voting, and voted into office men sympathetic to Negroes? Maybe the blacks would take over government in the South and vote laws that made it hard on whites.

Late one afternoon Edson laid aside the lesson he was preparing for the night's class.

"Emma, what's that noise?" he asked. "Sounds like shouting or something."

Emma stepped to the ship's rail and looked ashore.

"It's a mob of people," she reported. "They're yelling and hollering. They're coming this way."

Alarmed, Edson joined his wife at the rail. Soon they could hear the

shouts more clearly.

"Hang the captain. His name is White but his heart is black."

"Whites go home."

"No black schools."

Emma and Edson understood immediately. Someone had stirred up the townspeople against the work of the Morning Star.

Edson thought fast. If he stayed to confront the crowd, he might not only lose the Morning Star, but his life as well. Work among the blacks would be set back. That must not happen.

Quickly he untied the mooring lines, hurried aboard ship, and pulled up the gangplank. As the boat drifted away from the dock, Edson started the engines and by the time the crowd reached the landing the Morning Star was safely out of reach. Wisely Edson sailed her downriver out of sight and anchored at another landing overnight. The next day, however, when things were calm, he returned to the landing and held school as usual.

At Yazoo City where a new chapel had been built, Edson left Brother Rogers, a white teacher, in charge of the church and school. Rogers' white neighbors warned him several times to stop teaching. He continued.

One day he was handed a warning: "Get out of town before five tonight or be hung."

Rogers had no desire to be hanged, and quickly went to the mayor who promised to send police to guard his home that night. Describing what happened, Rogers wrote:

"That evening as we sat in our house, about seven o'clock there came a rap on the back door. My wife went to open it. We thought the mob had come. But it was a Negro who had come to warn us that the mob had come to the

chapel. There were Negroes lying all around our house, armed, though we did not know it till afterwards.

"The mob searched every house in the Negro quarters to find us. Then they started to burn the chapel. They found some cotton heaped up on the porch of one of the cabins nearby and this they piled at the rear of the chapel, under the floor, poured coal oil over it, and set it afire. When the flames shot up and were burning as high as the roof, they rode off whooping.

"The negroes who stood round about watching said that as soon as the men had gone, the flames were smitten down as though by a hand, and died out of themselves. From this circumstance the school came to be known thereafter in all the country round about as the 'Holy School'.

"The next day was Sabbath, and in the morning my wife and I went over to hold Sabbath School. At first not a child nor woman nor man would join us. They just stared at us awe-struck as we passed. But we finally induced a few of the more daring to come with us, and we held Sunday school the next day."

Opposition didn't stop there. A few days after this, two bullets knocked Rogers' hat off, but he himself was unharmed. His wife, he discovered later, had suddenly felt her husband in great danger and was praying for him at the time of the incident. So it was that work for the blacks proceeded in spite of difficulties, and school after school took root along the river.

As the General Conference men began to see what Edson was accomplishing in the South, they re-read Mrs. White's plea to begin work among the southern blacks. A year later a committee of three left the General Conference and headed for Alabama to look for land where they might begin a Negro secondary school. The group was made up of the General Conference President, O. A. Olsen, one of the founders of Battle Greek College, Harmon

Lindsay, and G. A. Irwin, director of the southern work.

Together the men located a 360-acre farm northwest of Huntsville, Alabama, and purchased the property. Buildings on the old plantation were quite run down. Nine slave cabins were almost useless, the barn leaned far to one side, and the well was choked with debris. The big manor house, badly in need of repair, was still basically sound, and Brother Olsen and Brother Irwin pulled on overalls and joined a work crew to help get the place in shape.

When word got around that a high school education would soon be available for black students, two eager fellows showed up. They didn't mind helping to clean up and repair. This was going to be their school, their key to a better life.

One of the first jobs was to clear the old well of debris so they'd have water. For two days the men and boys dug through seventeen feet of mud, pitchforks, rocks, plow points, and other trash. On the second day they unearthed a spur.

"Oh my," exclaimed a local fellow. "I'd heard tell that the Confederates pitched a Yankee cavalry man into this here well during the Civil War. Wonder if this spur belonged to him. Reckon we'll find his bones?"

The two students lost no time climbing out of the well, and nothing anyone could say would persuade them to continue digging. They wanted an education and were willing to work for it, but digging up dead people was more than they'd planned on!

Others finished cleaning the well and no one found any bones, so they concluded that the spur, like other trash, had just been thrown in. When sweet, pure water flowed into the well everyone cheered.

Looking at the huge oaks surrounding the farm, the men decided to name

it Oakwood Industrial School. It opened in 1896 with 16 students.

Agriculture was important in the school program and students were taught to fertilize, rotate crops, and double farm yields. Farmers nearby came to see the new methods. Not all white farmers, however, welcomed the new black school. One who had been very critical of the school had the misfortune of losing his barn, tools, and animals in a farm fire. The next day Oakwood's manager, Mr. Jacobs, gathered up some cultivators and some students and visited the critical neighbor.

"We've come to cultivate your corn," he said simply. The farmer looked hard and long at Jacobs and the boys.

"Is that the kind of man you are?" he asked.

"Yes, that's the kind of man I am," Jacobs answered.

"Then forgive me for all I've said about your school," the farmer apologized.

"You're already forgiven or we wouldn't be here," answered Jacobs. "Now let's get to work."

At noon the farmer refused to let the boys eat their simple lunches but ordered his wife to prepare a meal for all of them together. It was the first time he had eaten with blacks, and the incident greatly reduced prejudice in that family.

As students continued to help neighboring farmers both black and white, the school became regarded as an asset to the community. Today Oakwood College is a well respected southern institution.

Ellen White came South in 1904 to visit Edson and Emma. She cruised with them on the Morning Star and helped select land for a new school for poor white children. Madison School grew later into a college, hospital, and food factory, and greatly aided the work in the South.

As Edson took her to visit churches and schools that he had established, Ellen White spoke to black congregations, met black teachers and ministers, and was thrilled at the way in which her messages had aided the growth of the Negro work.

Seeing that many communities had laws forbidding the assembling of blacks and whites in the same place, she wrote counseling the brethren to establish separate churches for blacks and whites in the South so that they would not be breaking the laws and the work could continue. She urged them not to make a big issue of the difference between races, but to quietly spread the gospel to both groups. If they had tried to integrate the work at that time, it might have died out entirely.

She made it very clear, however, that no one race was better than another, and that someday when laws and feelings were different, it might be possible to integrate the churches.

Years later the laws did change, and Adventist churches in the South began to integrate. Progress has been made along these lines, but much has yet to be done. It is Satan's plan that each race feel itself superior to the others so that the resulting disunity will hinder the progress of God's work. While today black Americans lead out at every level of the organization from local church to General Conference, there is still not complete unity among all races in the church. We each have a duty to follow Ellen White's counsels and regard every man as our brother. Edson's Morning Star was only a beginning.

References: Origin and History of SDA, A. W. Spalding, pages 344-352; SDA Encyclopedia "Oakwood College"; Emphasis Week Story, 1974-75, pages 32-35.

EDSON'S "MORNING STAR" PART II

Objective: To become aware of the need to follow Ellen White's injunction to seek unity between members of different races in the church.

Map Study: Find Huntsville, Alabama, on a map.

For Discussion:

1. Edson's Morning Star was only the beginning of work toward unity among blacks and whites in the Adventist church. What could you do to aid that unity today?
2. Describe the judicious behavior of Edson and Emma when their lives were threatened.
3. Describe the brave behavior of the Rogers when their lives were threatened.
4. Describe the loyal behavior of the blacks toward the Rogers.
5. Describe the gracious behavior of Jacobs and his Oakwood students toward a critical farmer whose barn burned.
6. The Adventists in this story are an example of people who say:
   a. My race is superior to others.
   b. What can I do to help others?
   c. I'm not going to get mixed up in conflict.
   d. We must do something vigorous to improve conditions between members of different races.

NOTES