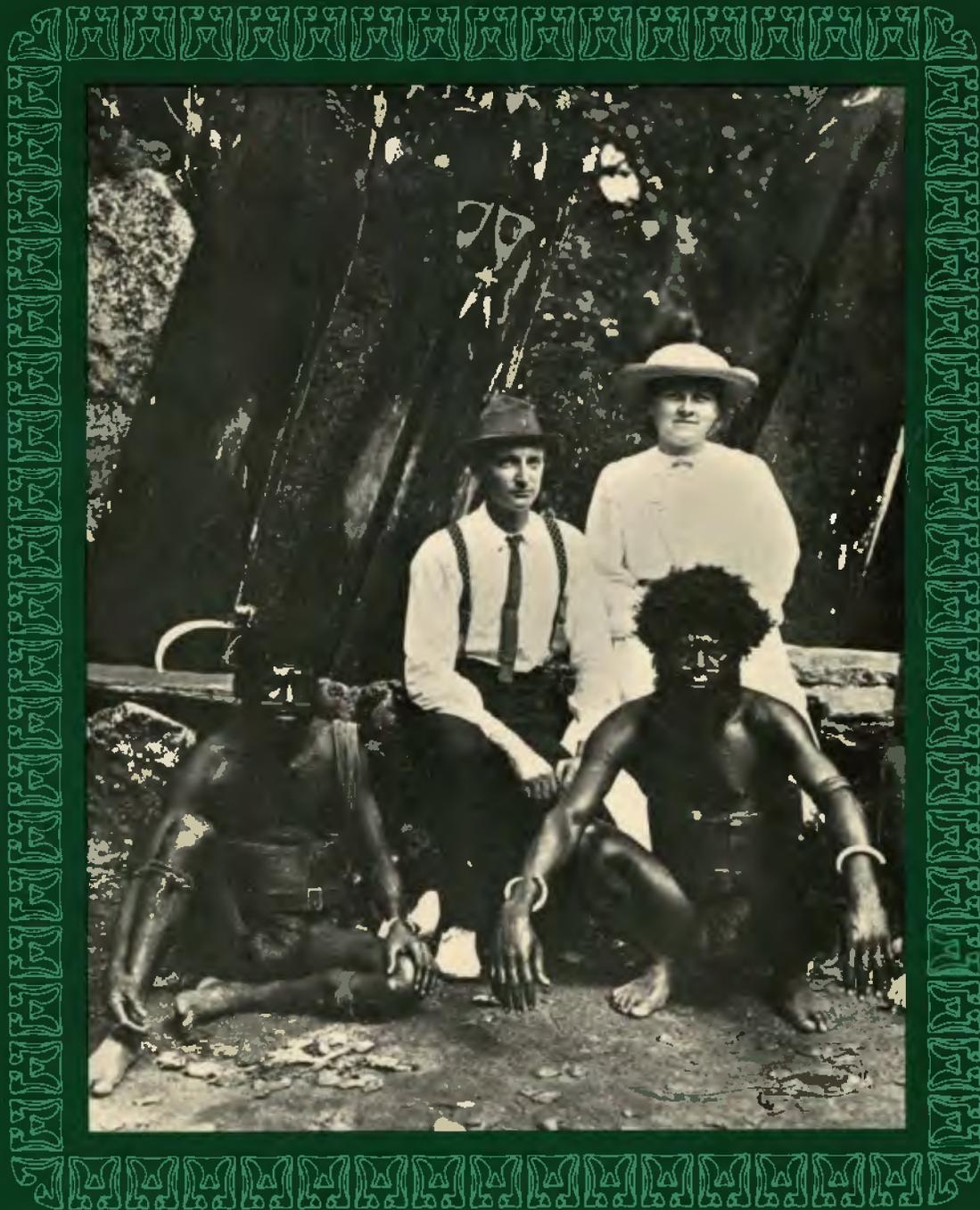


# Adventist Heritage

A JOURNAL OF ADVENTIST HISTORY



## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE . . .

**YVONNE D. ANDERSON**, Instructor in History at Palomar College, San Marcos, California, received a B.A. in History at San Diego State University, and a Master's degree in History at Andrews University, where her study *The Bible, the Bottle, and the Ballot* took shape in a research seminar.

**ROY BRANDSTATER's** lifelong friendship with Alma Butz Wiles goes back to the days when, together with Norman, they were students at Avondale College, in Australia. In 1920, he was called into the ministry of the Seventh-day Adventist church by Elder Edwin Butz—Alma's father. He subsequently distinguished himself as a pastor, evangelist, conference departmental secretary and missionary, serving in Australia, Africa, Cyprus and the United States. He was present to offer spiritual comfort during Alma's last illness and officiated at her funeral, in the Spring of 1980. His article *Malekula Saga*, which reproduces several pages from Alma's personal diary, is excerpted from a book length manuscript on the development of Seventh-day Adventist missions in the New Hebrides.

**JONATHAN BUTLER**, Associate Professor of Church History at Loma Linda University, and an editor of *Adventist Heritage*, has written a number of articles on Ellen White and Adventist history. He interrupts his own research for a book on the Adventist prophetess to review Arthur White's *The Early Elmshaven Years*.  
**BOOKMARK FEATURE: *The First Book of the Chronicles*.**

**EVERETT N. DICK**, Research Professor of History at Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska, has contributed several articles to *Adventist Heritage*. Well known for his numerous publications on frontier social history as well as Adventist church history, Dr. Dick combines his interests in the intriguing account of the birth of Seventh-day Adventism in Colorado.  
**For Health and Wealth.**

**LLEWELLYN FOLL** is chairman of the Department of English at Loma Linda University, La Sierra Campus, where he has taught for four years. He received his Ph.D. from Michigan State University, specializing in early nineteenth-century American literature and popular culture. Before coming to Loma Linda University, he taught at Kettering College in Dayton, Ohio, where he knew Joan Kihlstrom, the owner of the diaries he uses in his article.  
**HEIRLOOM FEATURE: *Emma Webber's Diary: Window into Early Battle Creek (1865-1874)*.**

**JOHN TREOLO**, Assistant Director of Public Relations for the Christian Record Braille Foundation, Lincoln, Nebraska, received a B.S. degree in Public Relations Media from Pacific Union College. He has published a number of articles in such Adventist periodicals as the *Adventist Review*, *Insight*, *Guide*, *Primary Treasure*, and Andrews University *Focus*. He has a chapter on ministering to the blind in the forthcoming book *Pastoral Counseling of the Handicapped*, edited by Roy Hartbauer.  
**PHOTO ESSAY: *Seeing Fingers: The Ministry of the Christian Record Braille Foundation*.**

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FRONT COVER: Pastor and Mrs. Norman Wiles with some of the Big Nambus men for whom they worked on Malekula. This photograph was taken shortly before the death of Norman Wiles on May 5, 1920.

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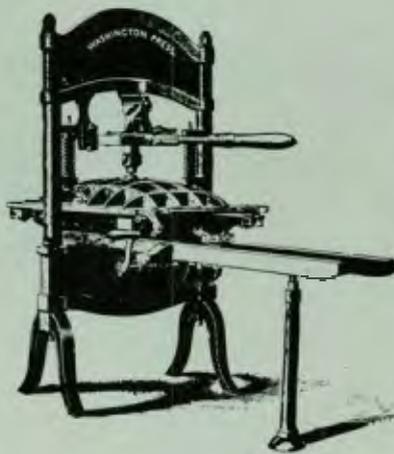
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# The

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# Editor's Stump

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Martin E. Marty, the American religious historian, has written an important little book called *A Nation of Behavers* (1976) in which he suggests that religious people in America identify themselves—and are identified—more by their behavior than their belief. Seventh-day Adventists certainly share in the activist character of American religion with their emphasis on law, conduct, good deeds and social obligation. And the American public surely knows Adventism more for its dietary habits or hospitals than, say, its sanctuary doctrine.

For its part in recalling the Adventist past, ADVENTIST HERITAGE has featured Adventist practice rather than belief. Adventist history would not sparkle with all its accomplishments without the Adventist zeal for belief. But Adventism is something more than a list of doctrines. It is the story of people living out those beliefs. And history involves telling that story, at times an amazing story.

In this issue of the journal, an activist Adventism shows itself in the remarkable and moving experience of Norman and Alma Wiles, the first missionaries to the primitive New Hebrides (our cover story). Another missionary frontier draws Adventists into

work for the blind with the Christian Record Braille Foundation (pictorial essay).

The health emphasis of Adventism accounts for its early trek to Colorado and for its involvement in the prohibition movement in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Indeed, prohibition raised the question of just how activist Adventists should be in the political arena (feature articles).

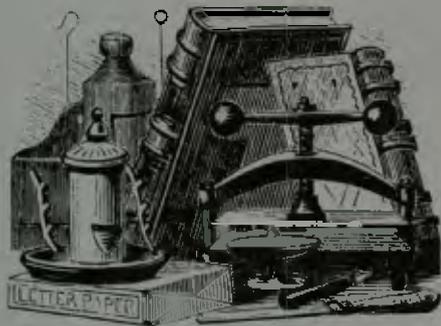
A quaint glimpse into the social history of Adventism appears in Emma Webber's diaries of a decade in early Battle Creek. It is just this sort of precious document that ADVENTIST HERITAGE hopes increasingly to bring out of the attic and onto the printed page (Heirloom).

While Emma Webber knew Ellen White and commented on her in the diaries, she could not have known her as well as her grandson, Arthur White. Happily, the first of his six-volume biography of Mrs. White has appeared (see Bookmarks).

With our November number of the journal, we encourage you to display your own "activism" as a subscriber by resubscribing to ADVENTIST HERITAGE for the new year.

JMB

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*From the pen  
of Alma Wiles*

# MALEKULA SAGA

**THE STORY OF  
NORMAN WILES' DEATH  
AND OF  
HER SACRIFICE**

**EDITED BY ROY BRANDSTATER**

**T**he sacrifice of Norman and Alma Wiles has long been a legend in Australian mission history. The Wiles, along with Will and Louisa Smith who followed them, were the first Christian missionaries ever to be sent to the notorious South Pacific island of Malekula—the second largest island of the New Hebrides group, sixty miles long by twenty-five miles wide. The whole group consists of eighty islands, with an estimated population of three million. Australia, one thousand miles west, is the nearest trading base and closest contact with modern civilization. Malekula had the ungodly reputation of being the most primitive of all the islands in the Pacific. Andrew Stewart, Adventist missionary to the New Hebrides and other islands wrote, "This is the saddest point in all the Pacific." Gordon Branster, who spent twenty-five years in mission work, stated, "There is no place

where I have been that shows the degradation of mankind as I have seen it on Malekula."

Pastor Sam Dick, a native of the Malekula Big Nambus, offered this experience when asked about his parents: "Oh, my father killed my mother," as if it was not an uncommon thing. "He had a very special pig which had to do with worship. This was kept in the house, and my mother was told not to allow it outside. Coming home one day, my father saw it out wallowing in the mud. He was so angry that he took a club and killed my mother. Then he took me, a babe in arms, to a widow woman and said, 'You look after this baby.' She answered, 'No, you killed your wife, now you will have to look after him yourself.' So he killed her too. He then took me to my aunt and threatened her as well. Since this was not far from the mission, they decided to bring me there, and I was cared for and raised by the Smiths."

It was mid-1912 when C. H. Parker and Harold Carr, with their wives, arrived in the New Hebrides and established the headquarters of the Adventist mission on the small island of Atchin, just a quarter of a mile off the northeast coast of Malekula. They found a twelve-acre property, which included a sizeable house and other buildings, and purchased it for one hundred and fifty pounds (approximately \$600). It belonged to a French trader who, having left his wife while away on business, returned to find her murdered. He was glad to abandon the property to a



Map by P. J. Landa and Richard Croft



*Norman Wiles at the age of 27.*



All photographs provided by the author.

Christian mission that might be able to change the way of life of the notorious natives.

The next thing needed was a launch, without which they would be confined and stranded. But it took two years before a twenty-six foot boat was built, donated and delivered to them. No longer being locked on Atchin, they could fulfill their desire to reach out to the other islands, especially Malekula.

The Carrs returned to Australia after losing their little son of eight months. This was a depressing time for the Parkers, now left alone amongst unpredictable natives. Three times they were urged to leave the island because of the danger from the cannibals, but three times they refused. "Our lot for the present," they wrote, "seems to be cast amongst the unpleasant things in life, . . . but we have no fears. Our trust is in the One who holds the universe in His hands." For twelve months, they labored alone, she with her teaching and he probing the possibilities of another mission outpost on Malekula.

Toward the latter part of 1914, Parker traveled to Avondale College looking for a replacement for Harold Carr. He described his adventures among the cannibal Big Nambus, and the high adventure appealed to many of the students, including Norman Wiles.

Norman, who came from Adelaide, South Australia, had just finished his training at Avondale College and was under appointment to the state of Queensland. He was of the material that makes a good missionary. Warm and friendly, sincere and purposeful, practical and dedicated to serve his Lord, he was loved and held in high esteem by his fellow students.

Alma Bernice Butz, who was to become his wife, was born in 1894, in San Francisco, where her parents were engaged in the ministry. From there they were called to mission work in the South Seas. She met Norman in her teens, while her father served in South Australia. A friendship developed and deepened while they attended Avondale College together.

Following their marriage, in the summer of 1914, they spent a short time acquiring some basic knowledge of tropical medicine at the Sydney Sanitarium. They then boarded a steamer for the New Hebrides. Their home for some months was with the Parkers in a duplex on Atchin. Here they shared the work and explored openings on Malekula.

The first mission on Malekula was located twenty miles around the northwest coast in the village of Matanavat. Here the two missionaries built a temporary house consisting of one eight by ten foot room with verandahs, where Norman and Alma took up their lonely abode. They were understandably cautious, for while the local chief had invited them





and granted land for a mission, the bushmen farther inland had threatened to come and kill them.

Four years had taken a toll on the health of both C. H. Parker and his wife, and they decided to return to the mainland. But before they left for Australia, Parker and Norman planned a visit to the mysteriously unknown west coast of Malekula and the Big Nambus.

Alma recalled the night before her husband left on this hazardous undertaking. They discussed the perils, the unpredictable cannibals, the danger of the rocky coast and the importance of taking all precautions for safety. Then they prayed for divine guidance and protection.

After a stormy and treacherous voyage, Parker and Norman neared the shore, where a number of natives lined the beach, giving the semblance of an uncertain welcome. Most of the natives had never seen a white man, and these whites had never confronted cannibals such as these. Parker rowed ashore alone and found himself surrounded by the most fearsome and bloodthirsty looking savages he had ever seen. Nude, except for a bunch of bark fibre hanging from their waists, they were armed and hideously painted, presenting a terrifying appearance.

With considerable difficulty, Parker explained the reason for his coming, to know if these people would be interested in a mission. There was a favorable reply, but nothing definite could be done as the chief was not present. After promising to visit them in their mountain village, he returned to Norman who was waiting anxiously on the launch. The visit was made sometime later and Nikambat, the head chief of this tribe, proved to be an amiable and helpful friend.

After the Parkers left, Norman and Alma sensed a heavy responsibility resting upon them. They were among thousands of primitive people divided into many independent tribes, speaking a variety of languages. They ranged from the peaceful type on the east side of the island, to the most warlike cannibals on the west. How could they blend these conflicting spirits and bring peace to the savage hearts? A white man had recently been murdered by the islanders resulting in a government expedition in which a number of natives were killed, including a chief's brother. The chief, breathing revenge, vowed solemnly to eat nothing until he feasted on the flesh

of a white man. Norman was the only white man available, and the chief gave order to have him shot. Two of the assassins came right up to the Wiles' house, but were frightened away by a couple of Norman's friends who were shooting birds.

**F**or over two years, Matanavat was the home of Norman and Alma. From there they not only attended the needs of the local villages, but reached out to different peoples, hoping to conquer the bushmen and Big Nambus for Christ. But Norman had been physically weakened by bouts with fever and strenuous efforts in a tropical climate where malaria was the scourge. So it was arranged for them both to return to Australia to recuperate.

It was late 1918 when Norman spent some months at the Sydney Sanitarium recovering his health. As he visited his alma mater, Avondale College, and addressed the student body, many were shocked at his appearance. He had lost his youthful, robust bearing, and showed signs of struggle with heathen forces in a ruthless tropical environment. He opened the Bible to Isaiah 41:1 and read, "Keep silence before me O islands; and let my people renew their strength." The impact of his presence and the



*Alma, as a college student, posing with her parents, Elder Edwin and Mrs. Florence Butz. Elder Butz participated in the first tour by Adventist missionaries through the New Hebrides archipelago.*





message that night made a lasting impression on the students and faculty. Norman was a typical selfless missionary who loved his people and was impatient to return to them.

During the Wiles' absence, A. G. Stewart, now in charge of the New Hebrides Missions, decided to transfer the Malekula mission headquarters from Matanavat to a spot farther south on the western coast where there were better prospects for developing the work.

Recovered and hopeful, Norman and Alma returned in January 1920 to a newly constructed house and to the promise of a launch of their own. They were buoyant with the prospects. Norman attended to some unfinished items on the house, and soon they also had a flourishing garden of vegetables and flowers.

A few months after the Wiles' return, it was evident that Norman was more susceptible to recurring fevers, and he found it necessary to retreat to Atchin where he could recover. However, word came of fighting between the Nambus tribes, and this was devastating to his mission, so he and Alma returned to Malekula. Despite his weakened condition, he made his way through the damp forest where he was soaked by the tall, water-laden overhanging grass, and his fever returned. He was able to mediate between the tribes. The fighting cooled off, and there was a semblance of peace which made the prospects brighter. It had taken many months to win the confidence of these people and now they had it. The people were ready to listen, and Alma said that this was the happiest time of their lives. Little did they consider that sickness was their greatest threat and danger.

"We hardly ever mentioned this," wrote Alma, in Her personal diary, "we kept this fear to ourselves."

Yet, when Norman returned home feeling feverish, on April 28, 1920, they both seemed to have a premonition of things to come. As she noted in her diary: "When he came home and told me it was Blackwater [Blackwater fever, a deadly form of malaria], we sensed the frightening danger." Norman was confident it was only a temporary attack, and that he would be well enough by Sabbath morning to keep his preaching appointment. Picking up the story as she wrote it down in her diary:

*Friday, April 30*

"Nothing eventful happened. . . . Norman rested up preparatory for his trip Sabbath. Felt feverish (a little) and remarked it was strange he always got fever the end of the week—must be Satan trying to hinder our work. He would go anyway. . . ."

*Sabbath, May 1*

"Norman did not feel well in the morning but thought it only fever and he would simply come home, have an attack in the afternoon and that would be all, as had happened the week before. Everything was drenching wet so he did not start too early but finally decided to go. Had the best meeting . . . he had had for a long time. He made an appeal to them to have a regular school. . . . They finally consented and selected a piece of ground ready for Bro. Stewart to see. Norman felt quite encouraged . . . . On the way home, he discovered his symptoms. Came home, sat on the floor by the sitting room door and told me all. I felt anxious for we had just been studying the subject of black water fever but acted as though it were nothing unusual. Got Norman a hot bath and put him to bed. He had a chill that afternoon but not as bad as later. Had fairly good night. From the start I was very

*Big Nambus cannibals from the island of Malekula. The photographs were taken around 1915.*





particular to keep his net tucked in for my own safety as well as his comfort. Norman told me all about his encouraging meeting first and then ended up by saying quite unconcernedly that he had fever and it was black water fever. Sabbath afternoon questioned what per cent was fatal. . . .”

*Sunday, May 2*

“Seemed a bit better—urine more of a red colour. He did wish Brother Stewart would come but would not let me send. Stewarts would think we were too fond of sending around. Natives came to work Sunday—finished the kitchen walls and cleared some of the grass so as to get rid of the swarms of mosquitoes. Sunday afternoon worse—chills, sudden rise and fall of temperature, vomiting, etc. I was up several times that night. Temperature over 105° F.”

*Monday, May 3*

“I washed but took me till 8 o’ clock that night to get it out. Men came to work on ———. I was in and out to Norman all the time. He did want me to stay with him but I had to wash and everything went wrong—sticks burnt out under copper of boiling water, etc. Poor Norman vomiting all the time, and chills—‘Oh Alma, pray for me or I’ll be gone. I can’t stand another.’ I prayed and the chill eased off. Once I ran to pray as soon as the chill started and the ague stopped almost immediately. I had to keep heating the kettle for hot water bags. He was so terribly yellow, even his eye balls. Oh how long the day seemed and how I watched for Brother Stewart! ‘Sails’ in the afternoon. At last help was coming! Norman longed to see Bro. Stewart but still would not let me send. But oh that boat came so slowly and at dark it was not in yet. Another night alone but not

for one minute would I harbor my thought but that Norman would get better and he always talked of and believed he would get better. I assured him I was praying for him. No matter how I felt, I would not go to him but with a smiling face. He said he had prayed and he knew that Jesus loved him when I asked him.



A “quartet” of teenagers from the Nikabert tribe, on Malekula.



A typical native hut, on the island of Ambrim. Note the mask on the pole to ward off evil spirits





He . . . feared for me to sponge him because of the awful chills. He would get out of bed as we had no bed pan and it was so hard to urinate, but he was getting so terribly weak—it was an effort even to lift a hand. At eight I sponged him and went to bed. I was up most of the night with half and three-quarter hour's sleep between. He longed for me to stay with him but kept urging me to rest for 'If we both went down and no one to look after us what would we do.' I had to keep the primus going for I could not leave him long enough to light up the stove."

*Tuesday, May 4*

"When I was up before daylight he began to seem delirious and gradually grew worse all day. As I looked out in the moonlight I could see the ship had anchored. Oh at last help was near! At daylight I would send to him and he would go to Atchin for me. But daylight came and not a native was near. I strained my eyes and ears for the first sign of a native, but hour after hour passed with no one to



*Primitive women and children from the Hamil tribe, on the island of Atchin—the home base for the first permanent Seventh-day Adventist mission in the New Hebrides.*

send to the boat. Help! So near and yet so far! All the day before I had begged for cocoanuts as that seemed the only thing Norman could keep down at all, and they had promised to be down early. Finally at nine o' clock I at last heard the pig call and later along came some natives. I sent a letter to the captain and he came up. I showed him Norman and then begged him to take a letter for me. He said he could not as one of his boat's crew was inland. Finally said he would send a boat, and went. The natives hung around for a while, but finally they too went and again I was alone. I watched and watched for that boat to go round the point but it did not go. After dinner I could wait no longer, so I cooed to the voices in the gully. Again and again I called and again and again they answered and laughed but would not come near, although they said Norman would not live. Oh those hours seemed like weeks. At last at 2 o'clock they came and I begged with tear-filled eyes for someone to do something, telling them I feared he would not live through the night. They saw him and knew it all but only laughed at my pleadings. I tried to send another letter to the captain but they went a little ways and returned with a made-up message. I begged them to take our boat and oars and when a boat went around the point thought they had gone but they returned saying there were no rowlocks. At last conceding to their demands to ask Norman for the rowlocks, after several attempts I learned they were under a small stone and 'They will have to dig,' and a little later, 'Who's going?' Once more the captain came up, this time agreeing to send one of his boats and a man if I would get a boat crew, and again I did all that pleading and appealing could do. Oh if they only knew how precious each of those moments were to me and how I longed to be permitted to stay at the side of my darling, they would not have kept me from him. A sound and I would rush to see if those fevered lips had a word for me and then as he would again swoon the sight that was tearing out my heart would send me back to beg them for help. The captain left, and at last the boys agreed to go if they could find the rowlocks. But at dusk they came back saying it was too late to go. Oh must I spend another night without any hope of help! That seemed almost the last straw. But they buoyed me up with the promise that at daylight they would be down and go, and in the meantime Vilvil [a servant boy] promised faithfully to look up a crew.

Only a few words had come from those precious lips that day, but a kiss whenever I had asked for it. Oh if I could only have stayed right with him perhaps I should have had more. 'I do love you, Norman,' 'I love you too, darling.' Again 'I fear I am going to lose my dear boy.' A surprised look and he shook his head. I knew he was ready to go; why should I torture him with the thought. So I said, 'No,





*Norman Wiles, on Malekula, treating the arm of a man whose hand was blown off in a gunpowder explosion.*

you are not going to leave me are you? You are going to get better.' At once his expression changed and he nodded. Earlier in the day I said, 'I am so sorry I have been cross with you, Norman.' 'You haven't been cross with me darling.' 'Oh yes, I have sometimes, you will forgive me, won't you?' 'Yes, and you will forgive me, too.' Again I asked if he would like me to pray for him and he said yes, so I prayed aloud. Ten minutes later he said, 'I am thinking about that prayer. . . .' At six o'clock when I asked if he knew I was there he said, 'Yes,' but when I asked if he could see me he said 'No.'

At my request for company, Bukul, a cripple covered with sores and one of the cheekiest boys in the village was selected to stay with me. I asked for a man and his wife but a questioning smile and a few remarks made me know that I should say no more for I must let them think they had my perfect confidence although sometimes during the long night which followed the thoughts of my helpless condition if that man cared to take advantage crossed my mind. But through it all I had to be continually thankful for considering the sudden cessation from fever and the strength despite the lack of food and lack of sleep. Now I was free just to sit by the side of my boy, but no longer did words come from his lips. He had had no chills and his fever had kept down all day. I prayed as I had never prayed before. 'We let go of the arm of the Lord too soon,' came to my mind but now whenever I felt to plead for his life the thought was pressed home that I had prayed for a turn but my prayer had not been answered. I must be resigned, so with each prayer my Father helped me to add 'Thy will be done.' Still I pled that if it must come it might not come during the long dark hours of the

night and this prayer was answered.

Norman recognized me by a look (although from glassy eyes) and the word 'Yes' or a groan and gave me a kiss whenever he seemed to rouse, and I asked for it until about ten o'clock. At eleven I gave him half an hour to live. His temperature was still 101° F. but his pulse from 120 to 160. I made Bukul stay right in the room with me, for I felt I could not bear to be alone. Still I felt that sustaining hand right through it all and never for a minute did I question whether it was right. This surely would touch those hard hearts, and if so, hard as it was, I was willing to have it so. As hard-hearted as they were I could say with Christ, 'Father, forgive them for they know not what they do,' for we both loved them. I talked to that man as I had never talked to anyone before, telling him how we had prayed for them and how sad we had felt at their not responding. I tried to show him it was all for them, that he might through this learn of the greater love for them. I felt no feelings of bitterness toward them, only sorrow that they knew no better.

At one o'clock the breathing became better and the pulse not so violent. Slowly Norman brightened up a bit. Bukul too saw an improvement but still I knew that was often the case just before the last, so quieted my hopes. Then Bukul said, 'Suppose he black man he savvy live back again,' and suggested I give him some milk and water. I tried it and Norman formed his lips to receive it from the spoon and even raised his hand to wipe his mouth when some ran down. I began to build up my hopes. Bukul went off to sleep in the kitchen. Surely the crisis was passed and I was to have my dear boy back again. He even tried to respond and kiss me again when I called his name. All that night I had pled that as I could not send a





message, Bro. Stewart might be awakened out of his sleep with the strong impression that we needed him, and now even if my Norman must go perhaps he would remain till Bro. Stewart might come and see him. He had so longed for Bro. Stewart to come. 'Do you see the launch? I wish Brother Stewart would come.' So he kept me always watching. Again we tried to raise the boys who were sleeping just across the gully, even giving the signal we were to give if the end really came, but they only responded that we wait till morning, followed by laughter. I picked up some crochet work to try to calm my mingled feelings—half joyous with hope and yet trying not to allow my hopes to rise too high lest they should be all crushed again. Still surely my Father would not give me such promise if there were not some meaning to it, and yet it might only be the answer to prayer that the end should not come in the night. It was hope constantly being repulsed and yet trying to fight back fear. Which should win?

Hard as it all was, my Father strengthened my faith so that I never once doubted nor was my confidence in Him shaken. I knew it all must be for the best somehow. Again and again I plead that if it could be to His honor and glory my darling might be spared to me, but He gave me strength to add 'Thy will be done.' Perhaps my Father saw that the tests that would come to my dear Norman might be more than his faith would be able to stand and so was placing him in safe-keeping for me. Perhaps too it was the only way that our prayers for those people whom we both loved, and for whom we had worked so hard, might realize a Saviour's love. If it would lead them to my Saviour, was I willing to make the sacrifice? Yes, I believed that with all my heart I would answer 'Yes,' for would Norman not be willing if he could realize? I believed he would. But again the prayer was on my lips, 'If it can be Thy will O my Father, save him, O save him to me, but Thy will be done. And if he must go give me strength to bear it, and Oh, for his sake, keep me faithful that I may have him back again.'

Wednesday, May 5

"At 5:00 A.M. I could see he was failing again. But I had wept till I had no more tears to shed. With the first signs of dawn I began to watch for that promised boat's crew, for at last Bukul remembered seeing Norman hide the rowlocks under a small stone. Again I roused the boys and had them whistle across the gully but this time there was no response. Perhaps they were on their way across to us. But an hour slowly passed and then we began to hear their pig calls in the surrounding gullies and hills. Norman was now having no more chills and for this I was thankful for his suffering was terrible. I had



*Atchinese woman, on the mission compound.*

prayed when the last one came that he might have no more and then the thought flashed across my mind 'Perhaps your prayers may be answered in a way you don't want.' As soon as it was light enough I kept rushing to the verandah and straining my eyes—first up to see if I couldn't distinguish figures coming over the brows, and then to the ocean to search for the first sign of life on that ship or a boat coming ashore—but all in vain.

It seemed more than I could endure, and I paced the floor in agony. My ears were alert for the first sound of approaching voices. Hungry? No, but a sense of duty made me chew a bit of zwieback. Once again I turned to Bukul pleading that he go to the beach and try to signal the captain, but he said that it was no use. Then to add to my anguish, he told me to go, saying he would look after Norman. But no, I would never leave him with breath remaining. I watched the coast for the first sign of the launch, but it was never again my





*Yikambu, a Big Nambus chief, standing in front of a large drum.*

privilege to see it round that point. It seemed there was no help anywhere. All I could do was to lean on that never-failing Arm, and plead for help from somewhere.

All this time my poor boy lay, the only sign of life being those heavy breaths, and terrible heart-beats at an unnumberable pace, and gurgling all through his body, and belch of wind now and then. Finally at about 9 o'clock there was a murmur of voices, but as they got nearer there was silence, and a few minutes later they were in the distance below me. They had slipped around another track through the bush and dodged me. Bukul had left a while before ostensibly to go to the beach, but really to feed his pigs. I had begged for some woman to come down, but I had not seen one. Again there was a murmur of voices and at last Vilvil and several men appeared. What a relief! But it was only momentary; he had come to say he had no boat's crew. Again I showed him my dying boy and he really seemed to be touched, and said he

would send someone and hurried off to the beach. Again I was alone, but the feeling that at least something was being done brought some relief. I would go in and sit by my boy and again kiss him, for I was loathe to leave him for even one moment, and then hurry to the door to catch sight of the launch, or the boat which I felt sure would round the point for Atchin.

As the morning wore on and it drew nearer the time when Brother Stewart usually came, I watched the more closely—but all in vain. Oh how I longed for someone, only if it were an unsympathetic native! And I prayed that if my boy was taken I might not be alone. Minutes seemed like hours as I sat there with my hand under that chin; and now and then placing a kiss on that brow—for all the kisses he ever received must be while there was still life, longing for someone. Finally, about 11:30 a.m. along came Kambi with a company of men, and a few minutes later, Vilvil with some more men (both chiefs), and the news that someone was rounding the point. Could it be Brother Stewart? No, it was only a canoe. Still it might mean help.

Kambi with a towel kept chasing the flies away and together, for the natives had gathered in, we watched those fleeting breaths. Those eyes that had looked so lovingly upon me would never do so again. Those lips that had so often formed kisses and spoken loving words, would do so no more. Those hands that had so often been thrown around me, or worked for my comfort were still. Oh how I longed for just one more word, just one more caress! Then about ten o'clock came those two last long exhalations, his eyes flew open, and I knew he was gone. It was only then that the last vestige of hope was really gone, for while there is life there is hope. 'Alone.' Oh how few know the meaning of that word. If there was only someone to stand by me and bear with me the terrible anguish of that hour! The terrible realization of facing the hard unfriendly world alone! Until then the world could laugh, and the world could frown, but what cared I once I had talked it over with him. Now it seemed that my wall of protection was torn from me, and I was open to everything with none to help me bear.

It was not fear of the natives that harrassed me—I knew my danger, but felt no fear on their account. It was the terrible thought of facing life's battles alone that shook my whole frame as I closed those eyes and threw my head on my arm beside him. But only for a moment could I linger thus. If only someone else were there to just take charge of things, I could leave him now; but no, there was no one, so my hands must perform those last rites. So as if touched by an electric current, I sprang into action. The natives helped me lift him onto a board and remove the bedding. And for this they wanted pay. But it had





rather been a privilege which I was loathe to allow, that they should touch my dead with their rough hands. (Right to the last Norman's heart thumped at the rate of 120 to 160. His face was drawn from pain and his whole body, even to his eyeballs was as yellow as could be).

Then I turned the natives out. A new shirt formed a shroud. After all, it was a blessing that I had to get up and do something, yes the greatest blessing that could come to me under the circumstances. And even at that moment there was much I realized that I had to be thankful for; and not the least was the presence of mind that had been given me all through. Then too, when Norman went down, I myself had no fever. As I folded those hands, I could not but stand and gaze upon them. The face was not quite itself, but oh those hands! Again and again I turned back that sheet for another gaze at them. When I finally went for my last look at the precious form, it was those hands I especially wished to see, beautiful hands! I covered him with a sheet and placed a towel over his face under the net.

Just as I finished laying Norman out the Tonmiel boys arrived, Natan, Leli Sal or Natan Soluperi and Jugleli . . . They seemed like a God-send, and I never appreciated the arrival of anyone more. I believe they were especially sent in answer to my prayer. Watch the tears roll down those brown cheeks as they gaze upon the face of one who had been their teacher, and try if you can, then try to convince anyone that natives do not feel. Hastily I snatched up the letter I had written bit by bit and placed it in an envelope without even taking time to add that the end had really come. This I placed in their hands, begging that they let nothing detain them, that they stop neither for food nor rest until they had delivered the letter to Atchin. With one last plea that they might remember that all this was so that they might learn at school, I hurried them off. When finally, after anxious watching, I saw the canoe round the point, I felt that at last help was near.

All that afternoon and many times during the night, I pictured them nearing Atchin at last so early the next morning; imagined Brother Stewart receiving the letter and flying to my help. Our hearts' desire and Norman's constant wish, expressed every little while that he should again see and talk with Brother Stewart, was not to be realized. But now, I thought that some other eyes would at least look upon him anyway; for that letter had gone. Oh if Brother Stewart might see him before he should be laid to rest! I left his tie for Brother Stewart to tie, and worried not about where he should be laid to rest, in the full confidence that Brother Stewart would be there, and he would gladly take the whole responsibility.

Now my thoughts turned to myself. I must do the work of two now. So I must do all in my power to keep calm, and keep my strength up. I had chewed a bit of zwieback for my breakfast, and now from a sense of duty I went across to the kitchen and had a meal. What wouldn't I give to have that meal interrupted by my boy, but no, I must eat it alone. The second tomato from our lovely patch with some tinned apricots, zwieback and biscuits formed my lunch. But first I had taken a walk across the yard and down over the back fence to gaze again at the beautiful view across the gully. A scrap of paper with a picture of a mother holding in her hands a baby, brought home more forcibly the realization that that hope, the anticipation of which has given me many a happy thought, should never be mine. I was just beginning to know what it all meant. Still through it all my confidence in my God was not shaken, and never did I question 'Why?' Right then I realized that I had so much to be thankful for. My prayer from then on was, for Norman's sake, keep me faithful.

The hope of the resurrection and a soon coming Saviour never seemed so dear, but how could I wait till that time should come? So I went back to the room and knelt in prayer by the bedside of that loved one. I could thank my Father that he was safe-kept for me. Now the only thing for me was that I should remain faithful so as not to disappoint him when he should again look for me. Perhaps too, that was the only way those hard hearts could be reached. And if it could result in souls, I was willing to make the sacrifice, and I know he would have been if he could have had his choice: for we really did love these people. If they would only allow me to stay on and work for them! But as I walked around the garden in which we had been working just the week before and gazed upon those gullies and hills, I felt I couldn't leave that lovely little home with those people I had learned to love—No, I would work on alone. But I knew that could not be, and oh, as it all came home that I must leave it all, it seemed to almost double my sorrow. . . .

These and many other thoughts filled my mind as my hands were busy; for there was a big wash to do, and the house had not been cleaned while Norman was so ill. A little later the native captain came up, and as I took him in and turned back the sheet the tears streamed down the brown cheeks. All the afternoon he and the natives sat around, and he offered to make a coffin out of the new timber we had for our table and safe. I was tired but how thankful I was that my time was fully occupied. At last nightfall came and the natives started to leave for home. I had urged Vilvil, that under no circumstances was he to leave me alone, but send a man and his wife to keep me company. This he promised to do, but I feared he would fail . . . so I got the captain to





*Alma Wiles, the young missionary nurse, with a New Hebrides infant.*

promise me two boats' crews, and until they should come, persuaded an old man and Atri to stay with me. Later the captain himself and one boy returned, as the boy alone would not come. I took my chair out and we all slept on the verandah. Slept! Yes, part of the time, and when it was impossible to sleep I aroused the boys and talked to them, for I felt I could not bear to be alone with my thoughts. Somehow those thoughts haunted me and I dreaded them. All that night and the next day I would catch myself listening for a call or a stir, and again the awful realization returned, 'I will never be called again.'

*Thursday, May 6*

"At last daybreak came and I watched that shadowy coast take shape, and trained my eyes for the first glimpse of the launch, which I was sure would come that day. Surely my trial is sufficient, and the Lord will not allow me the additional and severe test of laying my own loved one to rest. But He in His all-wise providence deemed otherwise. My

trial was not yet complete. From henceforth I must bear my own burdens, so I must begin to learn that lesson now. The evening before the natives had approached me regarding the burial saying that they 'savvy cover him up Master.' But I had refused, saying Brother Stewart would do that. While life lingered I would not have left him to anyone for a moment, but now I would gladly have left all the responsibility to anyone who cared anything for that precious form.

At daylight the captain and his boy left me, promising to return later and fix up a coffin if Brother Stewart did not arrive. Hour after hour I waited, the suspense all the time growing more unbearable. Oh if someone would only come, even if it were only a native to sit on the verandah! Someone I could speak to; I wanted the feeling of having someone near. Finally about 9 a.m. the pig calls began to resound in the distance and come nearer and nearer. Oh how welcome even those sounds were and even more so when I began to hear voices. But again and again they would die away just as I would expect someone to come out from the trees. Then a few minutes later as if to mock me, a number of voices would come echoing up from the valley below; they had quietly slipped past. Finally some natives came along but not to stay very long, and again I was alone. . . . Time and again I scanned the coast only to be disappointed. Still I kept myself up, for I knew not what still lay before me. Why the captain had not returned I could not understand.

Finally at 2 o'clock I could bear it no longer, so having a long last look at that precious dust I locked the house and made my way to the beach. There I learned that the captain had been to Matanavat and found that the letter had not been hurried on as I had requested so that quite likely Brother Stewart was still quite ignorant of our need. I pled for the captain to do something or send someone, but they only laughed in my face. Once more I wended my way back up that hill, not knowing where to turn next. How terrible it seemed to be climbing that hill alone, we had always gone together before.

Once more my eyes found their tears and I wept aloud as I hurried up the hill. Somehow I felt I had done a terrible thing to leave Norman even that long. I could hardly wait till I reached the house to rush into the bedroom and see that everything was all right. And then I came out and threw myself on the bed which stood there and poured out my grief aloud. 'Oh Father, must I bear it all alone? Can You not send someone?' I was ready to say I could bear it alone but the words died on my lips—no, if I hadn't a faith that could sustain me through trial it wasn't worth much. But how I longed for the touch of some loving hand, or the sound of a voice to break the terrible silence. Even native women would have been





better than no one. While Norman was still living there was something to keep up for, but now the tension was relaxed. Only the work which we both loved so still buoyed me up. Yet, through it all I never felt my Saviour nearer than then. There was that abiding presence such as I had never felt before. My whole form trembled.

At length I heard voices and then the captain came up on the verandah and spoke. How welcome was a human voice to break the silence! Together we walked up the hill and across the flat to search for a suitable place to lay that precious dust in the care of the Life-giver. . . . We chose a secluded spot, some yards from the house, yet just out of sight, under the shade of two hardwood trees. Bamboos on the other side closed in the sacred area. Several times the captain and the natives wanted to lay him away, but I kept putting them off, still feeling that somehow Brother Stewart would be impressed to come. I just felt that I could not lay him to rest without Brother Stewart seeing him once more, for he had so longed for Brother Stewart to come. As the shadows began to lengthen I realized we could wait no longer. The grave had been dug, but when I went to see it, it was so shallow I could not rest, so begged them to dig it deeper (The thought of wild pigs and native customs were too vivid in my mind to let him rest near the surface).

I felt I had stood all I could, so now gave the captain and one of his crew a sheet, a towel, and the two native mats which Brother Stewart had given me. One mat was wrapped and tied around him, while the other formed an outer covering. While they did this I went out once more and looked at our little garden. That one last look was more than I could stand—it was better for me to leave him to them now. Several times that captain hunted me up if I were ready, but each time I would scan the coast longingly for the sign of a launch and waved them back. But the sun was creeping lower, so at last I must give the word, and they bore that precious body around the side of the hill while I followed. As we reached the spot that hole still looked so shallow, so all waited while I urged them to dig still deeper. At last we laid him carefully in, facing the hill over which lived those for whom he so willingly gave his life. All through his illness never once did a murmur escape his lips. When a service was mentioned, the captain said—'Me savvy make him church along Master.'

My heart was too full for words, so I just stood silently while he repeated a service which he had learned, and then offered prayer in his own language—I could not understand anything. Oh how I wished they would let me get out of sight and hearing before they did any more. So I just stuck my fingers in my ears and ran as fast as I could.

As I gazed out over the ocean the sun had already dipped into the sea—a symbol it seemed of the end of my joy and happiness. Yet there was that determination to meet life's battles bravely. Because sorrow had crossed my life was no reason why I should cast a shadow over everyone with whom I should come in contact. How selfish to seek comfort by continually reminding others of my grief. Before I saw a white face I determined that no matter how I felt, I would, with my Saviour's help, show a bright face to the world. My sorrow would be sealed in my own heart, and my tears shed in the dark alone. . . .

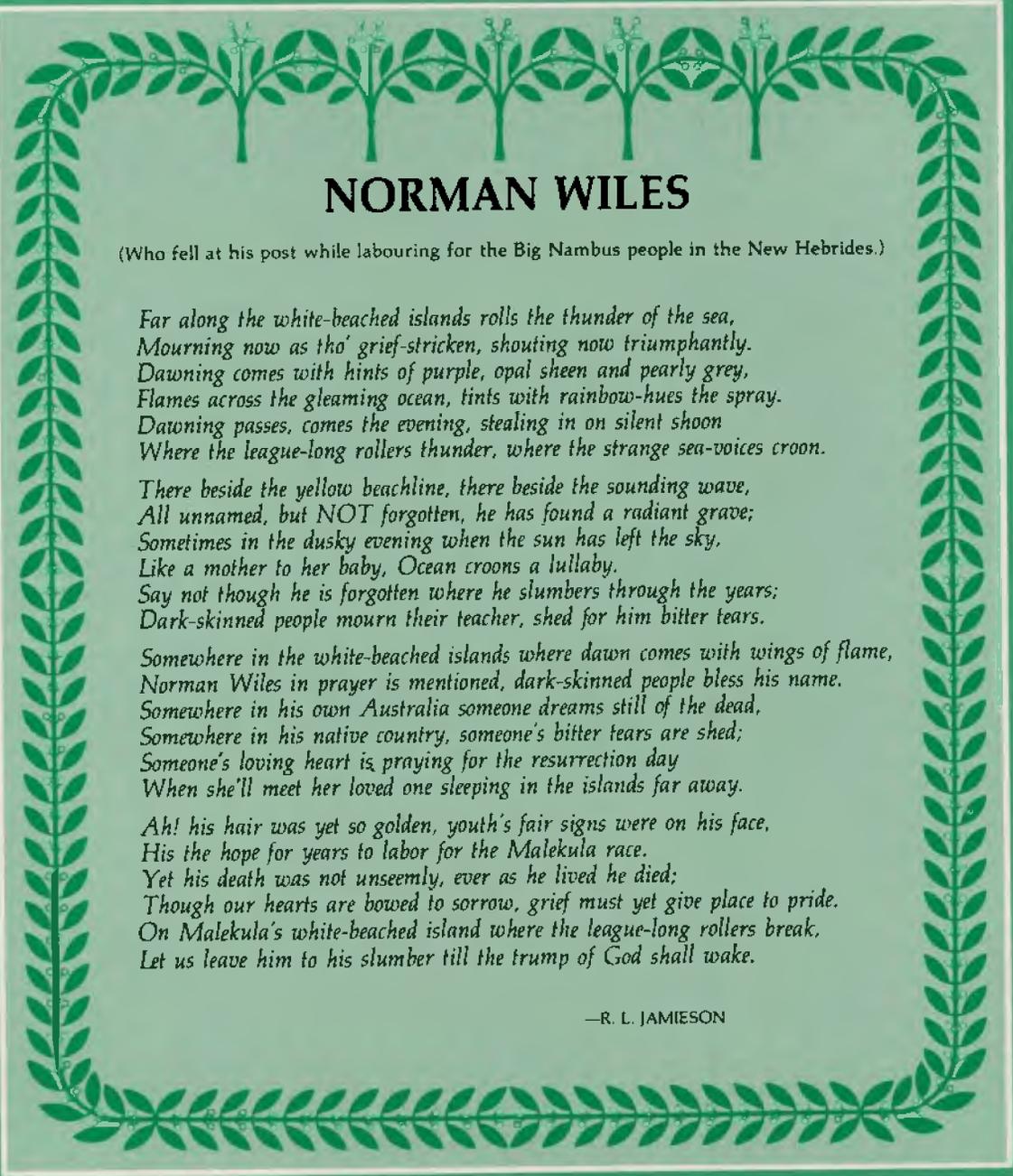
I wrote a few lines to Brother Stewart not knowing how he would get it. The local natives had all become tired and gone home, so that there were only the captain, three of his boat's crew and I at the grave. The captain and his men returned. Wednesday morning dawn had brought the news that the natives had stolen some of our fowls, and with it the conviction that it was not right for me to stay here alone even if I could. Should they know that I was alone, it might be placing temptation in their way. Not that I feared for through it all there had been such a wonderful sense of a keeping and sustaining power, and I still did not feel afraid. But I just must have someone to talk to, for the thing I dreaded most was to be left alone with my own thoughts. Upon my request the captain promised me company, but said they must all return to the ship first.

I knew what that promise meant, so made him leave his boys while he returned. They were too afraid to even eat. Two boys stayed through the night. I dragged out my couch onto the verandah and, wrapped in my rug, stayed there. . . ."



*The simple tombstone over the grave of Norman Wiles, on Malekula.*





## NORMAN WILES

(Who fell at his post while labouring for the Big Nambus people in the New Hebrides.)

*Far along the white-beached islands rolls the thunder of the sea,  
Mourning now as tho' grief-stricken, shouting now triumphantly.  
Dawning comes with hints of purple, opal sheen and pearly grey,  
Flames across the gleaming ocean, tints with rainbow-hues the spray.  
Dawning passes, comes the evening, stealing in on silent shoon  
Where the league-long rollers thunder, where the strange sea-voices croon.*

*There beside the yellow beachline, there beside the sounding wave,  
All unnamed, but NOT forgotten, he has found a radiant grave;  
Sometimes in the dusky evening when the sun has left the sky,  
Like a mother to her baby, Ocean croons a lullaby.  
Say not though he is forgotten where he slumbers through the years;  
Dark-skinned people mourn their teacher, shed for him bitter tears.*

*Somewhere in the white-beached islands where dawn comes with wings of flame,  
Norman Wiles in prayer is mentioned, dark-skinned people bless his name.  
Somewhere in his own Australia someone dreams still of the dead,  
Somewhere in his native country, someone's bitter tears are shed;  
Someone's loving heart is praying for the resurrection day  
When she'll meet her loved one sleeping in the islands far away.*

*Ah! his hair was yet so golden, youth's fair signs were on his face,  
His the hope for years to labor for the Malekula race.  
Yet his death was not unseemly, ever as he lived he died;  
Though our hearts are bowed to sorrow, grief must yet give place to pride.  
On Malekula's white-beached island where the league-long rollers break,  
Let us leave him to his slumber till the trump of God shall wake.*

—R. L. JAMIESON

*This poem, dedicated to the memory of Norman Wiles, appeared in the Australasian Record on the 7th of March 1921.*





Friday, May 7

"At daylight, while the captain was anxious to be with his ship, he promised to see that I had company at nights until Brother Stewart should come. I had now concluded that he had never received any messages from me, and that I would simply have to wait till his expected trip during the coming week. I had not been alone very long when dear old Nikambat arrived. He had broken their rules of mourning and hurried down to see the face of him whom he called master and really loved. He did not say much, but that hard grasp and those few words of affection for the master showed a warm heart under a brown skin. He was anxious to know if I would stay and teach, and at first did not like the idea of a new master whom he did not know. We had a long talk, and I cannot but feel that dear old man was, in his own way, doing all he knew. He still had just as keen an interest in school and promised to be friendly to whoever may be sent to take our place. He wished me to keep the money he had given Norman. All morning long he sat around ordering his men to do the little things I asked. He was very anxious to see all my things moved to a place of safety, for he said they would be stolen.

About 9 a.m. the captain returned and said that it was favourable for him to go home, so he wished to go. There was no use trying to persuade him otherwise, so I asked him if he would take me to Atchin. This he reluctantly agreed to, saying he would leave at noon. He caught the remaining fowls and put them in a box, and I packed a few necessary clothes in my suitcase. Again I felt to thank my Heavenly Father for the presence of mind given me. A coat, a rug and two bottles of water, and a few necessary things in a basket over my shoulder, also a cushion. That was all I tried to take. Oh how hard it was to look up and bid farewell to that little home, the one that had been the sweetest, and had meant so much. Once more I looked around the garden, ran over the edge of the hill to take a last look into the gully. Last of all, I went around the hill to gaze for the first time on that fresh mound of earth. Yet I could even stand that if only I could stay and work for those people. But to think that I must go and leave it all—my grief was too deep for tears. That last six months had been the happiest of our lives. There would be little comfort in looking back to those sweetest of memories.

Being such a poor sailor, I dreaded the boat trip, but to my surprise I did not get one bit sick. At 1 p.m. we started. The captain had tried to get something for me to eat, and I was able to eat some crackers and jam. The wind was good and we reached the Tonmiel landing before dark. I was anxious to go to the village to see if anyone had gone to Atchin. The captain and one or two boats' crew started out, but

the boys were so afraid that they ran back, so the captain and I went. It was raining, and the road was somewhat changed, so I was not sure of the way when we neared the village. We met some of the people, . . . and found the letters had been sent on to the next village. It was nearly dark, so after a promise of old friends to bring me some bananas and other fruit, we hurried on to the beach. It was dark so the captain was anxious to return to the boat and signaled his crew. They all rowed off, leaving me sitting on a canoe in the rain, expecting each minute to hear voices from the village. Minutes, seconds, hours as I sat there in the rain, cold, wet and alone, no one came. Finally about 9 p.m. there was a splash of oars, and the boat's crew came to tell me that as the wind was favourable, their master had decided to leave for Santo (40 miles north) and that I might go with him, as he feared the sea to take me on to Atchin. Not knowing what else to do I scrambled into the boat and we were soon alongside the ship.

As I heard the captain's proposition I felt I could not accept it. He would not even promise to take me to friends on Santo, although I learned that it was only a short distance from his destination. I was sure Pastor Stewart had never received any message from me, although at Espiegle Bay we left a note with a Frenchman who was anchored there; and should I get to Santo there would be no way of getting back or sending him word. I felt wholly unprepared for such a trip, so asked to be rowed around to Matanavat, some eight miles away. There I would at least be on Malekulan soil, and could walk if no other way opened. He finally consented, but instructed his crew to land me on the beach and to do no more. It was dark and they were less acquainted with the coast than I, so we had quite a time finding the passage. We at last found our way through the passage in the rocks and I was landed with my things on the sand. As they had a lantern I constrained them to go with me to our old school drum that used to sound out the hour for school, and we beat it, hoping that someone from the village would come down.

Then we hurried back to the sand and in a few minutes the light was fading from view, the splash of the oars grew fainter and fainter, and that awful word 'alone,' came back with still more force. There wasn't a boat with a light lingering in the distance, and the only sounds to break the silence were the waves splashing on the shore.

Even that was acceptable company, also the patter of the gentle rain, and now and then the weird screech of a night bird. There must be something to break the silence, so I sang aloud, and repeated texts of Scripture. The promises of Psalm 91 came back with more force than ever. As the time passed and no one came, the only thing left to do was to wait till the moon came up and then make my way toward the





village. By about 11 p.m. it should begin to show, and God's clocks never disappoint us. But it could only help for a few yards, and then I must feel my way along a narrow path through the pitch darkness of the jungle. . . ."

**T**he continuation of Alma Wiles' written account of her experience has unfortunately been lost. But in recounting the story years later, she still shuddered as she recalled that rainy night when she was abandoned on a deserted beach in total darkness, totally alone. It was the ultimate hour of depression at the end of a traumatic day of disappointing vigil. Only her faith and personal acquaintance with God kept her going.

As the rain eased and the moon peaked through the clouds she followed a path to the village of Matanavat—site of the Wiles' first residence in the New Hebrides. A friendly native, upon seeing her, took her to an empty house, spread some fresh leaves on the ground and told her to rest in peace for he would protect her. Being exhausted, she relaxed in a needed sleep till morning. It was a Sabbath—her first alone. She rested, and the next day, escorted by some natives, she made her way toward the next village carrying her suitcase and cushion. From village to village she dragged her feet—a wearying sixteen miles—until finally she was able to catch a glimpse of Atchin, a short distance across the strait.



*This photograph of a cheerful Alma Wiles was taken shortly before her death, in 1980.*

There were the Stewarts, the companionship, support, and sympathy for which she had been hoping and praying. All that was left for her now was to bridge the distance between Malekula and Atchin. But being short of the faith to walk on water she waited for someone to canoe her across.

It was not long before several natives, sauntering along the coastal path, sighted her solitary figure. They warily approached her, and she appealed to them to take her across to Atchin in their canoe. They agreed and cautiously she stepped in their common means of island transportation. A few deft strokes and they shot towards the other shore where Alma stepped out and followed the familiar path to the mission house, knocked on the door, and collapsed in the arms of Mrs. Stewart. The story of the tragedy was poured out with tears and their hearts throbbed with a common sorrow. No message had ever reached them and the Stewarts had remained totally unaware of the tragedy which had unfolded a few miles away. Norman Wiles died on May 5, 1920. Forty days later, Pastor Stewart wrote in touching terms of their great loss of a dear and dedicated coworker: "Today is a sad day here as we are just getting ready to take Sister Wiles to Bushman's Bay, about twenty miles down the coast to meet the steamer for her return to Sydney. With her departure we shall mournfully sense our loss. While she has been with us it has been a mutual comfort, but now we shall be left alone. . . . The empty mission house at Big Nambus makes us feel sad. While Brother and Sister Wiles were there, a torch was kept burning in that dark place, but now that they are gone the burden seems to press upon us continually. Surely there are others who will come and pick up the fallen standard. . . ."

Alma was quite distressed about leaving the work on Malekula. She begged to remain, but the brethren thought it unwise. She went back to America to complete her nurse's training and then gave her life in service in Nigeria and New Guinea where she reaped a rich harvest. She quietly passed to her rest in the Loma Linda Community Hospital in March 1980, at the age of 86. Humble, self-effacing, totally dedicated to the goal of sharing the Good News and of relieving human suffering wherever she found it, this was Alma Wiles. The remarkable story of this remarkable woman, of her sacrifice, of the death of her beloved Norman must never be forgotten. They constitute a special chapter in our Adventist heritage.



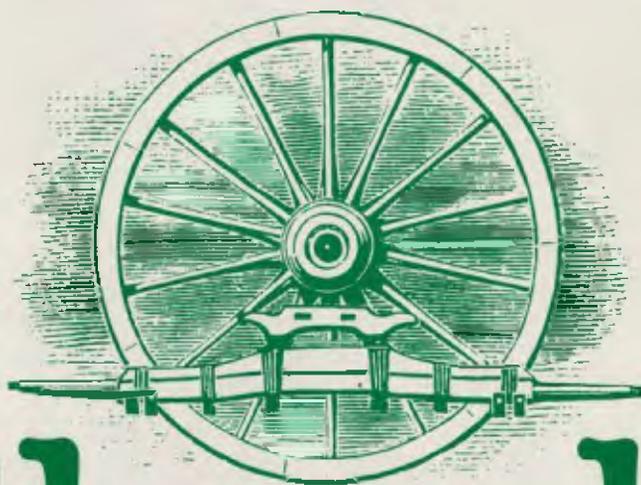
## The birth of Seventh-day Adventism in Colorado

**I**n the autumn of 1858, an eastbound traveler arrived at the Leavenworth, Kansas, bank and emptied a goose quill filled with gold dust on the counter. With this he announced the discovery of gold in Cherry Creek at the foot of the Rocky Mountains (then the territory of western Kansas). Word traveled rapidly among the river towns and to the East. By spring thousands were on their way. Shortly a town named Denver, after the territorial governor of Kansas, was founded. Although the Eldorado turned out to be a disappointment since the amount of gold at the foot of the mountains was limited, an experienced miner from the gold fields of Georgia, John Gregory, "struck it rich" in May 1859 in a gulch which took its name from him.

Strangely enough, the first known Seventh-day Adventist in Colorado was a young girl who came across the plains of Kansas in a covered wagon in the 1860's during the Pike's Peak gold rush, as it was popularly known. She found work in a home in Denver and in due time married a miner named Shaw and they made their home in Golden.

The second known Adventist in the territory was Mrs. Amy Dartt, who had been one of those who looked for Christ's coming in the 1844 movement and accepted the Sabbath while living near Baraboo, Wisconsin. She settled in Boulder and was well

EVERETT N. DICK



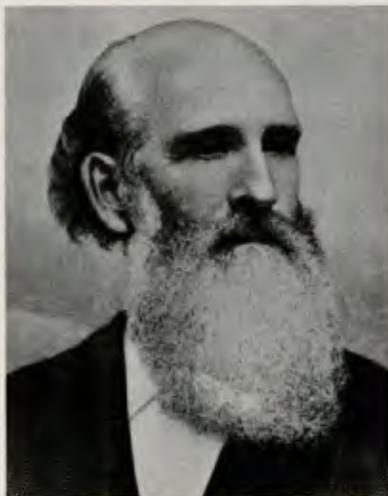
# For Health and Wealth

known for her missionary activity. With a basket on her arm she was a familiar figure around the city, distributing the rather meager line of Seventh-day Adventist literature of the day. A third Adventist, also a woman, was Mrs. Cora M. Thayer (later Mrs. Cora M. Jones) who was long a member of the Longmont church. She with her two little girls, Bertha and Myrtle, settled in Georgetown. These three lights in the darkness of scattered mining towns were to ignite other flames in the region.

**T**he mountains which drew people for riches of gold were equally attractive as a health bonanza. Countless thousands sought to recoup a healthy physique in the mountain air amidst nature's healing balm. Best known of the early health seekers were James White and his wife Ellen. The Whites were never robust and their incessant program, requiring much travel and heavy responsibility of leadership, often added to their physical disabilities. In 1872 James was almost completely disabled. He, along with Ellen, their son Willie and Lucinda Hall, who for several years had been Ellen's assistant, traveled to Ottawa, Kansas. They spent thirteen days with Mrs. Carolyn Clough, Ellen's sister whom she had not seen in twenty-five years. In response to an invitation, it was decided that the Whites would go to Colorado where Mrs. Clough's daughter lived. There they would spend some time with her and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. Lou Walling. The Wallings, who lived in Denver but operated a sawmill in Gregory Gulch, promised to arrange for the Whites a mountain dwelling place not far from the Walling mill.

The long hot train ride across the blazing Kansas plains was almost too much for James in his weakened condition and he had to be helped off the train. Too ill to sit up, he stretched out on the waiting room floor with his "shawl for a mattress, and traveling bag for a pillow." Ellen sent Willie out to find Lou Walling and they shortly returned with the carriage. James was helped into the vehicle and driven to the Walling home.

*Elder James White, indefatigable pioneer for the Advent cause. From his Rocky Mountain retreat, he conceived the idea of issuing, on the Pacific coast, a weekly publication that would interpret Bible prophecies for the layperson. This idea led to the founding of the well-known Adventist magazine The Signs of the Times.*



Courtesy Loma Linda University Heritage Room



*This photograph, taken in 1872, shows Ellen G. White with her older sister, Mrs. Carolyn Clough, in Ottawa, Kansas.*

Courtesy Loma Linda University Heritage Room

A few days later when James was able to travel, Walling took his guests on a camping trip over the Snowy Range. He loaded a chuck wagon with camp equipment. One or two of the group rode in this vehicle but the others went on horseback. They traveled four days and camped three nights before arriving at their outcamp where they were to stay for about a week. Ellen White was mounted on a reasonably gentle horse, as western horses go, on a side saddle, of course, as no real lady would have straddled a horse at that time. She stood the vigorous exercise very well until the second day. As Ellen was riding along in excellent spirits enjoying the breathtaking mountain scenery, the pack of blankets which was lashed to the saddle behind her became loose and dangled against the horse's heels. Seeing the situation, she slipped her foot loose from the sidesaddle stirrup and was just ready to slide to the ground to safety when the fractious pony became frightened and shied, throwing her over backward. She struck the ground on her back and head, causing excruciating pain. At first she could hardly speak or breathe. After a prayer for healing she was placed upon a makeshift bed in the wagon and the party



*The homesteader's cabin which served as a summer retreat for the White family, from 1872 to 1881. Following the death of James White, the cabin lost its charm for Mrs. White, and she never went back to it again.*

proceeded until they reached a steep mountain. Of this she said: "Here I again remounted the pony, weak and full of pain and rode up the mountainsides as steep as the roof of a house, over rocky hills and large boulders [at night]. . . . Although in considerable pain I rested quite well on the ground and the next morning was again in my saddle."



Map by Richard Croft

**T**his trip, taking the tenderfeet up to about 11,000 feet altitude, agreed so well with the Whites that they stayed two months. Mary Clough, the sister of Mrs. Walling and the niece of Ellen White, had filed on a homestead not far from the Walling mill and was fulfilling the five year residence requirement of the government in order to "prove up" and secure title to the 160 acres of land. Mary's homestead cabin was the spot that the Wallings had in mind for a vacation site for the White family. The Whites were so taken by the hospitality of their kinfolk, the invigorating climate, the majestic scenery, and salubrious atmosphere that they decided to make the mountains a regular stopping place. For the next nine years this was to be a summer retreat for the White family, a place where they could find relief from the strain of constant appointments and travel.

Since a homesteader's cabin is hardly roomy enough for family reunions and since later photographs of the house indicate that additions were made, lumber from the Walling mill apparently went into enlarging the claim shack and making it a comfortable place for occupancy by the White family and their friends. Nevertheless the five stayed where the lone homesteader had dwelt before. Mary became fond of her Aunt Ellen and traveled briefly with her as an assistant, making at least two trips to California with her.

The records at the Boulder courthouse show that Mary Clough received the patent to her homestead

on October 20, 1873, signed by President U. S. Grant. They further record that Mary sold the 160 acres and cabin for \$100 to James White on September 17, 1876. Eventually James bought another 160 acres, making a total of half a section of land in their mountain retreat. It was located about forty miles from Denver and could be reached by going to Black Hawk on the narrow gauge railroad from Denver or by taking the railroad from Denver or Cheyenne to Boulder and traveling by stagecoach up the mountain grade to the retreat.

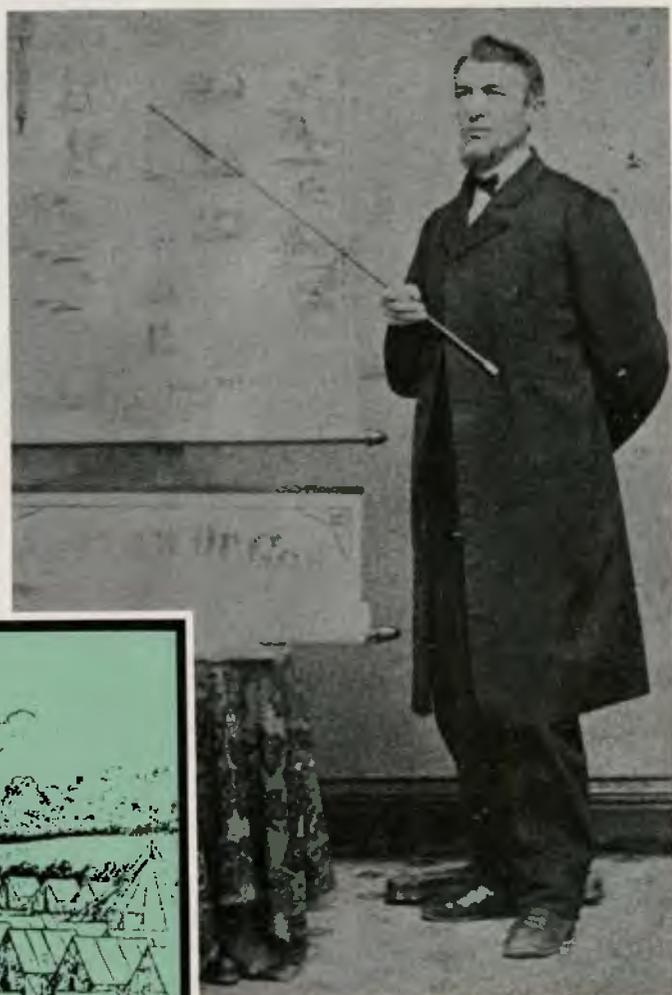
The summer cabin was located not far from the Walling mill, near the northwest corner of Gilpin County, Colorado, about four miles south of Rollinsville. The claim was registered September 19, 1862, as a water mill claim, as distinguished from a miner's claim. Presumably the location was developed as a sawmill when quartz mining was coming in and timbers were needed to shore up the mines. The Colorado Central narrow gauge railroad was extended from Golden to Black Hawk in 1872 and it is probable that the White family came on it from Denver en route to Mary Clough's homestead that year.

**W**hile enjoying the recreation of that summer, James White held the first formal series of Adventist meetings in the history of Colorado at Golden. He made his headquarters at the home of Sister Shaw and presented the message at a school-house five nights a week. At this time Mr. Shaw and several others became Adventists but were not then baptized. A two-year-old son in the Shaw home, John Luis, was to become well-known in Adventist circles. His parents in time sent him to Battle Creek College where he was graduated, became a teacher at Union College, later president of the first Adventist college in Africa, the head of Adventist work in India, and finally ended his service for the denomination as treasurer of the General Conference from 1922-1936.

In 1878, perhaps at the instigation of the Whites and D. M. Canright, the eastern brethren sent to Colorado one of the denomination's most experienced tent evangelists, M. E. Cornell. With J. N. Loughborough, he had held the first tent effort ever conducted by Seventh-day Adventists at the little town of Battle Creek in 1854, before that place had become the headquarters of the denomination. In the early summer, Elder Cornell set up his tent at Boulder. James White was spending the summer at the mountain retreat while Ellen was visiting camp meetings in California. After her round of Pacific meetings she, Emma (Edson White's wife), and Edith Donaldson boarded the transcontinental railroad for Cheyenne and Boulder. They arrived at Boulder in the early part of August and were overjoyed at the sight of Elder Cornell's canvas tabernacle. They made their headquarters at the "comfortable home of Sister Dartt," who was famed for her distribution of tracts to the people of Boulder. The big tent was lent for temperance meetings and by special invitation, Ellen spoke to a tent full of people—the first Adventist temperance lecture in Colorado.

Elders White and Canright, resting at the White retreat in the mountains, received a letter from Mrs. Thayer, the Adventist wife of a miner at Georgetown, urging that meetings be held in that mining town before cold weather set in. In compliance with this "Macedonian call," Elder Cornell pulled up stakes and moved camp to Georgetown. At that time, all of the White family except Edson was together at the mountain retreat and the whole group went to help Cornell over a weekend. James White gave three sermons and Cornell reported that the singing of the group especially added to the meetings. But unfortunately at that altitude (9,000 feet) the nights grew so cold that the meetings had to be broken off on September 22 in the midst of success. The ministers had to learn that it was different holding meetings at an altitude of a mile or more in September from what it was in Kansas or Iowa.

Moreover, Adventist tent experience had not been sufficient to teach the brethren that holding meetings for a short time and then jumping to



Courtesy Loma Linda University Heritage Room.

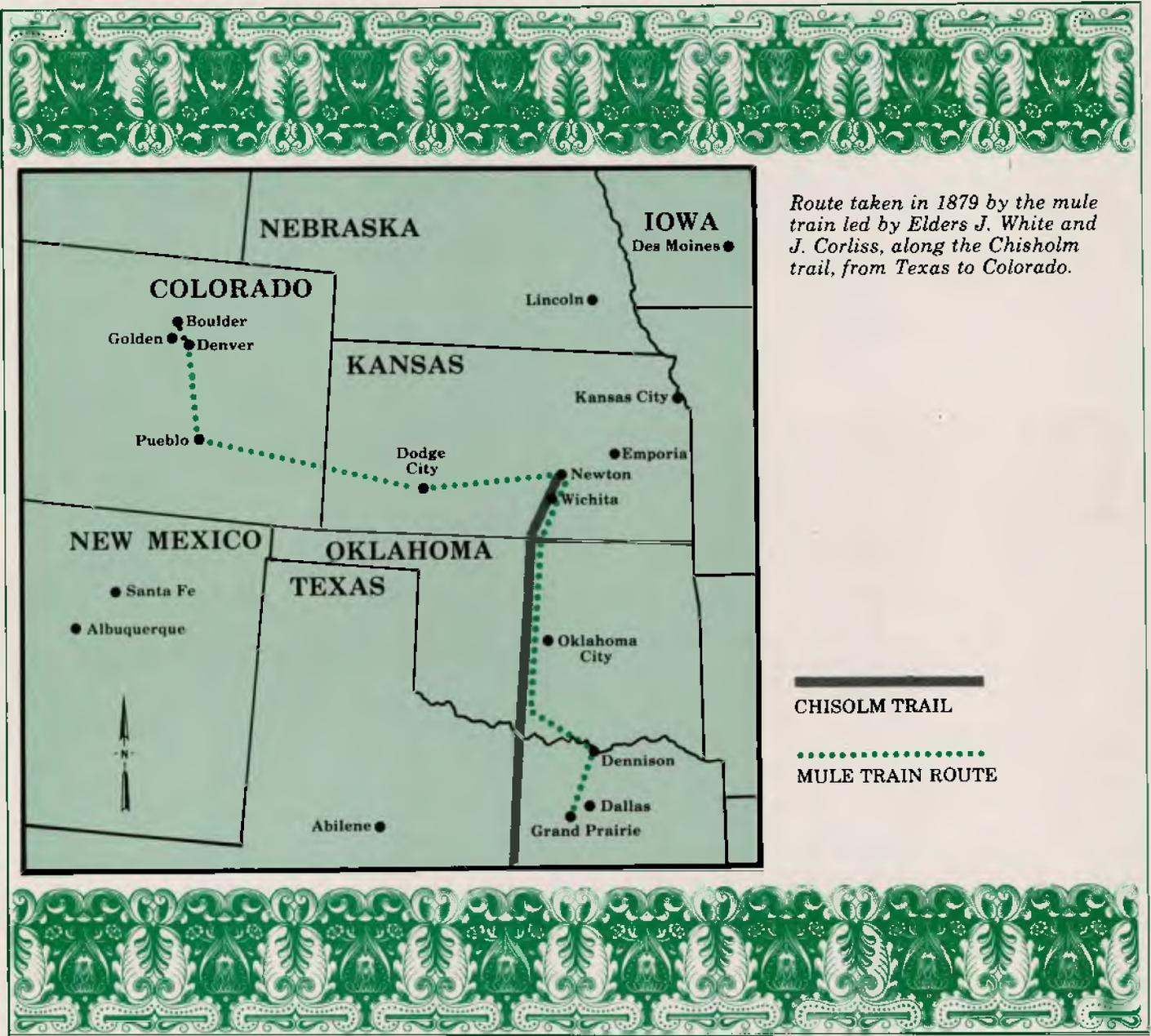
*Elder Merritt E. Cornell held the first tent meetings in Colorado, at Georgetown. Together with Elder John O. Corliss, they raised the first Adventist church in the state, at Boulder.*



*Five family wagons of the original number which started from Denison, Texas, together with the White family surrey. The picture was taken upon their arrival in Boulder, Colorado, on July 9, 1879.*

another place was not the way to build up a church. Neither gold prospectors nor evangelists prospered by jumping about from place to place. The miner who dug a shaft, followed a lode, and worked it was more likely to be successful. It was found also that Adventism was not to secure its foothold in the mountain mining camps but rather in the supply towns which fed the diggings in the interior. Boulder was one of these places. Frank Fossett's guidebook, *Colorado, Its Gold and Silver Mines*, in 1878 stated that this town was located at the base of

the mountains where "several gulches open a roadway to distant mines. The situation is such that this is the natural gateway to the leading mining camps of Boulder County, while a market and trading point is here afforded for the adjacent productive farming district." Boulder was a suitable seedbed for Adventism. Settlers in a new country were uprooted from their old environment and needed friendship and religious communion with other serious-minded individuals in an otherwise careless gold-seeking frontier community.



*Route taken in 1879 by the mule train led by Elders J. White and J. Corliss, along the Chisholm trail, from Texas to Colorado.*

**I**n the summer of 1879, an experience occurred which was to bring Colorado, and Boulder in particular, into Adventist consciousness. In June 1876 a group of Michigan Adventists had moved into northern Texas. Among the families were James and Roxie Cornell, William and Hannah Moore, and a Brother and Sister McDearman. Moore had consumption and it was thought that the sunny clime of Texas would bring him health, and all hoped that the new country would bring opportunity. The Whites had known these people well and had a special interest in the McDearmans, for they were the parents of Emma L. White, the wife of their son Edson. The country was new and malaria was rampant in north Texas at the time. Word came that the brethren were in real difficulty. A Texas camp meeting had been planned for early November 1878 and the Whites decided to

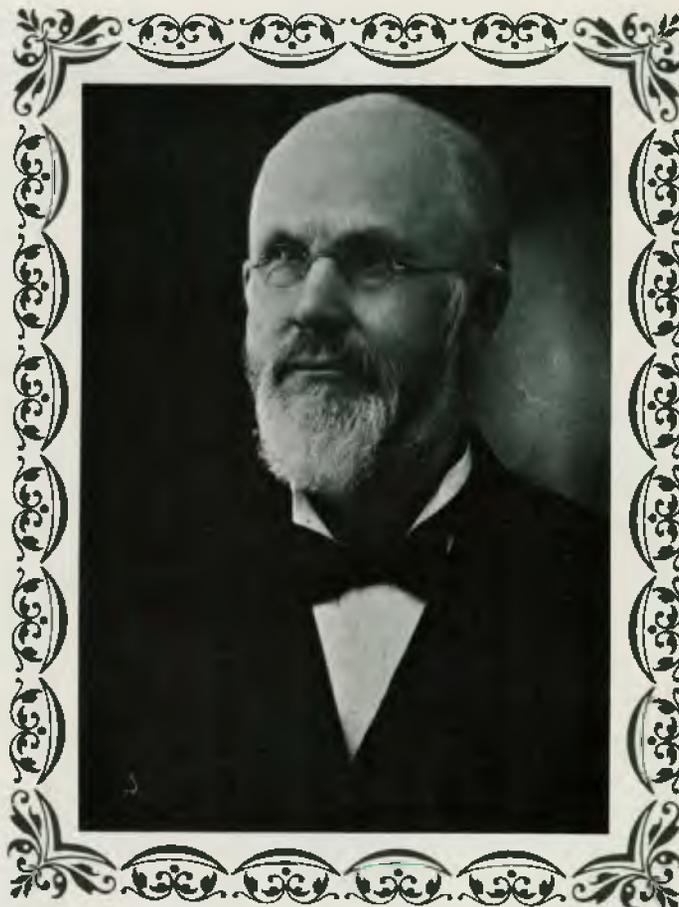
attend this meeting and visit the Michigan folk to see if they could be of any help. At the close of the Kansas camp meetings season, taking their daughter-in-law with them, the Whites boarded the train for Callas, Texas, which is near Grand Prairie where the McDearmans lived.

The visitors were appalled at the appearance of the folk. The malaria had taken its toll, leaving them sallow and weak. Ellen said, "They all look like corpses." Unable to work to support themselves, they were on the verge of starvation. Elder White bought sacks of flour, a barrel of apples, nuts, and other supplies, and even beds for them. Others of the brethren were also poverty-stricken. To add to their misery, just before Christmas the temperature dropped out of sight. Old-timers declared the weather was the coldest they had ever had in Texas. James facetiously grumbled that in the morning they had

to chop their teeth out of solid ice before they could use them at breakfast. The snow piled up so deep he took the wheels off his carriage and substituted runners—in Texas! The impoverished brethren faced actual want. Elder White took the overcoat off his back to alleviate the suffering of Brother McDearman and, shivering in the extreme cold, he sent word to his son in Battle Creek to forward quantities of woolen socks to him. Fortunately, the northern cold did not last long and soon Elder White, who always had an eye for business, bought buffalo and wildcat skins which he shipped northeast at a profit and imported barrels of Michigan butter which he sold at a profit in Texas, enabling him to aid his suffering friends.

**T**his was the era of the long drives of cattle from Texas to the yet unoccupied potential range cattle country of the northern plains, which invited cattlemen to drive bargain-priced Texas cattle to start ranches on the lush grasslands of government-owned land. White had observed that a mule which could be bought for \$80 in Texas would bring \$200 in the mining country. Why not sponsor a transfer of this group of sick, impoverished fellow believers to the land of health in Colorado, he reasoned. Accordingly, one of the more unique episodes of plains history took place. Along with 357,927 head of cattle driven north from Texas in 1879 was a train of mules under the direction of two Adventist preachers, James White and J. O. Corliss.

When James White began to boost Colorado for health reasons, and William Moore inquired if there were any chills and fever in Colorado, James assured him, "Nary a chill! Nary a chill!" A man was hired to



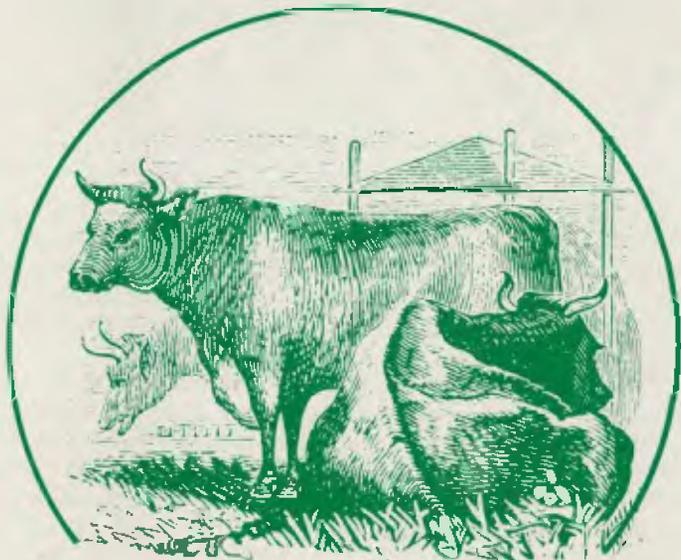
*Elder John O. Corliss' colorful life as a pioneer evangelist, missionary, editor and educator, also included being trail boss of the 1879 Adventist mule column.*

Courtesy Loma Linda University Heritage Room.

scour the country, buying mules which he held in a corral at Denison ready to drive north. While this was being done, to James White's dismay, the mules got out of the corral and scattered. However, a fledgling minister from Iowa, Arthur G. Daniels, later to become General Conference president, who knew how to handle such matters, helped corral the animals and all was well again.

James Cornell was so sick when the train was ready to start that it was thought best to leave him. Early in the morning, when Brother Moore called to say he was sorry they could not take him, Brother Cornell in a weak, nearly inaudible voice replied: "You can dig a hole and bury me by the side of the road as easy as they can in Texas." They took him along and by the time they reached their destination, Brother Cornell was up and walking around almost as briskly as those who had not been sick.

The Whites were scheduled for a May camp meeting at Emporia, Kansas. However, the start of the mule drive was delayed by sickness and still later by high water on the Red River. They finally drove up the river forty-five miles, crossed their valuable herd on a ferry, and were out of Texas. The expedition consisted of eight covered wagons besides





*Homer R. Salisbury was nine years old when he accompanied the McDearman family on the mule train to Boulder. He later distinguished himself as a missionary, church administrator, educator and editor. While returning to India, in 1915, his ship was torpedoed and sunk in the Mediterranean, and he was drowned. One of the passengers who was rescued reported that he saw Elder Salisbury throw his life belt to a struggling man who had no belt.*

*Courtesy Loma Linda University Heritage Room.*

boss of the mule column. Two days later, the latter group straggled into a camp meeting and rested up while enjoying the spiritual refreshment. At the close of the meeting, Elder Corliss led the travelers down the Santa Fe Trail, following the Arkansas River in a roundabout route toward Boulder. Along the way, some of the brethren stopped off at Pueblo and some at Denver. On June 9, 1879, the remainder pulled into camp at Boulder, tired but seasoned and much improved in health. They camped under the cottonwood trees where later the train depot was located.

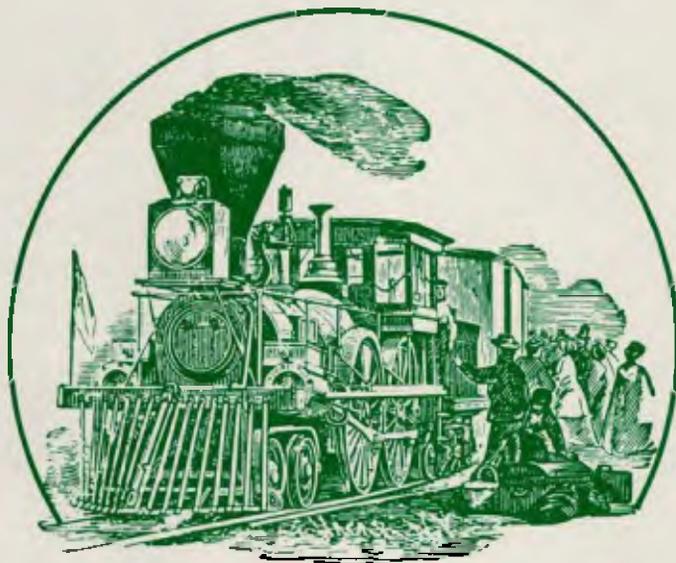
An excellent road had been built from Boulder up to the area of the Walling mill in 1872 and a stage-coach route which had been started over that highway encouraged travel. Under the direction of Brother Moore the mules were taken to the White's mountain retreat and disposed of. The Walling mill hired some of the men, others were employed felling trees for sale to the mill, and all found health in the therapeutic climate of the Colorado mountains.

the Whites' two-seater spring carriage—thirty-one men, women and children in all. Three or four cowboys accompanied them. The 425-mile drive brought varied experiences on the trail—streams overflowing their banks, quicksand at fords, broken-down wagons, sickness, and accidents. Like a typical trail boss James White, General Conference president, rode horseback alongside the mule column. Every night, as the custom of freighters was, they formed the wagons into a circle with the mules in the center to protect them from marauders who might stampede the animals.

Ellen and Miss Marian Davis, her assistant, assumed the heavy responsibility of providing food for the travelers. This turned out to be a burdensome, time-consuming affair. Ellen wrote: "No rest, not a bit of it for poor Marian; we have worked like slaves. We cook repeatedly half the night. Marian the entire night . . . Unpack, and pack, hurry, cook, set table, has been the order of the day." Ellen rose early in the morning to pick wild strawberries and gather panfuls of greens with which to piece out a scanty offering of food.

At the end of the drive Ellen wrote: "I am worn and feel as though I was about one hundred years old . . . This journey has nearly killed me. My ambition is gone; my strength is gone . . . I have not had even time to keep a diary or write a letter." She lost twelve pounds on the drive. When they reached the Kansas railroad line, James and Ellen entrained for Emporia to keep their camp meeting appointments, leaving Elder Corliss to assume the role of sole trail

**T**he mule train not only furnished an interesting episode in Adventist history but some individuals in the company were to make marked contributions to the denomination. In addition to Elder J. O. Corliss, who later pioneered the work in Australia, there was an orphan boy named Homer Salisbury who came with the McDearman family. He became a teacher and missionary to India. Hattie McDearman



married F. E. Belden, the most productive of Adventist song writers and the nephew of Ellen White. He served as a singing evangelist in Colorado shortly after the conference was organized and in time became a prominent figure in the publication of the hymnal *Hymns and Tunes*. He later produced *Christ in Song*, which was used for half a century.

After the first round of eastern camp meetings, the Whites returned to Boulder for a few days and then Ellen took the train for the west coast, leaving James to spend the rest of the summer in the mountain retreat.

Meanwhile, on June 1, Elder Cornell pitched the evangelistic tent at Longmont. On his return from Texas, Elder Corliss joined Elder Cornell in the work there. A little later it was decided that Corliss should take the tent to Boulder and Cornell should secure a hall free of charge at Longmont in which to continue his meetings. Since the Boulder work was increasing in a big way, Cornell went to Boulder to assist him and on August 2, 1879, a church of twenty-six with a Sabbath school of forty was organized at Boulder, the first in Colorado. Thirteen had signed the covenant at Longmont, and a church—the second in the conference—was organized there the next year. In the meantime, Elder A. O. Burrill was sent to aid Elder Corliss in an effort in Denver. It closed on September 23 with about thirty observing the Sabbath, but a church was not organized until after another series of meetings which began on August 18, 1880. This church, the third in Colorado, numbering twenty-one members, met in a canvas tabernacle which accommodated the sixty persons who attended the Sabbath School.

At first, the Boulder church members met in the home of H. H. Pierce, the elder, where they celebrated the ordinances for the first time, but shortly they made arrangements to meet in a room over the First National Bank. Church buildings usually come

slowly in a new country, but the Boulder members tackled the job of erecting one promptly. In the spring of 1880, before the church was even a year old, a board of trustees was elected to hold real estate legally—H. H. Pierce, J. M. Green, and A. L. White. A lot on the corner of 12th and Mapleton was selected as a site and the first Adventist church building in Colorado was under construction. By sacrifice and joyful enthusiasm, the building was completed in 1881 and served the congregation until it was outgrown in 1898. H. H. Pierce had done such a good job that when the state conference was organized in October 1883, at the first camp meeting in Colorado, he was elected to serve as conference treasurer. E. R. Jones was elected president.



**A**nd what of the White's summer mountain retreat? From 1872 onward, they used it regularly from a brief period to as long as two months. Elder White spent more time there than the other members of the family but on occasion the whole family happily vacationed there. It was a convenient intermediate stop between East and West. The senior Whites attended the eastern camp meetings and on the way

*The first Seventh-day Adventist church building in Boulder, Colorado, completed in 1881.*



Courtesy E. Dick



This picture of the Adventist Boulder Sanitarium shows the extent to which the church had developed in that city by 1897.

west to California stopped off at Cheyenne, took the train to Boulder, and spent some time in the mountains before going on to the west coast. The relation with the Wallings was a happy one. Mary Clough formed a warm attachment to the Whites, traveling with her Aunt Ellen to camp meetings and to the Pacific coast at least twice, and Lou Walling sent his two daughters, Addie and May, to stay with the Whites when they lived at Battle Creek.

But the scene changed with the death of James White on August 6, 1881. Two weeks afterward, Ellen White sought solace in the retreat her husband loved so well. Of the experience she wrote: "From our cottage I could look out upon a forest of young pines, so fresh and fragrant that the air was perfumed with their spicy odor . . . Among these mountains we often bowed together in worship and supplication . . . Again I have been among the mountains, but alone. None to share my thoughts and feelings as I looked once more upon those grand and awful scenes! Alone, Alone!"

In a letter to her son W. C. White, written on September 12, 1881, from the retreat, she summed up

her feelings: "I miss Father more and more. Especially do I feel his loss here in the mountains. I find it a very different thing being in the mountains with my husband and in the mountains without him." In time she disposed of the retreat and thus passed an epoch in Colorado Adventist history

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# SEEING FROM DEEP

## The Ministry of the Christian Record Braille Foundation

JOHN TREOLO

**D**etermined to provide the gospel message to all nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples, the Seventh-day Adventist church broadened its missionary outreach in 1874 to include people in overseas countries, when J. N. Andrews sailed from Boston harbor en route to Switzerland.

Closer to home, James Edson White in 1893, inspired by an appeal from his mother, personally desired to educate and evangelize recently emancipated blacks in the deep south.

In 1899, another minority segment of the population, previously overlooked by the church brethren and shunned by most of society, was also included in the proclamation of the Good News by

Adventists. This new humanitarian service was aimed at the nation's sightless.

Celebrating its 80th year of service in 1979, the Christian Record Braille Foundation is still fulfilling the dream of Austin O. Wilson, a blind Adventist, to supply inspirational reading material to people with impaired vision.

This unique service may never have begun had it not been for the persistence of this courageous man. Born of Adventist parents in 1873 and blind by the age of nine, Wilson was determined to provide wholesome reading to his sightless friends. After failing with several organizations, he contacted the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists with his idea.

While on a casual walk in Battle Creek, Michigan, Wilson approached G. A. Irwin, then president of the General Conference. The president looked favorably on his proposal and presented the bold concept during the 33rd session of the General Conference held at South Lancaster, Massachusetts. Wilson's dream became a reality with the launching of the *Christian Record*, a monthly journal for the blind.

Wilson was immediately hired to begin work on the new publication. A section of the Review and Herald building was set aside for the "blind work." Using a stereotype machine invented six years earlier and a common clothes wringer for a press, the first 75 copies, produced in American Braille and New York Point, were released in January, 1900. Editorial content consisted of four sections: general matters, health concerns, mission reports, and news items. The publication is now the oldest religious journal of its kind for blind readers. Following the Review and Herald fire in 1902, the *Christian Record* located in Lincoln, Nebraska.

The Autumn Council of 1911 voted to support the *Christian Record* Foundation on the same basis as other mission work, by yearly appropriations. Further aid resulted from the passage of a congressional act in 1912 which allowed the mailing of magazines for the blind without postage. This bill complemented an earlier one passed in 1904 which provided that all embossed library books be sent to blind readers and returned to the libraries without expense to the individual.

A lending library was established in 1909 to take full advantage of the 1904 bill. It operated on the same basis as a library for sighted persons. Circulation for the *Christian Record* had increased to 2,300 by that year.

No longer could the increased demand for services be met by using Wilson's method of printing. In 1915 a rotary press was installed, capable of printing some 3,000 pages of brailled material per hour.

To provide a variety of reading matter, five additional braille journals were produced. By 1924 there were enough blind Seventh-day Adventists to create a demand for Sabbath School lesson quarterlies. Now titled *The Student*, over 6,000 visually impaired people receive this devotional reading in braille and on flexible discs. Other publications and their inception are *Children's Friend*, 1937; *Life and Health*, 1951; *Young & Alive*, 1954; and the *Review and Herald* (now *Adventist Review*), 1965.

*The Christian Record Talking Magazine*, aimed at persons unable to read braille, was released in 1955. This recorded, feature-type, bi-monthly magazine, with current circulation of nearly 23,000, is the largest circulated talking magazine of its kind. To meet the needs of partial-vision readers, a large-print publication, *Youth Happiness* (now *Young & Alive*) was introduced in 1960. Currently, some 75,000 sightless readers receive publications from the *Christian Record Braille Foundation*—the new name adopted in 1963.

The dream of Austin Wilson still lives in the aim of the Foundation: to provide inspirational reading materials to the nation's sightless until the Great Day when "Every eye," both sighted and unsighted, "shall see Him. . . ."



Austin Wilson, the founder of *Christian Record Braille Foundation* stands next to the hand wringer he used to produce the first 75 copies of the *Christian Record* braille magazine, in January 1900.

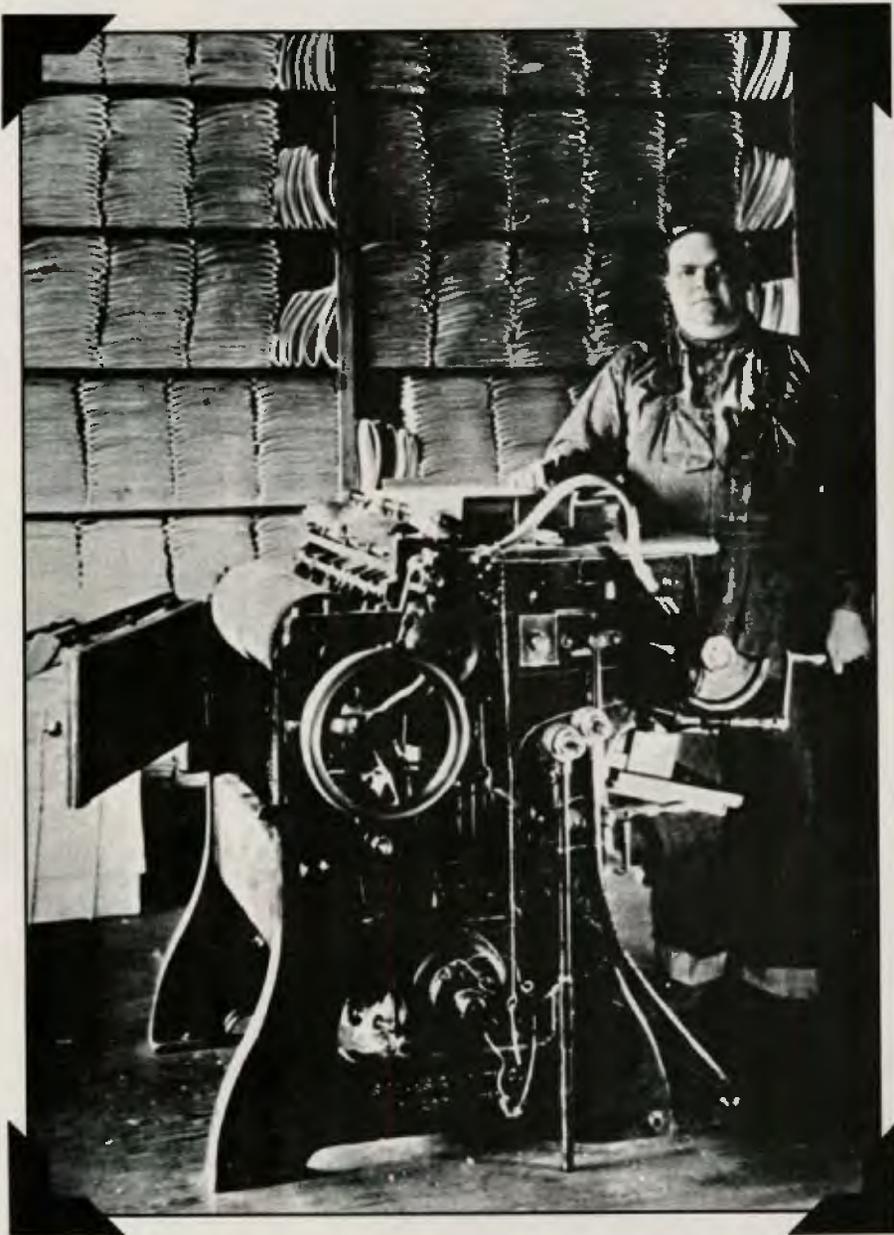
All photographs courtesy of the *Christian Record Braille Foundation*



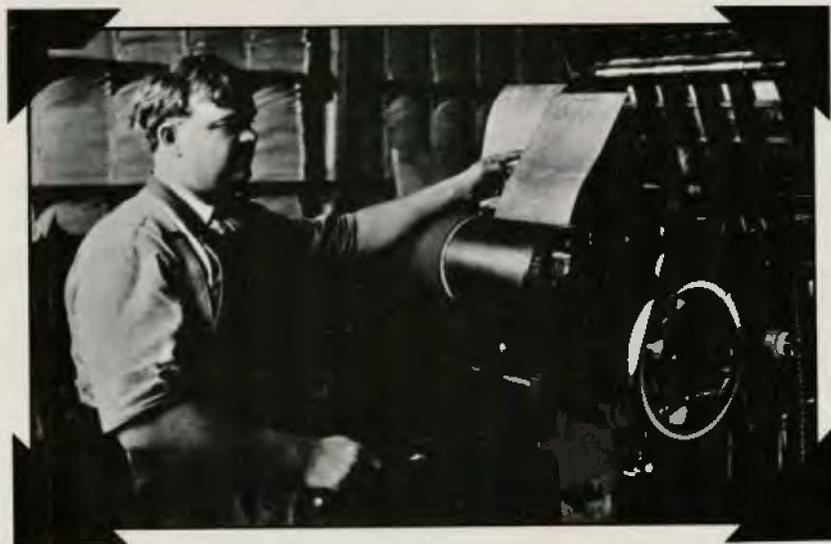
*"Rapid Transit Delivery" truck, of 1910 vintage, used to transport sacks of braille literature.*



*After temporary quarters in the Review and Herald building in Battle Creek, Michigan, Christian Record personnel obtained their first permanent "home" in 1912, for just over \$2,000, in Lincoln, Nebraska. Shown in the picture are sacks filled with braille magazines, ready to be delivered to the post office.*



*Lyle Harris, blind pressman, operating the braille rotary press around 1924. Metal plates were used to emboss the pages with raised dots. Mr. Harris worked at the Foundation for over twenty years.*



*The saddle-stitching machine used to bind the Christian Record, in the 1920's.*



*This 1929 photo shows the headquarters of the Christian Record after remodelling in the late twenties to accommodate expanding services and increased production.*



*Production workers hand collated braille magazines in the 1930's. Shown in this photo are (left to right): Dean C. Duffield, who also served as treasurer for the Foundation, Mrs. D. D. Rees—the Foundation's librarian, Armenta Zadina and Albert H. Macy.*



*Albert H. Macy is shown stereotyping braille plates to be used to emboss magazines. Although nearly blind himself, Macy performed this operation for Christian Record for over 40 years. He still resides in the College View area of Lincoln, near Christian Record's headquarters.*



*Mary Pukey, braille proofreader, stands next to a braille Bible. Nearly five feet tall and weighing some 80 pounds, the Bible cannot be carried around too easily. By way of contrast, Mary is holding an average size ink.print edition.*

*The benefit of reading materials in braille can readily be appreciated when one considers the case of this lady, from Missouri, who has to use both magnifying glasses and a lens to help her read a book. A legally blind person is one classified as seeing at 20 feet what a normally sighted person sees at 200 feet.*





*The staff of the Christian Record Braille Foundation poses, in the early 1940's, in front of the Foundation's second building, located across from Union College.*



*A sampling of materials offered to the visually impaired by Christian Record. All services are extended free of charge. Materials are issued in braille, large-print, on cassettes, or flexible discs.*

*Replacing the antiquated hand collating machine shown on page 33, this modern collator has done much to speed up the production process at Christian Record. It is one of only three in the entire world.*



*Pam Etheredge is legally blind but still carries on duties as a foreign braille correspondence secretary. Using a Visual-Tek machine which magnifies ink print up to 40 times its normal size, she transcribes printed letters into braille and vice versa.*



*In 1967, the Foundation launched the National Camps for Blind Children program. Over 15,000 blind children and young people have participated in this outreach and have experienced the pleasures and wonders of nature, both in summer and winter.*



*A blind camper is baptized during a summer camp at Wawona, in Yosemite National Park. Many blind campers have come to know Jesus Christ through the witness, dedication and love of the Foundation's camp counselors.*

# The Bible

## the Bottle

## and the Ballot

*Seventh-day Adventist Political Activism 1850-1900*

YVONNE D. ANDERSON

**W**ith the Second Great Awakening (1800-1820), evangelicals took it upon themselves to uplift mankind and establish a millennium of peace, justice and goodness which would precede the Second Coming of Jesus Christ. Protestant crusades against intemperance, Sabbath breaking, vice and slavery marshalled social, political and religious forces in an attempt to build a kingdom of God on earth.

As Second Awakening zeal waned, the Millerite movement of the late 1830's and early 1840's hoped to reawaken fervor by heralding the end of the world "about 1843." While Millerites were disappointed when the Lord failed to return, a new denomination, the Seventh-day Adventists, came into existence following the Great Disappointment and sustained some of the same aspirations and activism of pre-Civil War Evangelicalism.

Adventists early developed a concern for temperance issues. Reform-minded Joseph Bates initiated in 1827 what he believed to be the first temperance society in America. His Fairhaven, Massachusetts, experiment was so successful that the following year Bates, a God-fearing sea captain, extended the reform to his own ship. Like Second Awakening Evangelicals before him, Bates blended social, political and religious impulses in his temperance activity.

But early Adventists on the whole resisted political involvement. Elon Everts, a lay preacher from Illinois, admitted that it was one's Christian duty to help suppress all evil, but denied any Biblical sanction to accomplish this through political means. Basing his argument on Jesus' injunction that "no man can serve two masters," he concluded that anyone who believed going to the polls was a legitimate Christian act was "greatly mistaken."

# THE REVIEW AND HERALD.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH. SEP. 11, 1856.

## POLITICS.

WHEN we declare our neutrality in politics, and refuse to take part in a contest so exciting as the one which is now agitating this nation, it is right that we give an exposition of the principles on which we stand, and the reasons for our course.

The present state of the world is such as to arrest the attention of the greatest minds. It is such as to create the worst forebodings in the minds of those who look farthest into the future. The state of our own country we all know. A fair index of the state of Europe is given in another column. The great antagonistic principles of Temperance and Intemperance, Protestantism and Catholicism, Freedom and Slavery, Republicanism and Tyranny, are all at work. Now whenever and wherever these principles appear, every christian knows or should know which side he is on. He is with Temperance and not Intemperance; Protestantism and not Catholicism, *Freedom* and not *Slavery*; *Republicanism* and not *Tyranny*. These principles are essential elements of religion; and whoever is not sound on these, forfeits his claim to the title of christian.

We will now apply these remarks to politics. Whenever they involve any of the above principles, they involve principles in which we are interested; and it follows as a matter of course that that class of politicians which is supported by justice, humanity and truth, *so far* as it is actuated by these principles, is entitled to our sympathy.

We will come still nearer home. We consider that the sympathies of all merciful and humane persons must be with those who desire to see the chains of the bondman broken, and the slave go free; or who desire that the foul demon, Slavery, should at least be confined to

its present limits. With the belief that the people generally entertain, that there is yet a long future before the world, we cannot blame them for using every effort to prevent soil which is now free from being blasted by the mildew of Slavery. It amounts to nothing to say that nothing is gained should Kansas come into the Union a free State, because there would still be room enough for the slave to toil in and be oppressed. The question is, Shall the curse spread till it infects the whole land? Again, we say, we cannot blame any who love justice and freedom, viewing things as they are generally viewed, for using every possible means to prevent such a result;—every possible means to stunt this great evil.

The unrighteous course of the Border Ruffians and Pro-Slavery Demagogues, sustained as they are by modern Democrats in general, must create some feeling in the breasts of those who have formerly engaged actively in these contests; though they now feel compelled to confine themselves to questions of paramount importance to this age of the world.

To the question, why we do not with our votes and influence labor against the evil tendency of the times, we reply, that our views of prophecy lead us to the conclusion that things will not be bettered. This country, if we are correct in believing it to be symbolized by the two-horned beast of Rev. xiii, will finally sustain such an abominable character, that it will be landed in the lake of fire. Rev. xix, 20. The two-horned beast will speak like a dragon. Rev. xiii, 11. We do not therefore feel it incumbent upon us to labor, in this respect, either to hasten or retard the fulfilment of prophecy. God's purposes will surely be accomplished. And we feel it our duty to confine our efforts to preparing ourselves, and others as far as in us lies, for the great and final issue already pressing upon us—the revelation of the Son man from heaven, the destruction of all earthly governments, the establishment of the glorious, universal and eternal kingdom of the King of kings, and the redemption and deliverance of all his subjects.

By the mid-1850's, most Adventists were fully convinced that the United States was in fact the "beast" symbolized in prophecy and was doomed to imminent downfall, as Joseph Bates had written. The whole political process embodied, in their eyes, the impending evil soon to burst upon the country. Joseph Clarke, a school teacher from Ohio, warned: "If I enter the lists as a voter, . . . and if my name is entered upon the poll book, I then become a part of the body-politic and must suffer with the body politic in all its penalties."

Uriah Smith, church leader and *Adventist Review* editor, explained to the people that Adventists chose not to vote because their views of prophecy led them to the conclusion that "things will not be bettered." He could appreciate the efforts of those who envisioned a long period of progress lying ahead in which to create a more tolerable world by any means available. But for Adventists, who saw no such

period of earthly progress, the only solution lay in neutrality which Smith declared on behalf of the church.

In 1857 Joseph Clarke wrote that the Christian who was praying "Thy kingdom come" would only be contradicting his petition by participating in public affairs to improve an earthly kingdom he sought to see superseded in a very short time.

**B**ut the year 1859 saw a slightly altered outlook. This came as a response to the practical realities of the Battle Creek, Michigan, temperance situation. In 1855, a Republican-dominated legislature had passed a liquor law to control the liquor traffic which was initially solidly supported in Battle Creek. However, by 1857 the *Battle Creek Journal* reported that the law was "systematically and daily

*This temperance chart—the first in a series of ten—was produced by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, to show the nefarious effects of alcohol and tobacco. Dr. Kellogg, the Medical superintendent of the Western Health Reform Institute (later to become the world-renowned Battle Creek Sanitarium), was a life-long supporter of the temperance cause and of pro-temperance politicians.*



Courtesy Loma Linda University Heritage Room.

# DR. KELLOGG'S TEMPERANCE CHARTS,

SHOWING IN A SERIES OF TEN PLATES.

The Physical Effects of Alcohol and Tobacco.

HEALTH PUBLISHING COMPANY, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

NO. 1.

## THE ALCOHOL FAMILY.

- Methylic Alcohol,  $C_2 H_6 O$ .—Wood Naphtha.
- Ethylic Alcohol,  $C_2 H_5 O$ .—Wine Spirit.
- Butylic Alcohol,  $C_4 H_{10} O$ .—From Rancid Butter and Old Cheese.
- Amylic Alcohol,  $C_5 H_{12} O$ .—Fusel Oil. Poison.
- Carbolic Acid,  $C_6 H_6 O$ .—Caustic. Deadly Poison.
- Creosote,  $C_8 H_{10} O_2$ .—Caustic. Deadly Poison.

Physical Properties of Alcohol.

Vital Properties of Alcohol.

Combustible.	Antiseptic.	Irritant.	Narcotic.
Desiccant.	Volatile.	Stimulant.	Anesthetic.

TOBACCO.—Nicotine. Deadly Poison.

violated." To aggravate this situation, State Supreme Court Justice Pratt opposed the law as unconstitutional, as did the circuit judge of the district in which Battle Creek lay and, as a result, the latter refused to hear pro-law cases that were appealed to his court. In response, the Women's Temperance League was formed in 1859 and initiated an all-out campaign against the continuing existence of saloons in the city. Apparently the temperance cause reached its peak that year as the League promoted an abundance of anti-liquor activities including mass meetings in the churches

where local ministers solicited the support of their parishioners.

Since Battle Creek was the headquarters of the Sabbath-keeping Adventists, they too faced the temperance issues. During the spring municipal elections of 1859, the Adventist leaders, James White, John Andrews, David Hewitt, Josiah Hart and John Kellogg, discussed the subject of voting. After carefully considering the matter, a consensus was reached among them that it was better to vote in favor of pro-temperance men for office instead of, by their silence, run the risk of having anti-temperance

men in office. Ellen G. White's reflections on this situation clearly reveal the convictions which motivated the men's move:

Men of intemperance have been in the office today in a flattering manner expressing their approbation of the course of Sabbath keepers in not voting, and expressing their hope that they will stick to their course and like the Quakers not cast their vote. Satan and his evil angels are busy at this time. May Satan be disappointed, is my prayer.

**T**he Adventists were thus dealing with an extremely complex situation. They had their primary commission to spread the Gospel, but they still had to face contemporary social and political realities.

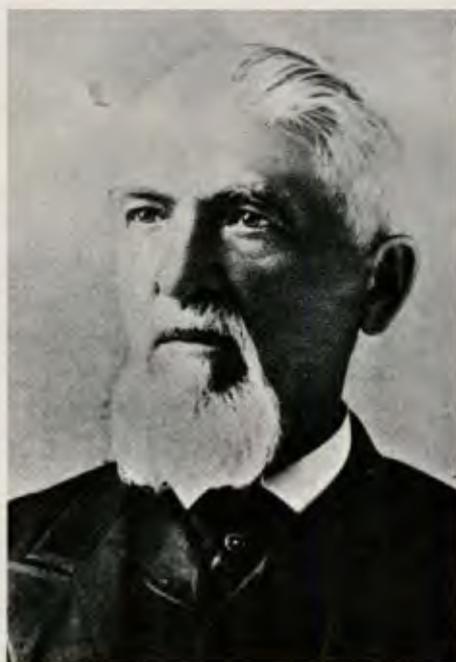
This apparent sanction of political activism must be qualified. Americans at mid-century had made temperance reform a holy cause, and one reason Adventists accepted limited participation was that they incorporated it into their religious experience.

Up to this point, no definite philosophy of political activism existed among Adventists. Some voted, while others were adamantly against it. Articles appeared in the *Review* which reveal that many were seeking counsel on the subject. James White advised that since the Bible offered neither a prohibition against, nor a direct sanction of participation, the church adopt a non-committal, individualistic stance. Speaking on behalf of the church, White would neither recommend nor oppose voting, but he did request that church members grant each other mutual respect for whatever path they chose. He added, however, that the church believed that whoever entered into the "spirit of political contests" would endanger his soul.

Only after the church formally incorporated in 1863 was it prepared to make what was to date the closest thing to a definitive statement on the subject of political activism. A General Conference resolution of 1863 declared that the act of voting, when "exercised in behalf of judgment, humanity, and right," was itself blameless and, at times, "highly proper." But a certain reluctance remained to fully commit the church to a formal position.

As the presidential election of 1868 approached, Uriah Smith, acting on behalf of the church leaders who reached a consensus on the matter, again advised the members to shun any party excitement and to refrain from joining any party organization. As for voting, he reiterated White's 1860 admonition that voting was a personal matter. If a member chose to vote, he should not be condemned. On the other hand, if anyone chose to abstain completely, he too should be free to exercise that privilege of taking the "safer course."

**N**evertheless, when temperance agitation was renewed in the 1870's, Adventists were ready to actively support the movement. The California Local Option campaign of 1874 provided the impetus for this revival of activism. An act by the state legislature had given each township the right to call a special election to decide whether or not further licenses should be granted to sell intoxicating liquor. Adventists became involved when Woodland township placed on the ballot an initiative to prohibit the sale of any alcoholic or intoxicating beverage in excess of five gallons. At the time, the Adventists had pitched their "large and commodious tent" on the corner of Broadway and 13th Street in Oakland, which fell within Woodland township jurisdiction. Elders D. M. Canright and M. E. Cornell



*Elders D. M. Canright (left) and M. E. Cornell (right), pioneer Adventist evangelists on the Pacific Coast, were active proponents of the prohibition movement in California, in the early 1870's.*

Courtesy Loma Linda University Heritage Room.



*McCamley Park, in Battle Creek, site of a large temperance rally on July 14, 1874, at which Ellen G. White was the principal speaker.*

Courtesy General Conference Archives

were engaged in an evangelistic crusade and turned use of their tent over to the temperance movement in which, they said, "all party names and feelings are lost in the common cause of humanity and morality." When word came from Ellen White advising Adventists to engage in an active campaign for temperance, they threw their full weight of support to the prohibition movement throughout the whole state. Previous activity had been limited to quietly voting as individuals, but in California they became more directly involved in a way which won them the respect of Oakland city officials and California Local Optionists. An article of commendation which appeared in the *Oakland Daily News* reveals both the reaction of the community and the level of conviction of the Seventh-day Adventists:

We feel that public thanks are due to the Elders who have placed the use of their tent at the disposal of the Local Optionists. Saturday is regarded by their denomination as the true Sabbath, and they evinced a most exalted idea of the temperance cause when they joined with the temperance people in doing good work on their sacred day.

While Californians were thus actively involved, Michigan Adventists were experiencing a pro-temperance political activism of their own. On July 14, 1874, Ellen White was the principal speaker at a mass citizen's temperance meeting held in the Battle Creek city park, opposite the Adventist church. Later that month, one of the largest

temperance meetings held in Battle Creek featured Uriah Smith's Biblical arguments for temperance reform. *The Battle Creek Daily Journal* reported him as saying that he "believed in the use of moral means, but if these prove insufficient, we must resort to the strong arm of the law."

In Battle Creek, the Women's Temperance League was reactivated in 1874. However, temperance reform suffered a noticeable setback in 1875 when a bill was passed which amended the state constitution to repeal the 1855 prohibitory liquor law. The Women's Temperance League responded with the conclusion that the only real solution to lax prohibition enforcement was regeneration of the individual. Perhaps it was this attitude which drew Adventists toward them, for Mrs. White held strikingly similar views. She too noticed early in 1875 that, notwithstanding the earnest efforts to curb the liquor traffic, intemperance was increasing everywhere. Victories gained by the "Temperance Crusade" were rarely permanent, and after the lapse of a few months, intemperance became even more prevalent than before. She concluded that "the means that have been used are insufficient to control its giant power. The work of temperance must begin in the family."

Nevertheless, despite this expression of futility in the political process, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Battle Creek Reform Club and the Seventh-day Adventists persevered in their efforts. In 1879, the mammoth Michigan Conference camp meeting tent was raised for the occasion of a

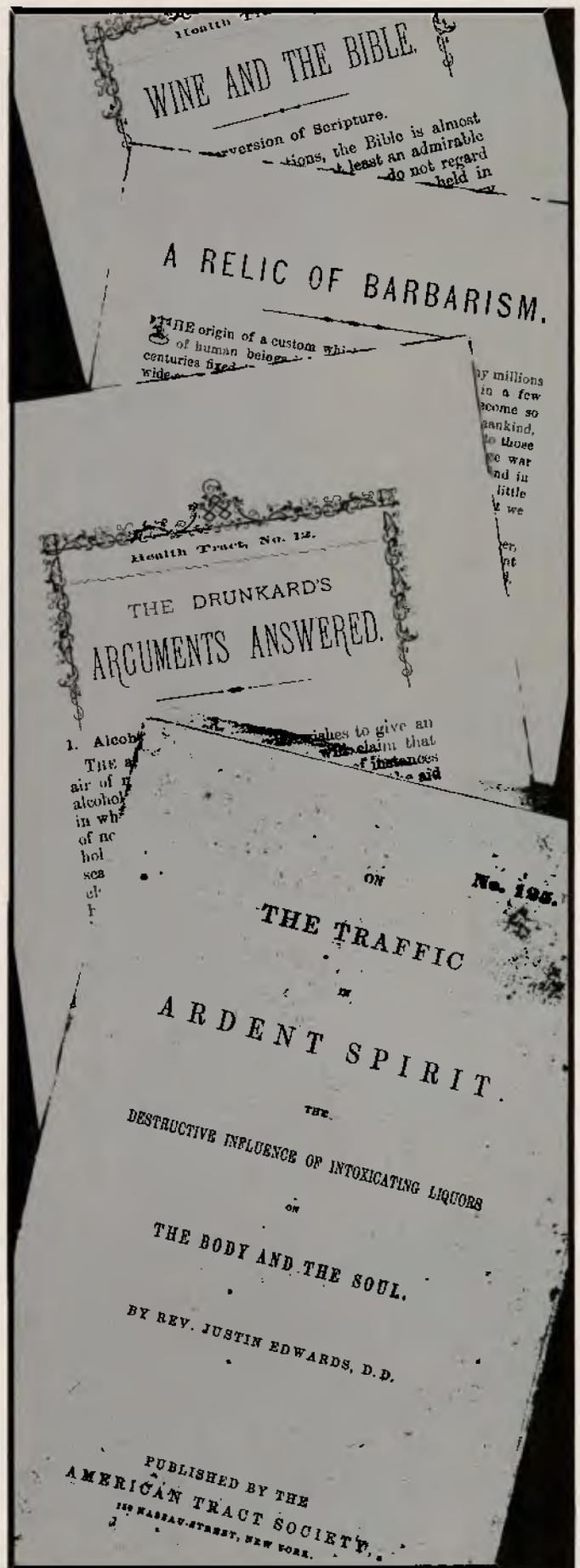
mass temperance meeting sponsored by the reform groups and attended by 5,000 of "the better portion of the citizens of Battle Creek." Apparently Ellen White was, by this time, quite well known to municipal officials and actively participated in civic affairs for, at the invitation of Battle Creek Mayor Austin, she spoke at the meeting on the subject of Christian temperance. Building on the foundation laid by Joseph Bates nearly 50 years before, Mrs. White showed, by her example, that one could exhibit both religious zeal and political conviction.

Dependence upon the Women's Christian Temperance Union involved certain liabilities for Adventists at this time. Before the Nineteenth Amendment was passed in 1920, women's suffrage was a matter left up to the individual states. In Michigan, the largest Adventist enclave, women were not given the vote, and in California women did not receive the vote until 1911. Before the franchise was granted, therefore, as long as they depended upon the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Adventists could only "participate" through press and platform politicking, petition circulation, lobbying in legislative halls, and speeches before congressional committees by their surrogate spokeswomen.

**T**he church attempted to change this situation in the early 1880's in the area of temperance activism. In 1881, Iowa raised the same local option issues as California and Michigan had, and once again Adventists entered the political scene. Whereas evidence in the Oakland and Battle Creek cases of the 1870's suggests that actual Adventist involvement was somewhat confined to voting and to activity in temperance rallies sponsored under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union or other temperance groups, the Iowa Seventh-day Adventist Conference took a more forthright stand. At the June 1881 camp meeting in Des Moines, a resolution was introduced to instruct all Adventist ministers to "use their influence" with their church members and with "the people at large" to induce them "to put forth every consistent effort, by personal labor, and by the ballot box, in favor of the prohibitory amendment" placed before the Iowa electorate.

Ellen White's endorsement of this resolution gave a powerful sanction for the increased activism it represented. The resolution itself had been subjected to much discussion, both pro and con. At one point an amendment to strike out the provision for voting was proposed by those who still felt Seventh-day Adventists should not vote at any time on any subject. When an apparent impasse was reached, Mrs. White's counsel was requested. She did indeed

*Hard-hitting tracts such as these, authored by clergymen and physicians, were distributed by the thousands, in support of the efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.*



have some startling words for the delegates. She related a recent vision wherein she saw a group such as that assembled in Des Moines. A "fine looking man" was entreating the members to commit themselves to temperance reform, yet he was turned down by them one by one. Upon leaving the room, the rejected man informed the group that God had designed to help the people in their cause, and had also designed that they "should be the head and not the tail in the movement"; but because of their rejection, they had become the tail. She further saw that "this movement was carried forward throughout the United States by earnest men and societies, and great good was accomplished, but Seventh-day Adventists had but little influence or part in it." When asked directly if Adventists should vote for prohibition she replied, "Yes, to a man, everywhere, and perhaps I shall shock some of you if I say, if necessary vote on the Sabbath day for prohibition if you cannot at any other time."

Thus, for the first time Adventists were beginning to develop a new consciousness of the church as a political force in its own right, with Adventists themselves spearheading some action. Elder A. G. Daniells, then an Iowa evangelist, encouraged church members to acquaint themselves adequately with the temperance issues so they could act intelligently on the legislation then before them and to talk with their neighbors to "influence them to vote for prohibition." Appreciative of the fact that they were "living in a land where the voice of the people is the law," he emphasized the fact that "if it is the duty of any one to oppose by vote this terrible evil, it is our [Seventh-day Adventist] duty." Most importantly, he saw the church as a significant element among the forces of change within the American political process. No longer merely on the periphery, Adventists were to show their potential strength by exerting a concerted effort at the polls. In the strongest statement made thus far concerning

the church as a whole in relation to temperance politics, he said: "Just think what force our denomination will add, when every voter casts his ballot for prohibition." This was a significant step from the first non-committal stand of the church, and the members responded to this new call to activism by presenting a united front at the polling booths on election day.

Ellen White continued to seek the independence of Adventist temperance activity in an effort to wake the denomination from its political lethargy. She expressed her distress that while church members would "tremble at the results" of the liquor traffic, too often they would "tolerate and even sanction the cause" by their quiescence. She stressed that they would "fail to do their whole duty" unless they "exerted their influence by precept and example, by voice and pen and vote" in favor of prohibition. This woman, who was the spiritual inspiration to some 16,000 Seventh-day Adventists, concluded her appeal with a stroke of political realism: "We need not expect that God will work a miracle to bring about this reform, and thus remove the necessity for our exertion. We ourselves must grapple with this giant foe."

**T**his call to activism reached an unexpected fruition in 1882 when Elder William C. Gage, a bona fide ordained Seventh-day Adventist minister, was elected mayor of Battle Creek. Gage had a strong family heritage of political participation and he himself was described as "a Prohibitionist, but with considerable sympathy for the Republican Party." It was this prohibitionist predilection which led him to the mayoral election. The question of temperance had been a prominent issue in Battle Creek politics at each annual election, but the pro-temperance groups often found their cause frustrated or betrayed. Finally, they saw no solution except to establish a political ticket of their own. When the subject of a suitable mayoral candidate was raised, Gage, who already had an established reputation by 1882 as an active civic and pro-temperance leader, seemed the logical choice. But he declined the offer and other candidates were considered. According to the official church account at the time, "no other candidate was found available," so when the matter was again presented to Gage, he acquiesced to a sense of duty, and "when it appeared that to decline absolutely would be to jeopardize the interests of the temperance cause, he accepted."

This election proved to be an embarrassing situation for the church. Thus far, the most revolutionary move taken in regard to politics had been to sanction some degree of politicking and the voting

*Evangelist Arthur G. Daniells, in 1882, urged Seventh-day Adventists to acquaint themselves with temperance issues and to make their influence felt at the polls.*

Courtesy Loma Linda University Heritage Room



# The Review and Herald.

"Sanctify them through Thy Truth: Thy Word is Truth."

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., APRIL 11, 1882.

URIAH SMITH, - - Editor.

J. N. ANDREWS, J. H. WAGGONER,  
CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

## THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE IN BATTLE CREEK.

### AN EXPLANATION.

MANY of our readers will have learned ere this reaches them, that Eld. Wm. C. Gage has been elected mayor of the city of Battle Creek; and lest there should be any misunderstanding in regard to the matter, or a misinterpretation of the motives which led him to accept a nomination for this position, a few words of explanation may not be inappropriate.

This action does not indicate any change in the traditional policy of this people, neither to seek, nor, save very rarely in exceptional cases, to hold, any political office. On any merely political grounds, Bro. G. would never have consented to suffer his name to be used as a candidate for this or any like office; and if he had, he would not have received therein the approval of his brethren.

But at the present time there is a question far higher than any merely political question (using this term in its general acceptation), which affects the safety of our youth, and the well-being of society, and which is assuming a phase to be largely influenced by our action at the polls; and that is the question of temperance. This good cause we believe in giving a lift always and everywhere when we can find a fulcrum on which to rest our lever.

For years past the question of temperance has been a prominent issue in this city. We have some laws in its favor, but not so many as we would be glad to have, and shall labor to secure. But the friends of temperance have been very solicitous that at least such laws as we have should be faithfully enforced. This has been a question at each annual election, and the dominant party have been profuse in their promises to stand by the temperance reform so far as the law would al-

low. But the temperance people have found themselves and their cause so often betrayed, especially of late years, that they saw no way to be true to their principles, except to put a ticket of their own into the field. To do otherwise would be to voluntarily surrender to the enemy with their eyes open.

Then came the question of a candidate for the office of mayor. The minds of those who have the best interests of the temperance reform at heart centered upon Bro. Gage, who has been here, as in the East, an active worker in the temperance cause. He declined. Other possible candidates were considered. The day of election drew on. Suffice it to say that no other candidate was found available; and then the question of acceptance presented itself to Bro. G. and leading brethren in the light of a duty, a point on which S. D. Adventists are exceedingly vulnerable. When it appeared that to decline absolutely would be to jeopardize the interests of the temperance cause, he accepted, and the people ratified the nomination, giving him a plurality of one hundred and thirty-six over the higher of the two party candidates. The very best class of citizens supported him. While we would have been as well satisfied could some one else as temperance candidate have secured the place, we rejoice that the temperance cause has won, the entire city ticket being elected, believing that the influence in this city and in the State will be practically felt.



*Elder William C. Gage, whose election as mayor of Battle Creek in 1882, sparked quite a controversy in Seventh-day Adventist circles. He had campaigned on a pro-temperance platform, and had received the endorsement of the majority of the church members in the town.*

process. But never had anyone even remotely intimated any approval of office-seeking. The leadership's first action was to present an "apology" through the *Review*. Uriah Smith opened his editorial comment with the acknowledgement that many readers had probably already learned "ere this reaches them" that Gage had been elected. Lest there should be any misunderstanding in regard to the matter, or a misinterpretation of the motives which led to Gage's acceptance, "a few words of explanation may not be inappropriate." To salvage what he could from the situation, he gave Gage endorsement after-the-fact, asserting that "on any merely political grounds, Brother Gage would never have consented . . . and if he had, he would not have received therein the approval of the brethren." Following in the tradition of the earlier Adventist temperance supporters, he placed the temperance question "higher than any mere political question" which affected the whole well-being of society and deserved Adventist support "always and everywhere." Grateful that "the very best class of citizens supported Gage," Smith admitted that the church would have preferred for some other temperance candidate to secure the office, but it did, nevertheless, "rejoice that the temperance cause has won, the entire city ticket being elected." This was a very adroit move on the part of Smith in behalf of the church. A political action heretofore never anticipated had occurred, and the best that could be done was to defend it on a principle on which all Adventists could agree. He was quick to point out, however, that Gage's election did "not indicate any change in the traditional policy of this people, neither to seek, nor, save rarely in exceptional cases, to hold any political office."

The fact that Battle Creek was the scene of this "revolutionary" political act was significant because at that time the Battle Creek Church was considered the "mother" of Adventist institutions. And it became increasingly more important in light of the negative aftermath which followed. In the same issue of the *Review* in which Uriah Smith tried to calm the troubled waters, George I. Butler brought up every Adventist argument against political activism which had existed since 1851. He re-emphasized to the readers that Adventists as a group do not participate as actively in politics as other groups. While some voted and others did not, those who did, did so only when they saw "some important moral issue" involved. He reiterated that it was "not safe to dabble much in the pool of politics" and he fully admitted that an influence had been exerted among the church leaders from the rise of the Adventist movement "tending to discourage political affiliation and excitement." Reviving the conviction "that Christ is soon coming, and that the world will wax worse and worse and corruption constantly increase," he reconfirmed that Adventists could "not hope to see a political millennium or any great improvement." To participate in politics could not help but affect one's interest in religion until the Christian would find his involvement "transformed

from God's work to political issues and political success." He referred to the issue directly at hand, Gage's election, as offering "sad practical illustrations of the truthfulness of these statements."

Although Gage was extraordinarily successful as a mayor in temperance law enforcement, his move into public life brought denominational problems before the public view as well. The *Battle Creek Night Moon* ran a story which alluded to strained relations between Gage and John Harvey Kellogg, director of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. According to the newspaper, Kellogg was suffering from "jealousy" of Gage's success. The denomination was further chagrined by Gage's statement to the press that he would do his best to see that the city laws were enforced in such a manner that "no one will know whether I am an Adventist or a Methodist." Nothing could have been more detrimental to Adventist political activism which still rested on an uncertain foundation, for not only did Gage's election introduce a party spirit into the church, but it seemed to justify the anti-activist argument that political involvement would interfere with one's full devotion to the Adventist commission.

Ellen White further bolstered that argument when she addressed the Battle Creek Church congregation on November 30, 1882. In a scathing rebuke of Mayor Gage in which she described him as "wholly unfit to engage in the work of God" and "a snare to the people of God whenever he shall take an active part," she warned the church members "not to take this man as their pattern." Even though this obloquy was not directed against Gage solely for his political activities per se, nothing could have more effectively stigmatized political activism than this censure of the Adventists' first duly-elected official by one of the church's most respected leaders.

**D**espite the negative aftermath of Gage's experiment, Adventists continued—if hesitantly—to give conditional approval to limited political participation. J. H. Waggoner still referred to Adventists as "radical temperance reformers," most of whom "would vote without any hesitation for a law prohibiting the sale of liquor." George I. Butler confirmed that preference for a policy of non-involvement was the church's "positive, conscientious conviction," but he did not wish to be misunderstood that it was wrong if a church member felt there was "a moral principle at stake in any election to go quietly to the polls and express his preference by putting in a vote, and then go about his business." This, however, was the limit to his dispensation, for he quickly made a distinction between casting one's ballot and casting one's hat into the political ring by saying, "We [the Seventh-day Adventist church leaders] consider it a dangerous thing for any of our people to hold civil office." Apparently the church had been so deeply entrenched in a philosophy of non-involvement during her early formative years in

THE ABSTAINER AND THE DRINKER

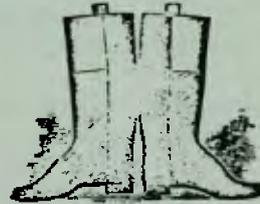
BY EDWARD CARSWELL.



I am worn by a man who works and thinks.



And I by one who don't, and drinks.



We guard his feet from damp and dust.



Like him we are always on the "beat."



I am the coat my master wears.



I resemble mine in terrible tears.



When master thirsts he comes to me, I cost him nothing; to all I'm free.



My master's throat I only burn, And cost him all he can borrow or earn.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"—ISAIAH lv. 2.

Published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, 273 Fourth Avenue, New York. Price \$1.00 per 1000. Postage 20 Cents.



THE UNLICENSED ROBBER.

Highwayman: "Your money OR your life."



THE LICENSED ROBBER.

Barseller: "Your money AND your life."

Cartoons proved quite effective in the battle against ardent spirits and saloons.

Preaching prohibition by postcards, "The White Man's Burden" was drawn by May for the Patriotic Postcard Company of Saginaw, Michigan.



The White Man's Burden.

*As editor of the Signs of the Times, Elder Joseph H. Waggoner expressed his approval and support of those Adventists who chose to vote for any law prohibiting the sale of liquor.*



Courtesy Review and Herald Art Library

the 1850's that Gage's move into actual office-holding came too early, and too fast, and the church was not prepared for it.

This did not, however, mean that the church had reached any concrete consensus of opinion concerning political involvement. Ironically, it was Mrs. White who continued to beseech the people to "come to the front" and show themselves to be firmly on the side of temperance reform, and to call to the attention of statesmen the principles of the movement.

With a similar conviction, on February 17, 1891, Uriah Smith made the most eloquent political appeal to appear in the *Review* during the post-Gage period:

God has not abdicated his throne, . . . he has not abandoned it to anarchy, but has ordained governments among men, which are a necessity, . . . Were we living under an absolute monarchy, all we could do would be to pray; but in this Republic we have an instrument given us with which we can second our prayers, and that is our ballot.

**H**ad the temperance movement continued along the lines first set down by local optionists in the 1860's and 1870's, perhaps Adventist political activism would have developed a well-defined ideology. But this was not to be the case. During the late 1880's and 1890's the temperance movement merged with the agitation for Sunday-law legislation which had been plaguing Adventists since the post-Civil War days. Already facing a conundrum, one of the most distressing blows of all came when a member of the National Reform Women's Christian Temperance Union, in a speech referring specifically to Jews and "seventh-day observers of some other denomination," proposed: "Let the law apply to every one, that there shall be no public desecration of the first day of the week, the Christian Sabbath, the day of rest for the nation."

Thus betrayed by their erstwhile temperance allies, Adventists retreated back into a policy of non-involvement. Throughout the remainder of the nineteenth-century, never did the church exhibit with equal zeal their immediate pre-Gage enthusiasm. Mrs. White's counsel in 1898 was simply that when it came to political questions, Adventists were "not to proclaim it by pen or voice." The people were to be silent upon questions which had "no relation to the Third Angel's Message." They were not to publish their political preferences in any church publication, nor speak of them to congregations attending church. Even the simple act of voting was circumscribed by her injunction to "keep your voting

to yourself. Do not feel it your duty to urge everyone to do as you do." Nevertheless, she did not shut the door to politics completely. A politically-astute, pragmatic counselor to some 75,000 Seventh-day Adventists, she gave practical advice in tune with the people's political awareness and the church's Christian principles: "If God has a work for any of His commandment-keeping people to do in regard to politics, reach the position and do the work with your arm linked in the arm of Christ."

**F**rom the time Joseph Bates identified the United States as the prophetic "beast" to Ellen White's counsel to confine one's activities to those involving the Third Angel's Message, a consistent thread ran through Adventist political thought. It was not naive or obscurantist, but rather was based upon an ideal of spiritual commitments to a temporary world that could never be permanently improved by merely political means.

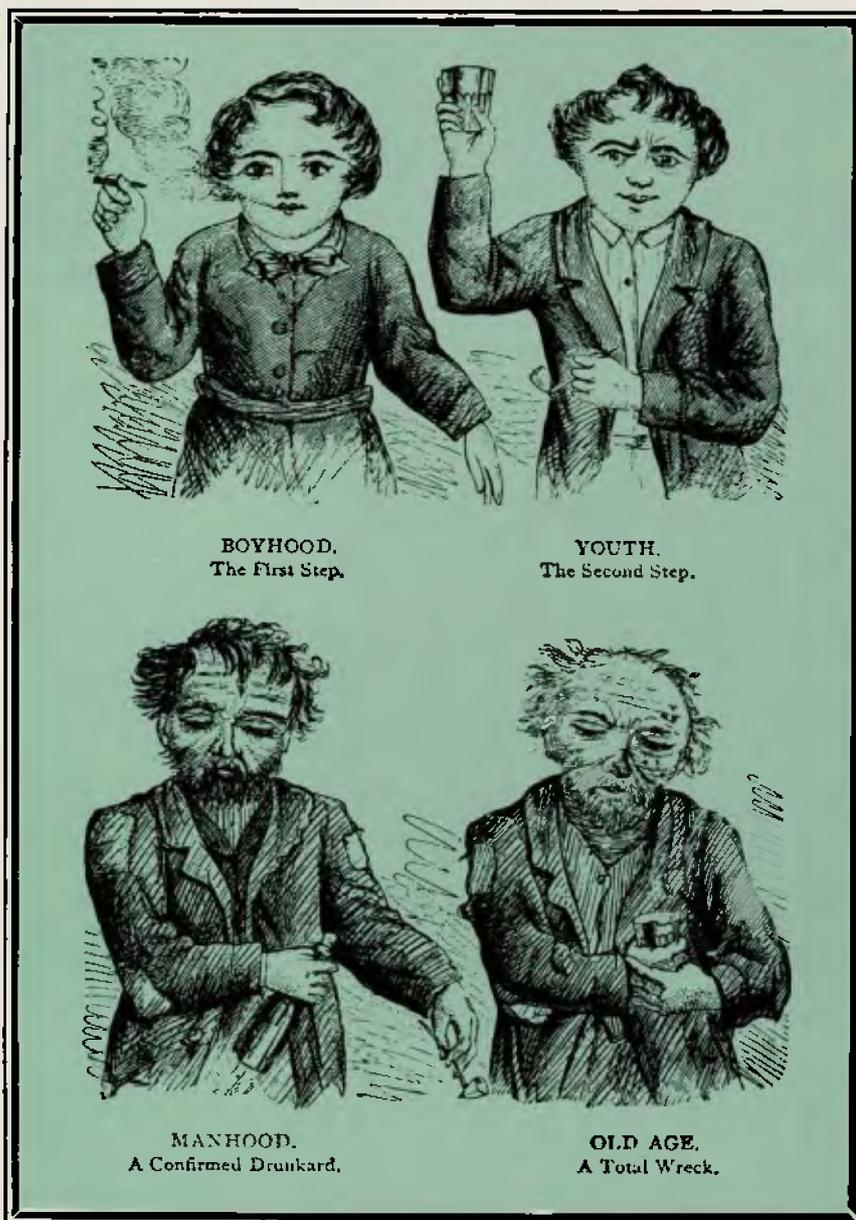
While this basic understanding of politics remained steady, the Adventist philosophy of political activism fluctuated with the times. When the church first faced the question of voting for pro-temperance candidates in the 1859 Battle Creek election, it started on the bottom step. As the years progressed, the manifestations of political activism reveal successive levels of intensity, but at no time did a truly cumulative philosophy of political involvement emerge upon which the church could

build. Each time a new temperance issue arose, the church returned to the first step as far as any activist ideology was concerned. California Local Optionist Adventists apparently based their actions upon the counsel of Ellen White at the time rather than upon any philosophy based on precedent set by earlier pro-temperance activity. The *Review*, speaking for the church leadership, remained equivocal and never gave evidence of any concrete philosophy to which the people could refer. Battle Creek was fortunate enough to have the personal example of Ellen White, but it took the impact of her testimonies to promote independent Adventist activism and to rouse the members from the political hibernation in Iowa in the 1880's.

Had William Gage's term of office provided Adventists with a positive demonstration as to what could be accomplished by the denomination through

direct participation in the political process, or had the temperance movement been allowed to run an independent course, perhaps a concrete philosophy of political activism would have developed. The church was still in its formative years and each socio-political contact with the secular world was still novel. Instead, however, as each new issue arose, the church merely followed the lead of the church spokesmen at the time who fell back on their basic political convictions, or awaited the counsel of Ellen White.

As far as temperance was concerned, it took national prohibition after the turn of the twentieth-century to once again revive Adventist political activism which had run the gamut from total non-involvement, to zealous commitment, and back to a quiet "rest" as the nineteenth-century came to a close.

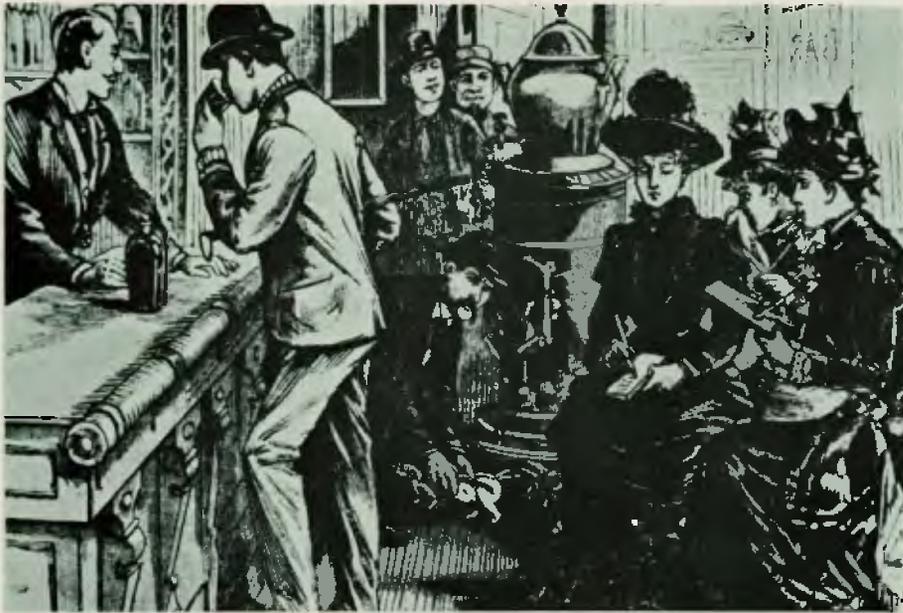


*Grappling with the monster or the Curse and Crave of Strong Drink by Timothy Shay Arthur.*



(Harper's Weekly, March 14, 1874)

Courtesy Bettmann Archives



*A Women's Crusade "Praying Band" in Hillsboro, Ohio, beleaguering a saloon.*

*In an Indiana saloon (around 1880), Women's Crusaders keep tabs on the customers, while a local villain prepares to rout them with a skunk.*

*"The uncrowned Queen of American Womanhood"—Frances E. Willard, the founder of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.*

Courtesy Women's Christian Temperance Union



*Women Temperance Crusaders did not merely rely upon speech-making or the printed page to get their point across, as evidenced by this engraving from Ohio, around 1879.*



Property of John Kobler

# THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

## FOUR HOURS IN A BAR ROOM.



1<sup>ST</sup> HOUR  
CYNICAL INDIFFERENCE.



2<sup>ND</sup> HOUR  
MOCKERY AND DEFIANCE.



3<sup>RD</sup> HOUR  
RAGE AND DESPAIR.



4<sup>TH</sup> HOUR  
UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

*This sequence was meant to illustrate the success which would accompany the tenacious and persevering Christian women temperance crusaders. After four hours of indifference, mockery, defiance, rage and despair, a saloon keeper yields to the righteous cause of temperance, signs the pledge and destroys his stock.*

Courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons

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# HERIHOOM



## Emma Webber's Diary

### WINDOW INTO EARLY BATTLE CREEK (1865-1874)

LLEWELLYN E. FOLL

**L**ike many other Victorian maidens, Emma Webber of Union City, Michigan, kept a diary in which she faithfully recorded the weather, her activities and feelings. Several years ago, eleven of her diaries were discovered and preserved by a relative and antiquarian, Joan Kihlstrom, of Dayton, Ohio. These diaries provide an intimate record of a woman in her twenties who loses a lover as a result of the Civil War, becomes a Seventh-day Adventist, worries about becoming an old maid while caring for elderly parents, and finally goes to college. But most importantly, they provide a glimpse of life in Battle Creek, Michigan, during the early days of the Advent Movement.

In the winter of 1864-1865, Emma taught school in nearby Burlington, Michigan. There she found:

School life is a hard one, if it were to last forever I should be almost discouraged. . . . No one knows how hard a teacher has to work. To those who have never tried it it may seem as if there could be nothing very laborious about it, yet after trying it, they find it is not as easy as they imagined.

Unlike Union City, Burlington had an Adventist church. Emma soon began attending. One of the first speakers she heard was Joseph Bates. On April 15, 1865, she recorded:

We went to church in the morning. Eld. Bates preached, after service they partook of communion,

December THURSDAY, 6 1866  
 Rained a little  
 I went to Smith's  
 for work. Helped  
 Martha in the  
 evening. Lodged as usual  
 with Mrs. Rich Miss  
 Overton and Em Kellogg.

FRIDAY, 7  
 Mild. I sewed some,  
 took a bath over to  
 I substitute. How  
 very much I do  
 wish I were at  
 home. Am having  
 very pleasant visit here.

SATURDAY, 8  
 Very windy. Went to  
 church in the fore  
 noon but my throat  
 does so badly I could  
 not go in P.M. Sewed  
 in the evening. Had  
 Andrew's message.

December SUNDAY, 9 1866  
 Turned very cold  
 during the night  
 snowed and blowed  
 nearly all day. I  
 kept close with in  
 door. Am at  
 Dr. Byington's.

MONDAY, 10  
 Cold as ever. I went  
 to Eld Soughtborough's  
 calling - to Mr. Gardener  
 etc. Took dinner  
 there - remained  
 over night. Sewed  
 and read.

TUESDAY, 11  
 Very cold. Ate break  
 fast at Mr. Gardener's  
 came to Abram's.  
 remained there  
 over night. Went in  
 the afternoon to see the  
 Sireel young Mr. Field child.

Emma Webber never failed to start her diary entries by noting the day's weather conditions: "Rained a little," "Mild," "Very windy," "Turned very cold during the night," "Cold as ever."

went to Mr. Millers and took supper. O dear!  
 President Lincoln is dead.

On May 21 the church had a large baptism and Mrs.  
 White spoke. Other visiting speakers included D. M.  
 Canright who "almost persuaded" her to join the  
 church.

The following winter, Emma fulfilled an oft-  
 expressed wish to go to Battle Creek by taking a job  
 as a housekeeper for the Dodge family. She was very  
 "kindly received" by Adventist leaders there. One  
 week, for example, she spent a great deal of time with  
 the Whites:

May 19: Went to church at nine a.m. and again at  
 two. Elder White was recovered [apparently enough  
 to preach]. Went up town in the evening with Mrs.  
 White, Mrs. Lamreaux and Miss Trip. Having a good  
 visit.

May 22: Went to Mr. White's in the morning. Helped  
 Mrs. W. sew.

May 23: Remained at Mr. White's all day. In the  
 evening Misses [sic] Pratt and White, Mr. Jeorald  
 and I went boat riding. A grand time.

May 24: Was at Mr. W's until after dinner. Mr. and  
 Mrs. White and myself came to Mrs. Smith's  
 [apparently Uriah Smith's wife] and remained there  
 over night. A splendid housekeeper she is.

May 25: In the morning Mrs. White, Mrs. Smith and I  
 went after shells.

While she very much enjoyed the Adventist  
 community in Battle Creek, she grew tired of being a  
 housekeeper for "2 1/2 dollars per week." On August  
 24, 1866, she recorded a typical day:

I arose at six. Prepared [sic] breakfast. Washed the  
 dishes, mopped, baked bread, pies, and crackers.  
 Stewed beans, got dinner. Washed the dishes.  
 Washed the large window in the shop.

She began counting the days until her job would end:

"One week from today and I will feel as if I were out of prison" (Sept. 2).

In the fall of 1867 she went to work at the newly opened Western Health Reform Institute. She enjoyed learning about water treatments and dress reform, but disliked the work: "Don't think I ever should have come here if I had known I was to do house work" (Oct. 31). By Christmas she had had enough and returned home for the rest of the winter.

**T**he following winter (1867-1868), she returned to Battle Creek to work for the Dodge family. Shortly after her arrival she records that "Mr. Whitford and Uriah Smith spent the evening here. Kellogg called. Near being kicked out of the church!" (Dec. 2, 1867). It was during this winter, her third among the Battle Creek Adventists, that her friends among the leadership began urging her to join the church. On January 13, during a Sabbath evening service, "They urged me to go forward for prayer. I did not, but went home. ————— followed and would not let me go until I had prayed for myself." The following day she "went to a meeting at half past seven. Eld. Andrews and Huchins talked with me. I here again stated my determination to become a Christian. O! May I be wholehearted. Went to church in the evening. My soul be on guard, the enemy is active." The next few months she went through emotional turmoil and introspection: "O! When shall I get to be a better person. In my present condition I am lost. Lost!" (April 3, 1868). Ellen and James White returned to Battle Creek for the "Spring Conference." On May 5 James White "preached a very good discourse on the subject of benevolence. The Battle Creek Church passed a resolution to be more liberal." Again she was in close contact with the Whites through her role as domestic help at Uriah Smith's house: "All went to meeting at half past five [a.m.] but me. . . . I prepared breakfast, a good one too, for Bro. and Sister White" (May 31).

*The Western Health Reform Institute, in Battle Creek, Michigan, as it appeared when Emma Webber first went to work there, in the fall of 1867.*

Courtesy Loma Linda University Heritage Room



Courtesy Loma Linda University Heritage Room

*The persuasive preaching of Elder Joseph Bates (1792-1872) made a profound impression on Emma Webber, in 1865.*

On June 12, Emma "Went to meeting in the evening." James White reported in the *Review and Herald* that the meeting was "for the young generally," and that Mrs. White had addressed several personally. About 10 p.m., "While speaking from the platform in front of the pulpit, in the most solemn and impressive manner, the power of God came upon her, and in an instant she fell upon the carpet in vision. Many witnessed this manifestation for the first time, with astonishment, and with

ST. JOHN.

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Illustrated are some well-known verses from the gospel of John (3:13-22), in phonographic script.

Phonography, also known as Pitman's Shorthand or "The American System of Shorthand," was widely used in the 19th century. Andrew Graham's Standard Phonographic Visitor was used by Uriah Smith to teach Phonography to some members of the Review and Herald staff, including Emma Webber.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by ANDREW J. GRAHAM, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

# EDITORIAL ITEMS.

**EXCHANGES.**—Editors wishing to exchange with the Visitor, will please notice occasionally or oftener! and address their papers regularly to "The Visitor, 563 Broadway, New-York," and I shall receive them free of postage

**THE BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.**—this little work was long since executed as to the plates, but the first printing was not satisfactory and was laid aside. A better edition is now ready and all orders, it is supposed, are filled. If any have been overlooked, a reminder will be thankfully received. At the same time it will serve as a useful reporting exercise, it gives the reader a friendly idea of my works. It is accompanied by a Chronological list of the works. Price, 25 cents.

**MR. GEORGE H. WHITE**—a friend of the Visitor has given editorial assistance by sending a number of valuable extracts.

**GEORGE KELLOGG**—has recently returned from Europe with his

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brother  
character

A sample page from the Phonographic Dictionary and Phrase Book.



Uriah Smith, genial editor of the *Review and Herald* and his wife, Harriet (nee Stevens). Emma Webber did domestic work for the Smiths, during the year 1868.

Courtesy Review and Herald

perfect satisfaction that it was the work of God.” Emma Webber commented that “It was terrible,” by which she meant “frightening” and “awe-inspiring.”

This twenty-minute vision resulted in 120 pages of printed testimony. It also had such an impact on Emma Webber that the next day, she joined the church:

Went to a meeting at nine—Bro. White spoke on baptism. I was baptised a little before twelve.

May 1: O! may I so live that I may be accounted worthy to be saved for Christ's sake.

Went to Bro. Smith's for a meeting (June 13, 1868).

A few weeks later she left Battle Creek for the summer.

September 1868 found her back in Battle Creek, willing to work for less pay if she could only spend another winter among those she had come to love and admire. Emma had evidently come to know the Smiths as well as anyone in Battle Creek, often referring to the editor of the *Review and Herald* simply as “Uriah.” Perhaps the friendship developed the previous winter while she was taking “a class in phonography” from Uriah Smith. Phonography was an early form of shorthand which Smith evidently taught at his home in the evening.

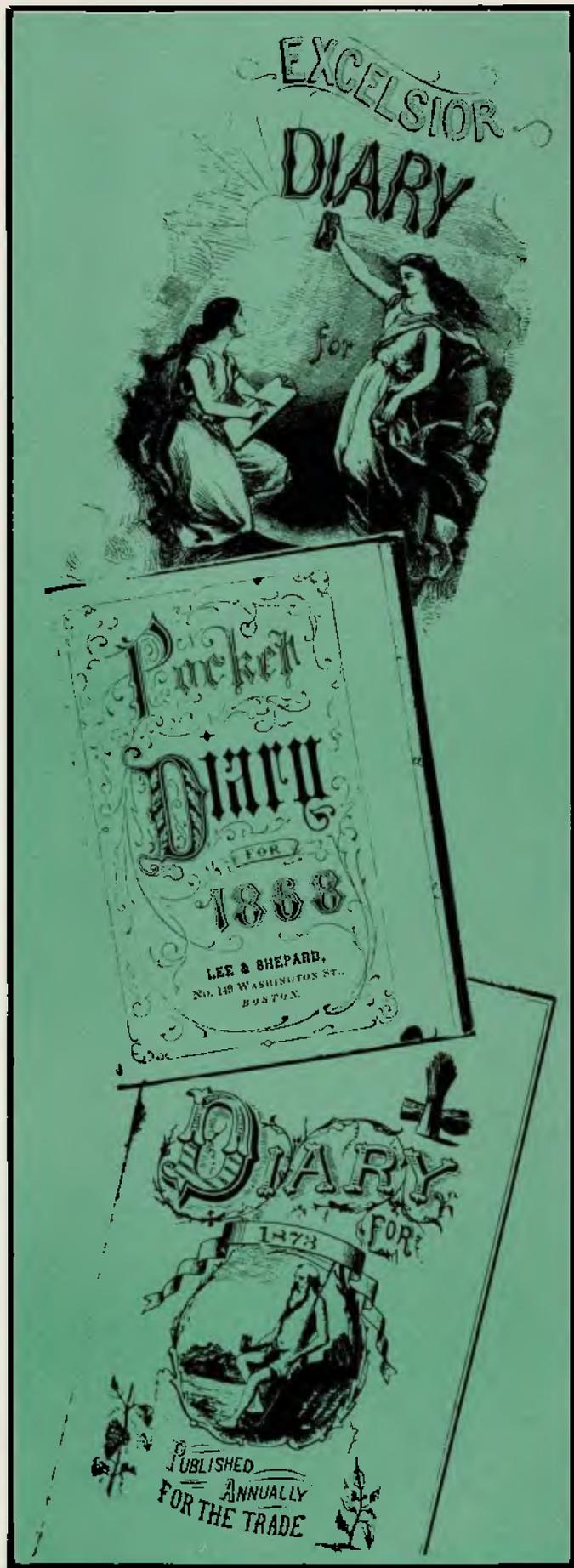
Living in his household increased her appreciation for Smith. During November of 1868, Emma recorded these impressions. “If Bro. Smith is not a good man you won't find one on earth. . . . On one account this is a good place to live. Uriah is a good man. . . . What a good man Bro. Smith is!” One of the things she enjoyed most in the Smith household was his reading to the family in the evenings. On December 4, “In the evening Bro. Smith read *Snowbound*. Pleasant times.” On Sabbath, the day after Christmas, “Bro. Smith read *Pilgrim's Progress* to us in the afternoon.”

A few days later she was saying, “Some things are pleasant here and other things very disagreeable indeed” (Jan. 27, 1869). One gets the impression that Mrs. Smith was the problem: “I did my Friday work as I usually do. Will there never be a change? Queer woman Harriet is” (Feb. 12). Apparently Uriah Smith sensed her dissatisfaction with domestic work, and took her to the *Review and Herald* office and taught her to set type. For the rest of the winter she worked at the office, setting type and correcting galleys.



Emma Webber carefully signed and dated each one of her diaries.





In the summer of 1869 she returned to her farm home in Union City where she remained in discontented limbo for the next four years. There is no explanation for why she did not return to Battle Creek in the fall. Instead she followed the doings of her friends through gossip and letters. For example, in March of 1870 she wrote of Mrs. Smith:

Harriet has, they say, really broken down; but I should have to live with her and know her daily life before I could have confidence in her as a Christian. She is a person capable of exerting [sic] a powerful influence for good or evil.

She compared the rustics around her with her Battle Creek friends:

I went over to Mr. Hayden's—he as usual reeled his past experience off unto me. How true it is, if one is smart he has little need to tell of it. Just for once imagine Uriah Smith entertaining one with his wonderful exploits. 'Where boasting ends true dignity begins' (March 6, 1872).

Life on her parents' farm required a good deal of hard work, especially during the harvest season:

I prepared breakfast mopped and baked in the forenoon. Had fifteen to dinner and fifteen to supper. Worked just as hard and fast as I could. Am always glad when threshing is through with. Sewed in the evening. Had a slight head ache. I ached all night real hard (August 13, 1872).

Besides housework, Emma did a great deal of reading which she faithfully recorded in the back of each diary. She read everything—from the kind of cheap novels Ellen White would later condemn, to Shakespeare: "Finished reading *Hamlet*. I have just begun to see what Henry Ward Beecher found in Shakespeare that he so much appreciated" (July 14, 1870).

Her reading in newspapers brought a typically Adventist reaction to the events of her day. Of the European revolutions in 1870 she said: "War in the old Country! Well, it's no more than we have been expecting. This is only the beginning of what must come. If only I were ready to stand amid the troubles" (August 1). News of earthquakes caused a similar reaction:

There have been several earth quakes of late one of which was felt as near as Kalamazoo. The lights in the heavens are truly startling. Do these not proclaim

the end of all things is at hand? Oh! where shall I hide in that terrible day (Nov. 11, 1870).

She even diagnosed physical ailments in light of her newly discovered health message: "My stomach troubles me a good deal lately. I believe it is the effects of those miserable corsets I used to wear" (Aug. 20, 1870).

When her aging parents could spare her, Emma would go and stay a few days with those in the community who needed special help, usually in times of sickness. She also visited regularly her circle of friends in Union City. But generally she preferred the peace and security of her own family.

**H**er diary entries during these years are much longer and more filled with detail than earlier ones. Nearly every entry ends with some complaint about her lot in life or her Christian experience, such as "How I wish I were a Christian. Had a cry at night" (March 10, 1872). Since she was so morbidly introspective during these years, several causes for her unhappiness can be identified.

One was men. The boy she loved came home from the Civil War mortally wounded. William Beck's death in November of 1865 caused an emotional scar which she bore the rest of her life—very much in the Victorian fashion. This one event, she felt, doomed her to unhappiness forever. To compensate, she constantly notes unhappy marriages and tries to convince herself she would rather be single. She also jests continually about becoming an old maid: "Most twenty I am . . . really it does not seem possible that I am so old. Shall be an old maid soon" (Jan. 15, 1865). Yet she seemed to have had a very normal interest in men, especially Howard, with whom she apparently let down some barriers: "Would anyone that should see H—d and me ever imagine what has happened in the past. How I regret some things" (July 19, 1872).

She also felt dissatisfied with her lack of significant achievement. She felt she was wasting away on the farm, and often asked what her purpose in life was: "Some times existence is a burden to me. Not that I would wish to die, but why O why did I ever live. The Lord only knows. No good to any one" (July 14, 1872).

But most of all, her new religious beliefs caused her the keenest grief, especially the burden to witness to others. For example:

During one of the showers a gentleman and lady from East Union—strangers—called to escape the rain.

Were my heart all burdened with a love for the truth and an earnest desire to see perishing souls within the ark of safety before the wrath of an offended God is poured upon a guilty world, so easy would it have been to have given them at least some tracts. I didn't forget it, but thought I was too wicked (June 21, 1872).

And witnessing was no easier with friends. When her best friend Deb

. . . read an account of an earthquake in California last month, I wanted to make some remarks on it—but dared not do it. Is it my pride or my inability or have I never been converted that cause me to keep silent when I should speak. How many shall say to me in *that day* if you knew these things was so, Why didn't you tell me so! O! my soul! (April 14, 1872)

She also felt she had definite character weaknesses. She often associated her pride with her inability to witness as she should. Her pride also showed in the vanity over dress which she developed as a result of being a fine seamstress:

How I wish I cared less for the things of this world and more for those of the world to come. There was a time when I cared little for dress, but for the past two years the love of appearance has been steadily growing—Were I to gain as fast for two years to come as for two years in the past there would be nothing good enough for me (Aug. 20, 1872).

Along with pride came envy: "Ed told me I was of an envious disposition, but strange as it may seem I never knew it before. How little good there is about me and how much bad" (June 21, 1872). Her impatience also seemed a flaw in her character: "I became very much agitated over something that Bob did and was really out of patience. What a pretty specimen of a Christian I am. O, dear! When Shall I ever get to be any better. My profession will never save me" (March 25, 1870).

But perhaps most vexing was her quick temper. One day Ed, one of the hired hands, "said something to me that didn't just suit and he said the angry flash went over my countenance in a minute. How I wish I could control my temper better. He begged my pardon and I told him I was ashamed of my quick temper" (May 15, 1872). Another time she imaginatively pondered the problem:

Could a fairy with his magic wand hover over and say that just one request would be granted, one wish fulfilled, for what would I petition? Would it be wealth, fame, honor? Ah! No. I would say give me a temper as fair as Mayday morn and I'll be content. How I envy anyone possessed of a meek and quiet spirit (Dec. 16, 1872).

Her temper often caused her to say things she regretted. Then she would chastise herself as she did on August 13, 1872: "How dissatisfied I am with myself. How I wish I could govern my tongue and temper. I am so easily irritated and then I say things that I would give so much to recall."

The constant berating of her character and the continual and intense expressions of dissatisfaction with her life seem a bit shocking to the modern reader. It was typical of Victorian maidens to assume the pose of the unworthy woman in their diaries. Emma Webber's, however, seems compounded by a religion of works and, possibly, an inferiority complex. She seems, and probably was, a very miserable woman during this period.



Some of the eleven leather-bound diaries in which Emma Webber recorded her activities and feelings from the mid-1860's until the mid-1870's.

**H**er self-concept improved when she finally decided to continue her education at Albion College in the fall of 1873. Interestingly, she used the example of Edson White as she rationalized her going to a non-Adventist college: "I know when Edson White went to Albion his father was very much opposed but his mother said go on" (Sept. 9, 1873). At Albion, her being an Adventist caused her some problems: "Sometimes I fear I am doing wrong to study geology" (March 24, 1874). And there were problems with tests being scheduled on Sabbath, but they proved easier to deal with than the social activities she had to miss:

Girls went to Ann Arbor. Had it not been Sabbath I should have gone. Some times it is very inconvenient to keep the Seventh day, but may I always have the strength to do right, not withstanding every obstacle. I long for purer nobler life (Apr. 4, 1874).

Emma also found herself defending the prophetic gift of Ellen White to her skeptical classmates. Though Emma often had doubts about herself and her beliefs, she never doubted the prophetic gift of Ellen White and its importance to the church: "What would have become of the Seventh-day Adventist

church if it weren't for the gift!" (Mar. 21, 1873).

After her first year at Albion College, Emma returned to Battle Creek for the 1874 camp meeting at which Ellen White was the chief attraction. Like the other rural Adventists, she came by horse and wagon:

About eight o'clock after delays and trials too numerous to mention we were on the road for the Battle Creek camp-meeting. Father and Mother in the little buggy taking the lead—Bert, Nina and I in the lumber wagon with the luggage bring up the rear. About four we arrived and a tireder—woe be gone looking set it would be harder to find. How strange it seemed to have it rain on the canvass and not have it reach us (Aug. 7, 1874).

After hearing Sister White speak on Sabbath, she wrote: "How I wish Sarah McWelly could be induced to read her writing." Sarah had been her roommate at Albion who had "raged" at Emma's belief in Ellen White.

On Sunday (Aug. 9), "Sr. White was sick and could not speak," so James White substituted for her. Emma reported: "I cannot say I like to hear him preach." For Emma, the climax of the meetings seems to have come on Monday, August 10:

I think this is as solemn a meeting as ever I attended. Sr. White spoke with great power and force. Could just a few things be removed I think I might go forward, but as it is I fear I shall sink into perdition. God have mercy on us as a family and send us a testimony. . . . Seems as if there is salvation for everyone else in the world but me. Never did I hear a better sermon than Eld. Andrews preached in the evening

Emma continued to attend meetings the rest of the week, but like many others attending a camp meeting, her attention drifted to meeting old friends and making new ones.

The interesting part of Emma's reaction to Ellen White's sermon was the wish for a testimony. Earlier in the year, while still at college, Emma had confessed to her diary: "Yesterday I was rereading the letter from EGW for the hundredth time. How thankful I ought to be. May I even be glad of reproof. But so sorry I need it" (Feb. 15, 1874).

While there is no record that Ellen White wrote to Emma Webber in the 1870's, there is an interesting testimony written to Emma in 1891. Early in that year, Ellen White had been shown that Emma was having a bad influence on a woman doctor named Dowse. Though this comes fifteen years after the extant diaries, Ellen White seems to be correcting

every character fault Emma revealed in her diaries. She starts with pride and accuses Emma and Dr. Dowse of being too worldly and not cultivating piety or a meek and quiet spirit. She accuses Emma of being cold and aloof when she could be witnessing. She points out Emma's lack of sympathy with others and her interest in material possessions. These problems are putting both Emma and Dr. Dowse in danger of backsliding and becoming "nominal religionists." Mrs. White goes on to warn Emma against her "sour words" and charges "you are cold and distant to many, but it will not pay." But the phrase which readers of Emma's diaries will find most to the point is this: "You worry too much."

Ellen White summarized this nine-page testimony by saying:

... if you are selfish, if you are self-exalted, if you are worldly-minded, no matter what your position, no matter what your experience has been, or how much you know, if you are having the law of kindness on your lips, sweet fragrance of love springing from your heart, you can do nothing as it ought to be done.

There is no way of knowing how Emma Webber received Ellen White's counsel. One only hopes that she was able to find fulfillment and happiness in her later years.

## Obituaries

JOHNSON.—On the afternoon of Jan. 22, 1913, we laid our infant son, Ivan Ray, to rest in the cemetery at Good Thunder, Minn. He was born January 15, and though so young a vacant place in our hearts and home. Prayer is that God will hasten the finish of his work in the earth, and the coming of the resurrection morning.

JAMES AND MARIE JOHNSON.

LAWKINS.—Elizabeth Terry Hawkins died suddenly on Jan. 22, 1913. She was born in Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 27, 1862. Seventy years ago the light of present truth came to her, and she united with the Birmingham, Ala., church, remaining faithful until the end of her life. The pastor of the Presbyterian church assisted the writer in conducting the funeral services. Text, Job 14:14.

A. L. MILLER.

HARRISON.—Elizabeth Von Voorheis Harrison fell asleep in the blessed hope at her home in Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 13, 1913, in her ninety-second year. She was baptized when a child in the State of Ohio, and with her par-

BURROWS.—Died at her mother's home in Haywood, Cal., Sister Ida M. Burrows, at the age of 33 years. Her faith in God was strong until the last, and she was fully reconciled to the Lord's will. She leaves a devoted husband, seven children, her mother, father, two sisters, and two brothers to mourn. Interment took place at Napa City, where words of comfort were spoken by the writer. Elder D. E. Robinson assisted in the services.

S. T. HARE.

WEBBER.—Died at the Garden City Sanitarium, San Jose, Cal., Dec. 27, 1912, Miss Emma A. Webber, aged 66 years, 8 months, and 27 days. Sister Webber was born in Union City, Mich. She was an Adventist from childhood, and at the time of her death was a member of the Battle Creek, Mich., church. For twenty years she was connected with the Battle Creek Sanitarium, holding several responsible positions, until failing health compelled her to resign. Eight years ago she came to San Jose. We believe that she sleeps in Jesus. Words of hope were spoken by the writer from Rev. 14:13, 14.

A. E. PLACE.

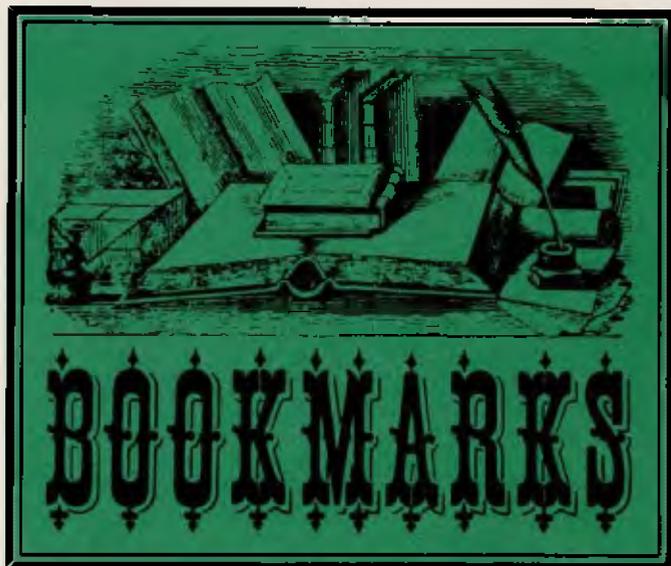
HARMON.—Gerome L. Harmon was born in Genesee County, New York, Nov. 15, 1830, and departed this life Jan. 10, 1913, aged 82

DOBLE.—Lorenzo Dobler, of Bangor, Maine, Feb. 17, 1913, at the home of his daughter in Napa City, Cal., Jan. 3, 1912. He was a member of the Napa City Adventist Church. This message was very comforting to his younger days he was able to give the good news to of his three sons, four daughters, and one sister are left to mourn.

HANSEN.—Mrs. Anna Hansen was born in Gagnon, Minn., in 1849, and died Dec. 19, 1912, in Hoffman, Minn. She was married to Christian Hansen, and mourn the loss of a dear friend. Sister Hansen embraced the truth many years ago, and clung to it to the last. During her life she was a patient, and often spoke of the truth. The funeral service was held at Hoffman, Minn., and was conducted by the writer.

WOODWORTH.—Franklin Woodworth was born in Albion, Mich., and came to Nebraska in 1872, where he united in marriage with a sister of his. They were married on July 14, 1872. Two children were born to them. Brother Woodworth

*Emma Webber's obituary in the Review & Herald, February 20, 1913.*



## THE FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES

Arthur L. White. *Ellen G. White*. Vol. 5:  
*The Early Elmshaven Years, 1900-1905*.  
Washington D.C.: Review and Herald  
Publishing Association, 1981.

REVIEWED BY JONATHAN BUTLER

Arthur L. White, grandson of the prophetess, surely must know more about Ellen White's life than anyone else alive. For this reason his projected six-volume biography of her, beginning with volume 5 on *The Early Elmshaven Years*, should prove indispensable to the historian and a delight and inspiration to the believer. He begins the story toward the end because contemporaries of the aged Mrs. White remain available for interviews by the author, and issues that arose in the church at the turn of the century "have a particular relevance to the church at present." Both explanations typify White's approach to writing about his grandmother: first, the kind of absorption in biographical detail which requires 427 pages to relate five years of a life, and second, what amounts to that irrepresible White family trait of invoking the "Spirit of Prophecy" to settle quarrels.

What results is Arthur White's characteristic blend of chronicle and interpretation. While he has hoped to avoid a slavish recounting of each day in her active ministry, White nevertheless writes an episodic chronicle of the prophetess' life. By adhering rather strictly to a chronological rather than a topical organization, and by finding no event of her life too trivial to invest with significance, White weighs the relative merits of a northern or southern route from California to the 1901 General Conference in Michigan for two pages of narrative. He alludes to Mrs. White's fondness for strawberries in his chapter on the "perplexing and difficult year" of 1902. And he digresses from a discussion of her involvement in the pantheism controversy in order to describe the course of her daily life for a fall and winter in Elmshaven and an extended visit to Washington, D.C., before reporting the "crucial meetings at Berrien Springs" on Kellogg and *The Living Temple*. What accounts for the antiquarian aspect of the biography is, above anything else perhaps, Arthur White's affection for his grandmother. And Adventists will not only forgive him this adoring antiquarianism, but will revel in it.

The chronicle is in itself, of course, a form of interpretation. Not only does the obscurest biographical detail interest Arthur White as the devoted grandson, but it inspires him as a devout believer who sees God's hand in any event of Mrs. White's life. The sheer volume of his writing suggests that, for White, the prophetess is best served by the more information we have on her. Her critics simply never know enough. Wherever possible, he lets Mrs. White interpret herself in her own words. On such matters as her purchase of the impressive Elmshaven property or her payment of an alternative tithe, White neither cross-examines nor corrects the prophetess but allows her the last word. While this poses obvious limitations as an historical method, Arthur White nonetheless leaves us much in his debt for what he does teach us about Mrs. White.

Among his objectives for this and the subsequent volumes, White wants "to keep constantly before the reader the major role the visions played in almost every phase of the experiences comprising the narrative" (p. 11). And no era in Adventist history better showcases the importance of Ellen White than the early 1900's. Major organizational transformation occurred alongside, and as a result of, a kind of rebirth of charisma. The new General Conference President, Arthur G. Daniells, and the aging prophetess shared a symbiotic relationship on which Mrs. White commented: "Elder Daniells is a man who has proved the testimonies to be true. And he has proved true to the testimonies" (p. 338). Her vital role in the reorganization of the church, the installation of Daniells as the denomination's leader, the move of Battle Creek College to Berrien Springs, Michigan, the organizational and theological conflicts with John Harvey Kellogg and Albion F. Ballenger, the relocation of church headquarters in Washington, D.C., formed a watershed of prophetic authority in the church which, said Daniells, "marked the beginning of an important era of wholehearted acceptance of the Spirit of Prophecy" (p. 240).

Notwithstanding the new appreciation of her among the “brethren,” Ellen White ever remained the demure Victorian woman who exerted largely a vicarious influence on her church rather than direct organizational control. Envisioning a literary rather than an ecclesiastical identity for herself, she located her final residence on the west coast in order to remain insulated from administrative centers and focus on her “book-making.” The one piece of furniture that she transported from Australia, after nearly a decade there, was a comfortable writing chair equipped with a mobile writing board. She wrote that “there is no more direct and forcible way of presenting what the Lord has shown me” than in “testimonies” (p. 188). Shy and self-effacing, Mrs. White preferred letter writing to personal confrontations. Occasionally she had a letter delivered by someone instructed to finesse the message or, if circumstances warranted, withhold it altogether. She found private conversations more taxing than public speaking since she faced the prospect of her more informal remarks being misquoted or misused. “As I stood before the people,” she observed,

“I felt that I was leaning on a strong arm, which would support me. But when engaged in conversation with visitors, I had not this sense of special strength. . . .” (p. 69). As a result, Mrs. White penned letters as easily as a Methodist exhorter found words. Indeed, the art forms were similar. “At times my brain is so intensely active that it seems impossible for me to write the ideas as fast as they come to me,” she wrote (p. 177). The publication in this period of volume 6 of the *Testimonies* proved to be a literary turning point in the handling of Ellen White’s writings as assistants arranged her letters for the first time topically and selectively rather than chronologically and exhaustively—as had been done with the first five volumes—and produced, in Adventist parlance, the “compilation.”

Both Kellogg and Ballenger prompted copious correspondence from the prophetess in this period. Mrs. White tended to personalize theological issues, as the letter form itself implied. And in Kellogg’s case, the letters could be seasoned with maternal affection as well as harsh reprimand. Thus after her son Willie had read portions of Kellogg’s *Living*



*Elder Arthur L. White, grandson of Ellen G. White and the author of the fascinating multi-volume biography of his grandmother.*

Courtesy Loma Linda University Relations



## ELLEN G. WHITE:

# THE EARLY ELMSHAVEN YEARS

Volume 5

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## 1900 - 1905

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Arthur L. White




Review and Herald Publishing Association  
Washington, D.C. 20012




Temple to her, Mrs. White scolded the author for his sophistries on the personality of God. In regard to Kellogg's "pantheism" and Ballenger's "holy flesh" teaching, she offered more of a blanket indictment than a specific theological critique. And Daniells, Willie White and others asked for nothing more of her. Both Kellogg and Ballenger seemed to replace "old landmarks" with so-called "new light" and for Ellen White, "If we are the Lord's appointed messengers, we shall not spring up with new ideas and theories to contradict the message that God has given through His servants since 1844" (p.425, italics his). While the frail, teenaged visionary had flown in the face of tradition in the 1840's, the septuagenarian prophetess now appealed to tradition in the early 1900's. She wrote that ". . . while the Scriptures are God's Word, and are to be respected, the application of them, if such application moves one pillar from the foundation that God has sustained these fifty years, is a great mistake" (p. 426). Unexpectedly, she had outlived that illustrious pioneering generation and cast her light on the new generation as a last light of earlier times. Ballenger's revisionism on the Sanctuary doctrine in particular seemed to personally offend Mrs. White, not just as a departure from the Adventism of her past coterie, but as an assault

on her own prophetic calling. Early Adventist positions had been taken under a remarkable outpouring of the Spirit. "All these truths are immortalized in my writings," she insisted. "The Lord never denies His word. Men may get up scheme after scheme, and the enemy will seek to seduce souls from the truth, but all who believe that the Lord has spoken through Sister White, and has given her a message, will be safe from the many delusions that will come in these last days. . . ." (p. 427). In fact, Arthur White makes the interesting point that the "pantheism" and "holy flesh" of those "last days" only reminded her of the fanciful millenarianism of the 1840's which she had combatted for its "apostasy," "spiritualism" and "free loveism" (p. 303)—all insidious challenges, in the early years, to her prophetic identity.

If as a chronicler, Arthur White prefers to log his grandmother's long and productive life rather than interpret it, he nevertheless provides his readers with a rich resource for reaching their own conclusions about her. Though White assumes an exhaustive narrative style, his book will not at all exhaust readers. It will inform, charm, and inspire them with its "confidence-confirming features." It will leave them hungering for more—the five more volumes!



*Familiar picture of Ellen White's Elmshaven home, near Angwin, California.*

Courtesy Loma Linda University Heritage Room

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