

Adventist Heritage

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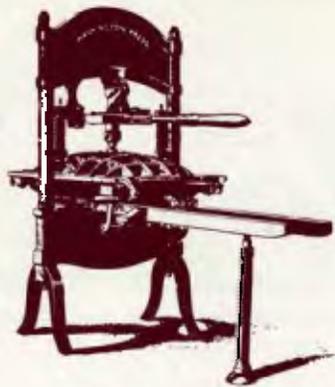
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The



Editor's Stump



Ronald D. Graybill

Like other features of Loma Linda University, *ADVENTIST HERITAGE* is also changing. Dorothy Minchin-Comm, professor of English, will become the principal editor of the journal so that Ron Graybill can devote more time to research projects. Graybill will continue as an issue editor and will assist, as he did on this issue, with the production of the magazine. Speaking of production, this issue was composed and laid out entirely with desktop publishing software. It is not as decorative as most previous issues, but the savings have helped ensure the survival of the journal as the university passed through a period of transition.

ADVENTIST HERITAGE is being adopted by Loma Linda University Riverside, but Jim Nix, director of Archives and Special Collections in the Del Webb Library on the health-science campus of Loma Linda University, continues as managing editor.

Producing *ADVENTIST HERITAGE* on a timely basis has been, unfortunately, an unrealized goal of the editor. Another goal we have is to increase the number of annual issues. The managing board believes that a quarterly journal will attract and hold more subscribers than a twice-yearly magazine. The first step toward that goal will be to publish three issues in a year. Subscribers will, nevertheless, receive four issues for their subscription, regardless of the exact publication dates.

Among the articles in this issue is one in which Roger M. Coon passes on a story about

(See *The Editor's Stump*, p. 48)



Dorothy M. Comm

Adventist Faith Healing In the 1890s

By George Knight

“**F**riday night [June 6, 1890] a meeting was held at Bro. W. H. Hall’s house, which lasted till 3:00 o’clock in the morning, and they report eleven cases of healing during that meeting.” Thus announced Dan T. Jones, Secretary of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, to O. A. Olsen, the denomination’s chief executive.¹

The June 6 meeting was only one of several in a “healing-wave that had come over Battle Creek.” Likewise, the eleven were merely a portion of a “large number of cases of healing” that had been reported. On the Sabbath afternoon of June 7 the Battle Creek Adventists witnessed a meeting in which many testified “to the goodness of God in hearing their prayers.” In addition, “there were also quite a number of those who had been healed there to bear testimony to the fact of their healing.” The leaders in this faith-healing revival were a Sister Marks from Washington, who claimed to have “the power to impart the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, and to cast out devils,” and a Sister Parmele, apparently of Battle Creek.²

Dan Jones concluded that if this were the healing power of God, he would be the last to discourage it. He was also careful to point out that there was no evidence of fanaticism. Five days later, however, he was not nearly as positive in his evaluation. “From what I have learned of it since I wrote you last,” he reported to Olsen, “I am quite well convinced that the movement is not from the right source, and that it will be wisdom and duty to check it, by using mild means of course, if mild means will do.”³

Whatever “means”—mild or otherwise—Dan Jones and his administrative colleagues used to quell the healing wave, they must have been effective since the issue did not surface as a problem

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Dan T. Jones believed the faith-healing movement needed to be checked by "mild means."

again until the late summer of 1891. On the other hand, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, director of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, claimed that the interest in healing continued throughout the interim, but was not particularly annoying since it did not receive much publicity.⁴

The presence of D. T. Bourdeau's article on "Praying for the Sick" in the *Review and Herald* of December 1890 tends to support Kellogg's assessment. Bourdeau left no doubt in the minds of his readers that they could expect a true gift of healing as a part of the latter rain when many "shall be made perfectly healthy." He was quick to point out that there were also many spurious gifts of healing: "A wily foe understands how powerful for good is the true gift of healing; therefore he has multiplied counterfeit gifts of healing, by which to reach hearts and turn honest souls away from the truths for these times." As a result, Bourdeau suggested, the gift must be tested. The crucial test seemed to be whether the healer endorsed the whole Bible; that is, the Adventist interpretation of it.⁵

Adventist faith healing became prominent once again during the summer of 1891. This time, however, it was not being propounded by little-known church members, but by some of the denomination's foremost preachers. For example, at the influential Harbor Springs educational convention on August 4, A. T. Jones

and W. W. Prescott (President of Battle Creek College and Secretary of the Seventh-day Adventist Education Society) reported the healing of a Dr. Douse in answer to prayer. Then on August 21 Jones reported from the Mount Vernon, Ohio, camp meeting that "the power of the Lord is present to forgive, to cleanse, and to heal." The meetings, he noted, were the most "powerfully impressive" he had ever seen. "The large tent was nearly full, and the whole congregation was weeping, many of them aloud, and praising God, and praying for mercy and grace. Oh, it was wonderful. . . . And it is going to continue and grow more powerful and more precious."⁶

The exact extent of the power and the magnitude of the charismatic blessing was yet to be seen. More reports were soon on their way. On August 25 John N. Loughborough—respected Adventist pioneer minister—reported to Olsen: "After meeting last night Bro. [A. T.] Jones and myself prayed with two sisters that were healed. This morning twelve presented themselves, at the close of the morning meeting, who had faith to be healed. All were healed in answer to prayer. Since then some three or four of the ministers have been kept busy much of the day praying for the sick." At least twenty-five had been healed since the previous evening. The Ohio experience was repeated at the Illinois camp meeting.⁷



J. N. Loughborough reported that more than a dozen people were healed in response to his prayers.

As might be expected, not everyone was happy with the new gift. Foremost among the movement's detractors was Dr. Kellogg. As early as August 23 he was complaining that Jones, in his eschatological excitement, was telling the students preparing to become medical missionaries that it was useless to spend time in preparation since mission work would not continue for more than a couple of years.⁸

The real crisis in the faith healing movement took place on September 30 when John Hobbs died on the campus of soon to open Union College in Nebraska. Hobbs, reported the secretary of the General Conference, had been healed that summer at the Michigan camp meeting.⁹

Kellogg was infuriated by the circumstances of Hobbs' death. He flatly condemned "the fanatical zeal of some of

our leading brethren in what they are pleased to call the exercise of faith." To him it was presumption rather than faith. Kellogg claimed he had kept quiet about the faith healings as long as they were confined to persons of little influence. But now that influential men were leading out in the healing work he saw nothing but disaster on the horizon.

Hobbs, Kellogg reported, had come to him several weeks before for an examination. He found him to be suffering from a "grave" form of diabetes. The doctor put Hobbs on a careful and thorough treatment and he had made some improvement. Then, just before the Michigan camp meeting, Hobbs wrote Kellogg for advice concerning marriage and going into teaching. Kellogg earnestly advised him to do neither; but to devote himself to taking care of his health for a few months.

Kellogg's recommended treatments came

to an abrupt halt when Hobbs attended the Michigan camp meeting. While there he "was prayed for and pronounced healed." As a result, Kellogg reported, he "denounced the dietetic rules, . . . declared that I had been starving him—that he was cured and able to eat anything,—went to Lincoln, was married, and day-before-yesterday, just one week after his marriage, died."¹⁰



Dr. Kellogg was angered when Hobbs, a diabetic, abandoned medical advice in the false belief that he was healed.

Kellogg went on to expose the case of a Miss Hammond, who had been stricken with typhoid fever. On the Sabbath of September 20, Loughborough had prayed for her, and had announced from the Battle Creek Tabernacle pulpit that she had been healed, noting that it was one of the most remarkable instances of healing that he had seen since 1844. Then, to demonstrate the validity of her healing and the

strength of her faith in it, Miss Hammond was encouraged to leave her sick bed, even though her temperature was 104°, and made to walk. "She fainted away once or twice," recalled Kellogg, "but they still insisted that she must show her faith, and even insisted on taking her out to ride." She returned with a temperature of 105° and rapidly sank into a comatose state. Mrs. W. H. Hall—the faith-healing extremist in this case—and others insisted that to allow the young

patient to have medical treatment was to show a lack of faith and that those who did so would be responsible if she died. "I presume," Kellogg remonstrated, "now that she is dead, [that] those who have been chiefly instrumental in her death will say that death was caused by lack of faith."¹¹

The doctor wrote to W. C. White that somebody had "to speak out against this foolish exercise of faith." He then indicated

Hobbs.—Died in Lincoln, Nebr., Sept. 30, 1891, of diabetes, John A. Hobbs, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. He was born in Sheridan, Ill., Oct. 20, 1865. When about seventeen years old, at a camp-meeting in his native place, he was converted and baptized. In 1885 he entered Battle Creek College, graduating in the English course in 1888, and in the Scientific, in 1890. During the school year, Sept., 1890, to June, 1891, he was employed as teacher in the Academy at South Lancaster, Mass. Being engaged as one of the teachers in Union College, though he had for months been suffering under the power of disease, he was so blessed and strengthened by prayer being offered in his behalf, as to be led to hope that he would be able to go forward without difficulty with his College duties, and started accordingly for his field of labor. Stopping over at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, he was there, Sept. 23, married to sister Angelia M. Washburn, and reached College View, Sept. 24, the day of the dedication. He soon began to show symptoms of failing strength, the powers of nature rapidly gave way, and at about 11 a. m., Sept. 30, the day of the opening of the College, he quietly passed away. He was brought to the home of his parents in this city, and a large congregation attended the funeral at the Tabernacle, Oct. 3.

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that neither White's father or mother had ever showed any sympathy with this irresponsible mode of exercising faith. "They always continued the employment of proper means in connection with prayer and the exercise of faith, asking God to bless the means used." That, he claimed, was in stark contrast with those who were teaching that to use any medical means in the cure demonstrated a lack of faith.¹²

The General Conference president was also perplexed with "this wholesale manner of healing." While not completely siding with Kellogg, Olsen made it plain that in praying for the sick he always asked God's will to be done rather than demanding that God heal the sick. Some of the Adventists in Battle Creek, he suggested, seemed to be taking the latter course.¹³

The October 21 *Review*, meanwhile, published an article on "Frauds in Faith-Healing." After exposing a non-Adventist faith-cure physician, it went on to note that the very prevalence and prominence of such men was "strong evidence that God is preparing to pour out his Spirit in healing power during the latter rain, and hence Satan is seeking to deceive as many as possible, and blind them to the genuine work of divine power."¹⁴

The Battle Creek Adventists were undoubtedly caught in the tension between their fear of false charismatic gifts and the pneumatological expectations of their eschatology. They did not want to accept the false, but they feared rejecting true gifts. Thus the Adventists were especially vulnerable in the early 1890s as the national Sunday law crisis daily thundered the signs of the times. Beyond that, the appeal of fellow believer R. M. King, who had been convicted of breaking the Tennessee Sunday law, was scheduled to be heard by the United States Supreme Court in the near future. It is in the context of these exciting events that the Adventist faith healing movement must be understood. The Adventist community was inflamed with eschatological anticipation.¹⁵

Despite the excitement, Kellogg's October 2, 1891, letter reporting the deaths of Hobbs and Hammond was merely one salvo in a barrage of epistles against what he deemed to be a fanatical faith-healing movement. During the next year he would repeatedly request W. C. and Ellen White, who were in Australia and New Zealand, to take a public stand on the issue.

On October 21 Kellogg outlined what he understood to be the theory of A. T. Jones and W. W. Prescott. First, before being prayed for, a person should be convinced in his own mind that it is God's will for him to be healed. Second, if he believes he has evidence that this is the case, then he should call the church elders, be anointed and prayed for, and then it is his *duty* to believe that he is healed. Third, there can be no doubt that he has been healed, since the Bible rule has been carried out and the promise is certain when the rule is followed. Fourth, however, after the prayer the "healed" individual must not expect all the symptoms of his disease to be gone, because the devil will tempt him to disbelief with the old symptoms. As a result, "it is his duty to cling to his faith and not yield to the suggestion that he is not healed." Fifth, the person prayed for in this manner must be publicly announced as healed, despite the devil's evidence to the contrary. They are to "walk out on faith" as a testimony to the Lord's power.

Kellogg concluded that such a course was neither biblical nor sensible since a person could be in error regarding his impressions concerning the Lord's will. Furthermore, the doctor pointed out, there is a test that can be applied to healing cases—let the "healed" person be critically examined by a competent physician. Kellogg then lashed out at "the glaring inconsistency of maintaining that the person is healed when he is not healed." He illustrated his point by the case of Brother Brigham who had been "healed" by prayer and "official surgery" innumerable times, and who con-



The American Sentinel kept Adventists in a high state of expectation as R.M King's Sunday law case worked its way up to the Supreme Court.

tinued to demonstrate “the curative power of faith” by painfully “hitching” his way up the Tabernacle aisle on two canes, but who was still as paralyzed as ever. He then went on to bemoan the fact that Hobbs had even been declared healed during his funeral sermon.¹⁶

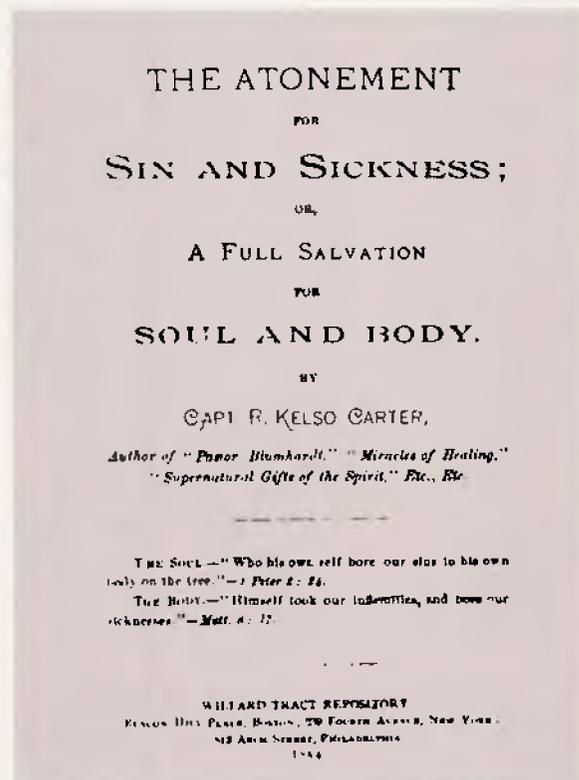
In January 1892 Kellogg wondered out loud if it were “possible that the Lord undertakes to do a miracle in these cases of healing and make[s] such a botch job of it?” Back in his October 21 letter he had been careful to point out that he was not sure how much Prescott, Jones, and Loughborough were behind the fanatical events in Battle Creek, since he had not personally interviewed them. That task he would undertake early in 1892. While it has not been possible to discover the exact beliefs of these Adventist leaders in regard to faith healing in 1891, there is enough evidence to implicate them in the main outlines of the problem. On the other hand, as will become evident during our discussion of developments in 1892, Jones, Prescott, and Loughborough’s less-prominent followers seemed to carry their beliefs to further extremes than they did.¹⁷

At this point it is important to note that the Adventist faith healers were not operating in a vacuum. Not only was this period of American history the time of the development of “mind cure” and “mental therapeutics” by such religionists as Mary Baker Eddy, but, much more importantly for the Adventists, it was the era in which the faith-healing wing of the holiness movement was reaching maturity in conservative Protestantism. There were many parallels between the holiness revival of the post Civil War decades and the development of Adventism’s “holiness” emphasis in the period following the 1888 righteousness by faith renewal. A. T. Jones was at the center of many of these parallels.¹⁸ It is undoubtedly more than coincidental that the Adventist faith healers had beliefs similar to those of the holiness advocates. A rapid survey of their literature should be sufficient to highlight the similarities.

One of the clearest expositions of the holiness doctrine of faith healing is found in R. Kelso Carter’s *The Atonement for Sin and Sickness; or, A Full Salvation for Soul and Body*, published in 1884. Carter pointed out that the church “has been limiting the atonement of Jesus Christ.” While sin and sickness are from the devil, holiness and health are from God. Building upon Psalm 103:3 (“who healeth ALL thy diseases”), Carter developed the thesis that “God now heals bodily sickness, precisely as He now heals soul sickness, by His power alone, unaided by any [medi-



Christian Scientist Mary Baker Eddy helped popularize mind cure during this era.



R. Kelso Carter's book expounded the holiness doctrine of faith healing.

cal] means whatever; and that He does it through and by virtue of the perfect Atonement of Jesus Christ." Building upon a theory of the dual nature of man, Carter developed a dual theory regarding the effects of the atonement. The atonement, he argued, saves man from afflictions of both body and soul. He pronounced any attempt to explain faith healing by natural law as "radically wrong, and as very dangerous to the spirit of childlike faith. . . . A 'son of God,' must be content to take his Father's word, without any endorsement."¹⁹

Carrie Judd was much of the same mind as Carter. In 1881 she penned: "Our part is simply to reckon our prayer as answered, and God's part is to *make faith's reckonings real*. This is by no means a question of *feeling* faith, but of *acting* faith. . . . Christ bore our sickness as well as our sins, and if we may reckon ourselves free from the one, why not from the other?" Like Carter, she also taught in her *Prayer of Faith* (1880) that the use of medicine or relying on human help demonstrated a lack of faith and sinful unbelief. Christ is the Great Physician of both soul and body.²⁰

Another influential treatment of the topic was A. B. Simpson's *Gospel of Healing* (1888). Coming very close to the Adventist's post-1888 interest in the centrality of the redemptive power of Christ and faith in Him, Simpson builds his argument upon Matthew's interpretation of Isaiah 53:4: "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses" (Matt. 8:17) on the cross. Both redemption and divine healing were accomplished on the cross. Man must accept the accomplished provision by faith since it is always God's will to heal. While the symptoms of disease may not immediately disappear, they should be viewed as "trials of faith." "Simply ignore them and press forward, claiming the reality, at the back of and below all symptoms. Remember the health you have claimed is not your own natural strength, but the life of Jesus manifested in your mortal flesh."²¹

Finally, A. J. Gordon's *Ministry of Healing* (1882) should be noted in anticipation of E. J. Waggoner's later emphasis on the vicarious nature of the healing aspect of the atonement. Reflecting on Matthew 8:17, Gordon writes that "the yoke of his cross by which he lifted our iniquities took hold also of our diseases; so that it is in some sense true that as God 'made him to be sin for us who knew no sin,' so he made him to be sick for us who knew no sickness. . . . In other words the passage seems to teach that Christ endured vicariously our diseases as well as our iniquities."²²

This short overview of holiness teachings on faith healing demonstrates that the Adventists were in tune

The Ministry of Healing

Miracles of Cure in All Ages

A. J. Gordon



Fleming H. Revell Company
Chicago New York Toronto
Publishers of Evangelical Literature

A. J. Gordon's book anticipated E. J. Waggoner's emphasis on the vicarious healing aspects of the atonement.

with the ideas of contemporary faith healers, even though they did not agree with all of their theology. Because of these theological differences, the Adventists consistently found the holiness faith healers falling short of the test of Isaiah 8:20 ("to the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them"). According to the February 23, 1892, *Review*, they were therefore an expression of the type of false healers whose very presence foreshadowed the pouring out of the true gift in the latter rain.²³ On the other hand, however, the Adventist faith healers in the early 1890s were apparently quite willing to adopt many of the faith healing "truths" which the devil had carefully wrapped in the deceptive package of an erring theology.

December 1891 saw the Battle Creek situation take a new turn. For one thing, Dr. Kellogg experienced a serious illness. While his recuperation period gave him time to think and deepen his Christian experience, it also meant that he was absent from the sanitarium for an extended period. During his absence, Kellogg claimed, two of his most trusted physicians—Drs. Neall and Beilhart—"became such thorough converts of the doctrines taught by Eld. Jones and

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Prof. Prescott that they undertook to carry out exactly what they were taught." Thus Dr. Neall began advising patients that they did not need treatment, but should have "faith" that the Lord would heal them. As a result of the "general disturbance" they caused in the hospital, both physicians had been released from employment.²⁴

As Kellogg saw it, this faith healing "thing is becoming epidemic." He reacted in two ways. The first was to institute prayer sessions for the sick in the sanitarium. The second was to meet with Jones on January 9, 1892, "to carefully avoid a war and to have a friendly talk" in case Jones's position had been misrepresented to him and, as was probable, his had been misrepresented to Jones.²⁵

Complicating the faith healing difficulty between Jones, Prescott, and Kellogg, was the fact that the doctor was upset because they were not solidly behind health reform, a problem that had aggravated more people than Kellogg. The doctor was particularly out to stop the use of pickles and vinegar, in addition to flesh foods, in the college cafeteria. In his eyes, vegetarians were not adequately catered to by the college. Beyond that, he and Prescott were locked in

battle over the weighty issue of "fried carrots" being served at the college. He just could not fathom why two or three hundred students had to suffer because of "one man's obstinate refusal to see the light."²⁶

The health reform issue was intimately related to the faith healing controversy. They were inextricably linked, and, as we shall see, when one problem was solved, the other was also.

Kellogg's meeting with Jones and Prescott on January 9 was but the beginning of a drawn-out process of reconciliation. From Kellogg's perspective the first meeting was a dismal failure. Jones and Prescott left his office still holding that if persons had faith they would be healed. Kellogg had hoped to convince them that in nearly every instance in which prayer had been offered for the sick there had been a failure, but he was unsuccessful. His antagonists merely replied that failure resulted because "they did not have faith."²⁷

On the other hand, the January 9 meeting between the leaders of the disputing factions did set the stage for a clearing of the air. In the ensuing weeks Prescott spent several evenings through the midnight hours studying the Bible and the positions of Jones and Waggoner with Kellogg. Both the doctor and the



When A. T. Jones spoke in the Battle Creek Tabernacle on faith healing, he "righted the thing up from all sides," speaking against both the abuse and the neglect of the gift of healing.

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General Conference president looked back to those studies as being pivotal in Kellogg's experience. As might be expected, it appears that the doctor was giving Prescott a few lessons at the same time. Soon after the January 9 meeting Jones preached on faith healing in the Tabernacle, and, according to W. A. Colcord (secretary of the General Conference), "righted the thing up from all sides." On one side, Jones spoke out against those who had abused the gift, noting that those who had made God a mere servant in the matter had acted wickedly. On the other side, he condemned those connected with the sanitarium who claimed that faith healing had been superceded by the health work.²⁸

The date of Jones's sermon is extremely significant, since it was given before Ellen White's counsel on faith healing arrived from Australia. It therefore indicates that Prescott, Jones, and their colleagues were not as extreme as their "followers." The January 9 consultation had indeed had a clarifying effect, but there was still a great distance between Kellogg and Jones and Prescott.

Ellen White penned her first reply to Kellogg's request for a public statement regarding faith healing on January 21, 1892, and it had arrived in Battle Creek by March 10. Her approach to the topic was balanced.



"The path of presumption," said Ellen White, "lies right along side of the path of faith."

Noting that "the path of presumption lies right along side of the path of faith," she wrote that she was in favor of both prayer for the sick and the establishment of sanitariums where they could have proper medical treatment. "Let no one yield to the suggestions of the enemy of all righteousness and think that because we are near the end of all things, we can have faith, and have all our infirmities removed, and that there is no need for institutions for the recovery of health. Faith and works are not dissevered." In praying for the sick she wanted to be in God's will. Physical healing, as she saw it, was not an unconditional aspect of the atonement. There was only one way that she could pray for the sick: "Jesus, you understand all about this case. If it is for the good of this soul, and for the glory of thy name, raise this brother or sister to health."²⁹

On March 11 Mrs. White wrote to Kellogg, indicating that the issue of praying for the sick is a "very delicate question" that would probably not be satisfactorily settled for many minds. Her position was, after having prayed for the sick, to "work all the more earnestly, with much prayer that the Lord may bless the means which his own hand has provided."³⁰

On April 15 Ellen White wrote the doctor again, pointing out that not all was well with his own soul. She implied that he and his fellow physicians in Battle Creek had tended to exalt science above God and that there was great danger in departing from the simplicity of Bible faith in the power of God. (These were charges that the doctor would subsequently deny.) She had hoped that his sickness and his "gracious recovery through the mercy of God" would have cleared up much of the "fog" that had obscured his spiritual vision. He needed, she indicated, to reach a higher standard in spiritual things. She closed the letter by entreating Kellogg "to come close to Jesus."³¹

During the summer of 1892 Mrs. White sent two more documents on the topic of praying for the sick to Battle Creek. In these she highlighted the fact that Christians must always pray that God's will be done in healing, since "it is not always safe to ask for unconditional healing," and that health reform and faith healing go hand in hand. In other words, There is no use asking for healing if one continues on in poor health habits. Interestingly enough, Ellen White had been seriously ill during most of the faith-healing controversy. Following her own advice for others, she concluded in November 1892 that her illness had been "a part of God's plan, and He always knows what is best. I have had a rich experience during this long illness. I have become better acquainted with the

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Saviour. . . The Lord Jesus was never more precious to me than now." Counting her sickness a "privilege," she was undoubtedly pondering the ways of God as she sought to advise the church in the "delicate" spiritual issues of human existence.³²

Ellen White's counsel did much to close the breach caused by the faith-healing dissension. Writing on March 10, 1892, General Conference President O. A. Olsen expressed his opinion that her January 21 communication would do much to relieve the tension. He felt bad that Prescott, Jones, and E. J. Waggoner had used "extreme expressions" and had at times taken "extreme positions" on the topic. He feared that their incautious stance would neutralize the amount of good they might otherwise have accomplished.³³

Kellogg also wrote to Mrs. White that he was appreciative of her counsel on praying for the sick, inferring that her position was the one he held. In addition, the doctor reported on another meeting that he had had with Jones and Prescott in April. He claimed that they had scoffed at what Kellogg claimed was Ellen White's position on faith healing, suggesting that they had Bible ground for knowing beyond doubt when a person had been healed. Kellogg pressed Jones to the wall, claiming that Jones finally admitted that he really could not be absolutely certain regarding the success of a healing because "he could not tell whether the individual had faith or not to accept the blessing offered him." The doctor then forcefully argued that Jones would be responsible for the death of

anyone who gave up medical treatment because of faith in a bogus healing. At that point, Kellogg claimed that Jones capitulated, saying: "How can I read the sick man's mind?"³⁴

Kellogg then took on Prescott who had been claiming that he knew with certainty when a healing had taken place because he had had instances in which

"the Lord spoke to him in what seemed to be an audible voice." The doctor quickly dispatched that argument to his satisfaction, but apparently not to that of Jones and Prescott, since they would later use the "hearing-the-voice" argument disastrously in their support of Anna Rice's so-called prophetic gift in 1894.³⁵

While the April meeting between Kellogg, Jones, and Prescott might not have been a complete success, it was a turning point in the faith healing controversy. Prescott may have resumed his evening studies with Kellogg.³⁶

The developing reconciliation did not stop Kellogg from thundering to Ellen White on May 27 that Jones and Waggoner's teachings on faith healing were still causing problems. He did have to admit, however, that there seemed to be a lull in the fanatical spirit

that had dominated the issue for some months past. About this same time he wrote that he was seeking to make the spiritual aspect of healing more prominent in the sanitarium.³⁷

The fruits of Kellogg's mutual indoctrination with Prescott were also becoming apparent. On June 20 Kellogg joyfully reported that Prescott was becoming



O.A. Olson believed Ellen White's January 21, 1892 letter did much to close the breach caused by the faith-healing dissension.

more favorable to health reform. He also expressed the hope that "the time may not be far distant when the chief apostles of the doctrine of Righteousness by Faith—Brethren Jones and Waggoner—will begin to take a more consistent position in relation to health and temperance principles."³⁸

By early September 1892 the doctor was overjoyed to report that "the brethren seem to be taking a more sensible course in relation to praying for the sick." The devil, he held, had undoubtedly urged them into an extreme position to compromise their influence. Since the long talk he had had with Jones and Prescott in April, Kellogg claimed that he had heard no more of the extreme methods that they had previously employed. "I have good reason to believe that they have reformed."³⁹

The doctor, meanwhile, apparently had been changed by the experience. O. A. Olsen noted that Kellogg spoke at the Michigan camp meeting in the autumn of 1892 with more spirit-filled earnestness than ever before. He told the congregation that his sickness of the previous year had taught him his dependence upon God. While Kellogg was relating his experience, Olsen reported, "he became so affected at times that he could not speak,—just broke down." In fact the whole congregation broke down. Jones and Prescott, who were on the platform, "just wept for joy, and praised God aloud for what the Lord was doing for the Dr., and through him for the people."⁴⁰

While the problem between Kellogg and Jones and Prescott had been solved on the faith-healing front, it had not been completely resolved with Prescott in the area of health reform. In November and December Kellogg was fuming at the slow progress Prescott was making in admitting health principles into Adventist schools. He was much happier with Jones, who he wanted to employ at the sanitarium for a few months as a teacher.⁴¹



A. T. Jones



Anna Rice

If Kellogg was happy with Jones in December 1892, he must have been euphoric in early 1893 when Jones preached at the General Conference session that "God intends health reform . . . to prepare his people for translation." Thus Jones had turned the position some had held in 1890—that faith healing was to prepare people for translation—on its head. Later in the 1893 session Jones would tell the delegates that if they practiced health reform they would not need to ever take a vacation because they would not need to rest. Noting that he worked day and night, he proclaimed that if "you get the health reform . . . it is all nonsense about having a vacation." Jones, in his usual manner, could be just as extreme on any idea once he saw its truthfulness. Meanwhile, both he and Prescott were busy calling for the fullness of the loud cry of the Holy Spirit at the 1893 General Conference session. While Prescott listed the gift of faith healing among those soon expected to be poured out, his and Jones's minds had rapidly moved onto a new charismatic excitement. After all, Jones

had recently received a "testimony" from Anna Rice who he believed was a second Adventist prophet. Unfortunately Olsen would not let him read the Rice testimony to the delegates. That bit of charismatic excitement would have to wait until January 1894.⁴²

By the autumn of 1893 Kellogg was able to report that



W. W. Prescott

"Jones is preaching stirring health and temperance sermons at the camp-meetings," and that Prescott was waking up to the health work also. In November Kellogg indicated that both men had not only corrected their course on faith healing, but they "are straightening up as fast as they can on the health question." He also rejoiced that they were "taking hold of the work in good earnest," and that Jones was giving a series of twelve lectures at the college on health subjects. "He

gets things badly twisted up sometimes when he undertakes to teach anatomy and physiology; but he means well." More important from the doctor's perspective was the fact that many Adventists would be influenced toward health reform by the influential Jones, who was then at the height of his power.⁴³

The final stroke in the healing of the rift between Jones, Prescott, and Kellogg came at the 1894 educational convention, during which Prescott finally sided with Jones and took "a strong stand for the right" on health reform. As a result, "it was voted that all the schools should adopt a vegetarian diet."⁴⁴ Not only had these leading preachers swung around on the issue of health reform, but the doctor was more than willing to admit the occurrence of a bonafide healing. On February 9, 1894, for example, the Battle Creek *Daily Moon* reported that Mrs. T. A. Kilgore had been "deprived of a tumor which the best physicians in the country pronounced incurable, and the surgeons at the sanitarium refused to operate upon . . . , knowing the operation would result in certain death."

The sanitarium physicians had performed exploratory surgery, but had closed the incision once they saw the extent of the problem. Kellogg wrote to Kilgore to come quickly because his wife had but a short time to



F. M. Wilcox took the healing to be an evidence of the arrival of the loud cry power of the Holy Spirit.

<p>ily Moon</p> <hr/> <p>W.N. x."</p> <hr/> <p>local life his- y, epitomized Arms on this every evening</p> <hr/> <p>velation than scription rates door, or sent postage paid. every Satur- large 8-page general news \$2.00 per year.</p> <hr/> <p>W.N. Proprietor.</p> <hr/> <p>Feb. 9, 1894</p>	<h3 style="text-align: center;">CURED BY PRAYER.</h3> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">Another Alleged Miracle Reported in This City.</p> <hr/> <p>From the Detroit Evening News. BATTLE CREEK, Feb. 8—Mrs. T. A. Kilgore feels as if she had been raised from the dead. Through prayer she has been deprived of a tumor which the best physicians in the country pronounced incurable, and the surgeons at the sanitarium refused to operate upon it, knowing the operation would result in certain death.</p> <p>"I was sent to the sanitarium last summer," says Mrs. Kilgore, "to be</p>
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The Battle Creek Moon reported the healing of Mrs. T. A. Kilgore

live. Mrs. Kilgore, in the meantime, "prayed long and earnestly to God to remove all trace of tumor and disease." While praying she "felt a peculiar prickling sensation as if a mild current of electricity" passed through her. Three weeks after the healing the *Daily Moon* could report that she was "the picture of health." Dr. Kellogg, the newspaper noted, was fully convinced that she had been healed by God since her case was beyond human help. "No one could have been more surprised than I," the doctor claimed, "when she came to my office and told me that she was well." Here was a case that lent itself to verification by physical examination. Kellogg was quite happy to admit to the miracle, minus any "fanatical" or illogical elements. F. M. Wilcox took the healing to be an evidence of the arrival of the loud cry power of the Holy Spirit.⁴⁵

Between 1894 and the turn of the century the Adventist healing movement was quiescent. By the time it resurfaced in the late 1890s it had taken on new configurations. Jones, for example, at the 1901 General Conference session stood firm against those "vicious short cuts" that expected healing without following health reform and medical treatment. "In nine tenths of the cases we [ministers] are to teach them that

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there is something needed more than prayer; and in the other tenth case that *with* the prayer something is also needed." That something, he had written in his 1899 *Review* editorials, was "God's 'saving health' [which] is, and always has been, an essential part of the everlasting gospel." He was not against faith healing, but he was certain that God did not perform miracles for people who refused to correct the physical causes of their illness. He was fond of telling people that they did not need prayer. Rather, they needed to correct their health habits. Jones had learned important lessons from his faith-healing experience of the early 1890s. Perhaps he had "overlearned" his lesson, since by November 1898 he was teaching that health reform is the avenue to perfect holiness. After all, he wrote, "perfect holiness embraces the flesh as well as the spirit."⁴⁶

E. J. Waggoner seemed to be in agreement with Jones. At the 1899 General Conference session he was preaching that the gospel of health is to fit Adventists for translation. He did not ever expect to be sick since Jesus "actually, literally" took our diseases upon Himself. "Just as you can not conceive of Jesus' losing a day's work from sickness, so it ought not to be conceivable of Seventh-day Adventists' losing a day's work from sickness. . . . The life of Jesus in mortal flesh will do in us what it did in him." Waggoner, in fact, expected to "live forever" because of the benefits of the gospel of health.⁴⁷

While Jones and his colleagues had moved from a stress on faith healing to placing the emphasis on healthful living by the late 1890s, some of their readers undoubtedly interpreted their ideas concerning perfect holy flesh fit for translation in terms of their earlier emphasis on faith healing. By 1899 the excitement that evolved into the holy flesh movement the next year was alive and well. Stephen N. Haskell, who had spent most of the 1890s overseas, expressed shock at many of the aberrant ideas he found upon returning to the United States. "Since I have come over to this country," he wrote in October 1899, I "find such queer doctrines preached. . . . Some of the strangest doctrines I have heard is [*sic*] the Seal of God cannot be placed on any person of grey Hairs [*sic*], or any deformed person, for in the closing work we would reach a state of perfection both physically and spiritually, where we would be healed from all physically [*sic*] deformity and then could not die. . . . One woman said how convincing it would be to her friends to see her return home with her hairs all restored [in color] and believed

it would be soon." Such testimonies went on for one or two hours. The next morning, reported Haskell to Ellen White, "I arose early . . . and [publicly] read a testimony you sent me several years ago at the time Brethren Jones and Wagoner [*sic*] was [*sic*] carrying the praying for the sick to an extreme and it fully described the meeting of the sick we had the night before."⁴⁸

Mrs. White's counsel once again helped quell the immediate fanaticism, but it did not kill it, as the eruption of the holy flesh excitement of 1900 verifies. By that year, health reform, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, "perfect" living, and translation faith had been inextricably linked in the Adventist psyche. The true and the false continued to remain in tension. Perhaps this is to be expected in a church that looks forward to the end of the world and the loud cry of the Holy Spirit in the near future.



The fanatical elements of the faith-healing movement resurfaced in the late 1890s. S. N. Haskell was shocked to hear one woman expecting her gray hair to return to its youthful color.

NOTES

- ¹D. T. Jones to O. A. Olsen, June 8, 1890.
- ²D. T. Jones to O. A. Olsen, June 13, 8, 1890.
- ³*Ibid.*
- ⁴J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Oct. 2, 1891.
- ⁵D. T. Bourdeau, "Praying for the Sick," *Review and Herald*, Vol. 67 (Dec. 9, 1890), 754; (Dec. 23, 1890), 786-87.
- ⁶W. C. White to Mary C. Mortensen, Aug. 4, 1891; A. T. Jones to W. A. Colcord, Aug. 21, 1891.
- ⁷J. N. Loughborough to O. A. Olsen, Aug. 25, 1891; O. A. Olsen to Eld. E. H. Gates *et al.*, Sept. 21, 1891.
- ⁸J. H. Kellogg to E. G. White, Aug. 23, 1891.
- ⁹W. A. Colcord to O. A. Olsen, Oct. 1, 1891.
- ¹⁰J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Oct. 2, 1891.
- ¹¹J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Oct. 2, 21, 1891.
- ¹²J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Oct. 2, 1891.
- ¹³O. A. Olsen to W. C. White, Oct. 9, 1891.
- ¹⁴A. O. Tait, "Frauds in Faith-Healing," *Review and Herald*, Vol. 68 (Oct. 21, 1891), 642.
- ¹⁵See George R. Knight, *From 1888 to Apostasy: The Case of A. T. Jones* (Washington, D.C.: Review and Herald Publishing Assn., 1987), 75-88.
- ¹⁶J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Oct. 21, 1891.
- ¹⁷J. H. Kellogg to O. A. Olsen, Jan. 10, 1892; J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Oct. 21, 1891.
- ¹⁸See Knight, *From 1888 to Apostasy*, 167-71. Jones, Waggoner, and Prescott's views on church organization (let the Holy Spirit rule) were also holiness views, although that was not indicated in the book. See also, George R. Knight, "Spiritual Revival and Educational Expansion," *Adventist Review*, Vol. 161 (March 29, 1984), 8-11.
- ¹⁹R. Kelso Carter, *The Atonement for Sin and Sickness; or, A Full Salvation for Soul and Body* (Boston, Willard Tract Society, 1884), 2, 6, 17-19, 214, 24-25.
- ²⁰Carrie F. Judd, "Faith Reckonings," *Triumphs of Faith*, January, 1881, 2-3, in Donald W. Dayton, *Theological Roots of Pentecostalism* (Grand Rapids, MI: Zondervan Pub. House, 1987), 126; Carrie F. Judd, *The Prayer of Faith* (Chicago: Fleming H. Revell, 1880), 83, 82.
- ²¹A. B. Simpson, *The Gospel of Healing*, (New York: Word, Work and World Publishing Co., 1888), 12-16, 27-28, 36-37.
- ²²A. J. Gordon, *The Ministry of Healing: Miracles of Cure in All Ages* (Brooklyn: Christian Alliance, 1882), 16-17.
- ²³E. W. Webster, "Faith-Cure," *Review and Herald*, Vol. 69 (Feb. 23, 1892), 116.
- ²⁴J. H. Kellogg to E. G. White, Dec. 28, 1891; W. A. Colcord to W. C. White, Dec. 23, 1891; J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Jan. 27, 1892; cf. J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Mar. 27, 1892.
- ²⁵J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Jan. 27, 1892; J. H. Kellogg to E. G. White, Dec. 28, 1891; J. H. Kellogg to O. A. Olsen, Jan. 8, 1892.
- ²⁶J. H. Kellogg to O. A. Olsen, Jan. 8, 1892; O. A. Olsen to F. D. Starr, Aug. 14, 1891; see also, Gilbert M. Valentine, "William Warren Prescott: Seventh-day Adventist Educator," 2 vols. (Ph.D. dissertation, Andrews University, 1982), 94-96.
- ²⁷J. H. Kellogg to O. A. Olsen, Jan. 10, 1892; J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Jan. 27, 1892; cf. W. A. Colcord to O. A. Olsen, Feb. 12, 1892.
- ²⁸J. H. Kellogg to E. G. White, May 25, Sept. 9, 1892; J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Sept. 9, 1892; O. A. Olsen to E. G. White, Sept. 28, 1892; W. A. Colcord to D. T. Jones, Feb. 7, 1892.
- ²⁹E. G. White to the Brethren and Sisters in Battle Creek, and to all who need these words, Jan. 21, 1892.
- ³⁰E. G. White to J. H. Kellogg, Mar. 11, 1892.
- ³¹E. G. White to J. H. Kellogg, Apr. 15, 1892; J. H. Kellogg to E. G. White, May 27, 1892.
- ³²E. G. White, "Prayer for the Sick," MS 26A, Aug. 5, 1892; E. G. White to J. H. Kellogg, Aug. 5, 1892; E. G. White to A. T. Robinson, Nov. 7, 1892.
- ³³O. A. Olsen to E. G. White, Mar. 10, 1892.
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- ³⁵*Ibid.*; Knight, *From 1888 to Apostasy*, 104-16; cf. J. H. Kellogg to O. A. Olsen, Jan. 10, 1892.
- ³⁶J. H. Kellogg to E. G. White, May 25, 1892.
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- ³⁸J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, June 20, 1892.
- ³⁹J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Sept. 9, 1892; J. H. Kellogg to E. G. White, Sept. 9, 1892.
- ⁴⁰O. A. Olsen to E. G. White, Sept. 28, 1892.
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- ⁴²A. T. Jones, "The Third Angel's Message," *General Conference Bulletin*, Vol. 5 (1893), 88-89, 515, 461.
- ⁴³J. H. Kellogg to O. A. Olsen, Sept. 19, Nov. 19, 1893; cf. W. C. White to J. H. Kellogg, Sept. 20, 1893. J. H. Kellogg to W. C. White, Nov. 2, 1893; cf. July 17, 1893. See also, Hjalmar Rued Hoiland, *Adventist Heritage*, 11 (Spring 1986), 53.
- ⁴⁴J. H. Kellogg to E. G. White, Aug. 10, 1894.
- ⁴⁵"Cured by Prayer," *Battle Creek Daily Moon*, Feb. 9, 1894; F. M. Wilcox to J. H. Kellogg, Feb. 8, 1894.
- ⁴⁶A. T. Jones, *General Conference Bulletin*, Vol. 4 (1901), 452; [A. T. Jones], *Review and Herald*, Vol. 76 (Nov. 7, 1899), 720; Nov. 14, 1899, 736; Nov. 22, 1898, 752.
- ⁴⁷E. J. Waggoner, *General Conference Bulletin*, Vol. 3 (1899), 53.
- ⁴⁸Knight, *From 1888 to Apostasy*, 56-60, 169-71; S. N. Haskell to E. G. White, Oct. 3, 1899.



Counsel to a Nervous Bridegroom

By Roger W. Coon

Ellen G. White was not only possessed of a deliciously lively, vibrant sense of humor,¹ she was also a warm, gentle-hearted Christian woman, wife and mother. Hers was an exceedingly robust, down-to-earth humanity, which was never better illustrated than in some cogent advice given to an exceedingly nervous 26-year-old bridegroom, Daniel T. Bourdeau, on his wedding night in 1861.

Daniel, with his brother Augustin C. (one year older), lived in Bordoville, Franklin County, Vermont² where Daniel had been born on December 28, 1835.³ This little hamlet in northwestern Vermont, a dozen miles northeast of the county seat of St. Albans, and another dozen miles south of the Canadian border, drew its name from some illustrious forebears of these two brothers. They, in turn, would themselves achieve a certain fame as pioneer leaders in the early, formative days of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in the mid-19th century.

In 1855, Daniel, at the age of 20, was teaching in some of the eastern townships of "Lower Canada" and doing missionary work for the Baptist Church into which he had been baptized at the age of 11, when disquieting news reached his ears. His parents and brother, he learned, had accepted the teachings of and joined the membership of a small, strange ex-Millerite "offshoot" which five years later would take the denominational title of "Seventh-day Adventist."

Daniel was acutely distressed, believing that his family down in Vermont had been badly misled and deceived. He determined to fortify himself with unassailable arguments against this cult, the

better to rescue these deluded loved ones.

In the course of his research, he chanced to have an encounter with a Roman Catholic priest. During their conversation, the cleric startled Daniel by siding with the Bourdeau family, agreeing that the Church of Rome had, indeed, changed the observance of the Seventh-day Saturday to Sunday. And, as if to add insult to injury, the priest went on to affirm stoutly that the Pope had both the authority and power to bring it off!

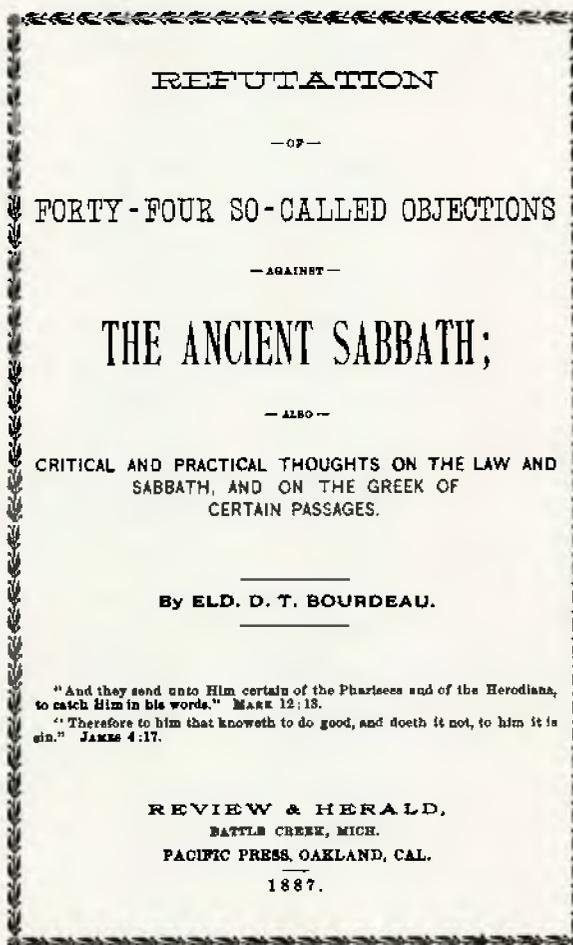
Incredulous at this blatant claim, as he viewed it, Daniel was both suspicious and curious. He now realized that he would have to examine this question most carefully. Letters from the family, giving reasons for their new-found faith, presented a beautiful chain of truth. And, honest man that he was, Daniel T. Bourdeau shortly thereafter himself accepted the Three Angels' Messages of Revelation 14 as his own personal credo.⁴



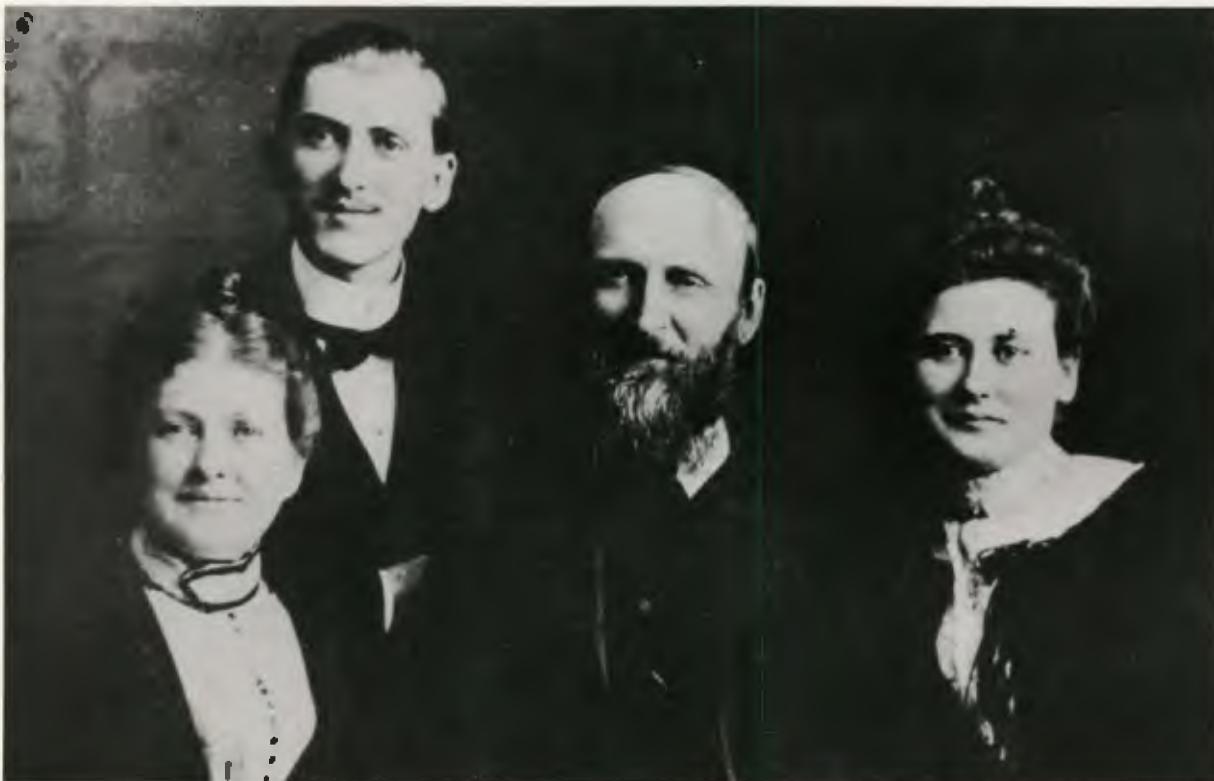
The Seventh-day Adventist Church in Bordoville, Vermont, traces its roots to the Bourdeau brothers. It is still in active use today.



Daniel T. Bourdeau



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The Daniel T. Bourdeau family were among the first French-speaking people to embrace the Advent message. Marion Saxby Bourdeau (left) is shown with her husband, Daniel (center) and their two children, Augustine J. S. Bourdeau and Patience Bourdeau-Sisco. A J. S. died tragically in 1915.

The Bourdeau Brothers, thus, are believed to have become the first of French descent to have joined the SDA church.⁵

Although now officially a member of this denomination, Daniel was still—to use his own words—an “unbeliever in the visions,” but this would change on Sunday morning, June 21, 1857, when the 22-year-old convert witnessed Ellen White in vision at the Buck’s Bridge Adventist church in New York.

Responding to James White’s invitation to examine his wife in the vision state, young Daniel, seeking

to satisfy my mind as to whether she breathed or not, I first put my hand on her chest sufficiently long to know that there was no more heaving of her lungs than there would have been had she been a corpse. I then took my hand and placed it over her mouth, pinching her nostrils between my thumb and forefinger, so that it was impossible for her to exhale or inhale air, even if she had desired to do so. I held her thus with my hand about ten minutes, long enough for her to suffocate under ordinary circumstances. She was not in the least affected by this ordeal.⁶

And writing about this unusual experience on February 1, 1891, at the age of 55, Bourdeau remarked that “since witnessing this wonderful phenomenon, I have not once been inclined to doubt the divine origin of her visions.”⁷

Shortly thereafter, Daniel had the opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of James and Ellen White during a visit to Battle Creek, Michigan. And he improved the time during this visit to the Adventist “Jerusalem” in studying and trying his hand at writing. He wrote a number of persuasive pamphlets upon various aspects of what was then called “present truth.” Some were penned in the French, in which he was most fluent, and some in English. These were well received, and with the encouragement of his initial modest success, he proceeded to translate several English volumes into French. But he continued to devote most of his writing time to articles for SDA periodicals.

His missionary outreach further broadened with a venture into public evangelistic labors, and at the age of 23, Daniel T. Bourdeau was ordained to the gospel ministry of his church.

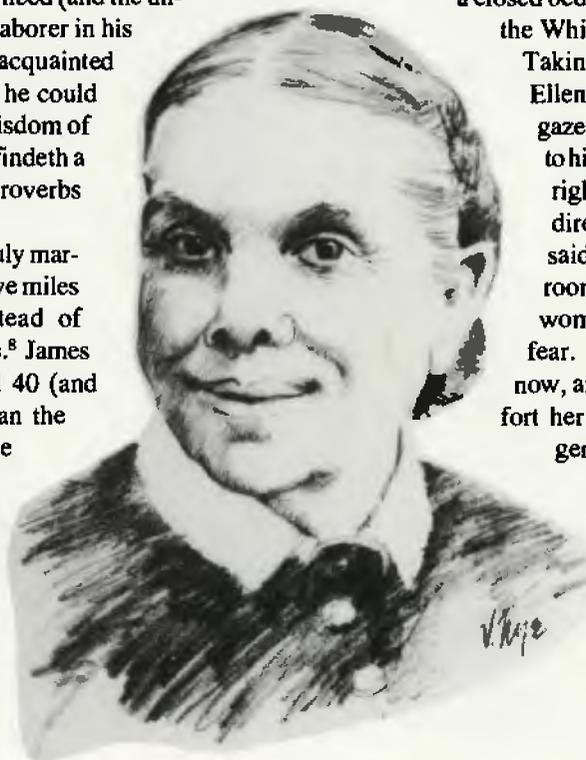
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He quickly discovered his need (and the undoubted advantage) of a co-laborer in his work; and after becoming acquainted with Miss Marion J. Saxby, he could vouch for the veracity and wisdom of Solomon's dictum, "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing" (Proverbs 18:22).

Daniel and Marion were duly married in 1861 at Bakersfield, five miles from the ancestral homestead of Bordoville, in a private home.⁵ James White, who had just turned 40 (and was only 15 years older than the bridegroom), happened to be in the area, so he consented to perform the marriage ceremony. His wife Ellen, 33, agreed to honor the occasion by offering a prayer of blessing to conclude the service.

As the nuptials were celebrated rather late in the day, the newlyweds decided to postpone their departure on the honeymoon trip until the next day, accepting instead the invitation of their host to spend their first night as man and wife in the home where the ceremony had taken place. The Whites were also overnight house-guests there.

About 9 p.m., as Ellen went upstairs to her room before retiring, she discovered an exceedingly nervous 25-year-old bridegroom pacing up and down the hallway outside



The image of a smiling Ellen White is consistent with her use of witty remarks to ease the embarrassment of others.

a closed bedroom door adjoining the room the Whites were to share.

Taking in the situation at a glance, Ellen fixed Daniel with a steady gaze, and earnestly yet kindly spoke to him in her characteristically forthright manner. Motioning in the direction of the closed door, she said gently, "Daniel, inside that room there is a frightened young woman in bed totally petrified with fear. Now you go in to her right now, and you love her, and you comfort her. And, Daniel, you treat her gently, and you treat her tenderly, and you treat her lovingly. It will do her good."⁹

And then, with just a trace of a smile on her face, Ellen added, "And, Daniel, it will do you good, too!"

Ellen White was a woman of great humanity, of great compassion, of great understanding, and of great charity. She was possessed of a very large heart. She understood instinctively—and sympathetically—the emotional

needs, as well as the traumatic distress, of a terrified bride and an exceedingly nervous bridegroom. And she dealt not only warmly and humanly, but also sensibly, in this situation in a manner that was forever after appreciated by both of the couple.

Daniel and Marion labored together in ministry, some-



Daniel T. Bourdeau



Marion J. Saxby

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The triangular park in front of the old central building of the General Conference in Takoma Park was the site of an accident in 1915. In that year lightning struck the giant oak that once stood in the circle to the right. Then it struck again, with tragic results.

times with his older brother, A. C. Bourdeau. They served variously in Canada, the New England states, and New York, before going west to California with J. N. Loughborough to open new work in the Golden State. They also pioneered in several other western states before returning east.

The Bourdeaus twice served as a missionary team in Europe, for a total of seven years. In 1876, during their first term, Daniel spent much of his time working with our first SDA missionary to Europe, John Nevins Andrews, in both editorial activities and in public evangelism.

During the second term (1882) he and his brother A.C. worked in France, Switzerland, Rumania, Corsica, Italy, and Alsace-Lorraine. Their success was little short of phenomenal; sometimes an entire congregation of Sunday-keepers, together with their pastor, would become converted to the Adventist faith!

Daniel Bourdeau died in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on June 30, 1905, six months shy of the age of 70. He was survived by his wife Marion, and their two children: Dr. Patience S. Bourdeau-Sisco, medical director of an Adventist sanitarium in Grand Rapids, who

also doubled as medical superintendent of the West Michigan Conference; and Augustine J. S. Bourdeau, missionary secretary of the California-Nevada Conference, who was also connected with the Pacific Press Publishing Company at Mountain View, California, and the Review and Herald Publishing Association in Washington, D.C.¹⁰

This son survived the passing of his late father by only 10 years. For, on July 19, 1915, on the day of Ellen White's second funeral (of three),¹¹ Elder Augustine J. S. Bourdeau, 40, met with a fatal accident that was as incredible as it was tragic.

The younger Elder Bourdeau had now made his home in Takoma Park, Maryland, where he worked in the Review and Herald Publishing house next door to the General Conference world headquarters of the church. On this particular day the city had just experienced a tremendous thunder-and-lightning storm. When it appeared to have abated, Elder Bourdeau, joined by his 10-year-old daughter, Marguerite, and 15-year-old Edwin Andrews (grandson of pioneer John Nevins Andrews), walked across the street to survey the damage.

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Edwin Andrews, grandson of J. N. Andrews, was one of the unfortunate victims when lightning struck twice.

There, in a park-like triangle of land (upon which the present edifice of the Takoma Park Church was built in the middle 1950s)¹² they inspected a large oak which had been growing on a spot which today lies directly beneath the pulpit of the Takoma Park Church. This tree had, scant moments before, sustained a fatal direct strike by lightning. Now, as the trio gathered under its branches, lightning again struck at exactly the same place, knocking all three to the ground.

Elder Bourdeau and young Andrews were killed instantly.¹³ Marguerite was injured so severely that she carried scars on an immobilized wrist to the day of her death at age 78 in 1983.

Marguerite Bourdeau Gilbert Fields alone survived to tell her pastor—the writer of these lines—of the appreciation of her paternal grandparents, Daniel and Marion Bourdeau for the wit and wisdom of Ellen White. For it was Grandmother Marion Saxby-

Bourdeau—the frightened bride—who came to Marguerite's bedroom on the eve of Marguerite's own wedding, in Baltimore, in 1925, to tell first-hand of her interesting wedding experience 64 years earlier:

Your grandfather, D.T. Bourdeau, originally had intended to remain a bachelor—he thought he could serve the Lord best as an unmarried man. But Sister White told him it would be better if he married and had a wife to take care of him. He prayed about it and felt impressed to ask me to become his wife.

On our wedding night, after Sister White told him to come into my bedroom and to treat me gently and lovingly, he nervously did so. He found me clad in my long winter underwear, and I was facing the wall. And I stayed that way for six months!¹⁴

Marion did not expand on the details of her celibate stand-off to her granddaughter, but two children were born of this union a few years later! But because she shared this interesting incident from her honeymoon with Marguerite in 1925, we today are the richer for this insight into Ellen White's character and personality in the story of the prophet's counsel to a nervous bridegroom on his wedding night!



Marion J. Saxby-Bourdeau

NOTES

¹Glen Baker, "The Humor of Ellen White," *Adventist Review*, Vol. 164 (April 30, 1987), 8-10.

²The town name today appears on many maps simply as "Bordoville."

³G. W. Morse, "The Passing of the Pioneers" [obituary sketch of Daniel T. Bourdeau], *Review and Herald*, Vol. 82 (July 13, 1905), 17, 18.

⁴*Ibid.*

⁵"Daniel T. Bourdeau," *Seventh-day Adventist Encyclopedia* (Washington, D.C.: Review and Herald Publishing Assn., 1976), 177.

⁶Cited in J. N. Loughborough, *Great Second Advent Movement* (Nashville: Southern Publishing Assn., 1905), 210. Bourdeau inadvertently missed the correct date in his statement by one week. The actual date of the Buck's Bridge vision was June 21, 1857; Bourdeau gives it as June 28th.

⁷*Ibid.* SDA's, historically, have not employed physical phenomenon as proof in validating a claimant to the prophetic gift, but, rather, have merely seen it as evidence that one of the two great supernatural powers of the universe is at work. Ellen White repeatedly warned that counterfeit prophets could and would perform supernatural manifestations of a miraculous nature (e.g., *Evangelism*, 610; 2 *Selected Messages* 48, 49, 76, 77, 86). Julit Judson recalls personally observing Margaret Rowen (who claimed to be Ellen White's successor) in Southern California in the mid 1920s, in a trance state in which she allegedly received a vision, and he emphatically affirmed she—like Ellen White in vision—did not breath for a substantially long period of time. (Roger W. Coon interview, Ramona, California, June 20, 1987).

⁸In a 1982 interview with this writer, cited below, Marguerite Bourdeau Gilbert Fields incorrectly recalled the locale of the Bourdeau-Saxby wedding of her grandparents as the home of James and Ellen White in Battle Creek. However, the D.T. Bourdeau obituary states that the nuptials were performed "in the year 1861, at Bakersfield,

Vt." See G.W. Morse, "The Passing of the Pioneers," *Review and Herald*, Vol. 82 (July 13, 1905), 17,18. James and Ellen White were in Wolcott, Vermont on Sabbath and Sunday, August 31 and September 1, 1861. See *Review and Herald*, Vol. 18 (Aug. 27, 1861), 104; (Sept. 24, 1861), 132.

⁹Interview, Marguerite Bourdeau Gilbert Fields (age 77), with Roger W. Coon, Takoma Park, Maryland, 1982. [unfortunately, interview notes neglected to include month and day]. Mrs. Fields provided a three-page rough draft of the main details of her memory statement at that time.

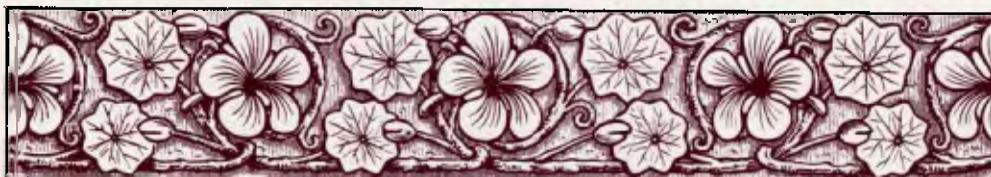
¹⁰G.W. Morse, *loc. cit.*

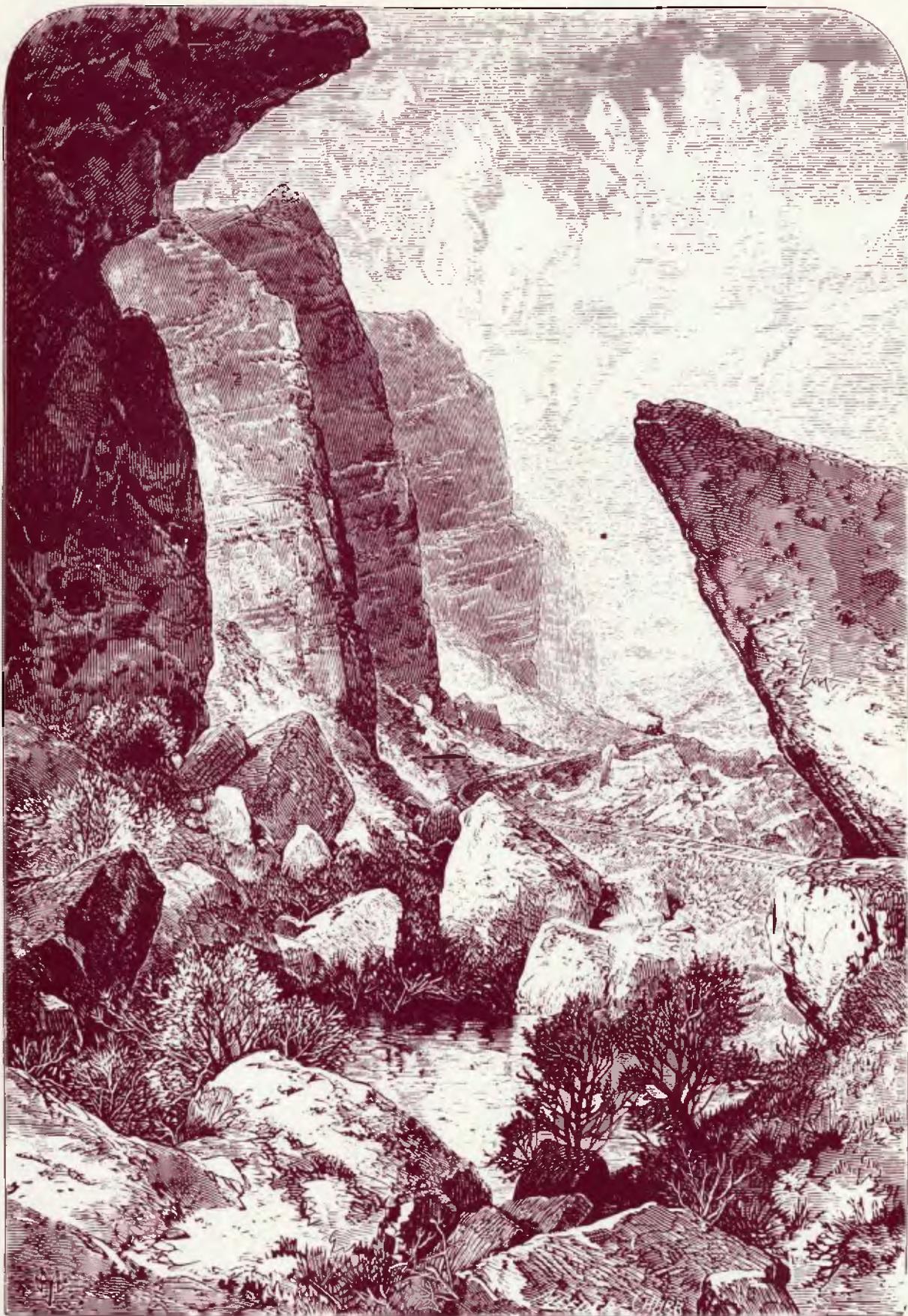
¹¹Ellen White's first funeral was held on the lawn of her last residence, Elmshaven, at St. Helena, California, on Sunday, July 18, 1915, two days after her decease. The second funeral was held at the California Camp Meeting at Richmond, Monday, July 19. The third (and largest) funeral was in the Battle Creek Tabernacle on Sabbath, July 24. That funeral attracted a crowd believed to have been in excess of 3,500. Arthur L. White, *Ellen G. White: The Later Elmshaven Years* (Washington, D.C.: Review and Herald Publishing Assn., 1982), 432-38.

¹²Groundbreaking for the present Takoma Park Church sanctuary took place on September 17, 1950. The first service in the new edifice was held three years and one month later, on October 17, 1953. Dedication services were subsequently conducted by R. R. Figuhr on November 17, 1956. (Interview with Eunice Graham and Juanita Graham-Hodde, long-time members of the congregation, Takoma Park, Maryland, January 26, 1990.)

¹³C.M. Snow, "A Double Tragedy," *Review and Herald*, Vol. 106 (July 29, 1915), 24. Virgil Robinson, "Lightning Struck Twice," *Guide*, Vol. 19 (August 18, 1971), 8-10, 22.

¹⁴Interview, Marguerite Bourdeau Gilbert Fields (age 77), with Roger W. Coon, Takoma Park, Maryland, 1982.





THE CLIFFS OF ECHO CANON, UTAH.

24 SUMMER, 1890

BY THOMAS MORAN.



A Letter to Elizabeth: Ellen White's 1880 Trip to California

By Ellen G. White, with Notes by Ron Graybill

As Ellen White travelled by rail from Michigan to California in February, 1880, she penned a letter to her twin sister, Elizabeth "Lizzie" Bangs. When she finished the letter, she asked Lizzie to have it copied by a niece, Clara Foster. Both Ellen White's and Clara Foster's copy of the letter have survived. Soon after she arrived in California in 1880, Mrs. White edited Clara's draft of the letter and, after further additions and deletions, portions of it were published as "Incidents by the Way," in the *Review and Herald*. Ellen White's original letter is presented here in a corrected transcription prepared by the E. G. White Estate. In other words, it has been edited to conform to modern standards of spelling, punctuation, and grammar.

On her journey, Mrs. White was able to identify the sights she viewed from her window by using the popular railway guide, Henry T. Williams' *Pacific Tourist*. She copied or paraphrased most of her scenic descriptions from this guide. This article cites many of the original guidebook passages in footnotes. This will provide modern readers more information and enable them to pinpoint the location of the scenes Mrs. White describes.

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On the train enroute to California, Feb. 26, 1880¹

Dear Sister Lizzie²
After I left you Monday, I was very sick. Tuesday, nervous and suffering with headache, unable to sit up. Tuesday night we arrived at Council Bluffs. There we stopped off to visit Sister Milnor.³ After walking about half a mile,⁴ found her not at home. I had not tasted food through the day and was still suffering with nervous headache.

We walked back to a hotel, the nearest one we could find. It was not very promising. We were shown to our rooms—two very small rooms above the kitchen. In the rooms there was only a small window in each room. The scent of the cooking had full access to these rooms, with no current of air to take away the nauseating smell of ham, pork, onions, cabbage, and all kinds of scents. If I had not heretofore been most thoroughly disgusted with pork, I should have been now. I could scarcely refrain from vomiting. I became sick and faint, but my good daughter Mary⁵ opened the window as far as possible and moved our bed so that the head of it was close by the window. The bed being quite nice, we slept well and felt refreshed in the morning, notwithstanding unpleasant odors.



Ellen White's twin sister, Elizabeth Bangs, never became a Seventh-day Adventist, although the two remained on good terms.

We took the transfer car to Omaha.⁶ We enjoyed our breakfast very much. There came into the depot a woman about forty years old, followed by a large flock of children. One boy, about ten years old, went out on the platform. His mother went after him and came dragging him in, he resisting at every step. She pushed him with violence into the seat, bringing his head with considerable force against the back of the seat, really hurting the lad. Then came screech after screech, equaled only by the screaming engine. His mother threatened him, but to no purpose. He was in for a regular war cry. When he became tired out, then he lowered his voice to a monotonous long-drawn-out drawling cry just for the purpose of being persevering and revengeful.⁷ Here the mother, I judge, was as much to blame as her boy. The boy was stubborn. She was passionate.

I conversed some with the mother. She stated [that] the boy refused to come in and threw himself full length on the platform. She then took him by force and brought him in. Said she, "Oh, if I only had him alone in some place, I would pound him well for this behavior." I said that would not change his inward feelings. Violence would only raise his combativeness and make him still worse. I think the

1. Mrs. White, her son Willie White, his wife Mary Kelsey White, and S. N. Haskell left Battle Creek on Monday, Feb. 23, 1880 for a trip to California. *Review and Herald*, Vol. 55 (Feb. 26, 1880), 144.

2. Elizabeth Harmon-Bangs, Ellen White's twin sister who lived in Portland, Maine, was apparently visiting her in Battle Creek just before she left on this trip.

3. Sister Milnor has not been identified.

4. When an article based on this letter was later published in the *Review*, Mrs. White said she took a street car to the house. The trip apparently involved both walking and a street car ride. Ellen G. White, "Incidents By the Way," *Review and Herald*, Vol. 55 (June 17, 1880), 385. Further mentions of the *Review* refer to this article unless otherwise stated.

5. Mary Kelsey White, Ellen White's daughter-in-law, was married to Willie White.

6. The Union Pacific, which Mrs. White was to board in Omaha, Nebraska, refused to allow eastern trains to cross the Missouri River from Council Bluffs, Iowa. Consequently, travelers coming from the east had to transfer in Council Bluffs to the Union Pacific's subsidiary bridge line, then transfer again in Omaha to the cars on which they would continue their journey west. See Randy Butler, "Overland by Rail, 1869-1890," in Gary Land, ed., *The World of Ellen White* (Hagerstown, Md.: Review and Herald Publishing Assn., 1987), 65.

7. The *Review* version of this story says the boy continued to wail for "something like half an hour."

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more calm the mother can keep at such times, however provoking be the conduct of her children, she maintains her dignity and influence as a mother. She assented that it might be so.

I inquired, "How many children have you?" She answered, "Eleven," pointing to two bright-looking little girls. "These are my youngest—one is six, the other four.⁸ My oldest are nearly grown-up boys."⁹

She stated they were as a family on their way¹⁰ to locate in Nebraska, where there was plenty of land to keep the boys at work. Not a bad idea to give these active, sharp, high-toned boys employment. Nothing so good as plenty to do in open air to keep children from being ruined with the temptations and allurements to evil in city life.

It was plain to be seen that the mother was fretful, impatient, and harsh and severe. What wonder then that the children should be unsubmissive and insubordinate? These children, eleven in number, and the

husband, showed they felt the mother's power that permitted no liberty of will. She would jerk one and fret at another and twitch about another, and answer her husband's questions with a firm tone.

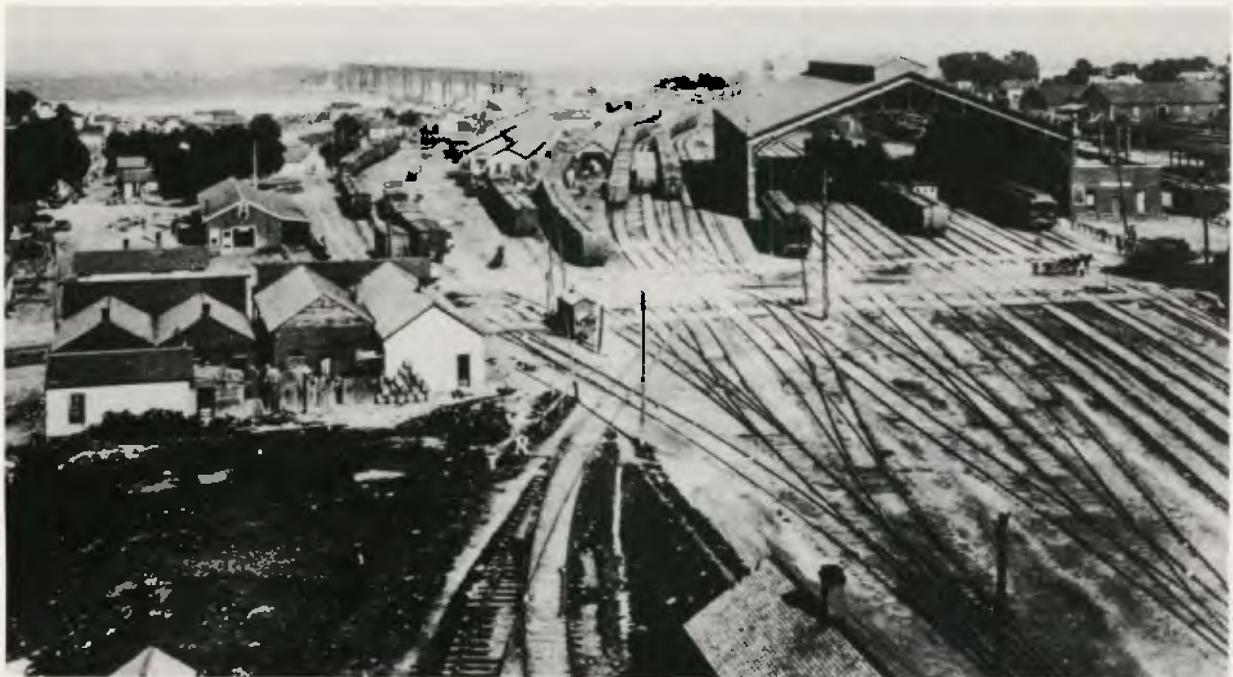
This mother's mode of government set my mind on a study. She forced them to self-assertion in various improper ways, showing the mother's management was a sorry failure. There were eleven bright, active children. If the mother had the machinery oiled with patience and self-command, as every mother should have, if she had possessed the right spirit, she would not have aroused the combative spirit of her ten-year-old boy. All this mother seemed to know of government was that of brute force. She was threatening, intimidating. Her youngest children seemed [to] have a fear to stir. Others looked hard and defiant. Some looked ashamed and distressed.

I longed to preach a sermon to that mother. I thought if that mother knew her responsibility as a

8. During the ten-year old's escapades, the rest of the children, according to the *Review*, "sat demurely perched upon the seats, with their arms folded and their feet dangling."

9. The *Review* version of this letter says the woman's children ranged in age from "four to twenty-four years."

10. The *Review* says this family came from Iowa City, Iowa.



Passengers began their trip on the Union Pacific at Omaha. When Mrs. White was at the station here, a ten-year old boy and his mother provided a lesson in how not to deal with troublesome behavior.

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Mrs. White's guidebook, The Pacific Tourist, said "The prairies. . . occasionally give place at night to the lurid play of the fire-fiend. . . Full in the distance is seen the long line of bright flame stretching for miles."

mother, she would not pursue the course she had done in that depot. Her burdens must necessarily be heavy, but how much more weighty was she making them for herself by her own lack of self-control. Every harsh word, every passionate blow, would react upon her again. If she were calm and patient and kind in her discipline, the power of her example for good would be seen in her children's deportment. How much that mother needed the help of Jesus to mold the minds and fashion the characters of her children. How many souls such mothers will gain to the fold of Christ is a question. I really do not believe they will gather one soul to Jesus. They train, they rule, they ruin. But enough of this.

We purchased our sleeping-car tickets—\$16 to Ogden.¹¹ We should be two days and a half and two nights in reaching there. We obtained two lower berths and were told [that] if we had applied the day before we could not have been accommodated. But the travel was light from Omaha that day, which was much in our favor.

On leaving Omaha we found ourselves and numerous baskets and satchels well disposed of in an elegant

palace sleeper. Only 17 passengers in our car; no babies to cry, no invalids to exclaim, "Please close the ventilators; will you shut down that window?" We were at perfect liberty to open and close windows for our convenience. There was nothing especial to engage our attention Wednesday night but the prairie fires. These looked grand and awful. In the distance, while the train is slowly moving onward, we see the long belts of lurid flame stretching for miles across the prairie. As the wind rises, the flame rises higher and becomes more brilliant, brightening the desolate plains with their awful brightness. We see, farther on, haystacks and settlers' homes guarded with deep furrows broken by the plow to protect their little homes. We saw dark objects in the distance guarding their homes from the fire fiend by throwing up embankments.

Thursday morning¹² we arose from our berths refreshed with sleep. At eight o'clock we took a portion of the pressed chicken furnished us by the matron at the sanitarium,¹³ put the same in a two-quart pail, and placed it on the stove; and thus we had good hot chicken broth. The morning was very cold and this hot dish was very palatable. I limited myself to only one

11. Ogden, Utah, was the western terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad and the eastern terminus of the Central Pacific.

12. Feb. 26, 1880.

13. The lunch was packed by the matron at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Michigan. During this pe-

riod of her life, Mrs. White occasionally ate meat, especially when travelling. She still considered herself a vegetarian even though she did not become a tee-total vegetarian until 1894. See Roger Coon, *Ellen G. White and Vegetarianism: Did She Practice What She Preached?* (Hagerstown, Md.: Review and Herald, 1986).

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meal each day during the entire journey. When the cars stopped at stations any length of time, we improved the opportunity by taking a brisk walk.

Generally, in approaching Cheyenne and Sherman I have difficulty breathing. Thursday noon we were at Cheyenne and it was snowing and cold. Could not walk much that day. "All aboard" was sounded about half past three, and again we were moving onward.

In nearing Cheyenne we were interested by the view of the Rocky Mountains. Dark clouds obstructed our view as we neared Laramie. We were having a hail-storm. Occasionally the sunlight would break through the clouds, striking full upon the mountaintops.

The cars move slowly and smoothly along, giving

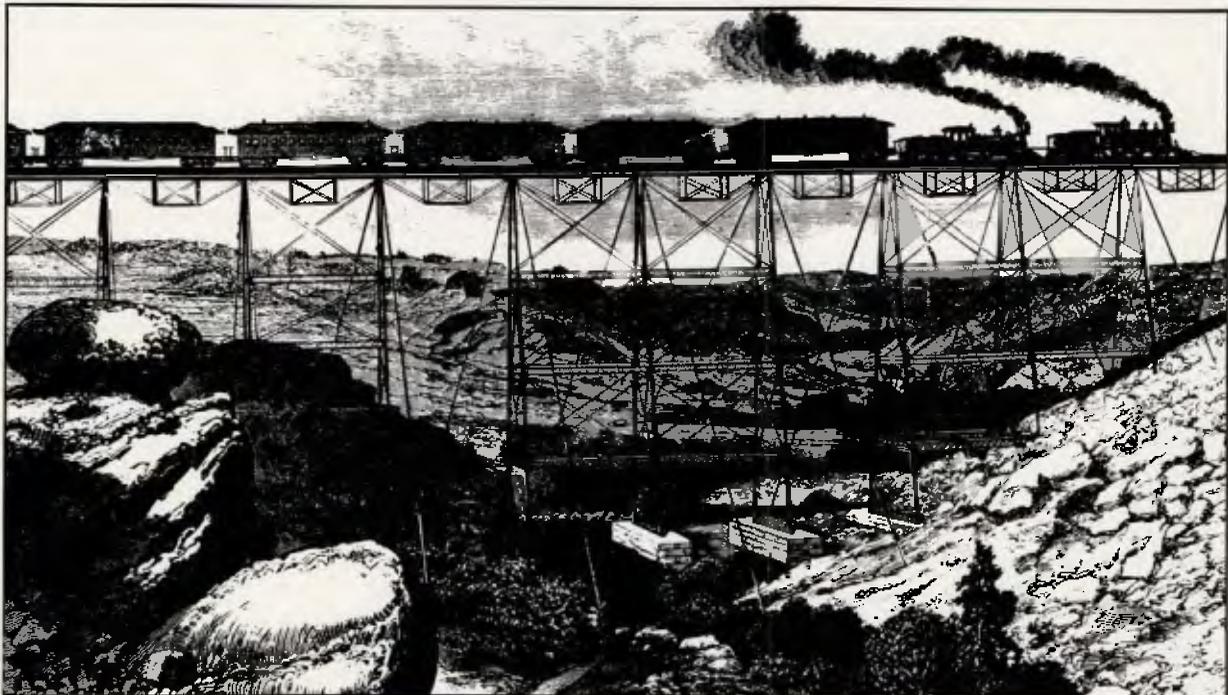
the passengers a fair chance to view the scenery. An additional engine is added to help draw the train up, up the summit of Sherman. We reached Sherman about six o'clock and had no inconvenience in breathing. The elevation between Cheyenne [and Sherman] is 2,001 feet; the distance nearly 33 miles. The ascending grade averages from Cheyenne 67 feet per mile.¹⁴ The two engines puff and blow as if requiring a powerful effort to breathe. At length the summit is reached and the descent begins.

Two miles west of Sherman we cross Dale Creek Bridge. It looks frail, as if incapable of sustaining the ponderous train, but it is built of iron and very substantial.¹⁵ A beautiful, narrow, silvery stream is

14. At this point Mrs. White begins to draw interesting facts and colorful descriptions from her guidebook. "The difference in elevation between this place [Sherman] and Cheyenne is 2,201 [not 2,001] feet, and distance nearly 33 miles. The average grade from Cheyenne is 67 feet per mile. . ." Henry T. Williams, Editor, *The Pacific Tourist. Williams' Illustrated Trans-Continental Guide of Travel* (New York: Henry T. Williams, Publisher, 1878), 82.

15. "Dale Creek Bridge—is about two miles west of

Sherman. This bridge is built of iron, and seems to be a light airy structure, but is really very substantial. The creek, like a thread of silver, winds its devious way in the depths below, and is soon lost to sight as you pass rapidly down the grade and through the granite cuts and show sheds below. This bridge is 650 feet long, and nearly 130 feet high, and is one of the wonders on the great trans-continental route." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 82. The largest trestle on the Union Pacific carried trains across Dale Creek west of Sherman,

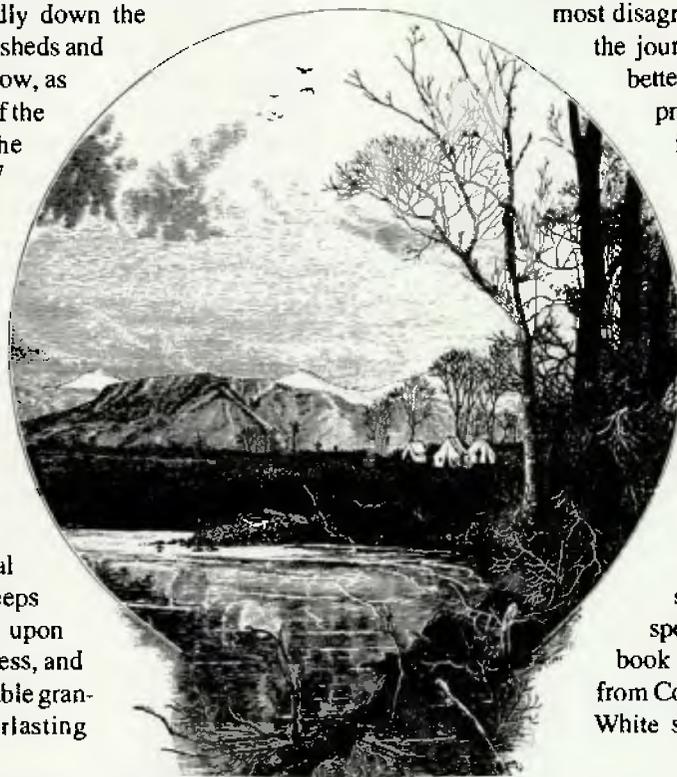


The largest trestle on the Union Pacific carried trains across Dale Creek just west of Sherman, Wyoming. This frail-looking iron structure replaced an earlier wooden bridge in 1876. It was dubbed "The Spider Web."

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winding its way in the depths¹⁶ below. The bridge is 650 feet long, 130 feet high, and is considered a wonderful affair in this route. We look in the valley below and the settlements look like pigeon houses. We pass rapidly down the grade, through the snow sheds and granite cuts. We have now, as we pass on, a full view of the Diamond Peaks of the Medicine Bow Range.¹⁷ They are, with their sharp-pointed summits, pointing heavenward, while their sides and the rugged hills around them are covered with timber. When the atmosphere is clear, the Snowy Range¹⁸ can be distinctly seen clothed in their robes of perpetual snow. A chilliness creeps over you as you look upon them, so cold, so cheerless, and yet there is an indescribable grandeur about these everlasting mountains and perpetual snows.¹⁹

But night draws her sable curtains around us and we are preparing to occupy our berths for the night. The wind was blowing strong against us, sending the smoke of our heating stove into every opening



The Medicine Bow mountains of southern Wyoming were visible from the train as it crossed the Laramie plains.

and crevice in the car. I slept, but awoke with a suffocating scream. I found myself laboring hard for breath, and the coal gas was so stifling I could not sleep for hours—dared not sleep. This was the most disagreeable night that I had on the journey. In the morning felt better than I expected. We again prepared our breakfast,²⁰ making a nice hot broth. Our two tables were prepared, one in each seat, and we ate our nice breakfast with thankful hearts.

Porter, well-filled with silver donations, was very accommodating, bringing lunch baskets, making room, and depositing our baggage with all pleasantness. We are known on the train. One says, "I heard Mrs. White speak at such a meeting." The book agent, a fine young man from Colorado, says he heard Mrs. White speak in the large, mammoth tent in Boulder City.²¹ He was a resident of Denver. We have agreeable chats with one and another.

As we move on slowly over the great American Desert,²² with no objects in sight except sage brush and

Wyoming. Originally, the span was built of timber, but Mrs. White crossed on the "Spider Web," a fragile-looking iron structure completed in 1876. Gerald M. Best, *Iron Horses to Promontory* (San Marino, Ca.: Golden West Books, 1969), 193.

16. It is a measure of Ellen White's disregard for spelling that even though this word was spelled correctly in the book from which she was copying, she spelled it phonetically, with a "b," in her original letter.

17. "Across these [the Great Laramie] plains, . . . rises in full view the Diamond Peaks of the Medicine Bow Range. They are trim and clear-cut cones, with sharp pointed summits—a fact which has given them their name, while their sides, and the rugged hills around them, are covered with timber." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 83.

18. "Still farther in the shadowy distance, in a south-

westerly direction, if the atmosphere is clear, you will see the white summits of the Snowy Range—white with their robes of perpetual snow. Even in the hottest weather experienced on these plains, it makes one feel chilly to look at them, they are so cold, cheerless and forbidding." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 83.

19. The final clause of this sentence, beginning with "and yet" appears to have been added later, as if Mrs. White, who loved the mountains, was not content with Williams' gloomy comment about their "cheerless" look.

20. Mrs. White originally wrote "pressed chicken," then crossed it out and interlined "breakfast."

21. Mrs. White had spoken in Boulder in July, 1879. *Review and Herald*, Vol. 53 (Aug. 21, 1879), 70-71.

22. The term "Great American Desert" was applied to the entire Great Plains by early explorers of that region. By Mrs.

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distant mountain peaks, we seem more like a ship at sea. The massive train, headed by our faithful steam horse, moving along so grandly, seems like a thing of life. You look occasionally back from the rear of the cars upon the straight track hundreds of miles with scarcely a curve, while wilderness and desolation meet you whichever way you may look.

Passing Cheyenne we soon entered snow sheds, constantly varying from light to darkness and from darkness to light; was the only change for miles.²³ I had been growing stronger as I neared Colorado. We were telegraphed to Ogden, soon after leaving Omaha, for seats in the car for California, and our seats were assigned us just as we were located in the car we leave. Therefore, it is always best to secure good seats when you take the palace car from Omaha, for that secures you good seats all the trip. Now the tickets have to be purchased at the ticket office before the baggage can be taken into the car. We are all settled some time before [the] sun has passed out of sight beyond the mountains. We have additional passengers. There is a tall, straight gentleman eyeing us critically. He has his wife and child with him. His own hair is as dark as the raven's wing, but his wife's hair is as white as I ever saw human hair, curled in ringlets. It gave her a singular appearance, not what I should call desirable. She was a rather delicate looking woman.

This man was the wonderful worker in the temperance cause, McKenzie.²⁴ He has established an institution to treat inebriates in Boston, and is now visiting California for the same object.²⁵ He made himself known to us, as he saw us all engaged in writing. He had, I suppose, some curiosity to know who we were

and what we were doing. He composed some verses upon that evening sunset as he was seated by my side. I will copy it for you. This great temperance man was the most inveterate tobacco-user we ever saw. Oh, what ideas of temperance!

Scenery viewed on Friday while approaching Ogden.²⁶ At Green River²⁷ is the place where specimens of fossils, petrifications, and general natural curiosities are seen. Petrified shells and wood may be purchased for a trifle. There is a high projecting rock, in appearance like a tower, and twin rocks of gigantic propor-



Snow sheds kept the tracks clear through long winters. "From light to darkness and from darkness to light was the only change for miles," Mrs. White wrote.

White's time railway maps used the term "Great American Desert" to label for the area of Utah west of the Great Salt Lake. See map in O. J. Hollister, *Resources and Attractions of Utah* (Salt Lake City: A. Zechandelaar, 1882). In the *Review* version of this letter, the reference to the "Great American Desert" has been moved to appear just before the approach to the Sierra Nevadas.

23. In the *Review* this passage is altered to read: "Passing Truckee in our descent on the opposite side [of the Sierras] we enter snow-sheds. From light to darkness and from darkness to light is the only change for miles." The confusion apparently arose from the fact that Mrs. White did not write her letter in one continuous chronological narrative, but sometimes flashed back to describe earlier events.

24. McKenzie boarded the train in Ogden, Utah, having just completed a series of temperance lectures in a Salt Lake City theater (not in the Mormon Temple as Mrs. White

reported in the *Review*). He is identified even in Salt Lake City newspapers only as "Rev. McKenzie, of Boston," and no further identification has been discovered, even in Boston sources.

25. According to the *Review*, he had already obtained a number of pledges for his California venture.

26. The scenic views described between Green River, Wyoming, and Ogden, Utah, are viewed today by travelers along Interstate 80 (Green River to Echo, Utah), and Interstate 84 (Echo to Ogden, Utah). In this area, these Interstate highways follow, generally, the route of the old transcontinental railroad.

27. "Here [at Green River] is the head center for Rocky Mountain specimens, fossils, petrifications, etc., . . . Mr. Kitchen. . . has on exhibition and for sale the specimens alluded to—such as beautiful moss agates, fossil fish, petrified shells and wood. . ." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 101.

tions.²⁸ The appearance of these rocks is as if some great temples once stood here and their massive pillars were left standing as witness of their former greatness.²⁹ There is a rock called Giant's Club,³⁰ and in proportions it is a giant. It rises almost perpendicularly, and it is impossible to climb up its steep sides. This is one of nature's curiosities. I was told that its composition bears evidence of its once-being located at the bottom of a lake. This rock has regular strata, all horizontal, containing fossils of plants and fish and curiously-shaped specimens of sea animals. The plants appear like our fruit and forest trees.

There are ferns and palms. The fish seem to be of a species now extinct.

A large, flat stone was shown us with distinct



"Its proportions are really colossal," said the Pacific Tourist of the Giant's Club. "The rock is valuable for its curious composition, as it bears evidences of having once existed at the bottom of a lake."

and fluted columns. These rocks resemble some cathedral of ancient date, standing in desolation. The imagination here has a fruitful field in which to range.

specimens of fish and curious leaves. The proprietor told us on a previous trip he brought these two large rocks on horseback eight miles. The rock did not look so far, but he said that was the distance to get access to it. There were in these split-off slabs of rock feathers of birds, and other curiosities were plainly seen. We look with curious interest upon rocks composed of sandstone in perfectly horizontal strata containing most interesting remains. These bluff rocks³¹ assume most curious and fantastic forms, as if chiseled out by the hand of art. They are in appearance lofty domes and pinnacles

28. "The high projecting tower north of the track, crowning a bluff, is 625 feet higher than the river level below. . . Other rocks, as 'The Sisters' and 'The Twin Sisters' will be readily recognized by the passing traveler." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 101.

29. "It seems as though some great temple once stood here, or several of them, and in the wrecks of time, left their gigantic pillars standing, as a reminder of their former greatness." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 101.

30. "Giant's Club.—This is fairly a giant in dimensions, as its proportions are really colossal. It rises with almost perpendicular sides, and is really impossible to scale by ascent. The rock is valuable for its curious composition, as it bears evidences of having once existed at the bottom of a

lake. The rock lies in regular strata, all horizontal, and most of these contain fossils of plants and fishes. The plants are all extinct species, and closely allied to our fruit and forest trees; among them, however, are some palms, which indicate this to be, in original times, when the deposit was formed, a very warm climate." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 102.

31. "The peculiar effects of stormy weather and flood, in the past, has carved the bluff-lines into the most curious and fantastic forms—lofty domes and pinnacles, and fluted columns, these rocks resembling some cathedral of the olden time, standing in the midst of desolation." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 106.

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In the vicinity of these rocks are moss agate patches.³² To stand at a distance from these wonderful-shaped rocks, you may imagine some ruined city—bare, desolate, but bearing their silent history to what was once.³³

We pass on quite rapidly to the Devil's Gate, a canyon where the sweet water³⁴ has worn through the granite ridge. The walls are about 300 feet high. The [water] runs slowly, pleasantly murmuring over the rocks. We pass on, while the mountaintops rise perpendicular towards heaven, covered with perpetual snows, while other mountaintops, apparently horizontal, are seen.³⁵ Here in passing we get some view of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery in groups of mountains dotted with pines.

In Echo Canyon are rocks curiously representing works of art, [for example] the Sentinel Rock.³⁶ The average height of all the rocks of Echo Canyon is from 600 to 800 feet.³⁷ The scenery here is grand and

32. "In this section [near Church Buttes] are found 'moss agates,' in the greatest abundance. . ." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 106.

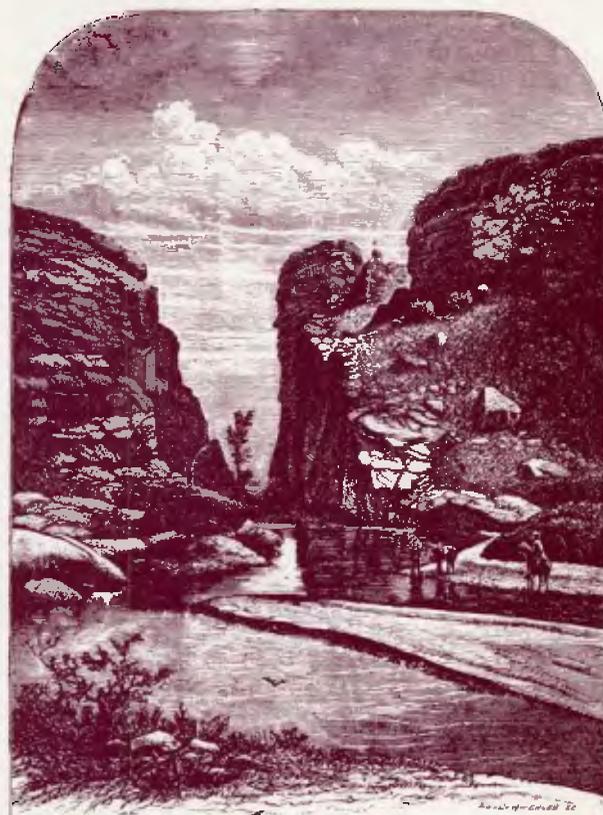
33. "Standing upon one of the summits of the highest point of the 'Bad Lands,' Hayden says, 'as far as they eye can reach, . . . It looks like some ruined city of the gods, blasted, bare, desolate, but grave, beyond a mortal's telling.'" Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 106.

34. Mrs. White's words "sweet water" refer to the Sweetwater River. "Following upon the valley from Independence Rock, and five miles north, is another celebrated natural curiosity. The Devil's Gate, a canyon which the Sweetwater River has worn through the Granite Ridge cutting it at right-angles. The walls are vertical, being about 350 feet high, . . . The current of the stream through the gate is slow, finding its way among the fallen masses of rock, with gentle, easy motion, and pleasant murmur." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 110.

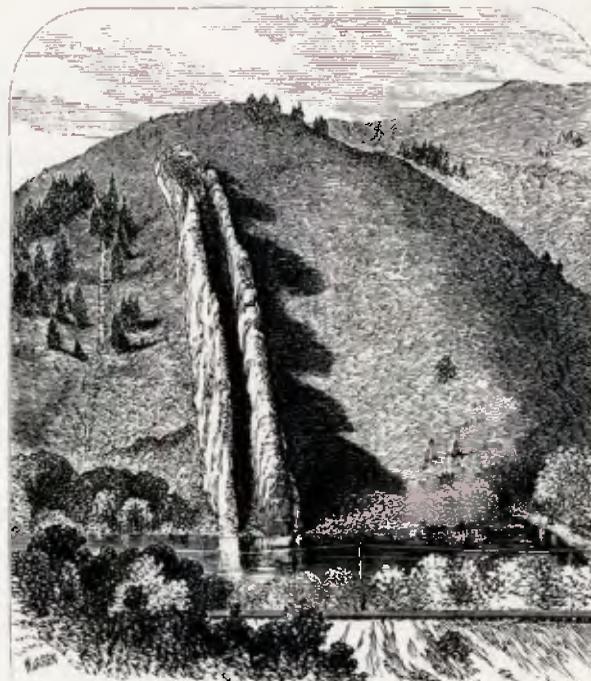
35. "View in the Uintah Mountains.—The traveler, as he passes rapidly through Echo and Weber Canyons, and casually notices the chain of mountains at the south. . . Professor Hayden says of this view, 'In the middle distance, . . . is Black's Fork, meandering through grassy, lawn-like parks, the eye following it up to its sources, among the everlasting snows of the summit ridge. The peaks or cones in the distance, are most distinctly stratified and apparently horizontal or nearly so, with their summits far above the limits of perpetual snow. . .'" Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 110.

36. Williams' *Pacific Tourist* displays a picture of Sentinel Rock in Echo Canyon, Utah. Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 117.

37. "The massive rocks which form Echo Canyon, are of red sandstone, . . . Their shapes are exceedingly curious, and



At Devil's Gate in Utah, the waters of the Sweetwater River have worn their way through a granite ridge.



Devil's Slide is composed of two parallel ledges of granite, turned on their edges about fourteen feet apart.

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beautiful. We see holes or caves worn by storm and wind, where the eagles build their nests. This is called Eagle Nest Rock.³⁸ Here the king of birds finds a safe habitation to rear their young. The ruthless hand of man cannot disturb them. We come to the Thousand Mile Tree. Here hangs the sign giving us the distance from Omaha.³⁹ Here we pass the wonderful rocks called the Devil's Slide.⁴⁰ It is composed of two parallel walls of granite standing upon their edges. Between these two walls are about 14 feet. They form a wall about 800 feet running up the mountain. This looks as if formed by art and placed in position, the rocks are so regularly laid. This is a wonderful sight, but we reach Ogden and night draws on.

Sabbath. All is quiet. We read our Bible and write. Close by us sits the notable Stokes,⁴¹ who murdered Fisk.

Our last night on the cars was spent in sleeping some and in viewing the scenery. The moon was shining so clear and bright [that] Mary was resting upon her elbow, looking out of the window

much of the night. We passed Cape Horn⁴² in the light of the moon. The wintry scene in the Sierra Nevadas, viewed by the light of the moon, is grand. We look 2,000 feet below. The soft light of the moon shines upon the mountain heights, revealing the grand pines and lighting up the canyons. No pen or language can describe the grandeur of this scene. We preferred to enjoy this grand sight rather than to sleep. In the morning, the last morning upon the cars, we rejoice that we have nearly completed our week's trip, protected by a kind Providence, and receiving neither accident nor harm, and hardly weariness. We are nearly to our journey's end.

We learn we arrive in Oakland at eleven o'clock. As we near Sacramento we see the green grass, the fruit trees loaded with fragrant blossoms. We ride out of the winter of [the] Sierra Nevadas into summer. We find our

friends waiting for us at the depot. We came an entirely new route from Sacramento,⁴³ which brought us in earlier. We met Edson and Emma with joy, also



Edward Stokes, who murdered railroad magnate Jim Fisk, had aged considerably when Mrs. White saw him on the train to California.

their average height, 500 [not 600] to 800 feet." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 122.

38. "The valley now narrows to a gorge, and we approach Weber Canon proper. It has high bluffs on the left, with a rocky castle towering up on the right. . . . High up on the face of a bluff to the left, as you pass through the gorge, see the little holes or caves worn by the winds, in which the eagles build their nests. This bluff is called 'Eagle Nest Rock.' Every year the proud monarch of the air finds here a safe habitation in which to raise his young. It is beyond the reach of men, . . ." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 124.

39. "Thousand Mile Tree, Devil's Slide, &c.,—on the left side of the track. There it stands, spreading its arms of green, from one of which hangs the sign which marks the distance traveled since leaving Omaha." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 124.

40. "'Devil's Slide'—one of the most singular formations to be seen on the entire route from ocean to ocean. It is composed of two parallel ledges of granite, turned upon their edges, serrated and jutting out in places fifty feet from the mountain side, and about 14 feet apart. It is a rough place for any one; height about 800 feet." Williams, *Pacific Tourist*, 125.

41. Edward S. Stokes (c. 1840-1901) shot and killed Jim Fisk, the railroad baron, in a lover's quarrel in New York in 1872. Although condemned to death at one point, Stokes appealed and eventually served four years in Sing Sing for manslaughter. Robert Fuller, *Jubilee Jim: The Life of Colonel James Fisk, Jr.* (New York: Macmillan, 1928). See also Robert Elman, *Fired in Anger: The Personal Handguns of American Heroes and Villains* (Garden City, N.J.: Doubleday & Co., 1968), 316-327. In the *Review* version of this letter, Mrs. White says: "Near us sits the far-famed Stokes, a pleasant-appearing, middle-aged man, but whose hair is as white as a person's usually is at a much more advanced age. Having retreated to the mountains, he is now actively engaged in mining operations, and was on his way to Sacramento on business."

42. Cape Horn afforded one of the most spectacular views of the Sierras, but it was not a sight for the timid. The rail bed had been blasted out of solid rock 2,000 feet above the winding gorge of the American River. This was the steepest, most winding part of the journey down the Sierras. Randy Butler, "Overland By Rail, 1869-1890," in Gary Land, ed., *The World of Ellen White*, 73.

43. In 1878 new rail lines were built from Oakland to

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"No pen or language can describe the grandeur" of the Sierra Nevada, Mrs. White wrote. She and Mary stayed up their last night to view the mountains by moonlight.

Lucinda and other friends.⁴⁴ We find in market new potatoes. The very day I arrived we rode out and gathered nice new turnip greens. We are beginning to get used to Oakland a little now. But it has been raining last night and this forenoon.

Lizzie, I meant to have copied this off, but have not time. Please put in Clara's⁴⁵ hands, and tell her to copy it for you and arrange it in order. It is a beautiful morning. Wish it may be as pleasant with you. Much love to my dear sister Lizzie from her twin sister, Ellen G. White.

Will you inquire of Mrs. DeLarkins⁴⁶ if she is free to engage in the Crystal Springs Sanitarium⁴⁷—if we should make arrangements for her to do so? This institution is

located in St. Helena. She may have seen it. It has almost every advantage health-wise, but needs physicians who understand their business. I go to St. Helena next week and then will write again. What wages will she require? Tell her to address me at Oakland, California, Pacific Press.

I hope you are doing well. I would be so glad to see you. May the Lord lead you to put your entire trust in Him. He loves you and will delight to bless you if you will come to Him for light and strength. Do, my sister, identify yourself with the people of the Lord.⁴⁸ Stand in the ranks and under the banner of Jesus Christ. Good-bye. This must go to the office.

Martinez, and from Benicia to Suisun, and still later from Benicia to Fairfield. This last bit of road enabled Central Pacific trains to run from Sacramento to San Francisco via Benicia, instead of passing through Vallejo. Stuart Daggett, *Chapters on the History of the Southern Pacific* (New York: The Ronald Press Co., 1922), 141.

44. Edson was Ellen White's son James Edson White. Her daughter-in-law was Emma McDearmon White. Lucinda Abbey Hall, a close friend and occasional assistant of Ellen White's, was also on hand to welcome her home. See Arthur L. White, "Ellen White Letters Discovered in Historical Collection," *Review and Herald*, Vol. 150 (Aug.

16, 1973), 1,10-11; Paul Gordon and Ron Graybill, "Letters to Lucinda," *Review and Herald*, Vol. 150 (Aug. 23, 1973), pp. 4-7.

45. Clara E. Foster, a niece of Ellen White and Elizabeth Bangs. See Clara E. Foster to Ellen G. White, April 26, 1880.

46. Mrs. De Larkins has not been identified.

47. The Adventist health-care institution in the hills above the Napa Valley near St. Helena, California, now the St. Helena Adventist Hospital and Health Center, Deer Park, California.

48. Ellen White's sister never became a Seventh-day Adventist although the two of them remained on good terms.



A Room for the Teacher

by Miriam Wood

Carolyn Seamount remembers vividly indeed. “That year was nearly my Waterloo. When the taxi, on my first day, delivered me to the house I had been told would be my home, I was met in the yard by identical twin boys about six years of age, one of them a severe stutterer. He kept saying, ‘who . . . who . . . who . . . are . . . you? Why . . . why . . . why . . . do . . . do . . . you . . . you . . . have . . . a . . . suitcase?’ and so on and on. Then he and his brother flew up the steps ahead of me and he shouted, ‘Moth . . . Moth . . . Moth . . . there’s . . . a . . . a . . . la . . . la . . . lady . . . with a suitcase . . . and . . . I . . . I . . . think she’s going to stay . . . stay . . . stay . . . stay . . . a . . . long . . . long . . . time . . .’

“I blushed in embarrassment. Then the lady of the house came to the door and told me not to worry about the twins. She was cordial as she showed me to my room. The family had six children—all of them uninhibited and noisy. The lady herself was short and fat and roly-poly. On that first night when I was there, she said, introducing this big family, and looking rather perplexed, ‘I never expected to have any children. I was rather frail. I told Jim when we married that I didn’t think we should have a family, and he agreed.’ Jim, her small, feisty husband, nodded his agreement. She continued. ‘He said, “Oh, don’t you worry about that. We won’t have any children.” And I believed him! But you can see how things turned out.’”

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Carolyn goes on to recall that it took her a few minutes to recover from this rather frank discussion, particularly since she was so young herself, and very modest. After an uneasy night's sleep, she went down to a breakfast which would become quite typical of the morning fare in this home—always hotcakes. The running dialogue, noise and confusion would come to be as familiar to her as the schoolroom.

Carolyn Seamount's experience was shared by scores of other Adventist church school teachers in the 1920s and 30s. "Boarding around" was the common way local congregations provided for their lodging and meals. Their willingness to tolerate "existing" conditions is yet another chapter in the untold story of these forgotten heroines of Adventist history. Here they recall the loneliness, the pathos, and the humor of living in the homes of strangers.

On that first morning, Carolyn felt rather overwhelmed by it all. Mrs. R. bustled about, cooking the stacks of pancakes and serving them. Little Mr. R., not an Adventist, sat tranquilly sipping his tea. One of the small children began to chant, "I want some tea, I want some tea." Mrs. R., busy and harried, talking a blue streak to Carolyn, her husband, and the other children, ignored him. Red-faced, the child began yelling at the top of his voice, "I want some tea, you old fool!" Flustered, Mrs. R. hurriedly placed about a teaspoonful of tea in a cup of hot water and placed it before the little tyrant. Turning to Carolyn with an apologetic smile, she remarked soothingly, "He doesn't mean it. He has no idea what he's saying."

As the weeks wore on, Carolyn found that, for a woman who had planned not to have a family, Mrs. R. was just about the most doting mother imaginable. She was completely enchanted, completely captivated by her children. They could do no wrong. Their every word and action was surely the most remarkable ever done or said by any children, living or dead. And the sly, clever children knew just how to handle her. If

ever a mother was wrapped about the fingers of her children, Mrs. R. was that mother.

The six-year-old twins were already past masters at the art of mother-manipulation. Apparently at some time in the past she had asked them what they wanted to be when they grew up. "Preachers," they had responded, off the tops of their heads. She was totally ecstatic. She constantly repeated the question, reveling in the automatic answer, and pointing out to Carolyn and to her husband what perception and dedication this showed in such young boys.

Then she decided that she must have a larger audience for this pearl of commitment. The pastor must hear the declaration. Accordingly, she invited him to dinner the next Sabbath. When all the food had been served, and everyone was eating, she seized the moment.

Looking directly at the twins, who were sitting side by side, she inquired in her sweetest voice, "Boys, what do you want to be when you grow up?"

"An elephant!" the first twin shouted, to her horrified disbelief.

Pleadingly, she turned to the other twin and a note of pitiful cajolery crept into her voice. "Now, be Mommy's sweet boy. What are YOU going to be when you grow up?"

Alas for her well-laid plans. "I'm going to be a monkey and ride on the elephant!" was the summary of his life's ambitions. Later she groaned to Carolyn, "Why did I let their father take them to the circus this week?"

When Valerie Cyphers entered teaching, she accepted the fact that these were years when the teachers often lived and boarded with families who were not able to pay cash tuition for their children, and made their payment in this way. If they could not afford tuition, it was unlikely that they could afford extra food for her, but this never seemed to come into question. But the system left much to be desired. "In one such



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home where I lived for half the term, we had oatmeal for breakfast every single day of the school year and for supper we always had rutabagas and applesauce." Her hostess, who sent her lunch with the children's, made it painfully clear that she was permitted to have butter on her bread, or jam, but never the two together.

Valerie's future husband was also a teacher. He had somewhat more variety, as his breakfast was provided at the home where he roomed; his lunch was sent to him by a different family each day (and he never knew whether or not he would receive it) and his supper was served in yet another home, all this being accomplished in a rotation planned by the pastor. Valerie says he has never forgotten what was apparently the favorite sandwich of one of his lunch providers, this being a cold cooked potato sliced between bread, with no butter, mayonnaise, or other seasoning.

At still another school he discovered, to his discomfiture, that the money paid for his meals—this being a somewhat different arrangement—was the only money the family had for their meals, also. The food, understandably, was so scarce that to keep body and soul together, he had to sneak away and buy a few additions to the menu whenever his slender wallet allowed this. Even so, he felt vastly guilty as he thought of the thin children around the family table.

When Amy Messenger started teaching in 1941, her salary was \$34 a month in cash. She "boarded and roomed around." This meant, in her case, that she did not know from one time period to the next where she would be living and eating. She had to cope with a feeling of great uneasiness at the end of each block of time. "I was always concerned that I might be staying beyond my welcome. On the other hand, when I thought it was time for me to move on, I didn't want the current family to think that I had been unhappy in their home.

"No one had a spare room; no one really had room for the teacher. Nevertheless, all were happy to share with me whatever they did have. I think I've slept in

almost every room a house has. I slept in the living room where the davenport made into a bed. I slept for a time on a folding cot in the kitchen. I slept in the same bedroom with the children. In some places I was given a bedroom, and the children slept on the living room floor. In one place I slept with the baby, who was only a year old. She always wanted to snuggle up very close to me. I would keep moving over—then she moved also. Then I would get out of bed and get in on the other side and the cycle would start all over again."



Amy Messenger

At one of her boarding places, Amy recalls that the food was very good at the first of the month when payday came, but by the end of the month the food supply was so low that the hostess prepared pancakes for herself and her children, but sent Amy to another Adventist lady's home in the community for her meals. Amy, crimson with humiliation, realized that her hostess had pleaded with the other lady to feed her. Although embarrassed, Amy was also young and hungry, and did not protest the plan.

"At this same place, one evening I was in my room when I overheard the man from the small neighborhood grocery store talking to the lady of the house. It seemed that she owed a ten-dollar grocery bill, which in those days, was a very large sum. He said he couldn't give her any more credit. I remembered that I had painstakingly saved ten dollars from my salary during all those months. I knew she would never take it from me, but I really wanted to help her out. I decided I would pay the bill and she would never know who had done it. I went to the post office and got a



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money order for ten dollars. Then I sent this to the grocery store. But the lady was determined to find out the truth, and it didn't take her long to worm a confession out of me. She was neither happy nor grateful, and she told me so in no uncertain terms."

Helen Hudson's first living conditions were pretty typical of that time. For added strain, she didn't know until the week before school opened what school she would be given. When the name was mentioned, a town in a nearby state, she had never heard of it. Later she learned that the church had given up the idea of a school that year because they simply could not afford it. But the conference educational superintendent had met with them, and he must have been quite persuasive, as they came up with the plan of "boarding the teacher around" and paying her next-to-nothing in cash. Helen remarks with a rueful smile, "No one gave a single thought as to how hard this would be on a frightened and insecure young teacher." But she decided to square her chin and shoulders and make whatever best of it was to be made.

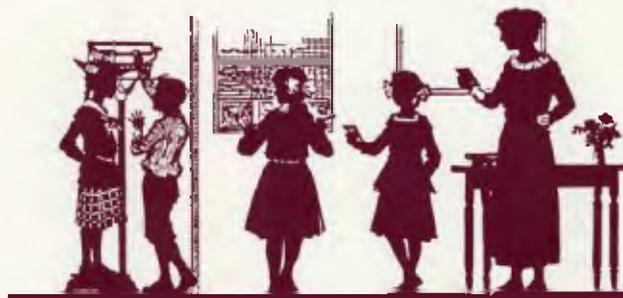
"In my innocence, I had thought boarding around went out in 1899! I had been told that my board and room would be part of my wages, but it hadn't occurred



Certificates like this assured local school boards that the teacher was qualified to teach. They did not, of course, ensure the teacher congenial housing.

to me in my wildest imaginings that VARIOUS people would provide this. For the first part of the time I lived with the B's. Obviously they weren't of the 'moneyed' class, but they were nice to me. The home was up the hill about halfway to the top; the road was dirt, and the first time I climbed it, with a sinking heart I could visualize what it would be like when it rained. One nice thing, though, was that the road wound through a grove of pine trees." And Helen even had a "room" of her own. This was a curtain separating one corner of the living room from the remainder. The children had been sternly told that this segment of the room was off bounds to them. They were very cooperative. There was no indoor plumbing, just a pump in the kitchen. There was no electricity. But there was a beautiful view of the valley, which helped to compensate Helen for the other things she did not have. As she went to bed that first night, though, she had the disquieting sensation that she'd been dropped into a time warp and conveyed back to the last century.

"The walk down the hill was enjoyable in the fall, but I wondered about winter there in Colorado in the foothills of the Rockies. And I found out—it was terrible."



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In January, Helen went to live with a family who lived only a fourth of a mile from the school, a much more practical situation in the constant heavy snowfalls. She would be with them one month, she was told, because even though they were "older people" and had no children in school, they wanted to do their part by providing the teacher's housing and food for a month. Helen felt almost as though she were home—and when the month was nearly over, the elderly couple just couldn't bear to see her go into a home at such a distance from the school that she'd be fighting the snowdrifts twice a day once again. "It surely helped so much during those two bad months to be close to the school," Helen says. "They had running water and plumbing, and they gave me a nice room. They were "Old Country" German people and were very exacting in many ways, but they became my good friends and they meant a great deal to me."

But when March came, she realized that she must not wear out her welcome. Unfortunately, the only opening for her was with a family who had grudgingly agreed before school began to take their turn at housing and boarding the teacher. But they were the most reluctant and unenthusiastic of hosts. When she arrived, they met her at the door with all sorts of apologies. "We're so sorry you have to come here. We don't have a very good place. You'll have to put up with lots . . ." and so on and on. Helen, young and timid, was crushed with embarrassment. But she had nowhere else to go.

It turned out that they didn't have such a bad place at all. They had indoor plumbing and electricity and other enjoyable amenities. But Helen never really felt welcome, never felt accepted. Mealtimes were embarrassing ordeals. As she thought it over, Helen wondered if Mr. M. had pledged a month's support for the teacher without consulting his wife—the situation seemed to have that sort of stamp. She came to realize that this family, in spite of their "poor mouth" talk, could easily have paid the tuition for their girl in

Helen's classroom, but they weren't allowed to handle matters that way. The teacher had to live somewhere, and the other families who had taken her in were determined that the M's take their turn. Helen felt like the most unpopular of mortals.

Somehow the month dragged by. Then it was time to move again. But where would she go now? The assigned family was four-and-a-half miles from the school. How could she teach such long days and walk both ways? Fortunately, by this time she had become a dear friend of the family where she had first lived. They simply could not see the fragile young girl submit to such a strenuous ordeal, so they invited her back into their home. Helen says, "I left the M's with their plumbing, water, and electricity—but somehow I felt they had very little of things that mattered—and I went back to the B's, who had none of those 'conveniences,' yet they had so much love for God and for me, it was a joy to wake up each morning. I stayed with them until school was out.

Contrary to the usual custom of the day, Helen was invited to return to the same little country school the next year. But what a difference! Now she was one of them. Now she was among friends. Now she "belonged." And by the beginning of November she got a chance to live right across the road from the schoolhouse. No more fighting those shoulder-high snows in the middle of winter. This time her room was a canvassed-in porch, sub-freezing during the winter, no electricity, but each night she and her "family" had a "banquet" by kerosene lamp.

"There was a lot of love in this house," Helen remembers. Sometimes the elderly man who lived in the cabin next door would join the evening "banquet," bringing marshmallows, which they all roasted over the kerosene lamp, declaring them to be the most enjoyable they'd ever had.

After Sarabel Cornell had taught (and survived) her first year, she completed her academy work during the summer and was the proud owner of a high school



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diploma. Now she found that she would teach grades one through four in Kansas City in a two-teacher school. She would be given room and board with several Bible workers who were training with Elder G. R. West.

"My salary had risen to \$12.50 per week, plus room and board. I spent two years here, and, believe it or not, my salary was finally the enormous sum of \$80 a month! The second year in this school, I boarded with a family and had a new situation in that I paid them \$25 a month for room and board. I saved a little each month and hoped to spend a year in Union College in the not-too-distant future."

Sarabel's dream had a solid foundation. She did get back to Union College for a year. Her living conditions in college consisted of room and board in a doctor's home, for which she worked by caring for an invalid when she was not on the campus at class. Since the doctor's home was a mile-and-a-half from the college, the kindly man paid the nickel fare each way for Sarabel, feeling that she was loaded down as heavily as any girl her age should be. But he didn't understand the depth of her commitment. "Many times I walked and then I had the nickel for my spending money. But that was the year all the banks closed and I lost my poor little savings. Then I couldn't afford but one year of college, so I went back into teaching."

In an empty three-room apartment, for which she was paying \$20 a month rent, Elsie Hansen found that a bed and mattress and kitchen table had been provided, but no other furniture. She had not one cent to buy anything. She found some wooden apple boxes to scatter about in the rugless living room. What would "company" think? No problem. She never had any company.

Mary Bishop's experience ran counter to those of her fellow teachers. "In Oregon," she says, "during my 15 years of church school teaching, there was only one year that I boarded around with different parents. That year I did have my own room in one of the homes, but I ate each meal at a different place." One wonders what

happened when Mary encountered the same food—rice, for instance—three times in one day.

"Jancy," in Michigan, had the unique experience of being told that she would have to live in the YWCA. She was young and lonely and inexperienced, but, like her sister-teachers, she squared her shoulders and accepted the tiny cubicle which she was assigned. Of course, there were no cooking facilities. "We were told not to take any food to our rooms, because it might draw bugs. So most of my meals were purchased to be eaten at once. For breakfast and lunch I lived out of the corner grocery store. Usually I purchased a piece or two of fruit and a small vegetable-shortening cake, or cookies, or a candy bar. If I bought a whole loaf of bread, it either got stale or moldy before I could finish it. I had no access to refrigeration of any kind. For supper I'd sit on a high stool at the lunch counter in the basement of the 'Y' and order a vegetable plate. This meant boiled potatoes, peas, beets, or green beans—all canned—a salad, and milk.

"Jancy" goes on to describe how good food became almost an obsession with her. "How tantalizing the sandwiches looked that students brought in lunchbags and shiny lunch pails! But Wednesdays were worst of all. That was Dorcas day, and from the other part of the church, I smelled marvelous odors of the food brought by the Dorcas ladies who met for quilting and other sewing. I got so hungry I could hardly teach."

Food problems weren't the only trials for "Jancy" that year. She felt a sense of increasing isolation, living by herself in her little cubicle. The interests of the other girls rooming at the "Y" were vastly different from hers. There seemed to be no common meeting ground. School days weren't too bad, though she often dreaded the lonely evenings. But Sabbaths and Sundays were sheer torture. No one ever invited her for Sabbath dinner.

"My favorite family had three students in school. But I was told that they wanted to be alone on Sabbaths as a family. So after church I usually returned to my tiny room for a feast of baked beans from a can and



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some soda crackers that I kept hidden for such occasions. I tried to eat the whole can of beans so the remains wouldn't draw either bugs or comments from the daily housekeeper who inspected the rooms."

"Jancy" explains why she was in such a small cubicle. "This room wasn't usually rented, as it was so terribly small. But when I had explained to the people at the 'Y' how desperate I was for a low-rent room, they consented to let me have this one. It was just large enough for a single bed with a small aisle to squeeze between the bed and the old-fashioned dresser. It also had one chair and perhaps it even had a small stand. But the room served its purpose. Many nights I graded papers piled high all over the bed."

She realizes now, after years have passed, that had she been more understanding, she probably could have found a friend or two among the other girls at the "Y." But she was very young and very immature. She had been strongly warned about the dangers of becoming friendly with "worldly people." And she ought to have taken more exercise, she now realizes.

"I thought then that it was a sin to sit around with the coffee-drinking girls, and waste time, and I'm still not fond of the idea, but I could have taken a cup of Postum and gotten to know a few of the girls."

"Friday nights, after my Sabbath preparations and my little worship, I would play the piano in the large parlor for hours, then set my hair and go to bed. Sabbaths always found me at Sabbath School and church, Wednesday nights at prayer meetings, and I went to any and all evangelistic crusades that were held."

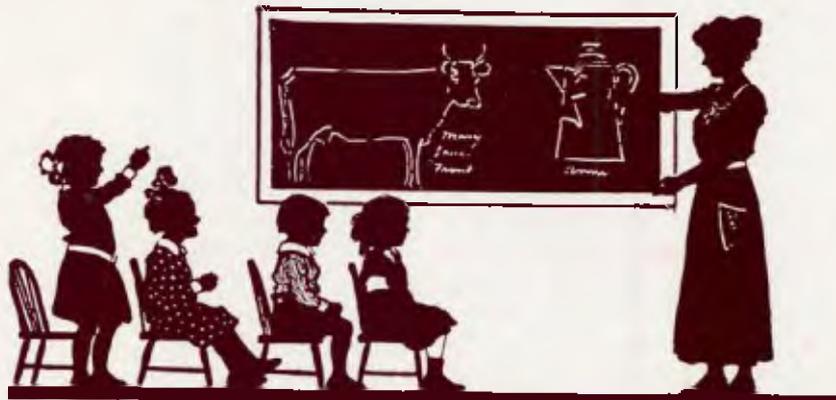
Mary McIntyre Deming's experience was much happier. "Arriving in Chehalis, Washington, I was met by the young pastor of the district, Marion Mohr, who took me out to meet Mrs. Roy O. Yeatts, the lady with whom I was to live during the school year 1943-44. Her husband was a physician serving his country in



Mary McIntyre Deming (left) enjoyed her experiences both as teacher of the Jackson Prairie school and as boarder in the Yeatts' home.

some far-off land. She was a very brave young woman, willing to enter into the struggles of the little Jackson Prairie Church to provide a church school for their children. She agreed not only to board the teacher, but to keep three children from another family (the Wisbeys) so that they might also have church school privileges."

From this point in time, and thinking of the logistics of the situation, Mary exclaims, "What sacrifices our dear parents made to provide Christian education for



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their children! At times I shudder at the inexperience of those of us in charge of that education."

Young Mrs. Yeatts really had her hands full. There was Myrna, third grade; the three Wisbey children (Lowell, age 14, grade 7; Donna, grade 5; Delbert, grade 4) and the homesick young teacher with a most healthy appetite.

Young "Mother Yeatts" was equal to the task of coping with her brood, as well as the teacher's longing for home. As if that weren't enough to occupy her time, she kept the infant daughter of a young couple for a short period, since the nervous new mother couldn't seem to cope with the baby crying night and day.

"Needless to say, the baby soon became calm and slept, and took her formula like a normal baby should. Before long, new mother and new baby were happily reunited and got along well from then on—because of Mrs. Yeatts."

The house in which the brood lived was out in the country—a two-story structure, unfinished, with no electricity. During these war years, people lived where and how they could. Fortunately, a male relative lived in a smaller building on the same acreage, which meant that one husky handyman was available when the generator, which provided them with electricity in the evenings and early mornings, demanded attention. Their running water was provided by a windmill's power. One of their most fervent prayers was for wind on Fridays so that they could all take baths.

In spite of the hardships, and the poignant trips to the mailbox, hoping to hear from home, Mary remembers that Mrs. Yeatts didn't permit it to be a gloomy time.

"We hiked through the woods. Sometimes I would get permission for my entire little school to pick apples from abandoned orchards. And every Friday night Mrs. Yeatts made delicious cinnamon rolls as a treat."

Summing up the richness of this experience, and the indelible impression this unusual young woman made on her life when she was a beginning teacher, Mary says, "As I look back, my admiration for Mrs. Yeatts is unbounded. She must have known moments of loneliness and frustration with three often lonely little boarder children to console; a young, inexperienced teacher to encourage and counsel; her teen-aged son having his own adjustments to make in a boarding academy; and her husband far across the sea in a war—to say nothing of her little girl at home. I ask myself, 'How much gratitude did she receive from me? How much help did I give her? Or did I just accept it all?'"

Mrs. John Aluisi will never forget one cold New



Teacher Mary McIntyre Deming peers out the front door of the Yeatts home. Her students and housemates include Donna and Lowell Wisbey, Myrna Yeatts, Delbert Wisbey, and (head down in foreground) Johnny Thompson.

England winter when she took up residence with another teacher who already was in possession of an apartment. The arrangement had been that her rent money would help with expenses, but somehow things didn't work out as they should. "My hostess didn't get her salary on time any more than I did. We didn't have money to keep the two stoves going. We couldn't afford fuel. So there was no heat in the stove in the front room. We shared a bedroom, and in there we tried to keep the stove at least lukewarm, but during the nights in winter it was so cold that I felt I was always half-awake, no matter how many quilts and blankets I piled on my bed."

When Dorothy N. Ford in 1940 accepted a call to teach in Missoula, Montana, she found that a very large old house had been converted into not only a school room, but also housing for herself and another teacher. This housing was in the form of the other side of the school room, with a curtain acting as the "wall" which provided "privacy." There was an upstairs apartment which housed an evangelist and his wife, who were conducting meetings.

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In spite of these rather unusual living conditions, Dorothy felt that she had a good school year and that the parents were most supportive and helpful. The next year she had a call at the last moment to teach in Kalispell, Montana, one of the most northern areas in the state. Arriving on the train on Labor Day, she tried to phone someone from the church, but to no avail. Apparently everyone was celebrating at a picnic or some other outdoor activity. She knew that the church school room was attached to the back of the church. She finally found it.

"Then I began to look for a room close by and found one just around the corner. I moved in with my worldly possessions—my suitcase. That was really some winter. Kalispell is nothing but bitter cold and snow for months and months in winter. I chopped my own wood for heating and cooking on the wood cook stove in my room, often taking care of this the first thing in the morning. Then I went to the school and chopped wood, if this had not been done by others, and I built the fire so that the room would be warm for the children."

The thing that troubled Dorothy the most was how she would do justice to all the grades in one room. Even using alternate day recitations as had been suggested in college summer school, she knew it would be far less than an ideal situation. In addition, the first graders were all very, very young, immature, and restless. They would have benefited by remaining home another year—of this she was convinced—but she was not able to convince the parents. So she simply did the best she could. Then Elder R. E. Finney, a well-known evangelist, came to town to conduct a series of meetings. Dorothy was pressed into service as pianist every evening of the week.

It became too much. Her body rebelled. She became too exhausted and ill to go on and had to ask to be relieved for the rest of the year. Her valiant spirit was more than willing, but the flesh couldn't keep up with the spirit. "I felt like a failure for a long time after that experience," Dorothy says.

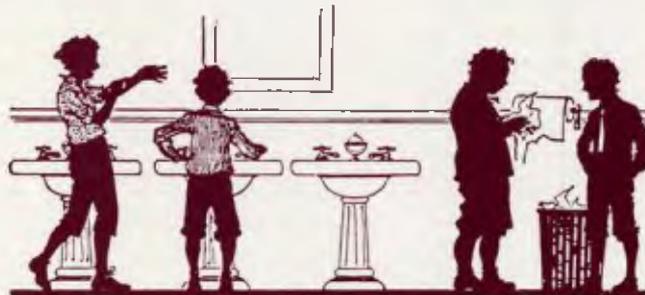
Mrs. Dallas Youngs had the same kind of experi-

ence as some of her cohorts—boarding around, each meal at a different home, and sleeping with one of the children. But there were some bright spots. "For supper I ate in the home of the Franz family. Clyde was one of my pupils and later grew up to be a minister and to serve as Secretary of the General Conference." Mrs. Youngs adds thoughtfully, "A nicer boy no teacher ever had."

Another facet of this year in Alabama that remains in her mind is the colicky baby, the newest child in a large family where she stayed for a month or so. "The baby cried all the time, but I didn't seem to mind it too much, though I really wasn't used to babies, since there weren't any in my home. I guess I just adjusted rapidly."

When J. Helen Graham landed in the small Michigan town where she'd agreed to teach, she discovered that the schoolroom was in one of the members' homes—everything had been cleared out to make room for it. "I had the northwest room in the same house. The hostess had tried to make it attractive with a nice-looking bed, a dresser, a commode with a wash bowl and a pitcher. Since there was no electricity and we had to carry wood upstairs for heat in the schoolroom, I had to do my studying downstairs where were gathered father, mother, the hired girl, and seven children, ages two through ten. With no running water, there was no bathroom or inside toilet. I took my bath in the schoolroom in a wash basin."

Savilla B. Lownsbery says, "After teaching four years, I decided to spend some time at Emmanuel Missionary College, desiring to finish Advanced Normal. In May of 1926, Professor Fattic had told me he had plans for me to teach the lower grades in Lansing, Michigan. My dear parents rented their home in Ithaca and were desirous of being with me. We drove down the street and saw a sign 'House for Rent.' I inquired about it. The lady informed me that it was down in the heart of the city. When I told her I needed one in the vicinity where we were standing, she thought about it for a moment and replied, 'We will move into the other



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The first church school in Lansing, Michigan, was held in a small building next to the church. Later, the building was attached to the church in order to make room for the growing congregation.

house and you can move into this one.' We lived there happily until the house sold four years later."

Her good luck on housing continued. Again she could not believe her ears when a family offered to move, thus making available a house which was the ideal site for her teaching situation. This occurred in the little town of Mt. Pleasant, Michigan. But later, in Cadillac, she remembers four years of driving over icy and snowy roads, her heart in her mouth. Then she decided she couldn't cope with that any longer. When she left school on a certain Thursday, she turned at one of the corners and glanced up and down the street. Her eye lighted on a small, neat house which appeared to be empty. Knocking on the door of the house nearest it, she inquired, "Is the house next door to you for rent?"

"Well," answered the lady at the door, "I think it will be. The people just moved out around noon."

"Oh, do you have the name and address of the owner?" Savilla cried.

The woman did. Savilla rushed to her car and drove to the address, which proved to be a farmhouse. She saw a man working out in the field, and ran to him.

Breathlessly she exclaimed, "I'd like to rent your house in town!" Startled at the sight of this young woman who had appeared apparently out of nowhere, he replied, "But it's already rented."

Quickly Savilla replied, "Oh, your tenants moved out at noon today."

The farmer scratched his head. "That doesn't seem possible. They didn't say a word to me. Aren't people queer?"

They agreed on the strangeness of people and on the rent and that was that.

Another teacher's experience was a bit more typical. Her first school was in St. Johns, Michigan, and was held in part of a house with very little equipment. She had 15 children in six grades. "I had to take an oath of allegiance to support the Constitution of the United States, because of Jehovah's Witnesses who had been active in that area. I lived upstairs in one room and cooked for myself on a hot plate. A family lived in a back apartment and I got my water there. The only toilets were those for the school. I paid \$2.00 a week for my room. My food cost about \$2.00. I bought a

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trunk, a teacher's encyclopedia, and I even saved a few dollars that first year.

E. E. Messenger found himself boarding in a home where, although the family were church members, pork and lard were still part of their diet. This posed a severe problem for him. And he wasn't too much better off at yet another home where the men of the family were ardent fishermen; fish was a staple in the diet there.

Enid Sparks summed it up succinctly: "You had no trouble visiting the families of your students, since you boarded around. One place I had green beans three times a day and heavy, heavy bread made of all-ground whole wheat."

The household where Mrs. Eric Johnson found herself, consisted of the head church elder and his wife, three school boys, a three-year-old boy, and a girl living with this family in order to attend the ninth grade. The latter was the teacher's room and bedmate.

"Our upstairs room was heated by a floor register from heat in the living room below. When our room was terribly cold, I joined the family in the evenings and studied right along with them at the dining room table. In the morning we hurried downstairs and to the outside toilet. Then we brushed our teeth and washed our faces at the kitchen sink with water from the water pail and from the hot teakettle on the stove."

But the teacher in this case felt that she was pretty fortunate, because her hostess was so efficient. "When I got home from school on Fridays this organized mother would have all the children bathed for Sabbath so that I could have the warm kitchen with the wooden tub and warm water which she had heated on the kitchen stove."

Another teacher who remembers a hostess kindly, if somewhat ruefully, is Mildred Berggren. "I had no way to cook or have food in my room, so I took all my

meals at the minister's house. I gained ten pounds that year on Mrs. Olson's good cooking!"

Esther Holland says of life in Eagle Falls, Idaho, in 1940-41, "There was a two-room apartment above the school in the church. I, with my three little girls, paid \$10 a month for it, which included our wood for both the school and our apartment. The water was in a pump at the front. Both school room and our apartment used a pail. There were screened outhouses, one for boys and one for girls. I paid anything which appeared on the electric bill above the minimum charge, which the church paid. However, if a week or more of evening meetings had been held during the month, it was felt that the church owed the electricity and not I!"

Esther goes on to recall that their baths were taken in a washtub with water they heated on the stove. Fortunately, they possessed a sink with a drain, so they didn't have to carry used water downstairs to dispose of it.

"I received \$60 a month cash, and I did not have to pay tuition for my two girls who were in school. I sent my little five-year-old up the street to a church member's home for the morning when the weather was bad. Otherwise, she played around the school yard, and ate lunch with us in the schoolroom." Summing up these years, with living room sleeping quarters, bedmates, kitchen tub baths, long hikes through the snow and bills of fare in which the teacher had no choice, Mrs. Eric Johnson remembers only the good.

"Boarding around was an opportunity to be part of a family for a few months, and it was the beginning of many long-lasting friendships. . . . I could not even complain about the small room with no closet where the mice would dig between the floor boards looking for stray oat kernels from the old days when seed oats had been stored up in the attic. I just swept the floor every morning and was thankful for the room."



On Second Thought. . .



Pearl Waggoner



Nels Peter Nelson



Anna and Charles A. Hall

Pearl Waggoner, daughter of E. J. Waggoner, was mistakenly identified in the Vol. 13, Number 1 of *ADVENTIST HERITAGE* as Waggoner's first wife, Jessie Moser.

N. P. Nelson (1870-1924) was incorrectly identified as a delegate to the 1888 General Conference in Vol. 13, Number 1. The Nelson who attended the 1888 General Conference was Nels Peter Nelson (1844-1905). Nels Peter Nelson raised up the first Seventh-day Adventist church in the Dakota Territory at Swan Lake. He served as president in the Dakota Conference and later as president of the Nebraska Confer-

ence. He was one of the founders of Union College. In 1903 he became president of the Southwestern Union Conference.

The name Charles Andrew Hall (1866-1917) appeared in our last issue as a delegate to the 1888 General Conference, but the dates of his birth and death were incorrect and no photograph had been found. He was actually born in 1848 in Vermont, and died at Graysville, Tennessee, in 1904. From 1888-1894 Hall served in Kansas, part of the time as president of the Kansas Conference. He and his family later worked in Jamaica, Georgia, and Tennessee.

The Editor's Stump, Cont.

Ellen White which has been handed down from generation to generation of the D. T. Bourdeau family. It is usually difficult to prove or disprove the authenticity of such stories. There is no reason to doubt the Bourdeau story, yet even the most honest among us are subject to the tricks of memory. Details are forgotten, words spoken by one person are attributed to another, and time collapses and expands as we seek to recall events or advice from the past in ways that might be useful today.

Regardless of the degree of authenticity one attributes to these stories as accounts of the distant past, they are fascinating evidence of the influence and impact of Ellen White on her spiritual descendants. Often these stories provide a positive counter-balance to unflattering stereotypes of Ellen White. One sometimes hears that Mrs. White said every woman should have a red dress in her wardrobe. The story provides relief from

the image of Ellen White's own clothing which apparently included only dark, solid colors. Actually, the story comes to us through Ellen White's granddaughter, who only reported Ellen White's having told a particular woman that a red dress would look nice on her.

The Bourdeau family's story about Ellen White's advice to a nervous bridegroom similarly counters the image of Ellen White as a straight-laced prude. In Ellen White's own time, there was little call to repeat the story publicly, for most people were more comfortable if such matters were kept out of public discourse. Today we tend to be suspicious of someone who offers domestic advice without a hearty endorsement of physical affection and intimacy in marriage. So the story is no longer merely a private memory passed on by a single family, it now becomes a part of the Adventist heritage.

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