

TESTIMONY

FOR

THE CHURCH.

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TESTIMONY FOR THE CHURCH.

EXPERIENCE AND LABORS.

MY reason for sending out another Testimony to my dear brethren and sisters at this time is, that the Lord has graciously manifested himself to me, and has again revealed matters of very great importance to those who profess to be keeping the commandments of God and waiting for the coming of the Son of man. More than three years had elapsed between the vision given me Jan. 3, 1875, and the recent manifestation of God's love and power to me. But before entering upon the views recently shown me, I will give a brief sketch of my experience for a year or two past.

May 11, 1877, we left Oakland, California, for Battle Creek, Michigan. I had been afflicted with pain in my heart for several months, and suffered much with oppressed breathing on my journey across the plains. The difficulty did not leave me when we reached Michigan. Others occupied our home at Battle Creek, and we had no relatives there to care for us,

our children all being in California. Kind friends, however, did what they could for me, but I did not feel free to burden them when they had all the care they should have with their own families.

A telegram had been sent to my husband, requesting his presence at Battle Creek to give attention to important business relative to the cause, but more especially to take the supervision of planning the large Sanitarium building. In answer to this, he came and engaged earnestly in preaching, writing, and holding Board-meetings at the *Review* Office, the College, and the Sanitarium, working into the night nearly every evening. This wore him fearfully. He felt the importance of these institutions, but especially of the large Sanitarium building, in which was being invested more than fifty thousand dollars. His constant mental anxiety was preparing the way for a sudden breakdown. We both felt our danger, and decided to go to Colorado to enjoy retirement and rest. While planning for the journey, a voice seemed to say to me, "Put the armor on. I have work for you to do in Battle Creek." The voice seemed so plain that I involuntarily turned to see who was speaking. I saw no one; and at the sense of the presence of God, my heart was broken in tenderness before him. When

my husband entered the room, I told him the exercises of my mind. We wept and prayed together. Our arrangements had been made to leave in three days; but now all our plans were changed.

May 30, the patients and Faculty of the Sanitarium having planned to spend the day two miles from Battle Creek in a beautiful grove that bordered Goguac Lake, I was urged to be present and speak to the patients. Had I consulted my feelings, I should not have ventured; but I thought perhaps this might be a part of the work I was to do in Battle Creek. At the usual hour, tables were spread with hygienic food, which was partaken of with keen relish. At 3 o'clock the exercises were opened with prayer and singing. I had great freedom in speaking to the people. All listened with the deepest interest. After I had ceased speaking, Judge Graham of Wisconsin, a patient at the Sanitarium, arose and proposed that the lecture be printed, and circulated among the patients and others for their moral and physical benefit, that the words spoken that day might never be forgotten or disregarded. The proposition was approved by a unanimous vote, and the address was published in a small pamphlet entitled, "The Sanitarium Patients at Goguac Lake."

The close of the school year of the Battle Creek College was now at hand. I had felt very anxious for the students, many of whom were either unconverted or backslidden from God. I had desired to speak to them, and make an effort for their salvation before they should scatter to their homes. But I had been too feeble to engage in labor for them. After the experience I have related, I had all the evidence I could ask that God would sustain me in laboring for the salvation of the students.

Meetings were appointed in our house of worship for the benefit of the students. I spent a week, laboring every evening, and Sabbath and first-day, for them. My heart was touched to see the house of worship nearly filled with the students of our school. I tried to impress upon them that a life of purity and prayer would not be a hinderance to them in obtaining a thorough knowledge of the sciences, but that it would remove many hinderances to their progress in knowledge. By becoming connected with the Saviour, they are brought into the school of Christ, and if diligent students in this school, vice and immorality will be expelled from their midst. These being crowded out, increased knowledge will be the result. All who become learn-

ers in the school of Christ excel in education, both in quality and extent. I presented before them that Christ is the Great Teacher, the source of all wisdom, the greatest educator the world has ever known. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

A knowledge of God and his requirements will open the understanding of the student to realize his responsibilities to God and to the world. To this end he will feel that his talents must be developed in that way which will produce the very best results. This cannot be done unless all the precepts and principles of religion are connected with his school education. In no case should he disconnect God from his studies. In pursuit of knowledge he is searching for truth. And all truth comes from God, the source of truth. Students who are virtuous and are imbued with the spirit of Christ will grasp knowledge with all their faculties.

The College at Battle Creek was established for the purpose of teaching the sciences and at the same time leading the students to the Saviour, whence all true knowledge flows. Education acquired without Bible religion is robbed of its true brightness and glory. I sought to impress upon the students the fact that our school is to take a

higher position in education than any other institution of learning, by opening before them nobler views, aims, and objects in life, and educating them to have a correct knowledge of human duty and eternal interests. The great object in the establishment of our College was to give correct views, showing the harmony of science and Bible religion.

The Lord strengthened me and blessed our efforts. A large number came forward for prayers. Some of these through lack of watchfulness and prayer had lost their faith and the evidence of their connection with God. Many testified that in taking this step they received the blessing of God. As the result of the meetings, quite a number presented themselves for baptism.

As the closing exercises of the College year were to be held at Goguac Lake, it was decided that the baptism be administered there. The services of the occasion were of deep interest to the large congregation assembled, and were conducted with due solemnity, being appropriately closed with this sacred ordinance. I spoke at the commencement and close of the exercises. My husband led fourteen of the precious youth down into the water of the beautiful lake and buried them with

their Lord in baptism. Several of those who presented themselves as subjects for baptism chose to receive this ordinance at their homes. Thus closed the memorable services of the college year of our beloved school.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

But my work was not yet done in Battle Creek; for immediately on our return from the lake we were earnestly solicited to take part in a Temperance Mass Meeting, a very praise-worthy effort in progress among the better portion of the citizens of Battle Creek. This movement embraced the Battle Creek Reform Club, six hundred strong, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, two hundred and sixty strong.

God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the Bible were familiar words with these earnest workers. Much good had already been accomplished, and the activity of the workers, the system by which they labored, and the spirit of their meetings, promised greater good in time to come.

It was on the occasion of the visit of Barnum's great menagerie to this city on the 28th of June, that the ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union struck a telling blow for temperance

and reform by organizing an immense temperance restaurant to accommodate the crowds of people who gathered in from the country to visit the menagerie, thus preventing them from visiting the saloons and groggeries where they would be exposed to temptation. The mammoth tent, capable of holding 5,000 people, employed by the Michigan Conference for camp-meeting purposes, was tendered for the occasion. Beneath this immense canvas temple were erected fifteen or twenty tables for the accommodation of guests.

By invitation, the Sanitarium set a large table in the center of the great pavilion, bountifully supplied with delicious fruits, grains, and vegetables. This table formed the chief attraction, and was more largely patronized than any other. Although it was more than thirty feet long, it became so crowded that it was necessary to set another about two-thirds as long, which was also thronged.

By invitation of the Committee of Arrangements, Mayor Austin, W. H. Skinner, cashier of the First National Bank, and C. C. Peavey, I spoke in the mammoth tent Sunday evening, July 1, upon the subject of Christian Temperance. God helped me that evening. And although I spoke ninety minutes, the crowd

of fully five thousand persons listened with almost breathless silence.

VISIT TO INDIANA.

Aug. 9-14, I attended the camp-meeting in Indiana, accompanied by my daughter, Mary K. White. My husband found it was impossible for him to leave Battle Creek. At this meeting the Lord strengthened me to labor most earnestly. As I looked upon the audience of men and women assembled, noble in appearance and commanding in influence, and compared them with the little company assembled six years before who were mostly poor and uneducated, I could but exclaim, What hath the Lord wrought! The Lord gave me clearness and power to appeal to the people.

Monday, I suffered much with my lungs, having taken a severe cold; but I pleaded with the Lord to strengthen me to make one more effort for the salvation of souls. I was raised above my infirmity, and was blessed with great freedom and power. I appealed to the people to give their hearts to God. About fifty came forward for prayers. The deepest interest was manifested. Fifteen were buried with Christ in baptism as the result of the meeting.

We had planned to attend the Ohio

and Eastern camp-meetings, but our friends thought that in my present state of health it would be presumptuous. So we decided to remain at Battle Creek. My throat and lungs pained me much, and my heart was still affected. Being much of the time a great sufferer, I placed myself under treatment at our Sanitarium.

EFFECTS OF OVERWORK.

My husband labored incessantly to advance the interests of the cause of God in the various departments of the work centering in Battle Creek. His friends were astonished at the amount of labor he accomplished. Sabbath morning, August 18, he spoke in our house of worship. In the afternoon his mind was closely and critically exercised for four consecutive hours, while he listened to the reading of manuscript for Spirit of Prophecy, Vol. 3. The matter was intensely interesting, and calculated to stir the soul to its very depths, being a relation of the trial, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of Christ. Before we were aware of it he was very weary. He commenced labor on Sunday at five o'clock in the morning, and continued working until twelve at night.

The next morning at about half-past

six, he was attacked with giddiness, and was threatened with paralysis. We greatly feared this dreaded disease; but the Lord was merciful, and spared us the affliction. However, his attack was followed by great physical and mental prostration; and now, indeed, it seemed impossible for us to attend the Eastern camp-meetings, or for me to attend them, and leave my husband depressed in spirits and in feeble health.

When my husband was thus prostrated, I said, "This is the work of the enemy. We must not submit to his power. God will work in our behalf." On Wednesday we had a special season of prayer that the blessing of God might rest upon him and restore him to health. We also asked for wisdom that we might know our duty in regard to attending the camp-meetings. The Lord had many times strengthened our faith to go forth and work for him under discouragements and infirmities; and at such times he had wonderfully preserved and upheld us. But our friends pleaded that we ought to rest, and that it appeared inconsistent and unreasonable for us to attempt such a journey, and incur the fatigue and exposure of camp life. We, ourselves, tried to think that the cause of God would go forward the same if we were

set aside, and had no part to act in it. God would raise up others to do his work.

I could not, however, find rest and freedom in the thought of remaining absent from the field of labor. It seemed to me that Satan was striving to hedge up my way, to prevent me from bearing my testimony, and from doing the work God had given me to do. I had about decided to go alone, and do my part, trusting in God to give me the needful strength, when we received a letter from Bro. Haskell, in which he thanked God that Bro. and Sister White would attend the New England camp-meeting. Eld. Canright had written that he could not be present, as he would be unable to leave the interest in Danvers, and also that none of the company could be spared from the tent. Eld. Haskell stated in his letter that all preparations had been made for a large meeting at Groveland; and he had decided to have the meeting, with the help of God, even if he had to carry it through alone.

We again took the matter to the Lord in prayer. We knew the mighty Healer could restore both my husband and myself to health, if it was for his glory so to do. It seemed hard to move out, weary, sick, and discouraged. At

times I felt that God would make the journey a blessing to us both, if we went trusting in him. The thought would frequently arise in my mind, Where is your faith? God has promised, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

I sought to encourage my husband; he thought that if I felt able to undergo the fatigue and labor of camp-meeting, it would be best for me to go; but he could not endure the thought of accompanying me in his state of feebleness, unable to labor, his mind clouded with despondency, and himself a subject of pity to his brethren. He had sat up but very little since his sudden attack, and seemed to grow no stronger. We sought the Lord again and again, hoping that there would be a rift in the cloud, but no special light came. While the carriage was waiting to take us to the depot, we again went before the Lord in prayer, and pleaded with him to sustain us on our journey. We both decided to walk out by faith, and to venture all on the promises of God. This movement of ours required considerable faith. Upon taking our seats in the cars, we felt that we were in the path of duty. We rested in traveling, and slept well at night.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

About eight o'clock on Friday evening we reached Boston. The next morning we took the first train to Groveland. When we arrived at the camp-ground, the rain was literally pouring. Elder Haskell had labored constantly up to this time, and excellent meetings were reported. There were forty-seven tents on the ground, besides three large tents, the one for the congregation being 80 by 125 feet in dimensions.

The meetings on the Sabbath were of the deepest interest. The church was revived and strengthened, while sinners and backsliders were aroused to a sense of their danger.

Sunday morning the weather was still cloudy, but before it was time for the people to assemble the sun shone forth. Boats and trains poured their living freight upon the ground in thousands. Elder Smith spoke in the morning upon the Eastern Question. The subject was of special interest, and the people listened with the most earnest attention. In the afternoon it was difficult to make my way to the desk through the standing crowd. Upon reaching it, a sea of heads was before me. The mammoth tent was full, and thousands stood about the tent,

making a living wall several feet deep. My lungs and throat pained me very much, yet I believed God would help me upon that important occasion. While speaking, my weariness and pain were forgotten, as I realized that I was speaking to a people that did not regard my words as idle tales. The discourse occupied over an hour, with the very best attention throughout. As the closing hymn was being sung, the officers of the Temperance Reform Club of Haverhill solicited me, as on the previous year, to speak before their association on Monday evening. Having an appointment to speak at Danvers, I was obliged to decline the invitation.

Monday morning we had a season of prayer in our tent in behalf of my husband. We presented his case to the Great Physician. It was a precious season; the peace of Heaven rested upon us. These words came forcibly to my mind, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." We all felt the blessing of God resting upon us. We then assembled in the large tent, and my husband met with us, and spoke for a short time, uttering precious words from a heart softened, and aglow with a deep sense of the mercy and goodness of God. He endeavored to bring the believers in

the truth to realize their privilege of receiving assurance of the grace of God in their hearts; that the great truths we believe should sanctify the life, ennoble the character, and have a saving influence upon the world. The tearful eyes of the people showed that their hearts were touched and melted by these remarks.

We then took up the work where we had left it on the Sabbath, and the morning was spent in special labor for sinners and backsliders, of whom two hundred came forward for prayers, ranging in years from the child of ten to gray-headed men and women. More than a score of these were setting their feet in the way of life for the first time. In the afternoon thirty-eight persons were baptized, quite a number delaying baptism until they returned to their homes.

Monday evening, in company with Eld. Canright and several others, I took the cars for Danvers. My husband was not able to accompany me. When released from the immediate pressure of the camp-meeting, I realized that I was sick, and had but little strength; yet the cars were fast bearing us on to my appointment in Danvers. Here I must stand before those who were entire

strangers. Their minds had been prejudiced by false reports and wicked slander. I thought if I could have strength of lungs, and clearness of voice, and freedom from pain of heart, I would be very grateful to God. These thoughts and feelings were kept to myself, and in great distress I silently called upon God. Too weary to arrange my thoughts in connected words, I felt that I must have help, and asked for it with my whole heart. Physical and mental strength I must have if I spoke that night. I said over and over again in my silent prayer, "I hang my helpless soul on thee, O God, my deliverer. Forsake me not in this the hour of my need."

As the time for the meeting drew on, my spirit wrestled in an agony of prayer for strength and power from God. While the last hymn was being sung, I went to the stand. I stood up in great weakness, knowing that if any degree of success attended my labors it would be through the strength of the Mighty One. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon me as I attempted to speak. Like a shock of electricity I felt it upon my heart, and all pain was instantly removed. I had suffered great pain in the nerves centering in the brain; this also was entirely removed. My irritated

throat and sore lungs were relieved. My left arm and hand, in consequence of pain in my heart, had become nearly useless ; but natural feeling was now restored. My mind was clear, my soul was full of the light and love of God. Angels of God seemed to be on every side like a wall of fire.

The tent was full, and about two hundred persons stood outside the canvas, unable to find room inside. I spoke from the words of Christ in answer to the question of the learned scribe as to which was the great commandment in the law : "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Matt. 22 : 37.

The blessing of God rested upon me, and my pain and feebleness left me. Before me were a people whom I might not meet again until the Judgment ; and the desire for their salvation led me to speak earnestly, and in the fear of God, that I might be free from their blood. Great freedom attended my effort, which occupied one hour and ten minutes. Jesus was my helper, and his name shall have all the glory. The audience was very attentive.

We returned to Groveland on Tuesday to find the camp breaking up, tents being struck, our brethren saying farewell,

and ready to step on board the cars to return to their homes. This was one of the best camp-meetings I ever attended. Before leaving the ground, Elders Canright, Haskell, my husband, Sister Ings, and myself sought a retired place in the grove, and united in prayer for the blessing of health and the grace of God to rest more abundantly upon my husband. We all deeply felt the need of my husband's help, when so many urgent calls for preaching were coming in from every direction. This season of prayer was a very precious one; and the sweet peace and joy that settled upon us was our assurance that God heard our petitions.

In the afternoon Eld. Haskell took us in his carriage, and we started for South Lancaster, to rest at his home for a time. We preferred this way of traveling, thinking it would benefit our health.

We had daily conflicts with the powers of darkness, but we did not yield our faith or become in the least discouraged. My husband, because of disease, was desponding, and Satan's temptations seemed to greatly disturb his mind. But we had no thought of being overcome by the enemy. We presented his case no less than three times a day to the Great Physician, who could heal both soul and body. Every season of prayer was to

us very precious. We had very special manifestations of the light and love of God at every season of prayer. While pleading with God in his behalf one evening at Bro. Haskell's, the Lord seemed to be in our midst in very deed. It was a season never to be forgotten. The room seemed to be lighted up with the presence of angels. We praised the Lord with our hearts and voices. One blind sister present said, "Is this a vision? is this Heaven?" Our hearts were in such sacred communion with God that we felt the hallowed hours too sacred to sleep away. We retired to rest, but nearly the entire night was passed in talking and meditating upon the goodness and love of God, and in glorifying him with rejoicing.

We decided to travel by private conveyance a part of the way to the Vermont camp-meeting, as we thought this would be beneficial to my husband. At noon we would stop by the road-side, kindle a fire, prepare our lunch, and have a season of prayer. These precious hours spent in company with Bro. and Sr. Haskell, Sister Ings, and Sister Huntley, will never be forgotten. Our prayers went up to God all the way from South Lancaster to Vermont. After traveling three days we took the cars, and thus completed our journey.

This meeting was of especial benefit to the cause in Vermont. The Lord gave me strength to speak to the people as often as once each day. I give the following from Eld. Uriah Smith's account of the meeting, published in the *Review and Herald*:—

“Bro. and Sr. White and Bro. Haskell were at this meeting, to the great joy of the brethren. Sabbath, Sept. 8, the day appointed as a fast day with especial reference to Bro. White's state of health, was observed on the camp-ground. It was a good day. There was freedom in prayer, and good tokens that these prayers were not in vain. The Lord's blessing was with his people in large measure. Sabbath afternoon Sister White spoke with great freedom and effect. About one hundred came forward for prayers, manifesting deep feeling and an earnest purpose to seek the Lord.”

We went directly from Vermont to the New York camp-meeting. The Lord gave me great freedom in speaking to the people. But some were not prepared to be benefited by the meeting. They failed to realize their condition and did not seek the Lord earnestly, confessing their backslidings, and putting away their sins. One of the great objects of holding camp-meetings is that our brethren

may feel their danger of being overcharged with the cares of this life. A great loss is sustained when these privileges are not improved.

We returned to Michigan, and after a few days went to Lansing to attend the camp-meeting, which continued two weeks. Here I labored very earnestly, sustained by the Spirit of the Lord. I was greatly blessed in speaking to the students, and in laboring for their salvation. This was a remarkable meeting. The Spirit of God was present from the beginning to the close. As the result of the meeting, one hundred and thirty were baptized. A large part of these were students from our College. We were rejoiced to see the salvation of God in this meeting. After spending a few weeks in Battle Creek, we decided to cross the plains to California.

LABORS IN CALIFORNIA.

My husband labored but little in California. His restoration seemed to be deferred. Our prayers ascended to Heaven no less than three, and sometimes five, times a day. The peace of God often rested upon us. I was not in the least discouraged. Not being able to sleep much nights, a large share of the time was spent in prayer and grateful praise

to God for his mercies. I felt the peace of God ruling in my heart constantly, and could indeed say that my peace was as a river. Unforeseen and unexpected trials came upon me, which, in addition to my husband's sickness, nearly overwhelmed me. But my trust and confidence in God were unshaken. He was truly a present help in every time of need.

We visited Healdsburg, St Helena, Vacaville, and Pacheco. My husband accompanied me when the weather was favorable. The winter was rather a trying one to us. As my husband had improved in health and the weather in Michigan had become mild, he returned to be treated at the Sanitarium. Here he received great benefit, and resumed writing for our papers with his usual clearness and force.

I dared not accompany my husband across the plains; for constant care and anxiety, and inability to sleep, had brought upon me heart difficulties which were alarming. We felt keenly as the hour of separation drew on. It was impossible to restrain our tears. We knew not that we should meet again in this world. My husband was returning to Michigan, and we had decided that it was advisable for me to visit Oregon and

bear my testimony to those who had not heard me. I left Healdsburg for Oakland the 7th of June, and met with the Oakland and San Francisco churches under the large tent in San Francisco where Bro. Healey had been laboring. I felt the burden of testimony and the great need of these churches making persevering personal efforts to bring others to the knowledge of the truth. I had been shown that San Francisco and Oakland were missionary fields, and ever would be. Their increase of numbers would be slow; but if all in these churches were living members and would do what they might do in getting the light before others, many more would be brought into the ranks and obey the truth. The present believers in the truth were not interested for the salvation of others as they should be. Inactivity and indolence in the cause of God would result in backsliding from God themselves, and by their example they would hinder others from going forward. Unselfish, persevering, active exertion would be productive of the very best results. I tried to impress upon them that which the Lord had presented before me, that he would have those present the truth to others who are earnest, active laborers, not those who merely pro-

fess to believe it. The truth should not be presented in words merely, but by a circumspect life, and by being living representatives of the truth.

I was shown that those who compose these churches should be Bible students, studying the will of God most earnestly, that they may learn to be laborers in the cause of God. They should sow the seeds of truth wherever they may be, at home, in the workshop, in the market, as well as in the meeting-house. In order to become familiar with the Bible, they should read it carefully and prayerfully. In order to cast themselves and their burden on Christ, they must begin at once to study to realize the value of the cross of Christ, and learn to bear it. If they would live holy lives, they must now have the fear of God before them.

It is trials that lead us to see what we are. It is the season of temptation that gives a glimpse of one's real character, showing the necessity of the cultivation of good traits. Trusting in the blessing of God, the Christian is safe anywhere. In the city he will not be corrupted. In the counting-room he will be marked for his habits of strict integrity. In the mechanic's shop every portion of his work will be done with fidelity, with an eye single to the glory of God. When this

course is pursued by its individual members, a church will be successful. Prosperity will never attend these churches until the individual members shall be closely connected with God, having an unselfish interest in the salvation of their fellow-men. Ministers may preach pleasing and forcible discourses, much labor may be put forth to build up and make the church prosperous; but unless its individual members shall act their part as servants of Jesus Christ, the church will ever be in darkness, and without strength. The influence of a really consistent example, hard and dark as the world is, will be a power for good.

A person might as well expect a harvest where he has never sown, as to expect to be saved in indolence. He might as well expect knowledge when he has never sought for it. An idler and sluggard will never make a success in breaking down pride and overcoming the power of temptation to sinful indulgences which keep him from his Saviour.

The light of truth, sanctifying the life, will discover to the receiver the sinful passions in his heart, which are striving for the mastery, making it necessary for him to stretch every nerve, and exert all his powers to resist Satan, that he may

conquer through the merits of Christ. When surrounded by influences calculated to lead away from God, his petitions must be unwearied for help and strength from Jesus that he may overcome the devices of Satan.

Some in these churches are in constant danger because the cares of this life and worldly thoughts so occupy the mind that they do not think upon God or Heaven, and the needs of their own souls. They rouse from their stupor now and then, but fall back again in deeper slumber. Unless they shall fully rouse from their slumbers, God will remove the light and blessings he has given them. He will in his anger remove the candlestick out of its place. He has made these churches the repository of his law. If they reject sin, and by active, earnest piety, show stability and submission to the precepts of God's word, and are faithful in the discharge of religious duty, they will help to establish the candlestick in its place, and will have the evidence that the Lord of hosts is with them, and the God of Jacob is their refuge.

VISIT TO OREGON.

Sunday, June 10, the day we were to start for Oregon, I was prostrated with heart disease. My friends thought it al-

most presumption for me to take the steamer, but I thought I should rest if I could get on board the boat. I arranged to write considerable during the passage.

In company with a lady friend and Eld. J. N. Loughborough, I left San Francisco on the afternoon of the 10th, upon the steamer Oregon. Captain Conner who had charge of this splendid steamer was very attentive to his passengers. As we passed through the Golden Gate into the broad ocean, it was very rough. The wind was against us, and the steamer pitched fearfully, while the ocean was lashed into fury by the wind. I watched the clouded sky, the rushing waves leaping mountain high, and the spray reflecting the colors of the rainbow. The sight was fearfully grand, and I was filled with awe while contemplating the mysteries of the deep. It is terrible in its wrath. There is a fearful beauty in the lifting up of its proud waves with roaring, and then falling back into mournful sobs. I could see the exhibition of God's power in the movements of the restless waters, groaning beneath the action of the merciless winds, which tossed the waves up on high as if in convulsions of agony.

We were in a beautiful boat, tossed at

the mercy of the ever restless waves, but there was an unseen power holding a steady grasp upon the waters. God alone has power to keep them within their appointed boundaries. He can hold the waters as in the hollow of his hand. The deep will obey the voice of its Creator, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

What subject for thought was the broad, grand Pacific Ocean! In appearance it was the very opposite of pacific; it was madness and fury. As we take a surface view of the water, nothing seems so utterly unmanageable, so completely without law or order, as the ocean. But God's law is obeyed by the ocean. He balances the waters, and marks their bed. As I looked at the heavens above and the waters beneath, I inquired, Where am I? Where am I going? Nothing but the boundless waters around me. How many have thus embarked upon the waters and never again seen the green fields or their happy homes! They were dropped into the deep, as a grain of sand, and thus ended their lives.

As I looked upon the white-capped, roaring billows, I was reminded of that scene in the life of Christ, when the disciples, in obedience to the command of their Master,

went in their boats to the farther side of the sea. A terrible tempest broke upon them. Their vessels would not obey their will, and they were driven hither and thither until they laid down their oars in despair. They expected to perish there; but, while the tempest and the billows talked with death, Christ, whom they had left upon the other side, appeared to them, walking calmly upon the boisterous, white-capped waves. They had been bewildered by the uselessness of their efforts, and the apparent hopelessness of their case, and had given all up for lost. When they saw Jesus before them upon the water it increased their terror; they interpreted it as a sure precursor of their immediate death. They cried out in great fear. But, instead of his appearance heralding the presence of death, he came as the messenger of life. His voice was heard above the roar of the elements: "It is I; be not afraid." How quickly the scene now changed from the horror of despair to the joy of faith and hope in the presence of the beloved Master! The disciples felt no more anxiety nor dread of death, for Christ was with them.

Shall we refuse obedience to the Source of all power, whose law even the sea and waves obey? Shall I fear to trust myself to the protection of Him who has said that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the notice of our Heavenly Father?

When nearly all had left for their state-rooms, I continued on deck. The captain had provided me a reclining cane chair, and blankets to serve as a protection from the chilly air. I knew if I went into the cabin, I should be sick. Night came on, darkness covered the sea, and the plunging waves were pitching our ship fearfully. This great vessel seemed to be as a mere chip upon the merciless waters. But she was guarded and protected on her course by the heavenly angels, commissioned of God to do his bidding. Had it not been for this, we might have been swallowed up in a moment, leaving not a trace of that splendid ship. But that God who feeds the ravens, who numbers the hairs of our heads, will not forget us.

The captain thought it was too cool for me to remain on deck. I told him that as far as my safety was concerned, I would rather remain there all night than go into my state-room where two ladies were sea-sick, and where I should be deprived of pure air. Said he, "You will not be required to occupy your state-room. I will see that you have a good place to sleep." I was assisted by the stewardess into the upper saloon, and a hair mattress was laid upon the floor. Although this was accomplished in the quickest time possible, I had become very sick. I laid down upon my bed,

and did not arise from it until the next Thursday morning. During that time I ate only once, a few spoonfuls of beef tea and crackers.

During that four day's voyage, one and another would occasionally venture to leave their rooms, pale, feeble, and tottering, and make their way on deck. Wretchedness was written on every countenance. Life itself did not seem desirable. We all longed for the rest we could not find, and to see something that would stand still. Personal importance was not much regarded then. We may here learn a lesson upon the littleness of man.

Our passage continued to be very rough until we passed the bar and entered the Columbia River, which was as smooth as glass. I was assisted to go upon the deck. It was a beautiful morning, and the passengers poured out on deck like a swarm of bees. They were a very sorry looking company at first, but the invigorating air and the glad sunshine, after the wind and storm, soon brought to them cheerfulness and mirth.

The last night we were on the boat I felt most grateful to my Heavenly Father. I there learned a lesson I shall never forget. God had spoken to my heart in the storm, and in the waves, and in the calm following. And shall we not worship him?

Shall man set up his will against the will of God? Shall we be disobedient to the commands of so mighty a Ruler? Shall we contend with the Most High, who is the source of all power, and from whose heart flows infinite love and blessing to the creatures of his care?

My visit to Oregon was one of special interest. I here met, after a separation of four years, my dear friends, Brother and Sister Van Horn, whom we claim as our children. Brother Van Horn has not furnished as full and favorable reports of his work as he might justly have done. I was accordingly somewhat surprised, and very much pleased, to find the cause of God in so prosperous a condition in Oregon. Through the untiring efforts of these faithful missionaries, a conference of Seventh-day Adventists has been raised up, also several ministers to labor in that broad field.

Tuesday evening, June 18, I met a goodly number of the Sabbath-keepers in this State. My heart was softened by the Spirit of God. I gave my testimony for Jesus, and expressed my gratitude for the sweet privilege that is ours of trusting in his love, and of claiming his power to unite with our efforts to save sinners from perdition. If we would see the work of God prosper, we must have Christ dwelling in us; in short, we must work the

works of Christ. Wherever we look the whitening harvest appears; but the laborers are so few. I felt my heart filled with the peace of God, and drawn out in love for his dear people with whom I was worshipping for the first time.

On Sunday, June 23, I spoke in the Methodist church of Salem, on the subject of Temperance. The attendance was unusually good, and I had freedom in treating this, my favorite subject. I was requested to speak again in the same place on the Sunday following the camp-meeting, but was prevented by hoarseness. On the next Tuesday evening, however, I again spoke in this church. Many invitations were tendered me to speak upon Temperance in various cities and towns of Oregon, but the state of my health forbade my complying with these requests. Constant speaking, and the change of climate, had brought a temporary but severe hoarseness upon me.

We entered upon the camp-meeting with feelings of the deepest interest. The Lord gave me strength and grace as I stood before the people. As I looked upon that intelligent audience my heart was broken before God. This was the first camp-meeting held by our people in the State. I tried to speak, but my utterance was broken because of weeping. I had felt very anxious

about my husband, on account of his poor health. While speaking, a meeting in the church at Battle Creek came vividly before my mind's eye, my husband being in the midst with the mellow light of the Lord resting upon and surrounding him. His face bore the marks of health, and he was apparently very happy.

I tried to present before the people the gratitude we should feel for the tender compassion and great love of God. His goodness and glory impressed my mind in a remarkable manner. I was overwhelmed with a sense of his unparalleled mercies and the work he was doing, not only in Oregon, California, and in Battle Creek where our important institutions are located, but also in foreign countries. I can never represent to others the picture that vividly impressed my mind on that occasion. The extent of the work for a moment came before me, and I lost sight of the surroundings. The people I was addressing, and the occasion, passed from my mind. The light, the precious light from Heaven, was shining in great brilliancy upon those institutions which are engaged in the solemn and elevated work of reflecting the rays of light Heaven has let shine upon them.

All through this camp-meeting the Lord seemed very near me. When it closed I

was very weary, but free in the Lord. It was a season of profitable labor for good, and strengthened the church to go on in their warfare for the truth.

Just before the camp-meeting commenced, in the night season many things were opened to me in vision. But silence was enjoined upon me that I should not mention the matter to any one at that time. After the camp-meeting closed, I had in the night season another remarkable manifestation of God's power.

On the Sunday following the camp-meeting, I spoke in the afternoon upon the public square. The love of God was in my heart, and I dwelt upon the simplicity of gospel religion. My own heart was melted and overflowing with the love of Jesus, and I longed to present him in such a manner that all might be charmed with the loveliness of his character.

During my stay in Oregon, I visited the prison in Salem, in company with Brother and Sister Carter, and Sister Jordan. When the time arrived for service, we were conducted to the chapel, which was made cheerful by an abundance of light, and pure fresh air. At a signal from a bell, two men opened the great iron gates, and the prisoners came flocking in. The doors were securely closed behind them, and for the first time in my life, I was immured in prison walls.