TRIAL AND TRIUMPH

On a Western Frontier

Thrilling Stories of Adventist Pioneering

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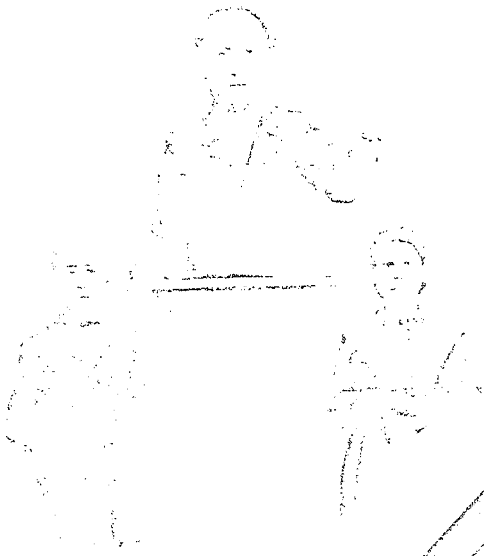

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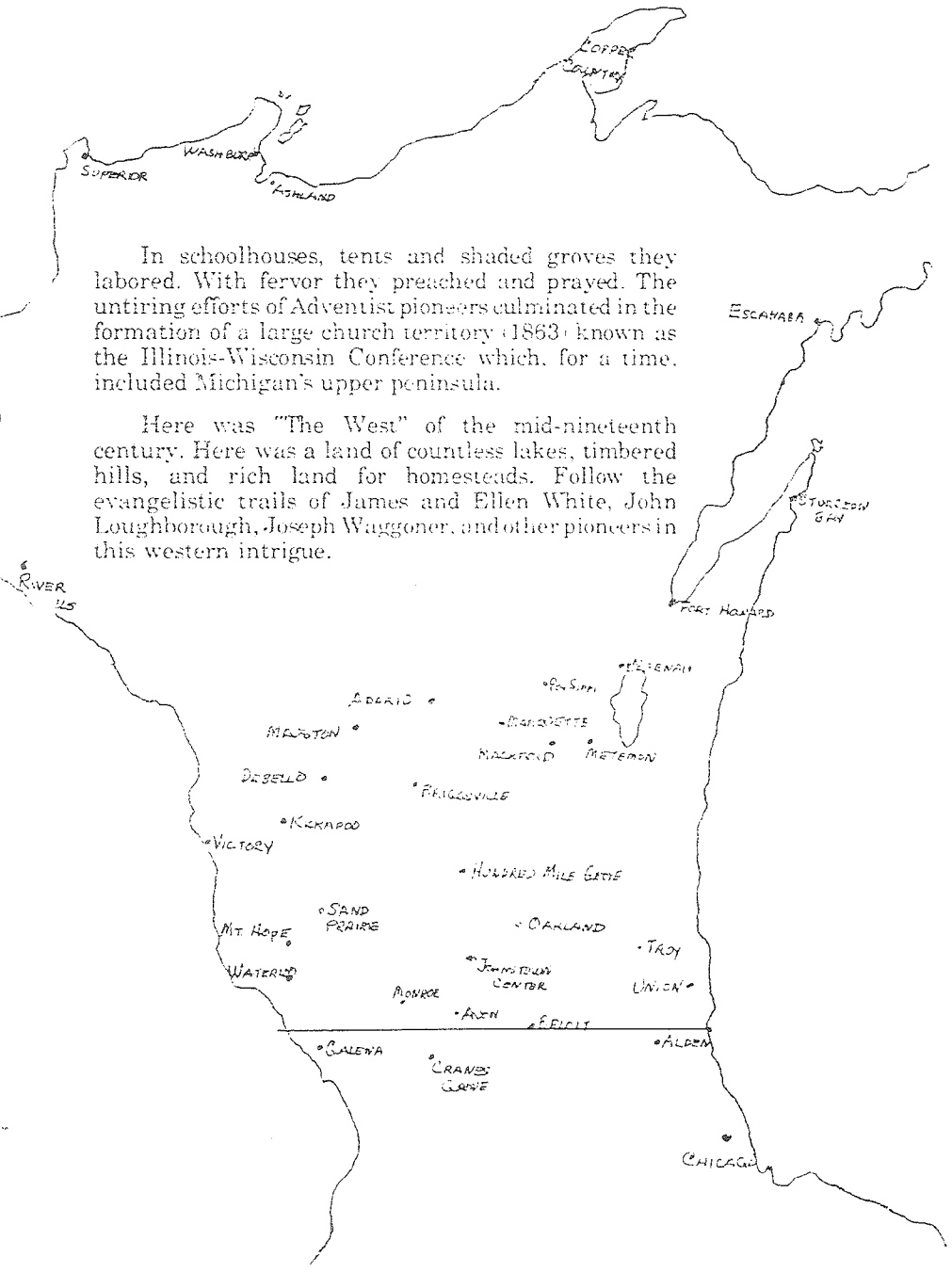

In schoolhouses, tents and shaded groves they labored. With fervor they preached and prayed. The untiring efforts of Adventist pioneers culminated in the formation of a large church territory (1863) known as the Illinois-Wisconsin Conference which, for a time, included Michigan's upper peninsula.

Here was "The West" of the mid-nineteenth century. Here was a land of countless lakes, timbered hills, and rich land for homesteads. Follow the evangelistic trails of James and Ellen White, John Loughborough, Joseph Waggoner, and other pioneers in this western intrigue.

Foreword

Rugged and determined were the men who stormed the early American frontier. So also were the pioneers who pushed westward with the torch of Adventism. No earthly rewards confused their goal.

Wisconsin was the home of many dedicated leaders of the Advent movement: -T.M. Steward, J.G. Matteson, J.H. and Ellet Waggoner, Frank and Joseph Westphal, O. A. Olsen, J. A. Burden, Ferdinand and Ana Stahl, to mention but a few.

Evangelism in schoolhouses and tents, rugged itineraries, sacrificial volunteering for mission service, and the building of schools and medical institutions was typical of what was happening elsewhere. Yet this field of dedicated labor was also the theater of disruption by Stephenson and Hall, and the sanctification campaign of Solomon Wellcome.

May the inspiration of pioneer sacrifice and devotion provide incentive for the completion of the task of extending the gospel message to the world.

A.D.C.

SIGNIFICANT EVENTS

1850 - Western tour of Samuel Rhodes.

1851 - Joseph Waggoner accepts the message.

1852 - First Seventh-day Adventist Church begins at Beloit.

1854 - James and Ellen White's initial itinerary.

1856 - Campaign of confusion by Stephenson and Hall.

1861 - First Norwegian Adventist church organized at Oakland.

1863 - Illinois-Wisconsin Conference is organized.

1867 - First S.D.A. camp meeting held at Johnstown.

1871 - New Adventist church untouched by great Chicago fire.

1872 - Advent Tidende is first foreign-language journal.

1877 - John Matteson begins work in northern Europe.

1888 - Ellet Waggoner presents "Christ Our Righteousness."
O.A. Olsen elected General Conference president.

1891 - Meade MacGuire begins youth meetings.

1899 - Bethel Academy opens its doors.

1903 - Sanitarium built at Madison.

1906 - Hallock pioneers at Walderly.

1916 - Northern conference organized at Ashland.
Founding of Hylandale Academy.

1926 - General Conference held at Milwaukee.

1927 - Junior camp era begins at Camp Silver Lake.

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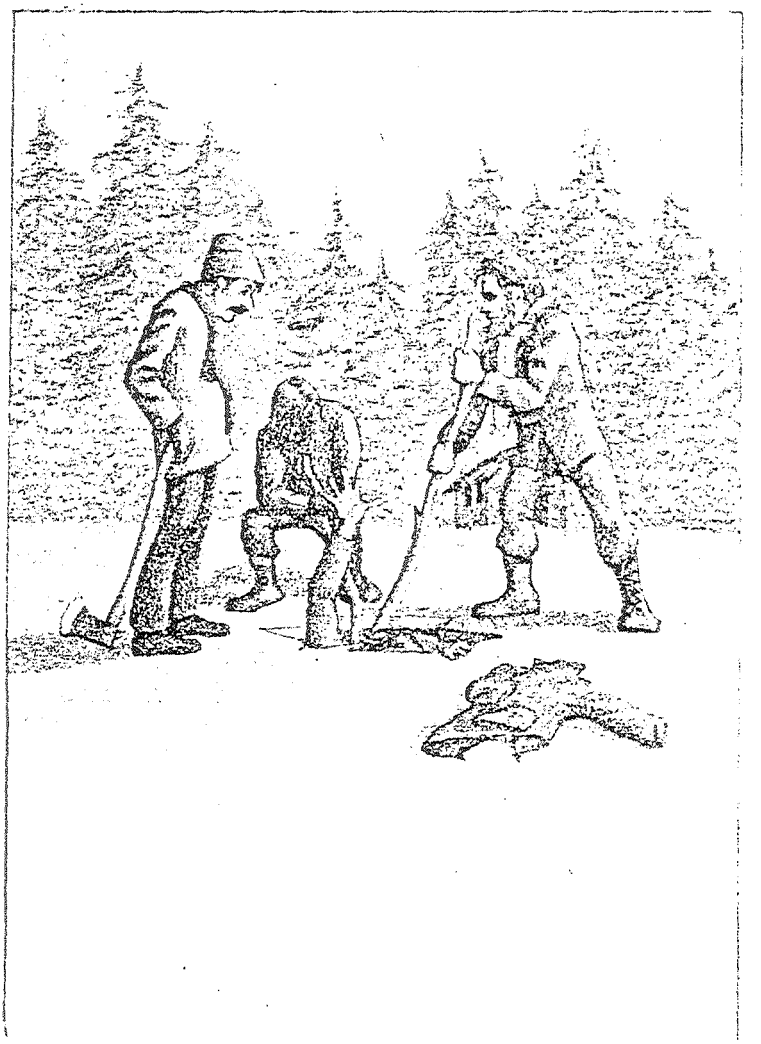


They wouldn't let him up until he promised.


J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH


ISAAC SANBORN

1 - Frontier Breakthrough

"Polly, I had a dream last night that made me think of William Miller again," Worcester Holcomb remarked to his wife before starting for the barn.

"That was a terrible experience we went through," she responded. "Our closest neighbors turned against us, scarcely a friend left. But here in Wisconsin we can get a new start."

"But it's hard to forget," Worcester continued. "Miller was a diligent Bible student and a clear thinker. So were Bates and White. They can't have been altogether wrong. But about my dream, - I was studying prophecy with Brother Rhodes. He was explaining a very interesting chart. I think we did wrong by just dropping everything."

Chores completed, Worcester hitched up the oxen and started for the woods. A traveler with Boston bag was coming his way. Soon he was waving. He had a familiar smile.

"Brother Rhodes!" Worcester leaped from the wagon and ran to meet him.

"What are you doing way out here in the west, Bro. Holcomb? Homesteading, I suppose. It's beautiful country. Lakes and trees and rolling hills everywhere. I see you have cows."

"Everyone owns some," Worcester explained. "Best dairy land in the country. West of here the Danes have some of the nicest stock you ever saw. Most of the emigrants of northern Europe seem to pick Wisconsin. Here, let me help you with your luggage. I'll tie the team, and we'll go to the house."

Seated on a block of wood beside the cabin, Samuel Rhodes began to explain his mission. With J.C. Bowles of Jackson, Michigan, he had spent the summer of 1850 bringing the "Third Angel's Message" to the West. At LaPorte, Indiana, Bowles turned back, but Rhodes continued on through Illinois, and far

enough into Wisconsin to renew friendship with the Holcombs.

"You remember how thoroughly we studied the first angel's message of Rev. 14 when we were back east?" Rhodes began to explain. "It's the third angel's message we should understand now." He unrolled a chart.

"That's the very same chart I saw in a dream last night!" Worcester exclaimed excitedly.

The Holcombs listened intently as Rhodes explained the third angel's message. The first angel had announced the judgment hour; the second was a call out of Babylon; and now the last message is a warning against the mark of the beast.

"God has surely sent you," Polly said thoughtfully. "Soon after the 1844 disappointment, we moved here to Troy to get away from it all. We're so glad you found us."

The following day, Rhodes baptized four of the family in Lake Pleasant, then took the stage to Milwaukee.

Life on the frontier was rugged and challenging. It meant clearing land and building a home by hand. Crude and crowded was the settler cabin of unhewn logs chinked with mud, roofed with hand-split shakes, and floored with puncheon (logs split lengthwise). Seldom did dimensions exceed twelve or fourteen feet, but family size did, so sleeping quarters were extended to a half-attic accessible by ladder. The heating and cooking unit was a wall-to-wall fireplace, although baking was often done in an outdoor oven. Among LaCrosse residents were those who carved stoves from soapstone found in nearby hills.

The pioneer mother's life was a full one. At times, children numbered in the teens, yet she managed to work in the spinnin' and loomin' along with other household chores. She prepared tasty meals of Indian pudding, bean porridge, and brown bread, or 'riz biscuits' when company came. She occasionally administered skillful midwifery for a neighbor in the middle of the night. Did mother ever have a vacation? A Belgian recalling his wilderness home at Granleigh, tells how his mother would at times arise at 3 a.m., trudge 30 miles to DePere with a 60 pound sack of wheat on her shoulder, and arrive at the mill in late afternoon. With the other girls, she would sleep on gunny sacks in the engine room and share experiences, then return home the next day with the sack of flour. She thought nothing of the heavy burden as "it was considered a vacation of a sort."[1]

Travel in the 1850's was by riverboat or by the midweekly stages that followed the military roads.* All other roads were little more than well-rutted wagon trails. Travelers between Madison and Milwaukee seldom took the same route twice, hoping each time to find a smoother way than the one they had come. Wisconsin had no railroads until the promoters of canals and plank roads had ceased their agitation.

* Transversing the state were government roads for emergency troop movement. These connected Milwaukee, LaCrosse, Green Bay, and Prairie du Chien.

At Mineral Point lead was discovered, and potholes resembling badger diggings dotted the hillsides. Some miners spent their first winters in these man-made burrows. When at dawn the men would emerge from the slopes, someone commented that they looked like so many badgers coming from their dens, hence the eventual nickname "The Badger State." In town itself, housewives perpetuated the Cornish custom of flagging their husbands to meals by shaking rags from kitchen windows.

Wandering Indian tribes were settling down and accepting white co-existence. Many settlements retained their Indian names, such as Kaukauna (long portage), Suamico (home of the beaver), Pewaukee (the flinting place), Mazomanie (moose berries). Names of some white settlements were also quite meaningful, - Slabtown, Barreltown, Grapeville, Vinegar Hill.

Growing rapidly in a tamarack swamp on the south shore of Lake Michigan were the twin communities of Juneau Town and Kilbourn Town, separated by a river, and warring over the issue of a bridge to unite them. When they came to terms, Milwaukee, "the most German of American cities," was born.

The construction of homes and business places took priority over churches. The first Methodist church in Milwaukee met in a carpenter shop, and Congregationalists had to settle for a room above a saloon where spiritous aromas seeping through the cracks were a constant trial to the faithful. A church in Berlin went for years without roof shingles. Members simply brought umbrellas, and opened them when it rained. In Berlin also was the Sawdust Church. Thoughtful builders insulated walls and ceiling with sawdust. The tolling of the bell brought sifting from the ceiling. Then the parson would brush the sawdust from his Bible and say, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Scattered among the early Germans at Thiensville were the "Freethinkers," ardent disciples of Thomas Paine, some of whom had their children sacreligiously baptized in the name of the United States of America. When any newcomer attempted a collection to build a church, each prospective donor was hurriedly contacted and offered double the amount if he would promise "not to set yourself down." So for 80 years Thiensville resisted the erection of any house of worship. Scarcely less ungodly were the lumberjacks at Neenah who volunteered to build a church, then celebrated its completion by getting drunk. Yet there were contrasting areas of deeply religious influence such as the community of Shullsburg in the southwest where the city fathers gave every street a New Testament name.

Wisconsin played a part in the slavery issue. Abolitionists were skillfully spiriting away runaway slaves into Canada with their link in the underground railroad, and Milwaukee editor Sherman Booth was busily denouncing oppression. On May 20, 1854, fragments of the Whig, Free Soil, and Know-nothing

parties met in a Ripon schoolhouse to weld themselves into a single party opposed to slavery, the "Republican" party.

Christian Ficker, a German farmer, wrote a handbook called "Ficker's Friendly Adviser for All Who Would Emigrate to America and Particularly to Wisconsin." One area of counsel was a list of those who should come, and those who might better stay home. He encouraged wagonmakers, carpenters, smiths, coopers, butchers, brewers, and "shoemakers - especially if they have already learned in Germany not to sew the soles, but (as is always done here) to nail them with wooden pegs." He discouraged bakers because nearly everyone homebaked bread, barbers because such work was done by colored hairdressers, and "lawyers, unless they are prepared to take in hand a four or five pound axe, had better remain in Germany." [2]

Although Ficker's inference is not clear, it is a fact that the settlers often took justice into their own hands. A stranger who came to Dodge County was welcomed by the settlers. One poor man opened his home to him. Sickness and misfortune, however, struck the poor man, and he was unable to pay for his farm when the time of pre-emption expired. Secretly, his guest went to the land office, obtained a deed, and forced the poor man out. When the neighbors heard of this unjust act, a group of them went to the newcomer's shanty and appealed to him to return the farm. He refused, so they dragged him out, tied his ankles and carried him to Beaver Dam Pond. Here they cut a hole in the ice and forced him under. Letting him up for a breather, they demanded, "Will you give up the land?"

"No!" he sputtered.

"Next time you may not come up alive," they warned as they pushed him down again.

As he gasped for air during his final breather, he agreed. He then gathered up his belongings and left for parts unknown.

Despite the potential hazards of frontier life, the verdured valleys and forested hills of the Wes were shouting their irresistable intrigue, and thousands of the enterprising and daring were responding to the call. Former Millerites were among them, and must be found. The thi angel's message must be given here.

While on his western tour, Samuel Rho es had looked up Hiram Case, a former Millerite preacher, and enlightened him in "present truth." In the spring of 1851, Case toured southern Wisconsin, and at Hebron found Waterman Phelps who joined him in his work. In December, they traveled to Baraboo to visit Joseph Waggoner, editor of a small county paper. Waggoner, a former infidel-turned-Baptist, had a thorough Bible knowledge. In their discussion of Adventism, Case won the case of polemics, and Waggoner promptly threw his pipe into the stove and wholeheartedly united with them in their labors.

Hiram Case's winter travels took him to Beloit to search out Bowman Brown, another discouraged Adventist preacher. Stirred by William Miller's fervor in 1842, Brown had left a lucrative Presbyterian pastorate. Though repeatedly invited to return to his former position, he consistently refused for he believed the whole advent movement had been of God, "and that all who hold on to the sure word of prophecy, will walk in the light, and not stumble nor fall." Brown hesitated to accept the third angel's message declaring it "very fanciful," but after weeks of soul and Bible searching found it satisfied the aching void of the seven preceeding lonesome years. Together with Brother and Sister Thayer, they formed the earliest Seventh-day Adventist company in the state.

Before the winter's snow had melted, Joseph Waggoner had sold his printing business and began a preaching tour, starting with former friends at Packwaukee. Elder Phelps, busy with schoolhouse lectures, found little time to work his farm at Hebron. Learning of the growing interest in Wisconsin, Elder Joseph Bates of Michigan scheduled a conference at Albion for July 16, 1852. Bates found the Seventh Day Baptist church too small to accommodate the crowd of 400, so they adjourned to a nearby grove. Case, Phelps, and Waggoner were present. Some had come on foot for seventy miles. Milton Southwick traveled from Oakland. He had heard Miller's preaching ten years before in New York. Southwick describes his feelings: "The sound of an Advent brother's voice was music to my ears, and joy to my soul. I heard them on the third angel's message and other things connected with it... I there learned what the cleansing of the Sanctuary is. Praise the Lord. I told them they must come to my place and lecture. Brother Phelps complied with my request. The result has been that some 15 persons have embraced the Sabbath..." [3]

Bates also visited Union, Beloit, and Janesville. Phelps and Waggoner returned to their evangelism, and raised up churches at Hebron, Ft. Atkinson, and Waukon before winter. Reporting on the Ft. Atkinson meeting, E.S. Sheffield wrote: "Sabbath arguments had been presented before, but they did not arouse my attention so but that I could slumber over the subject until Bro. Phelps came to preach... I resolved then and there... I would keep the Sabbath of the Lord." [4]

The spring and summer of 1853 was very fruitful for Elder Waggoner as he held meetings in communities west of Lake Winnebago. Interest ran so high at El Dorado that the threshing machine was stopped over the Sabbath so all could attend. Twenty-two took their stand for baptism. On the way to the river, a storm arose, so they took shelter in a sawmill. Here Waggoner preached again on "The Commandments of God and the Faith of Jesus." Storm over, they continued on to the river and baptism. Among the converts were two talented men,

J. M. Stephenson and D. P. Hall, who soon formed a team of their own and held meetings at Whitewater the next year.

At a spring conference in Jackson, Michigan (1853), a tour of the West was planned, and reported in the ADVENT REVIEW: "Brn. J. N. Loughborough and M. E. Cornell decided to go in company with private conveyence. Necessary means to help them in their field of labor were raised at once. We also furnished them with a full supply of tracts, which they will sell to those who can pay, and give to the worthy poor." [5]

Loughborough and Cornell drove to Lake Michigan with their horse and buggy, and boarded a boat for Chicago. Here they found the little prairie city submerged in foot-deep mud. On Friday afternoon, just before reaching the home of a believer at Alden, they stopped to pick a bucket of wild strawberries upon which they and their host feasted for the next three days.

Next stop was Barron Grove, Wisconsin, where they held two weeks of meetings in a shelter between two cribs of corn. After meetings at Koshkonong, Packwaukee, and Waukau, they attended a conference at Metomen, and here met Waggoner, Steward, Stephenson, and Hall. T. M. Steward of Mauston had united with Waggoner that spring, and was later to become an untiring worker. Elder Loughborough wrote of the conference:

"Our interview with these brethren has been one of interest. We find them fully content to present the truths connected with the message. May the Lord abundantly bless them. Our meetings continued until Third-day evening. Deep and solemn conviction rested on attentive audiences which crowded the schoolroom to hear on the subject of the Sabbath, third angel's message and seven last plagues... Many were led to tremble and weep at the awful condition of those who keep not God's holy law. Several have decided to keep the Sabbath...

"We have been happily disappointed as to the state of the cause in Wisconsin. We did not expect to find much but opposition; but, praise God, we find honest souls all through the state who are anxious to learn our views." [6]

In the southern city of Brodhead, the light of the Adventist faith shone from the Chamberlain home. They had come from Rochester, New York, where in 1833 they had witnessed the great star shower of Nov. 13. Deeply impressed by this sign of the times, they united with the Millerite movement. After reading a tract by T. M. Preble in 1845, they began keeping the Sabbath. Shortly afterwards, they were visited by Elder and Mrs. James White who were not yet keeping the seventh day. That these leaders were not keeping the Sabbath shook Mrs. Chamberlain's faith, and she suggested to her husband that perhaps they had been mistaken. His reply was, "Find me a 'Thus saith the Lord' for the change of the day." She then read the entire Bible through, and being unable to find any authority for Sunday observance, continued keeping Sabbath.

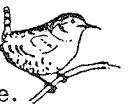
In nearby Monroe lived William S. Ingraham, an Adventist minister from New York. Now, with six full-time evangelists, the message was going forth "conquering and to conquer." The year 1853 saw another ten churches added to the growing list. *

At the Review office in Rochester, N.Y., editor James White was deeply impressed with the cause in the west. But how could a busy editor visit such a distant field? The spring of 1854 was an opportune time. Wisconsin could be tagged onto a Michigan tour. Requests for visits were mounting. Also there were rumors from Rosendale of suspicious subtilities being taught by Stephenson and Hall, known as the "Age to Come."**

Their train for Wisconsin was to leave after nightfall. Now that the trunk of books was in the baggage car, James and Ellen White scanned the first car for empty seats. There were none. They walked to the next car and sat down. Ellen didn't untie her bonnet. She sat uneasy, apprehensive.

"James," she finally spoke, "I must get out of here." They gathered up their baggage and moved to the rear car.

Suddenly the train began to jerk violently, then tipped to one side. Elder White raised a window and peered into the night. He could see that the engine had overturned, and the car ahead where they had first taken seats was standing on end. The train had struck a sleeping ox. The car in which the Whites were riding had been mysteriously uncoupled by an Unseen Hand, and was separated by a hundred feet from the rest of the train. Elder White located a team and wagon, and returned to Jackson. The next day they boarded another train.



It was a beautiful spring day in 1854 when Elder and Mrs. White caught their first view of Wisconsin. They journeyed past scenic Lake Geneva and through woodsy Kettle Morraine. On every side the air was vibrant with the voices of spring. After a three-day meeting at Koshkonong, they traveled along the western shore of Lake Winnebago to Rosendale where a conference was scheduled to begin Friday, June 2. They were already acquainted with Elder Waggoner, and were anxious to meet Phelps and Steward. Then there were important matters to discuss with Stephenson and Hall.

From many miles around the people came and overflowed the meeting grounds. By Sabbath afternoon it was apparent that a new location would be needed. On Sunday, the meeting convened in a grove. Nearly every type of buggy and wagon dotted the adjacent fields as an audience of 600 sat upon logs and on the grass. Elder White spoke for the first two hours, then Elder Stephenson for a similiar time. Many problems were corrected and souls converted. Elder White left with a promise from Stephenson to cease preaching Age-to-Come.

* Churches added in 1853 were Alden, Avon, Mackford, Metomen, Monroe, Packwaukee, Ripon, Rosendale, and Union.

**The Age to Come taught that Christ would reign on earth during the millennium, and give sinners a second chance.

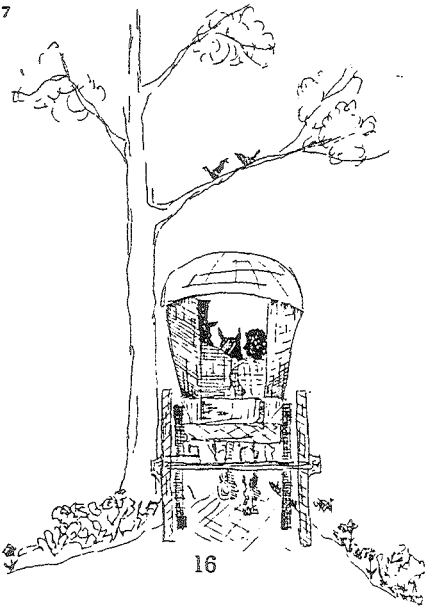
During the next twelve months, Stephenson and Hall were intensively engaged in traveling, preaching, and writing. At headquarters there was little awareness of their subject matter. Stephenson wrote a series of articles on the atonement which was printed in the REVIEW. Encouraged with success, he sent another article which incorporated views of a second chance for sinners. When Elder White rejected it, Stephenson began a silent plotting to gain control of the REVIEW.

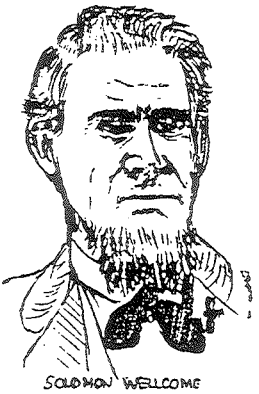
In the spring of 1855, Stephenson made a trip to Rochester to spy on the publishing office. While there he asked Elder White for a tent to use in evangelism.

"Yes, I think a tent would be a good thing. It is much better than a schoolhouse for it attracts and accommodates more people." White agreed. "But I hesitate for one reason. I would not want the people confused by your teaching a second chance for salvation during the millennium."

"But I would not teach that." Stephenson promised. "Only the third angel's message and related subjects. My position is clear. My sympathies are all with the REVIEW."

With borrowed money, White outfitted Stephenson with a tent. But safely back in Wisconsin, Stephenson reneged. The Stephenson-Hall tent team went throughout the state poisoning the minds of Sabbathkeepers against the REVIEW. Disaffected Hiram Case was back in Michigan helping to publish the MESSENGER OF TRUTH, official organ of the Age-to-Come. Here Stephenson found another voice to aid him in his rebellion. as he added scores of names to the mailing list. Both Phelps and Steward were carried away in the dissention. Crushed with discouragement. Elder Waggoner left the field and began to work with his hands. The situation was depressing. Elder White summed it up, "The cause in Wisconsin is almost a total wreck." [7]





2 - Triple Trouble

"I'm Joseph Bates," said the tall man introducing himself.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Bates," responded his seatmate. "I'm Henry Jensen."

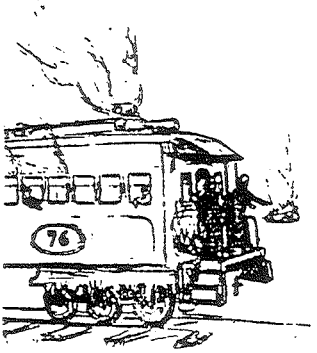
As the train pulled out of the station, Elder Bates steered the conversation to Bible prophecy. "Everytime I ride the cars I think of this text, 'Shut up the words and seal the book, even to the time of the end; many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.' (Dan. 12:4). Just think, a half-century ago people were traveling about the same pace with carriages as their forefathers had done 2,000 years ago, and here we are speeding along on a winter day in these comfortable, heated cars that go day and night."

"It's a marvelous invention, Mr. Bates. I ride the cars often. I commenced from Ann Arbor at six this morning, and reached Jackson about noon. That figures nearly fifteen miles an hour. Hardly seems possible."

"Now listen to this," continued Bates, "It's in the book of Nahum. 'The chariots shall be with flaming torches in the day of his preparation, and the fir trees shall be terribly shaken. The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings.' Had you ever thought how the flaming torches might apply to the powerful headlight on this train? And about the fir trees being shaken, think of all the timber that is used to make railroad ties."

"Amazing!" said his seatmate. "Now what does it mean about the time of the end, and the day of prepa-ation?"

The two men became intensely involved in discussing the signs of Christ's return. Other passengers listened in. While rounding a curve, the locomotive and tender broke loose. The



cars left the tracks, and plunged into a bank. Men shouted and women screamed.

"The stove!" someone yelled. "We'll be burned alive!"

At the far end of the car, the flaming contents of a tipped stove was threatening a serious fire. Bates and Jensen rushed to meet the emergency, and jettisoned the flaming logs.

"There goes your flaming torches, Mr. Bates," Henry laughed.

Prompted by the deteriorating condition of "the cause in the west," church leaders at Battle Creek had sent veteran Joseph Bates on a church-strengthening tour in late December, 1855. First stops were Hebron, Lake Mills, and Aztalan, areas of greatest disruption by Stephenson and Hall. Then with Elder Phelps, Bates traveled to Columbia County where Jonathan Chase had secured a Portage schoolhouse. Bates reported an excellent attendance despite bitter weather. Believers were encouraged and converts gained. After spending a weekend with the church at Ripon, Bates arrived at El Dorado, February 19, where D. P. Hall pressed for schoolhouse meetings. Hall, impatient for controversy, frequently interrupted to accuse Bates of heresy. With difficulty, Bates finished his remarks.[1]

For nearly two more years the battle raged, and confusion increased until internal strife and lack of finances brought an end to THE MESSENGER, voice of the Age-to-Come. Elder J. B. Frisbie likened their weak organization to "an old brass kettle worn out and patched; and while one is trying to tinker one leak, he creates another still worse." By their harsh and critical attitude, Stephenson and Hall had defeated themselves. From all over the field came encouragement. C. W. Stanley wrote from Baraboo: "We have no sympathy with the so-called Messenger of Truth. Our little band of 14 is all united in the 3rd angel's message... This great field west of the Wisconsin River is lying waste, for there is no one to bear the last great message of truth... Where is Brother Waggoner?" [2]

Then from Monroe we hear from a man who, for the next 40 years, would serve the church as a leader, Elder Isaac Sanborn: "Bro. Smith: I wish to tell the brethren and sisters that I am a firm believer in the Third Angel's Message. There are five of us here who are trying to keep all the commandments of God, and the Faith of His Son. We are trying to arise and let our light shine brighter as we near the perfect day. J. Stephenson came here three weeks ago and tried to turn us from the holy commandment, but we are yet firm in the faith." [3]

In the shade of the oaks at Oakland, four large Norwegian families were keeping the Sabbath as a result of their own Bible study. Good news was soon to break from Philander Cady at

Poy Sippi, while at Mackford, Rufus Baker was starting a little community church whose pleasant light would shine for many years to come. Wrote Jonathan Chase from Columbus, "Come brethren in the ministry, gird on the armor anew, and come in the name of Israel's God. You can overcome all your foes."[4]

Knowing the discouragement of the few Wisconsin workers, Michigan volunteers came to their aid. Elders Loughborough, Hart, and Everts held successful tent meetings at Dodgeville during the summer of 1857. Over 500 attended nightly despite warnings from the local clergy. One person remarked to Elder Loughborough, "The infidels are the most interested of your hearers. As you teach the Bible, it looks clear and plain, and appears like a different book."

In the spring of 1858, Elder J. N. Andrews joined Waggoner for a tour beginning with Koshkonong. The circuit included Mauston, Adario, and Mackford. From Mauston, Elder Steward drove Andrews to Adario (near Plainfield) where they met the Wellcome brothers, Michael and Solomon. The Timothy Wellcome family of Minot, Maine, had accepted the preaching of William Miller and shared in the disappointment. Three sons, Michael, Isaac, and Solomon, were Methodist preachers fired with Adventist zeal. A westward trek brought the Wellcome family to homestead in Wisconsin. Through reading the REVIEW, they were well on their way to understanding the third angel's message. Elder Andrews gave an encouraging progress report unaware of new and serious problems in the embryo.

"Praise the Lord! Praise to the Holy Ghost! What a fulness in Jesus! Holiness to the Lord! I can see the gates of the holy city by faith! O. what joy in the Holy Ghost!"[6]

The Adario meeting that introduced Elder Steward to Solomon Wellcome was the beginning of a phase of wild fanaticism that would soon engulf the western church. Steward, charmed by Wellcome's piety and charismatic "virtues," soon returned to Adario where they were joined by P. S. Thurston of Fish Lake. The trio went from church to church shouting "sanctification" and sending congregations jiving down the aisles. Through it all, senior preacher Steward remained reasonably neutral for his own wife Myrta now claimed the gift of prophecy, and was sending strange "revelations" to the REVIEW. Repeated warnings were sent to Wellcome and Steward. To Solomon Wellcome Ellen White wrote. "I was shown companies in confusion, exercised by a wrong spirit, all making loud prayers together, some crying one thing and some another; and it was impossible to tell what was piped and what was harped. 'God is not the author of confusion, but of peace.' Satan stepped in and controlled matters as he pleased. Reason and health were sacrificed to this delusion."

"God does not require His people to imitate Baal's prophets, to afflict their bodies, and cry out and shout, and throw them-

selves into almost every attitude, having no regard for order, until their strength fails through sheer exhaustion. Religion does not consist in making a noise; yet when the soul is filled with the Spirit of the Lord, sweet, heart-felt praises to God glorifies Him." [7]

To T. M. Steward she wrote, "Brother Steward, God requires you to stand firmly, decidedly, upon the platform with your brethren. God and holy angels were displeased with your course, and you were left in your blind judgment to figure in the most unreasonable, wild fanaticism that ever cursed Wisconsin." [8]

In the south, another problem was developing over the matter of organization. Elder White's plea for central and state conferences set off a barrage of criticism from Waterman Phelps who insisted that the moment a church organizes, it becomes a part of Babylon. It was apparent to Elder White that these difficult problems could never be solved by correspondence.

At the close of a fall conference in 1860, it was arranged for Elder White to make a tour of the east, and Elder Loughborough to visit Illinois and Wisconsin. As the time drew near, neither felt at ease about the matter. They met in Loughborough's home for a season of prayer, and arose from their knees with their minds entirely changed. It was thought best for Elder White to make the western tour, for his experience was needed at Mauston where fanaticism had reached a peak.

From Dubuque, Elder White and Brother Weaver took the Mississippi boat "War Eagle" to LaCrosse, and the train to Mauston. They were joined at Steward's home by Elders Sanborn and Ingraham. Elder White reported of his reception here: "We think it is our duty to state something of the appearance of the work here which is called by some 'The Reformation,' but to us it looks more like a deformation... It never seems right to us when four ministers were present, for a sister to open the meeting. But she excuses herself on the ground that she felt it her duty. Well, a brother preacher says it was his clear duty to pray. Query. Could both be impressed at the same time?

"Again, while we were preaching, a sister broke out in an opposition shout, so we waited for some time for her to get through. It was with difficulty that we finished the discourse. She said that she could not help it. This we are inclined to believe, for when labored with afterward, and evidence of her errors presented, she would generally begin to shout, and show that she was controlled by another spirit... We leave these dear people with our pity and our prayers..." [9]

Writing to his wife, Elder White observed: "Sister Steward is a homely, dark-eyed piece of intelligence who has much influence I judge. I shall be cautious, but must speak plainly before I leave them. I was exceedingly glad to get Henry's and Edson's letters. Good boys! I shall soon be home with them. Kiss Willie and Nameless for me." (their newborn son)

"I have found here a spirit of triumph over those not holy. They talk as though they were all holy here. I have been putting on the check and it has put one on the lounge crying..." [10]

He continued from Janesville, "My Mauston report will probably take off the hair, Marquette the hide. My health is better than when I left Battle Creek. I count the days when I shall see you and our dear children. In haste in a barber shop." [11] (Marquette members were extremely critical of leadership.)

With God's blessing, many Mauston problems were corrected. The Stewards gave careful thought to Elder White's counsel, and later confessed their errors. But the ecstacism had such a lasting effect upon Elder Thurston, that even in his retirement years, he was spicing his sermons with Methodist sanctification.

While staying in the home of Hiram Patch at Mackford, Elder White dreamed that certain Battle Creek banks where REVIEW funds were deposited were insecure. He also dreamed that his youngest, little Herbert, was in great distress with a swollen face. A few days later, a telegram from Loughborough advised him to return immediately for his child was dangerously ill. Little Herbert died of erysipelas soon after his return. At Battle Creek the banks failed, but fortunately Elder White had withdrawn the funds in time.

While conference organization was still being vigorously debated, an answer to prayer settled the question for the Mackford church. In 1861, Elder Sanborn came to Mackford to ordain Rufus Baker as local elder. Hiram Patch, an opposer of organization, arose and objected to Baker, stating that the Bible required an elder to be the husband of one wife, but Baker was single. Although many questioned his theology, for the sake of unanimity they postponed the decision for a day. At this time young Ammarette Rathbun was very sick, and some of the believers met at her home that afternoon to pray for her. As Hiram Patch placed his hand on her head, she was healed, and began to thank God. Turning to the others, Patch remarked, "I told the Lord that if He would heal Ammarette, I would take that as evidence I was wrong and the church was right. I withdraw all my objections." [12]

Elder and Mrs. White revisited Wisconsin in February, 1862. At Avon, a fifty-member church was organized. Their train to Madison was behind schedule, so they didn't arrive until 7 p.m. Here they were met by Brethren Decker and Crosby who had been waiting all day to take them to Leeds. The Whites were very hungry. They looked for a place to buy a hot meal, but finding the cheapest to be 50¢, returned to bread and apples from their lunch basket. The twenty-mile trip in an open sleigh that clear winter night took another six hours, so we'll excuse Elder White for complaining of "stinging cold prairie winds."

While passing through Chicago, Elder White had purchased a rubber suit for baptismal purposes, and used it for the first

time at Lodi. A hole was chopped through the thick lake ice, and several persons baptized on Sabbath afternoon. That night an old-fashioned blizzard drifted them in for the next four days. Families shared their homes. "Some lived 10 miles, some 16, 25, 30, 40, 50, and 60 miles away. But after wading through drifts for three miles, they gave up and returned." [13]

Elder White reported: When we came to this place and put up at the home of Nathaniel Keezer, and finding it very pleasant to conform to the text, 'In the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give,' we have remained here, and now, the fifth day since we came, are writing at their table. Brother and Sister Keezer, and their mother, are New England people. Here we find a good, plain, nourishing diet, where we are not compelled to eat of that delicacy to the palate of many, namely, a superabundant amount of swine's greese. Here we have been entertained with great kindness and hospitality, and shall long remember this home which we now name the New England House." [14]

The following Sabbath, the Whites met with the Marquette church. Elder White describes the meeting: "And there was still another class present, few in number, who profess the Sabbath, whose hobby is consecration, who pull every way but with the body, self-righteous, talkative, and seem to have enough confusion in them to distract the whole 144,000. . . We hope the time is not far distant when this miserable garb of extra-holiness and self-righteousness will fall off these wandering stars in Northern Wisconsin... that the hypocrites among them may appear in their native wolf-like ugliness, that they no longer deceive the people of God." [15]

Meanwhile, Waterman Phelps, steamed up against organization, was waging a losing battle from church to church. Phelps, thoroughly sincere, but misguided in his position, continued to agitate until church delegates meeting at Avon, Oct. 3, 1863, made the Illinois-Wisconsin Conference official. Elder Isaac Sanborn was chosen president, William Ingraham vice-president, Thaddeus Steward secretary, and Ivory Colcord treasurer. Unfortunately, Elder Phelps who had pioneered so tirelessly, drifted off into clouds of fanaticism, never to return.

Evangelism in 1863 made good strides. An outstanding effort was held at Darlington by Elders Ingraham and Steward. The newspaper gave this favorable report:

"RELIGIOUS MEETINGS - A Novel Tabernacle has been erected in our village (a large cloth tent), into which the world is invited to enter, and learn the Bible alone. Messrs. Steward and Ingram are men of rare ability, and seem actuated by an intense zeal. Such were Paul, the Preacher and Lawyer - such was Mohamet the Spiritual and Temporal leader - Peter the Hermit - and so were all the men that moved the masses." DARLINGTON INDEPENDENT, August, 1863.

Elder Ingraham reported a week-long debate with a noted Spiritualistic doctor at Jordan the following November. The audience selected the moderators and rules. With the passing of each evening, the doctor became increasingly nervous. In discussing the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, he stated that the spirit of man is a part of God. Elder Ingraham replied, "If the spirit of man is a part of God, and the spirit of the rich man was in hell, and, second, as there was an impassable gulf between him and Abraham, it would subject the divine being to eternal damnation. Now, doctor, exert your skill in getting God out of hell across the impassable gulf into the 7th sphere."

Immediately, the noise of rappings was heard growing louder. There were so many raps that the doctor had to sit down, for "those raps were not from the dead but from the living."[16]

In the spring of 1865, a tour of the West was made by the Whites and Elder Loughborough. The itinerary included Monroe, Hundred Mile Grove, Mackford, and Sand Prairie. They were pleased with the house of worship the Monroe members had purchased from the Christian Church. But the overflow crowds who came to hear the Whites made necessary the pitching of a tent for the Sunday meetings. Mrs. White spoke three times "with freedom," giving welcome instruction on healthful living. The Civil War was still on, so Elder White launched into his "war discourse."

The following weekend at Hundred Mile Grove, the Whites rejoiced with the congregation in their new meetinghouse. Elder White commented on its unusual spaciousness, its attractiveness, and how the members took better care of the church than their own homes. He seemed especially pleased with the "comfortable settees " which he contrasted with the "rickety" pews at Battle Creek, hoping members would get the message.[17]

While Elder White was at Monroe, Elder Ingraham showed him a recent letter from B. F. Snook, president of the Iowa Conference. It contained a disturbing postcript, "Brother Ingraham, what do you think of striking out on the old plan of the independence of the churches ?"

Elder White spotted an emergency. "There is rebellion in Iowa," he said. This meant cutting short the Wisconsin tour, and arranging for others to fill the appointments. The Iowa rebellion of Brinkerhoff and Snook led to the founding of the Church of God Seventh Day at Stanberry, Missouri.

But rebellion was also brewing in Wisconsin. Snowballing rumor had it that Sister White was participating in such "soul-destroying" games as fox-and-geese, and that she advocated an immodest length of dress, nine inches from the floor.[18] The conference committee went into action and demanded a written explanation for all such nonsense. Then, balking at suggested changes in diet, asked, "If the subject of health reform is so important, why wasn't it mentioned years before? We believe

your health views will cause people to take extreme positions."

A five-column REVIEW reply (chap. 19) revealed how confused they had been. Then a supporting statement from J. N. Andrews aided in calming the ferment, so that Andrews was later able to report, "Brother S. (president Sanborn) got free from taking a very deceived stand in behalf of the testimonies."[19]

At Marquette, a mushrooming "ascension robe" story was doing nothing for the little group divided in doctrine and scattered by strife. A local minister, Elder Lugg, had initiated the tale, and everyone assumed it to be true. He said that Sister Green had prepared a robe for the 1844 ascension, and had kept it in her trunk ever since. His key witness was a former neighbor who "had seen the robe bleaching on the clothesline," but had since moved away. When Mrs. McCracken was eventually contacted at Clinton, and asked about the story, she testified that she had once joked with Elder Lugg about ascension robes, and had also mentioned having seen some burial clothes Sister Green had laid aside in her trunk. Mixing the facts, Lugg had started a tale no one could retrieve.

For a decade and a half, the church ship had weathered the storms of many troubled waters. Pioneer preachers had witnessed to hundreds of communities, but not all the 1,500 converts could be accounted for. Traveling evangelists were compelled to leave fledgling churches on their own. Miscarried church trials, fanaticism, and inner strife had taken large tolls. But now, except for lessons learned, the past could be forgotten. Holiness leader Solomon Wellcome had moved to Minnesota, the cry of "Babylon" had faded, and the Age-to-Come was passed. After traveling a wavering way, Elder Steward had reached solid ground. Seventh Day Baptists were extending fraternal hands and giving strong support. The warmth of Hundred Mile Grove, and the brotherly love of Mackford were overflowing to neighboring congregations. A brighter era for the church had begun.

John G. Matteson

3

Persevering Pioneer from Poy Sippi

The danceband leader was a talented young Dane. John kept the Sunday night entertainment going past midnight, for it broke the monotony of hard work. As he was putting away his violin, two young ladies sat down beside him.

"Do you think we're keeping Sunday as we ought to?" one of them asked. Her sincerity jolted him.

John referred the question to the others. A few said, "No." The rest remained silent. Then John asked, "If this is not right, what should we do in its place?" The only suggestion was to read good books.

John began to search. Little could he find but a BAPTIST CREED and IRONTHORP, the story of a converted infidel. It was the latter that led him to a decision for Christ, and the manual helped him learn doctrine. Then a mishap with an axe laid him up for a week, and gave him time to read.

He limped to the next dance, and when it was over began to read aloud from the BAPTIST CREED. "I'm in perfect harmony with everything in this little book," he stated, "As many of you as are like-minded, rise to your feet."

Somewhat startled, yet responsive, several stood. Soon the Sunday night dances were replaced by a young people's prayer meeting. John entered the ministry, raised up a church, and two dozen of his former dance friends joined it.

Few men have touched the lives of so many with the saving gospel of Jesus and the third angel's message as did Elder John G. Matteson. Though always poor in this world's goods, he was abundantly rich in Bible knowledge, and a personal experience with Jesus Christ. He was known in the religious community as "The Apostle Paul of the Adventists." Through his untiring labors, thousands united with the church.

John, with his parents and two sisters, left Hamburg aboard an emigrant ship in the spring of 1854. Their destination was Manitowoc, Wisconsin, where friends had settled earlier. The Mattesons settled at Denmark, southeast of Green Bay.

There were neither roads nor bridges. They made their way as best they could through swamps and thick woods. There was wilderness life to contend with, - wolves, bears, and Indians. When they spaded a plot of ground, Indians watched and laughed. They watched at harvesttime, too, and smiled some more. But the winter was severe. The Indians remembered the potatoes, and came to ask for some. The begging habits of the squaws was the worst. Not easily satisfied, they would wait until the men were away, then demand anything that took their fancy, even to the clothes on the women's backs.

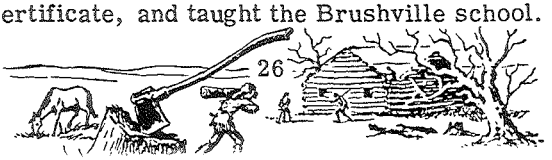
John, certain of his calling, began schoolhouse preaching. He traveled much, and everyone seemed pleased with his humble, earnest manner. It was in the strong Lutheran town of Manitowoc where trouble began. A few fanatics with intent to kill him, stoned a building while he preached. One large missle aimed at his head, pássed between his nose and a lighted candle. He was driven from one home by an axe-wielding giant.

In the spring of 1860, he sought admission to a Baptist school in Chicago, Douglas University (now University of Chicago). After purchasing his ticket, he had only 25¢ left. He arrived in a rain with dripping boots and coarse logger's clothing quite ill-suited to the big city. The business manager received him kindly, found work for him and a place to stay. Through heat and cold, John walked the 12 miles to and from his rooming house. Commenting on his experience, he later wrote:

"But I was young and enjoyed good health, so I did not mind it. I made good progress in my studies... My heart was full of gratitude to God for His loving kindness. Under difficult and trying circumstances His hand had mercifully guided me. I was now in a fair way to reach the object I desired. Without friends and without means, yet the Lord led me to a place where these were found."[1]

John found and married a sweet Christian girl, Anna Sieverson, who shared his struggles to obtain an education. He took on German and Danish tutoring to help meet expenses, and also labored for the salvation of the Scandinavians of Chicago's north side. But his self-imposed schedule broke his health, so he returned to Wisconsin. Just north of Poy Sippi, at Brushville, the Mattesons secured three acres and built a log cabin.

The Baptists at Bloomfield invited John to be their pastor. They were widely scattered and had no meetinghouse, but by gathering them into different schoolhouses, and preaching in both Danish and English, John served his broad parish well. The church was too poor to pay a salary, so John obtained a teaching certificate, and taught the Brushville school.



September 25, 1852, was the date for John's ordination to the ministry. Two Baptist preachers from Berlin came to perform the rite. They were well pleased with his clear Bible answers.

He began evening meetings in the Brushville school. People came long distances to hear him. A friend from Tustin loaned him a small book, "The Rich Man and Lazarus." After reading it, Matteson became convinced that its teaching on the non-immortality of the soul was in harmony with the Bible. Some of the Danish Baptists were quite disturbed when their pastor began to present this new-found doctrine. Others saw in him a man of sincere conviction, and suggested that he organize a church of his own. He began an independent Baptist church in the Brushville schoolhouse.

Jacob Cady informed Matteson that his son Philander had become a seventh-day keeper. Matteson was sure there was a text which read, "The Jews rested on the last day of the week, but the Christians kept the first day to honor the resurrection of Christ." Determined to set Philander straight, he walked the six miles south to his home. Cady received him kindly and waited for him to present his Sunday arguments. Then, text by text, Cady gave the reasons for his belief. Matteson later remarked, "The more I listened to this man, the more I was convinced that he had the Bible on his side."

Matteson returned to Brushville, and spent the next week in thorough study of the Sabbath question. The following Friday evening he again walked to Cady's home, and said to his new friend, "Let me give you my candid opinion as to the Bible teaching concerning the Sabbath of the Lord."

Beginning with Gen. 2:2, he followed through a long series of texts about the Sabbath. Cady was wondering how he was going to use these to support Sunday, and finally asked, "What do you think of it all? You have given a good study for Sabbathkeeping."

Matteson rose to his feet. "Today is my first Sabbath," he said, "and I have come here tonight to keep it with you."

Cady wept for joy. At last he had found one other person in the community to stand for the Sabbath of the Lord. When Matteson returned home, his wife wept also. "We've struggled, and worked, and saved so you could get an education. Now you are throwing it all away, and we're going straight to the poor-house. However, she soon began Sabbathkeeping, too.

Elder Matteson's church at Brushville requested an explanation for his abrupt change in the day of worship. He responded with a series of evening meetings. In nearby Tustin on Lake Poygan lived a cluster of families, the Mikkelsens, Andersons, Nelsons, Hansons, Rasmussens, and Petersons. Their pastor's decision to keep the Sabbath gave rise to lively discussions. One of them said, "He had such a good work going here, and now he has spoiled it all."

Nels Peterson had followed Matteson when he left the Lutheran church to join the Baptist. His wife remarked, "I hear Matteson is mixed up with the seventh-day people."

Nels replied, "I'm not going to follow him around anymore!" But knowing Matteson chose only sound doctrine, he attended one evening, and soon began to keep the Sabbath.

And so did the rest of the Tustin cluster. With the exception of one family, Matteson's entire congregation became Sabbath-keepers. The following spring (1864), Matteson conducted English meetings in Poy Sippi, and raised up another congregation. The two later merged into a single church at Poy Sippi.

Anxious to know other Adventists, Matteson walked 42 miles to meet with the Mackford church in quarterly service. He was cheered by the wonderful Christian spirit of the members. In the afternoon, local elder Rufus Baker gave a short study, and introduced the ordinance of humility. Matteson was pleased to find another bond of unity here, for he was already practicing footwashing in his independent church. The Mackford visit made him feel like he really belonged.

The next few weeks were busy with writing and translating. He wrote a Danish tract on "The Law and the Sabbath," translated Ellen White's VISIONS AND EXPERIENCES, and began to issue a handwritten monthly paper which he circulated among Sabbathkeeping families. Then he traveled to New Denmark and Neenah to share with friends his new-found faith.

Elder Matteson learned of the Olsen and Johnson families at Oakland and went to visit them. Early English members here had spread a false report saying that Matteson was extreme in standards and teaching, and also that he was working for only his own nationality. Because of this, Matteson was given no salary, and only $20 for expenses during his first four years. Elder Matteson's Christian experience, however, kept him from bitterness. His face always wore a kind expression, and all who really knew him loved him.

After moving to Mackford in 1865, Matteson began an extended evangelistic tour, leaving his family in the care of God and friends. Nearest neighbors were a mile away and were a long time learning of their needs. Hardship and privation were often the lot of a pioneer preacher's family. At Oakland, Andrew Olsen was busy building a log cabin with the hope of inducing Matteson to settle here. In the midst of a terrible mid-winter snowstorm, Mrs. Matteson moved to the Oakland cabin. At the time, her husband was snowbound in Minnesota.

Anxious for literature in Danish-Norwegian, Matteson traveled to the Review and Herald Publishing House at Battle Creek, Michigan. Elder White was away recovering from a stroke. The men at the office gave Matteson no encouragement in his project. They had already printed a tract in German, and it was not selling. Any more foreign literature would be out of

the question. Many men would have accepted these arguments as sound, conclusive, and final, but Matteson was not easily turned aside. With Christian determination, he offered to learn to set the type himself. He found a book on printing and studied it diligently. Then, with stick in hand, he busied himself at the typecase until the galleys were ready. He did not stop until he had printed several thousand copies of "Det Nye Testamente Sabbat" (The New Testament Sabbath).

The eager reception of his tract throughout the field inspired him to return the following year (1866) to handset a 300 page book. The Whites had returned, so Matteson called on them.

"A few days after, I came to Battle Creek and called on Bro. W. When I saw him bowed down with disease and took his weak hand, I could not refrain from weeping. Like a mighty oak he had stood the storms of many winters. but a cruel tornado had broken the limbs, and even loosened the roots, so as to deprive the tree of its nourishment. He had stood foremost in the ranks, never fearing the bullets, not terrified by the roar of the cannon, the bravest, and yet the humblest and the most benevolent. He is now the most needed. Shall he sink down with the rest of our pioneers whose voices are silenced beneath the grassy turf? He looks like a bruised reed. Bro. White will recover. Even though the devil is trying to sap his life power, yet God is stronger than the devil.

"On the following Sabbath, fasting and prayer were again appointed. Bro. Bates led the meeting. The peace of God shone from his countenance. Ardent and united supplications went up to the throne of grace. We ceased not until Bro. W. came into our midst and testified that the Lord had untied his hands. Then joy and hopeful expectation shone from his eyes while he praised the Lord, and all united with him.

"Since that time, he has enjoyed refreshing sleep nights, and his blood circulates naturally. First-day afternoon he took part in and stayed during the services, and second-day he shared in the ministerial deliberations. May the Lord establish him fully to lead on in this blessed cause of God.

"Sister White has been much worn by constantly taking care of him. But through the grace of God, and obedience to the laws of health, she has been wonderfully sustained. And this happy turning of their captivity seems to give her new life...

"This is the first opportunity I have had of seeing her, and I considered and weighed well all her actions and words. I have been at one period of my life a skeptic, and now let skepticism bring in her objections, and let the Bible, the Spirit, and reason answer. As a result of this examination I will here present one argument to prove that Sr. White is led by the Spirit of God...

"I happened accidently to overhear her family prayers twice, unknown to her, as she was alone with her husband and children.

What was she doing? Planning cunningly how she might lead her admirers to bring their sacrifices before her? Or how she might be revenged upon her enemies and bring shame upon them? No! Childlike and earnest pleadings were heard, not only by me, but by Jesus and the angels. She communed with God. She was moved by the same Spirit that moved upon me when I heard the first comforting word from my Saviour.

"If she does not have the things presented before her mind, which she purports in her testimonies, then she is a deceiver, and one of the worst kind, too. But her prayers were not such as deceivers bring forth. 'Now we know that God heareth not sinners; but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth.' One such prayer does more good than all the papers of Hicks, multiplied by a thousand, can do hurt. In her home she does not betray the least sign of one who is exalted. She engaged in household duties, and appeared just as humble and social as one who has never spoken in public.

"When she spoke to the people, she manifested no human learning or art. No studied eloquence, nor gestures, nor display of education. But there was an earnestness, power, and yet simplicity, which told that she had been with Jesus and learned of Him. Appeals came from the heart and went to the heart. She stated that she had never read a book on health reform at the time when these things were first presented to her. And yet brethren will continually throw this out as an excuse. When she spoke, she appeared to me like one crying in the wilderness. Those appeals ought to stir every soul to renewed action and consecration. But they seem to be partly lost amid all this worldliness, and pride, and surfeiting of these latter days." [2]

Elder Matteson returned to Oakland, purchased a few acres from Andrew Olsen, and built a permanent home opposite the church. He felt a burden for the Scandinavians of southern Minnesota, and spent the winter of 1868 at Albert Lee. When he tried to visit Pastor C. Nelson, he learned that word of his becoming an Adventist had reached the Baptists here, and prejudiced them against him. It was a cold winter day, yet Pastor Nelson would not invite him in. Matteson stood quietly in the snow and read from the Bible about the love of God. The preacher's heart was touched. He invited Matteson into his home, and that very night accepted all that Matteson told him. H. Rasmussen and J. F. Hanson were even stronger in their opposition, but with tact and discernment, Matteson had all of them sounding the message.

Matteson continued to travel and hold meetings during the bitter winter months. While holding one series of meetings in a schoolhouse, he made it headquarters, sleeping on a bench with his overcoat as a covering. During the day he would catch muskrats and sell their pelts for 10¢ apiece in order to send a pittance home for his family.

A variety of surprises and challenges awaited the itinerant

evangelist. In one village, a meetinghouse had been built to be used by all denominations. After an afternoon Sunday School, Elder Matteson announced that he would hold a meeting, but the trustees would not permit it. Some young men found a big wooden box for the small preacher to use outdoors. Then one went in, and picking up a pew said, "This is mine," and carried it outside. Others followed his example until all the pews were in order facing a makeshift rostrum. When Matteson was through speaking, they returned the pews to the church. The next Sunday afternoon, they found the doors locked and windows nailed shut. The young people were enraged and threatened to open the doors with an axe, but Matteson calmed them down. Going to a nearby grove, he preached from a wagonbed.

Elder Matteson's manner and personality appealed to young people, and they supported him well against a prejudiced religious establishment. Equal rights to hold schoolhouse meetings was an unwritten law understood by all. Yet a pompous preacher in one area tried to cut Matteson out by announcing meetings at the same time. Elder Matteson reports on this:

"The preacher came in with great ado. Two men carried a pile of books, which he arranged on the table. When he began, he told the people that he had come to bury this miserable, pitiful Adventism so deep under ground, that it would never be resurrected. He could show everyone who wanted to see it, his sheepskin (college certificate). He had read the Review and Herald for years, so he could tell them everything about this miserable doctrine...

"I got up and requested liberty to speak. He said that this was his meeting, and no one could be allowed to say a word. I appealed to the congregation. He had abused me personally, and justice demanded that the same congregation who had heard him should hear my reply. It was put to a vote, and a strong majority voted that I should speak as long as I wished.

"I had not spoken long before the preacher, and his brethren in the church, made such a noise that no one could hear what was said. I stopped. The young people who had before been disorderly now rose up, determined to keep order. One of them said, 'Now we want order here. This man has a right to speak. He has always been orderly in your meetings. You old brethren used to call us roughs, but now you turn out yourselves to be roughs. If you do not behave, we will throw you out of doors.'

"This speech had the desired effect. No one disturbed me any more. The preacher made no more attempt to bury Adventism, but his members sent for one of their big guns (great revivalist), as they called them, and about a week later they tried to hold protracted meetings in the same schoolhouse.

"Their efforts lasted not one evening. The young men pelted the house with stones, and broke most of the windows. None but their own members would attend. Whenever I had a meeting

the young men were orderly, and listened to the preaching. They said, 'These older people are hypocrites, but this little man preaches the Bible.' Thus the Bible gained the victory."[3]

Elder Matteson came to visit in a home one evening just as the young people were getting ready to attend a meeting in their own church. They urged him to go with them, but he did not wish to after a tiring day of travel. When they brought him his overcoat, he consented. After the sermon, the meeting was opened for testimonies. Many expressed bitter feelings against their neighbors, then concluded by saying how much they loved the Lord. Matteson arose and spoke freely against such inconsistency, so far from the example of Christ. The youth leader then said to the people, "Your religion rests too much upon feeling, and too little on the Word of God." Before Matteson left the area, a church of 50 was organized.

A local minister, Pastor Halsey, had been holding church regularly in a certain schoolhouse, but when Matteson came, he stopped altogether. Seeing the pastor go by in his buggy one day, Matteson shouted to him, "Brother Halsey, why don't you come to the school and fill your appointment?"

Halsey replied, "I can haloo glory just as well as ever. I tell you I am running over with love." Then in a quieter tone he confessed. "Now, Brother John, I believe you are preaching the truth of God, and it is my duty to obey it; but I will tell you what it is, if I cannot be allowed to shout glory when I feel like it, I can never be an Adventist."

"But you are perfectly free to shout whenever you feel like it," Matteson responded.

A few nights later, he attended Matteson's meeting, and accepted the message without hallooing. He stated that he now had a greater change of heart than in all the past 18 years of "halloo glorying."

New converts in southern Minnesota began to send literature to friends in the Danish settlement of Raymond, Wisconsin. Bro. S., a friend of Matteson until he became an Adventist, sorted the mail, and would burn all Adventist papers or books that passed through his hands. He would even open all letters Matteson sent to friends, and cut out everything pertaining to the Sabbath, so great was his prejudice. When Matteson came to Raymond to hold meetings in 1868, he greeted Bro. S. at the schoolhouse door, but the brother would not return the greeting. In disgust he said, "Have you come here, John Matteson? I have prayed earnestly to God to keep you away from here."

"Then the Lord has not heard your prayers," Matteson replied, "for I am here. You better listen to me and find the true light so that your prayers will be heard in heaven."

The opposition of Bro. S. was short lived. Not long afterward, he was kicked to death by a horse.

Elder Matteson was constantly on the lookout for young men

suited for the ministry. At Oakland, young Ole Olsen voiced his desire to become a preacher, but was told by visiting brethren that he had neither looks nor personality for the calling, and that he should go back to plowing the fields. Elder Matteson was one to encourage him, however, and 1869 found him assisting Elder Sanborn as tentmaster. Afterwards, he joined Elders Matteson and Neilsen in raising up churches in the Fox River Valley. After serving as president of the Wisconsin Conference, Olsen was called to superintend the growing work in Scandinavia, followed by two terms as General Conference president. The Lord had called him to something more than plowing the fields at Oakland.

A few disaffected English members remaining in the Oakland church after Phelps' anti-organization campaign, began to aim their criticisms against a kind, yet firm Elder Matteson. From Elder and Mrs. White he received much encouragement in his stand. Sister White wrote him of how in vision she was shown that God would make him a fruitful minister in this country and overseas as well. She was shown thousands crowding in to hear him. About this time, Matteson was given a dream which helped encourage the Whites who were also undergoing severe criticism. He dreamed of being in a large meetinghouse where many lamps were burning. Quite a number of workers were busily carrying oil from an adjoining storeroom to refuel the lamps. The Whites were carrying more oil than the others. Then a company of men came in and dumped soot all over the Whites. After a long struggle, the evil men and soot disappeared, and the Whites continued supplying oil for the lamps. The dream encouraged Elder Matteson as well.

A certain preacher friend of Matteson went to great lengths to dodge him. Jeppe Christian Neilsen settled at New Denmark shortly after Matteson had left. He became the spiritual leader at Neenah, and went about the country as a colporteur for the Baptists. In 1869, he accepted a call to pastor the Saxeville Baptist church which Matteson had previously pastored. Elder Matteson made several attempts to visit Neilsen, but Neilsen happily avoided him, knowing he was no match for Matteson's Sabbath arguments. However, Matteson perseveringly sought him out, and Bible studies led to deep interest and acceptance of the Adventist faith. In 1872, he was ordained by Matteson, and began his long record of faithful service by pastoring the Adventist church at Poy Sippi.

So packed with productive projects was Elder Matteson's schedule, he saw little of his family at Oakland. Reporting in the REVIEW of Oct. 18, 1870, he told of his busy life:

"Aug. 25, I visited my own home after an absence of one year and ten weeks. Remained at home with my family two weeks and five days. Felt very thankful to God who had so kindly spared our life and health. Translated "Departing and Being

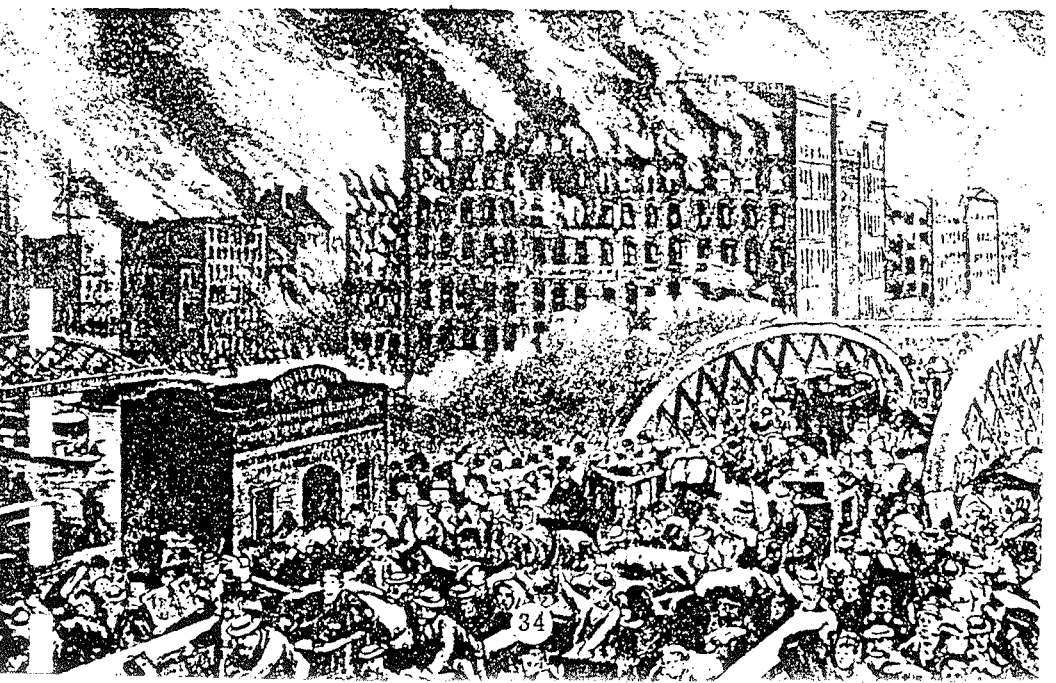
with Christ. Translated 25 hymns and copied 150 Danish hymns for a hymn book. Held 15 meetings with the church."

Awaiting Elder Matteson at home was a letter from a Chicago tailor requesting that he come and preach about the second coming of Christ. Matteson responded, and held meetings in the tailor's home where he had gathered an audience of friends.

First to begin keeping Sabbath was the tailor. His friends all predicted poverty, but he prospered as never before. His faithful example brought courage to the weaker brethren, and soon the first Adventist church in Chicago was organized.

In 1871, the Scandinavian believers in Chicago asked to build a house of worship. Elder Matteson came from Battle Creek to help them. On a West Erie Street lot, they began to build a chapel. On the second Sunday, a policeman came by and escorted Elder Matteson to the station for questioning. Neighbors objected to the project and were trying to stop it. On the very night of that discouraging Sunday, Oct. 8, 1871, a calamity hit the city, and so fully occupied the concern of everyone, that no one paid any more attention to Sunday labor on the Adventist chapel. It was the night of the disasterous Chicago fire, but this portion of Erie Street was spared from the flames. Elder Matteson was able to give an eye-witness account of the fire:

"The principal part of Chicago is a heap of ruins. Its vanity and pride have been somewhat purged by fire, its terrible wickedness somewhat punished by the flames. Sunday night, about six acres burned down on the west side. From VanBuren Street it swept everything away clear to the lake and the river. Thence the fire spread on the north side...



"What a pitiful sight to see more than one hundred thousand people homeless, multitudes lying in the streets and on the prairies... Many people are burned to death, others crippled. Water is selling for five cents a pail... Several persons have been caught trying to set fire also on this side; some have been killed instantly by the enraged people, others arrested.

"The west side is all astir now with business, and there is much better order than could be expected. Our meetinghouse will soon be enclosed, but how much further we can go under the present embarrassing circumstances, depends on the favor of the Lord. The brethren have escaped from this destruction, only one of them having lost his tools. John Matteson, 21 Elston Rd. Chicago, Ill. Oct. 12, 1871."[4]

(See Appendix for more on "The Night of Fire.")

Just one day before the great fire, a young Danish emigrant arrived in Chicago by train. He witnessed the flames carried by a strong wind, saw the indescribable agony, and heard the unheeded cries for help from men, women, and children trapped in apartments, or on rooftops. Homeless and penniless, Peter Hoen walked through the blackened streets and viewed the half-burned bodies in the ruins, under sidewalks, or floating in the lake. He felt lost, without God and without hope.

After several days, the railroad companies offered free transportation to any who desired to leave the city, so Peter asked passage to Lansing, Iowa, where an uncle lived. By some mistake, he found himself hours later in Lansing, Mich. He returned again to Chicago, and found work cleaning up the debris. As he wandered the streets in the evenings, seeking something to satisfy his soul hunger, he paused beside a little unfinished chapel on West Erie St. He tells of the experience:

"I went into the chapel, and soon a little man, Elder J. G. Matteson came in smiling, stepped upon the platform, hung up his prophetic chart, gave out a hymn, and following the singing of the hymn, offered prayer. That prayer by that godly man touched my heart, and as he spoke on that wonderful second chapter of Daniel, verse by verse, he led me to my blessed Redeemer. Then and there I gave my heart to the Lord. Every night for three weeks I was in my seat near the speaker. I was then baptized and became a Seventh-day Adventist."[5]

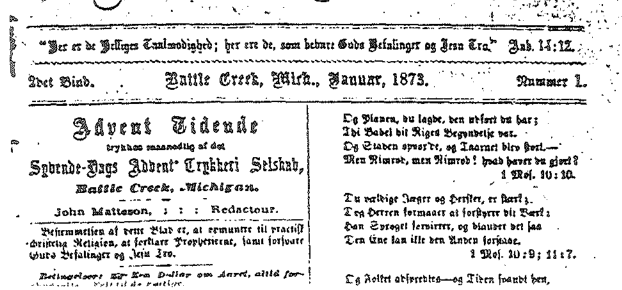
Eager to share his faith, Peter began distributing literature from door to door in the big city. A few years later he became tentmaster for Elder O. A. Johnson in southwestern Wisconsin. As Peter Hoen reflected on the strange, yet providential error that took him to the wrong Lansing, he recalled that his uncle was a bartender, which occupation he would likely have followed had not the Lord directed his steps to Matteson's chapel and into the ministry. The Scandinavian believers in Chicago completed their church at a cost of $2,000, and requested to unite with the Wisconsin Conference since Matteson was their pastor.

After establishing the first Seventh-day Adventist Church in Chicago, Matteson took an extended tour into Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas. In Shelby County, he organized three prosperous churches. One of them, Exira, became the largest Danish Adventist church in America, and from its doors went Elders Christian, Broderson, and Nelson to found Hutchinson Theological Seminary, a training center for church workers.

In 1872, Elder Matteson began a 24 page monthly journal, ADVENT TIDENDE. To the ever-lengthening subscription list, Scandinavian believers added names of relatives and friends in Europe. Caught in the sweeping tide of ADVENT TIDENDE were publishers of two other church papers. L. Jorgensen, editor of a Danish Baptist paper, turned all his talent and energy into publishing the Advent message. A. G. Sweedborg and his son edited a Swedish religious journal, and, when convicted of the Sabbath through Matteson's literature, added a second foreign publication to the cause, SANNINGENS HAROLD. The publishing brethren in Battle Creek were now taking a second, and much longer look at the matter of foreign-language publications. Letters of inquiry were arriving from overseas, and among them a facinating one from a preacher-colporteur in Denmark, dated April 4, 1874:

"Yesterday I came from a long journey and was much rejoiced to find the Advent Tidende for March; for this journal is very precious to me and full of blessings. It contains much valuable doctrine, and at the same time uses every opportunity to warn against sin, to point out the necessity of thorough repentance and of living faith and a holy life...

"It is now clear before me as the sun at noonday, that the great Creator Himself has blessed the seventh day, and appointed it to be the Sabbath for His people throughout all generations.. Since the beginning of this year, I have therefore remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy... The nearness of the second advent of our Saviour cheers my heart, Strengthens my faith, increases my love, and quickens the blessed hope...I have learned more concerning the meaning and fulfillment of the prophecies from a few copies of Advent Tidende, than from 18 volumes of Den Danske Evangelist (Danish Baptist Monthly). N.S. Melkjoer."[6]


Advent Tidende.

"Her er de Helliges Taalmodighed; her ere de, som bevare Guds Befalinger og Jesu Tro." Aab. 14:12.

2det Bind. Battle Creek, Mich., Januar, 1873. Nummer 1.

Advent Tidende
trykkes maanedlig af det
Syvende-Dags Advent Trykkeri Selskab,
Battle Creek, Michigan.
John Matteson, : : : Redacteur.

Bestemmelsen af dette Blad er, at opmuntre til practisk christelig Religion, at forklare Propheterne, samt forsvare Guds Befalinger og Jesu Tro.

Betingelser: En Dollar om Aaret, altid for- [illegible]

Og Planen, du lagde, den udført du har;
Thi Babel blev Rigets Begyndelse var.
Og Staden opspor'te, og Taarnet blev stort.—
Men Nimrod, men Nimrod! hvad haver du gjort?
1 Mos. 10:10.

Du vældige Jæger og Herster, er stærk;
Dog Herren formaaer at forstyrre dit Værk;
Han Sproget forvirrer, og blander det saa
Den Ene kan ikke den Anden forstaae.
1 Mos. 10:9; 11:7.

Og Folket adspredtes—og Tiden svandt hen,

Scandinavian Adventists in America began to raise a fund to send Elder Matteson to Europe. It was not an easy decision for the Mattesons. America had been their home for 22 years, but the Macedonian call was too lound and clear to disregard. On May 24, 1877, Elder and Mrs. Matteson left their children with friends, and sailed for Denmark to begin a wonderful adventure for Christ. The younger children joined them later in Norway, but never again would they see Matilda, their eldest, for she died of malarial fever at Battle Creek College the next winter. Six months later, Tina, the next oldest, died of tuberculosis.

Elder Matteson began his public labors in the city of Vejle, Denmark. He would open each evening's service by singing some touching hymn about Jesus. After speaking in very simple language, he would make a strong spiritual appeal. The response was far beyond his expectations. Later, in northern Denmark, hundreds left their churches to come and hear him. The "priest" of the state church was aroused. He was a kind man, but had little Bible knowledge. In their discussion, he admitted that God's law was unchangeable, and he was frankly puzzled why the church didn't keep the Sabbath.

A funeral was held in the community. Afterwards, everyone gathered for a meal and drank freely of whiskey and beer. It was the custom to eat four meals a day, and drink at least one glass of liquor with each meal. Matteson was stirred to begin a health journal. It was a success from the first, and was accepted by influential people.

On into Norway the Mattesons journeyed. At Oslo, a wealthy steamship owner opened his home as a meeting place. Not expecting much of a crowd, they selected a large living room on the third floor, then put curtains on the windows so neighbors could not look in on empty seats. Nearly an hour before meeting-time, people began to pour in. They filled the large living room and all the rooms adjoining. The stairways leading up and down were filled with standing people. After 300 were accommodated, the crowds on the sidewalk had to be turned away.

When Matteson stood to speak, some expressed disappointment in seeing such a small man with only a Bible. They expected to see a large man with an armload of books. After Matteson had spoken, the interest was so great they had to rent a hall for the next evening, and bookstores soon sold every Bible in stock. Over a thousand attended, and Matteson baptized 78 persons.

In one of the northern cities lived a devoted Christian woman who dreamed one night that God would send from America a man who would teach them the truth. With friends she attended one of Matteson's meetings. As he came to the front, she remarked, "There he is, or one like him. I saw that he was a small man and a bit crippled. He had dark hair and a beard. He wore a long coat and very large mittens. . .If he is the man,

he will first sing a sweet song about heaven, then he will tell us about the thousand-year reign of Christ."

While she was telling this to her friends, Elder Matteson stepped to the platform. He announced and sang his translation of "Oh, Think of the Home Over There." After a short prayer he said, "Our subject tonight is the Millennium, the reign of Christ with His saints a thousand years." The group that had been led by the dream sat spellbound. Many of them accepted the teachings and united with the church.[7]

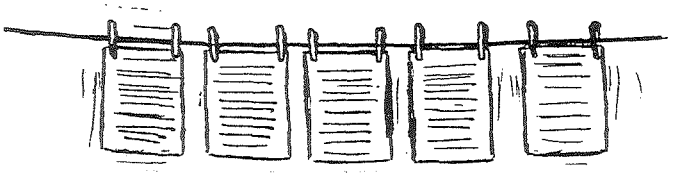
The rapidly growing interest prompted Matteson to begin an eight-page weekly paper. He purchased a hand press and supplies from a printer who was not anxious for him to succeed. so had sold him the wrong kind of ink. Matteson's typesetting experience at Battle Creek now came in useful, but he had no experience with a press. He noticed that the first sheets were beginning to smear. He laid each sheet by itself to dry, but there was no improvement. In desperation he zig-zagged a clothesline from wall to wall, and from it hung 1,500 copies of TIDERNES TEGN (Signs of the Times) for a three-day dry. Success soon followed this floundering beginning. He was able to purchase a building at Oslo, and establish Norsk Bokforlag from whose presses flowed a stream of journals, tracts, and books in three languages.

It was in Norway that Ellen White's prophecy met fulfillment. Matteson often spoke to audiences of 500 to 1,000. He wrote, "About 1,800 persons attended our meeting in a large hall at Klingenberg.[8] On her visit to Oslo in 1886, Sister White was well pleased with the progress of the work. She visited the new publishing house, and recognized the very presses she had seen in vision eleven years before, busily printing the August issue of HELSOOCH SJUKWARD, a Swedish health journal.

Sensing the effectiveness of the printed page, and the need of trained colporteurs, Matteson initiated schools for colporteurs and gospel workers. The first of these training institutes was held at Oslo in 1886. Other schools followed in Sweden.

"Classes were held mornings and evenings, and so arranged that the students could go out to canvass from 9 o'clock in the forenoon till 5 in the afternoon. Each one had a district, and it was gone over twice during the time of the school; the first time with health journals, and the second with "The Life of Christ." It was a thorough canvass.

"At first many difficulties arose, but every morning the canvassing class brought new life and courage. After a season of prayer, the lessons were heard and instruction given. Then we had an experience meeting. Some had been successful and



some had failed. The experiences of all became the property of each. Thus we obtained a stock of knowledge by daily experience, and our theory was shared accordingly...

"Other branches of instruction were grammer, composition, bookkeeping, instruction in holding Bible readings, English, and arithmetic and writing for those who needed it. Grammar was taught according to Bro. Bell's system ..." [9]

The training school begun by Matteson became the model for scores of others held throughout America. The General Conference committee voted to give $10,000 to establish the work Matteson had so faithfully begun. Sent to assist him in Norway were Elders J. P. Jasperson, Andrew Brorsen, J. F. Hanson, A. B. Oyen, O. A. Olsen, E. G. Olsen, and brethren Clausen and Lawrentz.

While on a return trip to America in 1886, Elder Matteson was bothered with a persistent cough, and so cancelled appointments in Wisconsin and Illinois to seek relief at the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Here he learned that he had the beginning of tuberculosis. Although for a time the disease was arrested, and he returned to Europe, he was never free from illness.

After his return to America in 1888, and until his death in 1896, Matteson was constantly translating literature for his people. From his pen came a large book, PROPHECIES OF JESUS. (Due to a back problem, he avoided sitting as much as possible, and did his lifetime of writing while standing at a special writing desk.) For several years he taught Bible and homiletics at Union College in Nebraska.

In the sunset years of life, he prepared a detailed account of his travels and experiences with intent that it be published for the benefit of young men in the ministry. The manuscript was never published. Portions of it were translated into Danish and published as MATTESON'S LIV in 1908. It was from the abridged Danish version L. H. Christian prepared the Matteson story as found in SONS OF THE NORTH.

But it was more than an autobiography that Matteson wrote. As he recounted his experiences, he inserted observations and counsel for younger men. He was at Oakland during a church turmoil. A local elder who had served inadequately for several years was replaced. The ex-elder then vented his wrath upon Matteson, and fought bitterly for reinstatement. Matteson wrote:

"The fact that a person wants to retain an office contrary to the wishes of the majority of his brethren, is in itself evidence that he is not a suitable man for the place."

In retrospect of the threats upon his life at Manitowoc, and of the false reports which closed the pockets of the conference brethren to him, he observed:

"It is not the will of God that we should despair when we get into difficulties and darkness. It is His good pleasure that we should turn unto Him with all our heart, and with all our mind

and strength. And this we may do because the Lord is mighty to save to the uttermost all that come unto Him."

Recalling his self-taught type-setting at Battle Creek, he confessed his independent pursuit of duty. Yet, had he not with prayerful purpose persisted, the whole field of labor for other nationals might have remained unentered for decades. We will never know how many worthwhile projects have died on the drawingboard due to false rumor, unwarranted conclusions, and hasty decisions.

Commenting on the ever-changing styles of dress, he said, "Custom, you know, is a mighty ruler, even in this country, and comparatively few people dare disobey its requirements. But few will listen to the good advice of common sense on the subject of dress, even if it is essential to the preseveration of comfort and health. Happy is the person who can exercise so much independence that he (or she) can endeavor to please God in all they do, and obey the laws of nature."

It could not be said of Elder Matteson, "This one thing I do." Few men have been so completely involved in such a wide range of projects. He was an able public speaker and writer, fluent in four languages. He was a musician, hymn-writer, singer, evangelist, teacher, administrator, and printer, Yet a single purpose gripped his soul, - to spread as widely, as rapidly, and as efficiently as possible the saving knowledge of Jesus, and to prepare a people to meet their returning Lord. To this end alone was his life of full devotion, for he sought not ease, personal recognition, or worldly status.

Elder O. A. Olsen, whom Matteson encouraged in the ministry, and who, at the time of his death, was president of the world conference of Seventh-day Adventists, paid this tribute:

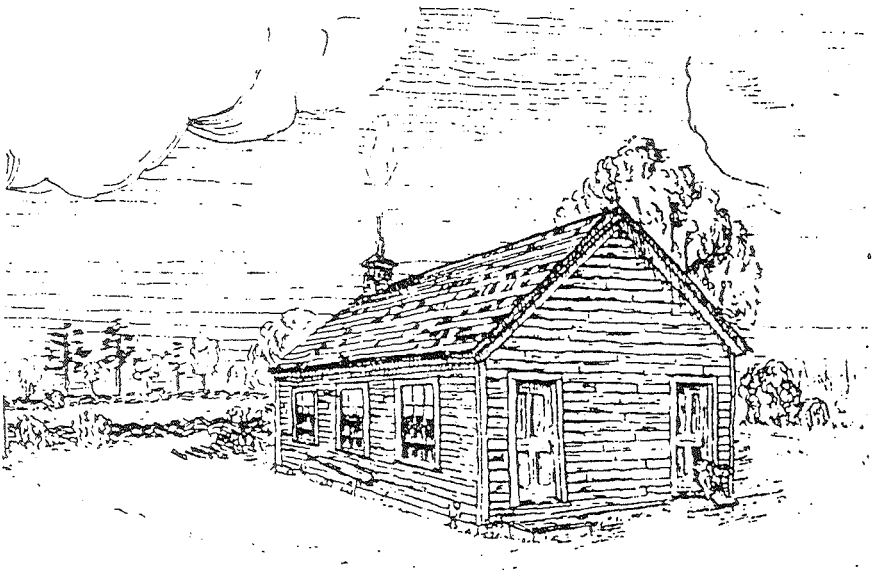
"I have hardly met a man so well equipped of nature to be a blessing for his fellow human beings. He was pleasant to deal with, interesting in conversation, with a rich supply of practical illustrations. As a public speaker I regard him as a model. His preaching was pleasant, logical, convincing and presented with a tenderness that won the hearts. In debate he had a ready wit and was feared by his opponents. Brother Matteson suffered from poor health, and in spite of that got as much work done as nobody else I know.

"Brother Matteson can justly be called the father of our Scandinavian literature. Not before the day of judgment will the result of his work be revealed...

"From the beginning to the end, Matteson stood faithfully for the principles of the message, He had many battles to fight and was often placed in difficult circumstances which will befall all those who promote the message, but he never hesitated. Were it not for his strength of will and determination, he could not with his poor health have accomplished so much and endured so long. His faithful example ought to be of help to us all."

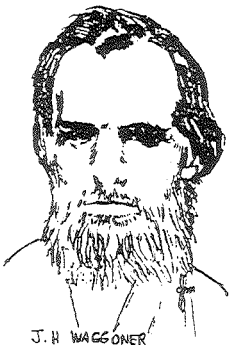
"With the passing of Brother Matteson the cause has lost a faithful, godly, and hard working laborer. Personally I feel a great loss, for I could see nobody who could take his place. But the work is the Lord's, and to God's glory we can see that the truth still moves forward with new power, both in America and Europe. Soon the final events for which we have waited will come. Then every faithful hero of the cross will stand up for his reward." [10].

John Gottlieb Matteson fell asleep March 30, 1896, at Santa Monica, California. Thousands are now rejoicing in the truth of the Advent message as a result of his tireless efforts. He felt well repaid for the trials and unjust criticisms of earlier years, and not a single day did the Mattesons spend "in the poorhouse."



BRUSHVILLE SCHOOLHOUSE where Matteson taught and in 1863 raised up a Seventh-day Adventist Church of 40 members.

Through storm and bitter cold they traveled.


J. H WAGGONER


PHILANDER CADY

4 - In Journeyings Often

"I would walk a hundred miles to find a Laodicean," declared Elder J. H. Waggoner. In the spring of 1858, he rendezvoued with J. N. Andrews at Koshkonong for a series of weekend conferences. On Monday, March 15, Waggoner left on foot for Baraboo, expecting Andrews to bring the trunk of books by stagecoach the next day. But a sudden thaw bogged down the stage a few miles from Westport, forcing Andrews to walk also. After spending Sabbath at Baraboo, they started for Mauston, a total of 95 miles. Then Waggoner walked another 110 miles to Mackford, more than doubling his Laodicean pledge. As he walked, Waggoner memorized portions of scripture which he carried in his hat, and thus committed to memory the entire books of Daniel and Revelation.

Elder Waggoner thoroughly enjoyed these walking tours for they provided a bonus of scenery, sunshine, and refreshing sleep. But not all the "traveling brethren" were in the Waggoner class. The call of duty forced some beyond their strength. Elder Waterman Phelps wrote of his early travels:

"I with a few others embraced the present truth in the spring of 1851 when Bro. Case took his first tour of Wisconsin. I directly commenced preaching those precious truths.... I traveled on foot until I was so worn down with traveling and preaching, that I could travel on foot no longer...I obtained a horse and buggy, and traveled with that and preached until I was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and my health became so impaired that I was obliged to leave the field entirely; and having a large family, and no home for them in this world, I commenced laboring with my hands."[1]

Pioneer travel presented lodging problems. When Elders H.C. Blanchard and R. F. Andrews held meetings at Fish Lake

in 1867, the only available building was an unfinished community church, without sash or screens. Clouds of mosquitoes kept most people away, and harassed the few who came. Meetings over, the evangelists traveled southward with their horse and buggy. Towards evening the horse became very tired, but no farmer along the way was willing to let them stop overnight, not even in a barn. They were compelled to continue on through the night, traveling and resting as best they could.

Wintertime brought snowstorms and subzero temperatures. Elder T. M. Steward recalls a trip he made one January:

"Stopped over Sabbath and First-day at Mauston. Preached twice. The 14th, took the cars for Sparta, and arrived at 12 o'clock in the night. Went to the tavern and secured about four hours sleep. The 15th, took the stage at 9 o'clock for a ninety miles ride. The thermometer stood at 10, 15, and 20 below zero. Here I realized the comfort of a good buffalo robe... The 16th, took the stage for a 70 miles ride..."(reached Hudson at midnight and 28 below zero).[2]

A traveling minister was eagerly welcomed by the scattered flock. They made him as comfortable as they could. Guest rooms, however, were rarely heated. When he turned back the covers on a winter night, he might see frost crystals glistening in the candlelight. Elder White believed that cold, damp beds were the cause of neuralgia, rheumatism, colds, and headaches. so he suggested frequent airing of the bedding. Then there were problems of nightly visitors. Elder Matteson explains: "Bed bugs, wherever they are found, are a great annoyance. There are plenty in this western country, and but few houses are free from them. I cannot sleep in their company. Night after night for several weeks I have obtained only from two to four hours sleep. Such loss of rest is very weakening. I would be very thankful if the brethren would kindly make some faithful efforts to rid their houses of them. A solution of vitrol in hot water is a very good exterminator."[3]

Wilderness junctions were confusing as there were no signposts. Each road looked very much like some other road, wagon tracks beneath the shade of maples, oaks, and pines. Luella Baker tells how Elder Loughborough once missed the way:

"It was easy to get lost on the winding roads that threaded many miles of forest. Occasionally the traveler came upon a stream, or passed a beautiful little lake nestled away in the depths of the green woods, but, for the most part, there was a succession of trees that seemed almost endless, and the trees looked so much alike that it was hard to tell one road from another, when the forks branched in two and sometimes three or four directions. One could travel for miles without passing a house where he could inquire the way, and after becoming convinced that he was on the wrong road, there was nothing to do but to go back to the fork and try again.

"There is a recorded instance where God even used this difficulty to His glory. Elder Loughborough had a long trip to make to meet an appointment when he received word that a little boy was sick and wished him to come and pray for him. Elder Loughborough thought that he could not go to see the child, as it would be six miles out of the way. By mistake he took the wrong road, but it led him directly to the house where the sick boy lived; so he was able to give this service of comfort, and succeeded in meeting his appointment as well.

"These early settlers learned to take the untamed resourses of nature and from them develop the comforts and necessities of life. Among them were found men who were able to take a work that was unorganized and almost without resources, and push it forward in the face of difficulties."[4]

Before the general acceptance of the tithing sustem, itinerant preachers met their own expenses. Seldom did it occur to anyone to assist them financially in their extensive labors. Elder James White reported a 1860 Mauston conference:

"It is true that these are hard times, and that many of the brethren are poor, but we do think that if they felt the importance of church order, and systematic benevolence, they would sustain the cause among them. Bro. Ingraham received $1 at this conference, and Bro. Sanborn nothing, and we, of course, expected nothing, and were not disappointed."[5]

Charlie Herrmann of Antigo was another devoted worker. When in his teens, he joined the Union forces as a drummer. He could not read or write. So that he might communicate with home, he asked a friend to teach him to read, using the New Testament as a textbook. After his discharge, he returned to Antigo. Here he heard the Adventist message, accepted it and began to share his faith.

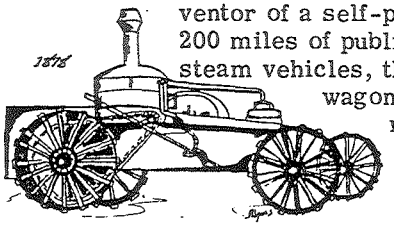
Several years later, he was taken into conference employment, and given $10 a month. Most worker families found too much of the month left at the end of the money, so salaries were upped to $15. But before year's end, a financial crisis occurred at the office. The men were called together and told that some must be laid off. Elder Herrmann said, "Do as you must, but I'll continue to preach, salary or not. Seeing souls in the kingdom will be wages enough for me."

Herrmann continued to preach for half a century, often covering his circuit by bicycle. He loved the out-of-doors, the lakes, the woods, and the rolling prairies. The whispering of the wind was to him the hymn of the forest. Herrman's "moonlighting" was unique. After an evening service, he would start on for his next appointment, Following Indian trails, he peddled his bike

from whippoorwill to whippoorwill. When drowsiness overtook him, he would spread out his blanket on a bed of pine needles under the stars. His alarm clock was the yap of the coyote, the call of the loon, or the winnowing of the snipe.

Finding an audience was never a problem. In the army he had learned to pull teeth. Whenever he arrived in a village, the word was spread, and all the tooth problems showed up. Between extractions, and hours later, he sounded the message.

While Charlie Herrmann was peddling his evangelistic bike over Langlade trails in the summer of 1878, a "first" was happening just a few counties south that would revolutionize travel for all circuit riders. Dr. J.W.Carhart of Racine had invented a steam buggy in 1871, which so impressed the Wisconsin legislature that they offered a $10,000 prize to the inventor of a self-propelled vehicle that could negotiate 200 miles of public highway. A race between two steam vehicles, the Oshkosh wagon and the Green Bay wagon, began July 18th. Averaging six miles an hour, the "Oshkosh" made the 201 mile run in three days, the unchallenged winner because the other never made it.



Wherever there were souls who might listen to the message, there were men willing to take the risks and face the hazards. While laboring at Fish Creek in December, 1876, Elder J. G. Matteson learned of a Danish settlement on Washington Island, just beyond the tip of the Door Peninsula. The strait was named "The Devil's Door" because so many lives were lost here. Matteson tells of his efforts to reach the island:

"Tuesday morning I started for Washington Island. Two brethren went with me to help draw the baggage. Three miles from the north point of the peninsula, we took our baggage, and with the mail-carrier for a pilot, we intended to cross the ice in the afternoon. But we could not see twenty rods ahead on account of the snow, and we did not consider it safe to cross.

"The channel in the middle of the Door was open the day before, four miles wide; but he had crossed in the forenoon on ice less than two inches thick, which had formed in the night while the thermometer stood twenty degrees below zero.

"We went about a mile on the ice along the shore, and were kindly entertained in a fisherman's shanty through the night. We could hear the sea roaring in Lake Michigan, and the ice cracking in the bay. It sounded like the report of big guns. But the Lord favored us in the morning with fair weather; so we started again on the ice, and when we reached the open water (for the new ice had all gone into the lake), we followed it to the north, until we got around it.

"When we got to the end of the open channel, we were within four rods of the water. The ice which we were on heaved up

and down as far as we could see. It rose and fell at least six inches. We could hear the water under our feet and see it pressing up through the cracks in the ice. This looked some doubtful to us, but we had confidence in our guide, who had traveled over this dangerous water, month after month, for the last twenty years. We arrived safely on the other shore after about twenty miles travel on the ice."[6]

After two months of successful meetings in the schoolhouse and in private homes, Matteson planned his return. Reaching the island had been difficult enough, but leaving it in mid-March presented hazards tenfold. Since the ice had begun to break up, two brethren with a small row boat offered to take him across. We will let Elder Matteson continue the story.

"There was not much wind, and we glided along nicely. Sometimes we would meet large drifts of broken ice, and we had to work our way through portions of it, and we got along alright until we came near the opposite side.

"We were not more than forty rods from the shore, but an insurmountable obstacle hindered our landing. A vast field of broken ice lay before us, and the wind had raised up so that the small pieces of ice were in continual motion, rocking up and down on the waves.

"We could not walk on these pieces, nor sail between them. We rowed along quite a ways to see if there was not a break in this glittering, crystal sheet, but our efforts were all in vain. We had to give up and row back to the harbor from which we had started.

"This, however, was not so easily done. The wind increased in strength, and we had to work hard to get through. At last we reached an uninhabited island about halfway to the harbor. Here we got in lee of the wind, but encountered a new difficulty. A thin crust of ice was forming on the water, and we had to break it with the oars to get through. This was a very slow and tedious process, but at last we got to the open sea again.

"Here the waves rolled high. We had to turn the boat every time we met a big wave, and sometimes it washed over us, and the water came into the boat. Our clothes also got wet and froze stiff. I prayed to God to help us reach the harbor, and so we did. After several hours of hard struggle, we pulled the small boat up onto the firm ice.

"Early the next morning, I started again. One of the brethren went with me. We carried my trunk on a hand sled. This time we tried to get across on the ice. In order to do this, we had to go around the open sea, which brought us far over to the coast of Michigan. The bay is about twenty miles wide, and we had to travel nearly thirty miles on the ice to reach the Wisconsin side. For a long time we went in a westerly direction until we could go south, and then east. This was a very tiresome and dangerous undertaking."[7]

Under the protecting hand of God, they safely reached the mainland and found lodging for the night. The next day Elder Matteson continued his journey, while his friend returned the way he had come.

The call of duty often meant long weeks or months away from home and loved ones. It was a sad reunion for Eld. Swin Swinson when he returned from an evangelistic series at Fish Creek. An obituary notice tells the story:

"SWINSON - Died Dec. 7, 1893 at Antigo, Wis. of pneumonia, our little sister Anna M. Swinson, aged 5 years, 1 month, and 8 days. About an hour before she died, she called her little sisters, Myrtle and Mabel, and kissed them goodbye; then she kissed her mother, and last she kissed Bro. Cushing for her father, who was at the time holding meetings at Fish Creek. Although our dear brother and sister feel the blow severely, they sorrow not as others who have no hope; for soon the Lifegiver will call Anna from her grave, to restore her to them with life immortal." Charles J. Herrmann" [8]

It is true that the workers labored far beyond their strength to meet the calls for "visiting brethren," but how could one ignore such a request as this? -

Farmington
LaCrosse Co. Wis.
May 21, 1858

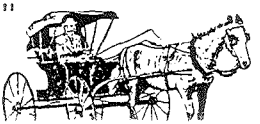
Dear Brethren,

"I have not seen, as I know any sort of Adventist since I left Rhode Island four years ago... I would like to see Bro. Bates once more, as he used to call at my house when I lived in North Scituate. I met once with Bro. White in Conn. I should like to have them call at my shanty if I had money enough to pay their fare here and back, and give them $10 each to help them on their way; but here I am, an old man, about worn out, and tied up in this strange land. I do not know but to die alone without a consoling word from any Christian man or woman.

G. Hoxey

The urgency of the King's business compelled the Advent Heralds on, even as the apostle Paul, "in journeyings often... in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness... in hunger and thirst."(2 Cor. 11:26) Annie R. Smith expressed well the pioneer fortitude and faith when she wrote:

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



5 - The Olsens of Oakland

An America-bound emigrant ship left the port of Kristensand, Norway, in the spring of 1850. On board was the Olsen family, - Andrew, his wife Bertha, and five-year-old Ole. The ship was old, its timbers badly deteriorated. So many leaks developed on the voyage that all able-bodied men took turns manning the pumps continuously. Many feared they would never reach the home of their dreams. When they finally docked in New York harbor, Andrew gave grateful thanks for the protection of a kind Providence. They were thankful to a God they had never really known, because the rationalistic teachings of the state church had left them soul-hungry.

The journey to Jefferson County, Wisconsin was a tiring one. By canal boat and steamer through the northeastern waterways and the Great Lakes, they eventually reached Milwaukee. Then by ox-cart they jolted over the rough prairies to Oakland. In a large oak forest a settlement had begun. Here they located former friends from Norway and built themselves a small log cabin with a sod roof. Living close neighbors were the Serns and the Johnsons. The three wives were sisters.

One cold winter evening, the Olsens heard crunching sounds of passing feet outside on the dry, packed snow. A quick lantern count revealed that a large crowd was going somewhere. Andrew slipped outside for a moment, then returned to tell his wife. "Some preacher is holding a revival at Cambridge," he said. "I believe I will go along and hear him." It was the first time in many years Andrew had shown any interest in religion. Bertha encouraged him to go.

As they walked along, there was animated conversation. A few had attended the previous night, and reported to the many now on their way to hear for themselves.

"Hasn't that preacher gone too far in saying that a person can know his sins are forgiven?" one of them asked. Most of them felt it would be more accurate to say, " I hope my sins are forgiven." Andrew listened but said little.

The schoolhouse was full, and a few were standing. As the minister spoke, Andrew pondered, "What does it mean to be saved? How can I know if I'm saved." The Bible texts did seem to make it quite clear. All the way home he thought deeply on the subject. As he approached the little cabin in the woods, he saw a light shining in the window. Bertha was sitting with her sewing. As he entered, she came to help him with his coat.

"What was the minister's topic?" she asked.

"It was very important," he answered. "About conversion." Andrew then proceeded with a synopsis of the evening message. "Conversion means turning around," he explained. "Peter said to repent and be converted. It means a change in our habits of living."

Although it was already very late, they continued to talk. They read together the promise of Jesus, "He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37. As they reviewed their past life, they felt confident that God had a purpose in their coming to America. They wondered if He had a work for them to do similiar to the work He had given to Noah. They felt the presence of angels with them, and that they were about to enter upon a new life.

"Is there any reason to wait longer?" Bertha asked. Together they knelt and surrendered their lives and future to God.

During the next few weeks, the salvation of their children was uppermost in their minds. They wanted their home to be just what a Christian home should be. Their new-found joy so filled the little cabin, that it was not long until all the children experienced conversion. Mother Olsen took them one by one, read and explained the Bible, and prayed with them until they understood, and gave their young hearts to Jesus. Ole took longer than the rest, but Mother was patient and understanding. One day Ole started out to work, but soon returned with shining face. He declared he had heard a voice plainly say, "Your sins are forgiven." Now Mother Olsen's joy was complete. She had been willing to stop whatever she was doing to talk with her children, and now had come the greatest of rewards.

Gustave Melberg, a Swedish neighbor, was keeping the seventh-day Sabbath. After a conversation with him one day in the spring of 1855, Andrew Olsen became thoroughly convinced that he was right. Together with the Serns and the Johnsons, they formed a unique Norwegian variety of Seventh-day Methodists.[1]

Prayer and Bible study continued daily in the Olsen home. The evening before the Sabbath became a precious time for testimony together as a family. The father would first stand, and express his thanks to God for His care throughout the week.

He would ask God's forgiveness for sin, then ask his family also to forgive if he had been harsh or impatient. Mother and all the children would follow in turn. No wonder God's blessing rested upon their home.

In nearby Koshkonong lived an Adventist minister, Waterman Phelps. When word reached him of a group of Sabbath-keepers at Oakland, he visited them regularly, and brought to them an explanation of the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation. Phelps could not speak Norwegian, and the Oakland company understood little English, but by pointing to scripture references and by hand signs, they were able to communicate. Andrew Olsen gave a plot of ground, and in 1864, a small church was built.

One summer evening, Tarel Johnson and Ole Serns were walking along a path together. The smell of new-mown hay was in the air. "Isn't it clear," Tarel remarked, "how the Bible teaches the second coming of Christ!"

"Yes," Ole replied, "John 14 says that He will come to take His people home, and Acts 1:11 says that it will be the same Jesus who will return in like manner as He went."

As they neared the Olsen home, they heard singing. They went in and sat down. Andrew Olsen arose to speak. "We have come together for prayer meeting. It has been made clear to us that the Lord's coming is near." (Andrew then followed with a short study about the signs of Christ's return.) "How are we to bring this message to all the Scandinavian people of America and Europe?" he asked. "God must raise up a preacher who can speak our language."

Many urgent prayers were then offered. They did not know that at that very hour, God was calling such a man to the task, a man with the requisite ability, devotion, and Christian experience. That man was John Matteson of Poy Sippi.

It was in the spring of 1864 that Matteson made his first trip to Oakland. What a fellowship was theirs during those first few days! Here was a man who was one of them, whose language was theirs, and one who could answer the many Bible questions that had puzzled them. Matteson stayed long enough to satisfy their immediate spiritual hunger, then returned to Poy Sippi. In view of tenative plans for his return. Andrew Olsen began to construct a log cabin for Matteson, the first Adventist parsonage in the state.

Preparing land for cultivation in the heart of an oak forest meant long hours of back-aching labor. The smaller stumps were dug out with axe and grubhoe; the large deep-rooted ones were left for the ox team to pull. One spring afternoon, Ole returned from town with the weekly mail. There was a letter from the conference president telling of the progress of the newly organized conference, and also an urgent appeal for funds. Could the Olsens possibly send $100?

The evening meal was eaten in silence. As darkness fell,

their Norwegian Bible lay open on the table, and beside it the request from Elder Sanborn. Each member of the family took his turn in praying for wisdom and ability to meet this request for evangelistic funds. The parents slept little that night. At the breakfast table they arrived at a possible solution. If the Lord would send a buyer who was willing to pay $100 for their team of oxen, they would give this to the cause.

The men of the family went to their stump pulling. Using a center drum and 16 foot beam to which the oxen were hitched, they would wrap a cable around the stump and draw it out. The steady pull of the animals made land clearing a pleasure. Soon a neighbor appeared and watched from the edge of the field.

"Andrew!" he shouted. "I don't suppose you'd be willing to sell me that yoke of oxen, would you?"

"If I were to sell them, what would you care to pay for them?" Andrew asked.

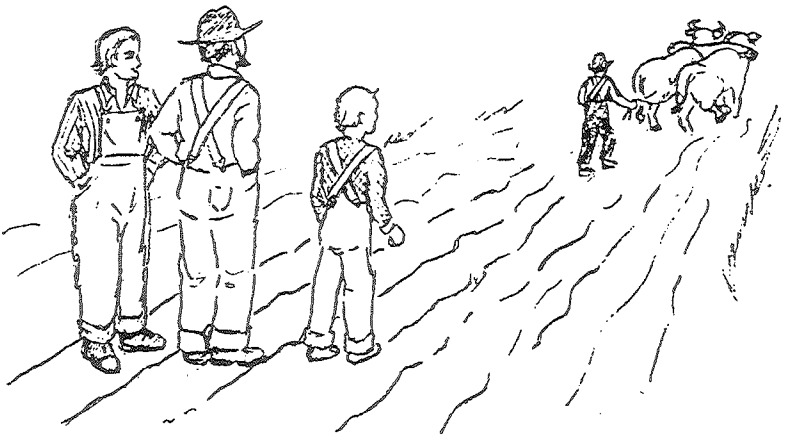
The neighbor examined them thoughtfully, then replied, "If you will sell the two oxen, I'll give you $100." Both knew the offer was a zenith price.

Andrew hurried to the cabin where his wife stood in the doorway watching. "Lars has just offered me $100 for the oxen," he exclaimed excitedly. "What shall we do?"

"Do? You know what we promised the Lord this morning."

Andrew returned to where his neighbor was waiting. "Lars, the answer is, Yes," he said.

With mixed feelings, the family watched their faithful team being driven away by a new owner. There was sorrow to see them go, and yet joy to be able to send the $100 on its blessed mission. Then with axes and grubhoes, the father and sons returned to clearing stumps from their land.



On their property near the church, the Olsens set out a small apple orchard. As the trees grew and bore fruit, one was outstanding in its productivity. They named it "Old Faithful." One winter, a storm severely damaged the tree, breaking down its heaviest branches. Its future seemed doomed, but it did not die. Its many wounds healed, and new growth appeared. Though unshapely in appearance, it soon reclaimed leading status in the orchard, outliving its peers, and charter members of the church as well. For decades, visitors to Oakland stopped to focus their cameras on Old Faithful, and paused to rest in its shade.

While out working in the field, thirteen-year-old Ole received his first of several calls to the ministry. Many years later, he related the experience:

"A still small voice said to me, 'You are called to preach this Advent truth to others.' 'No,' I answered, 'never, never, never!' 'Yes,' insisted the voice, 'not yet - later.' From that moment a new influence came in my life. I do not know just how or what, but something wonderful happened...

"The thought that I, with such miserable talents and no spiritual development, should attempt to be a teacher of the Word of God frightened me. 'No, never, never! I could never preach.' I said. But I could not rid myself of the conviction that I must preach. My soul was downcast and as I felt my unworthiness, I wished there had been a hole in the ground, so that I could disappear entirely and forever.

"In my nineteenth year, when I was in the field harvesting one day, I became depressed, so much so that I could hardly bear it any longer, I stopped the horses and walked over to the fence to pray. I said to the Lord: 'Please forgive me, I cannot be a preacher. It is impossible. You must choose another.' I even dared to suggest other names to the Lord, ones who I thought were better fitted to the ministry.

"About the hour of noon I went home for lunch. I fed the horses and went to the house. As dinner was not quite ready, I took the last number of the REVIEW AND HERALD and opened it to an article written by Pastor Uriah Smith. This article told me how the Lord had called a young man to serve Him, but the young man had refused. A young girl, who was backward and frail, was then chosen to to a mighty work for Him. You can imagine what influence the reading of this article had on me. What had I done? I had just asked the Lord to excuse me from the call to be a minister...

"The time passed until I was twenty-one years old. At that time I rented a farm and began working for myself. Before I was twenty-two years old I had bought the farm. Farming was what I liked to do best. I really loved to do that kind of work. I had strong arms and muscles to work with, and besides, even my father had doubts that I was fit to be a minister. Herein we agreed perfectly. My mother, however, had other thoughts.

Now that I had a good farm and was married, I reasoned with the Lord that He might excuse me from the call to preach. But I felt just as Jonah did when he took the boat sailing in the opposite direction from Ninevah.

"About the time of the close of the Civil War, the General Conference had designated a day for prayer and fasting that persons fitted to be workers might be led to consecrate themselves to service in mission fields. Our church held meetings every day for a whole week. Pastor John G. Matteson was present and led out in these meetings. One day I said to him, 'Your talks make me unhappy.'

" 'Thank the Lord for that,' he answered.

"I can remember how evening after evening I came home from these meetings and sat down behind a straw pile, not knowing what to do with myself. I was having a great struggle. I had several talks with my father about entering the ministry, and when he sensed my struggle he said, 'If it is that serious with you, then you must go out and try to preach.'

" 'But how can I,' I answered, 'when I have the farm on my hands and my obligations to meet?'

" 'Well, then it will be better for you to sell the farm,' my father answered quietly.

"I meditated on this until one day I said to the Lord, 'I will not ask to be excused any more, but here I am, I cannot leave my farm and I must fulfill my obligations. Will you please help me to sell my farm?' Perhaps, I thought, the farm cannot be sold. Within two weeks, however, a man came who wanted to buy the property, as it was close to our church and just what he wanted." [2]

But, did the sale of the farm end the struggle? By no means! Soon there was to be a quarterly meeting of three nearby churches, and Ole's father counseled him to go and tell of his call to the ministry. He went but sat silently in the back pew. His father had never seen him act so strangely, and asked for an explanation. Ole replied that he simply did not have the courage. After father and son had prayer together, Ole made an unreserved surrender. The next day he publicly related his experience. The church then wrote the conference, and they responded with a ministerial license. Ole spent two winters studying at the Seventh Day Baptist College in Milton quite unaware that not many years later, the son of Milton's founder would also enter the Adventist ministry. William A. Spicer, son of Ambrose Spicer, served the church in many overseas capacities, was secretary of the General Conference, and later became its president.

For the next two years, Ole and his young wife (Jennie Nelson of Oakland) assisted in tent meetings with Elder Isaac Sanborn and David Downer. In 1871, he "soloed" with tent meetings near Green Bay.

One motherly woman took quite a liking to the young evangelist and brought him a dressed pig. In later studies to prepare her for baptism, she learned the Bible prohibitions against unclean meats. "Then what did you do with that pig I fixed for you?" she asked him.

"Well, I had a special funeral for that little pig," he smiled.

Tom Pringle was busy in the hayfield when the young preacher called on him. Yes, he was interested in talking Bible, but the hay had to be cocked before the rain came. Ole took a fork and helped. As they worked, they talked about the Bible. Pringle became so intrigued with what Ole was saying that he determined to call the neighbors together for a meeting that very evening in the Meade schoolhouse. The Pringles were the first to begin keeping Sabbath. Olsen was later joined by Elder Matteson, and together they held meetings which soon led to a church that met in a room above Grey's Green Bay store in 1876.

Among Elder Olsen's converts at Neenah was the Griffin family. Daughter Myrtle, a young school teacher, soon entered the literature work, and later became a Bible worker in Oakland, California. In 1894, she married Elder C. H. Parker, and they went as missionaries to the New Hebrides where they gave 35 years of service. Young Julius Raft, fresh from Denmark, made his home with an Adventist uncle at Neenah, and soon united with the church under the labors of Elder Olsen. After schooling at Union College, he spent 40 years in northern Europe, serving as evangelist and conference president.

Ole Olsen was ordained to the ministry at the Clear Lake camp meeting in 1873, and the following year elected president of the Wisconsin Conference where he served two terms. After presidencies in Iowa and South Dakota, he was sent to superintend the Scandinavian work in Europe. The General Conference, meeting at Minneapolis in 1888, elected him president, which position he held until 1897. His calm and gracious spirit was much needed to unify the church during the unsettled decade following the Minneapolis session. With balanced and careful enthusiasm, he laid broad plans for the denomination. Under his direction, much progress was made in the sale of literature and in extension of Christian education and evangelism.

Elder Olsen is also remembered as a man of earnest prayer. The many burdens of his position became wearing and, capable as he was, Elder Olsen sincerely felt that another man might better serve in his place. He sought the Lord ferverantly to be relieved. To Sister White at a camp meeting in Australia came the words of his prayer as clearly as if he were in the same room. Sister White then began a letter to him:

"Elder Olsen, Dear Brother. You were presented before me as bowed upon your knees in prayer, pleading in agony of soul. You were praying aloud saying, "Lord, I look over the field, and there is so much to do to set things in order, so much left

undone that ought to be done, that I am burdened and distressed beyond measure. O Lord, who is sufficient for these things? To who shall I go but unto Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life. I am utterly weak, and ignorant, and helpless. Where are the poor sheep of Thy pasture, who need to be fed and watched over; but I am not able, I cannot do this great work. Take it, O Lord, it is Thy work. I am only Thy weak instrument. I see so little done in the right spirit, in the spirit that will produce results, that I am disheartened, I do not know how to work.

"Elder Olsen, I hope you will not permit anxiety concerning the neglect of duties of the church to so cloud your mind that you fail to look steadfastly to Jesus. 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' It is proper to entreat the church to make individual work in repenting because they have left their first love; but never dispair. Jesus loves all these souls better than you can love them. You have your work to do. It is a responsible work, but you are not to look at it until it assumes so large proportions, that it hides Jesus from your sight...

"Look up, look above the whirl of daily occurances, and fix your eyes upon Him who never changes and you will endure as seeing him who is invisible. You may look forward with joy to the finishing of the mystery...

"Although we may feel deeply over the unbelief and the absence of love for Jesus in those we meet, and even find this lack among those who claim to believe the truth and proclaim it, yet there is no reason why we should despond. Although many have lost the ardor of their first love and are spiritually barren, giving evidence of this fact in their cold, formal prayers and heartless testimonies, yet shall we wrap the mantle of gloom about us? No, this would please the enemy. We are to believe that the Lord Jesus lives, that the Sun of Righteousness shines in clear and steady rays, and although Satan may cast his hellish shadow before our eyes to dim the brightness of the face of Jesus, yet we are never to forget that His face shines upon us. By faith we are to see Him who is invisible, and never imagine that Jesus has left us to fight the battle alone. Battles we shall have to fight, but heavenly intelligences are in the army of the Lord, and Christ is the Captain of our Salvation."[3]

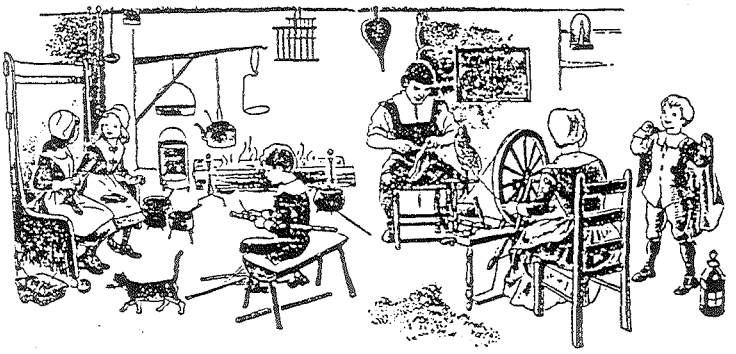
During his second term as president, Elder Olsen improved on A. T. Robinson's union conference plan of organization which was set into operation first in Australia. The first decade of the twentieth century found him strengthening the new mission in South Africa, and reorganizing the work in northern Europe.

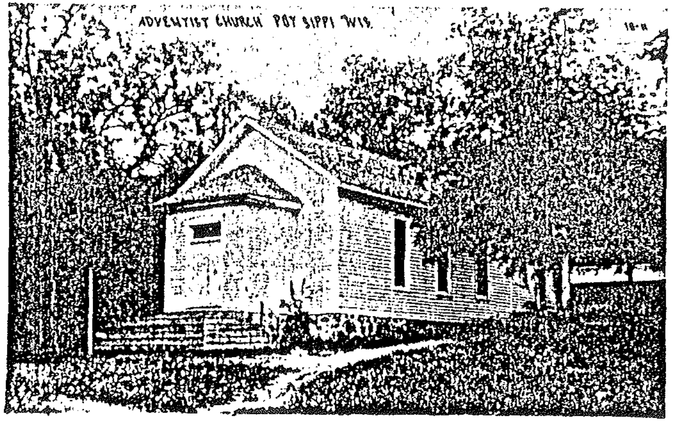
When his father passed away in 1909, Elder Olsen returned to see him laid to rest in the little cemetery beside the Oakland Church, and in the shadow of Old Faithful. The funeral service was a unique one. Andrew Olsen, already in his nineties, had

prepared his own obituary to be read at the funeral. It was a church overflowing that listened to the deceased's own account of his providential guidance to America, his conversion, and his discovery of the Sabbath truth. It was a carefully worded autobiography and presentation of the Bible Sabbath, intended as a final witness of his faith to his fellowmen.

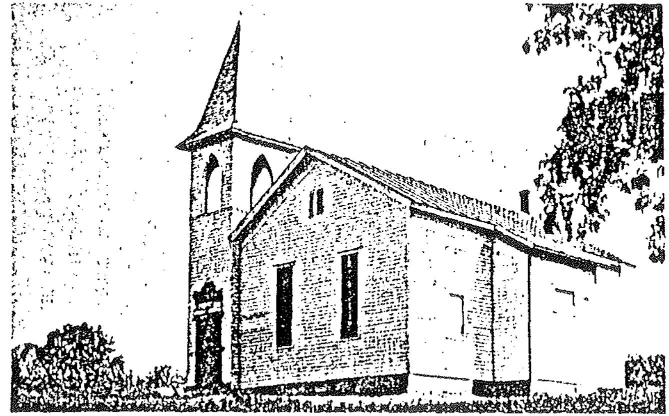
In his retirement years, Elder Olsen gave leadership to the North American Foreign Department, and served as vice-president of the North American Division until his death in 1915. "In all the positions of trust he filled, he never made or knew an enemy."[4]

The little cloister in the woods at Oakland was a cradle for many church workers. Here were the Olsens, the Johnsons, and the Serns. A similarity existed between the Johnson family and the family of Joash whose sons "resembled the children of a king."(Judges 8:18) Tarel Johnson had 22 children, all of whom grew to be over six feet tall. Two sons entered the ministry in Wisconsin. After raising up several churches in the southwestern part of the state, Ole A. Johnson became an outstanding Bible teacher at Union and Walla Walla colleges, and author of THE BIBLE TEXTBOOK. Henry R. Johnson labored for many years as a minister in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas. A cousin, Mahlon H. Serns, was a pastor-evangelist. Nearly all of the children of Andrew and Bertha Olsen became church workers, and four sons entered the ministry. Edward and Martin were called to assist in Norway, and Albert was a field secretary, teacher, and pastor. By the third generation, nearly 40 descendents of Andrew Olsen's family had entered denominational work. Such was the far-reaching influence of precept and example in this Christian home.





POY SIPPI - One of the few extant pioneers.



MT. HOPE - A lost debate built a church.

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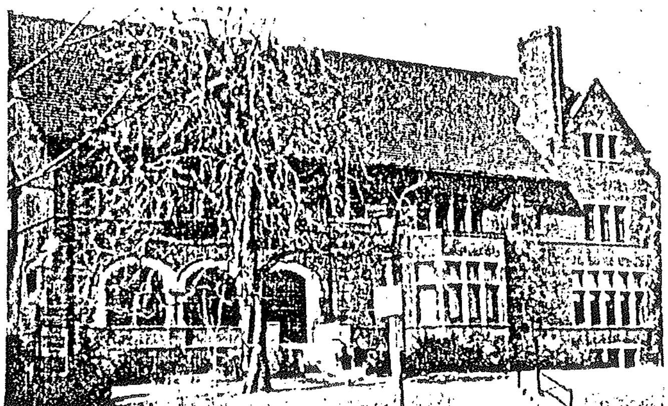

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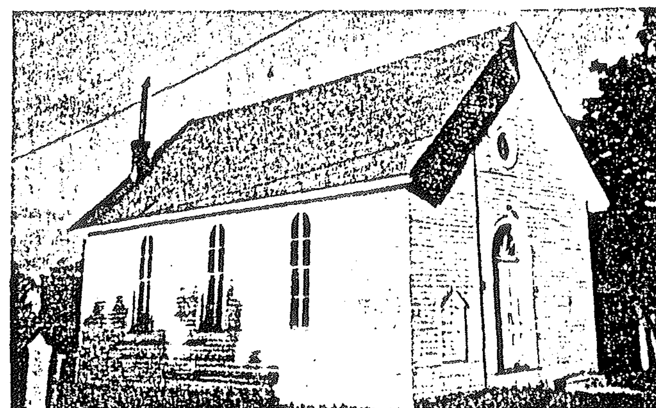

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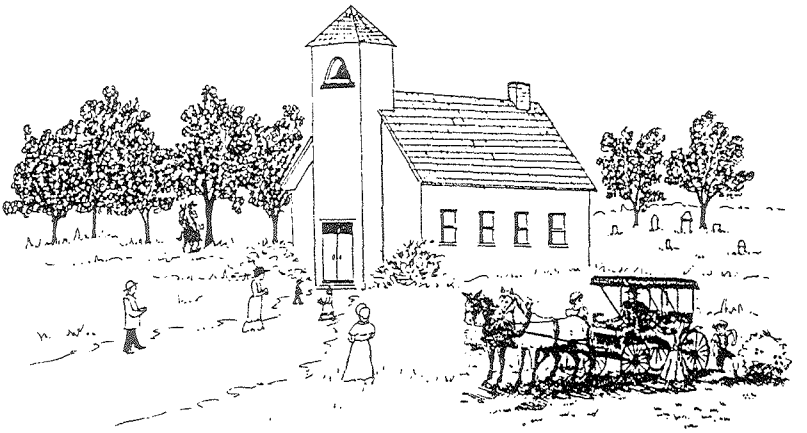


6 - The Meetinghouse

Pioneer hunger and thirst for rignteousness was deep indeed. Whether the meetingplace was a church, a schoolhouse, home or tent mattered little. Families packed their lunch baskets, and came to spend the day. Protracted meetings were common, and ministers were the more appreciated when they spoke with "great liberty." Reported Manning Curry of a typical meeting:

"We have just closed our tent-meeting in this place. Ministers present, M. E. Cornell, J. B. Frisbie, J. Waggoner of Wisconsin...

"On Friday came together and enjoyed a delightful season of prayer and exhortation in the morning, after which Brother Waggoner spoke for two hours on the Sabbath question with great liberty. After 20 minutes intermission, Brother Cornell gave a lengthy discourse on the law of God... Brother Frisbie gave the closing discourse." [1]

Sermons were long because it was thought necessary to present every related text plus a few that were not. Those who chose a schoolhouse had to answer all opposing arguments, for the use of a public building meant equal rights to speak. There were frequent interruptions and debates. At times it was mutually agreed that the presentation would be "reviewed" by the opposition the next night. No one ever thought of leaving before the meeting was formally closed, sometimes near midnight. In keeping with long sermons were the prayers of ten to twenty-minutes duration, patiently borne by the saints of yesterday. In his report of an all-day meeting at Rosendale, James White observed, "No one seemed to think of their hard seats without backs."[2] Judged by today's standards, few pioneer sermons would have passed the homelitic test, but back then, fervor and urgency took priority over semantics, for "then" congregations were not critical.

It was not only speakers who felt at liberty. Great liberty was exercised in "meeting manners." Philander Cady attended a Poy Sippi schoolhouse where there was little decorum. The speaker stood by a table upon which a lamp had been placed. Then an old man who wished to hear all that was being said, drew up a chair and placed his booted feet upon the table beside the lamp. No objection was voiced, so he stayed. Some did not like what the speaker was saying, so began banging the back door. Others laughed outright. The speaker punctuated his remarks by spitting tobacco juice on the rough floor, first on one side of the table, then the other.

Church services were frequently held in homes. Some of the furniture was carried outside, and benches hastily erected by placing planks upon blocks of wood. People sat or stood in every available spot, while along the loft level beamed a row of a dozen small faces.

Appeals for evangelistic help came to the Review Office from many isolated areas. While visiting Mrs. C. W. Stanley at Hundred Mile Grove, Mrs. Orphah Steele read VISIONS AND EXPERIENCES by Mrs. White, and also took in one Adventist meeting. After returning to her Boscobel home, she wrote for "one of the visiting brethren," yet spoke frankly of what he might expect to find:

"It is the most no-God place I have ever known. The inhabitants spend their Sundays fishing, hunting, visiting, some drink and quarrel, etc. They have a good schoolhouse, but no preaching, except occasionally a one-horse preacher comes along. Then they all turn out and have a full meeting. I firmly believe that if an Advent preacher were to go there, much good might be done... I am quite alone in my belief. No one to instruct me... I presume they will scoff, ridicule, persecute, etc., yet I now feel determined to press my way forward, and keep the commandments of God."[3]

The meeting place Orphah Steele suggested was the usual place for public gatherings. The community schoolhouse also served as the social, political, and religious activities center. Politicians and preachers alike had but to announce that they would speak, and could depend on a full house. Fifty to seventy was usual capacity. Overflow crowds sat outside near open windows.

As congregations increased in size, they began to build their own houses of worship. In 1859, Adventists at Avon erected the first meetinghouse west of Battle Creek. Elder White suggested in the REVIEW that with organized work bees, and $100 worth of materials,"a comfortable meetinghouse 26 ft. by 35 ft. could be erected." Then he cautioned, "If people wait to build a $1,000 church, they may get discouraged and never build at all."[4]

The Adventists at Sand Prairie immediately acted upon Elder White's suggestion. John Atkinson, a sawmill operator and chronic drinker, was converted during Elder Sanborn's efforts there, and offered lumber to build a house of worship. The first minister to visit the new church was Elder H. C. Blanchard, who describes his visit: "Traveled from Mifflin to Port Andrews, August 1st, over the most broken country we ever saw, part of the time without any road, with hills and rocks on either side of us from two to three hundred feet high... Though in rather close circumstances, the brethren have succeeded in erecting a neat and comfortable house of worship, 22 x 34 which they design completing this fall. On First-day, August 11, the largest concourse of people ever assembled on Sand Prairie, met together at the house of worship."[5]

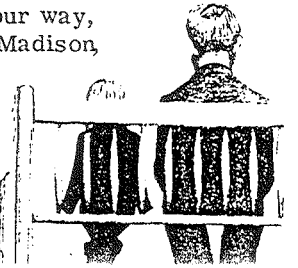
An all-day meeting followed, after which six were baptized in the Wisconsin River.

Elder White was pleased with the far-sighted and generous plans of the believers at Hundred Mile Grove, just north of Madison. After paying a visit in 1865, he reported:

"The church at Hundred Mile Grove, Wis., have completed, except painting the inside, a neat house of worship, of respectable dimensions, and seated it with comfortable settees. It presents a wide contrast with the cheapness of the house of worship of the numerous church at Battle Creek, with its plain, rickety, board seats. These scattered brethren, who are farmers, are flourishing, and are able to do what most of our eastern brethren cannot do. We are glad to see their enterprise in the direction of building a respectable house of worship for the Lord. We think the Lord's house in that church cost more than the dwelling of any of the members...

"Sabbath morning, June 17, the house of worship at Hundred Mile Grove was well filled. Brother Loughborough spoke to the brethren with his usual freedom. We spoke in the afternoon, and Brother Ingraham in the evening... The Holy Spirit came upon us in such measure as to cut off our remarks, and we gave some faint expression of the joys of an overflowing cup.

"Elders Ingraham and Loughborough spoke twice on Sunday with much freedom, and Mrs. W. did not fail to water others, while she drank largely in addressing the congregation, of the fountain of salvation. On the whole, this was a very excellent meeting. The brethren gave us $20 S.B. funds, and with cheerful hearts and ready hands, helped us on our way, with teams for ourselves and baggage, to Madison, where, on Monday the 19th, we took the cars to Freeport, Illinois."[6] REVIEW AND HERALD, June 27, 1865.



The erection of a church at Mt. Hope in 1872 was expedited by an argument and near knock-out blow. Attendance at Elder Downer's tent meetings climbed to 600 nightly. This angered a local minister who did all he could to oppose. He attended Downer's meetings to argue him down. Failing in this, he lost his temper and struck Downer twice. But in striking him down, he lost his cause. Everyone rallied about Downer and promised to build him a church. In a few minutes time, $800 was given. Then a spacious, attractive Seventh-day Adventist church soon appeared on the hill.

Elder Downer never lived to see the full fruitage of his faithful labors at Mt. Hope. One evening after presenting the subject of spiritual gifts, he handed out printed copies of Ellen White's early testimonies. Junior-age John, who had been attending with his parents, was so impressed that he talked about it constantly during the six-mile ride home to Mt. Ida. He could scarcely wait until a lamp was lighted and portions of the testimonies read aloud. On arising the next morning, he made a surrender to the Lord that was lifelong. This early introduction to the Spirit of Prophecy prepared him for greater responsibilities as a minister.

John's special interest was medical missionary work. In 1882, he connected with the sanitarium at St. Helena, California, and in 1900 went to Australia to assist in sanitarium work there. From Australia he was called by Sister White to establish sanitariums in southern California, beginning with Glendale. It was Elder John A. Burden who faith-founded Loma Linda University with money borrowed under his personal signature. His younger brother, William, was a pioneer missionary to Japan (1893) and founder of the Japan Publishing House, raising the money to build, then doing the work.

As the decades passed, building costs rose, so that in 1885, church members at Lena had to double Elder White's suggested $100 before starting to build. But by the time they had nailed the last rafter in place, they had spent the last dollar. In discouragement they abandoned their skeletal beginnings to winter winds and summer's scorching heat. Six years later, with renewed prosperity and energy, they launched into a campaign to complete the building.

The volunteer crew at the next work-bee discovered that the structure had not been sufficiently braced, and had angled very noticeably from the vertical. Because the oak studding was stubbornly unyielding, restoration to an exact plumb was not possible without a lot of redoing. They agreed to strengthen all the corners and prop the peak, then, as is, nail on the sheathing and siding. Although it would never meet the plumbman's line, it was built to last. The finishing touches included three kerosene-fueled chandeliers, artistically designed with

multi-colored cut glass. A sturdy centinarian yet today is the leaning church of Lena.

Needing larger accommodations, members at Milwaukee purchased a lot and began a building fund just before the outbreak of World War II. Soon followed material shortages, priorities, and skyrocketing building costs. Their 1941 slogan, "Let's build in May" was dropped when the federal government placed a freeze on structural steel. In their search for some suitable existing structure, the members were directed to a mansion built by the late J. Hoyt Smith at a cost of $300,000. Walls of brick and steel two feet thick enclosed 26,000 square feet of floor space. The heirs were asking only $50,000.

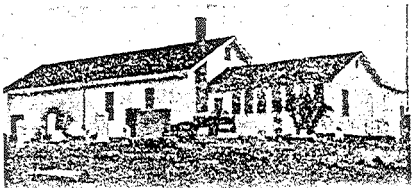
Some saw in the mansion real possibilities for a church. The ballroom could be converted into a sanctuary, but what would they ever do with the other 38 rooms? Why, use them for Sabbath School, church school, Dorcas society, custodian quarters, and just plain storage. Any other ideas?

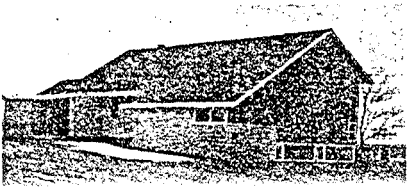
The members made it a subject of prayer. Providence intervened, and the mansion was secured for $20,000. Without waiting to renovate, the members began to meet immediately in the fourteen-car garage. The ballroom was transformed into a 400 capacity sanctuary, and a miniture "bawlroom" carved out elsewhere for mothers of small children. Debt-free dedication was held two years later.

The oldest survivor of pioneer meetinghouses is at Oakland. Built in 1864, it was the first Norwegian Seventh-day Adventist church in the world. Nearly a century later, when the members talked of building a larger sanctuary, they recalled an oral tradition of the pioneers, "On one occasion when Sister White spoke here," the story went, "she said this church would still be standing when the Lord returns." So it was decided to renovate the entrance, and expand to the east, leaving the western wall untouched as the pioneers knew it. Today, the Oakland church presents a dual image, depending on the angle from which it is viewed.

Turning back the years for a nostalgic remembrance of a typical pioneer meetinghouse, we travel to the Mackford church, snuggled among the rolling hills of southern Green Lake County. Although many buildings went unpainted in 1859, not this house of worship. Its walls, kept a fresh white, were pleasantly photogenic in nature's green surroundings. "The pews and interior of the building were tastefully decorated in brown and cream," recalls Luella Baker.[7]

OAKLAND - A "then" and "now" design.





Visiting the Mackford church was always a pleasure for the General Conference men from Battle Creek, However, only health reformers could gracefully enter upon its unique rostrum. A pulpit, strikingly different, extended nearly the full length of a raised platform, leaving a side passage so narrow that only those who practiced abstemiousness could pass through comfortably. Once seated, brethren under Elder Loughborough's stature were hidden from view.

Mackford was the first church in the state to be provided with ordained officers (1861). It was with great respect that the members referred to Elder Baker and Deacon Lawton. Mackford was also one of the first to have an organ. Some of the sisters had non-member husbands friendly to the church. Two of these "brothers-in-law" planned a surprise. From an agent who came through selling organs, they purchased a suitable one, paying half the cost between them, and soliciting the rest from neighbors. The organ was all paid for before the church officers learned of it.

Union church services were happy occasions of fellowship. From distances of 20 miles or more, the scattered members came by wagon and ox-cart. Believer's homes were called "Adventist Hotels" and never seemed so full but that they could take in another wagon load. Straw ticks, feather mattresses, and buffalo robes spread out on the floor provided sleeping comfort. Friday evening began a weekend packed with interest. There were visiting speakers and special Bible presentations. There was no "amen corner" in the Mackford church, for a balanced amen chorus resounded from wall to wall, giving evidence of attentiveness and assent.

Before returning to their homes, brotherly ties were strengthened and family togetherness fostered in a Sunday picnic-outing beside Little Green Lake. Tablecloths were spread upon the grass and laden with food. Everyone gathered about and sat crosslegged around the "banquet table." Appetites seemed insatiable for religious services, so after dinner, some brother would present a Bible topic for the edification of the adults. While the grownups visited and talked Bible, the children took hikes along forest trails so often traveled by young naturalist John Muir who lived but a few miles to the west. A racoon fishing at the water's edge or a deer bounding through the underbrush were common sights. Sometimes they would meet a meandering bear or a skunk. The young explorers would return with exciting tales and renewed appetites. To solve the hunger problem, one resourceful mother took a large pan of milk, crumbled into it a loaf of bread, then passed around the spoons.

The afternoon also afforded opportunity for a swim. The men and boys slipped around a nearby peninsula, while with shawls and tablecloths the women prepared a dressing room among the trees, and donned old dresses they had brought for swimming. And so these never-to-be-forgotten days were filled with pleasant and healthful enjoyments.

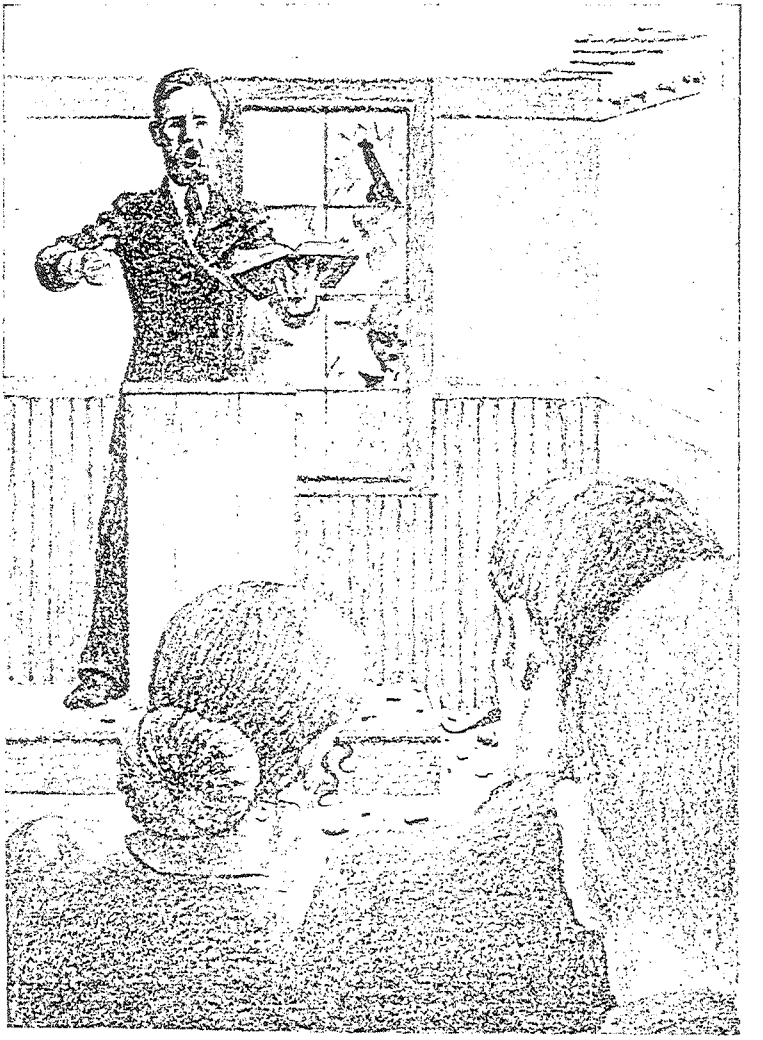
Elder White strongly promoted quarterly meetings for all living within a 30 mile radius.* These were the "high days" of fellowship. The first meeting would be scheduled for "early candlelight" on Friday evening with no specific hour announced. On Sabbath morning they could depend on two hours or more of steady preaching, followed by a fellowship dinner. Sabbath School in the afternoon consisted of a song and a prayer and 45 minutes of study on some book of the Bible. The Lord's Supper was celebrated in the afternoon or evening.

All returned Sunday morning for a business meeting. First on the agenda was a reading of the church rolls, and each member responded with a testimony of faithfulness and determination. If someone had been found doing a wrong, a vote of censure was passed, and if no reformation was apparent during the next six months, his name was dropped. Absence from three consecutive quarterly meetings was also considered a reason for disfellowshipping. The payment of tithes was a part of the Sunday program. On the basis of the previous year's income, each family would pledge 10% in advance. In some churches, maintenance expense was minor. From the Waterloo (Cassville) records is this interesting notation made in 1914:

"It was decided that the brethren of the church would hereafter pay 50¢ a year, and the sisters 25¢ to defray the expenses of the church."

To the early believers, church attendance meant far more than a pious habit or socializing. In their hunger and thirst for righteousness, the truth of the Bible remained paramount. Religion was their life, and all services at the meetinghouse a pleasure.

*Churches were small and close together, e.g. within a radious of 20 miles were 9 churches: Westby, Coon Slough, Viroqua, Victory, Bad Axe, Liberty Pole, Kickapoo, Viola, and LaFarge.



Then someone fired a revolver.

NELL DRUILLARD

KATE LINDSAY

7 - Isaac the Intrepid

It had been a stormy day, and the wind increased as evening shadows fell. The branches of a tree rubbed against the cabin, and occasional gusts of wind banged the woodshed door. Charles Smith wasn't certain if he had heard a knock, but he went to investigate. There stood two rainsoaked strangers seeking lodging for the night. Smith invited them in and suggested they dry themselves beside the fireplace. They were traveling preachers who had walked many rainy miles that day, and gave their names as Sanborn and Decker. Certainly, they could stay!

"What are you trying to dry out?" Smith asked his guests as they unrolled a scroll before the fire. "Are those strange looking beasts some artist's nightmare?" Sanborn reached for his Bible and turned to the book of Daniel.

"Oh yes, I remember something about them after all." Smith continued, "Just never saw them pictured like that."

Charles Smith, a Baptist lay preacher, had spent most of his Bible study time with the New Testament. The animated conversation about the beasts was difficult to interrupt, even with the supper call. The seventh chapter of Daniel was continued at the table. On into the night they studied. Smith was putting the puzzling parts of prophecy together, and was overjoyed at how well they fit. Before clothes and charts were dry, he was well on his way to the decision he made at the breakfast table.

"These men have the truth," Charles Smith said to his wife the next morning. "The seventh day is the only day God ever blessed, and we must keep it. It was the Lord who directed these men to our home."

A Sabbath-keeping company was soon organized in central Clark County (c. 1870), and Smith became the leader of "The Loyal Church" - as they called it.

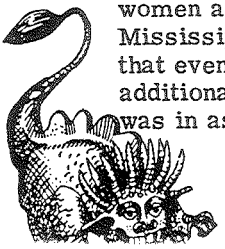
Smith immediately began to share the knowledge he gained. He secured a prophetic chart of his own, and hung it on the church pulpit. The beastly figures not only helped to visualize his teaching, but made indelible and frightening impressions upon his grandchildren.[1] Smith was soon ordained, and joined Elder Sanborn in his preaching tours. Altogether, Isaac Sanborn trudged hundreds of weary miles in home visitation, and spent long evenings in Bible study, just as he had with the Smiths. Evidence of his faithful labors were the clusters of Adventist churches throughout southwest Wisconsin.

Sanborn accepted Adventism in September, 1854, after months of REVIEW reading and Bible study. With a sense of his inability, he prayed earnestly that if God was calling him to the ministry, a goodly number of souls would accept the message wherever he preached. At the close of his first series, he organized a church of 21 members. In August, 1856, at the age of 33, he was ordained by Elders White and Ingraham. He then teamed with Ingraham in holding tent meetings.

According to his own story, Elder Sanborn encountered much opposition during his early ministry. At Juda, in Green County, he was ordered to leave town under threats of eggs and stones. It was all due to an argument with a preacher of another church, during which Sanborn had zealously branded all Protestant churches "daughters of Babylon." August, 1862, found Sanborn and Ingraham heavily involved in a series of debates with Elders Moss and Mitchell, Disciples of Christ ministers. Lively, lengthy lectures were held nightly until Sanborn was able to report that "their batteries are all silenced."[2] Typical of their debating propositions were: "1. RESOLVED. That the Bible teaches that the seventh day Sabbath, commonly called Saturday, was made at creation, and is binding upon all men. 2. RESOLVED. That the Bible teaches that the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, is the Lord's Day, and should be kept according to the commandment."[3]

Sanborn reported that the force of the Adventist Bible-based arguments "took the wind out of his sails," although it did little to strengthen bonds of Christian fellowship. But it must be remembered that debating was the order of the day, and Sanborn was trying to do his best.

The August debates, however, were soon eclipsed by a statewide Indian scare that created a six-week reign of hysteria, known as "The Panic of 1862." News of Sioux massacres in Minnesota sent a wave of terror over the northwest. In wagons hastily loaded with stoves, pots, kettles, potatoes, bedding, women and children, the inhabitants of Beldenville (near the Mississippi) evacuated to River Falls. So nervous were they that even the hoot of an owl or moan of the wind brought on additional jitters. To the east, rumor had it that Manitowoc was in ashes, Sheboygan burning, and 3,000 redskins advancing

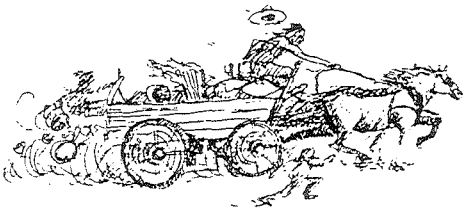


on New Holstein. But Manitowoc was very much alive, for the valiant women of town equipped themselves with vessels of boiling water, and gathered on the upper floor of the courthouse to scald the "oncoming hordes." A male settler less valiant, hid himself in a featherbed. One woman turned the pigs into her garden to keep the vegetables from being of any benefit to the Indians. A man with a cask of currant wine, called in his neighbors to help him drink it up, "determined that the savages should not get drunk through any fault of his." A Milwaukee editor observed, "The human family is at times ridiculous or frightened or desperate or foolish or cowardly, but never until the Indian scare of 1862 were the dwellers of Milwaukee and Wisconsin possessed of all five of these attributes at once."[4] Fortunately, the reign of rumor subsided in time for Wisconsinites to gather in their wits and crops before winter.

Elder Sanborn was a meticulous statistician. "During the past 8 mo. traveled 2,400 miles, preached 115 times, baptized 28, organized 2 churches, Mauston 27, Johnson Center 21." he reported to the REVIEW on June 13,1863. Some of Sanborn's peers were upset by his frequent reporting, and wrote that they were also very busy in the Lord's work, too busy to spend time record-keeping. Nevertheless, it was Elder Sanborn who was elected the first president of the Illinois-Wisconsin Conference on Oct. 7, 1863.

Early summer of 1867 found him evangelizing in Richland County. He reorganized the little Adventist church at Sand Prairie, home of Jasper Wayne of Ingathering fame. Typical of Sanborn's statistical success were the meetings he held at Claysville (Grant County) in August, 1867, where he concluded with a baptism of 43 in the Grant River. He immediately began another series in the Waterloo schoolhouse near Cassville. The traveling preacher was viewed with suspicion, and a near catastrophe occured.

While Sanborn was preaching one evening, a mob gathered outside. Someone fired a revolver, then three stones crashed the windows, one striking a woman on the head. After the excitement died down, Sanborn announced a hymn, offered prayer, and finished his discourse. In the audience was an Elder Bell who "reviewed" him the following day. Apparently the opposition had little effect, for Sanborn baptized 23 converts a week later.



The records show Jan. 5, 1868, as the date of the official organization of Adventist believers here, and the following summer saw the erection of a $2,000 church building. Sanborn himself labored continuously on the structure, laying stone and framing timbers ten hours a day for six weeks. During all this time, he demonstrated his health reform convictions by eating only two meals a day, and following a strictly vegetarian diet. The membership of the "Waterloo Church" (Cassville) increased to nearly 100 in a few years time.[5]

When the original building was struck by lightning and burned in 1911, neighbors rushed in and saved the pews, the organ, and other removables. Ernest Smith rebuilt the church the next year, and the furnishings were replaced. In recent years, when annual "Pioneer Services" are held in this community landmark, the audience marvels how their forefathers ever endured those straight-backed pews in four-hour stretches as they often did while listening to Elder Sanborn.

One of the most rewarding of the churches established by Elder Sanborn was Hundred Mile Grove, 15 miles northeast of Madison.* At the stagecoach inn, Sanborn inquired about the nearest schoolhouse, announced he would hold meetings there, then started on foot to reach it. In his audience that November night (1859) were the Pattons, the Christiansens, the Rankins, and the Lindsays. All listened attentively and returned nightly. Meetings over, these large families, plus a few others, became charter members of a church which Elder and Mrs. White loved to visit. When the need for a meetinghouse arose, Thomas Lindsay offered a half-acre of property, and so did Alexander Rankin. A decision was made to build on the boundary line of their adjoining farms. This attractive church served the Adventist community here for the next 80 years.

The Rankins had a large family of girls, all of whom entered denominational work. Nellie Helen fell in love with one of Elder Sanborn's converts at Cassville, Alma Druillard. They married and went to Africa as missionaries. Elder Spalding gives a summary of the Rankin family's contribution to the church:

"The Rankin girls, nearly a dozen of them, red-headed scions of a Wisconsin Adventist family who moved to Nebraska, flamed through the 1870's and 1880's and in diminishing numbers on into the twentieth century. Almost all of them were teachers, and certain of them made history in the Second Advent Movement. Ida Rankin was the first preceptress, or dean of women. in Battle Creek College, and long was prominent in teaching circles. Effie was the first matron at Battle Creek and later for many years at Union College. Melissa was the mother of the present (1949) editor of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Lora E. Clement. Mary was the mother of Dr. E. A. Sutherland, prominent educator and physician in the Advent cause. Helen (who

*HUNDRED MILE GROVE - A stage stop on the military road 100 mi. w. of Milwaukee.

became 'Aunt Nell' and 'Mother D' to thousands), a graduate of an unusual normal school of that period, was a teacher, a county superintendent, secretary-treasurer of the Nebraska Conference, and after marriage to A. (Alma) Druillard, a keen businessman of the Midwest, was prominent in financial and administrative positions. Together they went to England and then to South Africa (1890), where he was a favorite missionary of Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson, and she was secretary-treasurer of our South African Conference. After returning to America in 1901, they became connected with Emmanuel Missionary College, where he died. 'Mother D,' as she was known, was commissioned by Mrs. White, at an age when she expected retirement, to oversee 'the boys' in the establishment of the Nashville Agricultural and Normal Institute, later Madison College, and she was told that if she would do this, God would renew her youth. Here she wrought for twenty years. After this she established, with her own funds and personal labor, the Riverside Sanitarium, near Nashville, for the Negro people, an institution now owned by the General Conference and flourishing with increased facilities and buildings. "Mother D' died at Madison College in 1937, at the age of ninety-four."[6]

Another remarkable Hundred Mile Grove girl was Kate Lindsay, oldest daughter of Thomas and Catherine Lindsay. Kate started early on the road to adventure while her parents made hay near Lake Mandota. Her mother wrapped her snugly in a blanket, with two dogs to guard her. A wolf came out of the woods to examine the bundle. The barking of the dogs put the wolf to flight and brought the parents on the run.

Kate had an insatiable appetite for knowledge, and devoured every available "ology." Much to her parents disappointment she would never be a farmerette. At eighteen she was engaged to a young man who came to teach in the neighborhood school. Shortly afterwards, he enlisted in the Union army, and died of pneumonia in a Milwaukee training camp. During this time of sorrow, Elder Sanborn began his meetings. Kate found new hope and courage when she found her Saviour, and the Adventist faith.

Kate was a great admirer of Florence Nightengale. At twenty-five she left home to attend the new Western Health Reform Institute opened by Adventists at Battle Creek. Here for several years she worked, studied, and observed. She then entered Ann Arbor Medical College which had just changed policy to admit women medical students.

In 1876, she united her interest with the Battle Creek Health Institute as staff physician, and specialized in obstetrics and pediatrics. At Battle Creek, "Dr. Kate" established the first Seventh-day Adventist school of nursing. She saw overseas mission service in 1896, when she connected with Claremont Sanitarium at Cape Town, South Africa. Returning in 1900, she served on the staff of the Colorado Sanitarium until her death

in 1928. It was "Dr. Kate" who encouraged her nephew William to become a physician also. Dr. W. T. Lindsay served for many years on the staff of the Madison (Wis.) Sanitarium. With so many from Hundred Mile Grove entering church work, Elder Sanborn in later years felt repaid for his labors in the little schoolhouse.

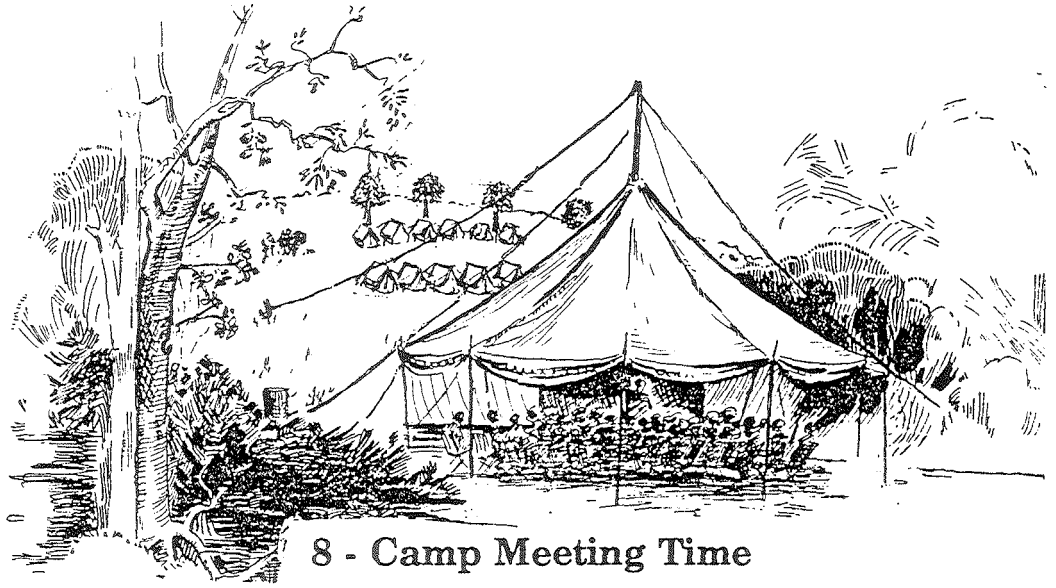
In 1871, Elder Sanborn teamed with David Downer for several series of meetings in the southern part of the state. Ole Olsen was tentmaster. Mid-July found them at Wautoma with an audience of 200. Though busy with their harvesting, farmers found time for evening meetings. Despite bitter opposition, 30 persons were baptized. A curious crowd watched them celebrate communion and foot washing in the tent the last Sunday night.

From Wautoma the evangelists went to Plainfield and gave five-weeks of lectures. A local minister, Elder Alger, spoke against them one night for two and a half hours. The next night, Elder Downer reviewed him before an audience of 500. He then called for a standing vote by those who believed the first day of the week to be the Sabbath. Only three arose, and one of them said later he thought he was voting for the seventh day.

Few pioneer preachers manifested more zeal than Elder Sanborn. So urgent was his motivation to spread the message, that his meetings were generally short-term, lasting a week or less before hurrying on to the next place. One young man and his sister who walked 18 miles to hear their first Adventist sermon, were baptized by Sanborn the next day. But such methods did not build for permanence. The records show that he would baptize from 20 to 40 converts at a time, organize a church, then leave the new members under the tutorship of a local elder whom he held "responsible for the sins of the members."[7] Sanborn was short of patience with those who weakened or showed little signs of spiritual growth. He was particularly disappointed with any who returned to the tobacco habit, and advised the church to "withdraw yourselves from every brother that walketh disorderly." (2 Thess. 3:6)

Quarterly meetings were fearful times of close scrutiny on the conduct of every member, and intolerance for sin resulted in heavy losses. Disbanding a church, then reorganizing was a tactic Sanborn often employed. From Marquette, he wrote: "We found the church in a contentious and distracted condition and woefully in the dark, because they did not love each other." He urged them to disband themselves by standing vote, left them for two days in disciplinary dangling, then reorganized with the same set of officers.[8]

Sanborn's later labors took him to other states and to the province of Ontario, where he passed away at St. Thomas in 1913, at the age of 91. For nearly sixty years he had been a zealous debater and defender of the truth.



8 - Camp Meeting Time

There is something very facinating about meetings in a tent. Tents had been successful in evangelism, had attracted large crowds, but for a general meeting of all the believers, - would families be willing to camp for a week in a tent village? Elders R. F. Andrews and H. F. Blanchard wanted to give the plan a try, so in late summer, 1867, Elder Sanborn offered the use of his cow pasture just east of Janesville. Several notices appeared in the REVIEW. Elder Andrews wrote:

"See to it that the enemy does not cheat you out of attending this gathering of the saints. If you are discouraged, come, and be encouraged and revived. If your love for the Lord and His truth is waning away, come and consecrate yourself anew to His service. If you feel strong in the Lord, come, and grow stronger and help impart spiritual life and vitality to those that need. And if you think you cannot spare the time, you are the very one that needs to come..." [1]

"As Brn. R. F. Andrews and H. C. Blanchard have urgently called your attention to the importance of making a proper preparation to attend the Convocation Meeting that is to be held at Johnstown Center, Rock Co., Wis., ten miles east of Janesville, and eight miles south of Milton Junction, I hope no pains will be spared in preparation to attend this feast of tabernacles. We expect to pitch the large tent in a beautiful grove within fifteen rods of my house, and would like to see forty tents around it. Eight yards of factory will make a tent fifteen feet long, and nine feet wide, with a wall six feet high... Such a tent will not cost more than $16.00... Isaac Sanborn." [2]

The first camp meeting opened on Sept. 17, 1867. Visiting speakers from Battle Creek were Elder Uriah Smith and Elder and Mrs. James White. The forty-tent anticipation was not

realized, yet twelve families were daring enough to come and pitch their tents around the main tent. Others found lodging in nearby homes.

It was a real success. Ellen White reported that her husband felt "smart, cheerful, and free" in his presentations. On Sunday afternoon, a crowd of 1,200 assembled to hear Sister White. She had been suffering from headache, nausea, and sorethroat, but did not wish to disappoint those who had come. In a letter to Stephen and Sarah Belden, she wrote:

"I could not see straight. My head was whirling. The sound of my voice seemed to prey upon my brain and came out my ears. The promise had been given to the people that I would speak, and I meant to try if I broke down in the attempt. I made my way to the tent, tremblingly took my seat in the stand, and said to the ministers, 'If you will sustain me with your prayers, I will move forward relying upon God to sustain me.' I stood up before that large crowd with trembling, but, thank God, I was blessed. My headache disappeared, and I spoke to the crowd one hour with freedom. I could not have done this of myself."[3]

Recalling this experimental camp meeting, Elder W. C. White, in later years, labeled it the "forerunner of camp meetings."[4] It took a chilling experience, however, before the brethren learned that camping is for summertime. The 1869 meeting was scheduled for the last week in September. Tents were pitched at Clinton Junction in a grove decked out in gorgeous autumn display. Elder and Mrs. White and Elder J. N. Andrews were present. A rain on the very day camp was to begin, kept many away. Then the weather turned cold. On Friday evening Elder White kept on his overcoat as he entered the pulpit. His audible message was also visualized as the vapor syllables of his breath cyrstalized in the chill night air. Since no warming trend was in sight, the meetings closed on Monday, with a unanimous decision to meet in mid-summer next year.

Camp meeting was held in 1870, on Stephen Hungerford's farm near scenic Kilbourn City (Wisconsin Dells) the first week in July. Circling the main 60 ft. tent were family tents with church names lettered in oak leaves, - "Fish Lake," "Dell Prairie," "Marquette," and "Mackford." Elder and Mrs. White had just come from Minnesota, and found a tent awaiting them, lettered "Battle Creek." The weather was pleasant, and all felt refreshed by the messages of the Whites. A French lady, Mrs. Capman, had come all the way from Fond du Lac with her two teen-age boys who served as interpreters. She had been baptized in Vermont seven years before by Elder Bourdeau, and had stood faithful ever since without any further contact with fellow-believers or Adventist publications. One of her sons was baptized at this meeting.

Possibly the largest of the early camp meetings was held at Monroe, in 1875. When the Whites and Uriah Smith arrived on

Thursday (June 16), they found 17 tents already pitched. That afternoon, a caravan of seven wagons was seen approaching.

"Who are they? Where are they from?" people were asking. "Could it be? - Yes, it is Jehiel Gainiard, elder of the Waterloo Church, and his wife Olive in the first wagon."

Standing and waving in the next wagon was Elder Sanborn, and with him the Andrew Bossert family. The fifty-member caravan had started on Tuesday, and had traveled over 100 miles from their homes in Grant County.

Even before Collins Chapman's team had come to a stop, his boys, Freddie and David, leaped from the wagon to search out a spot to pitch their new homemade tent. Another young man, Alma Druilliard, was busily engaged in a search of quite a different nature, hoping somewhere in the woods to catch sight of the red-headed Rankin girls of Hundred Mile Grove, Nellie in particular. The Chapmans located their tent next to Clarence Bossart, and Alma found the Rankins in the deep woods.

Scandinavians arrived in large numbers and packed the Oakland tent to hear Elder Matteson speak in their native tongue. On Sabbath afternoon, Mrs. White spoke, using Mal. 4:6 as her text, "and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to the fathers." One-hundred or more responded to her appeal. When a teen-age boy came forward, his father could no longer hold back, and followed with a heart-broken confession to his son for his harsh words, and to his wife for his wrong influence on the family.

In a later presentation, Elder White told the familiar story of carrying the first edition of PRESENT TRUTH to the post office in a carpet bag, and then in a voice tense with emotion exclaimed, "And now we have a missionary over in Europe," referring to J. N. Andrews in Switzerland.[5]

As camp meeting was breaking up, a fine appearing man came to the White's tent and, addressing Mrs. White, said, "I have had great prejudice against you, but you have taken it all away. My feelings had been excited against you by what I had heard, but having seen and heard for myself, I see that God is with you. Will you forgive me for having entertained the feelings I had?"

For the benefit of those living in the western part of the state, a second camp was held at Sparta a few weeks later. On Sunday, 2,500 persons lined the semi-circular bluff to witness a river baptism of 31 candidates by Elder Sanborn. The custom of holding two or more camp meetings each summer, continued for over half a century.

One man walked 70 miles to attend the Ripon camp meeting held in Strong's Grove in June, 1876. The RIPON FREE PRESS, a regular weekly paper, ran a daily during the meetings, devoting most of the space to the sermons. Miss M. L. Clough, a niece of Mrs. White, traveled with her as a reporter and, in Uriah Smith's words, "with indefatigable industry, with great versatility of

thought and felicity of expression, has given a full daily report of every meeting, stating all the particulars, suffering no point of interest to pass unnoticed, but grasping all the salient features of the occasion, and producing the whole in a style pleasant to the popular reader, while it gave a very accurate representation of the meeting." Smith also reported that the apprehension of Ripon citizens was replaced by a favorable Adventist image.[6]

Many of the campers had brought baked goods and garden produce from home, and one local family brought along a cow. Cooking was done over a large campfire, and a huge kettle of graham mush provided by the camp, gave everyone a warm, satisfied feeling to begin the day. The daily program began at 5 a.m. After the evening meeting, the campfire circle was a popular spot. Here the juniors gathered about Elder White as he told stories of the early days.

"Solemn and impressive was the preaching in those days," recalls Luella Baker of Mackford. Elder James White, with his strong, ringing voice, frequently led the singing. I can almost hear them yet, those thrilling advent hymns -

'Come, O my soul, to Calvary,
And see the Man who died for thee."

and others that described the glories of the heavenly land or expressed the ardent hope of meeting a soon-coming Saviour. Solemn was the appeal some of these songs made to sinners.

'Will you go, sinner, to the highlands of heaven,
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given?'

was sung with the spirit and understanding. Such preaching and singing had effect, and many were thoroughly converted."[7]

Meade MacGuire of Antigo remembered how long, ferverant prayers of pioneer preachers continued on into the night. When a junior, he shared a large dormitory tent with many others. The men and boys stayed on one side, and the women and girls on the other. An aisle through the center separated two wide boards which held the hay bedding in place. Young Meade went to sleep while Elder Ole Olsen was praying aloud. Hours later he awakened, and Elder Olsen was yet, or again praying.[8]

At the Menominee camp in 1886, Miss Sarah Peck, a young public school teacher, took her stand with the Advent people, then went immediately to Battle Creek intent on becoming a Bible worker. After a bit of homestate chatter, Ida Rankin of Hundred Mile Grove suggested she prepare to teach.

"We have no schools but these three (Battle Creek, Healdsburg, and South Lancaster)," answered Miss Peck, "and they are well supplied with teachers."

"Ah, but the time is coming," said Miss Rankin, "when every church with small children will have a school, and we must train teachers for these schools."

Two years later, Miss Peck helped in starting the Minnesota Conference School at Minneapolis. Later still, she taught in South Africa at the first S. D. A. college outside North America. Miss Peck's greatest single contribution to Adventist education was the authoring of the "True Education Readers" which filled a great need in essential school texts.

Conference President William Covert labeled the Marshfield camp meeting of 1899, as the wettest he had ever known. Rain fell continuously while the tents were being pitched. 10,000 feet of boards were purchased and laid for walks above the sticky clay. Stores in town were soon exhausted of all rubber footwear. Skies cleared for a time as campers listened to the messages of Professor P. T. Magan and Elder I. H. Evans. N. P. Neilsen and J. N. Anderson were set apart for the gospel ministry, and $3,000 was raised to begin Woodland Industrial School.

A call was made for teams to help excavate for the main building, and for wagons to haul in well-drilling equipment. Levi Peterson and another brother decided to take advantage of a favorable break in the weather, and drove immediately to Pittsville to haul the needed machinery. As they started back, Peterson's wagon was in the lead. When about halfway to Bethel, he noticed ahead the darkest, angriest clouds he had ever seen. Fearing the teams would be frightened, he shouted back to his partner, "Better stop and unhitch, or we will never be able to hold the horses."

The partner acted quickly and tied his team, but before Levi was ready, a huge hailstone struck him on the head, causing him to drop the reins. Both men jumped for cover under the wagons while the storm raged. A short ways ahead, a farmer caught and tied the runaway team, and eventually the men were able to resume their journey. At Bethel, some of the hailstones measured larger than a teacup.

Back at Marshfield, the tents were dancing in the strong wind. A roaring in the skies overhead became so loud that Elder Evans gave up preaching and began to sing. Soon it was impossible to hear which hymn was announced, so groups gathered and sang separately. Above the rising crescendo of sounds was heard the Bethel Baker family, seven strong, and all joined them singing:

"We are joyfully voyaging over the main,
Bound for the evergreen shore;
Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,
And never see death anymore.
Then let the hurricane roar,
It will the sooner be o'er;
We'll weather the blast
And land at last on the evergreen shore."

The storm which bounced that icy missle from Levi's brow and sent the campers to their tents that Monday afternoon, went down in history as Wisconsin's most destructive tornado. To

the west, the town of New Richmond lay in ruins with 117 dead and 125 injured. The prairie was strewn with dead farm animals and rubble. Bro. L. B. Losey gives an eye-witness account of the desolation he viewed a few hours after the storm:

"How an unseen force could twist, and turn, and break, and pile up and tear down, iron and wood and stone as it did there, is more than the human mind can comprehend. I could only imagine that some giant fiend bent on destruction, had stalked into that beautiful city, and literally tore every building in its path from its foundation; and not satisfied with simply destroying the buildings, had passed them through a huge threshing machine, after which the wood and stone and iron and all the household goods, torn into fragments, had been scattered in shapeless piles, or sown broadcast over the land."

But no storm could dampen the courage of Adventist campers. All stayed through to the end, then left saying, "This was the best camp meeting we ever attended."

The MARSHFIELD NEWS reported:

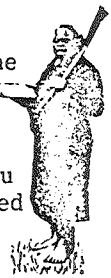
"The weather was the stormiest encountered during the many years' annual meetings in the state, but the cheerful and philosophical church people allowed it to interfere but little with the work they had gathered together to accomplish... The Adventists made a very good impression on the people of Marshfield, and their future meetings here would be welcomed."[9]

The mid-summer General Conference held in Milwaukee constituted the camp meeting for 1926. And what a substitute treat it was! Among those assembled in the Milwaukee Auditorium were many favorite Badger sons on furlough from the mission field. Elder W. A. Spicer was reelected for another term as president of the General Conference. N. P. Neilsen and J. W. Westphal reported on the progress of the work in Brazil and Argentina. F. A. Stahl, a former Milwaukeean, reviewed providential experiences of the Peruvian mission. The Stahls had brought with them thirteen-year-old Chave Mariane, daughter of a Campa chief. Tatoo marks on her face indicated she was under the curse of the witch doctor.

"I am very grateful," she said, somewhat frightened by her large audience, "for the privilege of being here, and that you have sent us workers and missionaries to teach us the gospel. I also wish to prepare myself to be a worker, so that I can help my people." Then in a sweet voice she sang, "Jesus Loves Me," beloved by children the world over.

Back from Malamulo, South Africa, was Elder Walter Straw. Walter had been a Plainfield farm boy. In his teens he found the Lord, gave up a prized seat in the dance band to attend Bethel Academy, later becoming its principal. From his position of educational superintendent of the Lake Union, he was called to Africa where he served two decades, then returned to teach at Emmanuel Missionary and Madison colleges. Present also were

Elder and Mrs. Eugene Farnsworth. Mrs. Farnsworth was the former Vesta Cady of Poy Sippi, school teacher and author. Elder Farnsworth related the inspiring story of his recent healing from cancer.



But captivating the attention of all was barefooted Chief Ratu Meli, dressed in a sari-skirt of the Fiji Islands. He expressed at length his gratitude, and that of his people for the light of Christianity, and the third angel's message.

"Today," he said. "we have cast off the old religion and taken on the new. We have thrown away the old club, and we have taken the new life. I have cast off my old joy, and have taken on new joy. I have cast off my old garments, and I am clothed now in the righteousness of Jesus."

Chief Meli described how the savage Fijians painted their faces, decorated their bodies and put rings in their ears, then how bewildered he was to discover ring decorated bodies and painted faces in Christian America. He continued, "This spear I hold has killed human beings. I ate their flesh from this wooden platter. Before I heard the message of Jesus' salvation, I was in sin as deep and black as night. My hope is to bring more people to see Christ as I see Him now." [10]

Walter Schwersinske of Fond du Lac was in the audience. He was not a church member, but learning that a fuzzy-wuzzy would speak at the conference, had come to see him. The chief's testimony was the turning point of his life. He thought, "If God can so completely change the habits and life of a heathen, He can certainly do something for me." Walter then surrendered his life and future to God, and joined the church.

Elder William C. White spoke of the early days of the work, and asked if there were any present who remembered the first General Conference organization in 1863. Two persons stood. Elder White then recalled the chilling Clinton Junction camp which he attended with his parents in 1869, and also of meetings in later years at Sparta and Kilbourn City.

In the year 1927, the Wisconsin Conference secured Camp Silver Lake as a permanent ground for the annual convocation. For years to come, families could enjoy the inspiration and spiritual refreshing, and would say at its close, "This was the best camp meeting I ever attended."

(For a list of camp meetings, see Appendix.)

9 - Into the North

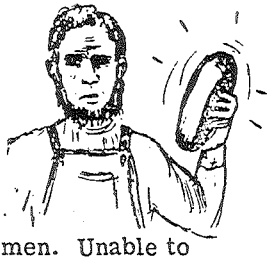
In the little northwest community of Hudson, a drunk was sleeping off a hangover in an old shed behind Taylor's Furniture Store. Flames burst from the shed and spread rapidly to the store and adjoining newspaper office. A quickly-formed bucket-brigade could do little against the wall of fire spreading through town. Inside their meetinghouse, the Adventists were worshipping, unaware of the holocaust until they heard the shouting and looked outside. Then the Sabbath School became a prayer meeting. The fire that day (May 19, 1866) destroyed 64 business places and 25 homes, but the Adventist church in the path of the flames was untouched.

The first apostle to the northland was Elder Thaddeus Steward, and Hudson was one of his churches. In the scenic Lemonweir Valley of Juneau County, Steward labored untiringly, establishing his first church in Mauston, his home town. Here was the "northern Wisconsin" referred to by the REVIEW and Volume 1 of the TESTIMONIES. Since the first Sabbathkeeping companies were begun at Beloit and Hebron on the southern border, anywhere beyond Madison was considered "the north."

Near Augusta, Elder Steward spent an afternoon and evening studying the Bible with young, pipe-smoking David Downer. He was able to clinch every point of faith, plus the evils of tobacco. Downer invited his guest to spend the night in an upstairs room, then settled back for one last smoke. The fumes filtering through the cracks in the rough ceiling reached Steward who shouted down, "What are you doing, Brother Downer?"

Back came the reply, "I'm burning incense to Baal." Then Downer threw his pipe and tobacco into the stove, and joined Steward in his evangelistic labors.

The problem of rumor was perhaps more pronounced in the



north. Editors of small-town weeklies leaned heavily upon the current tales from the stove corner of the general store, and very rarely bothered to check out the facts. Added to rumor was the problem of illiteracy, particularly in the logging camps. When anyone would make a town trip, he would solicit want lists from the men. Unable to write, Pete Legault of Chippewa Falls just drew a circle. When he received his package, he growled in disgust, "I no order cheese. I order grindstone."

While holding grove meetings at Adario in 1854, Steward was invited to give a Fourth-of-July oration. Eager to forward his faith, he launched into a two-hour lecture on the two-horned beast of Rev. 13, only to sense that his ill-timed subject, "The United States in Prophecy," was falling on deafening ears. Those beastly heads and horns which might have gripped an audience in later sequence, became increasingly boring to the large crowd who had expected a message to stir their patriotism. In profitable reflection he candidly reported to the REVIEW that his speech "did not set very well." [1]

In the town of Londina where Elder Steward held meetings in 1858, he was summoned before the judge. Making no exception to the injunction of Matthew 5:34, "Swear not at all," Steward refused to take the judicial oath, and was promptly jailed for a week. The sheriff, however, allowed him evening freedom long enough to conduct his evangelistic meeting, then back to jail he went until the next evening. This extreme interpretation of scripture prompted Sister White's balanced counsel on oath-taking as found in TESTIMONIES, Vol. 1, p. 201. But, back to the Londina meetings, - Elder Steward baptized 37 persons.

Elder Steward faithfully evangelized ten counties bordering the Mississippi, raising up many churches. He was painstaking and thorough in instructing his converts, and few were ever known to backslide.

Pioneering the message in Green Lake County began soon after Captain Worcester Farrar and Elder Michael Wellcome came to homestead. The captain had spent many years at sea bringing codfish from Newfoundland to the states. Wellcome was a Methodist minister who accepted the teachings of William Miller in the 1840's. The two families traveled together and settled on Lake Pucwa near Kingston in 1846.

Although Wellcome shared his knowledge of Adventism with the Farrars, it was not until 1860 that the Sabbath message was brought to them. A tall stranger appeared at the door one late fall evening. It was Elder James White ⁊ itinerary. At the close of his visit, he left a copy of SPE TUAL GIFTS, Vol. 1, and the truth of the third angel's message began to take root. Elder White had not mentioned the subject of healthful living, but Captain Farrar decided on his own to break a filthy habit

that had held a lifetime grip. Determined to discard the weed, he made an immediate break. He became quite ill, and his knees shook uncontrolably. He looked down and said, "Shake all you want. You've had the last tobacco you'll ever get."

Travel was slow and sometimes hazardous. On a trip to the nearest mill 60 miles away, Farrar once found himself facing a forest fire. There was no way around it, so he stopped his team, burned an island about him, then waited until the fire had raged past. On one winter mill trip, he took a shortcut across the lake. When about halfway, he noticed the ice sinking and cracking about him. He unhitched the oxen, led them one at a time to shore, then returned and pulled the sled by hand.

Captain Farrar moved to Waushara County and raised up a church at Adario (Richford). The faith of this devoted layman is expressed in an illustration he used. He said, "If the Lord tells me to jump through a stone wall, its my business to jump at it, and the Lord's business to see that I get through." [2]

To the northeast, the Door Peninsula stretches out its giant arm into the waters of Lake Michigan. It was here that explorer Nicolet once wandered down Indian trails. Here were evergreen hills, pebbled beaches, and rocky cliffs ever dampened by the spray of restless waters. Here, according to Schoolcraft, the legend of Hiawatha was born. Here, on its mid-eastern shore, Elder H. W. Decker baptized charter members of the Sturgeon Bay church amidst white caps and bobbing ice cakes. Elder Decker recalls his labors here:

"While laboring in Wisconsin I received a letter stating that the people of a village near Sturgeon Bay had held a public meeting, and had passed a vote inviting me to come and hold a series of meetings in the village...On my arrival the village lawyer met me, and took me to a nicely furnished room which I was to occupy. and also to a private boarding house, and said all my expenses would be paid by the village. The meetings were to begin the next evening.

"Half an hour before the appointed time, I was notified that the house was filled to the limit. The people were hungry, and they accepted the truth with eagerness. About thirty kept the third Sabbath. The interest increased in power till nearly the whole village, and many in the suburbs and surrounding country accepted the message. All the stores, shops, and places of business were closed on the Sabbath. Among the converts were the captains of two coast schooners. One man who is now an ordained minister was the postmaster, and one was sent to the United States Senate." [3]

On their return from a trip to the Upper Peninsula, Elders D. T. Bourdeau and J. N. Loughborough stopped at Oconto to hold a meeting. Among those who came to listen was Charles Wise and his family. The truth took root, and the Wise family became the nucleus of an Adventist church at Lena.

As soon as a local elder was ordained, he was expected to travel and preach. The turn of the century found Elder Charles Wise visiting homes west of Lena with GREAT CONTROVERSY as an entering wedge. He stopped one hot summer day at the home of Carl Stern, a blacksmith. Stern showed interest in the book, but had no money to buy it. Though he labored from five in the morning until dark, no money came his way until annual payday when his debtors could pay him. These were hard times. Stern had written to his brother in Germany, but was unable to pay the 5¢ postage, so the letter had to wait three months.

Since it was nearly noon, the colporteur was invited to dinner. Mrs. Stern went to her refrigerator (a cool, deep depression by a tree stump) and took out a piece of ham she had been saving for company. When it was passed around at the table, Charles Wise politely refused.

"Well," he began, "I've had a good dinner, and I am going to leave you something to pay for it."

"But you have scarcely eaten a thing," Mrs. Stern objected.

In return for his meal, Wise left a copy of the tract, "Which Day Do You Keep and Why?"

As "reader" for the local Lutheran church, Carl Dorow, Mrs. Stern's father, usually attended and read from a sermon book. This Sunday he stayed home and read the tract left by the book agent. It all sounded so clear and plausible. The seventh-day Sabbath had never been changed, and was still God's holy day. Checking every scripture reference, he found them correctly used. When neighbors came to visit, Mrs. Stern would read the tract to them. Months later, Elders Henry Dirksen and J. W. Westphal held meetings in the Stern's home, and three families began to keep the Sabbath. From this beginning, a home church was organized by J. S. Schrock in 1908.

Just south of Black River Falls, fiddler Joseph Scott and his dance band were keeping the community of Shamrock in a happy mood. Scott was the "singing master," well versed in do-re-me pedagogy, An Adventist neighbor, Mrs. Winslow, found him unreceptive to spiritual things until sorrow opened the door. He watched his beloved baby daughter sicken and die. The hope of a resurrection at Jesus' coming led him to Bible and soul-searching, and he yielded his life to the Saviour.

Joseph Scott didn't wait long to begin sharing his faith. He had neither tent nor budget for evangelism. Undaunted, he headed for the evergreen forest, and constructed a unique tabernacle of pine boughs. When word got around that the dance leader had turned preacher, people packed the pine pavillion and listened to the firey evangelist preach on "Blood to the Horse's Bridles." Converts helped him build a community church at Shamrock which he shared with the Methodists.

Timberland intrigue in the north was responsible for a number of Adventist churches. Zimri Moon, brother of administrator

Allen Moon, set up a steam sawmill in the maple and hemlock woods of central Marathon County. A community built around it, applied for a post office, and adopted his name. In 1899, the William Saunders family moved in, built a log cabin, and began a Sabbath School. By 1900, records showed a membership of 91.

To secure men for his expanding lumber operation, Zimri Moon advertised for help in the WISCONSIN REPORTER, an Adventist weekly published at Fond du Lac. The response was too great for personal handwritten replies, so Moon engaged a public secretary. Unaware of church relationships, and noting that every letter began with "Dear Brother." the puzzled secretary remarked, "I never realized you came from such a large family."

A sudden spring thaw that bogged down Levi Peterson's logging teams led to a church at Merrill. Peterson had picked Hazelhurst for logging during the winter of 1900. The following March, he started for his Poy Sippi home with his portable sawmill loaded on several sleds. As he neared Merrill, a sudden thaw forced him to reload his equipment onto wagons. Once again on his way, the wagons bogged down completely in the mud. That night as he slept in the old Patzer House in east town, he dreamed that an angel stood beside him, and directed him to settle in Merrill, for a church would be raised up, and would need his help. Convinced that the dream was of the Lord, he purchased 20 acres on the Prairie River and set up a lumber camp. With salvaged material from the old Jinny Hotel, he built a home, and sent for his family. Soon a row of log shanties, banked high with earth insulation, completed the picturesque logging community.

The following summer, Elders Stebbeds and Beardsley pitched their tent in Stang's Park and held successful meetings. People packed in to hear the little English preacher with a big voice describe "hall the glories of hour 'eavenly 'ome." They were inspired by the beautiful tenor voice of gifted young Beardsley as he led in singing "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms." Among the converts was Sue Jones who served the conference as Bible worker for two-score years. Quite a number of the men had to sacrifice their jobs to keep the Sabbath. Providentially, Levi's Logging Camp was able to employ them all.

News of the "Advent camp" where no one ate meat or worked on Saturday soon spread to surrounding communities. When the Hendrickson boys from a neighboring camp returned and told their mother, her mind went back to a village in Norway where she had listened to Elder Matteson many years before. Mr. and Mrs. Hendrickson then visited the camp to confirm the tales their sons were bringing home. Friendship between the families strengthened, and soon Mrs. Hendrickson accepted the Sabbath and joined the church.

A series of meetings held in Rolling by layman George Conner attracted Charles Herrmann, the sheriff of Langlade County. Herrmann was deeply impressed with Conner's preaching, and

accepted it. Soon after his baptism, he held meetings in Antigo, raised up a church, and became its pastor.

The mining of iron and copper along the shores of Lake Superior attracted people of many nationalities, but little had been done to reach them. Elders T. B. Snow and J. B. Loken began meetings in Ashland in 1897. The next year, William Covert reported a church of 22 members there, then added, "Four of these members are yet to be baptized."[4] From the labors of B. L. Anderson among the Danes at Superior, an organized church emerged and met in a hall in eastside Itasca. Money was scarce and offerings small until a healing at Duluth inspired needed faith.

Sister Guth, while helping a neighbor, slipped on the stairs and broke her back. A doctor was called and predicted death would soon follow. That evening, Sister Guth called for Pastor Chamberlain and local elder Nutting to come and pray for her. They followed the instruction of the 5th chapter of James, then left her in God's hands. On the way to work the next day, Brother Nutting saw her out feeding the chickens. "I am completely healed." she exclaimed.

The next Sabbath, Sister Guth walked seven miles to meet with the believers in east Superior. After the sermon, a call was made for pledges to help build an industrial school at Arpin. There was little response. Then Sister Guth told of the miracle in her life, and pleaded for a school that would produce more men like Elder Chamberlain. A new experience in giving then came to the little church.

In 1910, Superior appealed for help to build a house of worship of their own. At the Wisconsin Rapids camp meeting that summer, it was voted to raise $2, 000 to help them, but at year's end, Pastor Hoffman commented, "The money for the church in Superior is coming in very slowly. At the present rate it will take a thousand years before we can start to build."[5] However, the building problem was to be solved six years later in a very remarkable way.

The scenic coastline of the Bayfield Peninsula, with its rolling hills and fiords, attracted many Scandinavian families. The terrain and climate of this Lake Superior vacationland was very similiar to their homeland. In the spring of 1911, Elder Soren Sorensen (Danish), Christian Edwardson (Norwegian), and J. H. Hoffman (Swedish), teamed for meetings at Washburn. They pitched their tent in an open area behind the Lutheran church. Soon after the meetings had begun, a heavy rainstorm swept in from the lake and loosened the stakes. The men were kept so busy that day pounding stakes and retying ropes that evening caught them unprepared.

"I cannot speak tonight. You must take it," Sorensen told Edwardson. The people were already arriving. Edwardson quickly put dry garments over his wet ones, and carried on

the meeting. Among those in attendance were the chaplain and the sexton of the Lutheran Church.[6]

Pastor Christiansen of the Lutherans was visiting in Norway at this time. When word reached him of Adventist meetings within earshot of his church, he cut short his visit, and hurried home to protect his flock. To avoid a battle, the evangelists moved to another part of town. Ed Johnson had given up his drinking while attending the meetings, but urged by his pastor, he returned to the fold, and also to his liquor. On his deathbed, he declared that if he were lost, it would be due to the pressure put upon him to return.

It was a big blow to Pastor Christiansen when one of his most promising young churchworkers, Alfrieda Hanson, united with the Adventists. When the evangelistic team later held meetings in Superior, Miss Hanson joined them as a Bible instructor. It was here she met and later married Marcus Odegaard, and both devoted their lives to denominational work.

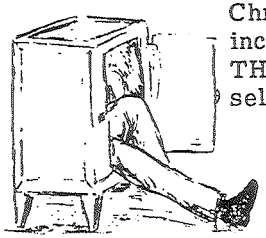
For $130, Elder Sorenson purchased a small house and remodeled it for a church. Partitions were removed, and a baptistry built where the kitchen had been. An outside stairway led to an apartment for the caretaker. By ferrying from Ashland with the materials, Sorenson completed the church for $1,000.

At camp meeting that summer, Elder Sorenson secured leftover SIGNS and WATCHMAN magazines for his son Chris to sell. One of his first customers was Claude Morris who united with the church, later becoming a secretary in the publishing department.

Elders Edwardson and Hoffman began meetings in Ashland. Mrs. Anderson had no intention of attending, but on the opening night she was given a dream of Jesus' glorious coming in the clouds of heaven. She heard Him say, "The people at the tent speak the truth. Go and hear them."

She went with her Bible and notebook, took down all the texts and restudied them at home. She then called on her minister and asked why he never spoke on the book of Revelation. He attempted to do so the next Sunday, but became very confused as he went along. Mrs. Anderson was finding her answers at the tent, and was soon baptized.

Members of the evangelistic company all lived in small tents, and shared a common "kitchen tent." Outside stood an icebox. One early morning, Miss Odegaard, the Bible instructor, was walking by and noticed a foot protruding from the icebox. She thought Chris might be up to some prank, so gave it a kick. Out tumbled a drunk who had sought shelter from the rain. Ashland had its share of drunks with 80 saloons for its 3,000 inhabitants.



Chris enlarged his selection of publications to include the TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTOR, and THE MAN THAT RUM MADE, and was able to sell something in nearly every home.

The meetings continued into November. Two stoves were set up in the tent with stovepipes protruding through a triangular box-arrangement. Boards at the bottom of the tent walls held them down and kept the heat in. During an evening meeting, flames burst from a pine board near the stovepipe. The fire was soon out, but so were all the people. They had torn the walls from top to bottom. Next day was spent with all hands sewing and repairing. The people returned, and a church of 20 was organized.

The summer of 1913 found the evangelistic team at Superior. One form of opposition came from the Russellites who liked to argue with the speaker. Then there was a time when several teen-age boys created a distubance outside the tent. Elder Sorensen grabbed one of them and held him while he sent Chris to the police station a few blocks away. The other boys followed him shouting, "If you turn us in, we'll kill you." You can easily guess who won the race.

From the tent meetings seven were baptized, and services held the next winter in a rented Finnish church. When a large Baptist church on Cummings Avenue was put up for sale, the little group gathered for a prayer meeting, and asked the Lord to enable them to purchase it for $2,250. Their prayers were answered. Soon afterwards, the Baptists were offered $4,000, but stayed with their promise to the Adventists. The building was dedicated debt-free in March, 1916.

For the first three years, there were no men in the Superior Church. Several believed, but would not step out for fear of losing their jobs. In this region of seasonal work, they had a real problem.

Joe Levens was a staunch Catholic, and threatened to throw Edwardson out if he ever came to his house. But when his wife invited the church folks over one evening, Edwardson came, too. During the meeting, the Holy Spirit touched Joe's heart, and he declared, "I shall keep the Sabbath." His decision cost him his job. Although he found occasional work, he came to the place where only a few potatoes were left in the house. He found a nickel on the sidewalk and bought a loaf of bread. Discouraged, he sought out Elder Edwardson. They read together the promises of God, and concluded God was permitting this experience.

Soon afterwards, Levin's former employer called him back. He was given the job of grain inspector, a position highly coveted by others. The office had sent a man to Madison to arrange for Saturdays off, and a salary of $200 a month (1916). Catholic neighbors who had pulled their shades over windows facing his house were having second thoughts. Here was a man honest in his convictions. The shades went up. When they went on vacation, they left their valuables with him for safe keeping.

After Joe joined the church, the priest advised his parents to keep him out of the house. His father thretened to disinherit him. After much conversation, Joe persuaded his mother to attend a meeting. The subject was the state of man in death. Edwardson explained that Lazarus had been dead four days when Jesus woke him up. Had he been in heaven, how unkind it would have been to bring him back to this sinful world. Mrs. Levens had been asking her priest to get a relative out of purgatory, and he had been putting her off. Now it was all clear to her. She invited Elder Edwardson to her home, then proceeded to take the statues from her shelves. She held up one of the Virgin Mary to which she had prayed for 33 years, and said, "A year ago, had you asked me which I'd rather get along without, this or my home, I would have told you to take my home." Joe's father also joined the church, and with him seven others of the family.

Entering upon the evangelistic scene at Cumberland in 1910, was Elder Kirsten Rasmussen. As a soldier in the Danish army, he had refused to work on the Sabbath. The commanding officer then made him spend each Sabbath in a hole in the ground, where the only possible posture was standing. He was later sent to the insane asylum to scrub floors. He said he never became hungry on his diet of bread and water because he always asked God to bless the bread. After a year in prison, his case was reviewed by the king who not only pardoned him, but decreed freedom for all Sabbath-keepers.

Teaming with Edwardson, Rasmussen again held meetings at Cumberland in 1917. Young Marie Tyvold had been a girl of the world, and had participated in all its pleasures. She attended a meeting out of curiosity. God spoke to her heart that night, and she surrendered. A local pastor heard of her conversion, and went to warn her against "false doctrines." She said to him, "Why are you coming to me now? You never sought me out when I was in the world." Among the 20 members organized into a church was Mrs. Amundsen who had waited 20 years for baptism.

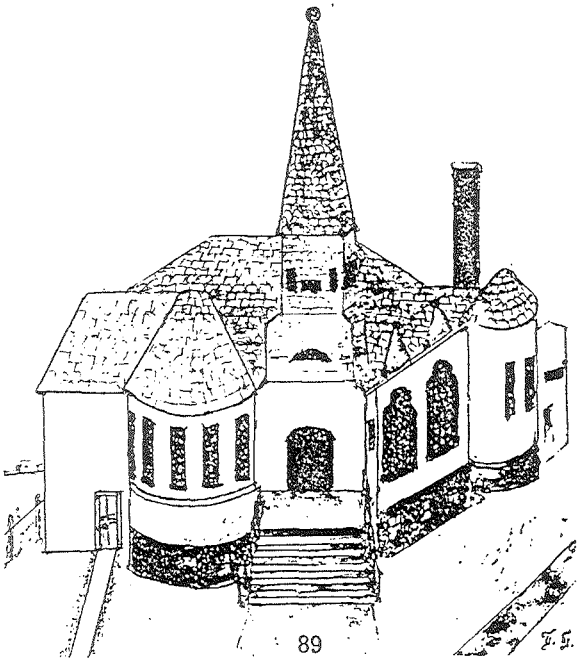
Family opposition manifest itself in a variety of ways in the north. At Antigo, Mrs. Ainsworth's spouse worked for the city. When she joined the church, he was so irritated that he blew the fire siren at 11:15 on several successive Saturday mornings with intent to disrupt the service. One of Elder Hill's converts was a lady who determined to be baptized despite her husband's threats. On the day of the baptism, he hid the clothes she had set aside for the occasion. She went to a neighbor, borrowed more clothes, and took her place in the baptismal line at the lake. Her husband then came and stood in front of her. The line of candidates was long, and the many songs and prayers brought the opposer a new kind of shaking. He nervously fingered a pocket with a revolver-shaped bulge, then quickly broke into a run, not stopping until he was out of sight. His wife was buried in the watery grave amidst the thanksgiving and tears of the believers.

Seeking to shield his family from the influence of Adventist neighbors, Mr. Shasky moved from Plover to Calcedonia. Here he discovered too late that his most trusted and helpful neighbor, Grant Owens, was an Adventist. In succesive moves to Lewiston, Moundville, and Tomah, he vainly tried to shake off Adventist neighbors. Exasperated, he concluded, "Adventists are neither born nor made. They just ooze up out of the ground." At Tomah, the Shasky children became intrigued with Adventist teachings, and each Sabbath walked the 12 miles to LaGrange with the Roberson teenagers whose parents also opposed.

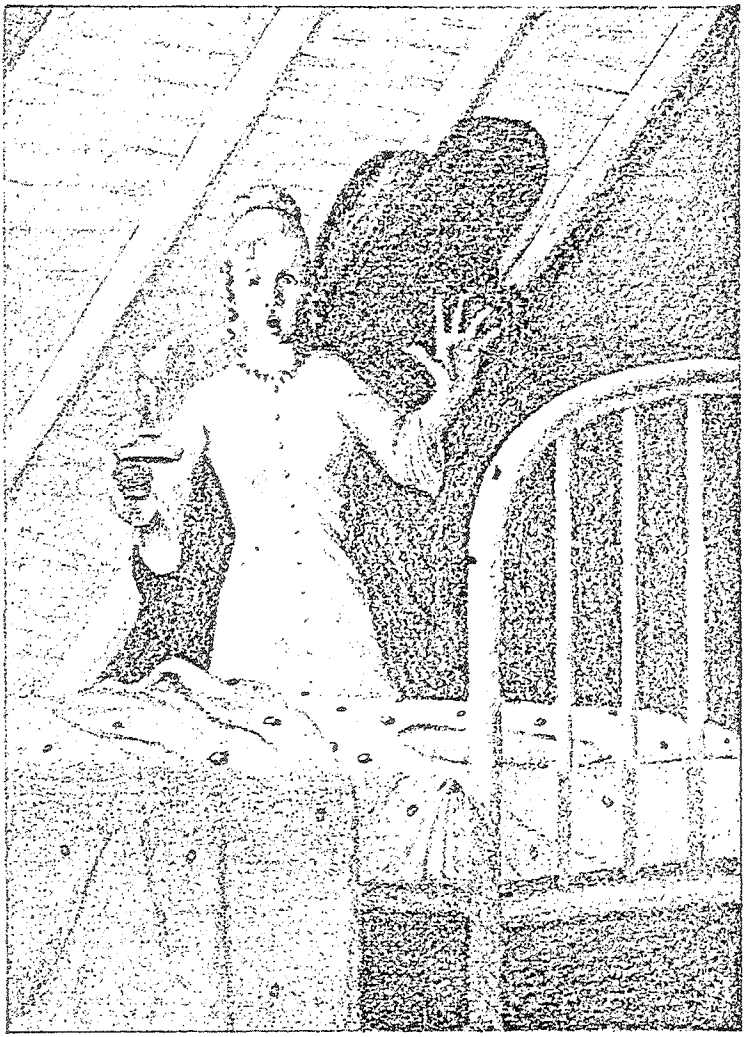
Conference leaders considered the progress of the message in the north and in 1916, voted to form another conference. Headquarters for the north would be at Ashland, and the educational needs of their youth could be met at Walderly Academy, a new school near Superior.

The dividing line of the new conference zig-zagged between Oconto and Eau Claire, cutting Elder Hanson's huge district in two. Peter M. Hanson was a convert of Elder Matteson in Norway. He labored with Matteson for a while, then came to Chippewa Falls in 1881. Hanson continued his usual circuit as a pastor responsible to two conferences, not laying down the mantle until he had completed 50 years of service for Wisconsin. Eight counties of Michigan's north peninsula were added to the new conference, and Elder J. J. Irwin served as president.

In the words of the prophet Isaiah, God was saying to the North, "Give up" and "keep not back," as little Adventist churches were polkadotting the vast northern wilderness.



- The Superior Church -



Polly's bed was crawling with bugs.

10 - Readin', 'Ritin', 'Rithmetic

Early Adventist schools were church schools in every sense of the term. School was held in the church, and scholars often sat on the floor, using the pews as writing desks. Poy Sippi invented their own desks, - long, wide boards hinged to the back of the pews and propped up with sticks. Sand Prairie's adjustable desks were footstools custom built for each child whose feet couldn't reach the floor. When a church could afford it, they provided the teacher with a blackboard a yard square.

On Friday afternoon, the "desks" were unpropped, and the books stacked away to be sorted out on Monday morning. It was really not the the chore one might think, for textbooks were few. As soon as a pupil graduated from THE GOSPEL PRIMER, he began STEPS TO CHRIST, or CHRIST'S OBJECT LESSONS, all scaled to reading ability. "Bible Schools," as they were first called, were untainted with public textbooks.

To learn the alphabet, the younger set repeated rhythmically,

A is for Adam who was the first man;
B is for Bethlehem where Jesus was born;
C is for Cain who slew his brother Abel;
D is for Daniel in the lion's den;(etc.)

At Poy Sippi, Miss Pauline Chamberlain asked how she was to teach arithmetic without any books, and was told she should teach it from the Bible. The creation of arithmetic problems was left to each teacher's ingenuity. Hetti Huntington's first school was Oakland. From her notebook are these samples:

"Turn to Ezra 2:66, 67. If a horse is worth $40, a mule $20, a camel $55, an ass $25, how much were the released captives worth in livestock?

"Gen. 46:27. If seven rode in a wagon, how many wagons did Joseph send to bring his father's family into Egypt?"

Sometimes Miss Huntington wove in physiology or history: "Add your fingers, toes, eyes, and ears to find out how many ribs you have.

"Multiply 1844 by 16, add 640, divide by 8, divide by 2, subtract 1044, subtract 519, and your answer will be the year Constintine changed the Sabbath."

A potbellied stove helped chase away the cold of long, winter days. Keeping a stack of wood nearby, and stoking the fire was a chore tended by the older boys. That trips to the woodshed were not always for wood was common knowledge both at home and school. As a general rule, however, the woodshed was the last resort. Christian teachers and parents found other effective methods of discipline as well.

Some of the students of those early days could scarcely be called children. Bertha Emerson of Clear Lake was twenty-six. To their assignments was added a practical "laboratory," that of giving a Bible study at least one evening a week, or teaming up for cottage meetings.

Maintaining the religious atmosphere was not always easy. In one school, 16-year-old Lyle hated Bible lessons and everything spiritual. On the playground he pestered and bullied. In two month's time he had "nearly wrecked the school." During the Week of Prayer, adult members of the church took turns leading the daily meetings. At Friday morning recess, five of the older pupils chose to remain inside and pray especially that Lyle would give his heart to God that day. Following the last talk, opportunity was given for testimonies by the children. When Lyle stood and in a faltering voice said, "I want to be a Christian. Pray for me." there wasn't a dry eye in the room. The victory was complete, and the remainder of the year was a happy experience.

That a teacher's life was a full and busy one is expressed by Eric Covert, son of Elder William Covert, who taught at Green Bay in 1897. In a letter to a friend he wrote, "Tonight I am to lead the missionary program, and next Sabbath I am to occupy the hour (give the sermon). Oh, they are using me!"

The first Wisconsin church school on record was opened at Monroe in 1867, with Mrs. Marian Truesdale teaching. At Poy Sippi, about 1884, Philander Cady hired Miss Allie Robinson to teach school in the best room of his home for five of his own children, and seven of the neighbors. Miss Robinson became the wife of Elder J. H. Westphal. The closing years of the 19th century ushered in an era of strong sentiment favoring religious education. Perhaps this was the needed incentive for many new schools opened their doors in 1897.

This was the year that Milton Junction began its first school in the rear of a bookstore owned by one of the members. The room was small, having two windows and one door, a high ceiling, dark interior, improvised desks, and a stand for their

teacher, Margaret Waters. Throughout the day were regularly scheduled "thundering silences" as the trains thundered by and recitations went silent. Only a wall separated them from the Minneapolis-St. Paul railroad. Despite the drawbacks, they had made a start, and pupils adjusted to their "training."

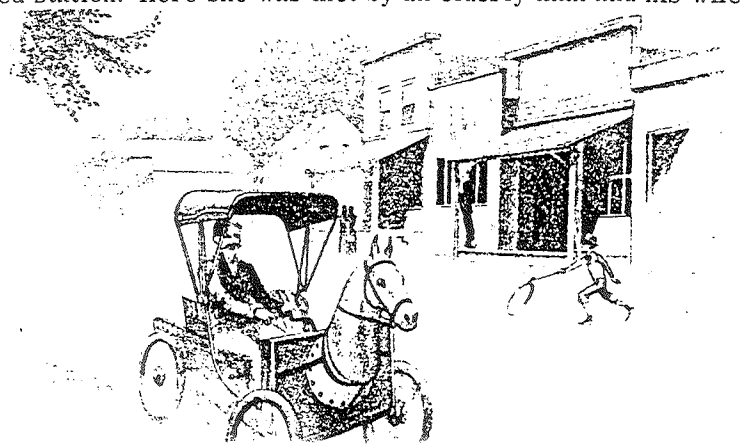
A year later they were able to meet in a brand new, one-room school, built on the rear of the church lot. Kenneth Haughey was the teacher. Though a good playmate out of school, he was very dignified in the classroom. Everyone loved him. A small boy with a very drippy nose came to the front, lifted his face and requested, "Teacher, wipe my nose." Still maintaining dignity, Professor Haughey obligingly granted the little one's request. Haughey's teaching was not confined to routine studies. As a glorious climax to his year of teaching at Milton, 17 of his students were baptized in June.

When Professor Parker Smith came to teach at Poy Sippi in 1898, perhaps he arrived in a horseless carriage adorned with his father's invention as an extra. Elder Uriah Smith, prominent editor and author, was also an inventor. The automobile was a noisy monster that created havoc on the highway, so Elder Smith invented a false stuffed horse which attached to the footboard to keep Dobin from shying off the road.

Parker Smith, educated in Battle Creek, was ready for, and requested a difficult school. Some of his teenagers determined to give him a bad time, and did. But Parker weathered it all, including his six-mile walk to school, sometimes 47 below zero.

Miss Pauline Chamberlain, who followed Smith, boarded at the Nelson home three miles from town. She never forgot the tempting, delicious meals and the homey atmosphere awaiting her after a tiring school day. The men folks had always prepared the transportation, but one spring morning they were just too busy. Miss Chamberlain surprised them all with her skill in harnessing and hitching the horse to the shay.

As soon as the school year closed in March, Polly was asked to organize a new school at Clear Lake in their small log church. Her train was three hours late, arriving at 9 p.m. at a dimly-lighted station. Here she was met by an elderly man and his wife



who loaded her trunk onto a big lumber wagon. It was a new experience to travel through the darkness over roads that were very bumpy due to thawing. And, mud! Sometimes the horses would sink to their bellies, yet they somehow managed to pull themselves out and on. Polly wrote of her experience:

"The next morning as I arose, I looked out of the window and then I really was homesick! As far as I could see there were only black stumps of the pines which had been burned over by a forest fire.

"The members of the church had been told that the pine pews in the log church could be used and arranged satisfactorily for the schoolroom. Everyone was anxious and willing to do his bit, but no one seemed to know just what to do. It was fortunate for all concerned that I had just come from a similiar situation, so I was able to tell them what to do. The men were soon busy with boards, hammers and hinges and screws; and before the Sabbath, the desks were finished. On Sabbath it was announced that the teacher had arrived and that the school would begin on Monday."

Since most of the members lived several miles away, it was thought best for the teacher to room closer by. Her little attic room was neat and clean. It was furnished with a double bed, a small table, a chair, and a rag rug on the floor. For more comfortable sleeping, her hostess had stuffed the mattress with fresh corn husks. Polly was able to fall asleep immediately, but awakened at 4 a.m. with a strange, crawling sensation. Sleepily she arose, lighted a lamp, and threw back the covers. To her horror, her bed was covered with insects of all sizes, -grandpas, aunts, and uncles; red bugs, brown bugs, and yellow ones with black stripes; peering at her through beady white eyes, green eyes, and eager to take her for a "buggy ride." As Polly began killing them with her shoe, she was pondering how she would explain to her hostess who had so thoughtfully restuffed her mattress. Folks downstairs had simply sized up the new school marm as an early riser. They greeted her warmly that morning, and asked how she had slept. It was not easy to tell the truth. That day they were able to rid her bed of the nightly visitors.

The Portage school had to accept the only place in town available for their 22 pupils, a small hall above a downtown liquor store. Their theme song, "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go," was not applicable when it came to outdoor exercise. They had no playground. Miss Luella Goodrich substituted with vigorous marches about the room, until one day the rum seller angrily appeared, complaining that their exuberance had shaken his shelves and sent expensive liquors crashing to the floor. So the daily marches had to be replaced with quieter forms of recreation. At the close of the year, the theme song met fulfillment, for Miss Goodrich became Mrs. Alvin Allen, and the missionary team embarked for the Bay Islands off the coast of Honduras.

Sand Prairie was called "The Cousins' School because so many

were related. They printed a little paper called "Chronicles of the Ten Cousins." They were probably the first to begin a hot-lunch program. The teacher, Ruby McSparran-Miller writes:

"The building was heated by a wood stove with a drum on the pipe that could be used as an oven. Someone suggested that we try baking potatoes. It worked. At recess the potatoes were put in, and at noon they were done. We all ate hot baked potatoes every day as long as the fire was going."

Friday was traditionally a different day. It was a custom to study the Sabbath School lesson. Instead of a spelldown in the afternoon, sides were chosen and memory verses recited. School closed early enough for everyone to get home for Friday baths. One student recalls health promotion and practice:

"We ate no salt, never drank water with our meals, chewed our food 100 times, slept with raised windows, and got up at five to take a cold bath. Took exercises on arising and took exercises in the school with the windows open and 10 below zero."[1]

"Teacher, may I dress the chair?" asked eight-year-old Ralph one morning as he came in carrying a paper sack.

Miss Mikkelsen knew Ralph had been intently listening to an upper-class discussion of parliamentary proceedure, so she replied, "Yes, Ralph, you may."

Ralph reached into the sack, drew out his mother's red wash dress, and proceeded to dress the teacher's chair. He explained, "The older boys are always asking to 'dress the chair, but they never do it, so I thought I'd try."

Although the salary for most teachers was only $12 a month, raising the amount was sometimes quite a chore. When Esther Mikkelsen taught at Marshfield, the board felt it necessary to close school a month early due to a shortage of funds. One of the parents then took the teacher aside and asked her if she would accept a month's board and room, plus a pony as pay. She agreed, and the school year was completed.

In 1897, Miss Maude Abbott began teacher training at Stevens Point Normal School, but hearing of the new Adventist school just starting at Bethel, she cast her lot with the pioneers. Although "It was back in the dense forest, stumps, and stones," from that time on "the Normal had no attraction for me. I can see the work of the Holy Spirit speaking to me at that time," she said. "I learned to study God's Word daily and to sing our good old hymns and play the piano. It was here also that I learned to cook without flesh foods and how to keep my body healthy, and I learned to dress correctly. They taught us the kind of associates we should have that would help us all through life, and to form characters that can lead others to the true way of living."

At Janesville, an Adventist man with school-age children built a small school building, then prayed for a teacher. Miss Abbott answered the call. At the close of the second year, she married Elder L. E. Sufficol. They were sent by Elder Covert

to pioneer at Eagle River. They took with them a trunk full of CHRIST'S OBJECT LESSONS (their salary for the next several months), and began selling them immediately. Within a year, they raised up a church of 18 members. Niles Coleman, a friendly attorney in Eagle River, donated 90 acres of land for a school at Clearwater Lake. A ten-grade academy was opened in 1908 under the name of Clearwater Industrial School. A work-study program included carpentry, gardening, and a cannery.

The school was advertised as "located away from the busy scenes of this world's traffic where, in the quiet of fields and woods, students can pursue their studies." There were Sabbath hikes, sleigh rides, and birthday parties. A more suitable spot for the study of fauna and flora would have been difficult to find. Here our government set aside a vast preserve known as the Nicolet National Forest. It was here among the northern lakes and trees that Sam Campbell made his sanctuary, and to this area thousands of city-dwellers retreat every summer.

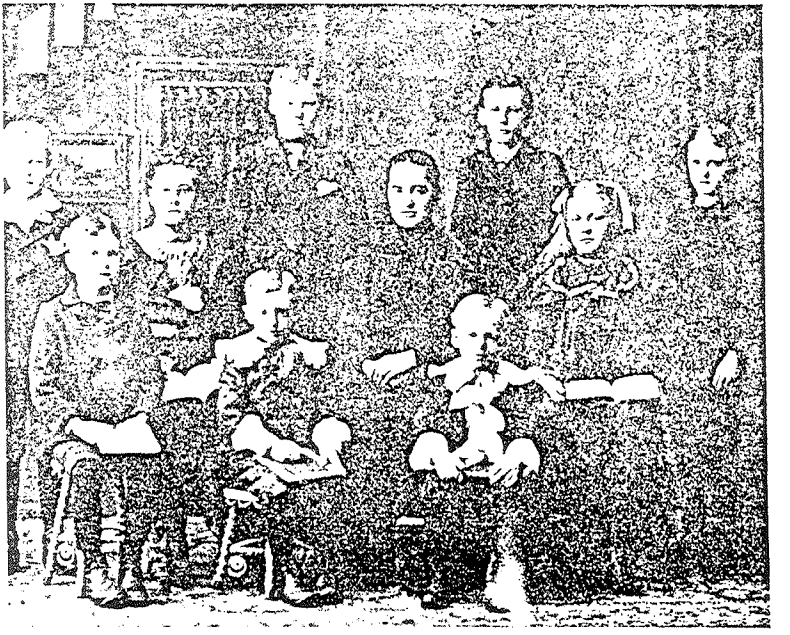
Prohibition paved the way for a church school at Sheboygan. When the church wished to begin a school here in 1919, no suitable place could be found. Then a wartime prohibition rule called a halt to liquor traffic six months before the Volstead Act took effect. This made available a well-lighted, spacious saloon for $15 a month. The owner was delighted to rent it for a school, so papered and painted and installed more plumbing. Rooms were also partitioned off for a teacher and a Bible worker. School opened with 27 students.

When school exhibits were solicited for the Arpin Community Fair in 1917, Mrs. Bertha Peake of the Bethel school planned a booth. Their exhibit would include woodwork, sewing, and art done by the children. One boy was an amateur taxidermist, and brought along a stuffed mink. On lined shelves they attractively arranged their canning, cooking, and pictures. Little Russell pushed in a small wheelbarrow filled with fruits of the harvest. After the judging, the Bethel school had won over half the prizes.

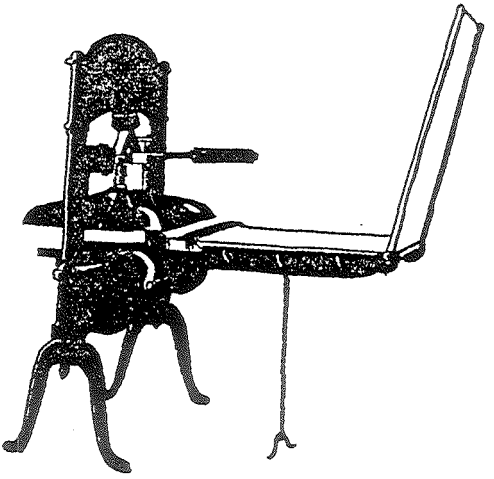
The Poy Sippi church school was surprisingly competitive in a public speaking contest in 1921. Three children were selected to represent the school. Contest judges were the county supervisor, a public school teacher, and a Lutheran minister. The principal of the village school read their decision: "The prizes go to Garth Stratton, Sylvia Nelson, and Ruth Shepard, - all three from the Adventist school." [2]

The success of Adventist elementary schools was not due to ready finances or popular favor, but rather to a sincere conviction that any sacrifice was worth the atmosphere and training that prepares head, hand, and heart for this world and for the world to come.

Miss Allie Robinson and pupils in the Cady home. - 1884



Oakland School, 1897, with Miss Hettie Huntington.



11 - The Silent Evangelists

In the northwestern community of Windfall, Julia Neuberg was busy with her seed business. When a friend from a distant city began sending her Adventist literature, she laid it aside to use for wrapping paper. One spring day, a neighbor lady came to buy seeds. When she unwrapped them at home, an article on "The True Sabbath" attracted her attention. Taking time, she read it carefully and accepted it into her heart. The seeds that she planted in her garden produced for that year alone, but the seed of truth on the wrapper produced fruit for eternity and led to a church at Windfall in 1880.

In finding and establishing converts in "present truth," no agency was more effectual than the REVIEW AND HERALD, weekly journal of the Adventist church. It was hailed by readers as "a welcome visitor," "an oasis in the desert," or, as one brother put it, "I think that it is the next thing to the blessed Bible." Pioneer evangelist Joseph Waggoner observed:

"In the earlier days of this work we measured the success of our labors not so much by the number who professed the faith, as by the number who had subscribed for the Review. If they refused to take that paper we had great fears that they would fall away from their profession, and we found that was generally the case. It was a source of continual strength and encouragement to 'the little flock.' It fed their faith with plain, doctrinal truths, present truth, which the scattered ones so much need."[1]

And scattered they were, indeed. Some were isolated from worship and fellowship by distance, winter storms or bad roads, yet the silent, printed evangelists were regular visitors.

Truth-filled literature was not expensive. The back page of the REVIEW of Jan. 31, 1854, listed a new series: "Sabbath Advent Miscellany. This is 8 of our small tracts bound in paper

covers. Price 9¢, postage 1¢." That the soul-winning objective of the REVIEW be set in clear focus, the early issues were published without price: "TERMS - Gratis. It is expected that all friends of the cause will aid in its publication, as the Lord has prospered them." When an annual fee of $1 was asked in 1855, 2,300 responded as paying subscribers.

The REVIEW contained not only inspirational articles, news from the field, and notices of itineraries, but also served as a two-way communication media between headquarters and church members. Opinions were freely expressed and readily published:

"Dear Bro. White:- I write to let you know that I wish the Review continued, which to me is a welcome messenger, bringing with it additional light in each number...Some tell me they do not want so much argument, but that they want heart-felt religion. So do I, but I want to be able as Peter says, to give a reason for the hope that is within me." E.S.Sheffield, Ft. Atkinson, Wis."[2]

At no other time in the history of Adventist publications was so much space devoted to letters to the editor as in the REVIEW of the 1850's. A dozen or more per issue was not uncommon. Since secretarial help was minimal, those busy office workers found its columns convenient for letter answering. In Dec. 1857, Mary Harlow of Rubicon wrote of several in her community who had become Adventists without ever hearing a sermon, then of a person to whom the REVIEW should be sent, failing to give his name. On the back page of the next issue was this note: "Mary Harlow, Wis. - what is the name of the brother who wants the Review?" Back-page replies covered a variety of topics:

"Jno Bostwick:- We have no charts. We send the books by mail to Seneca, Crawford Co. Wis."

"M.E.Cornell:- Sent your tent, flags, charts, etc by express to Lapeer, the 12th inst."

"N.S.Brigham:- The injunction to wash one another's feet (John 11:13) can certainly be binding only when there are several together, believers in the ordinance."

"L. Carpenter:- You gave directions in your letter for disposing of only 14 dollars. What shall I do with the other dollar?"

Some replies were extremely brief:

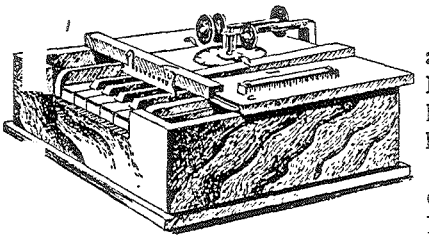
"I.N.Causland:- It was received."

"T.McDowell:- Yes."

"C.W.:- All right."

But no REVIEW reader dared be casual for important notices were sometimes very concise, such as: "Will M.E.Cornell spend a few days in North Liberty on his way home. J.N.L."

Preparing the REVIEW for publication was time-consuming. Each of its eight pages contained over 3,000 words laboriously set in small hand-type. After every run, there remained the tedious task of returning each individual piece of type to its niche in the type case. Manuscripts were handwritten and not always clearly legible. But Dr. Latham Sholes of Racine was inventing



a machine that proved a real life-saver. In 1867, he put the finishing touches on his "literary piano," as the first piano-keyed typewriter was called.

A paper for the younger readers of the church family was begun in 1853. Outlining his objectives for the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, editor James White explained:

"The young, at this day, are exposed to many evils and dangers, and they must have the right instruction to enable them to know how to shun them... We design that the instructor shall be filled with sensible matter, not only for the benefit of small children, but for the instruction of the youth from sixteen to twenty." [3]

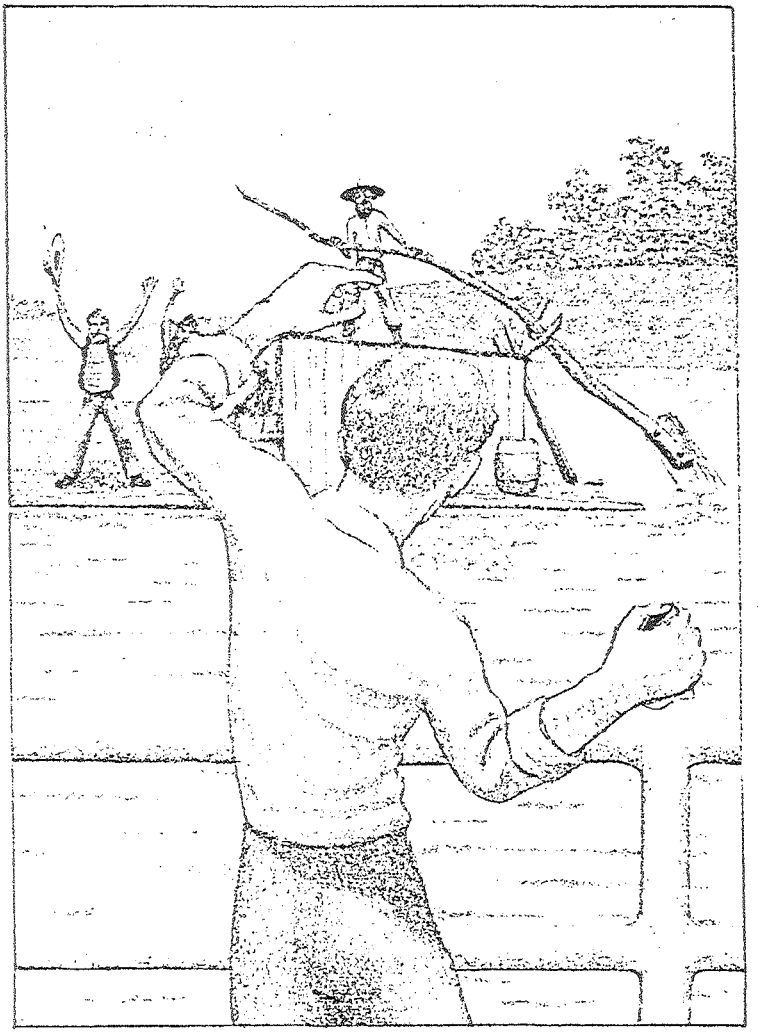
Serious-minded thought of the younger ones gave no evidence of a generation gap. Letters to the INSTRUCTOR reveal the deep, sincere experience of the "then" generation:

"I am ten years old, but will try to write a few lines for the Youth's Instructor. I feel thankful that we have the Instructor to read and to teach us to do right. Today is the Sabbath. It is rainy and muddy. There was a meeting of Seventh-day Adventists two miles from here. I went. I felt a great change. I feel I am a new child, and have a new heart... Geo. Shepard, Markasan, Wis." [4]

The influence of the "silent evangelists" was far-reaching. Mrs. Carlstedt received the Sabbath truth from Elder Matteson, and sent some tracts to a friend in Wisconsin. Mrs. Johnson accepted the Sabbath, and sent the tracts on to her brother, August Swedberg of Waukon, Iowa. Recognizing truth in the tracts, he began to preach it. Elder Hamren, a Swedish Baptist preacher, was called in to stop the spread of "this heresy," but after examining it carefully, became a Sabbath-keeper himself. In desperation, the church sent for another man to straighten out a rapidly deteriorating situation. Although the new pastor did not take a definite stand for the Sabbath, he stated that the evidence was in its favor, and he would not fight it.

A novel method of literature distribution was conceived by young Willie White while journeying with his parents to a camp meeting near Wisconsin Dells in 1870. While aboard the "War Eagle" on the Mississippi, they began passing many log rafts floating downriver. Bearded loggers from the northwest woods were steering their winter's cuttings to the mill. On the rafts were crude shelters in which the men slept. Groups of men waved their arms and shouted, "Papers!" They had seen little reading matter for months and wanted to come up to date.

Boat passengers began throwing newspapers to them, but most of them fell short of the rafts and into the water. Willie thought of an idea. He went to the engine room and asked for several small chunks of coal. Neatly folding and tying Adventist literature to these, he took careful aim and landed them squarely on the logs, where they were eagerly read by the raft-dwellers.



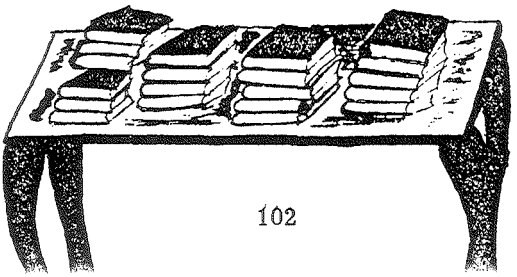
Willie landed them squarely on the raft.

The Adventist Book Center at the state camp meetings in the 1890's was Elder Hanson's spring wagon loaded down with books. Peter M. Hanson had been a Lutheran minister in Norway. While attending a ministerial convention, he was warned against the teachings of John Matteson at Oslo. The discussion so aroused his curiosity that he went to hear Matteson, and accepted the message. Soon afterwards, he came to America and began his many years of service canvassing in the Chippewa Valley. He writes of his early experience:

"My first visit to Chippewa Falls valley, Wisconsin, was in the summer of 1895. I found several Scandinavian settlements among the hills on both sides of the river, sold 745 'Prophecies of Jesus' and 211 'Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation.' Three years later I again visited these settlements. As results from reading, I found interested ones here and there, and four keeping the Sabbath. In the homes of these, meetings and Bible studies were held. Five more of the interested ones accepted the truth. Twenty-four Bibles that I had with me were soon sold, and I had to send for more. Most of the people had the New Testament. Now they wanted the whole Bible. On this trip I sold 427 'Great Controversy.' On my way home, while waiting for the train in Eau Claire, walking back and forth on the platform, the sole of one of my shoes caught against the head of a projecting nail and tore loose. I went to a shoe store to have it fixed. The shoemaker looked at it and suggested that I would be money ahead if I bought a new pair. I had a copy of 'Great Controversy' in my satchel. As I showed him the book, he seemed just as anxious to get it as I was to get a new pair of shoes. We made an even exchange. Through the reading of that book, he accepted the truth and became a faithful member of the church."

While canvassing in another area, Hanson stayed at the home of a well-known Danish family. Shortly after he had made a large delivery of GREAT CONTROVERSY, one of his customers discovered Sabbath-teaching in the book. He then began an organized campaign, going from home to home to inform the others about the "Sabbath heresy." They arranged a set time to confront the colporteur at his rooming house. Learning from his host about what time Hanson could be expected, they all arrived with their books, and began stacking them on the dining table. What a shock awaited Elder Hanson! A score of buggies lined the road, and inside were stacks of books and rows of angry faces.

"This book is full of heresy," the spokesman began, "and we all want our money back!"



"It is?" Hanson calmly returned. "Now, I wasn't aware of that. I certainly wouldn't want to be selling a book with heresy in it. Show me where it is."

The leader found the page, and read, "The Bible points to the seventh day, not to the first, as the Lord's day."

Hanson looked intently at the passage, then observed, "There are Bible references at the bottom of the page. Suppose we look them up and see how they read. Anyone have a Bible?"

A Bible was brought, and many gathered about to see what the texts said. There was mutual assent that the passage in question agreed with the Scriptures."

"But, just listen to this," continued the complainer, 'How utterly revolting is the belief that as soon as the breath leaves the body, the soul of the impenitent is consigned to the flames of hell!' Now, Mr. Hanson, surely you will not deny the Bible teaching of hell?"

Hanson studied the passage thoughtfully, and again suggested they look up the texts given at the bottom of the page. By this time, nearly everyone was looking over another's shoulders to read the texts. One by one they began to leave, taking the books with them. When books and buggies had all disappeared, Hanson's host turned to him and asked, "Did you say that I might have a copy of that book?"

It was but a small tract that Carl Remsen picked up from a Chicago sidewalk that changed his goals in life. It was all about the seventh-day Sabbath. At his business place, he read it again thoroughly, then took it home for his wife to read. On the back was an announcement of Adventist meetings being held nearby. The Remsens attended and accepted it all. Soon they sold their stores and became the first Adventist ship missionaries, laboring in the Hamburg harbor and along the coast of Denmark. Ten years later (1901). they were forced by failing health to return to America. With encouragement from Ellen White, they opened the first vegetarian restaurant in New York City. Successful in the venture, they began four more. One of their three sons, Emanuel, became a colporteur and publishing secretary.

Ana had come from Sweden, Ferdinand from Germany. It was in a Milwaukee restaurant where Ana worked as a waitress and Ferdinand came daily as a patron, that they met. Their friendly conversation led to courtship and marriage.

When colporteur Nelson Hubbert called at their home with the GREAT CONTROVERSY in 1901, he found Ana much interested, but Ferdinand very hesitant due to an unfavorable home background. The book was purchased and read. Then came Bible studies by Mrs. J. N. Anderson, under mission appointment to China. Though far from anyone's thoughts at the time, in less than a decade, they would also be in a mission field. The truth took root in the hearts of Ferdinand and Ana Stahl who later pioneered medical missions among the Indians of the Andes.


FERDINAND STAHL

Following their decision to join the church, there came a series of providences. Stahl had given up his job to keep the Sabbath. While he walked the streets in search of another, the grocery bills mounted and the coal pile disappeared. But before the house got cold, a truckload of coal came rattling down the chute. Then came two month's back pay from a former employer who had gone bankrupt, but had scraped together money for Stahl alone.

Friends arranged for the Stahls to move to Madison so he could take a one-year's nurses' course at the sanitarium. After additional training at Battle Creek, they successfully managed treatment rooms in Cleveland, Ohio.

Then Ferdinand Stahl began to talk of the mission field. He wrote Ellen White, "I want to go to the hardest place there is. My first choice would be Madagascar, and my second would be the Inca Indians in South America."

In just three weeks, the General Conference of 1909 was to begin. The Stahls put their house up for sale. Because they had a mission call? Not yet. They were burning their bridges so there would be no turning back. At the conference, the Stahls offered their services to Elder J.W. Westphal, president of the South American mission.

"Brother Stahl," Westphal explained, "There's plenty of work to do, but we haven't the money to take on another missionary."

Stahl reached into his pocket. "I have the money right here for our trip," he said. "If you'll take us, we'll go."

Elder Westphal took them, and soon they were on their way to a lifetime of thrilling experiences and joyful satisfaction that comes from wholehearted mission service. Today, scores of schools, churches, and medical facilities dot the Peruvian Andes, bearing eloquent testimony to the faithful labors of Ferdinand and Ana Stahl, who first heard the message from a silent evangelist.

Whenever Eliza Bisbee rode the train, she sold literature to the passengers. In 1910, she traveled to the Door Peninsula and made her headquarters at Sturgeon Bay. She went on foot through the country selling THE COMING KING. Her congenial manner won many friends, and rarely was there a lodging problem.

At delivery time, she rented a small horse and buggy. Near the close of a full day of deliveries, she was carrying a large amount of cash, but was not able to find a place to stay for the night. However, everyone wished her well for "several people had been robbed while traveling after dark."

She called at the very last house just as the sun was setting. There was no answer. The long road ahead lay through several miles of swampland. There was a moment of panic, but the feeling passed as she remembered she was doing the Lord's work, and He would be with her. She prayed before starting on.

About halfway through the swamp, a light wagon completely blocked the road. Standing on and about the wagon were several

men. As she neared the roadblock, a man she had not seen before stepped up from the swamp, silently took her horse by the bridle, and led the way around the blocking wagon. There was no bumping nor sinking. It was like traveling on a pavement. She looked back at the men about the wagon. They seemed frozen in their places. She looked again toward the man leading her horse. He was gone. There was nothing in view but the dismal swamp.

Reaching headquarters, she was greeted warmly by her friend. "I have been praying for you today," she said, "for I felt that you might be in danger." Then Sister Bisbee related the story of her deliverance.

Ferd Posser traveled on foot through the farming area north of of Bethel until time to make his book deliveries. Could he borrow Brother Breitlow's horse and buggy? "Gladly," was the response, "but you'll have to be mighty careful around that horse. He bites every chance he gets. He once picked me up by the shoulder and shook me like a dog shakes a woodchuck."

Posser harnessed and hitched the horse without incident. Even in strange stables and around strange people, he bit only his hay and oats. Posser explained, "He knew he was working for the Lord, so behaved like a gentleman."

During World War I, when a canvasser's institute was held at Emmanuel Missionary College, Emanuel Remsen was urged to enter the work. He spurned the opportunity and continued with his studies. Next spring, he was again asked but gave a negative answer. He had not forgotten the family hardships when his father had canvassed years before. Then, too, the war was on, and the draft might catch him, so he found employment with Sabbath privileges at Dupont's Barksdale munitions plant on the Bayfield Peninsula.

All went well for the first two years, and pay was good. Helping produce ammunition for the battlefront, however, was anything but soul-satisfying, so Remsen tried to balance the ledger by distributing large quantities of the SIGNS to his fellow workmen. Then one day, an explosion in the factory shook him up. Several men had been blown to bits, and he volunteered to collect the bits with a bucket. As he walked home that evening, he began to identify with Jonah, and gave serious reflection to his calling. The Canvasser's Institute was vivid in his memory. Stopping in the midst of a pine grove, he knelt and asked God's forgiveness for his previous lack of faith. He would canvass.

"What's the hurry?" the plant superintendent asked him when he revealed his decision the next day. "Certainly, you won't start out in this terrible February weather?"

But Remsen's decision was firm, and he hurried to Ashland, conference headquarters for the north. Encouraged by the staff, he packed his buggy with books and returned.

The territory assigned him was Iron River, population under 900, jackrabbits included. Here a lone Adventist, Della Bailey,

provided him with a comfortable room, free meals, and a warm barn for his pony.

"South of town," she explained, "houses are closer together, four or five to the mile. That's the place to begin this weather."

"What's it like north of town?" Emanuel asked.

"Oh, way too scattered," was her reply.

Still apprehensive of knocking on doors, he turned to the north. At the first home, he found a lady and her son sick with the flu, the worst epidemic of the century.

"We buried my husband three weeks ago," she sobbed. "We can't get a doctor. I fear my son will soon die." Her teenage boy sat beside a hot stove. It was evident he had a high fever.

"And whatever you're selling, I can't buy it," she continued. "I don't have a cent in the house, and we haven't been able to feed the cows for two days, and the water tank is frozen over."

The writers of the colporteur handbook hadn't anticipated this problem, but Emanuel recalled his college hydrotherapy class, and asked for hot water. The boy's congestion was soon relieved, and he was breathing comfortably. Emanuel than sought out a neighbor, and together they did the chores. Before leaving, he pressed some tracts into the hands of the grateful mother who responded, "God bless you, boy," and dropped a half-dollar into his pocket. When tent meetings were held in Iron River the next summer, most of the converts came from homes where the "silent evangelists" had paved the way.

Before starting 1923 "Big Week" at Sheboygan, colporteur Remsen was impressed to call on the parish priest to ask for a recommendation. The priest welcomed the book agent, and during the conversation mentioned that Battle Creek was once his home. There he had become a firm believer in Adventist health principles, and was now a vegetarian. The priest not only signed an order for BIBLE READINGS, but stamped the prospectus with the official seal of the church. Remsen next called on a physician who gave him a list of his patients. It was really a big week in sales.

"I'm a Catholic, and he is my priest!" exclaimed Mrs. Frazee when she was shown the imprimatur. "Come right in."

In an oval frame upon the piano was a picture which had been delivered the day before. "It's my son," she wept quietly. "He was killed in Germany during the war. I expect to see him again in heaven."

Remsen reached for the Douay Bible which lay upon a shelf, and pointed out a paragraph on page 3, "An indulgence of 300 days is granted all the faithful who read the Holy Gospels at least a quarter of an hour." The colporteur then read several texts of enlightenment and promise.

"You talk just like my daughter," she remarked. "She is now a Seventh-day Adventist. I feel terrible she left the church."

"What's your daughter's name?" Remsen asked.

"Larkin," she replied. "Mary Larkin."

"Jack Larkin is my assistant, and Mary is his wife," Remsen explained.

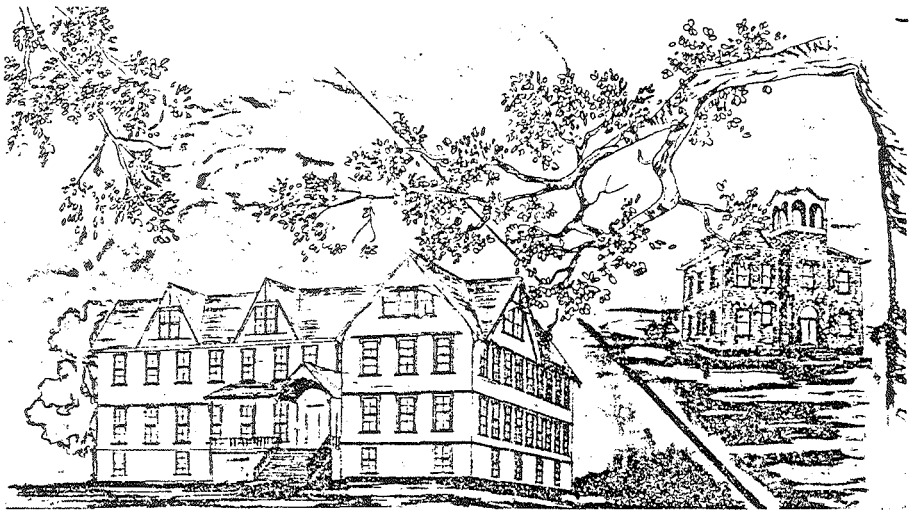
"Then I've heard of you!" she exclaimed as she gave her order for the book.

The next summer, Mrs. Frazee came with her daughter to the Fond du Lac camp meeting, and was later baptized into the Sheboygan church.

Gustav Ligneel of LaCrosse received his first glow of the Advent message while wrecking an old building. A search of the attic uncovered a copy of THE GREAT CONTROVERSY. He dusted it off, took it home and devoured its contents. Then he discovered some papers in a rack at the train depot.

"PRESENT TRUTH? What does that mean?" He read one, then stuffed others into his pocket. The publisher's name was the same as the book in the attic. When Elder B. J. White came to LaCrosse with his canvass tabernacle in 1921, Ligneel was among the first to take his stand.

From its earliest beginnings, "the cause in the West" had been nurtured and stabilized largely through message-filled periodicals and books. The silent evangelists sought out many isolated families where no minister had been. In the little community of Chat, just north of Merrill, Edwin and Phillipine Combs read the REVIEW sent them by a friend. A colporteur later came by and sold them books. As they shared their new-found faith, a company of believers began meeting together. Silent evangelists had opened up a pleasantly vocal and witness-congregation, known as the church of Chat.



12 - Bethel Days

It all began in 1899, when the Lyman Lumber Company proposed a gift to the church of 200 wooded acres west of Arpin, if the church would agree to purchase an additional 800 acres. Here was a real opportunity to begin a school for Wisconsin Adventist youth. Conference President William Covert met with church delegates to discuss the possibilities. After the usual pros and cons, Covert withdrew from his pocket a statement by Ellen White recommending this type of location for a school, so a favorable decision was voted. Adventist families then began buying land in fulfillment of their part of the agreement.

The first person to start clearing land for a home was Elder Thomas B. Snow. Trees were tall, and their heavy foliage created dense shade. Snow's first letter to his wife was headed "Camp Solitary." A week later, he wrote, "Camp Lookout. Dear Mary:- Today we all paused and thanked God we could see the blue sky for the first time." Elder Snow then pitched a tent for family living. The tent later became the meeting place for the first Sabbath School and church.

The tent was certainly becoming versatile. Here on weekdays, Elder Snow's daughter Jennie taught day-school. She selected eleven-year-old Esther Mikkelsen as her assistent to help with the younger ones. Esther recalls a spring storm when egg-size hailstones began crashing through the canvass roof. The older students, who had just been studying about the seventh plague and the end of the world, thought this was it.

After a barn was built, rudely constructed shacks for faculty housing began to appear. They were so small that Mrs. Snow wrote to a friend, "We have to go outside to turn around."

A T-shaped, frame building 100 feet long, begun in March, was in readiness for formal school opening the next December.

It housed offices, classrooms, chapel, elementary school, post office, store and dormitories. A spacious basement contained kitchen and dining facilities. This all-purpose, three-storied structure was built and completely furnished for $9,000.

Appropriately named, Woodland Industrial School was opened in December, 1899, with J. Ellis Tenney as principal.[1] Parker Smith, rested from his Poy Sippi experience, had found a wife, and together they served as preceptor and preceptress. Kenneth Haughey taught the elementary school, Clara Meilke was matron, and Charles Mikkelsen supervised the grounds and farm. A $3.00 monthly tuition was cheerfully accepted, but $7.50 for board and room became such a burden that many students sought rooms in the community. The six-member John Graham family once took in an additional 15 students, making 21 under one small roof.

Woodland's prime objective was to prepare elementary teachers for Adventist schools. Among the textbooks shared by students were EMPIRES OF PROPHECY, PATRIARCHS AND PROPHETS, Loughborough's RISE AND PROGRESS, and Professor Cady's NATURE STUDIES. History and botany rounded out the program. "And, Oh, how we studied Sister White's writings and the Bible," recalls Emma Brigham.

No commencement exercises were held for the first decade due to the philosophy that since no one could learn all there was about any subject, no one could truly graduate. When Professor Arthur Hallock completed his advanced arithmetic class ahead of schedule in 1902, he began filling in with a little algebra. The new class lasted but three days. Principal Washburn stopped by and called a halt to this "useless nonsense," and told Hallock to teach astronomy instead.

Harry A. Washburn, an ardent disciple of E. A. Sutherland, thoroughly believed in a practical training. With his prompting, the board adopted a school term which coincided with the agricultural year, beginning in April and ending in December. Though at times hasty in his decisions, Washburn was well-liked by the school family. When he made a mistake, he was never too big to admit it. During his term as principal, a big disruption in the men's dormitory ended with some sharp words and unbecoming language. Washburn made a snap decision and shipped one boy home. When hours later he realized that he had blamed the wrong one, he made a two-day trip on the rickety train to Redgranite to make ammends.

The school's main industry was farming. By 1903, 40 acres were cleared for cultivation. An apple orchard was set out, and berry plants by the thousands. There were strawberries, raspberries, and a few gooseberry volunteers. The hard maples in the woods were tapped to make syrup, while 90 hives of bees hummed up a tasty honey crop. Most of the produce was canned, stored, or otherwise utilized by the school, including bumper potato crops, 250 bushels to the acre.

The wooded area surrounding the school was not fully cleared for many years. One day, John Graham and Enos Cleveland were walking along a trail. Enos remarked, "They say there are wildcats around. What would you do if you saw one? I think I'd run."

John raised his axe and answered, I'd bring this down with a ..." Directly ahead, stretched over a stump and asleep was a small cougar. Both men turned and silently fled.

"What was it you said you'd do, John?" brought side-splitting laughter for weeks to come.

The original name of the school was short lived. Inspired counsel was to balance study with labor, but "industrial" was often associated with schools for incorrigibles, a fact which sometimes brought embarrassment to conference officials. Then, too, since mail to the growing community was becoming too bulky for back-packing, a request was made for a postal sub-station at "Woodland, Wis." The U.S. Post Office replied that there was already a Woodland elsewhere in the state, so they must select a different name. Emma Mikkelsen, wife of Elder Jorjen Mikkelsen, suggested "Bethel, for God is in this place." Bethel it became with Mikkelsen as postmaster.

Just north of the school, a site was selected for a house of worship. Under the direction of Orville Holmes, a basement was dug with picks and shovels and horse-drawn scrapers. The 200 capacity sanctuary was dedicated debt-free on the weekend of May 22, 1903, with Elder A. T. Jones of Battle Creek officiating.

A fire which began in the heating plant destroyed the main building on New Year's night, 1907. Fortunately, no lives were lost. Esther Mikkelsen remembers the night of fire. From a window she watched scores of persons dashing in and out, in an effort to save everything of value. In the panic, valuable desks, books, and china were tossed out windows, while some persons carefully carried out bundles of old newspapers.

The newly constructed church was made available for classes and some dormitory space. The rest of the students crowded into community homes, and pioneering began anew. Scarcely had the ashes cooled when a temporary shelter for the women was hastily built on the same foundation. It was a long, narrow one-storied affair with few windows. Someone casually noted that it resembled Noah's ark. So "The Ark" it was called.

Teachers and students smiled away their troubles. There were no complainers. Next fall, sand was hauled from the river, and the boys made concrete blocks throughout the winter months. The summer of 1909, saw the end of the ark and the completion of a 40 by 50 foot concrete building which housed the business office, chapel, and classrooms. Prof. Spalding wrote, "It has been proved that a school does not consist of buildings, but of a company of teachers and students filled with a purpose to be fitted for the greatest possible usefulness in the cause of God!"

The new girls' dormitory resembled a conventional three-story house. The boys, however, were housed in a converted barn. Sleeping rooms surrounded a "sitting room," in the center of which stood a large, wood stove. Heat filtered out to sleeping quarters and took off the biting chill. Dormitory rooms were equipped with double beds, an old-fashioned water pitcher, wash bowl, and slop jar. Each resident carried his own supply of water from the pump. Ice in the wash bowls was a common occurance. The boys sat about the stove and studied by the light of kerosene lamps. Here they discussed their Bible lessons and shared their experiences as Christians. Here also they found closer fellowship with one another and with God.

Students attending Bethel were there for serious study and work. The first school bulletin contained these few sentences regarding student conduct:

"Anything of the nature of flirtation, or the forming of attachments between the sexes will not be permitted. Nothing can destroy a student's interest in his or her studies more quickly or effectually than to become a party to such unfortunate and unbecoming attachments."

Esther and Grace wanted to look through the telescope on third floor. They found Philo using it, so visited while waiting their turn. Padding up the stairs came the matron to lecture them on the hazards of talking with the opposite sex, and to escort them back down. The return trip, however, confirmed the impossibility of total supervision, for through an ill-timed door opening, all gained a view of the matron's daughter sitting on a young man's lap.

The program at Bethel did have its times for relaxation and fun. Before the cuts and fills of road improvement, the hills were steeper. Bobsledding with "The Ripper" was great on Sand Hill. Sometimes they chose the slope behind McChesneys toward Puff Creek and Lyman's Mill. Then there were nature walks and picnics on "Skunk Hill," as they named Power's Bluff after numerous encounters with skunk families. The Indians called it Tah-qua-kik. Here were beautiful forests of verdant pine, cranberries, wild rice, quail, muskrats, and beaver. Pottawatomies from Kansas settled on the ridge with hope of reducing their death toll from tuberculosis.

From eight to ten Indians attended Bethel each year. Even Chief White Pigeon was an occasional visitor. The BETHEL BOOSTER of May, 1921. contained this interesting account:

"The Indians of Indian Hill are holding their spring dances. They are dressed in a great variety of colors and feathers. Chief Anawash of the Chippewa tribe, who leads part of the dance, wears a beautiful headdress of eagle feathers, and also a gorgeously beaded suit. The chief of the Pottawatomies, who also leads in the dance, is dressed in the same order. Their drums are also beautifully decorated with fur, beads, feathers,

and money. At a certain part of the dance the two chiefs, after circling a pipe over their heads three times, pass it around to every Indian, from the youngest child to the oldest man and woman. Many students and teachers went to see the dance."

Saturday night entertainments were for the community, too. Monthly marches were interspersed with local talent programs. There were musical numbers and recitations, but most applauded was the Bluebird's Whistling Chorus, and the Kitchen Symphony with their instruments of knives, forks, tin pans, and sleigh bells. Occasionally there was a spelling-bee. Captains first picked college-educated faculty members, and lastly farmers. But farmer John McChesney carried off the honors.

There was a good reason for the notice which appeared in the LAKE UNION HERALD advising visitors to bring raincoats and boots. Travel between Arpin and Bethel was made difficult by the many springholes along the way. Mail delivery was by horseback or carrier circumventing the bogs. To expedite mail service, someone suggested mail sacks. They were made with ticking, and hung from trees or posts like giant oriole nests. One of the first daily chores was to put out the mailsack so that Brother Hughes, the carrier, wouldn't have to descend from his two-wheeled cart pulled by old Jimmy. The sacks were filled at Arpin, and returned the same day.

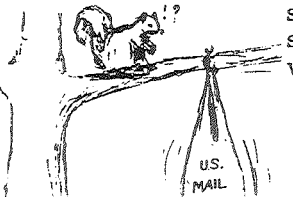
The marsh was a tempting challenge to school children. Under taunts from the most daring, islands of shaky quagmire would sometimes give way, leaving their lusty-voiced victims to be rescued by father or older brother. Although cutting down the hills to fill the marshlands spoiled the bobsled runs, it made the Arpin road more negotiable.

Prof. A. W. Spalding was a great believer in outdoor exercise, often walking the 12 miles to Marshfield. One day as Spalding started back from a business trip, a neighbor drew alongside with handsome white team and wagon, and offered him a ride.

"But I'll be home before you are," Spalding chuckled.

The neighbor shook his head and drove on. Spalding then took a shortcut, and jogged along the railroad track. When the friend drove in two hours later, he couldn't believe his eyes. Spalding was comfortably seated on his front lawn.

Faculty members seemed to be everywhere all the time. Tom Lloyd and Iva Stowe were from the same town. When Tommy returned from home-leave, Mrs. Stowe sent a box of goodies to her daughter by "Tommy Express." After the evening study period, Tom slipped cautiously downstairs to Iva's room to deliver the parcel. Iva invited him in, doubtless intending to share her treat. Moments later came Miss Whalen's telltale knock. Tom quickly slid under the bed. Miss Whalen chose to sit on that bed while she visited, weak springs sagging dangerously under her weight. After what seemed hours, she left, and Tom dragged



himself out. "I couldn't have stood it another moment without groaning," he gasped.

A young woman sent a note to her friend agreeing to meet him in the potato cellar. The preceptor found the note he carelessly dropped, and grounded him. Then Principal Stone seated himself in the prearranged corner for the rendezvous. The young lady entered, rounded the corner, and seeing the silhouette in the shadows threw her arms around--"e-e-e-k," the professor's sleeky beard.

Professor C. L. Stone is to be remembered for much more than his long, black beard, respected insignia of the "then" establishment. Stone initiated Bethel's first commencement, (1911) explaining that this didn't mean a student had learned all there was to know, but that he had simply completed a course of study. He also gave certificates to former students.

The principal's cottage, originally intended for a barn, had been remodeled many times. Now into the dwelling entered a plumber with another delightful first, a bathtub, luxury installation of the Stone Age.

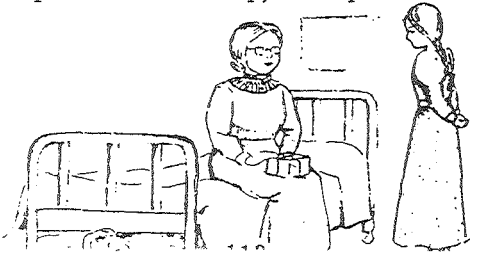
On the corner opposite the church stood Bethel's general store, and post office. Inside were shelves laden with clothing, kitchen utensils, tools, and other hardware. In a neat row on the floor stood barrels containing flour, crackers, and various foodstuffs. One could purchase a pin or a plowshare. A rear shed contained coal, bailed straw, and sacks of feed. Elder P. M. Hanson, just turned sixty, served as both business manager and proprietor. One morning, two young strangers entered and presented a check drawn on the Pittsville bank. The sum was not large, so Hanson honored it. The men loitered and observed, but he thought nothing of it. At the close of day there was an unusual amount of cash to care for -- $1,500. As the store had no safe, and the lock could be easily picked, Hanson put the cash in a satchel to carry home.

As he reached the bottom of Sand Hill, two men jumped from the brush and demanded it. Hanson looked them squarely in the face and said firmly, "It's not mine. I can't let you have it."

The men, startled and silent, never attacked or followed. Two days later they were arrested and jailed for a series of local crimes. Elder Hanson was called in to testify. When he was through, the judge turned to the two men and asked, "Why didn't you take the satchel from the old man? You're young and strong."

After a few moments silence, one looked up and replied, "We just couldn't. We just couldn't!"

Annual registration included physical examinations. After Dr. Dunn had completed the checkup, he reported that without any



exception, everyone had a stomach. He was suspicious that a few boys had two. Although the identity of the one with a double stomach remains a secret, there came a day when the school glutton found a huge bowl of soup at his place. Hungrily dipping in, he scraped his spoon against an arrangement of stones just beneath the surface.

One day Principal Elliott entered the kitchen and said with a smile, "I've been making a financial report for the constituency meeting, and it appears that the kitchen is making too much money."

"But the only dish over two cents is dessert," replied the matron. "The only way we can keep down profits is to give bigger servings."

Henry T. Elliott (1914-20), first of a line of clean-shaven administrators, was truly "one of the boys," fun-loving, quick-witted, yet maintaining dignity in office and classroom. He loved sports and often participated. Being slight of build, he was at times mistaken by strangers for one of the students. The hazy overlapping of age and appearance of faculty and students was a constant perplexity to visitors. Lake Union President Christian once gravely remarked, "You ought to have more grey hairs among you." Yet, sometimes it was a student that had the grey hairs. E.S. Pearl enrolled in 1923 at the age of 70.

In 1920, Professor Burton Phipps was able to report a new boiler house, a fire station, a screen door industry, two new wells, a large herd of cattle, and 100 acres under cultivation[2] The community population had reached a peak 345, including Bethel Baker's double dozen. (Joe and Liz Baker had 26 children).

The daily toil in fields and woods produced physiques to match the rugged environment. To his full program, Harold Hanson added a trapping line to strengthen his meger income. By far his larger catch was skunks, and try his best, he couldn't conceal the odor on his return. Looking back in senior-citizen retrospect, Harold observes, "One of the finest lessons from Bethel days was being poor. I wouldn't trade that experience for anything."

When Lestor Hanson arrived a day late to register, he learned that all regular living quarters were full. There was simply no place for him to stay. Undaunted, he pushed himself through an opening into the attic, believed it had possibilities.

"But that will never do!" the principal exclaimed.

"Just let me try," he begged. Sweeping the cobwebs from the rafters, and fixing a place for a cot, he made do for several weeks until other quarters became available.

In front of the boy's dorm one day, Sterling Cottrell was playing football with some of his friends. The ball went out of reach and into the roadway. Sterling dashed after it, unmindful of an approaching Model T. When the wheels of the vehicle bounced over him, the poor driver went into shock, but the fallen simply brushed himself off and returned to the game, indisputable proof

that Bethel boys were built. The girls, too, kept physically fit by walking long distances. It was not uncommon for those living within 20 miles of Bethel, to walk the distance on home leave.

Physical exams one school opening revealed a number of problem tonsils. A date was set for a surgeon to come for a dayfull of tonsilectomies. Students of the hydrotherapy class assisted the doctor and two nurses. Carl Breitlow was last on the list, and waited until 9 p.m. for his turn. Both tonsils and adenoids were removed with little trouble. But Carl was a "bleeder," and had swallowed considerable blood before anyone was aware of it. When Carl's heartbeat doubled, the nurses were plainly worried, and the doctor bit his lips in silence. With a finger on the rapid pulse, and his eyes on the boy's face over which a shadow seemed creeping, the doctor remarked, "What we cannot do, the Lord is able to do for us. Call the principal, the Bible teacher, and the church elder."

At midnight, three ringing phones broke the stillness of three homes. The men all arrived about the same time. Then the doctor explained that Carl's life was ebbing away. After prayer for forgiveness of sin, earnest petitions went before the throne of grace for the life of the boy. The doctor smiled through moistening eyes as he held Carl's wrist. The pulse had gone down 20 counts, and color was returning to the pale lips. In a few moments, Carl's heartbeat was normal. Prayers of thanks were then offered, and the doctor dismissed his friends. By morning, Carl was well on the way to recovery.

In addition to individual recruiting by enthusiastic students, the school began annual publication of THE BETHEL BOOSTER, containing cirriculum information, pictures and news items. Beginning in 1920, booster trips were made to nearby churches.

Harvey Hanson, class of 1936, considered a Bethel Booster program the turning point of his life. Harvey had been chosen president of his senior class at the Three Lakes High School. He had achieved distinction in the band and in sports. But Friday night activities were creating a real conflict. "As far as the church was concerned, " he recalled, "I was on my way out."

It was the happy, sincere ring of the Bethel students presentation that motivated Harvey to go the principal's home the next day and secure a copy of his credits. Monday morning he was packed and on his way to Bethel. The next year he entered Emmanuel Missionary College to prepare for his career as author, naturalist, and leader in his home church.

School life continued at Bethel Academy until 1948 when, after a half-century devoted to Christian youth, activities were transferred to a Columbus acreage. Here Wisconsin Academy was being developed. Like its sister schools, Bethel had helped to provide a needy world field with devoted and capable missionary personnel.

13 - Strangers Among Us

If any place in America could have truly been called "Little Europe," it was Wisconsin. French, Germans, Scandinavians, Polish, and Hungarians composed 54% of the population. What a baffling evangelistic opportunity!

Some thought they saw in this multilingual assortment the fulfillment of "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached.... as a witness to all nations, then shall the end come." Expecting the end, yet overlooking "into all the world," one church leader in essence remarked:

"How good the Lord is to bring to our land Jew and Gentile, Anglo-saxon, Teuton, Latin, Slav, Indian, Negro, Mongolian! We may reach them here, and so fulfill the terms. Even though there be only ten Chinese, three Hindus, and one Malay, let them but hear a sermon on the coming, or read a tract on the Sabbath, and the message has gone to their nation!"[1]

Of course, we wish it might have been that simple, but many years of hard work lay ahead. Earliest attempts to break the language barrier were those of Swiss-born J. F. Fraumfelder, one of Ingraham's converts at Monroe in 1861. He was a real linguist, but unfortunately he had lost his voice. But he did witness faithfully, whispering fluently in seven languages.

Interest was aroused among the Swedes when a convert of Elder Matteson sent a copy of "The New Testament Sabbath" to a Swedish sister in Evanston, Ill. The friend sent it on to her brother, A. G. Swedburg of Waukon, Iowa. He and a dozen others organized an Adventist church. Among charter members was Charles Carlstedt, who began the first Swedish Adventist paper, SWENSK ADVENT HERALD. After Carlstedt's death, August Swedburg continued its publication. Matteson's launching of ADVENT TIDENDE in 1872 sparked interest in other foreign

language publications. Literature soon followed in German, French, and Dutch.

The first persons of French blood to accept the third angel's message were the Bourdeau brothers, Augustin and Daniel. In 1872, they began to labor among the 20,000 French nationals in the Green Bay area, raising up churches at Robinson, Scott, Red River, and Champion. At Brookside, a French spiritist family embraced the message. Wonders had occured among them, - trances, tongues, and healings through the power of pretended spirits of the departed. Now the truths of the Bible penetrated the darkness of their ecstacism, and they aroused other family members and friends.

To one evening meeting came a group who had braved a bitter wind over 12 miles of glare ice. D.T.Bourdeau, writing from Green Bay in October, 1875, reported a group of 40 meeting every Sabbath. Assisting the Bourdeau brothers were Ole Olsen and Napoleon Paquette.

Milwaukee in 1885, home of 150,000 city dwellers, was a citadel of agnosticism. Early evangelists had largely centered their efforts in small communities. Where now were the men who were willing to storm the Milwaukee Gibralter?

The first believers in Milwaukee were two women living on opposite sides of the city, each thinking they were alone in the faith. Mrs. Johnson had moved west after the 1844 disappointment. Mrs. Bramhall found the message through the REVIEW. After years of Sabbath-keeping alone, they found each other and worshipped together. In 1886, W.W. Sharp wrote:

"At Milwaukee there are a few trying to live out the truth, and do what they can to let their light shine; but they are as a small bit of leaven in a very large measure of meal. We ought to have a mission in Milwaukee."

With Milwaukee's foreign population predominately German, it is not surprising that our first congregation here spoke the German tongue. Tent meetings by F.H.Westphal and H. Schultz in 1888, increased the membership to 100.[2]

In 1869, Elder L.R.Conradi conducted a German institute in Milwaukee. Here 50 students spent their mornings studying, their afternoons canvassing, and their evenings assisting with evangelistic meetings. It was a success, and a church soon began in the Mission House on Galena St. The constituency at the next camp meeting voted to raise $10,000 to help them build. Known as the Concordia Church, German services were held Sabbath mornings, and English in the afternoon. The mission dream of Bro. Sharp was not overlooked either, and a combined Rescue Mission and Hygenic Cafe opened on Wisconsin Street, managed by the AcMoodys.

Theodore Scharffenberg and his wife Mimi of north Germany chose Milwaukee as their home in 1885. Here he was employed by the Rouchenbacher Company as a rope and bridle maker.

When their children began to arrive, they obtained the services of a neighbor midwife, Mrs. Tripp, who was a spiritist. Through her influence, Mimi soon had a houseful of rappings, snappings, voices, and uncanny furniture moving. Told by the spirits that she was in contact with the spirit of a great Indian medicine man, she found herself dispensing medical advice to the community. For the next decade, people came to her with their ailments, and she wrote prescriptions which the druggist honored with medicine that brought relief.

One spring day in 1899, Mimi's teenage son Guy picked up a card which had fallen into the cellar well, and brought it to her. It was an invitation to meetings being held only a few blocks away. One topic especially attracted her, "The Truth About Spiritualism." That week when a local minister was visiting a neighbor, Mimi asked his opinion. His terse reply that it was a humbug clashed with her ten year's experience. Returning home, she asked the spirits if the evangelists had the truth about spiritualism, and they rapped an emphatic "Yes."

Elders J. Wolfgarten and O.E.Reinke, unable to secure a hall, had settled for a small, alley cottage, and had equipped it with an organ, chairs, and a makeshift pulpit. Mrs. Scharffenberg attended with her oldest daughter. Five nights a week she went. After every meeting she would ask the spirits if she had heard the truth. The replies continued affirmative. The spirits even cooperated in giving her a list of all the Bible references.

Then came the evening for "The Truth About Spiritualism." It was presented clearly and forcefully. Mrs. Scharffenberg accepted it fully. That night her husband was stricken with a severe attack of asthma, and came to her for spirit-prompted relief as before, but she refused to return to her former master. Scarcely had her husband left the room when a great pressure seized her throat, and she had to fight for breath. She cried ferverantly to the Lord, and her prayer was answered.

There were but two converts from the meetings, the mother and daughter from the Scharffenberg family. Several months later, the father and Theodora joined them. The Scharffenbergs provided three missionaries to the Orient. Mimi, the oldest daughter, together with Elder and Mrs. W.R.Smith, pioneered Adventist missions in Korea in 1906. Theodora married Rufus Wangerin and followed to Korea in 1909. Although Rufus died untimely of tuberculosis, Theodora continued on for a total of 40 years service.

Beginning in 1919, W.A.(Bill) Scharffenberg spent 22 years in China. When war conditions necessitated his return, he was chosen to lead the temperance department of the General Conference. Having been raised in Milwaukee, home of Pabst, Blatz, Gettleman, and Schlitz, his first-hand knowledge of alcohol's devasting effects fired his determination to combat its influence.

The Concordia Church continued to grow under the guidance of Pastors Gellert, Schrock, Stuckart, Graf, and Gaede. They had to spread themselves a bit thin in order to serve additional German churches including Underhill, 225 miles to the north.

Elder O.A.Olsen and his sister Vesta, felt a great burden for the Italians of Milwaukee. In order to communicate, Vesta mastered the language, laboring later for the Italians of Chicago, New York, and San Francisco. In 1915, the conference employed Elder M. Cali to organize an Italian church in Milwaukee.

Lay evangelism among the Hungarians began when Joseph Kovatas of Milwaukee accepted Adventism in 1908.

By 1920, nearly half of Wisconsin Adventist churches were speaking in tongues. Fourteen were Danish-Norwegian, five were French, five German, one Italian, one Polish, and one was Swedish.

Very American by ancestry, yet separated by a language barrier, were the Oneida Indians of Outagamie County where Adventists established a mission about 1900. A colporteur selling BIBLE READINGS on the reservation was amazed by their great respect for religion. They used no slang, and never took God's name in vain. Whenever the Bible was read, they would reverently remove their hats.

Pioneer teacher David Chapman began school here in a three-sided log structure built on a knoll in the deep woods. The missing south wall provided a scenic view of the little creek from which they obtained their water supply. Chapman labored on the south wall and completed it before winter.

Besides having a delightful sense of humor, the Oneidas were gifted with real singing ability. The only songs they knew were hymns which they sang from memory, without accompaniment, yet with amazing accuracy. Since neither teacher nor students could speak the other's language, pictures were drawn on the small chalkboard, and then phonetically identified.

Chapman tackled the communication problem by struggling with Oneida nomenclature. After school one evening, his Indian host asked what new word he had mastered that day. Chapman proudly announced he now knew the word for rat. The Indian nearly doubled with laughter, explaining it was not "rat" but "big louse," and that he was learning baby talk from the pupils. Settling the problem of who was teaching who, Chapman then insisted they learn the English names of his sketched animals.

As school attendance grew, larger facilities were needed. Coming in with some real assistance was William Kloss of Fish Creek. On a ten-acre tract Kloss built a barn, a house, and a two-story school which doubled for a church on weekends. Chapman fell in love with young Delia Kloss, married her and continued teaching. Enrollment reached a peak of 36. The Oneida Indian mission continued until 1936.

14 - On the Shores of Lake Monona

Hardy as the pioneers were, disease still took its toll. Epidemics of cholera and the ague broke out frequently in the 1850's. REVIEW obituaries listed death from quick consumption, heart and lung disease, excruciating dropsy, and general prostration. For petchial erupture, dyspepsia, and catarrhal fever, people were drugging themselves with calomel, strichnine and squills. But most dreaded of all was the cholera. A resident of Port Washington in a letter to the Milwaukee DAILY SENTINAL (Aug. 8, 1854) reported that cholera had been raging for three weeks, and whole families being wiped out. Pastor Miller of the Methodist church wrote, "To attend six funerals a day, and visit twice that number of sick persons was not unusual."

Fever and ague (malaria) was so common that it was expected like hard work. When big, barefooted Abram Holverson was attacked with ague while breaking sod with a yoke of oxen, he simply "lay down in the furrow to shake it out." The chills subsided, and he continued his plowing. "He ain't sick; he's only got the ager," was the attitude on the frontier.

Home remedies were kept on hand for emergencies. Many of these had been recommended by Indian friends. To stop bleeding, a mixture of cobwebs and puffballs was applied. For ague sores, elder leaves boiled in milk; for yellow fever, heavy doses of rhubarb, calomel, and jalop. And here's Granny's receipe to cure a felon:

"Take a piece of rocksalt about the size of a butternut, wrap it in a cabbage leaf, lay it in hot embers and cover as you would roast an onion. After 20 minutes, take it out and powder it fine. Mix the powdered salt with so much hard soap that it will make a salve (be sure the soap smells of turpentine). Apply the salve to the felon and in a few hours it will destroy all pain."[1]

As for the taking of medicines, it was generally assumed that the worse it tasted, the better it was for you. Fever patients were allowed only enough water to moisten their lips. Windows were carefully sealed against the "poisonous night air." Because some doctors considered bathing a hazard, some cities passed laws forbidding it between November and March. That disease might be related to uncleanliness was not considered when Mary Baker Eddy wrote:

"The daily ablution of an infant is not more natural or necessary than to take a fish out of water and cover it with dirt once a day, that it may thrive better in its natural element."[2]

The importance of healthful living was soon to be given its proper place in the Adventist message. Following a vision in June, 1863, Ellen White wrote:

"I saw that it was a sacred duty to attend to our health, and arouse others to their duty... We have a duty to speak, to come out against intemperance of every kind, intemperance in working, in eating, in drinking, in drugging, and then point them to God's great medicine, water, pure soft water, for disease, for health, for cleanliness, for I saw that we should not be silent upon the subject of health, but should wake up minds to the subject."[3]

While at the Madison camp meeting in June, 1881, Elder and Mrs. White urged the building of a sanitarium, and selected a site. Final negotiations were left for Dr. W. D. Stillman to work out, but due to Elder White's death, the purchase was postponed indefinitely. Madison Adventists still hoped for a medical facility to materialize.

In 1899, Mrs. Stillman wrote Dr. Kellogg at Battle Creek that there were openings for graduate nurses. Laura Neilsen and Edith Miller responded. The excellent work done by these two nurses created demands beyond their ability, so a husband-and-wife team joined them, the J. H. Bramhalls. They leased an old clubhouse at 118 Monona Avenue for treatment rooms, then rented a house at 111 West Doty for out-of-town patients.

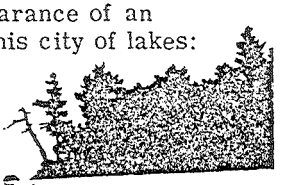
The Madison medical venture grew and prospered. A line of health foods was added, and a restaurant opened at 426 State Street to accommodate university students. Drs. C. P. and Anna Farnsworth joined the staff in 1900. Since Madison had no hospital, a wealthy businessman proposed that the Adventists build one, and offered a gift of $20,000 to start it off. Another businessman pledged $10,000, and a brother in Illinois offered a similiar amount. Because strong objection was voiced against accepting gifts from "outsiders," the proposal was rejected.

Two years later, the Wisconsin Conference voted to build a hospital, and secured a five-acre tract on the south shore of Lake Monona, adjoining the Chataqua Grounds. A building was erected with 50,000 borrowed dollars, and was dedicated June 7, 1903. Dr. J. H. Kellogg gave the dedicatory address. Judge Jesse Arthur then spoke, and among his remarks observed,

"This is the first sanitarium with which I have not had something to do so far, and it is the pearl of them all."

Madison Sanitarium was a three-story structure measuring 50 by 116 feet. On the grounds stood a boiler house, an engine house to generate electricity, a laundry, and a nurses' home.

One attractive feature of the sanitarium was its location. Fifty years earlier, this had been the site of a health institution known as The Water Cure, whose life of service was cut short by a disasterous fire. The beauty of natural surroundings invited patients for a stroll under the maples and elms down by the water's edge. Here they could follow a winding path leading to an effervescent spring, then on to the Chataqua Park. One might rest on a bench in the Rustic Temple and watch chipmunks scurry about, or count the Black Terns skimming over the shimmering lake waters. The quiet exercise and relaxation amidst scenic beauty was a healthy balm for mind and body. A brochure prepared for the sanitarium describes its surroundings: "The lovely landscape is not obscured by the smoke of factories. ... The air is pure, the waters uncontaminated, The soil is a sandy loam, and slopes to the shores of Lake Monona... Across the lake, one mile away, spreads out, panorama-like, the city of Madison. The stately edifices of the Capitol rise majestically above the lake-embosomed homes of the city, and the great number of shade trees gives the city the appearance of an emerald isle." The poet Longfellow wrote of this city of lakes:

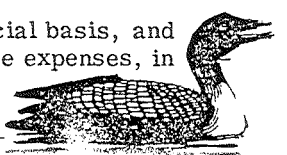


"Four limpid lakes, - four Naiades
Of sylvan deities are these,
In flowing robes of azure dressed;
Four lovely handmaids, that uphold
Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold,
To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun
Drink of these waters as they run
Their swift diurnal round on high;
By night the constellations glow
Far down the hollow deeps below,
And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,
Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,
How visionary ye appear!
All like a floating landscape seems
In cloudland or the lake of dreams,
Bathed in golden atmosphere!"

Madison Sanitarium was soon on a sound financial basis, and during the first three years earned $25,000 above expenses, in



addition to having done $35,000 worth of charity. Nurses from the sanitarium often demonstrated hydrotherapy techniques to classes in other medical institutions as far away as Milwaukee.

Close beside the Nurses' Home stood "The Shoe Tree." Knowing that Dr. W. T. Lindsay and his new bride would soon arrive from Battle Creek, the nurses decorated their upstairs apartment with pairs of ill-mated shoes. Upon entering the room, the doctor, already feted, cared nothing for more footwear, so tossed them out the window. The next morning revealed a tree nearby decorated with shoes. Here they dangled, summer and winter, until their shoestrings rotted, teasing reminder of one eventful night.

Nurses in training at the San began their busy day at 6 a.m. with no assurance when the day would end. They might be assigned to several weeks of "cot duty" with patients requiring constant care, or they might be on "elect duty" in a home in some nearby town. This meant making up classwork when they could. But below those serious faces, and beneath the starched uniforms, beat soft hearts with the normal vivaciousness of youth. Since Mr. and Mrs. Bautelle had donated the money to build the Nurses' Home, and were spending their declining years in an apartment of first floor, the girls had to be constantly guarded in their manner of releasing pressure. But the valves could be opened in the Saturday night gym, or by taking the row boat out on the lake.

The strenuous work-study program kept the girls slim, trim and always hungry. There were strict rules about the when and where of eating. Once while setting trays, some of the girls discovered the palatibility of dry granola, a breakfast cereal served with milk. Just after they had stuffed their mouths full, in walked Miss Macy, the director of nurses, unannounced, and began asking questions to which they vainly attempted answers with the shake or nod of the head. Then all at once they exploded with laughter, dry granola spraying about. Fortunately, Miss Macy saw the humor of it all, and not another word was said.

The physiotherapy department was equipped to administer many forms of hydrotherapy and massage. The electric bath, a quadrangular cabinet heated with a battery of light bulbs, was first stop for weight-watchers. Fifteen minutes in the cabinet was a simulated Turkish bath. This was followed by a cold spray, rub-down, and massage. Every muscle was rubbed, kneaded, thumped, strapped, vibrated, and frictioned into activity.

As a stimulating tonic, nothing rivaled the salt glow for effectiveness. The patient stood on a stool and grasped iron hooks projecting from the wall, while an attendant rubbed him from head to toe with mushy globs of salt.

The sharp crystals almost seemed to cut through the skin which turned a lively red. Then the salt was rinsed off with warm spray which gradually turned cooler. When the aching cold spray seemed beyond endurance, the attendant turned it off. But the reward for all who stayed with it was a million-dollar feeling of freshness and youthful vigor which cancelled any temporary discomfort. Satisfied patients returned again and again, and the fame of the sanitarium spread throughout the state.

It was the positive effectiveness of an accidental cold shower that inspired Caroline Roberson to take the nurses' course. Her older sister Amelia had come down with a severe case of typhoid fever, and could not be awakened from a two-month coma. One day Caroline carried a pail of water to Amelia's room, placed it on a stand beside the bed, and left. Minutes later, a loud crash brought Caroline on the run. She found Amelia on the floor with the bucket over her head. When Caroline screamed, Amelia responded with "What's the matter with you!" - her first words in two months. Where the doctor's prescription had failed, hydrotherapy triumphed, and Caroline entered training.

Arthur C. Allen, a winter patient at the sanitarium, wrote of his impressions while there. After describing the ice-fishermen on the lake patiently waiting for a tug on the line, and the white-winged ice boats skimming across the surface, he continued:

"The first impression one receives upon entering is that it is homelike. We all know that there is no place like home, and when the weary, discouraged invalid after many tears and struggles, decides that in order to save his life, he must leave home and friends and go to this place, and on arriving there sees and feels that quiet spirit of Jesus manifested in service for the afflicted, he at once forgets that he is away from home."[4]

Transportation to the sanitarium was by horse-drawn busses until the management purchased a steamboat which made four trips a day to and from the center of Madison. Ailing congressmen from the capitol found their way to the sanitarium for treatment. So did a wealthy, influential lady from Minneapolis. Here she found not only physical healing, but spiritual as well, united with the church, then returned to share her faith.

With sacrificial willingness, nurses served wherever duty called. Florence Oswald remembers nursing in the home of the wealthy Barnum-Bailey family at Baraboo. Then there was a Christmas eve when she was asked to care for an elderly man at Rhinelander who had come down with pneumonia. Christmas vacation was spent in this humble home caring for a sick man and his two small grandchildren, where her main diet was apples, their only plentiful commodity.

Closely associated with the development of the sanitarium was the growth of the Madison Adventist Church. In the mid-1860's, Elder Sanborn had expressed concern for Bro. Heisted, a lone Adventist living in "this large wicked city." Early evangelists

spent their time with responsive small communities, and steered clear of Madison. There is no record of public evangelism here prior to the camp meeting witness of 1871. Nearly two decades later, however, a church of 12 was organized, and met in private homes. With the arrival of the hospital, and medical personnel, services were transferred to the sanitarium parlor, and membership climbed to 70.

In 1919, the conference office was moved from Fond du Lac to a house on property adjoining the sanitarium. Here also an eight grade school was begun in the cottage built by Governor LaFollette for use as a hunting retreat.

After ten years of operation, meeting the costs of new state requirements, and updating equipment had left little to pay on the original $50,000 loan. Numerous fund-raising projects had been launched, but few were successful. When Dr. Kellogg arrived for dedication ceremonies in mid-summer of 1903, he brought along a supply of his infamous LIVING TEMPLE to be sold for sanitarium indebtedness. Anyone who would sell 100 copies at $1.25 each, was promised a lifetime 25% discount on medical services. There is no record of how the project fared.[5]

The sale of other books followed. Churches responded well in selling CHRIST'S OBJECT LESSONS, MINISTRY OF HEALING, and a small book, HEALTH & HAPPINESS. Encouraging the churches to sell supplies on hand, A. J. Olsen wrote, "By selling the two-thousand at 5¢ each, it will mean $100."[6]

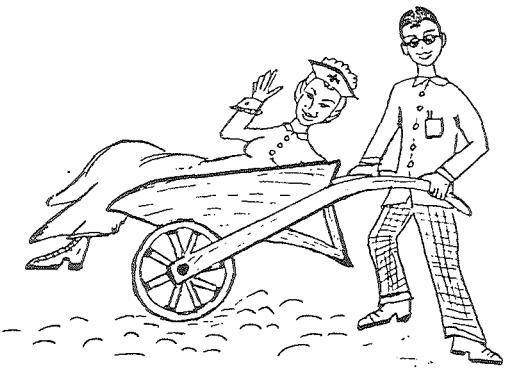
- Nurse graduates with Dr. W. T. Lindsay (center) -

The financial situation was beginning to look a bit gloomy. Vern Shreve of Pardeeville recalls how a wheelbarrow project was conceived. Two wheelbarrows were needed by the maintenance department. Checking quantity prices, the business manager found them cheaper by the dozen, and much cheaper by the carload. The profit was attractive. Desperate for some new scheme to reduce the debt, he quickly ordered a carload. But volunteer peddlers for CHRIST'S OBJECT LESSONS were not eager to push wheelbarrows from door to door. Because sales were slow, two years later saw more wheelbarrows on campus than wheelchairs, and nurses would enjoy freewheeling for some time to come. The debt had become a real burden.

Professional fund-raisers were recommended and engaged. They rented an expensive suite of downtown offices and did a lot of talking, but the huge thermometer erected in front of the hotel rose only a little ways, then stopped altogether. The conference committee vowed that never again would they employ outside organizations to raise funds for church institutions.

Although the passage of time saw thorough repentenance for having rejected the original $40, 000 offer, the sanitarium seemed plagued with interminable debt. In 1922, the institution was sold to Dr. R.S. Ingersoll, and he in turn sold it to Dr. C.P. Farnsworth in 1929.

But from the sanitarium's school of nursing had gone many outstanding missionaries, such as Ferdinand and Ana Stahl to Peru, Earnest and Lillian Lutz to China, and Julius Raft to Madagascar. Nursing director Kate Macy devoted many years to helping the needy mountain folk of North Carolina, and also assisted in founding sanitariums at Fletcher and Mt. Pisgah.



15 - Walderly and Hylandale

To establish a school that would follow the "divine blueprint" for Christian education in every particular was Prof. Arthur Hallock's determined goal. Reports of the Woodbury acreage near Hawthorne in 1906, prompted a northern investigation by Conference President McReynolds, Prof. Hallock, and a few other Bethel teachers. Teenage Warren Griffeth, whose father worked for the Woodburys, hitched up the team and showed them around. Two years later, the 400 acre property was secured.

Here was real pioneering. School was conducted the first year (1908) with eleven students in a log cabin. The first main building was a 16 by 24 tarpaper-covered affair which served as chapel, dining room, kitchen, and partial faculty housing. Clearing away more poplar brush and pine stumps, they next built Homestead Cottage to which they transferred all former tarpaper operations, leaving the shanty for use as a boy's dormitory. Lloyd White remembers how they solved the Friday afternoon bath problem. Beside a glowing stove, they saunaed to a sweat, then plunged Finnish fashion into the snowdrifts.

It was not only the boys who pioneered. Mail-call was one of the high spots of the day, and someone had to make the trip to the Hines post office. It was Naomi Coon who volunteered for the daily chore, and cheerfully walked the five miles even in forty-below weather.

Industrial training was given emphasis in the nature of a saw-mill, a planer, and a shingle mill. Six days a week, the school mill was humming for an appreciative community that relied upon them for their building needs. Educational superintendent C. A. Russell reported, "There are students who are able to take a tree from the stump to the finished product."

From Walderly's example, many new residents gained their first knowledge of Sabbath rest. A grain dealer in Superior, a devout Methodist, owned a prosperous farm one mile from the school. His admiration for the school family was so great that he would not permit his farm manager to do any unnecessary work on the Sabbath.

By 1915, "the dignity of labor" had encircled other projects,- a blacksmith shop, an apiary, a Jersey dairy, and a two-loom weaving industry. The mill was producing 7,500 feet of lumber daily under the supervision of Warren Griffeth and Ole Lyberg. With diligent labor in the fall of 1919, the girls canned 587 qts. of strawberries, 200 of rhubarb, 200 of raspberries, besides caching away 200 bushels of potatoes in the cellar of Log Cottage. But Walderly's industrial emphasis was bewildering to some conference officials. The scholastically inclined, seeing mostly barns, sheds, and lumber piles, wondered where the school was.

The most active industry on campus was Mr. Port's apiary where sounds of happy humming came from 100 hives of bees, producing an average of 100 pounds of honey per hive. After setting aside a supply for the school, the rest was wholesaled in Superior for $1, 000. Into the midst of this humming industry wandered occasional transient bears who, from the first whiff, came grunting eagerly toward the hives. To discourage the bears and alert the beekeepers, a wire enclosure was stretched from tree to tree, and cowbells hung at regular intervals.

A Superior lawyer who owned a summer home near the school became intrigued with its operation and objectives. When a colored educator called at his office one day in the interest of a school in Mississippi, Lawyer Harper directed his attention to Walderly, and drove him out for a visit. The gentleman spent the night in the Hallock home. The next morning, he walked excitedly into the kitchen clutching a copy of EDUCATION, by Ellen White. He had discovered it on the dresser and had spent most of the night reading.

"Where did you get such a book as this?" he asked. "These are the very ideals I believe in." The colored educator was Lawrence Jones, founder of the famous Piney Woods School at Braxton, Mississippi.

The work policy was one to encourage self-motivation. Superintendents wisely refrained from nagging. "We do not agree to keep after the student to get him to do his part." the regulations read. A work contract was signed, the student agreeing to be responsible for his share of work, and the school agreeing to provide a stipulated number of hours per month. If there was not enough work available, the student was given credit just the same. Regardless of a student's financial ability, he was required to work at least three hours a day. The wage scale was from 7¢ to 13¢ an hour, depending "on the student's willingness and ability." The Student Handbook continued:

"The amount earned from month to month will vary according to the quantity and quality of the work performed. If the work is not neat and thorough, the Academy is under no obligation to accept it. Students will not receive any pay for work which has been carelessly or imperfectly done, but will be held to their task until they become proficient."

Although Walderly lifestyle was primitive, there was no complaining, just one happy family working together, and appreciative of a practical Christian education.

Recreation at Walderly was often just a change of occupation. A day of blueberry picking was something to look forward to. Boys and girls gaily loaded wagons with tubs and buckets, and headed for the blueberry marsh a few miles away. There was mirth and laughter as they picked, the long day continuing into the night when the canning was done.

There were other fun-times, too. A march in the chapel led by Prof. E.A. vonPohle was one of the ways of spending the evening after the Sabbath. Sometimes there was skating on Middle River, or it might be a bean-bee such as this one: "The evening after the Sabbath, March 9, was spent in a novel as well as profitable manner. A 'bean bee' was held in the dining room. By means of numbers, partners were chosen and the fun began. Two persons worked together sorting beans, and as Eliza Hummel and George Knight picked over the greatest amount they received the prizes, although all were rewarded with large, delicious pop-corn balls at the close of a most pleasant evening." [1]

Teachers and students solved their problems together in the classroom, and worked side by side in the industries. Together they helped spread the message in surrounding towns by selling hundreds of WATCHMAN MAGAZINES (not to be confused with "Watchtower"). Practical nursing was taught to the girls. When some family in the community was stricken with illness, the Walderly boys would do chores, and girls from the Practical Nursing class would live in for a few days until the worst of the sickness was over.

One bitter winter day, a man came trudging through the snow-drifts from his home a mile away. A sick neighbor had sent her little boy to him for help. Eliza Hummel and Flossie Oswald volunteered to go with Clark Banuel on the horse-drawn sled. Inside the snowbanked cabin, they found a mother and four children all sick with pneumonia. Clark went to the barn to answer the call of the bewildered cows and two-days chores, while Eliza and Flossie gave hydrotherapy treatments and prepared food for the family. After a few days, the young nurses returned in time to help with numerous illnesses at the school which had broken out in their absence. They did not receive or expact pay for their services.

World War I with its "wheatless days" left Walderly with 21 wheatless meals a week. The principal wrote, "We have served corn bread, rye bread, and oat bread, and next on the trial list is barley bread. The students are thriving on these different war breads, and are glad to do their bit in this way." [2]

Professor O. P. Wilson expressed the aim of Walderly:

"We are here for the purpose of studying Northern Wisconsin boys and girls, and to teach THEM instead of teaching English, history, Bible, and mathematics. In other words, we are a person centered school instead of the traditional study-centered institution of the hickory-stick type." [3]

Student appreciation is expressed in these testimonials:

"When I came to Walderly I was not a Christian, but after I came here, I made up my mind to follow the Lord. I have overcome many difficulties and have received some training for the Lord's work. I have a desire to work for Him until He comes." Howard Carpenter

"Since coming to Walderly, I have learned to wash dishes without murmuring. This one thing has taught me much in the way of doing unpleasant tasks cheerfully and as well as I can." Winifred Farr.

Walderly Academy had nearly reached the place where it was self-sustaining when, on April 2, 1920, the main building was destroyed by fire. The loss included administrative offices, chapel, library, laboratory equipment, and some cash. The constituency rallied to the crisis, and by school-opening next fall, replaced their loss of furnishings. A concrete building replaced the former frame structure.

Although Walderly Academy closed its doors in 1927, when North and South were reunited into a single conference, a similiar self-supporting school at Rockland was six years old.

A VIEW OF HYLANDALE

"I believe I've located the ideal place to begin a new school," wrote Warren Griffith to Prof. Hallock at Walderly. "There is a large farm for sale here in a nice valley near Rockland. It is one of the prettiest spots, I think, in LaCrosse County."

Warren was "one of the Hallock boys," - had lived in his home while attending Walderly, and was now canvassing in the southwestern part of the state. Prof. Hallock had suggested that he keep his eyes open for a new school site.

Although it was mid-winter, Professors Hallock, Sheppler, and Dr. Thornton journeyed to investigate the Warren report. All were well pleased with the property, made the purchase, and returned. With the coming of spring, the men were very anxious to get things under way at Rockland, but couldn't leave their many responsibilities in the north. It was decided that Mrs. Hallock would begin the initial engineering. She made the train trip with her three children and Miss Gladys Vieau. Arriving at dusk one May evening in 1916, she describes her first impressions:

"Here the plum trees were in bloom along the roadside, also violets in profusion. It seemed like paradise to us, a real change from Lake Superior. As we came over the hill, it was twilight. The stars came out and also the moon. The sounds of the mourning dove could be heard, and the nighthawk. Evening birds began to call. Soon we could see the outlines of buildings in the moonlight. The drive stopped at the little log house which was to be our home for the next year."

Mrs. Hallock felt uneasy about sleeping in a strange house without her husband. In the wee hours of the night she remembered the trap door at the head of her bed. She got up, pulled furniture over the top, then rested more easily.

At sun-up she began to explore the grounds which was to be home for the next 40 years. All around were apple trees in full bloom. She wondered if Johnny Appleseed might have camped here years before. Across the rustic bridge she strolled to the cobblestone springhouse. All around were the forested highlands. "Dale" was the word to fit this secluded spot, so Hylandale it became.

It was not easy for Prof. Hallock to patiently mark off the remaining days of that school year at Walderly. Final exercises over, with the Shepplers and Miss Rosma Whalen, he loaded their possessions and headed for Hylandale, also bringing with them a fine herd of Jersey cattle.

It seemed that everything needed to be done first. It was time to plant crops, yet housing for both students and faculty would be needed by fall. The men plunged enthusiastically into their work with a zeal inspired by the scenic surroundings. The girls' dormitory became Project A, then crop-planting by moonlight. What wonderful produce the garden yielded! - sweet corn, squash, tomatoes. Watermelons and muskmelons could also be grown.

In order to provide a church school that fall, they hastily tore down a former hog shelter, and erected a small structure with the logs, reasoning that after chinking and white-washing, hog logs were better than no logs. Those logs logged pleasant memories of 30 years of elementary school.

Hugh Brown joined the staff the next summer, working as farm manager for $10 a month. That fall he taught the church school. He had planned to attend Madison College, but it was hard to let a good man go. Brown chose to stay at Hylandale and serve as preceptor for many years.

Sister Hallock loved her little log cottage, but there just was not enough room for all the students she wished to take in, so the Hallocks built a large frame house on the hill. Here they could provide for 24 students each year. Some came from faraway Chicago. The rural atmosphere was so pleasant and refreshing! Despite the school's limited facilities, the LaCrosse welfare department considered the environment worth stretching the law so as to crowd in a few more.

Those side-hill roads were not the easiest to negotiate. Anyone who could bring down a load of hay from the top without upsetting, had passed the teamster test. It was fortunate that Miss Lucy Shorey, the matron, was also a registered nurse, and could care for the casualties, which included broken bones.

Pioneering continued through the depression of the thirties. The 50 students managed without electricity. The only running water was a stream which ran from the faithful spring. All the buildings were heated with wood. After falling a tree and saving the good logs for lumber and ties, the boys cut up salvageable branches for firewood. There came a day when the $150 still owed on the steam engine for the sawmill just wasn't in sight. After the school family united in a season of prayer, a letter came from a father of two of the students. He was impressed that they needed money, and had enclosed $200 advance tuition.

Prof. Percy Hallock, nephew of A. W. Hallock, joined the staff in the 1920's, and writes of other providential leadings:

"Many times the problems have seemed impossible, but the Lord has provided the money or help needed. When Mr. Hallock was building the boy's dormitory, he wondered how he could put in the heating pipes, doors, windows, etc., that had to be bought with cash. The frame and sheeting was from lumber we sawed here from our own trees. Just when we needed these cash extras, a car drove up and gave him $1,000 - just what he needed for necessary supplies to use in the building.

"Some years we have not completed our faculty until just before school begins. One summer we had no dean, and needed a teacher also. Just a few weeks before school, two families drove in together and offered to help us. They were good help and a successful year went by. Many times the Lord has answered our prayers in this way."

At Hylandale there was a true spirit of loyalty. A young man from the Chicago area, enslaved with the tobacco habit since childhood, presented himself at the beginning of a school year. Prof. Hallock and other members of the faculty did their best to help him. During a chapel fund-raising program, the boy pledged $10. Later, it was necessary to dismiss him from school because he had not made progress. Before leaving, he stepped into the office and paid the $10 pledge. There was no bitterness in his heart for he realized his teachers had done their best to help him. Another student, dismissed from school, stopped by a few years later and left a gift of $300.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE HALLOCK FAMILY.

The development of Walderly and Hylandale academies was due to the energetic devotion of the Hallock trio. Arthur and his sisters Nellie and Pearl, were children of Norman and Amanda Hallock. When Elders Decker and Olds held meetings in Clark County in 1873, the Hallocks became charter members of the little church at Mapleworks.

All the Hallock children entered some form of denominational work. No church schools existed for their early training, but Arthur was able to attend Battle Creek College, graduating in 1893. When the new school opened at Bethel, Nellie and Pearl were among the first enrollees. Hallock ruggedness surfaced one school leave when Nellie was only 15. Undaunted by lack of transportation, she and a friend walked every step of the 25 miles to their home in Granton. Ben, the oldest son, worked the home farm to make it financially possible for the others to obtain advanced education. Ben also served as elder of the Granton Church. Pearl became a successful teacher and also an educational superintendent. Another daughter, Lula, was a Bible worker in the Wisconsin Conference.

Arthur joined the Bethel staff as mathematics teacher under Prof. Washburn's administration. Nellie married the dean of boys, Paul Sheppler, and Pearl married another teacher, Dr. F.R. Thornton. In 1906, the Hallock trio moved near Superior to found Walderly, then south again in 1916 to begin Hylandale. These schools stood as time-tested testimony of self-supporting student-teacher cooperatives.

Professor A. W. Hallock

P. L. HOEN

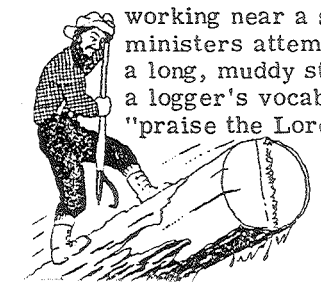
H. W. DECKER

16 - Everywhere Preaching the Word

"If any of the brethren wish to come and spend Sabbath and First-day with us, they will find us eleven miles from Portage City, one and one-half miles from Briggsville, nine miles from Kilbourn City, and two miles from Big Springs." wrote Elder T. M. Steward of tent meetings he and Elder Blanchard were holding at Dell Prairie in 1868. Now, if anyone found these directions difficult, they could just ask any native where the tent was pitched, for everyone seemed to know of this scenic spot beside Lake Mason. Nightly attendance exceeded 400.[1]

Tent evangelism had proven successful in rural communities. The tent itself was sufficient publicity. Elder H. W. Decker's 1873 tent meeting in the Windfall area brought in 20 charter members for a new church, later called Granton. Among them were two prominent families. A. J. Breed became an evangelist and administrator. From the Norman Hallock family came Arthur Hallock, Bethel educator and founder of Walderly and Hylandale academies. At Cashton, Decker's meetings attracted the Rathbun brothers, Hallet and John. Several of their children entered denominational service. Marie took the nurse's course, Bertha taught school, and later married W. H. Wohlers, missionary to Argentina, Hattie married Archie Parfit, and shared pioneer school teaching in Mexico.

Elder C. W. Olds evangelistic series at Fremont in 1874, stirred the thoughts of logger Samuel D. Smith. Then a series of incidents followed which helped crystalize a decision. While working near a swamp one day, he observed two Adventist ministers attempting to cross with a wagonload of wood. It was a long, muddy struggle for both men and horses. To a man with a logger's vocabulary, it was a surprise to hear an occasional "praise the Lord" ascend from the struggling men. Smith asked



them how they could possibly praise God when they were having so much trouble. They explained how thankful they were for God's care under all circumstances. Several weeks later, while crossing logs in an icy river, Smith slipped and fell in. After many futile attempts to regain footing, he promised the Lord he would serve Him if he ever got out. The very next log was the one that provided the needed stability.

With his family of ten, Smith moved to Poy Sippi and set up a cabinet shop. Faithful to his vow, he became a lay preacher. Someone saw meaning in his initials and began calling him "Seventh-day Smith," and the nickname stuck. Smith's travels took him throughout the state and into Minnesota. Even today there are those who recall his ferverant preaching, and how he would musically polish off every "s" with a sharp whistle.

1876 was a peak year for tent meetings. Elder Decker found a 50 ft. tent for $193, and brought the evangelistic tent count to four. After camp meeting, Decker pitched at Friendship, Olds at Alma Center, Sanborn and Olsen evangelized several towns in Vernon County, and the meetings of Tenney and Smith near the Mauston church boosted their membership, and helped to seal the leaks in their sinking ship.

The Johnson-Hoen meetings of 1873 attracted a large audience at Debello. Elder O. A. Johnson was anxious to reach the many Scandinavians here, so picked young, lanky Peter Hoen for his tentmaster. When it came his turn to speak, Peter was so forthright, Johnson cautioned him not "to cut off their ears."

Johnson's opening topic, "The Love of God," was particularly appreciated by David Mullin and his wife Mary. When the Mullins returned home that evening, Mary and the children went right to bed, but David got out his Bible and looked up the references he had taken down on a scrap of paper. The light in the dining room awakened Mary. She hurried in expecting to find him asleep. He was engrossed in study, and had not noticed her approach.

"I didn't realize it was midnight," he explained. "I was looking up some texts, and having a hard time finding them."[2]

Night after night they attended the meetings, then burned the midnight oil to find something in the Bible to prove the preacher wrong. It wasn't long until they joined 28 others in baptism.

A local preacher, Rev. Shambeau, was thoroughly alarmed, and forbade his people to attend. He invited the evangelists to an evening debate, and here launched into a half-hour tirade against "these prophets of the devil." Johnson then arose and tactfully stated that since the pastor had not touched upon the subject under debate, they would quietly leave and let him continue his chosen discourse. Displeased with their pastor's behavior, the congregation flocked to the tent the next evening, curious to hear what these "agents of the devil" had to say. The immediate outcome for Rev. Shambeau was the loss of his Sunday School teacher, for Horace Rhinehardt and his family took their stand with the Adventists.

Johnson and Hoen were threatened, and told to leave the country. Failing with intimidation, the opposers resorted to violence. In the midst of a nightly meeting, a mob gathered and began pelting the tent with sticks. An angry voice shouted, "We'll get them when they come out."

Meeting over, the lights were quickly extinguished, and the worshippers all left in a body, frustrating any efforts to single out the preachers. Johnson and Hoen spent the night with the Rhinehardt family, and no further attacks were made. A company of believers was soon organized in the home of Jonathan Butler.

Among those who attended the meetings was the family of the community's leading infidel, William S. Shreve. He would have nothing to do with a god who assigned sinners to a scorching hell. Shreve was an avid Bible reader with a reputation of having argued down every preacher he met. He came one night and invited the evangelists to his home where "he would cut them down to size." They talked religion most of the night. To every "Why don't you teach...?' they responded,"We believe that way, too." or "We do that." They explained to him the Bible teaching about everlasting fire, and held before him a God of both love and justice.

This was the first Bible-battle Shreve had lost to preachers, yet for a long while he could not bring himself to surrender to the Lord. Then a series of events followed that set him thinking. His threshing machine broke down three Fridays in succession. The next Wednesday as he got the horses ready for his family to ride to prayer meeting, they snorted and kicked, but he refused to swear. He saddled an extra one, and rode along with his family. His life was changed from that time on. In 1880, a meetinghouse was built, and early members included the Mullins, Rhinehardts, Jensens, Judsons, and the Shreves.

From Debello, the evangelists moved their tent to Avalanche. Here a few were already acquainted with Adventist teachings. Soon after pitching their tent, they realized their location near a flour mill was a mistake. Many geese and hogs frequented the mill. Upon returning from visitation, the ministers sometimes found that hogs had invaded their living quarters and made shambles of food and clothing. There was also a time when a thief made off with Peter's purse containing the offering money. These experiences, however, served to knit together the hearts of the evangelists.

The following summer, Andrew Olsen, brother of O.A. Olsen, in company with Peter Hoen, held meetings again in Vernon County at DeSoto. Among the converts were Nelson and Caroline Williams and their children, Ida and Louis. Ida, a young school teacher, was smitten with Peter, and Peter found it difficult to keep his eyes off Ida. At the close of the meetings, the tent became a wedding chapel where Ida J.Williams became the bride of Peter L. Hoen. Soon afterwards, the newly-weds met with an

experience that would have detoured persons less dedicated. Peter received a letter from the conference president stating that since he had taken on a wife, he should engage in manual labor to support her, and that he must return his credentials to the office. Peter returned the credentials, then proceeded to Iowa where he later joined Elder Matteson at Spencer. Not until 1938, and a centinarian did Elder Hoen cease soul-winning labors.

William Shreve of Debello was not content to sit quietly with his new-found faith. He preached on his own until invited to join the conference force. Whenever an objection to keeping God's law was raised on the basis of Matt. 22:40, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets," Shreve would answer, "Then let it hang there, and don't try to tear it down."

As a member of the conference committee, Elder Shreve often voiced his feelings about debt, and advised shunning it as leprosy. He used his influence to keep the Madison Sanitarium operating in the black. After one term as conference president, he declined another because of a Sanitarium improvement plan which he felt would create a burden of debt for years to come.

"No, brethren," he responded. "I will not be party to a schism, but I will serve on the committee, if you wish, and help keep down the debts."

Malcolm N. Campbell, converted at 16 in Milwaukee, attended Battle Creek College, then returned to Wisconsin to labor for the next 16 years. Some of his activities at Pardeeville are revealed in a few excerpts from his diary:

"July 26, 1895. Friday. Distributed 'American Sentinal' in Wyocena. Placed one in every house in the village... Rode down to Bro. McQueens on my wheel in the evening.

"July 30, 1895. Tuesday. Dyed my blue pants black in the morning, ironed and pressed them... Made calls. In the evening spoke on the 'Coming of the Lord.'

"August 26, 1895. Monday. Took Arthur and his effects to Portage. Met Elmer there and we took a bath in Silver Lake. Elmer left at 3:50 for Battle Creek to attend college. He pays $75 and 4 hrs. work per day for his schooling this year. Arthur is going to canvass Portage for 'Glorious Appearing' and also 'Gospel Primer.'

"September 17, 1895. Rode on my bicycle to Beaver Dam, arriving there about 5 p.m. having delivered books on the way, and stopped over two hours with Mr. Daniels to convince him of his duty to keep Sabbath. He is a 'Welsh wiggler.' Punctured my back tire in about 20 places by riding over a fallen barb wire.

"October 23, 1895, Wednesday. Staid at Allen's all day studying for next Sabbath, also preparing a discourse on the Law. Helped clean out the cistern in the afternoon. Found a dead snake in it -- the drinking water cistern!!!

"November 24, 1895. Last session of the institute today... Conf. Com. voted to pay me $15 and accept me as a laborer.

"December 15, 1895. Spent today repairing my clothing for traveling during the Week of Prayer. Rebound my old cutaway coat and mended my old pants.

"December 18, 1895. Wednesday. Spent the day making a pair of dogskin gloves as I had nothing to wear on my hands at all. Studied in the evening for the Week of Prayer and packed up preparatory to starting on my appointments tomorrow."

In later years, Elder Campbell served as a pastor, and as a conference president, then became president of the North American Division.

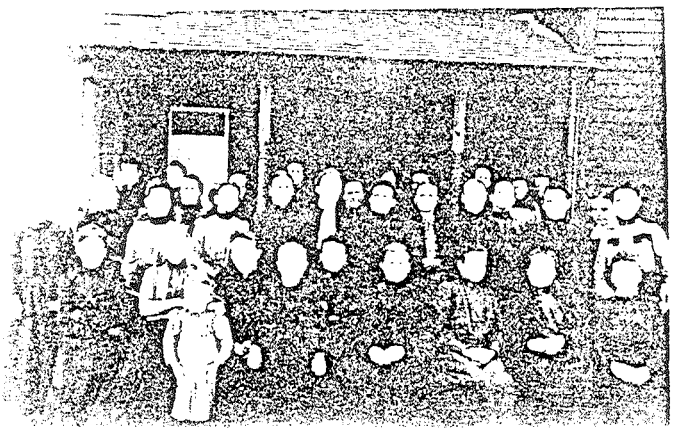
In important fields of evangelism, there was yet another very devoted group whose industry often went unnoticed, - the mothers in Israel. Gardening, marketing, making clothing, and training their children, yet there was always time to help a neighbor if sickness or misfortune struck. Ministers wives not only kept the home fires burning, but sometimes cut the wood. It was the missionary-minded sisters who originated the Tract & Missionary Society plan. In 1884, Elder Sanborn reported from Humbird that "a female prayer-meeting was to be established to be held weekly beside the weekly prayer meeting." [3]

Of great value in the total influence of the church was the spirit of neighborly concern expressed in Christian acts. When a newcomer entered the community, neighbors arranged work-bees for the erection of his house and barn. If sickness came, kind hands were ready to lift the burdens and give encouragement.

The mothers at Bethel were among the most energetic, and held regular "Mother's Meetings," forerunner of the Dorcas Society. While busy fingers sewed and mended, a profitable discussion centered on home life and child training. For lack of better facilities, one poor family lived for nearly a year in a tent. Beds for their children were packing crates filled with hay. Bethel mothers assisted many families that needed tuition money.

Luella Priddy of Mackford took a special interest in children who had been neglected, and were suffering from malnutrition.

Mothers Meeting at Bethel - 1906



Altogether, the Priddys took into their home and nursed back to health nearly 100 children. One little two-year old boy resembled a famine-sufferer of India. His front teeth were rotten to the jaw, his hair was shaved, and a court plaster covered a bedsore. Sister Priddy continues:

"We feared that he would die, but after he had been with us five days, there was a slight improvement... He grew into a rosy, healthy, dimpled-cheeked little lad, his head covered with a crop of golden brown curls, and with the exception of missing teeth, he was good to look upon. He took no medicine. His recovery was due entirely to being put under favorable living conditions, and to being fed on a diet adapted to his condition." [4]

Shortly before the turn of the century, Elder Jesse Beggs pitched his tent at Wisconsin Rapids, near the river and across from the Baker Street courthouse. The wife of blacksmith John Lambrecht attended regularly. Soon growling opposition came from her husband. He issued an ultimatum as he left for work one morning, "If you go once more, I'll come down and drag you out by the hair."

When he returned that evening, neither wife nor family were home. He went to the tent and found it full. Standing by the edge, he searched each row but couldn't spot his wife. He stood and listened to the preaching. Then from a point behind him came some praying words used in an unpraying way. There stood a group of roughs, and one of them continued, "When I give the signal, cut the ropes and I'll throw on the gas."

The blacksmith realized they were planning to set fire to the tent, and endanger the lives of all inside. As he started toward them, he stumbled over something. It was a loose tent stake. He picked it up and began to swing it as he walked.

"You clear out of here or I'll beat your heads in," he said.

There was no doubt but that he could, and the ruffians took off on the double. John stayed on through the sermon. At the close, his wife came to where he was standing. She had been sitting only a few feet away, yet he had not seen her. He didn't drag her home by the hair as he had threatened. He came with her every night after that, and both were baptized. After serving as elder of the Wisconsin Rapids church for several years, John moved to Bethel Academy so his children could attend.

When decisions for the Sabbath were few, evangelists would concentrate on local problems of intemperance with the hope to convert those who filled the still on Vinegar Hill, and slow the shipments from Barreltown. Tent meetings at Richland Center in 1894, brought few decisions for the Sabbath, but legions for temperance. The Center became a regular battleground between wets and drys. Indigenous drys so effectively campaigned against saloons that a local initiative in 1909, locked their doors. Constant vigilence kept them so tightly closed that even today there's no tavern in the town.

An outstanding and dedicated worker was Nels P. Neilsen who began his ministerial labors in 1894. His boyhood days were spent at Tustin. He pleasantly recalls his woodsy wanderings along trails decorated with violets, trilliums, and arbutus; how he and his sister Laura would fill their buckets with wild strawberries, blueberries, or cherries; how he would stake out the family cow in buttercup-dotted pastures. At the nearby dock on Lake Poygan was a daily boat to Oshkosh and Neenah. When camp meetings were held in the Lake Winnebago area, the family would take the boat down the Fox River, and connect with the train at Neenah for New London or Green Bay.

Nels' parents accepted the message of Elder Matteson in 1871. Other members of the family also entered church work. Elder N. P. Neilsen served as pastor, evangelist, and missionary secretary in Wisconsin until 1906, then pastored in South Dakota, New York, and Central California. After serving as president of Hutchinson Theological Seminary (1918-20), foreign mission service called him to Brazil as union president, then president of the division until 1941.

His writing talent became apparent while editor of the conference news weekly THE WISCONSIN REPORTER. Though strong as a promoter, he is remembered as a man of ever-thoughtful concern for those under him. His Christian spirit is revealed in his hundreds of articles in Adventist publications, and over 200 poems. His measurement of true worth and success is spelled out in an article entitled "True Greatness," a portion of which follows:

"There is a greatness that is greater than that of seeking to be great. It is the greatness of true humility. True greatness reveals itself in humble service forothers. it is reached by forgetting ourselves in loving ministry, that others be served.

"Christ is the example of true greatness. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. He did not seek to be great, but He sought to be a blessing to others...

"Only through humbleness of heart and forgetfulness of self in unstinted service for others can we attain to true greatness. There is no other way. This greatness brings joy to the heart and satisfaction to the soul as nothing else can, for it is a greatness that is far superior to that of seeking to be great."[5]

The call to far-off lands was being heard in many communities of the Badger State. Jacob Anderson and his brother Benjamin of Poy Sippi heeded the call to the Far East, and became the first church-commissioned missionaries to China. The General Conference passed a recommendation "that Jacob N. Anderson and wife of Wisconsin, be invited to make China their field of labor." Jacob's wife Emma was one of the Thompson girls of Mauston. Her sister Ida was under appointment to Brazil, but arrangements were made for her to join the Andersons in their

China mission, the Wisconsin Conference picking up the tab. On the last day of December, 1901, the fog lifted from San Francisco Bay to reveal the farewell waving of the Andersons and their four-year-old Stanley, China-bound on the "America Maru." Stanley spent the voyage in sick bay with the chickenpox and with Aunt Ida who was unable to acquire sea legs.

While the Andersons busied themselves in Canton, Sister Ida became deeply moved by the deplorable condition of the Chinese women, and set about establishing a girls' school. In a letter to Elder Covert she confided, "If there were only a small sum of money that could be used for the purpose, I certainly should undertake to open a girls' school."

From halfway around the world the reply hastened, "Go ahead and open a girls' school. Wisconsin will supply the means required for its maintenance."

Miss Thompson called the home, "Bethel Girls' School," namesake for Bethel Academy. Folks back home called it "our night school" because it operated while they slept. In addition to funds raised at Bethel, the Peter Peterson family of Poy Sippi responded generously, and wrote the General Conference in 1904:

"Last Sabbath, while reading the Review and Herald, we became much impressed by the stirring appeal from China. God has blessed us, and by hard work and economy we have saved up just a thousand dollars, which we have decided to give to this needy mission field... This is about all we own in this world, but we feel assured that God will provide the necessities for us as long as we are to stay here, so we give it cheerfully, and hope and pray that much good may come of it."[6]

For the first five years of its life, Bethel Girls' School was supported wholly by gifts from Wisconsin friends. Girls' School though it was called, had among its pupils mature women. One of the first enrollees was 60 years of age. After three years of isolated labors, the Andersons were joined by brother Benjamin and his wife Julia who served over 40 years in the China field.

Wisconsin evangelism entered the 20th century with little change. Pioneers Steward, Sanborn, and Ingraham had moved to other fields, but greybeards C.W.Olds, J.C.Neilsen, and J.B.Scott stayed by to give wise counsel to younger recruits. Some of the new workers were M.H.Serns, H.R.Johnson, E.F. Petersen, T.G.Lewis, W.W.Stebbins, and Byron Post. (Leston Post recalls the following incidents from his father's labors):

Elder Byron Post's tent meetings in Milwaukee in 1910, met strong opposition from a large Catholic segment who resented the pope being labeled "antichrist." When Post announced "The Mark of the Beast" as his next evening's topic, the city police offered him personal protection. While he spoke, two husky guards stood beside him, revolvers in hand, for several shotgun packing priests were pacing the perimeter to discourage their parishoners. One of Post's bodyguards was a Catholic,

and could scarcely restrain himself as the evangelist unfolded the prophetic "whodunit" from Daniel 7.

"How could you speak so unjustly about our mother church?" Post's guard asked as he walked him home.

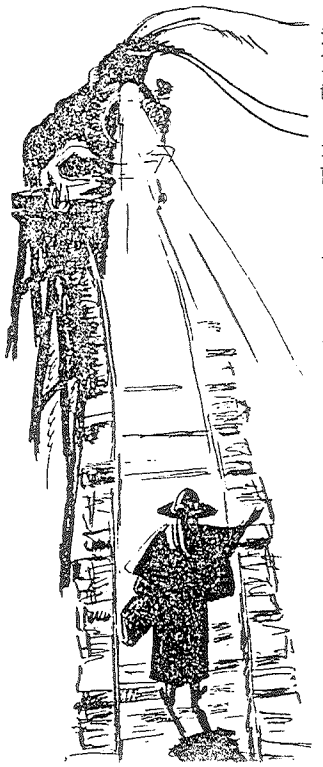
"But the facts of history cannot be denied, and must not be covered over," Post explained. "The light of prophecy and Bible truth is God-given for our day so we may choose intelligently whose teaching to follow."

As they neared his home, Post paused, "Just wait a moment, and we can continue our conversation."

After reassuring his apprehensive wife that all was well, he returned and accompanied the policeman on his nightly beat. It was a heavy Bible dose that Post gave him. Studies continued nightly, and soon the officer united with the Adventists.

Sometime later a young nun, Sister Marie, escaped from her convent and sought refuge with the Posts. Here she became firmly grounded in the Scriptures. But she dared not venture out-of-doors, for repeated movements in the bushes across the street, and reflections from field glasses gave evidence that the house was closely watched. She hoped to sometime reach relatives in Davenport, Iowa.

While her hair was growing out, the Posts thought of a plan. Every day Mrs. Post donned shawl and broadbrimmed hat to go shopping with her husband. No suspicion was aroused when weeks later Marie, in Mrs. Post's garb, accompanied Elder Post downtown to the train station.



From his meger salary Post had been laying aside ticket money, but at the depot he learned that he had only enough for a ticket to Rock Island, Illinois, ten miles short.

"Oh, I can make it the rest of the way on my own," said Marie. "Thank you from the bottom of my heart for all you've done."

When Marie's train reached Rock Island at 10:30 p.m., the depot was about to close for the night. The agent told her there would be no more rail traffic until morning, so Marie decided to walk along the tracks rather than wait all night at the dark station. Perhaps she could reach Davenport by morning. The railroad bed did not make for easy walking, but she stepped along lightly, happy in her freedom.

Two hours brought her to the Mississippi. It was spanned by a single trestle. There would be no more traffic the rest of the night, the agent had told her, so she started across, stepping carefully from tie to tie. Fifty feet below, the river flowed lazily on.

It was a dangerous undertaking, but now she was over halfway. Then she sensed a distant rumbling, and a light appeared. It was an unscheduled train from the Iowa side.

"Oh God!" she implored. "You have helped me to escape, and have saved me from error. You have led me this far. You must have a work for me to do. Save me, God! Save me now!"

The train shrieked, and its bright headlamp loomed larger. The trestle was quivvering. Then Marie seemed to feel arms about her. She was lifted up and safely away. As the train whizzed by, Marie noted two lighted cars, and observed the passengers, some reading, some dozing, and some eating a midnight snack. The train passed on, and Marie felt her feet once more upon the trestle.

"Thank you, God, for this miracle!" she wept.

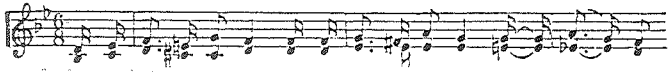
Marie reached Davenport and friends soon after daybreak. She then became a Bible instructor for the church.

In 1912, Elder P.C. Hanson teamed with Elder Post for a summer of tent meetings in northwestern Wisconsin. Tent, benches, platform boards, and other equipment had been sent by freight. Local clergy, learning of the coming meetings, thoroughly warned their flocks.

The car with the equipment arrived ahead of the preachers, and was shunted onto a siding and left sealed, awaiting payment of freight charges. Enemies learned of the car's contents and planned sabotage. Under cover of darkness they broke into the car, loaded the material onto a big hay wagon, then hurried to hide it. From farmer to farmer they went seeking permission to unload in a barn. But since no one wanted to be caught with "hot freight," by morning it had to be returned and reloaded in the freight car. It was just too good a story to be kept secret, and soon made the rounds of the town. When Post and Hanson arrived and set up the tent, they were astonished by the large crowds each evening. They were then told the "hot freight" story, how it had publicized their meetings over anything else.

During the summer of 1912, Elder L. E. Wellman pitched his tent at Baraboo, home of the Barnum-Bailey shows, not realizing that a circus would be in full swing only a few blocks away. The noise competition was too much. Not to be outdone, Wellman lifted up his trumpet and pressed full windpower into "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder." But the strain ruptured a blood vessel in his throat, and he had to cancel the meetings.

While Elder Wellman was recovering from his trumpeting accident, on the Door Peninsula a visiting minister was putting finishing touches on a gospel song which would soon become a favorite. Evangelist George Bennard was holding meetings in the Friends Church at Sturgeon Bay. The series begun in December finished in a blaze of glory in January when forty responded to an appeal. Bennard had just completed the final stanzas of "The Old Rugged Cross," and song director Edward



Mieras led the congregation in its singing. Soon it would be sung with deep meaning in churches throughout America.

Elder A. D. Bohn held meetings in Pardeeville and organized a church of 22 in 1922. Accompanying his series of meetings was a series of answered prayers. When he arrived in town, there was no way to get his tent and benches from the depot to the park where he planned to pitch camp. Scarcely had Elder Bohn finished his prayer for guidance when Thomas Vrandenberg and his son Clem stopped their team and offered to help. Not only did they haul the equipment with their wagon, but also stayed by and helped set it up. After the meetings closed, a church was organized and a church school begun.

Clem and his mother wished to join the church, but the father strongly opposed. Clem laid the matter before Elder Bohn who suggested they pray about it for a week, and then he would visit the father. When he told Mr. Vrandenberg they had been praying for his conversion, tears came to his eyes. Turning to his son he said, "Clem, if you love me that much, I'll be baptized, too.

The family was poor. There had been much sickness, and the father had been out of work for three years. They prayed for a farm, and a place was offered them rent free. They prayed for cows, chickens, and a horse. Every prayer was answered and they began to prosper. Clem was always glad he had offered to haul and pitch the gospel tent.

Visiting ministers usually found lodging in the homes of the members. It was considered a privilege to entertain them. The special meals and warm fellowship nurtured lasting family feeling. The Smith home at Poy Sippi was one of the "Adventist Hotels." Repeat guests included Professor Magan, Elder Hanson, and Elder McReynolds. When "Seventh-day" Smith died, his son Howard and wife Minnie inherited the tradition. If guests came by train, Howard saw them to the station with his Model T Ford truck, slow, rugged, but dependable transportation. Then one minister arrived when Howard was laid up with a broken leg.

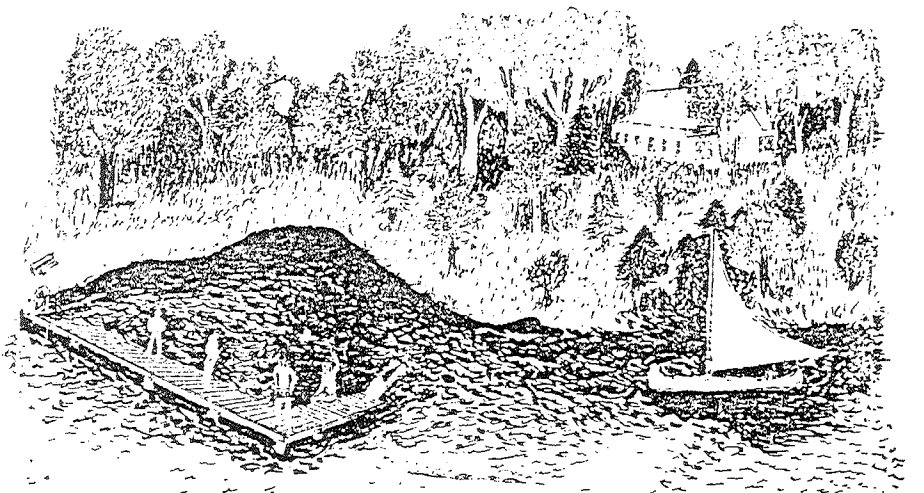
"Minnie will take you to the train," Howard explained.

Minnie, who had never driven on the road, made no comment. She planned to stay in the rutted tracks, so the discovery of a fresh layer of gravel did nothing for her feeling of competence.

They rode in silence. Minnie drove just fast enough to keep from getting stuck. If the preacher had any misgivings about his chauffeur, he gave no hint other than his frozen grip on the seat. Two hours and 18 miles later, Minnie stopped at the edge of Weyawega and suggested to her passenger that he might like to walk on to the depot. He seemed eager to do so.

"This was the first time I've driven on the road," she said, "and I was praying all the way."

"And so was I," he added.



17 - Wilderness Intrigue

The beauty of lakes and woods that allured the first settlers, still attracts city dwellers south of the border, and packs the freeways every summer weekend. Little wonder, for there are areas where the passing of a century has made little change. From the lake-dotted forests of the north, down through the scenic Lemonweir Valley and the rocky dells of the lower Wisconsin River with its picturesque formations, on south to the awesome upheavals surrounding Devil's Lake, the original image remains, save for man-made tourist attractions.

So vast were the virgin forests, travelers would sometimes lose their way. Early settlers solved the problem by horn-blowing. Folks back at the cabin would blow a horn at regular intervals throughout the day, and woodsmen also carried horns to give a location signal, a means of position-finding possibly more efficient than today's walkie-talkies.

The fauna and flora of Wisconsin are much the same as the pioneers knew. Here is a birdwatcher's paradise, for several major flyways traverse the state. Most unfortunate was the passing of the Passenger Pigeon with its gorgeous rose, green, and gold plummage. They once migrated in flocks like a giant river in the sky. The Indian writer Pokagon describes the senseless slaughter which led to their extinction:

"I saw one nesting place in Wisconsin one hundred miles long and from three to ten miles wide. Every tree, some of them quite low and scrubby, had from one to fifty nests on each. When the pigeon hunters attack the breeding places, they sometimes cut the timber from thousands of acres. Millions are caught in nets with salt or grain for bait, and schooners, sometimes loaded down with birds, are taken to New York, where they are sold for a cent apiece." [1]

For the Adventist church, the intrigue of the wilderness was closely connected with the eventual development of a program for its youth. Concern for the church young people was first in evidence when James White began an eight-page monthly, THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. But for decades following, little was done to organize youth potential. Meade MacGuire of Antigo recalls his teenage inspiration for a youth program:

"It was in 1891 that I was invited to attend two meetings of the Christian Endeavor Society of another church. I was thrilled and thought it would be wonderful to have a society like that in our church. I mentioned it, but some of the members were very opposed to any such thing. However, our old elder, Bro. Conner, was very sympathetic and told me if we wanted a young people's meeting, I could go ahead, and he would see that I had a chance.

"We had about 30 youth who came and we spent a little time with Bible study and then had a prayer and testimony meeting. We expected every member to pray and speak every time. If one missed, we felt very much upset those days and prayed earnestly for that one." [2]

Elder MacGuire assisted Elder M. E. Kern in general youth organization at Mt. Vernon, Ohio in 1907, and later became world youth leader for the church. From that early society at Antigo came another youth leader, Henry T. Elliott.

Conference sponsored youth camps had their beginning at Camp Silver Lake (Portage) in 1927. Elder T. S. Copeland was assisted by Elder A. W. Spalding and Harriet Holt. There were local spots of interest to visit and explore. On one hike led by Elder Copeland, the boys retraced the steps of early French explorers Louis Joliet and Jacques Marquette as they sought water passage to the West. Journeying by canoe from Quebec, they had paddled through the Great Lakes to Fort Howard, then followed the winding Fox River to a place where only a mile of land separated them from the Wisconsin River. After portage, they continued down the Mississippi to the Mexican Gulf. As the dozen junior boys hiked along the Joliet Trail, this story and numerous Indian tales were recounted. A special outing for the girls was a river steamer trip through the scenic narrows at the Dells, led by Mrs. Copeland, Misses Nelson and Turner.

During the 1940's, junior camps were held in a variety of locations such as Camp Bird in the colorful Crivitz area, and Camp Drummond on Pigeon Lake. In 1943, they met at Camp Onaway on an island in Waupaca's Chain-of-Lakes. This water-front encircled camp was shaded by huge Norway pines.

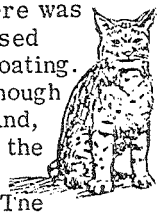
A fellowship for nature lovers was sponsored by the Youth Department in the 1950's when annual family camps were held in the Nicolet Forest near Eagle River. Here in the shadows of giant pines and basswoods, canvass shelters were erected. From all over the state they came, and from neighboring states, too. Adventist naturalist Ray Montgomery was a guest camper

and speaker. A continuous blazing campfire in the shelterhouse made for coziness and socializing. It was a popular spot on a rainy day, where everyone felt free to dry their bedding or cook their meals. Not until all had emerged from the woods for the evening sing could heads be counted, numbering as high as a hundred and fifty. Here they recounted the day's adventures and planned the morrow's activities.

The evening programs varied. Sometimes it was a rehearsal of a sidetrip to the MacArthur tree, huge giant of the virgin forest, or tales of an eagle's nest. The day was not complete without a concluding visit to the bear cafeteria (commonly known as the garbage dump).

Field trips would include a visit to Sam Campbell's Island, or an excursion to Porcupine Mountain. During the week, a dozen canoes led by Harvey Hanson would spend a day gliding through the famous Eagle River chain of lakes. What a real opportunity for families to become better acquainted with one another. Better yet the togetherness experienced within each family circle in this relaxed atmosphere amidst the beauty of lakes and forest trails.

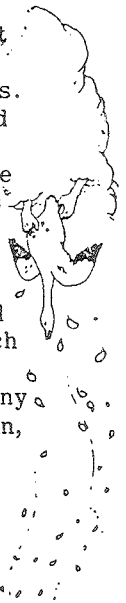
Serious investigation for a permanent campsite to meet all camping needs was begun by Harold Jewkes, youth leader in the 1950's. With others he searched many hundreds of miles by car, plane, and afoot. An eight-year search was rewarded when an ideal 200 acre site was located near Chetek. Here was rolling land covered with birch, pine, and oak, and blessed with three lakes, one fully adequate for swimming and boating. Committee members made a mid-winter exploration. Though some of the beauty was obscured by snow and howling wind, they were so impressed that during a hasty lunch beside the campfire, they reached unanimous agreement.



Volunteer camp developers appeared in early spring. The geese were honking their way northward, and the vireo was singing his melody with variations, while from trees and shrubs came the hum and buzz of woodland insects. The stillness of the first night was broken by the hooting of the Great Horned Owl, and the cry of a prowling wildcat."This spot outdoes my fondest expectations," declared naturalist Eva Brown.

- Don and Marvin start their campfire -

During camp development, Harold and Glenna Jewkes spent many days camping on the point where now stands the Staff Building. Scouting, hiking, and exploring were daily pleasures. In imagination they pictured the Dining Hall and Lodge erected on the bank overlooking Dead Goose Lake, a canoeing class being held in Canoe Bay, the speed boat towing skiers over the crystal waters, nature trails through the forest, and services of inspiration being held in the Cathedral-of-the-Birches.



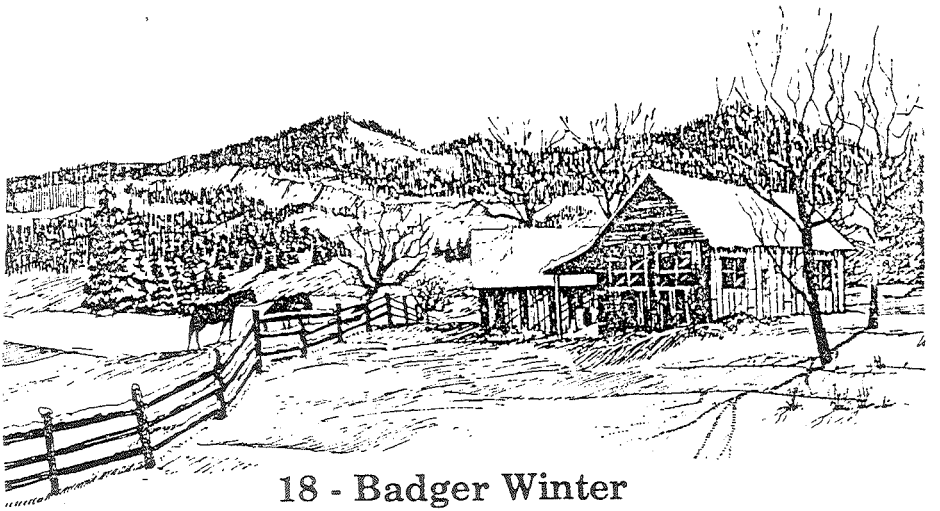
Since Dead Goose Lake lacked the desired title of euphony, Madison juniors came up with an Indian equivalent, and Camp Wahdoon was born. Every summer hundreds of juniors and youth would be able to tent in the woods where they might catch a glimpse of the Pileated Woodpecker, watch the tail-bobbing sandpiper on the beach, or simply relax and enjoy the symphony of the birds. After a day's activity at crafts and recreation fun, they could sit about the campfire where their joyful songs would be accented by the bullfrog's terse "Be drowned." All-year, all-family camping facilities were eventually provided so that the gorgeous fall colors would not go unappreciated, nor the beauty of snow-decked evergreens, and the sculpture of winter wonderland.

CAMP MEALS

I've eaten at banquets and dinners and such,
Where courses were served with an elegant touch,
Where all of the menu, from soup unto fish,
Supposedly answered man's hungriest wish.
But somehow or other, I'm here to declare
That none of this cookin' can hardly compare
With that which you eat at the end of a tramp
(I'm speakin' of meals that you eat at the camp).

If the very same vittles were served us at home,
We'd kick and we'd holler, we'd froth and we'd foam;
We'd turn up our noses in utter disgust -
But still at the camp we'll eat till we bust!
The Postum is sickly and muddy and flat,
The beans are too salty, but shucks, what o' that?
The spuds and the choplets, they usually burn,
But yet we insist they are done to a turn!

There's ants in the butter, and ants in the cream,
They hide in the sugar, - how tasty they seem!
They give it a flavor that's piquant and rich,
But see one at home, and they give us the itch.
There's something about it that's hard to explain;
But eaten in sunshine, or shadow or rain,
Whatever the weather, if sunny or damp,
They tickle the innards, - the meals at the camp.



18 - Badger Winter

Although the snowstorm had raged all Friday night, Deacon Dewayne Levens, faithful to duty, prepared to go and open up the church at Superior. The snowplow had not gone through, so he made the trip on snowshoes. Only one other person was there that Sabbath in 1947. Pastor John Boyd had come on skiis.

A century earlier, church attendance was rarely affected by winter storms, for no one had to depend on the snowplow. There were no dead-battery problems or sluggish engines. People traveled by horseback, sled, or cutter. A hard crust would sometimes form on the snow, enabling them to take a direct route over fields and fences. But with the advent of the horseless carriage, wheels became smaller and axles lower, making smooth pavements a must. Highway equipment and road improvement couldn't keep pace with the auto evolution. When Elder A. L. Beazley selected Washington Island for his home in 1924, he hadn't anticipated a coming winter that kept him snowbound for six weeks. Yet a half-century earlier, Elder Matteson held well-attended January meetings here.

The pioneers were well prepared for winter. By the time nature had tinted the maples in red and golden hues, deacons had filled the woodshed beside the meetinghouse. To the rear of the rural church stood a variety of other buildings, including a long barn for the many horses. Farm families took turns in providing fuel for the "hayburners" while their owners attended services. Lined up in front of the meetinghouse were rows of wagons and buggies, or, when the ground lay white, sleds and cutters with power supplies detached and sheltered.

Inside, a large, wood heating-stove transformed the chill winter air. Some families brought their own charcoal-burner foot-stoves to place under the pew. Mounted on the walls were

kerosene reflector-lamps, and in a front corner stood the pump organ. Surrounded by this coziness, the winter frost was for a time forgetten.

It was not unusual for evangelists to hold week-long revivals during January and February. Rarely did the rampages of the long, Badger winter affect the numbers of the faithful. Elder Sanborn wrote from Mackford in December, 1860: "From here we went to Rubicon, and found a few on their way to Mt. Zion. Here I stayed over Sabbath and First-day. Sabbath morning two sisters walked seven miles to the meeting, while the thermometer stood at 27 degrees below zero. This shows their love for the truth." [1]

One of the worst blizzards of the century swept across the state in January, 1873. The day had begun pleasant and mild. By mid-morning, many people were in the villages to do their trading. About noon, the storm struck savagely, stranding many as they hastened home. In the blinding whiteness, some even lost their way between farm buildings and froze to death. Evangelist David Downer was at Liberty Pole at the time, and had scheduled meetings for the Kickapoo Church. "While there," he wrote, "I was overtaken with the worst storm I ever witnessed. The hills were blown bare, but the snow in the valleys was from three to fifteen feet deep... January 8, I started through the drifts for the Kickapoo church, 12 miles distant. This church is in a deep valley filled with heavy timber, consequently the snow was not drifted there. I held meetings for one week." [2]

Shortly after this storm, the REVIEW carried a report from Elder Matteson. The severe weather had not cancelled his plans for a baptism following a series of meetings.

"The Lord favored us with mild weather after a very severe storm. Ten brethren and sisters came across the prairies, eight miles to be baptized. Three friends came afoot 15 miles to attend the meetings. The ice was about three feet thick, but after half a day's work, we obtained a suitable grave for baptism. Other things being arranged conveniently, all felt well physically as well as spiritually, after the baptism, although some were feeble persons. On Sunday, one brother came 10 miles to be baptized. After that we had a parting meeting, where most hearts were moved, and the blessed hope seemed good to these friends who, a short time before, had been without hope and faith in Christ." [3]

The practice of ice-breaking for winter baptisms prevailed in some areas on into the 20th century. As late as 1924, Poy Sippi members still held winter baptisms in the Pine River.

At Bethel, some who walked to church in wintertime would carry a rope. If a blinding storm struck, they would tie themselves together for a safe return. Sometimes all landmarks were obscured. It was almost "blind leading the blind," yet no storm would keep them from church.

It was a horse that taught one family the importance of church attendance. Although they had never missed before, a heavy Sabbath snow kept them home. About church time, they heard hoofbeats on the back porch. It was their horse Charley. He had chewed the rope, so he was promptly escorted to the barn. After the storm, some church folks stopped to see if anything was wrong.

"It was such a bad storm," Father explained.

"But Charley was there," they declared. "We saw him standing by the window, so expected you anytime."

"We'll never miss another service." Father vowed.

During the winter of 1865, L.G.Bostwick saved several days travel by taking the "Mississippi Highway" route. After a February series of meetings in the Wauzeka schoolhouse, he brought in the bridle of his faithful horse, warmed the bit over the stove, then set out for Durand, quickly covering 250 miles by cutter upon the frozen river ice.[4]

While the pioneers had no official weather forcasts, the weather-wise had a way of predicting storms. If the wind lay in the northeast, the snowfall would be a deep one. If it began about noon, you could be sure of a heavy snow. Some even claimed they could predict the number of snows by this rule: "Note the day the first snow falls, and to that add the age of the moon. The product will be the number of snows to come."

Joyously welcome was the first thunderclap in the spring, for this meant the long winter was almost over. The geese V's would soon be flying overhead, and chipmunks would scurry about. But travel was always much easier on frozen ground than after the winter had lost its grip.

The spring thaw gave rise to fun-spun settler tales such as the one Deacon Kenworthy says still circulates at LaFarge:

"As I was walking towards town, real careful like, along the edge of the road, I seen a hat in the middle, and it was movin' just a bit. I took me a long stick and reached for it, and what do ye suppose? A man was under it!

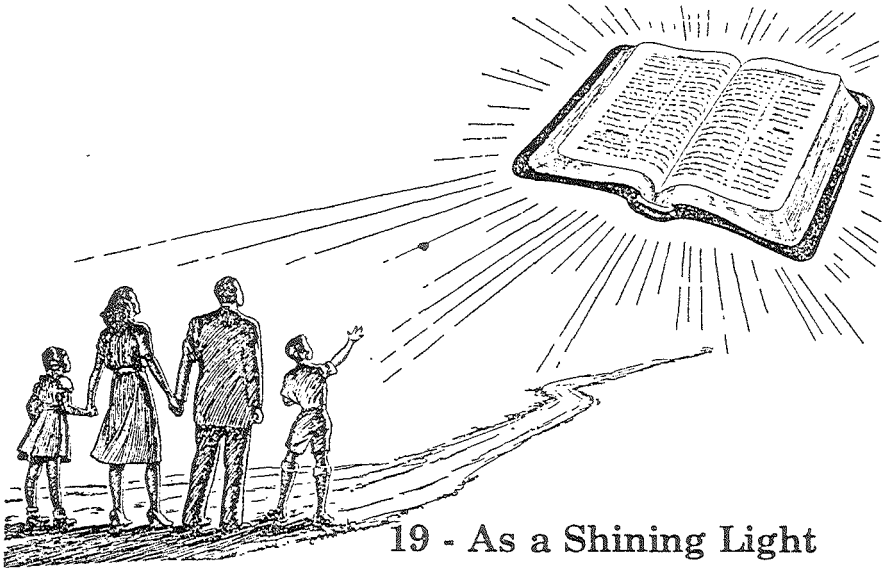
"'Take ahold this stick,' I says to him. 'I'll pull ye out.'

"'Never mind, thanks," he says. "We'll get out alright."

"'We? What do you mean?' I asked him.

"He says, 'You see, I'm riding a horse, and this horse has always gotten me out of the mud.'"

In the Cassville Sabbath School record book is this significant notation, "Not many at church today because of the mud."



19 - As a Shining Light

Since the Adventist pioneers came from such a wide spectrum of religious communions, it is not surprising that there existed some differences in doctrinal views. Emphasis was upon God's law, the true Sabbath, the soon coming of Jesus, and man's unconscious state in death. To these basic beliefs were added a sprinkling of the beastly figures of the Apocalypse. A week of lectures was often followed by a baptism. There was no public examination of candidates for there was no official statement of beliefs. There was actually no organized church to join. A self-appointed group of "traveling brethren," united by the Sabbath truth and the ADVENT REVIEW, were Elders Phelps, Steward, Waggoner, and Stephenson. In this chapter we shall examine the basic causes of the misunderstandings in the formative years.

The first major problem to arise was the Age-to-Come theory of Stephenson and Hall. In a personal encounter with Elder Bates at El Dorado, Hall taught that the earth would remain populated during the millennium, and man's probation continue; that Christ would set up His kingdom in Jerusalem, restore the Jews and convert the Gentiles. Bates countered this view saying that the seven last plagues would destroy civilization and desolate the earth. Before Bates could clarify his remark, Hall interrupted, "If the plagues destroy all human life, there will be no subjects left for Christ's kingdom." Hall then ridiculed many other teachings, particularly Rev. 12 and 13. The devastating effects of the Age-to-Come are summed up by Elder White:

"The dangers and sad results of introducing theories of the future in place of the present message are fully illustrated by the course of Elders Stephenson and Hall. Three years since they had the fellowship and sympathy of the church, Wisconsin was then a promising field of labor. Brn. Waggoner and Phelps

had traveled hundreds and probably thousands of miles on foot, and had faithfully sown the seeds of truth. It was springing up all around. At this point of time Stephenson and Hall professed the Sabbath without renouncing their views of the future age, but agreed to unite with us on the present truth. By this they obtained influence in the Review, which gave them influence among the brethren, and they immediately began to lead them step by step into the future age and away from the third message, until a large portion of those who kept the Sabbath in Wisconsin have turned from it, and these that remain, are in a scattered, discouraged condition. These are the results of leaving present truth. It is said of one who looked back into Sodom, 'Remember Lot's wife.' So may well be sounded in the ears of the escaping remnant, 'Remember Stephenson and Hall.'" [1]

Scarcely had the churches recovered when two more storms arose, stirred by Waterman Phelps and Solomon Wellcome. Phelp's stumbling block lay in his inflexible interpretation of the two-horned beast.

Pioneer Adventists puzzled long over the meaning of Rev. 13. Decades passed before agreement was reached. In 1842, Josiah Litch taught that the two-horned beast was Napoleon, only to renounce this view six years later because Napoleon failed to impose a mark.[2] Others taught that the two horns represented England and Scotland, or Scotland and Wales. But when the slavery issue became acute, it was suggested that the beast might find identity in the United States in view of the way the slaves were being treated.

Hiram Edson equated the horns with "civil and ecclesiastical power,"[3] Hiram Case went a step further and insisted that the horns were "Protestant churches and Republicanism."[4] Phelps was a convert of Case, and held tenaciously to this view. When Elder White began to urge the necessity of church organization, Phelps opposed for the following reasons:

"If the churches are the Babylon of Rev. 14:8, they are surely the harlot daughters of Rev. 17:5, and if so, what does their harlotry consist in? Does it consist of being incorporated by the government, and receiving the protection of the law, as Adventists have always believed and taught? If so, can we as a people do the same, and not become a member of the same great family, or become one of the harlots? For I do not understand there is any difference between the charter of the Seventh-day Adventists and any other sect in the land. If so, do we not then help make up that power which is symbolized by one of the horns of the two-horned beast?" [5]

Elder Phelps had failed to discern the real issue of church-state union, viz., the eventual enforcement of church dogma by civil power. Churches certainly had the right to hold title to property the same as individuals. Phelps also had the feeling that organization would inhibit his freedom to speak his con-

victions. His adamant stand led him to sever his connections with his brethren, and to drift off into fanaticism.

Simultaneous with the organization issue was an insidious form of ecstacism in the north. Solomon Wellcome, a former Methodist, was combining false sanctification with Sabbath teaching, which Sister White labeled "the most unreasonable, foolish, wild fanaticism that ever cursed Wisconsin." [6]

Methodism at that time taught that sanctification was a second work of grace, freeing the soul not only from sin itself, but from the root of sin. It was said to be instaneous, producing holiness, and accompanied by a joyful flight of feeling.

"A pure life, a pure heart, a thorough consecration of one's self to God and his service, as well as purification of the heart and soul, must be obtained. Hence sanctification in not a process like the growth of a tree or plant... It is the deepest work of the Spirit of God in cleansing the Adamic soul. We cannot grow into holiness any more than we can grow into regeneration. A man that is converted today, or justified, may be sanctified in the next hour." (Sermons of Bishop Holsey, p. 183)

In striking contrast to this view was Ellen White's definition sent to meet Wellcome's error:

"Sanctification is not the work of a moment, an hour, or a day. It is continual growth in grace... As long as Satan reigns we shall have self to subdue, besetments to overcome, and there is no stopping-place, there is no point to which we can come and say we have fully attained." [7]

Sanctification was the song of Solomon, and his churches were living high on sensational flights of feeling. About this time, Christian Ficker, a German emigrant, witnessed an ecstatic service in a country church in central Wisconsin. His observations give insight into this type of religious excitement:

"About four English miles from me there are many Methodists and in consequence also Methodist churches. In Germany I knew this sect only from hearsay and from books. Here, however, I had opportunity to observe their religious practices more closely, and I can affirm that it is hardly to be believed that a person of sound senses and mind could go so far astray...

"As I entered the church with my companions (about ten o'clock in the evening), we saw on a sort of long platform four so-called 'preachers' sitting or rather lolling as people do, especially in the saloons. The service began with a prayer which made very little sense, and was spoken by one of the four preachers in hollow, monotonous tones and with a fearful rolling of the eyes. Men and still more women kept time by clapping their hands which they stretched out before them or held above their heads and by hopping up from their seats and down again...

"The sermon was given without accent, quite monotonously, and without articulation. Now, however, someone begins to sigh here, now there - an 'Ah!' - an 'Oh, Oh!' escaped many a breast.

Ever more numerously and louder became those 'Ah's!' and 'Oh's!' till finally all quiet and order seemed to be broken up. I needed thirty eyes and ears in order to see all these gestures and hear all these pious groans. Here someone grasped the air as if he were trying to catch gnats or flies. There one kneeled before a pew and grasped underneath as if he would drag forth a dog that was mad... here one scratched on the walls as if he wanted to test the sharpness of his nails; a woman tore her hat from her head, threw it away and rumpled her hair... Several leaped from their seats, whirled around, hopped as high as they could, clapped their hands, etc... Here and there again one uttered merely the syllable 'Ji! Ji!' springing up from his seat each time as if a wasp had stung him... Here one ran forward and fell upon the floor and several danced about him as if they were possessed and cried out: 'The spirit has overcome him! He has received the Holy Spirit!...

"I will probably be charged with exaggeration but certainly not by those who ever had opportunity to attend a Methodist meeting in the country in America." [8]

Teaming with Elders T. M. Steward and P. S. Thurston, Elder Wellcome went from church to church. Two weekend conferences at Fish Lake in 1859, sparked wild-fire ecstacism that brought Elder White to Mauston the following year. Although White was able to check the fanaticism, not until three months later did Steward recognize the dangerous power behind the holiness excitement. Steward and Wellcome had held meetings at Portage. Although Steward was not present at the meeting he describes, it became evident to all that the ecstacism was not of heavenly origin. Steward renounced it in the REVIEW:

"A DELUSION CONFESSED - To all the dear saints scattered abroad: As the question has often been asked by my correspondents, 'What is the nature of the work at Muston?' I would now like to give you my views in regard to it. Further, I feel it my duty to do so; I feel I am fully prepared to do it; and my prayer is that the Lord will save us from all the delusions of Satan in these last days. You are well aware that the work had just begun when Bro. White was here, and of course I was not decided. I begged of those to let me alone until we had investigated the subject to our satisfaction...

"So I finally thought that I would let it develop itself, and I encouraged them to trust in the Lord, and submit to anything or see anything. I can see now where I was partially blinded to the visions for they did not relate them all...

"We had as we supposed many of the gifts. But I was not satisfied with the development of these gifts. But on the night of Jan. 2, while at Portage, it began to develop a new feature, and all that were together and under its influence completely lost control of themselves (or gave up to be controlled by the unseen power), and the scene that followed I cannot describe.

I was away at Cascade holding meetings, having left the day before. These scenes commenced at Bro. Billings, where there were present my wife, Sr. Kelley, and Bro. and Sr. Billings. These scenes continued until the evening after the Sabbath, when they became convinced that it was a delusion. And now we are unanimous in pronuncing it the work of the enemy. We fully and freely denounce it. I love the truths of the third angel's message as ever, and I intend to advocate it to the world. Brethren, beware of the strong delusions of these last days!...

T. M. Steward, Kingston, Wis. Jan. 10th 1861.

JAMES WHITE MAKES A SIGNIFICANT OBSERVATION

"REMARKS - It is no small thing to fall under the strong delusions of Satan, especially when persons have exercises controlling body and mind, which they regard as the power of the Holy Spirit. Such lose their balance. They lose their judgment in spiritual things, which they seldom ever recover...

"God does not leave His people to the deceptive power of Satan for nothing. There is a cause. That cause should be sought for with the deepest feelings of humiliation, lest a second delusion follow worse than the first. Satan's great object in this delusion in Northern Wisconsin has doubtless been to bring the subject of spiritual gifts into disgrace. One extreme is usually followed by another. And we shall be greatly disappointed if we do not find those who have been under the spirit of error and fanaticism, giving up the subject of spiritual gifts altogether, which error would be more fatal than the first." [9]

Elder White's surmise proved true. The holiness confusion and false claim of spiritual gifts began to raise doubts about true spiritual gifts being within the church. Did Mrs. White really have the gift of prophecy? Unfounded accusations against her were circulated. Concerned brethren in Battle Creek began to labor with the doubting Thomases. Wrote J. N. Andrews:

"I have learned from Bro. T. M. Steward that certain Adventist ministers in Wisconsin are making the statement that in Sister White's earlier visions she saw that the dead are in a conscious state; and that she brought back messages from the departed to their friends still living. I have had a personal acquaintence with Sr. White for more than 22 years and have had an accurate knowledge of nearly every vision. This is especially true of her earlier visions. I am therefore prepared to bear testimony in this case and do hereby state most explicitly and unqualifiedly that the above assertions put forth against Sr. White are without the slightest foundation of truth..." [10]

The problem was a serious one. The Wisconsin Conference Committee had compiled a list of seven questions for Sr. White to answer, questions that gave evidence of general disbelief, even among the leaders. Most of their doubts were based on surmise and rumor. The questions dealt primarily with dress, health, and recreation. Sister White's clear answers appeared

in the REVIEW (Oct. 8, 1867). Here are two examples:

"QUESTION - Does not the practice of the sisters in wearing their dresses nine inches from the floor contradict Testimony No. 11 which says they should reach somewhat below the top of a lady's gaiter boot? Does it not contradict Testimony No. 10 which says they should clear the filth of the streets an inch or two without being raised by the hand?

"ANSWER - The proper distance from the bottom of the dress to the floor was not given to me in inches. Neither was I shown ladies' gaiter boots; but three companies of females passed before me, with their dresses as follows with respect to length:

"The first were of fashionable length, burdening the limbs, impeding the step, and sweeping the street and gathering its filth; the evil results of which I have fully stated. This class, who were slaves to fashion, appeared feeble and languid.

"The dress of the second class which passed before me was in many respects as it should be. The limbs were well clad. They were free from the burdens which the tyrant Fashion had imposed upon the first class; but had gone to that extreme in the short dress so as to disgust and prejudice good people, and destroy in a great measure their own influence...

"A third class passed before me with cheerful countenances, and free elastic step. Their dress was the length I have described as proper, modest, and healthful. It cleared the filth of the street and sidewalk a few inches under all circumstances, such as ascending and descending steps, etc.

"As I have before stated, the length was not given me in inches, and I was not shown a lady's boot. And here I will state that although I am as dependent upon the Spirit of the Lord in writing my views as I am in receiving them, yet the words I employ in describing what I have seen are my own, unless they be those spoken to me by an angel, which I always enclose in marks of quotation. As I wrote upon the subject of dress, the view of those three companies revived in my mind as plain as when I was viewing them in vision; but I was left to describe the length of the proper dress in my own language the best I could, which I have done by stating that the bottom of the dress should reach near the top of a lady's boot, which would be necessary in order to clear the filth of the streets under the circumstances before named...

"QUESTION - Shall we understand by what you have said in your testimonies in favor of recreation, that you approbate such vain amusements as chess, checkers, charades, backgammon, hunt-the-whistle, and blind-man's bluff?

"It is generally reported in this conference that you have taken an interest in the amusements which have been practiced at the Health Institute at Battle Creek, that you play checkers, and carry a checker-board with you as you visit the brethren from place to place. I. Sanborn, H. C. Blanchard, R. F. Andrews. - Conf. Com."

"ANSWER - Since I have professed to be a follower of Christ at the age of twelve years, I have not engaged in any such simple plays and amusements as named above. Neither have I at any time given my influence in their favor. I do not know how to play at checkers, chess, back-gammon, fox-and-geese, or any thing of the kind. I have spoken in favor of recreation, but have ever stood in doubt of the amusements introduced at the Institute at Battle Creek, and have stated my objections to the physicians and directors, and others in conversation with them, and by numerous letters.

"On pages 24-26 of Testimony No. 12, I have spoken of 'Recreation for Christians,' as follows -

"I was shown that Sabbath-keepers as a people labor too hard without allowing themselves change, or periods of rest. Recreation is needful to those engaged in physical labor, yet still more essential for those whose labors are principally mental.

"I was shown that it is not essential to our salvation, nor for the glory of God, for us to keep the mind laboring, even upon religious themes, constantly and excessively...

"Let families unite together and leave their occupations which have taxed them physically and mentally, and make an excursion out of the cities and villages a few miles into the country, by the side of a fine lake, or in a nice grove, where the scenery of nature is beautiful. They should provide themselves with plain, hygenic food, and spread their table under the shade of a tree, and under the canopy of heaven, provided with the very best of fruits and grains. The ride, the exercise, and the scenery, will quicken the appetite, and they can come around a repast which kings will envy.

"Parents and children on such occasions should feel as free as the air from care, labors and perplexities. Parents should become children with their children, making it as happy as possible for them. Let the whole day be given to recreation. Exercise of the muscles in the open air, for those whose employment has been within doors and sedentary, will be beneficial to health. All who can should feel it a duty resting upon them to pursue this course. Nothing will be lost but much gained. They can return to their occupations with new life, and new courage to engage in their labor with new zeal. And such have gained much, for they are better prepared to resist disease..."

Just what it took to convince the brethren is not clear. Three years later, however, the situation was beginning to improve. At a conference in Nora, Ill. in June, 1870, the gift of prophecy was made a special study, and a statement of confidence was issued at the close by Elders Sanborn and Andrews.

"Resolved: That we hereby express our gratitude to God for the gift of prophecy, which He has placed in the church as a means of correcting faults and evils in the church, and of calling our attention more perfectly to the true character of the work of preparation for the Judgment."

Although this statement of confidence was issued with the hope of reestablishing faith in the gift of prophecy, the former doubts and criticisms had left a blighting influence upon the laity. Then there were unnecessary problems which arose because of man-made doctrines. Strong-minded individualists were as much as saying, "Thus saith the Lord" when the Lord had not spoken. Extreme views were taken regarding the communion cup. In some churches the single chalice for communion wine was a tradition considered sacred on the basis that Jesus blessed the "cup" (singular). They failed to comprehend that the sacred symbol was the contents rather than the container. It took a century before all churches were willing to concede that the chalice was not blessed with antiseptic powers, and for sanitary reasons should be replaced with individual cups.

Nor were matrimonial matters safe from man-made doctrine. As late as 1910, courtship was frowned upon and marriage discouraged "in view of the nearness of the end." Some of the more conscientious young people took the matter very seriously. The "conscientious cooperators" who elected to remain blessedly single, lived to see their "wayward" friends become parents and grandparents of missionary nurses, doctors, and teachers. All this because self-appointed expositors had gone beyond the counsel of the Lord, and had spoken without Biblical authority.

During the formative years, little emphasis was given to the principles of healthful living. There were times when a brother called upon to offer prayer, would remove a cud of tabacco from his mouth, set it on the floor, and after prayer would return to his pew, and also to the cud of tobacco. But as more light revealed the relationship between health and spirituality, harmful habits were discarded as incompatible with a blameless "spirit, soul, and body."

In the southern portion of the state, the raising of hogs and tobacco was a lucrative source of farm income. When a man wished to unite with the church, he must make a decision against them. For quite some time the use of tobacco was the greatest single cause of church discipline.

The swine problem presented itself to the Bethel Academy administration. Several students were having their expenses met with income from the sale of pigs. "Can we accept the price of a pig in payment for Christian education?" was a question they found difficult to resolve.

For many decades, an erroneous view of the Trinity went unchallenged. Prominent with the Arian concept was Elder J. H. Waggoner, who taught that Christ was subordinate to the Father, (THE ATONEMENT, 1884 ed. p. 153). Uriah Smith's DANIEL AND REVELATION perpetuated the same view until its revision in 1944. Why was it that such outstanding scholars failed to grasp the equality of the Trinity? A possible clue is seen in Waggoner's FROM EDEN TO EDEN (1888):

"But the Church of Rome was a representative of the Trinitarian faith. This faith was indorsed by the Council of Nice, where the primacy was conferred upon the bishop of Rome. This forever bound the bishop of that see to that faith. The primacy and the doctrine of the Trinity were inseparable."[11]

Since the fallacy in Arianism was not readily apparent, J. H. Waggoner may have felt that the Athanasian position, equality of Diety, was just another error of Rome to be shunned. Neither Waggoner nor Smith ever fully understood the exalted position of Jesus Christ. The truth remained for presentation at the memorable Minneapolis Conference of 1888.

Ellet J. Waggoner, son of pioneer Joseph Waggoner, was born at Baraboo, Wisconsin, in 1855. As the father shared with his family the inspiration of God's providences in his ministry, Ellet's heart was aroused to similiar adventure for God. Yet a second ambition gripped his soul, to become a physician. He studied at Battle Creek College, and also at Bellevue Medical College in New York, from which he obtained a degree. For a few years he served on the staff of Battle Creek Sanitarium. But with his heart more in evangelism, he left the practice of medicine to become co-editor of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, 1884. (Published at Oakland, Cal. A. T. Jones, editor.)

At the Minneapolis Conference, Waggoner and Jones united in presenting the Bible truth of righteousness by faith. The fruitage of these messages was seen in revival and reformation throughout Adventism. In retrospect, Ellen White wrote:

"The Lord in His great mercy sent a most prescious message to His people through Elders Waggoner and Jones. The message was to bring more prominently before the world the uplifted Saviour, the sacrifice for the sins of the whole world. It presented justification through faith in the Surety; it invited the people to receive the righteousness of Christ, which is made manifest in obedience to all the commandments of God. Many had lost sight of Jesus. They needed to have their eyes directed to His divine person, His merits, and His changeless love for the human family... This is the message that God commanded to be given to the world. It is the third angel's message which is to be proclaimed... in clear and distinct tones, that the world should no longer say that Seventh-day Adventists talk the law, the law, but do not teach or believe in Christ:" [12]

Many delegates had come to the conference anticipating a rousing debate. Two years earlier, O. A. Johnson had written an article for the REVIEW in which he said that the law in Galatians was the ceremonial.[13] E. J. Waggoner countered through the SIGNS that the law in Galatians is the moral law. The [14] differences of view had divided the ministry.

Preceeding the main conference was a week-long Bible conference to which Waggoner had come to present his study on Galatians. General Conference President George I. Butler was

unable to attend due to illness but, deeply apprehensive, had sent letters and telegrams ahead urging the brethren to "stand by the old landmarks." As it was, few were ready to accept anything new, especially from a younger man.(E.J.W. was 33)

Under debate also at the pre-session was the identity of the horns of Daniel 7. In his THOUGHTS ON DANIEL, Uriah Smith listed the Huns as one of the ten kingsoms. A. T. Jones had also made a thorough study of the prophecy, and contended for the Alemani in place of the Huns. Debates were many and heated. Ministers passing in the halls greeted one another with, "Are you a Hun or an Alemani?" Lewis Johnson when asked about the horns commented, "I wish there were no horns," and Ellen White was heard to wearily reply, "There are too many horns."

Some wished the debates continued in the main conference. A blackboard was brought into the hall and lettered with opposing resolutions about the Galatian law, and Waggoner was expected to sign his name. He refused, explaining that he had not come to debate, and that righteousness is not by either law, but by faith alone. R. M. Kilgore of the General Conference was afraid of the subject to be presented, and moved that Waggoner hold off until Elder Butler could be present. Sister White then took the floor and stated that the Lord did not want His work to wait for Elder Butler, and that Waggoner should proceed. The air was tense as Waggoner began:

"In the first verse of the third chapter of Hebrews we have an exhortation which comprehends all the injunctions given to the Christian. It is this: 'Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus.' To do this as the Bible enjoins, to consider Christ continually, and intelligently, just as He is, will transform one into a perfect Christian, for 'by beholding we become changed.'...It is putting the case altogether too tamely, to say that the Bible warrants us in keeping Christ and Him alone, continually before the people; it commands us to do so, and gives us no liberty to do anything else. His name is the only name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved."[15]

Waggoner then proceeded to show from Scripture that Christ was not a created being, but One equal with the Father from times eternal; that He has "Life in Himself," and "possesses immortality in His own right," quoting Col. 1:15; 2:9, and other supporting texts.

"No matter how diligently nor how zealously a man works," he continued, "nothing that he can do will meet the full measure of the law's demands. It is too high for him to attain to; he cannot obtain righteousness by the law, 'By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified (made righteous) in His sight. What a deplorable condition! We must have the righteousness of the law, or we cannot enter heaven; and yet the law has no

righteousness for one of us. It will not yield to our most persistent and energetic efforts the smallest portion of that holiness without which no man can see the Lord... We must remember that Christ accepts us not for our sake, but for His own sake; not because we are perfect, but that in Him we may go on to perfection."[16]

Some felt deeply moved and refreshed. Others were not at all certain. A few stoutly opposed. It was painful to admit that they had been in error. That Christ was everything, and man's attainment nothing, struck directly across the human desire for worthiness and recognition. Even men highly respected for their age and experience had been on the wrong side of the fence.

While a few remained hostile and unbending, others experienced genuine conversion. Elder C.C. McReynolds had come with his mind biased against Waggoner, but as he listened, his prejudice was broken down. He saw himself as another sinner in need of Jesus. One afternoon he went to the woods at the edge of town, and on his knees found Christ as His personal Saviour. When he related the experience to Sister White, she commented, "That has the true ring."[17]

For years Adventist ministers had battled against prejudice and error. As debaters they were unsurpassed, Many joined the church because of their convincing arguments. But cold intellectualism had obscured Christ. To most front-line debaters experienced in "lawfare," the truth that righteousness was altogether by faith came as an uncomfortable awakening.

Ellen White gave support to the imperative of doctrinal re-evaluation during her series of morning devotional talks. On Wednesday, October 24, she said, "God did not raise me up to come across the plains to speak to you and you sit here and question His message whether Sister White is the same as she used to be in years gone by... I have seen that precious souls who would have embraced the truth have been turned from it, because of the manner in which the truth has been handled. Because Jesus was not in it. And this is what I have been pleading with you all the time, - we want Jesus!"[18]

The messages of the Minneapolis Conference restored two fundamental truths: (1) that Jesus is equal with the Father, His life underived; (2) that justification is by faith alone in Christ. The first was essential to the second, for a created Christ could not have paid the penalty for transgression of divine law.

Elder J. W. Westphal of Plainfield, Wisconsin, returned to share with his churches the wonderful inspiration of the Christ-filled messages. One of his members, W. H. Thurston, was so impressed that he sold his farm, took up canvassing, and was later ordained to the ministry. Revivals spread to churches throughout the country as both ministry and laity experienced a new revelation of Jesus. The glow of rediscovered Biblical truth was a shining light leading to the perfect day.

O. A. JOHNSON

N. P. NEILSEN

20 - Providences Along the Way

"What would you think if I bought an automobile?" asked seventy-year-old Peter Hanson.

Elder L. H. Christian smiled as he replied, "If you get a car, get life insurance, too."

Elder Hanson did buy a car and learned to drive it. After he had worn out his first, the Overland Company learned of his faithful circuit-riding and made him a gift of a sedan.

One autumn day in 1925, he was returning for an evening Bible study after a day of visiting. Time was running short, so he chose a logging road that would save him several miles. Above the rumble of the wheels on the washboard road, his strong voice carried over the prairies a song that was in his heart.

"He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
What'ere I do, where'ere I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

The rumbling ceased and the engine began to labor, yet the car was slowing down. The wheels were slipping in mud caused by a recent rain. Farther ahead it was worse, but there was no way to turn around. His little car came to a complete stop in mud to the running board, then tipped to one side, Elder Hanson got out to find a fence rail he could prop against the car. It was so thoroughly bogged down that nothing but a team of horses could pull it out. He scanned the prairies in every direction. No one was in sight. He couldn't remember having passed a house in miles. He would walk ahead to find help.

"Lord," he prayed, "Here's this important study tonight about the Sabbath question, and the people have invited their minister to join in. Please help me to be there on time so I can uphold the truth."

"We'll go behind and push."

When he returned with the prop, he was surprised to see two men standing beside the car. One was dressed in overalls, and the other in a business suit.

"Can we help you?" they asked.

"It's useless to try to push it out," Hanson replied, "but if you can tell me where I can find a team . . ."

"You start the car, and we'll go behind and push," they said.

The little car was so deep in mud that Hanson couldn't get to the crank, so setting the gas and spark levers, he sprawled out over the hood, reached down for the crank and gave it a quick pull. The engine responded. Now to try getting out while the men pushed. But then, it would be useless. He had told them that. Back at the wheel, he was amazed at how quickly he gained solid ground. It felt as though the car had been lifted out. The wheels had not spun. It was like driving on a pavement. He drove ahead a few rods to be sure, then stopped to thank the men who had helped him.

There was no one around. There was no sound but the song of the meadowlark. He could see for nearly a mile across the prairies. He walked slowly back to the spot where his car had been. Yes, there was the clear imprint where it had rested, and there were his own footprints, but no others. With a prayer of thankfulness he returned to the car. He felt no longer alone.

"Now, just which one was my guardian angel?" he pondered.

Sid Fraser, a neighbor to Carl Stern of Underhill, like to discuss Bible so long as no one got too serious about it. Learning that Adventists pay tithe, he questioned, "But how can you afford it?"

Mrs. Stern explained to him the blessings from tithe-paying, and read the promise of Malachi, "I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes." Sid just shook his head in unbelief.

When the wheat crop headed out that summer, it was a prize yield. About a week before harvest, army worms descended from the southwest, laying waste every field in their path. One late afternoon the Sterns saw Sid walking through his wheatfield. Behind him was darkening devestation. Despondency was etched upon his face.

"It's useless," he said, shaking his head. "And here this crop was to be my next year's food. You've been telling me about this tithe promise in the Bible. Let's see if it really works."

The Sterns replied, "If God chooses to spare our wheat, we will praise His name. If He does not choose to spare it, we'll continue to trust Him anyway." They returned to their homes, Sid in despair, and the Sterns to claim God's promise.

Next morning the answer was clearly in evidence by the contrasting colors of the adjacent fields. Sid's field was devoid of every green thing. The caterpillers had come on through the fence and even eaten any soft wood on the rails. They devoured every blade of grass up to the dead furrow, and also a dozen stalks of Stern's wheat. Here they were halted by an Unseen Hand. Not only stopped, they were nowhere to be found. They had completely disappeared from existence at this point, never to reappear. God had kept His word.

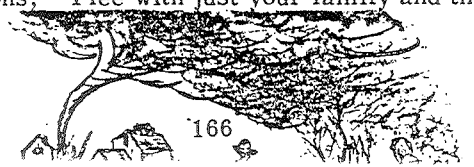
In the community of Couillardville, southwest of Oconto, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wise were tenant laborers on the Ritter Ranch. When Elders Bourdeau and Loughborough held a series of meetings in Oconto, the Wise family attended. Although his wife accepted, Charles was not fully decided. One night soon after retiring, Mrs. Wise had a frightening dream from which she soon awakened and told her husband.

"I dreamed we were out working in the field. The sky became dark, and a strange funnel-shaped cloud appeared. Then an angel spoke to me, "Take your family and go to a rise of ground yonder, and there you will be safe. Flee with just your family and the clothes you have on." We did as we were directed, and the storm became so black we could not see anything. I heard a very loud crash, then awakened, happy to find myself in my own bed."

Charles told her to forget the dream and stop worrying, but it had made a deep impression, and she related it again at the breakfast table. Mr. Ritter was not a bit understanding, and remarked to Charles, "Her new religion, and now this dream. I think your wife needs to be put away."

July 7, 1877, was a hot, humid Saturday. An afternoon thunderstorm was approaching from the southwest, but work went on as usual. Then a second storm came from a more northerly angle, traveling on a collision course with the first one. Darkness signeled the cows from the pasture, so Charles began the evening chores. Mrs. Wise explained to her husband that this was the storm of her dream. He just smiled and told her to find shelter if she wished, but he would continue with the milking. Her older son William stayed behind to help.

Taking with her Etta, Herman, and baby Theodore, Mother Wise hurried to the place of refuge. She thought of a package of bright-colored cloth she had just purchased to make a dress. But, no, she would not return to the house. She remembered the instructions, "Flee with just your family and the clothes you have on."

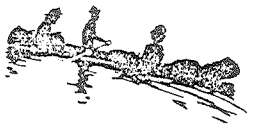


She looked toward the barn in time to see William picked up by the wind and carried a hundred feet in her direction. Her husband was running toward him. Soon all reached the spot to which she had been directed in the dream, an uprooted stump surrounded by alder brush. Here they huddled and prayed.

The fury of the storm snatched some of the clothing from their backs. When it had passed, they returned to where the farm buildings had stood. They were totally demolished. The cow Mr. Wise had been milking was blown against the pump and killed. Mr. Ritter was found in a creek bed a mile away suffering a broken hip from which he never recovered. Mrs. Wise could not locate the package of material for her new dress, but among the possessions scattered over the yard was an earthern butter jar she had brought from Germany, now prized by her granddaughter, Hazel Niquette.

"Truly your dream was sent by the Lord, and we are spared," her husband observed.

Charles soon joined her in the Adventist faith, and became a colporteur–evangelist. The storm from which they were saved is known in history as the Pensaukee Tornado because of the near total destruction it caused in this bayshore community.



It was frightening enough to have the lake ice freeze around the canoe, but to be surrounded by wolves was a terrifying experience. When Martin Gillen on the north shore of Tenderfoot Lake needed a winter supply of wood, Ed Lachance and John Barrett came to his aid. It would take several weeks to do the job, so Ed's new bride, Alice, went along to cook for them. A sudden cold wave the first of November prompted a decision at the dinner table. They would leave the next day before the lakes froze over.

It took till noon to put the cabin in order, and pack the gear into the canoe. They paddled across Tenderfoot Lake and down the river. As they entered Palmer Lake, ice began to freeze around them. Realizing that the sharp edges could rupture the canoe, they headed for shore. Perhaps Big Lake would be open. It would mean a mile portage, but they would try. It was slow going with all that gear to carry. When they reached Big Lake, it was frozen over, too.

They decided to store the canoe in Lundberg's boat house and follow a trail through the thick woods. It could scarcely be called a trail. There was brush and fallen logs to negotiate as they hunted for blazed trees a hundred feet apart. They stopped for a short rest and sandwiches Alice had prepared.

It was beginning to get quite dark, but John thought they could find their way with torches. They found cedar sticks, lit them and started on. The torches soon failed, and it became so dark they could no longer see one another. They heard the howl of a nearby timber wolf, and another, and then another. They were being surrounded.

"Quick, build a fire!" John directed.

Ed felt about for a white birch. Its papery bark would be good for tinder. A birch was right beside him. Fortunately, Alice had a few matches in her pocket. The newlyweds scrounged for dry twigs as John put his gun together. The fire was soon blazing brightly, and the wolves howling lustily.

"I'll scatter them." John said, raising his rifle.

"No! Don't shoot!" Alice warned. "There are only two shells left, and we may need them before morning."

The howling of the wolves reached such a crescendo that the travelers could scarcely hear one another. Till midnight they chorused, then all was quiet. But an occasional cracking of twigs told them they were still very much beseiged. Keeping the fire going meant searching for wood at greater and still greater distances from the security of their circle. At times they saw fleeting reflections from glistening eyes.

About an hour before dawn, the wolf chorus revived. Then as daylight filtered through the trees, the wolves, growling and snapping at each other, began to leave. The travelers roused and looked about their haunting encampment. Daylight revealed a remarkable evidence of God's guiding hand. The birch tree beside which they had camped, and which may have saved their lives, was the only one in that part of the woods.

Nothing left but the insurance? It was just a pile of scrap after the train hit it. The Pipers of Suring with their three-year-old son were on their way to the Lena church one Sabbath in the fall of 1925. Buildings in town near the railroad tracks obscured their view of a switch engine until it was too late. The little car, twice hit by the engine, was demolished. The train crew hurried to the mangled heap scarcely hoping to find life, but all occupants emerged unharmed. A crowd gathered about seeking the answer as Brother Piper searched the wreckage.

"I've found it!" he exclaimed. "Here is the secret of our marvelous deliverance." Brushing the dirt from his Bible, he held it up for all to see. "And here is the mission money which I was carrying to the church treasury this morning. We are Seventh-day Adventist Christians, and the God we serve has protected us."

The extemporary sermonette left a profound impression upon the hastily-formed congregation beside the railroad tracks. [1]

It was hard to believe their eyes, but folks in the Iron Range agreed that it was nothing short of a miracle. Sabbath morning, Oct. 10, 1918, dawned as just another beautiful autumn day. There had been no rain for several weeks, and the vegetation was extremely dry. Soon the heavens began to take on a copper hue, then it grew so dark that lamps had to be lighted in the homes. A wind arose and quickly reached tornado velocity as lashing tongues of fire savagely trapped and devoured whole villages Over 1,000 persons were burned to death, and 14,000 were left homeless.

The elder of a small Adventist church there, a prosperous farmer, lived in the direct path of the fire. When he saw the fire coming, he called his family together for prayer. While they prayed, the flames parted around their home. There were stacks of hay and straw near the house. Huge airborne torches were dropping everywhere, yet none caused damage to his place. The newspapers called it a miracle, and everyone knew it was so, when they came to see the little unseared island in an ocean of blackened ruin. [2]

Emanuel Remsen

It was a futile search when Emanuel Remsen tried to find a house to rent in Madison after World War I. The overpopulation of the area had created a critical housing shortage. Remsen had been called to serve as publishing secretary, but there was simply no house to be had for his family.

A conference committee member suggested he try the little town of Shennington, 70 miles north, for there were "several empty houses there," and also a church school for his children. Remsen found a suitable dwelling here, and had his household goods shipped by freight. The landlord said, "No hurry about the rent. Just pay after you're settled."

Remsen arrived with his family and went to get the key. "I'm very sorry," explained the owner, "but I had such a good offer, I sold the house."

With the aid of Brother Cady, another place was found, but the owner lived 200 miles away at Racine. Undaunted, Remsen took the train and arrived at his home in late evening.

"My husband is in bed," Mrs. Johnson said, "and besides, we don't care to rent the house."

Just then her son standing nearby invited Remsen in to warm himself while he called his father. The aged man listened attentively as Elder Remsen explained his work as supervisor of colporteur evangelists, and his dire need of a place to live.

"What's your first name?" Mr. Johnson asked.

"Emanuel," he replied.

Mr. Johnson sat back in silence a moment before he began. "When you were a small boy, you sat many evenings on my tailor table and played with my spools and buttons. I was a tailor in Hamburg, Germany from 1890 to 1900. Your father was a ship missionary and colporteur. One stormy day he came to my shop and greeted me in German, but noticing my accent, he switched to Danish. Suddenly from beneath his coat, he pulled out a religious book. It was so interesting, I nearly purchased it, but business had fallen off and I couldn't afford it. Then your father offered me the book as down payment on a suit of clothes. He also promised to send potential customers from the ship's crew. My business picked up, and I bought other books from your father."

Before continuing his story, Mr. Johnson went to his library and returned with three Adventist subscription books and a well-marked Bible.

"Your parents and I became good friends," he explained. "Your father helped me find a better shop location, and also rented a rear apartment from me which proved profitable to both of us. So you see how you came to sit on the table and play with my spools of thread. I have studied the Bible and these books, and am now a Seventh-day Adventist in heart and practice although I never formally joined the church.

"Now about my house in Shennington. You may use it, and not a cent will I take. This is my appreciation for the fine work your church is doing. There is timber on the farm which you may cut to keep your family warm. Stay overnight with us and in the morning I will call a cab for you."

Two years later, a telegram informed the Remsens that Mr. Johnson was critically ill in the hospital. Elder Remsen took the train immediately for Racine. Mr. Johnson's son greeted him. "I saw my father an hour ago, but I fear he is dead now. He has been calling your name for several days. That's why I telegraphed you."

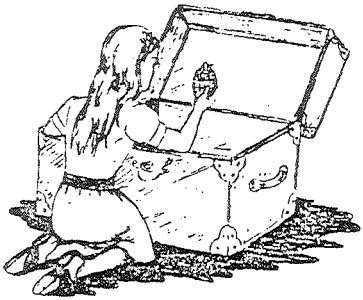
At the hospital ward a nurse greeted them and said, "Your father died a half-hour ago."

As they bent over the still form, the son suggested, "Try to talk to him. Perhaps he isn't dead."

"I'm Emanuel. I've come to see you!" Remsen shouted.

"Dad, you're alive!" the son exclaimed.

Mr. Johnson's mouth struggled to form words, and with his last breath he found expression in a short affirmation, - - - "Emanuel, I will see you when Jesus comes."



Uncle Gerald Adams had just returned from France after World War I and settled with relatives at Sand Prairie. He was a strong man. Hefting his trunk to his shoulder, he easily carried it to the attic. A few days later a tire went flat on his Model T. He had no jack, so he simply lifted up that side of the car while someone pushed a block under the axle. This time he overdid it. In a few days there was a funeral. The doctor said he had ruptured his appendix.

On the old home place lived Grandpa and Grandma Garner. When their daughter Bessie married Lawrence Edgecomb, the young folks took over the farm. Several years later their two daughters, Gen and Gerri, asked to go to the attic to play house. Mother Edgecomb cautioned, "Now be sure to stay away from Uncle Gerald's trunk. Don't you open it."

There came a day when Gen and Gerri got tired of playing house and decided to take a peek into the forbidden trunk in the closet while Mother was getting dinner. Gerri lifted up the lid. Right on top was a pretty American flag. Gen took it out and placed it on a chair. And there was Uncle's uniform all neatly folded. Beside the uniform were medals he had won in the war. Gerri laid the uniform on the floor, medals on top.

"What's that in the corner? A pineapple! Why would Uncle keep a pineapple in his trunk?" Gerri lifted it out. It was dry and hard.

"Look! There are three more pineapples!"

Gerri carefully put back the pineapple she was holding. Gen replaced the uniform, the medals, and the flag just as they had been, and not a moment too soon for the stairway door opened and Mother called them to dinner. They closed the trunk and hurried downstairs.

During their girlhood years, Gen and Gerri opened the trunk several times to look at the flag, the uniform, and those queer-looking pineapples. They wanted to tell Mother what they had discovered, but then she would know they had opened the trunk.

When they were much older, Gerri fell in love with a young man named Charles and married him. Gen found Tom and married him, and the years rolled by.

One winter day, Father Edgecomb had a bad fall on the ice, and like Uncle Gerald, he never returned from the hospital. Gen, Gerri, and their families returned home for the funeral.

It was then decided that the old home should be sold so Mother could move to a small place in Blue River. They began to get things ready for an auction sale.

In the attic they came across Uncle Gerald's trunk. Gen and Gerri opened the lid as they had done many times before in their younger days. Charles and Tom stood by as they took out the flag, uniform, and medals. As Gen reached in again, she spoke, "I always wondered why Uncle kept these pine ..."

"Don't you touch them! Don't you touch them!" shouted Tom, pulling her away. "It's a bomb! A hand grenade!"

"We'd better call the police!" Charles suggested.

The Blue River constable was there in minutes. "I don't want to touch them," he said. "I'll call the sheriff."

He went to his car, picked up the microphone and called the sheriff at Richland Center. Red lights flashing, siren wailing, the sheriff hurried to check out the bomb report at Edgecombs. But why all the hurry when they had been lying there for nearly half a century?

The sheriff took one look and ordered everyone out of the house, then called the demolition squad at Madison. When the experts arrived, they carefully took the grenades outside and dismantled them. One of the "pineapples" was still very much alive. "Even the heat of a person's hand might be enough to set it off," they explained.

Gen and Gerri then told their mother of their childhood disobedience. Those bombs in the attic had been through the heat of fifty summers, but the hand of a kind Providence had shielded the Edgecomb family.

It wasn't easy for Mrs. Russell to keep her growing children in the church. When Elder H. W. Decker held meetings at Portage in 1897, she was one of the converts, but her husband showed no interest in spiritual things, and gave no cooperation in the religious training of the children. As time went on, she saw them slipping away one by one. Determined that Isabel, her youngest, would have a Christian education, she began selling LIFE & HEALTH and WATCHMAN magazines to pay her expenses at Bethel Academy.

In the meanwhile, hidden powers were struggling for the supremacy. A well-meaning church elder recommended that the young people see "Birth of a Nation" at the local theater. The picture made a lasting impression on Isabel's mind, and created a facination for the movies. She began buying movie magazines on the sly, attending the theater, then lying to her mother when asked where she had been. Although she rebelled at the thought of religion, there was something about a boarding school that appealed to her very much. Isabel describes her experience at Bethel:

"I was not converted, and caused my teachers concern and some trouble. They were kind to me, and endeavored to help me see the path of right. Many times my heart would be touched, and a desire to do right would struggle to live within my heart. Soon I would squelch it, and go on in the usual carefree way. I believed the truth with my whole heart, and never tried to deny its binding claims on my life, but I just didn't care to live it. The world and its pleasures had gripped my heart.

"I came home at the end of the first year, and I was not converted. This saddened my mother. My father said to her, 'Why do you work so hard for that girl? She will only turn out like the other children.' But Mother was not one to give up. All through the hot summer she trudged with her arms full of her magazines, praying earnestly that the Lord would bless her efforts, and that I would take a firm stand for the truth." [3]

Isabel's next two years at Bethel were pretty much a repetition of the first. The teachers were patient with her waywardness, and Prof. Elliott made many personal appeals to her to use her influence for right instead of wrong, but to no avail.

When she was asked to room with the piano teacher, she determined to be as rebellious as possible, but a more wonderful roommate she could not have found. She was patient and sweet and did not preach.

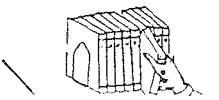
Due to her father's death, Isabel was called home for a short while. Her uncle said to her mother, 'Surely you will keep her home now. You need her to help you, and to be with you in your lonliness.'

But her mother only smiled and shook her head, and sent her back to finish the school year. Isabel spent another summer attending shows and dances. Her mother's hair grew whiter, and the lines of her face deepened. Her heart was indeed heavy as she trudged the streets selling magazines so Isabel could return to school.

During her senior year, Isabel's conduct was so disturbing that the faculty decided to send her home, but the pleas of her music teacher saved her. Graduation time came, but with no change of heart. She began to break the Sabbath, and all those years at Bethel seemed wasted. If ever a mother had reason to be discouraged, Mrs. Russell was that mother.

One evening three years later, Isabel walked to her mother's bookcase. Neatly arranged on the top shelf were nine volumes of the TESTIMONIES FOR THE CHURCH. Just why Isabel reached for one she could not tell. She picked Volume 6, and opened it to page 406, and read:

"The day of the Lord is approaching with stealthy tread... There are thousands upon thousands, millions upon millions, who are now making their decision for eternal life or eternal death... The amusement lover, the frequenters of the theater and the ball-room put eternity out of their reckoning...



"Our time is precious. We have but few, very few days of probation in which to make ready for the future immortal life."

Isabel put the book down and paced the floor. The words were searing into her soul. A voice seemed to say, "Isabel, you are lost. You must change now. You have no time to lose.'

She bent one knee on the floor, then quickly rose again with the thought that God would never hear her. Her past life filled her with remorse. Falling to her knees she burst out, "God, help me be a Christian." then wept bitterly as she recalled her past rebellion.

When she arose, she felt the unspeakable joy of forgiveness, and knew she was a child of God. She thought she would wait before telling her mother. The next few days were not free from struggle. The bright lights of the downtown theater seemed to reach out like magnets. Each day she memorized a text such as, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," or "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." With God's help she would live one day at a time.

Isabel knew it just wasn't fair to keep the good news to herself. She must share it with her mother. She waited one evening until her mother was in bed. Walking in softly, she remarked, "Mother, I've something to tell you."

"What is it, Isabel?" her mother asked.

"What news could I tell you that would bring more happiness than anything else in the world?"

Her mother answered, "Just to know, Isabel, that you have decided to be a Christian."

Happily she responded. "That's just the news I have for you. I have decided to be a Christian. I am going to live a new life, be baptized, and do what is right."

"Thank God for that!" was her mother's short reply.

It was not until Friday afternoon that the full realization of Isabel's decision reached her mother's heart. Isabel tended to all business, cleaned her room, and got ready for the Sabbath. Overwhelmed with tears, her mother could only say, "It seems too good to be true."

"You need not grieve over the wayward course of your two sons, Brother Johnson," spoke Ellen White encouragingly, "for I was shown that your two sons would come back and accept the Advent message before the end."

Elder O. A. Johnson of Oakland often recalled this promise, and later told it to his students at Walla Walla, although he did not live to see its fulfillment. Roy and Harry had lost interest in the church after reaching adulthood. Roy moved to Oklahoma, and Harry became a railroad engineer.

One day a hungry man came to Roy Johnson's home and asked for food. Roy visited with him while his wife prepared a meal. The stranger seemed appreciative and promised to repay him someday. He came a second and third time and was always shown the same hospitality.

"Would you like to come with me," he suggested to Roy, "for there is something in your pasture you should know about."

Roy followed him to a spot that seemed to show evidence of oil. Roy drilled and struck it rich, becoming a multimillionaire.

Roy had not forgotten the church, nor his struggles to obtain an education. As a frequent visitor to Pacific Union College, he took an interest in worthy students and fully sponsored a score or more. But from the human standpoint, it seemed quite unlikely that he would ever return to the church.

Camp meeting was on at Guthrie, Oklahoma in the summer of 1939. On Sabbath afternoon, a baptism was to be held at the city pool, with Elder W. E. Nelson officiating. There was only one candidate. Elder R. A. Smithwick standing close by, was asked to hold the man's watch, wallet, and other valuables.

The man's name was Johnson, and his first name was Roy. A flood of thoughts surged through Smithwick's mind as he recalled sitting in Elder Johnson's Bible class and hearing a prophecy which was now meeting fulfillment before his eyes. It took another decade to complete it.

At the fall council held in St. Louis in 1943, Elder Smithwick and Roy Johnson met again. Elder H. M. S. Richards joined them as they discussed Harry's spiritual condition.

"Can we make my brother Harry a subject of prayer?" Roy asked. "He is now very ill. He has been listening to your broadcast every Sunday and is interested." They prayed together.

At Glendale, Calif. the following March, Elder Smithwick and Roy Johnson met once more. Roy began, "I've a story to tell you. Two weeks ago in our prayer meeting at Ardmore, I felt deeply impressed to pray for my brother Harry's conversion. The brethren joined me, and we had a season of prayer. At the same hour, while we were on our knees in prayer, here in Glendale, my brother, on his bed of sickness announced that he must be taken to our church and be baptized. He gave his heart to God that night, and fully surrendered his life. He was taken from his sickbed and baptized. Now he is in a coma. I shall remain in Glendale until the end."

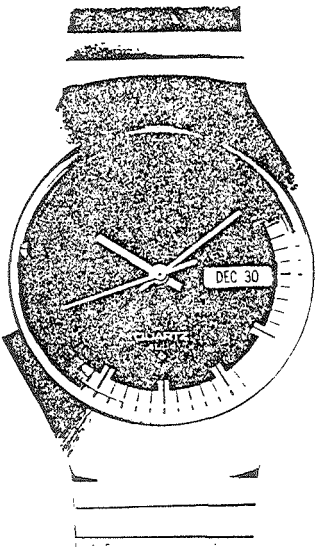
Of his own experience Roy remarked, "I am the laborer who stood idle in the market all day long, but who at the eleventh hour received of the Lord as much as they all. I shall spend the rest of my life for God and for my fellowmen." [4]

It seemed to be just another routine move that December day in 1969. Rodger and Pam Ratcliffe, like other minister families, were used to this sort of thing, - fill assorted cartons with books and household goods, and be ready for the van. And they were ready. By 7:00 p.m. on the 30th (according to the pastor's calendar watch), the house was vacated.

At 4:30 the next morning, there was a terrible explosion. The furnace, directly under the master bedroom, blew up, and the vacant house was completely gutted by fire. "It was the worst fire in Merrill's history," reported the fire department.

Now, Pastor Ratcliffe had a dependable calendar watch. The evening of the fire, the landlord asked him, "How come you moved out a day before your lease expired?"

After some discussion, the landlord proved that the pastor's watch had skipped a day. The watch had never given any trouble before, nor did it afterwards. The Ratcliffes knew that the God of Joshua's long day had moved the watch ahead a complete twenty-four hours.



WESTPHAL BROTHERS
Joseph, Frank, Albert

21

For Us the Living

Under the pioneer spirit of dedication, perseverance, and self-denial, the work broadened and progressed. There was an ever-lengthening of cords and strengthening of stakes. From many Wisconsin churches went missionaries, doctors, nurses, and teachers into the world field. Twenty-nine conference presidents, and three General Conference presidents had roots in Wisconsin.

By 1927, Poy Sippi alone had provided 60 church workers and left off counting. Many saw overseas service. Jacob and Ben Anderson were the denomination's first missionaries to China. N. P. Neilsen served in South America, B. J. Cady in the Society Islands, Lawrence Jorgensen in the Argentine. The fertile land at Oakland was also productive of church workers. Here was the home of the Olsens and the Johnsons with their many minister sons. Spanish America was calling, and from New London eight responded, - the Westphal brothers, Joseph and Frank, John Maas and Archie Parfitt and their wives. A sister, Henrietta Parfitt, married Claude AcMoody and served in Turkey.

Our times are much different from those the pioneers knew. We travel faster, farther, and more often. True, it took longer for the "visiting brethren" to make the rounds of their wilderness parish, but their longer stay made up for it.

Our age is more affluent. Nearly everyone is able to have all he needs and more. Our homes are cluttered with everything that can save time and make us comfortable. But is sleep more restful in today's air-conditioned mansion on mortgage hill, than in a cabin where raindrops gently patter on the shingles?

Our churches are more costly and ornate, the padded pews more relaxing than those back-aching, hand-hewn benches. But does comfort and beauty give us clearer perception of our sinful

condition, or rouse us to greater action to prepare a people to meet their God? Even a half-century ago, Vesta Farnsworth expressed it this way:

"Ours is a busy, bustling age. Everything seems to hurry onward at maddening pace. We crowd and jostle in our efforts to accomplish certain results, to live up to present standards. Often the things most important in life are left undone because so much time is spent on that which seems really unnecessary; and sometimes we ask in a bewildered way how we can change our program of life, and give more time and effort to worthwhile and eternal things.

"Our ancestors were industrious, frugal, and accomplished much in their home life, and also in education, social, and religious relations. They had very few labor-saving devices to lighten labor. Our grandmothers carded, spun, and wove the wool and flax which clothed their families...

"Housewives made their own soap and candles. They did their own laundry, baked their own bread, as well as other dishes that furnished their tables, did the family sewing without a sewing machine, and were ready to attend the sewing bees, which were great social occasions. Yet with all these demands upon time and strength, many of them reared large families, provided substantial homes, and found time for daily reading of the Bible, for devout family worship; time to visit the sick and those in distress; time to attend the prayer meeting and weekly church service. They visited neighbors and friends, and the community spirit flourished!"

Shall we not as Christ's ambassadors ask ourselves if we are as fully dedicated to the task that remains before us as were the pioneers? Are we as courageous, persevering, and self-sacrificial? Visualize once more the devotion of Elder Phelps whose self-imposed schedule broke his health, Elder Steward's journeys through sub-zero storms, and Elder Waggoner's battle and victory over the discouraging schism created by Stephenson and Hall. Recall the ten-year struggle of young Ole Olsen when God was calling him to preach, and he felt so inadequate for the task. Live again the full-measured service of Elder John Matteson who put the cause of God foremost, laboring bravely at his own expense, spending winter nights on a schoolhouse bench, and mornings trapping muskrats so he could send a pittance home to his family. And what determination was his to brave the many winter hazards in order to reach and evangelize Washington Island. The sacrificial labors of our pioneer evangelists might well be added to the faith exploits of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

On two different evangelistic tours, Elder Matteson was away from home for over a year at a time. While separated from loved ones, he was inspired to write the following encouraging lines:

TO THE LONELY ONES

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Heb. 13:5. What more need I say to the lonely ones? Is this not sufficient in all your privations, trials, and sufferings? Jesus will never leave you, never forsake you.

"Oh! yes, that is easy enough for you to say who are living right among brethren, where you have all the privileges of meetings, and preaching, and Sabbath School; but if you were living as I am, deprived of all these things, you would probably feel as lonesome as I do.

"Dear brother or sister, I am also one of the lonely ones. It falls my lot mostly to live far from those of like precious faith, and whenever such springs up around me, and my heart is bound to them with the tenderest cords of love, I must break all these and seek a new place, where to battle again with a cold, and frowning world. Sometimes I don't see the Review for weeks.

"What? tedious to live for Christ, to suffer for Him, to work for Him? Lonesome? where I can walk by faith with Jesus every day, enjoy the company of holy angels, hear the heavenly music of the Holy Spirit, and have that constant, faithful, never-erring companion - God's word? Oh, no! I am not lonesome. I enjoy myself more here than I ever did at any camp meeting, or church gathering. In the path of duty and toil is the best enjoyment. To learn submission is the sweetest work. Though the descent into the valley of submission may be steep, and rough, and cost many struggles, and prayers and tears; yet this trouble is richly paid by the beautiful flowers and rich fruit that grows in this valley. Their fragrance seems so fresh from Paradise. Hope and joy hang here in rich clusters. And faith views a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. How this can lighten every burden, heal every wound. Jesus is mine. I am His. He will never leave me, nor forsake me...

"It is not possible that God can refuse to answer your prayer if you pray in faith, and it can be done consistently with His plans and glory. If His own good time has come to sound the third angel's message in your neighborhood, it will be done. Some preacher will be directed that way. Or some silent little messenger will come as on angel wings to patiently tell and convince souls of the truth. Or your own prayers, godly example and timely words will lead your friends to Christ. Or if it can be done no other way, He will cause the children to help swell the last message, as they did the first message in Sweden, crying, 'Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come.'

"Lonely ones, trust in Jesus. Live for heaven. Long and suffer, and toil for Jesus. He will never leave you. He will never forsake you. Such a rich, glorious, and eternal reward will be yours. John Matteson." [2]

What rewards await the pioneers in the life to come! Even here they lived to see thousands embrace the message because of their faithful labors. Would the pioneers have wished to exchange places with us, or we with them? Can we who see with even clearer vision the hills of the heavenly Canaan, satisfy ourselves with less than the full measure of devotion? Surely the gleams of the golden morning will awaken our dormant energies to the completion of the task.

Like their Biblical counterparts, "these all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off. Heb. 11:3. They rest from their labors, not having received the culmination of their desires nor realization of their hopes. Today we look to the same God to help us penetrate the barriers of modernism, skepticism, and prejudice. "Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." Ps. 50:5. It remains for us to cooperate with heaven in completing the task that the pioneers so whole-heartedly began.

IS THIS THE TIME?

Is this the time, O Church of Christ, to sound
Retreat? To arm with weapons cheap and blunt
The men and women who have borne the brunt
Of truth's fierce strife, and nobly held their ground?
Is this a time to halt, when all around
Horizons lift, new destinies confront,
Stern duties wait our movement, never wont
To play the laggard, when God's will was found?
No! Rather strengthen stakes and lengthen cords,
Enlarge thy plans and gifts, O thou elect,
And to thy kingdom come for such a time!
The earth with all its fullness is the Lord's;
Great things attempt for Him, great things expect
Whose love imperial is, whose power sublime.

Charles Sumner Hoyt

Appendix

1. THE WELLCOME FAMILY - The Timothy Wellcome family of Somerset County, Maine, were among William Miller's converts in 1842. The two older sons, Michael and Isaac, were Methodist ministers, and immediately began to proclaim the coming of the Lord. In 1848, Michael moved to Wisconsin to homestead, and was followed in 1849, by his father and two younger brothers, Jacob and Solomon. Isaac remained in Maine as a minister of the Advent Christian Church, and also issued a large book, History of the Second Advent Message. Michael and Solomon were missionaries to the Ojibway Indians, a service much appreciated by the government, for it reduced their warring with neighboring tribes. Michael and Solomon accepted the Sabbath truth in 1859, from J. H. Waggoner, and began to preach it. Both men, particularly Solomon, retained their belief in instantaneous sanctification. The Wellcomes moved to Garden City, Minn. in the early 1860's.

Both Solomon and his son George became ministers for the Advent Christian Church. Solomon's other son, Henry, studied chemistry under Dr. William Mayo of Rochester, then went to England and founded the Burroughs, Wellcome Company, a pharmaceutical firm with branches in five countries.

Henry Wellcome made a contribution to humanity in developing controls for mosquitoes, and discovering the effectiveness of quinine for the treatment of malaria. He brought mosquito control to the Upper Nile, and was sent to Panama to control mosquitoes and malaria while the canal was being built. He outfitted Henry M. Stanley with medical supplies when he was sent in search of David Livingstone. Henry returned to Almond, Wis. in 1932, a multimillionaire, and purchased 13 A. of his father's former homestead, intending to retire, but died suddenly (1934).

2. THE CADY FAMILY - Philander and Nancy Cady came to Wisconsin in 1850, and settled on a farm south of Poy Sippi. While carpentering at Markesan in 1857, Philander attended tent meetings held at Mackford by Elders Loughborough, Hart, and Everts. He accepted the Sabbath truth, and brought it home to his wife. Most outstanding was his witness to John Matteson, who accepted the Sabbath in 1863, and spent 30 years in the ministry. Philander became a minister also.

The Cady children gave many years of service to the church. Vesta was a Bible instructor, author, and wife of Elder E. W. Farnsworth. Matthew was a physician. Benjamin was a minister and pioneer missionary to the Society Islands, sailing on the Pitcarin in 1893. George had the ministry as his goal, but died while in training at Battle Creek. Mary and Marion were twins. Marion became an author, educator, and college president. Mary was the wife of Alfred Jorgensen; their children and grandchildren served the church in educational and medical lines. Ulysees was a teacher and high school principal.

3. PESHTIGO FIRE - The publicity of the Great Chicago Fire nearly eclipsed news of a holocaust of similiar magnitude the same night on the northeastern coast of Wisconsin. Huge timberlands and the entire city of Peshtigo were consumed with the loss of 2,000 lives. Churchgoers on their way to vespers that Sunday evening commented on the somber, yellow glare flickering through a smoky haze. At 8:30 p. m., the bell in the unfinished Catholic Church tolled a frantic alarm. A survivor described the sound of the approaching fire-hurricane as that of a dozen freight trains all coming into the station at one time.

Peshtigo residents rushed for the river. Terrified cattle instinctively rushed there also, trampling human beings in the scramble. Of those who returned for valuables, few survived. As tongues of fire lashed about the streets and buildings, fleeing people, overcome by heat and fumes, in moments were turned to small piles of ashes. One of the town's most beautiful girls, racing down a blazing sidewalk, was stopped in her tracks as her streaming blonde hair burst into flames.

The neighing of horses, falling of chimneys, crashing of uprooted trees, the whistling of the wind, and roaring of the fire blended into sounds as of a thousand demons. Daybreak revealed a Hiroshima.

4. CAMP MEETINGS -

1867-Johnstown Center; 1869-Clinton Jct.; 1870-Kilbourn City; 1871-Milton Jct; 1872-Lodl; 1873-Clear Lake; 1874-Lodi; 1875-Monroe, Sparta; 1876-Sparta, Ripon,New London; 1877-Portage; 1878-Portage; 1879-Lucas, Madison; 1880-Portage; 1881-Neenah, Madison; 1882-Baraboo, New London; 1883-Portage, Merrilan; 1884-Baraboo, Duck Creek; 1886-Madison; 1887-Beaver Dam; 1888-Neenah, Boscobel; 1889-Mauston, Boscobel; 1890-Montfort, Clintonville; 1891-Fond du Lac, Menominee, Milton, Reedsburg; 1892-Neenah, Menominee, Richland Center, Watertown; 1893-Portage, Glenwood, New London; 1894-Portage, Viroqua; 1895-Stevens Point, Star; 1896-Stevens Point; 1897-Madison; 1898-Marshfield, Appleton, New Richmond; 1899-Marshfield, Waukesha, Clear Lake, Sextonville, Clintonville; 1900-Eau Claire, Green Bay; 1901-Grand Rapids; 1902-Grand Rapids; 1903-Oshkosh; 1904-Oshkosh; 1905-Wausau, Janesville; 1906-Stevens Point; 1907-Madison; 1908-Madison; 1909-Milwaukee; 1910-Grand Rapids, Cumberland, Kenosha; 1911-Portage, Ladysmith, Spooner; 1912-Wausau, Baraboo; 1913-Grand Rapids; Ashland; 1914-Wausau, Spooner; 1915-Stevens Point; 1916-Madison, Spooner; 1917- Fond du Lac, Spooner; 1918-Fond du Lac, Spooner; 1919-Watertown, Ashland; 1920-Madison, Ashland; 1921-Madison, Ashland; 1922-Spooner, Madison; 1923-Spooner, Fond du Lac; 1924-Fond du Lac, Prentice; 1925-Portage, Prentice; 1926-Milwaukee Gen. Conf. (since 1927 at Portage).

WISCONSIN CHURCHES SINCE 1852 - Sequence gives name of church, county, earliest known date of beginning, and founders.

ADAMS, Adams, 1877, A. D. Olsen; ADARIO, Waushara, 1852, T. M. Steward; ADKINS, Forest, 1908; AFTON, Rock, 1853; ALBANY, Green, c. 1868; ALBION, Dane, c. 1855; ALDEN, Polk, 1853; ALMA CENTER, Jackson, 1880; ALMOND, Portage, 1858, S. Wellcome; AMERY, Polk, 1879, J. C. Mikkelsen; AMHERST, Portage, 1881; ANSON, Eau Claire, c.1906; ANTIGO, Langlade, 1884, H. W. Decker; APPLETON, Outagamie, c.1880; ARCADIA, Trempeleau, 1874, J. Neilsen, O. A. Olsen; ARKANSAW, Pepin, 1875, D. Downer; ARPIN, Wood, 1884; ASHLAND, Ashland, 1884, ASHWAUBANON, Brown, 1873, J. C. Neilsen; ATTICA, Green, 1878; AUGUSTA, Eau Claire, 1884, D. Downer; AVALANCHE, Vernon, 1879, D. Downer; AVON, Rock, 1858, Isaac Sanborn; AZTALON, Jefferson, 1854, Stephenson and Hall.

BAD AXE, Vernon, 1871, D. Downer; BARABOO, Sauk, 1876, BARRON, Barron, 1928, J. Marsh, O. Lyberg; BASHAW LAKE, Washburn, 1914, J. Hoffman; BEAR LAKE, Rusk, 1884; BEAVER DAM, Dodge, 1924; BELDENVILLE, Pierce, 1877, W. B. Hill; BELLFOUNTAIN, Columbia, 1868; BERLIN, Green Lake, 1857; BELOIT, Rock, 1852, H. Case; BELVIDERE (Ill.), 1869; BERG PARK, Douglas, 1951, M. Hickman; BESSEMER (Mich.), 1923, E. Piper, P. Herwick; BETHEL, Wood, 1899, Wm. Covert; BIRNAMWOOD, Shawano, c.1905; BLACK CREEK, Outagamie, 1877, G. C. Tenney; BLACK RIVER FALLS, Jackson, 1914, P. Hanson; BLOOMVILLE, Lincoln, 1888, B. J. Cady; BONE LAKE; BORST VALLEY, Chippewa, 1914, P. M. Hanson; BRIGGSVILLE, Marquette, T. Steward, H. Blanchard; BRODHEAD, Green, 1893; BROOKSIDE (French), c.1896, D. T. Bourdeau; BRUCE, Rusk, 1915; BRULE, Douglas, 1943, M. Hickman; BRUSHVILLE (Dan.), Waushara, 1863, J. Matteson; BURKE (German) Dane; BURNS VALLEY, 1873; BUSSYVILLE, Jefferson, c.1866.

CASCADE, Columbia, 1859, T. M. Steward; CASHTON, Monroe, 1882; CASSVILLE, Grant, 1868, Isaac Sanborn; CHAT, Lincoln, 1895; CHAMPION (French), Brown, c.1873, D. T. Bourdeau; CHETEK, Barron, c.1885; CHICAGO (Danish-Norwegian), 1869. J. Matteson; CHIMNEY ROCK, Trempealeau, c.1910, P. Hanson; CHIPPEWA FALLS (Danish), Chippewa, 1908, P. Hanson; CLAY BANKS, Door, 1879; CLAYSVILLE, c.1867; CLEAR LAKE, Polk, 1897, W. Covert; CLEARWATER LAKE, Oneida, 1903, W. Covert, Mikkelsen, Herrmann; CLINTONVILLE (Eng.), Waupaca, 1880, H. W. Decker; CLINTONVILLE (Danish), c.1890; COLUMBUS, Barron, 1910, C. Edwardson; COMMONWEALTH (or Stambaugh), Florence, 1883; COON SLOUGH, Vernon, 1870; CRANDON, Florence, 1968; CRANES GROVE (Ill.) 1853; CUDAHY, Milwaukee, 1925. B. J. White; CUMBERLAND (Danish), Barron, 1895, C. W. Olds; CUSHING, Polk, 1884.

DARLINGTON, Lafayette, 1863, W. H. Ingraham, T. M. Steward; DEBELLO, Vernon, 1878, O. Johnson; DEERFIELD, Waushara,

1890; DELHI, Winnebago, 1865; DELL PRAIRIE, Adams, 1867, I. Sanborn; DESOTO, Vernon, 1898, N. Neilsen; DODGEVILLE, Iowa, 1858, W. Ingraham; DORCHESTER, Clark, 1880, N. Jordan; DOWNING, Dunn, c.1893; DOUGLAS CENTER, Marquette, 1875, I. Sanborn; DOUSEMAN, Waukesha, 1910; DURAND, Pepin, 1863, W. Ingraham.

EAU CLAIRE, Eau Claire, 1883; ELMSDALE, Grant, 1882; ELROY, Juneau, 1870; ESCANABA (Mich.), 1923, A. L. Beazley; EUREKA, Kewaunee, 1886; EVANSVILLE, Rock, 1927, C. Vories, B. White; EXCELSIOR, Richland, 1880; EXELAND, Sawyer, 1951, M. Odegard.

FISH CREEK, Door, 1876, H. Decker; FISH LAKE, Waushara, 1859, J. H. Waggoner; FLINTVILLE, Brown, 1883; FOND DU LAC, 1914, Wm. Lewsodder; FT. ATKINSON, Jefferson, 1853, W. Phelps; FT. HOWARD, Brown, 1876, O. A. Olsen; FT. WINNEBAGO, Columbia, 1859; FREDERIC, Polk, 1925, P. Herwick; FREMONT, Waupaca, c.1874, C. W. Olds.

GILLETT, Oconto, 1970 (from Underhill); GLENWOOD, St. Croix, 1890; GRAND MARSH (Ger.), Adams, 1878; GRANTON, Clark, 1880, H. Decker; GREEN BAY, Brown, 1876, O. A. Olesn.

HAWTHORNE, Douglas, 1907; HAYWARD, Sawyer, 1965, D. Hubbard; HEBRON, Jefferson, 1852, W. Phelps; HILLSBORO (Eng.), Vernon, 1876, Bro. Crandall; HILLSBORO (Ger.) 1885, L. R. Conradi; HINES (Swedish), 1915, P. A. Hanson; HINTZ (Ger.), Oconto; HIXTON, Jackson, 1876, O. A. Olsen; HORICON, Dodge, c. 1859; HUDSON, St. Croix, c. 1868, T. M. Steward; HUMBIRD, Clark, 1882; HUNDRED MILE GROVE, Dane, 1860, I. Sanborn; HURRICANE, Grant, 1875, D. Downer; HUTCHINS, Shawano, 1882; HYLANDALE, LaCrosse, 1916, P. M. Hanson.

IRVING, Jackson, c.1865, J. Matteson; IRON RIVER, Bayfield, 1908, P. M. Hanson, S. T. Shadel.

JANESVILLE, Rock, 1899, C. Olds; JIM FALLS, Chippewa, 1916; JOHNSON, Marathon, 1880; JOHNSTOWN CENTER, Rock, 1863, Isaac Sanborn.

KENOSHA (Danish), 1910, M. H. Serns; KICKAPOO, Vernon, 1863, W. Ingraham; KILBOURN CITY, Columbia, 1872; KNAPP, Dunn, 1881, A. Johnson; KOSHKONONG, Rock, 1861, W. Phelps.

LACROSSE, 1890; LADYSMITH, Rusk, 1910, P. M. Hanson; LAFARGE, Vernon, 1890, S. Smith; LAGRANGE, Juneau, 1876; LAKE GENEVA, Walworth, 1973, S. Seltzer; LANCASTER, Grant, 1884; LAUREL, Washborn, 1907; LENA, Oconto, 1880, O. A. Olsen; LEON, Door, 1875, H. Decker, J. Atkinson; LILY, Langlade, 1941, O. Lyberg; LIME RIDGE, Sauk, 1888, W. Hyatt; LINN, Pierce, 1880; LIBERTY (French), Kenosha, c.1896, D. T. Bourdeau; LIBERTY POLE, Vernon, 1871; LINCOLN CENTER, Polk; LITTLE FALLS, Polk, 1879, T. B. Snow; LITTLE PRAIRIE, Walworth, 1860, I. Sanborn; LODI, Columbia, 1860, I. Sanborn; LOYAL, Clark, 1874, H. W. Decker; LYNXVILLE, Crawford, 1860, W. Ingraham; LYONS, Sauk, 1876, I. Sanborn; LUCAS, Dunn, 1860; LUCK, Polk, c.1918.

MACKFORD, Green Lake, 1853, J.H.Waggoner; MADISON (East), Dane, 1926; MADISON (South), 1888; MAIDEN ROCK, Pierce, 1873; D.M.Canright; MANITOWOC, Manitowoc, 1952, D.F.Roth; MAPLEHURST, Taylor, 1923, Courtland Hamel; MAPLEWORKS, Clark, 1874, Decker; MARBLE, Waupaca, 1863; MARIETTA, Crawford, 1879; MARCELLON, Columbia, 1859, Steward & Wellcome; MARINETTE (French), 1901, D. Bourdeau; MARQUETTE, Green Lake, 1860, Steward and Loughborough; MARSHFIELD, Wood, 1901, W.Shreve; MAUSTON, Juneau, 1863, T.Steward; McCONNELLS GROVE, c.1862; MENOMINEE, Dunn, 1931, A.Beazley; MERRILL, Lincoln, 1901, Stebbeds, Herrmann; METOMEN, Fond du Lac, 1853, J.Waggoner; MILL CREEK, Wood, 1902; MILWAUKEE (Eng.) 1877; (Ger.) 1890; (Italian) 1923; MILTON JCT. Rock, 1884(from Johnstown); MINOQUA, Oneida, 1911, A.Serns; MODENA, Buffalo, 1874; MONROE, Green, 1853, W.Ingraham; MONTELLO, Marquette, 1880; MOON, Marathon, 1892, W.Saunders; MOSLING, Oconto; MT. HOPE. Grant, 1872, D.Downer; MT. PISGAH, Monroe, 1880; Mt. STERLING, Crawford, 1886, W.W.Sharp.

NASONVILLE, Wood, 1880; NEENAH (Danish), Winnebago, 1872, J.Matteson; NEILSVILLE, Clark; NEW CENTERVILLE, St. Croix, c.1882; NEW DENMARK (Danish), Brown, 1873, J. Neilsen, O.Olsen; NEW LISBON, Juneau, 1880; NEW LONDON, Waupaca, 1878, H.Decker; NORTH LAKE, Waukesha; NORTH LEEDS, Columbia, 1889; NORTH PRAIRIE, Waukesha, c.1880.

OAKFIELD, Fond du Lac, c.1910; OAK GROVE, Juneau; OAKDALE, Pierce, 1883; OAKLAND, Jefferson, 1861, A.Olsen; OCONTO, Oconto, 1894, D.Bourdeau; OGDENBERG, Waupaca, c.1880; OMRO, Winnebago, c.1910; ONALASKA, LaCrosse, 1900, Fred Hallock; ONEIDA, Outagamie, 1901; ORANGE, Burnett, c.1912; ORDINO, Marquette, 1858; OSHKOSH, Winnebago, 1896; OXFORD, Marquette, 1901, B.J.Cady.

PACKWAUKEE, Marquette, 1853, J.H.Waggoner; PARDEEVILLE, Columbia, 1877, C.W.Olds; PHELPS, Vilas, 1901; PINE GROVE, Brown, 1894; PINE RIVER, Trempealeau, 1879; PINE VALLEY, 1900; PITTSVILLE, Wood, 1884; PLAINFIELD, Waushara, 1872, Sanborn, Downer, Olsen; PLUMB CITY, Pierce, 1896; PLUMB CREEK (Danish), Trempealeau, 1874, J. Matteson; POPLAR, Douglas, 1916; PORTAGE, Columbia, 1859, Steward & Wellcome; POUND, Marinette, 1895, R.Schultz; POY SIPPI (Danish), 1864, J.G.Matteson; PRARIE DU CHIEN, Grant, 1974, John Bilbro; PRENTICE, Price, 1905; PRESCOTT, Pierce, 1867, Steward; PULCIFER (Dan.) Shawano, 1878,). Olsen.

RACINE (Danish), Racine, 1880; RAYMOND (Danish), Walworth, 1868, J.G.Matteson; REEDSBURG, Sauk, 1927; REEDSTOWN, Vernon, 1900; RHINELANDER, Oneida, 1905; RIB LAKE, Taylor, 1923; RICE LAKE, Barron, 1951, F.A.Sackett; RICHFORD, Waushara, 1858, W.Farrar; RICHLAND CENTER, Richland, 1910, Hanson & Lewis; RIPON, Fond du Lac, 1853, J.Waggoner; RIVER FALLS, Pierce, 1883; ROBINSON (French), Brown, 1896,

D. T. Bourdeau; ROCK FALLS, Dunn, 1898; ROCKTON, Vernon, 1867, T. Steward; ROCKVILLE, Grant, 1883; ROLLING, Langlade, 1887; ROSE LAWN, Shawano, 1901; ROSENDALE, Fond du Lac, 1853, J. Waggoner; ROYALTON, Waupaca, 1886, A. Breed and P. H. Cady; RUBICON, Dodge, 1858.

SAND PRAIRIE, Richland, 1864, I. Sanborn; SANDUSKY, Sauk, 1859, W. Phelps; SAUK PRAIRIE, Sauk; SHUTER (French), 1896, D. T. Bourdeau; SCOTT (French), Brown, 1877, D. T. Bourdeau; SEYMOUR, Outagamie, 1881; SEXTONVILLE, Richland, 1887, W. Hyatt and A. Breed; SHAMROCK, Jackson, 1894, J. B. Scott; SHAWANO, Shawano, 1878, O. A. Olsen; SHEBOYGAN (German), 1915, G. Gaede; SOMERSET, St. Croix, 1884; SPARTA, Monroe, 1875, I. Sanborn; SPIRITLAND, Portage; SPOONER, Washburn, 1917, C. Edwardson; SPRING GREEN, Sauk, 1857, Isaac Sanborn; SPRING LAKE, Waushara, 1879, S. Fulton; STANLEY, Chippewa, 1896; STARR, Vernon, 1889; STEVENS POINT, Portage, 1879; STILES, Oconto, 1880; STOMBAUGH, Florence, 1883; STOUGHTON, Dane, 1898; STURGEON BAY, Door, 1876, H. W. Decker; SUMITEE, 1884; SUPERIOR, Douglas, 1898, Swin Swinson.

TAYLOR, Jackson, 1880; THORP, Clark, c.1929; THOMPSON VALLEY, Vernon, 1877, D. Downer; TOMAH, Monroe, 1882; TOMAHAWK, Lincoln, 1929, Q. Lyberg; TRADE LAKE, Burnett, 1886, TREMPEALEAU, 1869; TRIPOLI, Oneida, 1890.

UNDERHILL (German), 1908; UNION, Rock, 1853.

VANCE CREEK, Dunn, D. Burch; VICTORY, Vernon, c.1871; VIOLA, Richland, 1870; VIROQUA, Vernon, 1876, I. Sanborn.

WALDWICK, Iowa, 1895; WALWORTH, Walworth, c.1892; WASHBURN (Eng.) 1910; WASHBURN (Scan.), 1914, S. Sorensen; WATERLOO, Grant, 1868, I. Sanborn; WATERTOWN (German), Jefferson, 1919, G. P. Gaede; WAUKON, Winnebago, 1852, J. H. Waggoner, T. Steward; WAUKESHA, Waukesha, 1897, W. Sharp; WAUPACA, Waupaca, 1921, Frahk & Westermeyer; WAUSAU, Marathon, 1899; WAUZEKA, Crawford, 1865, L. G. Bostwick; WAUTOMA, Waushara, 1871, Sanborn, Downer; WEBSTER, Burnett, c.1928; WELCOME (Danish), Outagamie; WESTFIELD, Marquette, 1877, N. M. Jordan; WESTON, Dunn, 1870; WEQUOIC, Brown, 1873, D. T. Bourdeau; WHITEHALL (Danish), Trempealeau, 1880, O. A. Johnson; WHITEWATER, Walworth, 1860; I. Sanborn; WILSON, St. Croox, 1880; WINEGAR, Vilas, c. 1928; WISCONSIN ACADEMY, Columbus, 1947. G. Ruff; WISCONSIN RAPIDS, Wood, 1879, H. W. Decker; WITHEE, Clark, 1931; WITTENBERG, Shawano, 1923, C. Vories; WOODS CORNERS, Pepin, 1884, T. B. Snow; WYOCENA, Columbia, 1920, E. F. Petersen and R. J. Bellows.

CONFERENCE PRESIDENTS - (Ill.-Wis. Conf.) Isaac Sanborn, 1863-67; R. F. Andrews, 1867-69; C. W. Olds, 1869-70; (Wis. Conf.) I. Sanborn, 1870-73; P. A. Thurston, 1873-74; O. A. Olsen, 1874-76, 1880-81; H. W. Decker, 1876-80, 1881-85; A. J. Breed, 1885-90; M. H. Brown, 1890-93; R. A. Underwood, 1893; H. R. Johnson, 1893-94; O. A. Johnson, 1894-96, Wm. Covert, 1896-1900, 1901-5; W. S. Shreve, 1900-01; C. McReynolds, 1905-10; W. H. Thurston, 1910-15; P. A. Hanson, 1915-16; (North Wis. Conf.) J. J. Irwin, 1916-26; W. A. Butler, 1926, 27; (South Wis. Conf.) P. A. Hanson, 1916-17; C. S. Weist, 1917-19; E. A. Bristol, 1919-20; I. Woodman, 1920-25; (Conf. reunited) E. H. Oswald, 1928-32; V. E. Peugh, 1932-37; W. H. Holden, 1937-40; T. E. Unruh, 1940-47; F. W. Schnepper, 1947-49; H. J. Capman, 1949-54; C. M. Bunker, 1954-57; R. E. Finney, Jr., 1957-69; K. Mittleider, 1969-74; Robert Dale, 1975-

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*11.(1)S-Jan.17,1884;(2)R-Jun.9,1853;(3)Y-Aug.9,52;(4)Y-Jun.1861.
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*17. (1)P-134; (2)Meade MacGuire letter.
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*20.(1)L-Nov.6,1918;(2)L-Nov.7,1925;(3)R-Aug.22,1932;(4)2-10-50.
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POET'S PORTION

THE SECRETS OF LIFE

We would miss the fleecy vapor,
If the skies were always blue;
We would miss the pearly sparkles,
If there never was a dew;
We would long for shade and darkness,
Were the hours like brightest day;
We would sigh for hills and valleys,
Were our paths a level way.

Thus it is on life's brief journey --
There must be both night and day;
There must come the rain and sunshine
On our rough, uneven way;
There must be some days of sorrow,
When the heart is crushed with grief,
When the tears will flow in silence,
And their falling brings relief.

We must learn life's secret lesson --
Blending bitter with the sweet,
Sending sunshine with the raindrops,
Bringing to us cold and heat.
We must learn the art of blending;
We must needs pass through the deep,
Ever pressing onward, forward,
Till we climb the mountains steep.

Nels P. Neilsen

SHALL I BE THERE?

When in her Eden bloom,
Earth's smiling face rejoices,
And God's dear saints to Zion come
With blended hearts and voices;
Shall I be there?

When bowed before the throne,
In lowliest adoration
They strike their harps of sweetest tone
And sing the great salvation;
Shall I be there?

When Jesus' matchless love
The heavenly choir is singing,
And hallelujahs loud and high,
Are through heaven's arches ringing;
Shall I be there?

Yes, by the grace of God,
And Jesus' loving favor,
This thought shall animate my soul,
And be my purpose ever;
I will be there.

Rufus Baker. Mackford, 1864.

A PILGRIM AND A STRANGER. (Heb. 11:13)

A pilgrim and stranger here sadly I roam,
But I look for a kingdom which is soon to come;
A home in that kingdom, a mansion secure,
If I but prove faithful, hold fast and endure.

A pilgrim and stranger! though foes should arise
To hinder my progress to my home in the skies,
I'll meet them with courage, and ne'er be afraid;
While Jesus is with me, I'll ne'er be dismayed.

A pilgrim and stranger! I'll seek but to know
The will of my God, and thus daily show,
By example and precept, by word and by deed,
I'm striving His counsel and precepts to heed.

Though storms of temptation around me should rise
To darken my pathway and cloud all my skies,
My Saviour has promised my foes to subdue,
A pilgrim and stranger, I'm resolved to go through.

A pilgrim and stranger, O then let me be,
And patiently suffer, my dear Lord, with Thee;
Then with Abram and Isaac, those pilgrims of old,
I shall reign with the Lamb in the city of gold.

Philander Cady. Poy Sippi, 1862.
(Composed after the sad loss of a child, and facing draft into the Union army.)

A LESSON FROM A WATER LILY

A pure white water lily
Grew in a slimy pond
Where nothing else was beautiful
Or fair to look upon,
Below the slimy water
Its tender rootlets fed
On pure life-giving elements
Found in its earthy bed.

Its head is never drooping,
It holds its waxen cup
To catch the golden sunshine
And drink the dewdrops up.
No fame or worldly honor
May crown its life's short day,
But its pure, unsullied beauty
May cheer some lonely way

And teach us life's true lesson -
Though in the mire of sin,
Our lives may be as lilies,
So pure and clean within.
Our hearts must be uplifted
To catch the blessings rare
That come in showers upon us
In answer to our prayer.

Hettie Huntington-Olsen

GO FORWARD!

Though dangers thicken the way,
Let not despair thy spirit stay;
But press through darkness toward the day.
Go forward!

If joy's bright sunshine on thee beams,
Pass not thy hours in idle dreams;
But, cheerful and guided by its gleams
Go forward!

Whate'er thy lot, mourn not thy fate;
For brighter days think not to wait;
With steadfast step to Heaven's gate,
Go forward!

Matthew Cady. Birnamwood.

TAKE TIME TO BE KIND

Within the busy marts of life
There's hurry, worry, toil and strife.
There's much, so much, that must be done
Before the setting of the sun,
Until we sometimes fail to find
One moment left for being kind.

And thus we hurry on and on
With nerves unstrung and patience gone,
We find no time to give a smile,
We're busy, busy all the while -
But all is lost unless we find
Sufficient time for being kind.

We must find time for deeds of love,
For tender words, for thoughts above.
Though busy, busy all the day
Our hearts may sing along the way.
In all our rush, we still may find
Sufficient time for being kind.

Nels P. Neilsen

MY SAVIOUR'S CARE

I know not why my Lord should care for me,
Why down the vista of the vanished years
His love has held me steadfast in the faith.
My life - a worthless thing - has grieved Him oft,
And no good thing has He in me discerned,
But only evil, spite of my endeavor.

But, oh, the blessedness of knowing that
His love outlasts the ages; and o'er me,
Unworthy, sinful, weak, and tempest tossed,
There hovers still His brooding, patient love,
His wonderful provision for my needs,
And tenderness beyond a father's care.

And so, where'er I am, what'er I do,
The circumstances of my changing life,
Let me but feel Thy presence near.
O, let me in Thy love abide today,
And all the days till Thou Thyself shalt come
To take me with Thy children home at last.

Mary Alicia Steward
(daughter of pioneer T. M. Steward.)