

# In Memoriam [White]

A SKETCH  
OF THE  
LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH  
OF  
ELDER JAMES WHITE,  
WHO DIED AT  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, AUGUST 6, 1881,  
  
TOGETHER WITH THE  
Discourse Preached at His Funeral.  
BATTLE CREEK, MICH. 1881.

3

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTORY .....	3
FALLEN AT HIS POST .....	5
THE DEATH OF ELDER WHITE .....	9
AT REST .....	11
DR. J. H. KELLOGG'S STATEMENT .....	17
THE FUNERAL SERVICES .....	21
THE SERMON .....	22
MRS. WHITE'S ADDRESS .....	40
A SKETCH OF EXPERIENCE .....	44
WORDS OF SYMPATHY .....	57
RESOLUTIONS .....	64

## INTRODUCTORY

A FEW days subsequent to the decease of the subject of this memorial, the managing boards of the S. D. A. Publishing Association, College, and Sanitarium held a joint session, with Eld. G. I. Butler in the chair, at which the following resolution was unanimously adopted:-

Resolved, That in view of the recent death of Eld. James White, who has from its commencement been the recognized leader of this denomination, and has for many years been an active and prominent member of these several boards, a

committee of three be appointed by the Chair to prepare a suitable memorial pamphlet to be circulated according to the discretion of the committee.\*

The chairman appointed the following persons to act as this committee, representing the several boards: Eld. U. Smith, W. C. Gage, J. H. Kellogg.

In performing the sad task which has been allotted them, the committee have been led to appreciate more keenly than before, if possible, the great loss which has been sustained by the several institutions which they represent, as well as by the cause at large, and have particularly felt still more deeply the personal loss which they have sustained. The contents of this pamphlet indicate very clearly that the sentiment of the general public, and especially the community in which the deceased resided and in which he was best known, is fully in

4

accord with that of those who were endeared to him by denominational ties, or by the warm friendship of years of close association and cooperation in the work to advance which had been the earnest effort of his life.

The seeming meagerness of the sketch of the deceased is justified by the fact that one of the last completed labors of his own hand was a biography of his life, entitled, "Life Sketches," an interesting volume to which the reader is referred for full particulars respecting a career which marks the subject as one of the remarkable men of his age, whose memory will live as long as the denomination with whose rise he was so intimately connected.

The committee have been obliged to perform their labors in a somewhat hasty manner, on account of the urgent demand for a speedy publication of this pamphlet, and hope to make several improvements in future editions.

The long connection of the deceased with the publishing work, twenty-six years of which has been in Battle Creek, has given him an extensive acquaintance in this city and vicinity, which will account for the large space devoted to the particulars of his life and death in the local papers, copious extracts from which are given in this Memorial, the principal part of which is a compilation of such current notices, editorials and correspondence, as are deemed of interest to the general reader.

U. SMITH.  
W. C. GAGE.  
J. H. KELLOGG.

### **FALLEN AT HIS POST**

[The following was the leading editorial in the issue of the *Advent Review and Sabbath Herald* next succeeding the death of its editor-in-chief, and was written by his associate and fellow-laborer, Elder Uriah Smith.]\*

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

It becomes our painful duty to chronicle in this number an event which will bring sadness to the hearts of all the friends of the *Review*. One week ago at the date of this writing, July 31, both Bro. and Sr. White began to experience feelings of illness, the symptoms of which indicated an approaching attack of malarial

fever. On Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 1 and 2, the symptoms of malarial difficulty became more marked, and the first impressions were confirmed, that it was an attack of ordinary fever and ague, though a very severe one. Wednesday evening, the 3rd, they were both brought to the Sanitarium. The treatment administered the 4th and 5th had the effect to break the fever in the case of Sr. White, but not so with him. Friday evening, shortly after the commencement of the Sabbath, it became evident that a crisis was approaching in his case. He sank very low, but yet retained consciousness and ability to recognize his friends, and understand and answer questions. The physicians

6

and helpers belonging to the Sanitarium put forth every exertion in his behalf through the entire night; and by their efforts, and the use of powerful stimulants, he was enabled so far to rally that it was thought he might recover if another attack could be prevented. But the disease being periodic in its nature, a recurrence of the grave symptoms was feared; and the worst fears were soon realized. At half-past 1 o'clock, Sabbath, Aug. 6, he again sank rapidly, suffering, as was supposed, paralysis of the brain, from which time he lost all sensibility and consciousness. In this condition he lingered, the pulse of life growing weaker and the breath feebler, till at a quarter past five he calmly and quietly passed away.

Bro. White was born in Palmyra, Me., Aug. 4, 1821, and had consequently lived sixty years and two days at the time of his death. Commencing the work of publishing in 1849, a little more than one-half of his active life has been devoted to the special work represented by S. D. Adventists, namely, the promulgation of what they understand to be the third angel's message of Revelation 14. To this he has adhered with an unswerving devotion. Commencing without friends or means, he met and surmounted obstacles before which those of a less courageous heart, a less determined purpose, and a less hopeful and trusting spirit, would have faltered and failed.

The older readers of the *Review* understand well how fully his labors have been identified with every enterprise and every progressive movement connected with this cause. Thrust out, in the providence of God, to be not only a pioneer but a leader in the work, he has shown his adaptability to this position by being the first to see

7

and the clearest to comprehend the situation, and the most active to plan in devising ways and means to meet emergencies and provide for the growing wants of the cause. In the plan adopted by this people for raising means, called Systematic Benevolence, in the matter of the organization of churches and Conferences, the incorporation of legal societies for the prosecution of different branches of the work, the introduction of increased facilities by means of new and improved machinery in the publishing department, the introduction of the health movement, which has led to the establishment of the Sanitarium, the formation of the Educational Society, which has resulted in the founding of Battle Creek College, the raising of a book fund, and the establishment of our publishing work in California, he was the first to move, and the foremost to

defend these enterprises against all opposition. Experience has shown the great wisdom of all these movements, and he lived to see them all reach a degree of prosperity far beyond the anticipation of himself or others at the time of their inception.

But not only has he, with busy brain and pen and earnest words sought the advancement of the truth; he has also freely devoted his means to the carrying forward of the work. Possessing rare financial capabilities, he has not devoted these to any selfish purposes, but used them in a manner to advantage the cause he loved. In all enterprises involving the necessity of raising large sums of money, he has been first to lead out with a liberal subscription, and the stock-books of all our institutions (all the stock being a donation) show larger investments by him than by any other person.

8

Being thus set for the defense of a work which is in its very nature aggressive, and possessing traits of character essential to the successful maintenance of such a position, it was inevitable that he should often offend prejudices, restrain unworthy ambitions, and arouse hostility on the part of some, and turn them into more or less active enemies. But whatever positions he has taken in these respects, those who knew him best are persuaded that he acted from what he believed to be duty to the cause; and where the interest of the cause was involved, that was to him above friend or foe, and he would stand firmly for that, whether it brought enmity or friendship, blame or blessing.

And it was also inevitable that a man in his position should sometimes make mistakes. He never claimed to be infallible in judgment or perfect in character. But whenever convinced of an error, no one was more ready than he to make sincere and ample acknowledgment for the same. Even in his last sickness, when incapable of using the pen himself, with a softened and humble spirit he dictated a message expressive of regrets for any imperfection of character manifested or errors committed, desiring forgiveness of whom it might concern.

Widely known by his travels and public labors from Maine to California, his memory will be sacredly cherished in the hearts of thousands; while multitudes have occasion to add deep feelings of gratitude for personal interest taken by him in their behalf. He was a man of prayer, and often and earnestly sought the counsel that cometh from above.

But his work is done. The weary hands are

9

at rest. The record of years crowded full of manifold labors is closed. He leaves a cause to which he has been a father, strong to go forward in the accomplishment of its mission; while we confidently trust that he is numbered among those of whom it is said that they "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them," to be rewarded in the glorious and soon-coming morning of the resurrection.

If he was to go, as he had a premonition would be the case, though many prayers were offered in his behalf, the circumstances of his death could hardly have been more favorable. So long as he was conscious during the last three days of his illness, he testified that he suffered no pain. A large company of sincere and tearful friends stood in and about the building, while on that pleasant

Sabbath afternoon his life ebbed slowly away. Like falling into a quiet sleep, so he went down in death; and when all was over, a sweet peace seemed to sit embalmed on every feature. It was as if this prayer had been answered:-

"Spare me this hour to sleep, before  
Thy sleepless bliss is given;  
Give me a day of rest on earth,  
Before the work of Heaven."

## THE DEATH OF ELDER WHITE

[The *Battle Creek Journal*, edited and published by Hon. George Willard, ex-member of Congress, in its issue following the sad event, gave a very large amount of its space to the particulars. The first portion of the article below was the editorial leader, and is a just and candid reflection of the sentiment of the community in which the deceased resided for so many years.]

10

Elsewhere in this issue, we present an account of the death of Elder James White, with a sketch of the leading incidents of a career which it would not be exceeding the bounds of strict justice to term extraordinary.

He was a man of the patriarchal pattern, and his character was cast in the heroic mold. If the logical clearness to formulate a creed; if the power to infect others with one's own zeal, and impress them with one's own convictions; if the executive ability to establish a sect and to give it form and stability; if the genius to shape and direct the destiny of great communities, be a mark of true greatness, Elder White is certainly entitled to the appellation, for he possessed not one of these qualities only, but all of them in a marked degree.

The essential feature of his life's work was constructive. He had the rare power of social organization, and laid the foundation, and marked the design, for the erection of a social and religious structure for others to develop and further complete. Hence it is that his influence was not only commanding during his life, but will be realized long after his death. The work begun by him will not in the least flag by his departure, as the institutions so largely shaped by his practical wisdom and untiring diligence will continue to prosper and further develop in the future as in the past.

Therefore, as with all true founders of communities, his life is not a broken shaft, but an enduring column, whereon others are to build. He lived to see the Adventist denomination, with all its various institutions with which he has been identified as founder and chief executive, firmly

11

established upon a stable basis. The management of its affairs in this city is left in thoroughly competent hands, and there will be no interruption to its progress by his demise. His mantle will be worn by worthy successors, who have caught his inspiration, and who, like him, with earnestness, sound judgment, and executive ability, will carry forward the designs and projects which he had so

large a share in inaugurating, and afterward conducting with such distinguished success.

## AT REST

The death of Elder James White, the founder of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, and President of the Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Association, and until recently of the Battle Creek College, the Sanitarium, and the other denominational institutions located here, occurred on Saturday afternoon last, in this city. The announcement took our community by surprise. For, although the deceased had been for some years past in evidently declining health, - the result of his multiplied and extraordinary labors, - and within the past few days it had been known that he was obliged by renewed illness to forego some of his appointments abroad, yet there was no general expectation that he was near the termination of his earthly career, and, accordingly, the news of his death fell with startling effect upon our citizens, and will, of course, be received with equal surprise by his extensive acquaintance throughout the country, and especially by the members of that now widely-extended religious communion of which, on this continent as well as in Europe, he was the recognized leader and acknowledged head.

12

The prominence which Elder White has enjoyed in our city and State for more than a quarter of a century, and the wide influence which he has exerted in the field of religious thought and action, lend a special interest to the prominent points of his most busy and useful life, and we shall, therefore, present them to our readers.

Elder James White, like most of the apostles of religious opinion in our country, was a native of New England. He first saw light in the town of Palmyra, in the State of Maine, on the 4th of August, 1821, so that on Thursday last - two days before his death - he had reached his sixtieth birthday. He was of genuine Puritan stock, being a lineal descendant of one of the Plymouth colonists whose names are immortalized as the band who brought to our shores the germ of American institutions in the Mayflower.

William White and his wife were members of this first Pilgrim colony, and their son, Peregrine, born just prior to the landing, was the first white child born in New England. From his son John, in direct line, John White, the father of the subject of this notice, traced his ancestry, and possessed, as a memento of the lineage, the silver knee buckles, worn by the stern pilgrim who in 1620 crossed the ocean in the Mayflower for conscience' sake. This memento is now in the possession of Prof. John White of Harvard University, a nephew of Elder James White, the deceased. Elder White's father, John White, spent the last twelve years of his life in this city, and died here some ten years ago, at the ripe age of 86 years. His mother also, who was the grand-daughter of the Rev. Dr. Shepard,

13

an eminent Baptist divine of New England, died in this city, aged 82 years, a few months previous to the death of her husband. They were both buried in Oak Hill

cemetery, where the resting-place of their remains is appropriately marked by marble slabs.

In his early years, physical debility, and especially weakness of eyesight, prevented him from availing himself of educational advantages; but at the age of sixteen, his health becoming better, he began to make up the loss, and at nineteen entered the Academy at St. Albans, Me., where he prepared himself for teaching a district school, - a task which he performed by studying eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Attending school again at Reedfield, Me., and again engaging in teaching with marked success, he reached the period of his conversion to the doctrines of the Adventist faith, and the commencement of his public ministry in their behalf, in 1842, having previously at the age of fifteen been baptized and united with the Christian church.

When he commenced his labors in the Adventist ministry he was twenty-one years of age, and he threw himself into the work with the ardor and persistence that were so characteristic of him in his later years. Under the pressure of constant labor, and by exposure consequent upon fulfilling widely-extended appointments, his health became much impaired, but the results of his exertion were seen in numerous conversions to the doctrines which he so zealously preached.

In 1846 he was united in marriage to Ellen G. Harmon, whom he met in his labors at Portland, Me., she being at the time an earnest laborer for the Adventist faith, both in public and in teaching

14

"from house to house." Sympathy in their faith and in their work, as well as congeniality of temperament, made a happy union which has enabled them to co-operate with wonderful success in building up the communion to which they have devoted themselves with such remarkable energy and zeal. From their marriage onward to the termination of Elder White's life and ministry by his death as here noted, their labors have been conspicuously united, and their lives have been intertwined almost as if they had been one in reality as well as by the mystic tie of wedlock. Their biographies, so far as their public work is concerned, form a whole, each individual life being a counterpart and complement of the other. Their labors at first largely consisted in attending Conferences of the people of their faith throughout New England, and in establishing, and in various places confirming, churches by their preaching and counsel. But to this work was soon added another important instrumentality, that of publishing; and accordingly, in 1849, Elder White began the publication of a small periodical at Middletown, Ct., entitled, *The Present Truth*, walking a distance of eight miles to and from the office of publication to his home, then at Rocky Hill. Mrs. White in her sketches speaks of the first number as follows: "When Mr. White brought the first number from the printing office, we all bowed around it, asking the Lord, with humble hearts and many tears, to let his blessing rest upon the feeble efforts of his servant. He then directed the papers to all he thought would read them, and carried them to the post-office in a carpet-bag. Every number was taken from Middletown to Rocky Hill, and always before

15

preparing them for the post-office they were spread before the Lord, and earnest prayers, mingled with tears, were offered to God that his blessing would attend the silent messenger." Thus from this small beginning has grown the publishing establishment of the denomination, whose periodicals and books in various languages are now scattered broadcast throughout the world. Soon afterward, at Paris, Me., Elder White commenced the publication of the *Advent Review and Sabbath Herald*, it being virtually a continuation of the former, but with the name which is still retained to designate the leading weekly of the denomination. The *Review and Herald* was afterward published at Saratoga, N. Y., whence subsequently, in 1852, it was removed by its publisher, to Rochester, in the same State, and in 1855, to this city, which was selected by Elder White and his associates as the headquarters of the denominational publications, and of the various denominational enterprises. At this time the leader of the cause was over \$2,000 in debt, his health was very poor, orders for books and tracts were few, and it was a period of darkness and peculiar discouragement for himself and family. But the clouds were soon lifted. With courageous energy he devoted himself to the work before him. With remarkable perseverance and unflagging industry, with keen business foresight, and more than all, by a deep religious enthusiasm and zeal, he inaugurated the various enterprises of the denomination in our city, which have developed results far beyond the expectations of our citizens at the time, or even those of the most sanguine adherents of the new faith. The publication office issues over 25,000

16

copies of weekly periodicals, and over fifty million pages of books, pamphlets, and miscellaneous publications annually, to make no mention of the large publishing house of the denomination established at Oakland, Cal., and the office at Basle, Switzerland.

Together with this feature of the work inaugurated by Elder White for the promulgation of the tenets of his faith, should be mentioned other institutions which are largely indebted to him for their first conception and subsequent encouragement. Prominent among these is the Sanitarium, which has become one of the foremost health establishments in the entire country, and is daily increasing in patronage, and constantly strengthening its hold upon the public favor, both at home and abroad. Elder White regarded the preservation of health a religious duty, and considered health reform as an essential feature of the faith as promulgated by him. He also regarded education as the handmaid of religion, and Battle Creek College is the outgrowth of his idea on that point. It already takes its place as a leading educational institution in our State. In close connection with this is the Educational Society for the diffusion of knowledge, and more especially for the preparation of young men for the ministry. Also the denominational Book Fund, which is intended to disseminate intelligence not only in our own country, but among the various nations of Europe, - all of these interests, which have now risen to enterprises of great magnitude, may be credited to him as their founder.

For the last twenty-six years of his life, his home has been in this city. His duties have often



called him elsewhere, but Battle Creek has with pride and satisfaction claimed him as a citizen, and has long since learned to reckon him among the foremost men of the community. To him the city owes no small share of its population, as well as its reputation for enterprise and business prosperity. His death is universally regarded as the departure of a real leader from our midst, one born to organize and to command, and to leave an impress upon the age in which he lived. His death will be widely and deeply mourned. Distant communities where his voice of admonition and warning, as well as of consolation and encouragement, has been heard, will unite in honoring his memory, and in expressing their tributes of affection and esteem; but in no place will his death be more sincerely regretted, or his remembrance more fondly cherished, than in this city, which was the chief theatre of his labor, and the center from which his large and beneficent influence has been extended.

As many of our readers will be desirous to learn the particulars of the last illness and death of Elder White, we here present the record relating thereto, kindly furnished by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Medical Superintendent of the Sanitarium, who attended him:-

### **DR. J. H. KELLOGG'S STATEMENT**

I first learned of the illness of Elder White about 4 o'clock P. M., Tuesday, August 2, when I received a message from him requesting me to visit him at his residence, which I immediately did. I found him suffering with a very high fever, the pulse being 112, and the temperature 103-3/4°F. I learned that at about 10 A. M. of the same day he had suffered with a very severe congestive

18

chill.. At this time his head was greatly congested, and he complained of severe pain in the spine, extending into the lower limbs. He seemed to be greatly prostrated, and was very restless. Treatment to relieve the fever and pain was immediately ordered, and administered by a bath attendant from the Sanitarium. After a short time copious perspiration appeared, and he was greatly relieved.

At 8 P. M. I saw him again, and found his pulse diminished to 96, and his temperature to 101'. At 11:30 P. M. his fever had entirely subsided.

At 8 A. M., Wednesday, I saw him again, and found him free from fever, but greatly prostrated. He had some appetite, however, and ate a light breakfast.

The fever arose in the afternoon, and at 2 P. M. reached a temperature of 102-3/4', one degree less than the day before. He suffered less pain than the day previous, but complained much of the heat, the weather being very warm. The tendency to cerebral congestion was very marked, and there was some pain in the head.

In the evening he felt much better, though very weak, and in accordance with his wishes and my urgent advice, was removed to the Sanitarium on a bed placed in an easy hack. He passed the night comfortably, and felt free from pain in the morning, but was very weak, and would take no food.

About noon, on Thursday, he began to show symptoms of fever again, but the temperature rose only to 101-3/4'. The pulse was rather weak, however, and in the evening, after the fever had subsided, became for a short time very rapid. He slept well through the night, however, and in the morning stated that he felt much better, though weak. He ate a light breakfast with relish, and expressed himself as feeling very comfortable and wholly free from pain during the forenoon, but took no dinner.

Early in the afternoon he became somewhat feverish, though less so than on any previous day, and by 7 P. M. his temperature was only slightly above 100'. He seemed inclined to doze much of the time during the day, as on previous days during his sickness.

At 7:30 P. M. several friends called upon him, but talked with him only a little, as he seemed inclined to sleep.

At 8 P. M. I examined his pulse, and remarked the same

19

peculiarity observed the previous evening, - weakness and unusual frequency, although there was no fever, neither any evidence of chill, the body being warm. He expressed himself as feeling entirely comfortable, but inclined to sleep. About five minutes later I examined his pulse again, and observed a slight irregularity. Strong stimulants were immediately administered, and Mrs. White and a number of special friends were advised that his condition was critical.

The grave symptoms grew rapidly worse for an hour, notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts which could be made by the use of stimulating and restorative means of every sort, which were ready at hand. The pulse became exceedingly rapid, reaching 160, and was very feeble and extremely irregular. The respiration was short and labored. The pupils were dilated almost to the extreme limit. Still the body was warm, and there was no evidence of chilliness, but the tendency to collapse from failure of the heart seemed irresistible. Consciousness was not entirely suspended, as he was able to answer any brief question intelligently. This condition continued without apparent change until about 3 A. M., when a slight improvement was observed which continued until at 6 A. M. the pulse was regular at 112, and the respiration much stronger. Up to this time constant efforts had been made to keep him awake, but now he was allowed to drop asleep. He took a little fluid nourishment, and steadily improved for several hours.

At 10 A. M. he was able to converse a little in brief sentences, but his pupils were still dilated, and the symptoms of paralysis of certain portions of the brain, which had appeared in the night, continued.

We felt strongly the conviction that, should he live, his mind would possess but a shadow of its former strength. The same conviction fastened itself upon Mrs. White, who had entertained but slight hopes of his recovery from the commencement of the attack the previous evening. Fearing a repetition of the preceding evening, we apprised the friends of the impending danger, and set a careful watch over him in order to detect the first symptoms of collapse.

About 1 P. M. his pulse suddenly began to increase in frequency, and soon became very feeble and irregular. Within thirty minutes he became unconscious, and his

20

pulse rapidly rose to 176, and his respiration to 60 per minute. His temperature was 99°, one-half degree above the normal temperature. The same measures used with the previous attack were again employed, but without effect, and he remained in the condition described until he breathed his last, just after 5 P. M.

During the last few months Elder White had expressed himself as feeling remarkably well, and until within a few days of his decease there had been no indication of any contrary condition. Two weeks before his death, Elder White attended a tent-meeting at Charlotte, Mich., at which he contracted a severe cold through a sudden change in the weather. Upon returning home he complained of a sensation of pressure in the chest, and seemed apprehensive of impending sickness. One week before his death, upon returning home, after assisting in the services at the Tabernacle, he seemed greatly exhausted; and after this each day found him a very little worse than the preceding, though he continued to engage in his usual duties, until the disease which was incubating in his system finally culminated in an attack of malarial fever, which assumed the pernicious form sometimes known as "congestive chills," a disease which is only equaled in gravity by such maladies as cholera, yellow fever, and the plague.

The case presented some strange and very remarkable features, which are only explicable upon the supposition that the severe shocks of apoplexy which he had suffered during the later portion of his life had so seriously impaired certain portions of the brain as to render him unusually susceptible to the malarious poison to which he had been exposed a short time before his death.

With the concurrence of the friends, we called in consultation Dr. Millspaugh of this city, whom we found in entire agreement with us in reference to the condition and the appropriate treatment.

No one, unless it be his bereaved family, can feel more keenly than we the loss of one who has been to us for years a father and a friend. To no one else have we been personally indebted for so many acts of kindness and so much wise counsel. We mourn not only for the irretrievable loss which the cause must sustain, but for a personal loss which cannot be repaired.\*

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

## **THE FUNERAL SERVICES**

Owing to the distance of many of the relatives from the scene of his death, a son being in California and a brother in Massachusetts, the date of the funeral was fixed for Sabbath, Aug. 13, one week from the day of his death. The brother in Massachusetts, Rev. Samuel White, was prevented by feeble health from attending; but W. C. White and wife arrived from Oakland, California, the day previous; and another brother of the deceased, Rev. John White, for many years a presiding elder in the Methodist Conference of Ohio, together with his son-in-

law, were present from that State. These with Sister White, J. E. White and wife, and Mrs. Mary Chase, a sister of the deceased, who has for some time resided in Battle Creek, constituted the relatives who were present.

Although the day was the most busy one in the week for those not of our faith, the people of this vicinity showed their respect for the deceased by attending the funeral in large numbers. The main auditorium and the gallery of the Tabernacle were completely filled, and the sliding partitions being raised, quite a portion of the surrounding vestries was also filled. It is estimated that twenty-five hundred people were present, making it the largest funeral ever held in this city.

A large portrait of the deceased was suspended from the arch over the pulpit, suitably draped in black, as were also the arch and the desk. The employees of the *Review* office, of whom there are more than a hundred, wore appropriate badges

22

of mourning, and nearly all of them joined in a foot procession accompanying to the grave the ninety-five carriages that constituted the funeral train.

The religious services were conducted by Elder Uriah Smith, who has been associated with Elder White during the greater part of his public labors, more especially in the publishing work, and who, more than any one else, was intimately acquainted with his character, his plans, and his work. The funeral address was a tribute of respect and affection, eulogistic, as befitting the occasion, and one in which those who best knew the deceased could heartily join. The following is a verbatim report:-

## THE SERMON

No man is in this life immortal; yet there are some men whose death is so far removed from all our calculations and expectations that we would fain persuade ourselves that we need make no provision in their cases for any such contingency, at least during the allotted period of three-score years and ten; that no such interruption is to occur in the charmed existence they seem to lead till in the natural course of years the period of their labor is over.

Especially is this the case with those who have been engaged in life-long public enterprises, and who have become largely identified with the movement to which they are devoting all their energies. We look at the work and inseparably connect with it the workmen; and so long as the former continues, we look for the latter also.

A movement of this nature has been for many

23

years going forward in the land. To many of us it has been, during the greater part of the period which it covers, the one pursuit of life. The monuments of its success are all around us. With a steadily increasing ratio, it has gathered strength as the years rolled away. But yet before us, shrouded for the tomb, lies the man with whom it had its very beginning. Taking hold of this work while as yet it had neither form nor substance, under the leadings of what he regarded as the clearest indications of Divine Providence, he bore it in his arms heroically

forward, making ways where none appeared, removing obstacles calculated to arrest its progress, defending it from enemies without and within, devising means for the development of strength, until it has reached its present growth, and stands to-day in its highest attainment of vitality. With every advance movement, with every new enterprise connected with this work, with all its out-reachings to occupy new territory, and with the employment of new agencies to accomplish desired ends, his name has been connected, and his efforts have been inseparably interwoven.

Is it strange, then, that we should never have contemplated the coming of a day when others would be obliged to go forward with this work without his active co-operation? Is it any wonder that we should come to feel that in a cause which we have expected would be brief at the longest, he with whom it began, and who has so long continued with it, should continue to the end? It is true that, as the result of arduous labors in the past, disease of the gravest nature has at times pressed upon him; yet through the strength of a vigorous constitution and an indomitable will, he

24

has rallied from it all, and might he not do so still? Though he was seriously indisposed during the first days of his last illness, as the disease manifested no symptoms to show it to be of a particularly critical character until within less than twenty-four hours of his death, the event came upon us all with the suddenness of a surprise.

He leaves a companion and two sons with their wives, who have been co-workers with him in the same cause. He leaves a brother, the Rev. John White, for many years a presiding elder in the Methodist conference of Ohio, who is with us to-day. He leaves another brother, a Baptist minister in Massachusetts, besides sisters, one of whom is with us, and other more distant relatives. We come here, not simply to offer them our sympathy, but to mourn with them, and mingle our tears of sadness and sorrow with theirs.

And now, since our brother has fallen, and his life-work has come to a close, we can pay no more suitable tribute to his memory than to review some of the leading events in his history, and his connection with the cause to which allusion has been made.

Eld. James White was born in Palmyra, Maine, August 4, 1821. His death occurring August 6, 1881, his age, as measured by figures, would stand sixty years and two days. He was apparently much older than this, owing to the fact that it is not years alone, but labors, which impress themselves upon man's physical frame. Nature refuses to be circumvented in this matter; and if a man crowds into fifty years the labors which would ordinarily occupy eighty years, upon his physical frame and his personal appearance, other things being equal, she will write, not the fifty, but the

25

eighty.. But the prophet speaks of a glorious time in the future, when "there shall be no more thence an old man who hath not filled his days;" none prematurely old from letting an absorbing interest in their life-work, and an earnest will,

impatient for results, urge them on to labors which the physical frame cannot endure.

The name of Peregrine White is famous in history as that of the first child born in the colony of the pilgrims, who, from the tempest-tossed Mayflower, landed upon Plymouth Rock in 1620. To him was born a son, whom he named John. A namesake and lineal descendant of this son was Deacon John White, the father of Eld. James White, whose obsequies we this day celebrate.

His ancestors on his mother's side were scarcely less illustrious, and none the less members of the genuine Puritan stock, his mother being the grand-daughter of Doctor Samuel Shepard, an eminent Baptist clergyman of New England.

Eld. White labored under some physical disadvantages in early life, in surmounting which he began to develop that indomitable energy which has made him so successful in the larger enterprises of his later years. At fifteen years of age he was baptized and joined the Christian church. At twenty-one he entered the ministry, having become interested in the views presented by William Miller concerning the second coming of Christ in 1843-4. Efforts to explain the disappointment of 1844, led him to the views which lie at the foundation of the Seventh-day Adventist movement. In 1846 he was united in marriage with Miss Ellen G. Harmon, who, in the good providence of God, still survives. Between the years 1846 and 1849 his new views began to arrange themselves

26

into a more definite system, and premonitions of some systematic effort to more successfully promulgate them, began to exercise his mind. To one who had embraced the same views with himself, he once remarked with something of his prophetic foresight: "The time will come when these truths will be published in books and papers and be spread broadcast over the land." But the remark was met with utter incredulity on the part of his less expectant brethren.

In 1849 he felt that the time had come for him to avail himself of the aid of the press. He accordingly commenced the publication in Middletown, Ct., of a little sheet called *The Present Truth*. This was on his part no small venture. He was without any promised support. The known friends of the movement he could almost count on the fingers of his two hands. His health was not fully established. He had no means but the scanty pittance derived from labor in the woods in winter and in the hay-field in the summer. The distance from the printing office to the place where he was then living was eight miles, and the frequent journeys necessary to be taken between the two were performed on foot. The copy was prepared in a humble chamber, a Bible, a concordance, and a dictionary being the only text books at hand. The first number was at length issued, and dedicated by solemn prayer to the mission on which it was to be sent; and when the papers were wrapped and the names of all who they thought would look upon the movement with any favor were written upon them, the entire list was taken to the post-office in a carpet-sack.

This was a small and humble beginning, but under the inspiration that it was a work of Divine

27

Providence, he had no disposition to "despise the day of small things." Yet in truth a great work had been accomplished; a beginning had been made; the mustard seed had been planted; an agency had been set in motion which was destined to become a power in the land. A good example had been set of faith, perseverance, a spirit of sacrifice and consecration to a cherished truth.

With the beginning of the publishing work he did not relinquish his work as preacher, but was constantly passing from place to place, proclaiming the views which had become so dear to him. To accommodate his publishing enterprise to his work as an evangelist, the paper was moved from time to time to different places. In 1850 it was issued in Paris, Me. Here the paper was enlarged, and the name was changed to that which it still bears, *The Advent Review and Sabbath Herald*. The name he chose for the publication shows the logical working of his mind. It was designed to be a *review* of the past Advent movement, and a *herald* of the new feature connected with the work concerning the commandments, especially the Sabbath of the Lord.

The paper was afterwards published in Saratoga Springs and in Rochester, N. Y., and finally permanently located in this State in the autumn of 1855. The first number issued in this place was No. 10, Volume 7, bearing date Dec. 4, 1855. The last issue of the paper containing the notice of his death was No. 7, Volume 58. From this it is at once apparent how large a portion of the work of publishing has been done at this point.

With the growth of the work here, at least in its outward aspects, the people of this vicinity are familiar. The small wooden building first erected

28

for an office has given place to the commodious brick structures which are none too large for the present state of the work; and the small meeting-house on Cass street, 18x24 feet, the first meeting-house ever erected by S. D. Adventists, soon gave place to a second and a third building, and finally to this Tabernacle, which experience is showing is none too large for the demands made upon it.

Here a legally incorporated publishing association has been formed, a plan of organization has been effected for churches and conferences, a health institute has been established, an educational society has been organized, resulting in the location of the Sanitarium and College at this point. These institutions, and the growth of the work in other respects, has called in many as helpers in the various departments of labor, and thus the presence of the congregation that worships in this house from week to week is owing more or less directly to his work and influence.

In 1872 Eld. White first visited California, and assisted in the establishment of a State Conference. He again visited that State in the latter part of 1873, remaining until August 1874. At this time he established the office of publication in Oakland, Cal., which is doing a large business on the Pacific Coast. *The Signs of the Times*, there published, equal in size with the *Review*, has a wide circulation in all parts of this country, and a large list is sent to foreign countries.

He has also taken a deep interest in the work in Europe, raising \$10,000 for the establishment of the press in Switzerland, and a large sum for the work

among the Scandinavians. He has traveled constantly and extensively, and his voice has been heard in all our Conferences from the Atlantic to

29

the Pacific. He has taken a deep interest in the welfare of his brethren in all the different States, and thousands will feel his loss as that of a personal friend.

It is proper that we say a few words respecting the character of this great and true man who has fallen. He possessed many prominent and strongly defined traits of character, such as would be necessary, and such as one would naturally expect to find, in a man capable of organizing and leading forward to its present degree of success such a movement as that in which he has been engaged.

We first notice that in times of confusion and excitement he was always calm and cool. A brief chapter of his experience will illustrate this: The time immediately following the disappointment of 1844 was a trying time to all who had been engaged in that movement. Almost every one seemed to lose his bearings. A multitude of conflicting theories was at once advanced in explanation of the situation. It was a time for one not well balanced to become confused. But he calmly looked about him for some sure anchorage ground. This he soon found in the fact that the preceding movement had too much of goodness and greatness about it, too much of the evident operation of the Spirit of God, to be renounced as altogether an erroneous movement.

Concisely stated, the argument for the appearing of Christ in 1844 was this:- The prophet had declared that at the end of the twenty-three hundred days the sanctuary should be cleansed. Dan.8:14. The days were computed to end in 1844, and the sanctuary was supposed to be the earth. Its cleansing was thought to be its purification by fire, and that was inseparably connected with the

30

second appearing of Christ. Hence, on these premises the conclusion was inevitable that the coming of Christ would then take place. But when the time passed it was evident that a mistake had somewhere been made. The solution, if one could be found at all, must be looked for in one of two directions. Either the prophetic period was not correctly calculated, or the sanctuary of the prophecy was not the earth. The chronological argument was carefully re-examined and found to be invulnerable; but the other point, that the earth is the sanctuary, was found to have been taken for granted rather than proved. Further investigation showed clearly that the sanctuary was not the earth, but was the temple in Heaven, the great antitype of the Mosaic tabernacle, as set forth by Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews, and that its cleansing is a work that transpires in probation, before the Lord appears at his second advent. This being established, the subject of chronology was settled. It was seen that no prophetic period reached to the coming of Christ, and they were therefore guarded against all attempts to re-adjust the periods and set new times for the Lord to come. All doubt began to be removed, all perplexity to be cleared away, and the way was opened for future intelligent work. Thus he came out of this ordeal with a calmly calculated, well-defined position.

Secondly, He was a man never given to fanaticism. That there were on the part of some, excesses at the time referred to, is not to be denied. But these he



always opposed. While he did not believe in the form without the power, still less did he believe in the power without the form. This leads to the dethronement of reason, and to everything extravagant and wild. In all his revival

31

work,, which has been extensive, he never labored to produce excitement, but to convince the judgment, enlist the reason, and thus secure an intelligent movement, from principle, instead of a thoughtless step from mere impulse. This has made his influence lasting and his work permanent.

Thirdly, He was endowed with remarkable acuteness of perception to determine the most judicious moves to be made. As an illustration on this point, the circumstance of the removal of the office from Rochester may be mentioned. At this time but little had been done in our work west of New York and Pennsylvania. The brethren in Vermont, where the greatest success had been achieved, wished the office removed to that State, and the general feeling was in favor of such removal. But Elder White reasoned differently. He looked over the whole field, and took in, to some extent, the future of this cause. He reasoned that a large work was to be accomplished in these broad Western States, and judged that the office should be as near as possible to the center of the field of operation. He examined the ground for himself, and finding in Battle Creek a few brethren ready to take hold of the work, and judging this community to be one characterized by sobriety, thrift and moral worth, - an estimate in which we have not been disappointed, - the office was located here, with the results already stated.

Fourthly, He was a man who would never yield to discouragements. The word "fail" was not in his vocabulary. Allow me to say that for twenty-eight years I have been intimately associated with him in this work. With the exception of a few brief periods, there has been no important act of my life that has not been influenced, either

32

by his personal presence, his counsel or some thought of him as connected with the work. And in reference to many of his own plans, he has opened to me all his mind. Yet I never once knew him to harbor the idea of giving up, drawing back, or suffering to fail, any enterprise he had undertaken. There have been, to be sure, many plans suggested, and it may be for a time entertained, but which, through prudence and caution, have never been adopted. But when once the weight of evidence was sufficient to cause an enterprise to be undertaken, then no obstacles, present or prospective, were allowed to defeat the purpose; it must be accomplished.

Fifthly, He was a man who would look forward to the future wants of his work, and make provision for them. He foresaw that certain elements of stability must be wrought into the work, which could be secured only through organization. When he removed to this place, everything was in his hands as an individual. He was the only legal representative of the property which was accumulating. His health was poor, and he often remarked that, if he should be taken away, everything would be left in confusion; and he anticipated, moreover, that the work would grow to such an extent as to finally involve great financial responsibilities.

He therefore pleaded for the formation of a legally incorporated association, by which the business should be conducted, which result was finally secured.

Much the same reasons he urged in behalf of the organization of churches, State Conferences, and, finally, a General Conference, the executive committee of which should be the highest board of appeal, and thus the whole work be unified.

33

The plan of raising means to compensate the ministry is owing to the same sagacity on his part. When each one depended for his support on what personal and private donations he might secure, the distribution was almost sure to be unequal. But when every account passes under the inspection of an auditing committee, and payment is rendered according to labor performed, there is, at least, not so much opportunity for favoritism and partiality. To the foresight, sagacity, and good judgment thus manifested, much of the progress and prosperity of this work is due.

Sixthly, He was a man of strong personal friendships, and of a remarkably generous nature. To have a regard for the interests of others, and to see that their circumstances were rendered as favorable as possible, was a part of his nature. He was hardly contented unless he was interesting himself in the behalf of some widow or orphan, some unfortunate brother, or some fellow-minister. Many a minister of this and other States has to attribute to the interest and kindness of Eld. White in his behalf the possession of his first home. Seeing that they would be better prepared to go forward in the work if in possession of a home of their own, he would interest himself to secure one for them, advancing them the means to purchase, taking their note without interest. Then as he went from place to place, and the brethren would wish to invest means somewhere in the cause, he would introduce these cases, explain the circumstances, showing them the note, and let them indorse upon it their fives and tens, as each one might feel disposed to give, until the whole was paid. And while thus working for others, and receiving gifts for them, he

34

would not solicit, nor would he receive if urged upon him, gifts and donations for himself. The only exception to this was a brief period, and a small sum received about the time of his first sickness; but this was not enough to invalidate the rule of his life in this respect.

Yet his position has been such as to make it almost inevitable that he should have enemies. Some would misconstrue his motives, and misjudge his actions. It may be proper to notice a point or two under this head on this occasion. The cry has been raised at various times and in various quarters that this work was a speculation, and that Eld. White was manipulating the enterprise to enrich himself. What has already been said is a sufficient refutation of the charge. If he had insisted in keeping matters in his own hands instead of calling for organizations with their boards of trustees and directors into whose hands the entire management of the work, financially and otherwise, should be committed, there might be some better ground for the claim. That he has acquired some means, is true, but every farthing has been made in an honorable manner from a

legitimate source. No individual has been wronged, and not a dollar has been taken unjustly from the treasury of any branch of this work; while he has himself, within the last eight years, put into the different branches of the cause, the sum of twenty thousand dollars of his own means.

And some have thought that he was deficient in social qualities, and sometimes rigid, harsh, and unjust, even toward his best friends. But these feelings, we are persuaded, come from a failure to comprehend one of the strongest traits in his character, which was his pre-eminent love for the

35

cause in which he was engaged. To that he subordinated all else; for that he was willing to renounce home and friends. No man would have been more glad than he to enjoy continuously the pleasures of domestic and social life, and the intercourse of friends, had he not thought that integrity to the cause called him to take a different course. But when this was the case, the voice of duty was first and all else was secondary. Some in whose natures this principle is lacking, cannot comprehend the actions of a man who is governed by such motives. But how would any man be fitted, without such an element as this in his character, to be the conservator of the interests of any cause whatever? In saying this I am not saying what he so often disclaimed, and what he would not wish any one to say, that he assumed never to err in judgment, or make any mistakes. The infirmities common to our nature he possessed in like manner as his fellow-men; and these he often saw and deplored. But who, in his circumstances, would have had less occasion for this than he? Utterly abhorrent to all the better sentiments of our nature would be that spirit which would suffer any feelings from this source to survive an occasion like this, - that spirit which would not bury them all, and bury them forever, in the grave which will close over him to-day. We turn, rather, to the thousands who have loved him as a brother, honored him as a father, and revered him as a counselor and guide, and who will cherish his memory sacredly, and never cease to regret the loss they have sustained in his death.

As left by him, his work bears the marks of a wise builder. The elements of stability and permanence are wrought into all the structure. By

36

the wise foresight already mentioned, of introducing order, securing careful arrangements and thorough organization, his efforts will not be lost. God buries the workman, but still carries on the work. His influence will still be felt, the impress of his shaping hand will still be seen, and all the future workings of this cause will revive and keep alive his memory. His love for the work, especially the publishing department, continued to the last. But a few days before his final illness, holding up his right hand, he exclaimed, "Let my right hand forget its cunning if I forget the interests of this work." His spirit has seemed of late to be fitting up for the great transition.

Many of us have marked the themes upon which he has delighted to dwell: the wonders of redemption; the position and work of Christ as one with the Father in the creation, and in all the dispensations pertaining to the plan of salvation; and, finally, the glories of the coming restitution, the realities of which he will soon enjoy. And as he now lays off the armor and goes down to rest, while

his voice will no more be heard in words of encouragement and counsel, and while he will no more go in and out among us, we can but pray that his mantle may fall upon those who are to come after him; that a multitude may catch his spirit of love for the work, and emulate his zeal to do faithfully the Master's will.

We have spoken of the past and present. With these he is now done; but yet there remains the most important period of all, and that is the future, - the future! in which all our hopes center and all our reward is stored. Here is the toil and labor, there the rest; here the term of service, there the reward; here the darkness, there the

37

light;; here the cross and suffering, there the crown and glory; here the temporal, there the eternal. Christ, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame. The joy was that of seeing many souls brought through him to glory. To the followers of Christ it will be said, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." And what will be the joy of one that has labored as our brother has labored, to see at last, in the kingdom, the happy results of all his toil? With what satisfaction he will look over the ground and mark how this sacrifice resulted in the salvation of some soul, and that effort put forth perhaps in weakness, turned some steps into the way of life! And this period of wearing labor is bearing glorious fruit in the kingdom of God, and all adding stars to the crown of his rejoicing.

The Scriptures set forth this time by many cheering promises and expressions. It is to enter into the mansions Christ has gone to prepare for his people. It is to inherit the kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world. It is to enter into the joy of the Lord. But the most impressive of all is, perhaps, the declaration of John, when he says, "Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." Here the glory in all its brightness, the joy in all its exuberance, is brought to view. The festal board is spread. The guests from the East and West and North and South, from the stake and the dungeon, from the darkness and the sorrow of earth, are gathered to celebrate the long looked for redemption. This call to the marriage supper of the Lamb will soon be made, and this blessing will soon be given. Dr. Bonar, in one of his glowing hymns, describes the happy scene to which

38

those who are accepted in Christ will soon receive a joyful summons:-

Ascend, beloved, to the joy;  
The festal day has come;  
To-night the Lamb doth feast his own,  
To-night he with his Bride sits down,  
To-night puts on the spousal crown,  
In the great upper room.

Ascend, beloved, to the love;  
This is the day of days;  
To-night the bridal song is sung,  
To-night ten thousand harps are strung,

In sympathy with heart and tongue,  
Unto the Lamb's high praise.

The festal lamps are lighting now  
In the great marriage-hall;  
By angel-hands the board is spread,  
By angel-hands the sacred bread  
Is on the golden table laid;  
The King his own doth call.

The gems are gleaming from the roof,  
Like stars in night's round dome;  
The festal wreaths are hanging there,  
The festal fragrance fills the air,  
And flowers of Heaven, divinely fair,  
Unfold their happy bloom.

Long, long deferred, now come at last,  
The Lamb's glad wedding-day;  
The guests are gathering to the feast,  
The seats in heavenly order placed,  
The royal throne above the rest;-  
How bright the new array!

Sorrow and sighing are no more,  
The weeping hours are past;  
To-night the waiting will be done,  
To-night the wedding-robe put on,  
The glory and the joy begun;  
The crown has come at last,

39

Without, within, is light, is light;  
Around, above, is love;  
We enter, to go out no more,  
We raise the song unsung before,  
We doff the sackcloth that we wore;  
For all is joy above.

Ascend, beloved, to the life;  
Our days of death are o'er;  
Mortality has done its worst,  
The fetters of the tomb are burst,  
The last has now become the first,  
For ever, evermore.

Ascend, beloved, to the feast;  
Make haste, thy day is come;  
Thrice blest are they the Lamb doth call,  
To share the heavenly festival,  
To the new Salem palace-hall,  
Our everlasting home!

With a hope before us such as this, we can brave the gloom of mortality, and even the "valley of the shadow of death." Though here we are called to wrap the mantle of our grief about us, and darkness and shadows surround our way, we can borrow from the coming glory enough of radiance to dispel the gloom, and to enable us, even in the face of death, to offer thanks to Him that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

We mourn the providence which has taken from us one who has occupied so large a place in all our hearts; but we would remember that the pain is that of a brief parting in a world of wretchedness and woe, soon to give place to the joy of an eternal meeting in a world of love and bliss. In behalf of the cause which he has loved as dearly as his own life, in behalf of the institutions which he has cherished with the tenderest

40

affections,, in behalf of this church for whom he has labored, in behalf of this community who have shown their respect and esteem, and in behalf of all this denomination who now mourn his departure, we take our leave of our father, brother, counselor, and friend, to-day. Rest, O war-worn soldier, till the great Captain of our salvation, marshalling his followers in a glorious reunion beneath the walls of the heavenly Zion, shall bid them lay off the worn garments of their pilgrimage and warfare, and arrayed in the white robes of victory, enter into the joy of their Lord.

At the conclusion of the discourse, unexpectedly to all, Sister White arose, and occupied some ten minutes with well-chosen and impressive remarks. Though so feeble that she had to be borne into the Tabernacle, she was enabled to speak in a clear, strong voice, concerning the peculiar value of the Christian's hope on such occasions as this.

A phonographer, Bro. Joseph Haughey, took notes of her remarks, and we are therefore enabled to present them herewith.

### **MRS. WHITE'S ADDRESS**

I want to say a few words to those present on this occasion. My dear Saviour has been my strength and support in this time of need. When taken from my sick-bed to be with my husband in his dying moments, at first the suddenness of the stroke seemed too heavy to bear, and I cried to God to spare him to me, - not to take him away, and leave me to labor alone. Two weeks ago we stood side by side in this desk; but when

41

I shall stand before you again, he will be missing. He will not be present to help me then. I shall be alone, and yet not alone, for my Saviour will be with me. When my husband was breathing out his life so quietly, without a groan, without a struggle, I felt that it would be selfishness in me to wish to throw my arms of affection around him and detain him here. He was like a tired warrior lying down to rest. My heart can feel to its very depths, and yet I can tell you I have no tears to shed for the dead. My tears are for the living. And I lay away my beloved treasure to rest, - to rest until the morning of the resurrection, when the Lifegiver shall call the captives from the prison-house to a glorious immortality.

And now I take up my life-work alone. I thank my Saviour I have two sons he has given me to stand by my side. Henceforth the mother must lean upon the children; for the strong, brave, noble-hearted husband is at rest. The turmoil with him is over. How long I shall fight the battles of life alone I cannot say; but there is one thing that I will say to you, and that is, that when I saw my husband breathe his last, I felt that Jesus was more precious to me than he ever had been in any previous hour of my life. When I stood by my firstborn, and closed his eyes in death, I could say, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And I felt then that I had a Comforter in Jesus Christ. And when my little one was torn from my arms, and I could no longer see its little head upon the pillow by my side, then I could say, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

42

And now he upon whose large affections I have leaned, with whom I have labored, - and we have been united in labor for thirty-six years, - is taken away; but I can lay my hands upon his eyes and say, I commit my treasure to Thee until the morning of the resurrection.

When I saw him passing away, and saw the many friends sympathizing with me, I thought, What a contrast to the death of Jesus as he hung upon the cross! What a contrast! In the hour of his agony, the revilers were mocking and deriding him. But he died, and he passed through the tomb to brighten it, and to lighten it, that we might have joy and hope even in the event of death; that we might say as we lay our friends away to rest in Jesus, We shall meet them again.

And now I appreciate the Christian's hope, and the Christian's Heaven, and the Christian's Saviour, as I have never appreciated them before. And to-day I can say, "There is rest for the weary." When we were looking, but a short time ago, to Colorado, and to the Atlantic coast, and to the Pacific, for rest, my husband said, "Let us not be over-anxious. We know not what a day may bring forth. God may open up a way before us that now seems indistinct and cloudy. But," said he, "I shall have rest, I shall have rest. All our ways are hid in Jesus Christ, and he will open up the way before us if we only trust him from day to day. Let us now trust in him." And there [turning toward the coffin] my husband has found rest; but I have yet to battle. I cannot yet lay off the armor of the Lord. When I fall, let me fall at my post of duty; let me be ready; let me be where I can say as he said, "All is well. Jesus is precious."

43

And, friends, we all want this hope. In Jesus Christ all our hopes of eternal life are centered, so then let us ever labor for him. He from henceforth is my Guide, and my Husband, and my Counselor, and my Friend. He will walk with me through the thorny paths of life, and at last we shall meet again, where there is no parting, where there is no separation, and where none shall any more say, "I am sick." I yield my precious treasure; I bid him farewell; I do not go to his grave to weep. Nor can I shed any tears over my youngest nor my eldest son. The morning of the resurrection is too bright. And then I look to that morning when the broken family links shall be re-united, and we shall see the king in his beauty, and behold his matchless charms, and cast our glittering crowns at his feet, and touch the golden harp and fill all Heaven with the strains of our music and songs to the Lamb. We will sing together there. We will triumph together around the great white throne.

At the close of Sister White's remarks, an appropriate hymn was impressively rendered, after which the congregation took a last look at the remains, when they were borne to their final resting-place in Oak Hill cemetery, accompanied by the long foot procession of Office employees, and a train of ninety-five carriages.

In the burying-ground busy hands had labored to rob the occasion, as far as possible, of its repelling aspects. An arbor of evergreens had been constructed over the path leading from the carriage-way to the grave. The grave itself, and all the contiguous space, were lined with the same, while beautiful floral symbols, an anchor at the head

44

of the grave, and a cross at the foot, suggested the faith and hope that will linger around the last resting-place of the worn pilgrim and faithful soldier. It was as if he were lying down to rest upon a bed of roses. The flowers that spring forth here to gladden us for a moment with their presence, we know will soon droop and fade; but their brightness and beauty are enough at least to remind us of that land where the flowers never wither, and to kindle in our hearts new longings for that immortal shore.

As we lay the dead away, a train of long years of the past, with all their associations, comes up before us. Memory brushes the dimness, accumulating through the lapse of time, from numberless deeds of kindness received at his hand. An overpowering sense of loss presses upon us. But duty still presents its claims, and we cannot linger. In the language of the beautiful hymn on the burial of one of the sainted Judsons, we can say,-

"Now ye have buried him, up and depart  
To life and to duty, with undismayed heart."

### **A SKETCH OF EXPERIENCE**

[The following sketch of the religious experience of Elder White during the last few weeks of his life, together with some of the incidents of his last sickness and death, will be of special interest to the reader, coming as it does from the pen of his bereaved companion.]\*



Some weeks before the death of my husband, I tried to urge upon him the importance of seeking a field of labor where we would be released from

45

the burdens necessarily coming upon us at Battle Creek. In reply he spoke of various matters which required attention before we could leave, - duties which some one must do. Then with deep feeling he inquired, "Where are the men to do this work? Where are those who will have an unselfish interest in our institutions, and who will stand for the right, unaffected by any influence with which they may come in contact?"

With tears he expressed his anxiety for our institutions at Battle Creek. Said he, "My life has been given to the upbuilding of these institutions. It seems like death to leave them. They are as my children, and I cannot separate my interest from them. These institutions are the Lord's instrumentalities to do a specific work. Satan seeks to hinder and defeat every means by which the Lord is working for the salvation of men. If the great adversary can mold these institutions according to the world's standard, his object is gained. It is my greatest anxiety to have the right man in the right place. If those who stand in responsible positions are weak in moral power, and vacillating in principle, inclined to lead toward the world, there are enough who will be led. Evil influences must not prevail. I would rather die than live to see these institutions mismanaged, or turned aside from the purpose for which they were brought into existence.

"In my relations to this cause I have been longest and most closely connected with the publishing work. Three times have I fallen, stricken with paralysis, through my devotion to this branch of the cause. Now that God has given me renewed physical and mental strength, I feel that I can serve his cause as I have never been able to serve

46

it before. I must see the publishing work prosper. It is interwoven with my very existence. If I forget the interests of this work, let my right hand forget her cunning.

"I think but few can appreciate my feelings of devotion to this instrumentality of God. It is the child of my care. The Lord used me as his agent to bring this work into existence, and to carry it forward until it stood forth in power, a glorious success. Few know the anguish I have felt, as I have seen it burdened with debt. I have always said I would never place a mortgage on my home; but the debt on our Publishing Association is worse than this. Perhaps the evil is magnified in my mind; I may feel too deeply over the matter; but the very thought of it sends a thrill of pain through my heart. I say to myself, I will never rest until this institution is freed from debt. I have engaged in various enterprises with the sole purpose of accomplishing this object. I have prayed earnestly that God would make my efforts successful. If he shall be pleased to grant my petition, to his name alone shall be ascribed the glory."

About two weeks before his death, my husband often asked me to accompany him to the grove, near our house, to engage with him in prayer. These were precious seasons. Upon one of these occasions he said, "I feel my

heart unusually drawn out in earnest longing for more of the Spirit of God. I have not prayed as often as I should. When we neglect prayer, we come to feel a sufficiency in ourselves, as though we could do great things. But the nearer we come to God, the more we feel our own weakness, and our need of help from above. In God is my strength; in him I shall triumph."

47

At another time, while walking to the usual place for prayer, he stopped abruptly; his face was very pale, and he said, "A deep solemnity is upon my spirit. I am not discouraged, but I feel that some change is about to take place in affairs that concern myself and you. What if you should not live? Oh, this cannot be! God has a work for you to do. But I hope you will give yourself time to rest, that you may recover from this enfeebled condition. It continues so long that I feel much anxiety as to the result. I feel a sense of danger, and with it comes an unutterable longing for the special blessing of God, an assurance that all my sins are washed away by the blood of Christ. I confess my errors, and ask your forgiveness for any word or act that has caused you sorrow. There must be nothing to hinder our prayers. Everything must be right between us, and between ourselves and God."

We there in humility of soul confessed to each other our errors, and then made earnest supplication for the mercy and blessing of God. My husband remained bowed some minutes after our prayers had ceased. When he arose, his countenance was cheerful and happy. He praised the Lord, saying he felt the assurance of the love of Christ. "How quickly," said he, "our self-sufficiency disappears when we obtain a view of Jesus on the cross. I am ashamed that I ever thought I had a hard time; that I ever complained of my trials. One look at the cross makes me feel that I have endured nothing for Jesus and his truth. This experience shall never be forgotten by me. When misunderstood and misrepresented, I have permitted a combative spirit to be aroused in me, and have sought to vindicate my course. I now

48

see my mistake in this. I will never again call attention to myself. If I walk in humility I shall have a friend who will never leave nor forsake me. I will leave my work and all my interests in the hands of Jesus, and let him vindicate my cause."

He then uttered a few words of earnest prayer: "Thou, O God, hast a work to be done in the earth; a work so great that we in our weakness tremble as we contemplate its magnitude. But if thou wilt give us strength, we will take up the work committed to our hands, and carry it forward. We will seek to put self out of sight, and to magnify the power of grace in every word and act of life. A solemn trust is ours. What will be our record in the day of God? I will praise thee, O Lord, for I am wholly thine, and thou art mine."

"From this time," he continued, "I will be free in God. I have allowed business to hurry and burden me, so that I have had little time to pray. Here I have erred. The Lord does not desire us to be in so great a hurry. He can use us to better effect if we take time to pray, to study the Bible, and to praise his name. The Lord has a work for us to do. I must be fitted for it, and I feel that I have not a moment to lose. I will not yield to doubt or discouragement. The Lord blesses me, even

me." He wept aloud, and exclaimed, "How ungrateful I have been, for all God's mercy and love!"

Upon another occasion, while praying in the grove, he said, "The words spoken by Christ to Joshua come with solemn power to my mind: 'Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy.' I feel that I must be entirely divested of self. I desire faithfully to employ my powers to promote peace, happiness,

49

and progress in the cause of God. I must cultivate sympathy and patience. With me, to be still requires more grace than to be active in the battle. 'Peace, be still!' This is the lesson I will learn.

"Ours has been a life of active service. Traveling east and west, in the cold of winter and the heat of summer, never allowing ourselves to be controlled by circumstances, undaunted by poverty, undismayed by opposition, we have pressed on in the path of duty. Life has been a constant scene of exertion; and now to learn to lay off the heavier burdens seems as difficult as to part with my life. The necessity for great effort inspires me with corresponding zeal, energy, and perseverance. Opposition has strengthened in me the power of resistance. I have thrown all the energies of body, and mind, and soul into every undertaking, resolved that success should crown my efforts. This iron determination has molded my character, and now I have that hardest lesson to learn, - 'Be still, and know that I am God.' I must learn to wait, learn to be quiet, and let others lead in the battles for right.

"When I look over our life of travel and warfare for the past thirty-five years, and see how wonderfully we have been preserved from accident and harm, it awes and humbles me, under a sense of my obligations to God. We have been on the cars when fatal accidents have occurred, and the Lord's mercy has preserved us, so that life and limb have been uninjured. This appears to me in a new light. A prominent man, in conversing with me of our extensive travels, with no serious accident, once remarked, 'Eld. White, yours seems to be a charmed life.' I answered, 'The God

50

whom I serve has given his angels charge over me, and until my work is done, he will preserve me.'"

After relating this incident, my husband continued, "I can but wonder at the mercy and goodness of God. I must come nearer to him. I must walk in greater humility before him. I will take no credit to myself for the success that has crowned my efforts in the upbuilding of the cause of truth. I know that I have not labored in vain; but it is the power of God that has wrought with me to save sinners. It is his blessing that has opened hearts to receive the truth. God alone shall be glorified; for he has made his work a marvelous success."

We had an appointment to attend a tent-meeting at Charlotte, Sabbath and Sunday, July 23 and 24. As I was in feeble health, we decided to travel by private conveyance. On the way, my husband seemed cheerful, yet a feeling of solemnity rested upon him. He repeatedly praised the Lord for mercies and blessings received, and freely expressed his own feelings concerning the past

and the future: "The Lord is good, and greatly to be praised. He is a present help in time of need. The future seems cloudy and uncertain, but the Lord would not have us distressed over these things. When trouble comes, he will give us grace to endure it. What the Lord has been to us, and what he has done for us, should make us so grateful that we would never murmur or complain. Our labors, burdens, and sacrifices will never be fully appreciated by all. I see that I have lost my peace of mind and the blessing of God by permitting myself to be troubled by these things.

"It has seemed hard to me that my motives should be misjudged, and that my best efforts to

51

help,, encourage, and strengthen my brethren should again and again be turned against me. But I should have remembered Jesus and his disappointments. His soul was grieved that he was not appreciated by those he came to bless. I should have dwelt upon the mercy and loving-kindness of God, praising him more, and complaining less of the ingratitude of my brethren. Had I ever left all my perplexities with the Lord, thinking less of what others said and did against me, I should have had more peace and joy. I will now seek first to guard myself that I offend not in word or deed, and then to help my brethren make straight paths for their feet. I will not stop to mourn over any wrong done to me. I have expected more of men than I ought. I love God and his work, and I love my brethren also."

Little did I think, as we traveled on, that this was the last journey we would ever make together. The weather changed suddenly from oppressive heat to chilling cold. My husband took cold, but thought his health so good that he would receive no permanent injury. He labored in the meetings at Charlotte, presenting the truth with great clearness and power. He spoke of the pleasure he felt in addressing a people who manifested so deep an interest in the subjects most dear to him. "The Lord has indeed refreshed my soul," he said, "while I have been breaking to others the bread of life. All over Michigan the people are calling eagerly for help. How I long to comfort, encourage, and strengthen them with the precious truths applicable to this time!" On Sunday afternoon, after I had spoken on the subject of temperance, he united with others in singing the stirring song, "Dare to be a Daniel." I was surprised at the power and spirit with which he sung.

52

Wednesday we returned home. On the way he complained of headache; his lungs were congested, and he coughed some. We thought the attack only a common cold which would readily yield to treatment. He went about his work as usual, but was troubled with pain in his limbs. Every morning we visited the grove near our house, and united in prayer. He seemed to feel more deeply in earnest than usual, and would pray fervently several times. We were anxious to know what the Lord would have us do. Letters were continually coming in from different places, urging us to attend the camp-meetings. We wished to seek some retired place, and there devote ourselves to writing; and yet it was painful to refuse to meet with our brethren in these important gatherings. We prayed much for wisdom that we might take the right course.

Sabbath morning, as usual, we walked to the grove together, and my husband prayed most fervently three times. He seemed reluctant to cease pleading with God for special guidance and blessing. His prayers were heard, and peace and light came to our hearts. My husband praised the Lord, and said, "Now I give it all up to Jesus. I feel a sweet, heavenly peace, an assurance that the Lord will show us our duty; for we desire to do his will." He accompanied me to the Tabernacle, and opened the services with singing and prayer. It was the last time he was ever to stand by my side in the pulpit.

On Sunday he thought he would be able to attend the Eastern camp-meetings, and said the Lord could give him strength, if it was his duty to go. Monday he had a severe chill. Tuesday he did not rally as expected, but we thought the disease

53

an attack of fever and ague, and supposed that it would soon yield to treatment. Tuesday night I was attacked with chills, and was very sick, being unable to sit up on the following day. Dr. Kellogg then proposed that we both be removed to the Sanitarium, where we could enjoy better facilities for treatment. A mattress was placed in a hack, my husband and myself were laid side by side, for the last time, and thus taken to the Sanitarium.

On Friday my symptoms were more favorable. The doctor then informed me that my husband was inclined to sleep, and that danger was apprehended. I was immediately taken to his room, and as soon as I looked upon his countenance I knew that he was dying. I tried to arouse him. He understood all that was said to him, and responded to all questions that could be answered by yes or no, but seemed unable to say more. When I told him I thought he was dying, he manifested no surprise. I asked if Jesus was precious to him. He said, "Yes, oh yes." "Have you no desire to live?" I inquired. He answered, No.

We then knelt by his bedside, and I prayed for my husband in that solemn hour. A peaceful expression rested upon his countenance. I said to him, "Jesus loves you. The everlasting arms are beneath you." He responded, "Yes, yes." I wished to be certain that he recognized us, and I asked him to tell who we were. He said, "You are Ellen. You" - looking at our elder son - "are Edson. I know you all."

Bro. Smith and other brethren then prayed around his bedside, and retired to spend much of the night in prayer. My husband said he felt no

54

pain;; but he was evidently failing fast. Dr. Kellogg and his helpers did all that was in their power to hold him back from death. He slowly revived, but continued very weak. I remained with him through the night.

The next morning he took some nourishment, and seemed slightly to revive. About noon he had a chill, which left him unconscious, and he quietly breathed his life away, without a struggle or a groan. I was mercifully spared the anguish of seeing my husband in agony battling with death. The scene was as pleasant as it was possible for a deathbed to be.

At times I felt that I could not have my husband die. But these words seemed to be impressed on my mind: "Be still, and know that I am God." We had

designed to devote the coming winter to writing. My husband had said, "Let us not be turned aside from our purpose. I think we have made a mistake, in allowing the apparent wants of the cause and the earnest entreaties of our brethren to urge us into active labor in preaching when we should have been writing. While our mental powers are unimpaired, we should complete our contemplated books. I design to arrange my business affairs, go to the Pacific coast, and devote the winter months to writing. It is a duty which we owe to ourselves and to the cause of God to rest from the heat of battle and to give to our people the precious light of truth which God has opened to our minds. I feel assured there is a crisis before us. We should preserve our physical and mental powers for future service. The glorious subject of Redemption should long ago have been more fully presented to the people; but I have allowed myself to be called into the field, to

55

attend camp-meetings, and have become so worn that I could not engage in writing."

While thus conversing, we passed the humble home of a colored washer-woman, who supported herself and five children by her daily labor. Said my husband, "Wife, we must look after this poor woman. Let us not, amid our busy cares, forget the poor souls who have so hard a struggle to live. It is well always to pay them more than they ask; and you may have clothing and provisions that you can spare them. It will be a small matter to us, but may be a great help to them." He continued, "Living where these poor people do, surrounded by the miasma of the millpond, they must have constantly to battle with disease and death. If I had means at my command, I would build suitable houses on high land to rent to these poor people. We will see what can be done to make their hard lot more comfortable." My husband was always a helper of the poor and the needy. He never knowingly oppressed the hireling in his wages. He was the widow's friend, a father to the fatherless.

I keenly feel my loss, but I dare not give myself up to useless grief. This would not bring back my husband. And I am not so selfish as to wish, if I could, to bring him from his peaceful slumber to engage again in the battles of life. Like a tired warrior, he has lain down to sleep. I will look with pleasure upon his resting-place. The best way in which I and my children can honor the memory of him who has fallen, is to take the work where he left it, and in the strength of Jesus carry it forward to completion. We will be thankful for the years of usefulness that were granted to him. And for his sake, and for Christ's

56

sake,, we will learn from his death a lesson which we shall never forget. We will let this bereavement make us more kind and gentle, more forbearing, patient, and thoughtful toward the living.

It is well to keep fresh in our minds the memory of loved ones sleeping in the grave, by adorning their resting-place with fresh, sweet flowers; these emblems remind us of the beauties of Paradise, our future home. But it is a still sweeter and more enduring tribute to the memory of the departed, to make bright and sunny the lives of friends whom God has permitted to remain with us. There are

many who need words of comfort and encouragement, and offices of love. There are aching hearts to be soothed. There are rash, turbulent spirits that kindness and love may win to the paths of peace and happiness.

Never did I feel the worth of my Saviour's love as I feel it now. I can testify that if in prosperity we stand up for Jesus, in adversity, when afflictions come and we need more than mortal strength, Jesus will stand up for us. I find his arm mighty to save to the uttermost. The promises of God are now shining forth, like beams of light from Heaven, to comfort, strengthen, and bless my life. I take these promises as my own. I will not visit the graves of my loved ones to weep and lament. I will not think and talk of the darkness of the tomb. But I will present to my friends the glad morning of the resurrection, when the Life-giver shall break the fetters of the captives and call them forth to a glorious immortality. Jesus himself passed through the tomb, that we might look with joy to the resurrection morning.

I take up my life-work alone, in full confidence that my Redeemer will be with me. I thank the

57

Lord that I have my sons and their companions to be my helpers. For this blessing I am deeply grateful.

I wish to express my appreciation of the kindness, attention, and sympathy extended to both my husband and myself by the physicians and helpers of the Sanitarium. All exerted themselves to the utmost for our relief and recovery. Especially would I acknowledge with gratitude Dr. Kellogg 's skillful care as a physician, as well as his kindness and sympathy as a brother and friend, in my sickness and bereavement. To those also who brightened my sick-room with flowers, I extend my sincere thanks. Not one of these favors is forgotten.

I have also been cheered and comforted by letters of sympathy from absent friends. I have not strength to respond to these separately, but I thank all for their words of love in my affliction.

## WORDS OF SYMPATHY

Elder J. H. Waggoner, in the *Signs of the Times* for Aug. 11, 1881, thus speaks of the death of Elder White:-\*

The news of this event filled our hearts and our houses with gloom. For us, who had stood so long associated with him in the work of the third angel's message, it was impossible to bring ourselves to the belief that he would die in this sickness; and now it is hard to realize that he is no longer one of our number. Twenty-nine years ago we began to correspond with him in the *Review* and twenty-six years ago we became associated with him as Corresponding Editor of that

58

paper.. Almost the full period of an active life we have stood together in this work.

Last winter, while in his room at Battle Creek, we called his attention to the fact that very few whose names appeared in the early volumes of the *Review* were yet remaining with us. One by one they have fallen. We both felt that it was

an admonition to us, but we did not then imagine that he would be the next to pass away.

He sleeps in peace. Our words of sorrow cannot reach his ears; his eyes cannot perceive our tears. If it shall be our happy lot to meet him at our Redeemer's side, we believe our association in this work will not be forgotten by us, even amid the joys and glories of the kingdom of God.

But it is not possible for us to express our feelings at this time in a mere obituary. His memory does not need our words. His memorial is engraven on faithful hearts all the way from Maine to California. Our prayer is that God will sustain the stricken family, and especially our dear sister, E. G. White, upon whom this visitation falls so heavily. We feel assured that He who has guided and upheld her in so many trials in life, will not desert her in this hour of her heart's affliction.

In the *Review* for Aug. 23, 1881, Elder Haskell writes:-

There has no event transpired in connection with the cause of present truth which has caused such a shock to S. D. Adventists as the death of our much esteemed Bro. White. Having been the man, who, in the providence of God, was called to lead out in this work, one who always acted an important part, one, also, who had so often been healed from dangerous illness in answer to

59

prayer,, we had almost come to believe that he would live to witness the second coming of Christ. His sickness and death came in the midst of health, and with the fullest expectation on his part, and that of others, that his public labors were still to continue. Under these circumstances, the news of his death has created a sensation which cannot be described.

Since January, 1872, with the exception of one year, I have been a member of the General Conference Committee, of which he has most of the time been president. This has given me an opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with him in his business relations pertaining to the cause of God. When I consider his sound judgment in almost every emergency, his tenderness of heart, his magnanimous spirit toward the erring, and his love for what he believed to be right, I can truly say, *A father in Israel has fallen*. And while he rests, the cause, as well as many individuals, will realize the want of his foresight and fatherly counsel.

I never realized how strong was my attachment to Bro. White until since his death. God can carry forward his work without him; but it is certain he has ever filled a place which, as yet, no other man has given evidence of his call to fill. Although he is seen no more among us, his memory will ever be cherished in the hearts of those who have been associated with him in this cause. Worthington, Ohio, Home, Aug. 20, 1881.

DEAR SISTERS, NEPHEWS AND NIECES,-

I return from my brother's funeral a wiser, broader, and less selfish man. The visible has

60

faded,, and the invisible appears. I see in earthly ambitions, only madness; in wealth, only a care and burden; in position, only a brief prominence and fearful



responsibility; and in fame, only a bubble blown by the breath of the unreasoning mass, who can flatter and huzzah to-day, and hiss and forget to-morrow.

I have no wealth worth possessing but that I have treasured in Heaven through the church, and widows and orphans. I have no place but in their hearts, and no fame but in their blessings. I have no glory but in the cross of Christ; that I have tried to preach for forty-seven years. Take this from my life record, and you leave it without flower or fruit. To do this conscientiously, willingly, and for Christ's sake, elevates one to the highest, grandest position of earth.

As a rule I have been wont to regard show as in bad taste at burials. But I have seen it in all the display that friendship could plan and money could procure, but am not offended. It seemed but a spontaneous tribute to departed worth. When I think of his early consecration to a cause, backed by a life of toil, care, and heroic struggles; when I see the monuments which his genius has planned, and his power has built up, as he has leaned on God and been strong in his faith, true as the needle to the pole, his manly and vigorous patience which could afford to wait, I say, It is all right. Let the Tabernacle be crowded; let one of eloquent lips, who has found in the departed a father, speak words of eulogy. Let sympathetic citizens fill ninety-five carriages and follow him to his grave. Let one hundred and ten persons, his companions and friends, draped in mourning, lead the procession. Let

61

the path be paved and arched as were the bottom and sides of his grave, with evergreens. Let loving hands weave rare and costly flowers into an anchor for its foot, and for the head a cross; and let him literally go down to his last rest amid the emblems of eternal life and immortal beauty. And why? He lived and labored not for self, but for God and humanity. To the people of Battle Creek I am grateful for this tribute of respect to my brother. It will linger in my memory as a sweet perfume, clinging to the fragments of a crushed vase.

Much of the best of me sleeps in your beautiful cemetery. "If a man die, shall he live again?" inquired the patriarch. Oh, what interest this question assumed as I stood amid the graves of my loved ones! And how glad I was that I stood not there simply as a scientist, philosopher, or artist; for in all the sciences I have studied, the philosophies I have perused, or the arts that I have cultivated, I have never found a satisfactory answer to this question of Job. They exhibit no principle which shall make these hearts beat, or these feet walk. Unitedly they have done their best when they have made this record concerning man: "Born, grew, acted, declined, and died;" but beyond this all is so dark that they cannot see, so mysterious that they cannot speak. But when these failed, I turned to Him who has "brought life and immortality to light," and I heard him cry above the rent sepulcher of Joseph, "I am the resurrection and the life," and my faith and hope went on beyond these graves to a glorious reunion to come.

Truly, JOHN W. WHITE.

62

Bale, Suisse, Aug. 13, 1881.  
DEAR AFFLICTED SISTER WHITE,-

We have learned of your terrible bereavement this morning by letter from Bro. Loughborough. You have the deepest sympathy of our hearts; and we know what sorrow means. We are with you and your children in the scenes of the funeral to-day. May God help you in the hour of final separation. We thought certainly Bro. White would be spared to the work till the end. But God's judgments are a great deep. He buries his workmen, but he carries on his work. Be still, and know that he is God.

In deep affliction, yours in Christ,

J. N. ANDREWS.  
C. M. ANDREWS.

Southampton, England, Aug. 9, 1881.

DEAR SISTER WHITE,-

Words fail us to express the feelings of our hearts, as we this morning read the telegram from Dr. Kellogg, stating that "Eld. White is dead." He rests from his labors, and his works will follow him. Such an example of unselfish toil will speak, although he be dead.

We shall all miss him, - miss his counsel, miss his admonitions, and his words of good cheer. On none will this blow fall more heavily than on yourself, as you realize that the protector and helper whom God in his special providence granted you, has been laid away in "Oak Hill" to rest until the Lifegiver shall come.

We know that you rely upon God for consolation and support in this great bereavement. We

63

do not write to advise one who has been sustained in the "six troubles" that God will be with you "in the seventh," but to assure you, in fond remembrance, that you have our sympathy and prayers in this great affliction. May God give us his grace, and enable us so to trust in him, so to live, so to labor, so to fulfill our mission, that we may each have a share in that reunion of the broken family links, in the soon-coming resurrection morning, is the desire and ardent prayer of

Yours in the Lord,

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.  
A. M. LOUGHBOROUGH.

Gospel Tent, Elmira, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1881.

**MRS. ELLEN G. WHITE:**

DEAR SISTER, - I trust that a few words of condolence and sympathy, in this time of your sore trial and bereavement, will not be unacceptable. My personal interviews with your dear departed husband, though comparatively few, have been remembered with pleasure. It was my good fortune to meet you both at the State Conference at Oneida, N. Y., in 1869, and the year following at the General Conference at Battle Creek.

It is your comfort in this bereavement, as it is the comfort of thousands who knew and loved the departed, that he lived to see and to assist in the establishment of so many in the doctrines of present truth. God has been pleased to call him from the field before the conflict was ended; but the separation which death has wrought will be of short duration. The consolations which the Christian religion offers to the afflicted children of God,

64

especially sweet in these last days, are yours, and by them, I trust, you are fully upheld.

May the God of all comfort be with you and yours. In the cheering hope of meeting the departed servant of God, and all who love the appearing of our Lord, in the soon-coming kingdom of God, I am,

Yours fraternally,

L. C. ROGERS.

## **RESOLUTIONS**

### **PASSED AT A JOINT MEETING OF THE BOARDS OF THE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, SANITARIUM AND COLLEGE**

Whereas, The Wise Dispenser of all human events has in his providence permitted the removal from our midst by death of our beloved brother, Eld. James White, whose arduous labors in connection with this work from its earliest commencement, to within a few days of his death, have contributed so largely to its development and present prosperity; therefore,

Resolved, That in this event our cause has lost one of its most successful and energetic upbuilders, one of its most faithful and ardent supporters, and a wise, sagacious and unselfish counsellor.

Resolved, That in the death of one who has been so largely instrumental in their organization and development, our various institutions have sustained a great and irreparable loss.

Resolved, That we recognize the special providence of God in having raised up Eld. White for the performance of a specific work, to which he was both by natural and acquired gifts peculiarly adapted; and while we mourn and deeply deplore his removal from the work with which his life has been so closely intertwined, we also recognize the far-seeing wisdom which has placed our institutions and the several branches of our cause upon a foundation so stable as

to insure not only a continuance, but an increase of their present prosperity and usefulness.

Resolved, That in behalf of the several organizations which we represent, we hereby tender to the family of the deceased, and especially to his bereaved wife, who has been his companion, co-worker, and counsellor in all his labors, our sincere sympathy in this, their hour of deep affliction.

