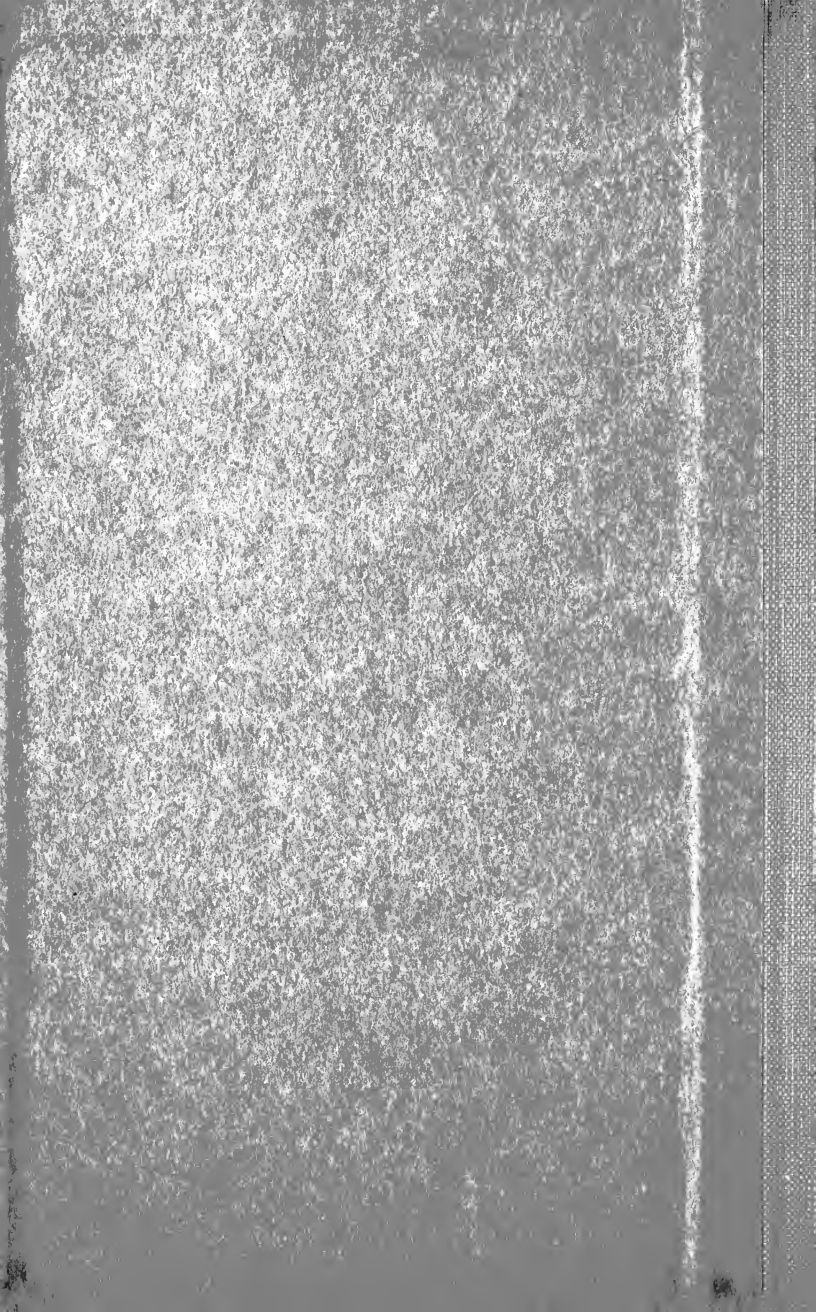


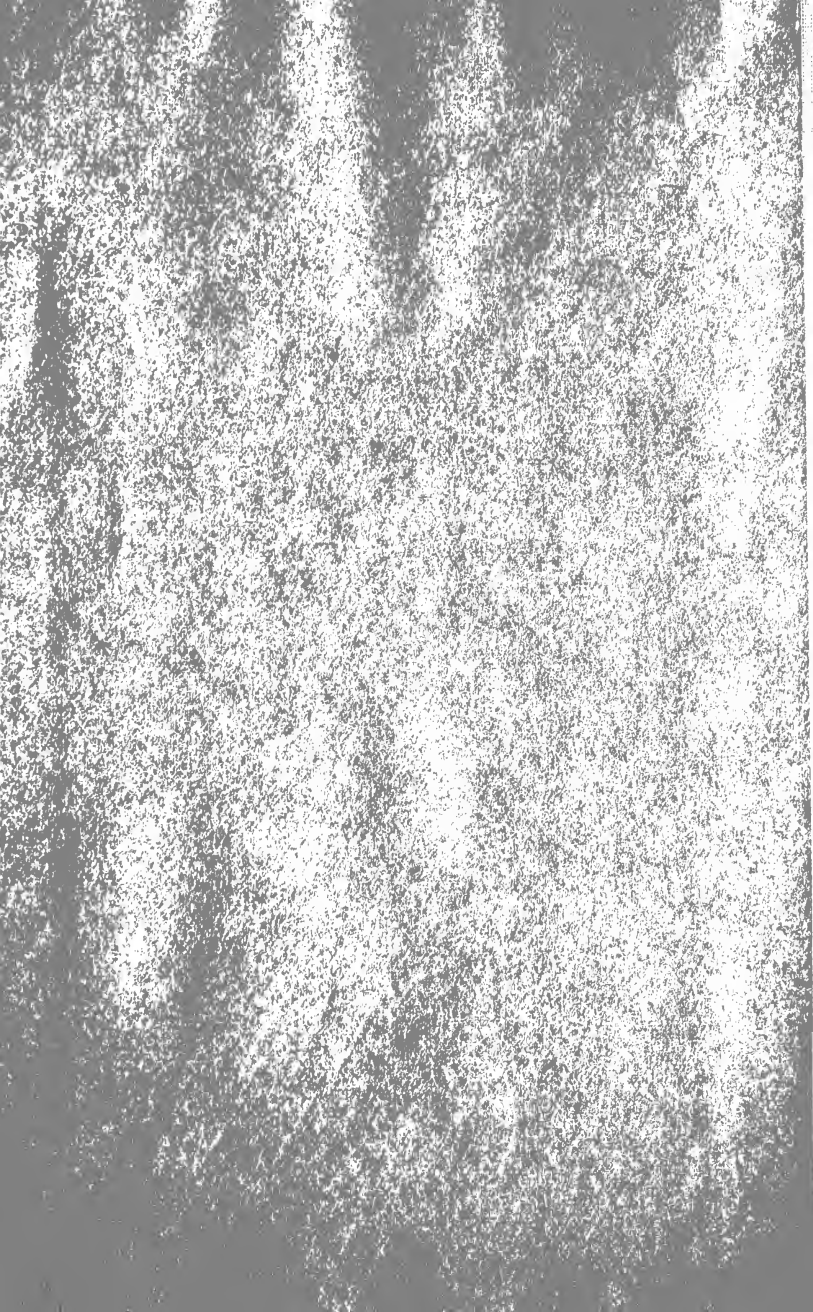
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W. B. HILL,

EXPERIENCES

OF A

Pioneer Minister

—OF—

MINNESOTA.

BY

ELDER W. B. HILL.

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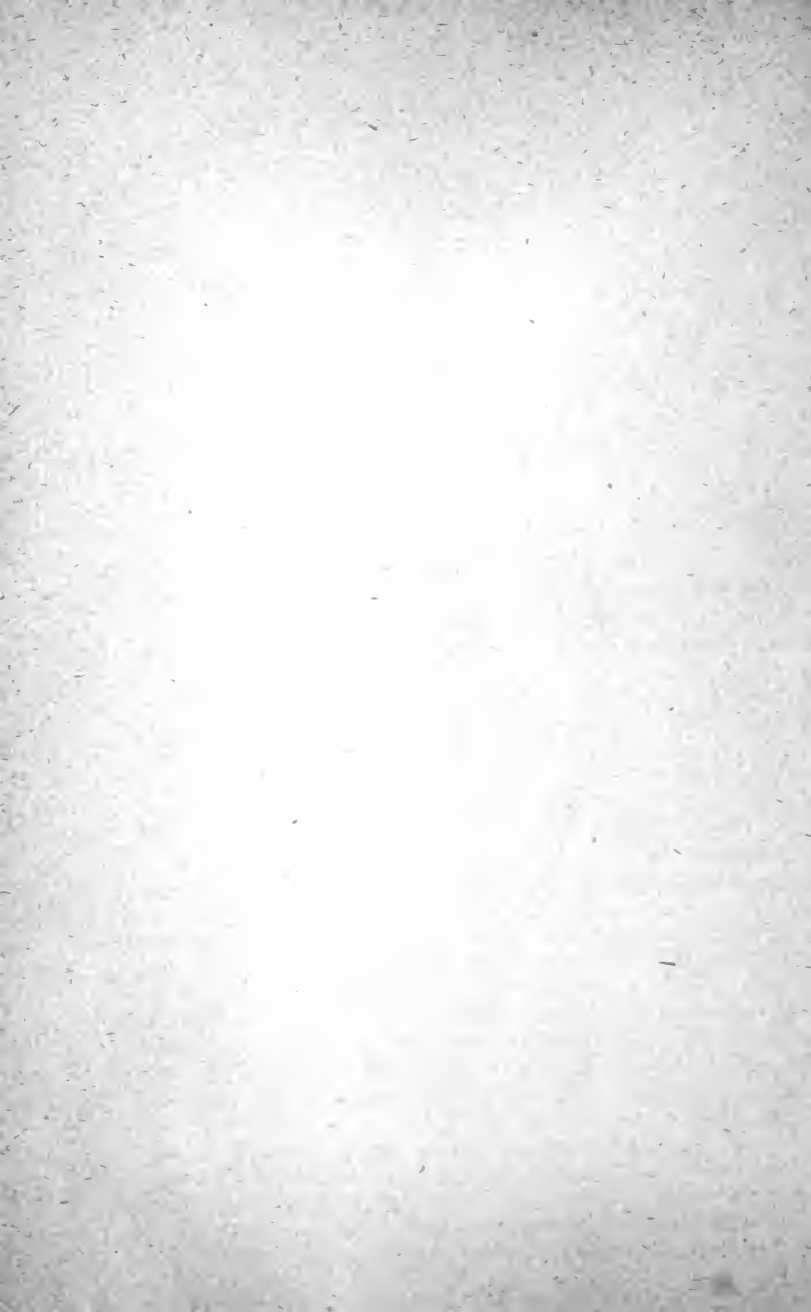
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INTRODUCTORY.

The Author, ELDER W. B. HILL, has been a minister among the early settlers of Minnesota for many years, and has passed through the varied experiences of frontier life; some of which his friends desire should be published in book form, which desire he now fulfills, hoping the following pages will be both interesting and profitable to the readers, and above all he desires that some may be led to love God, keep His commandments and be saved in His everlasting kingdom.

W. B. HILL.



Experiences of a Pioneer Minister

OF MINNESOTA.

I was born January 25, 1843, in what is now Ontario, formerly called Upper Canada, or Canada West. My forefathers on both my father's and mother's side, were Quakers. My father's name was Walter Hill and my mother's maiden name was Phebe Brown.

About the first thing I can remember was going to Quaker meeting. Their meetings were held every Sunday and Wednesday, called by the Quakers first day and fourth day. Ofttimes they would sit in silence for an hour or two, until some of the older brethren would shake hands, which would be the signal for all to rise, shake hands and go home. The men would sit with their hats on during meeting. Another peculiarity of this peculiar people was, that the men and women would by no means sit together during Divine service; but the fathers would take their sons and the mothers their daughters, and take seats in their respective parts of the church. I can see them now, in my mind's eye, as they filed into the meeting house—the brethren in their Quaker coats and hats, and the sisters in their plain dresses and huge bonnets, a good and upright people, saying Thee and Thou, and addressing one another, no matter how old or venerable, as James, or John, or Martha, or Mary, as the case might be.

When I was eight years of age my parents moved to the town of Bosanquet, a new country bordering on lake Huron, in the county of Lambton, of which Port Sarnia, situated on the St. Clair river, opposite Port Huron, was the county seat. I well remember winding through woods with scarcely any

road, in a lumber wagon, to our new home. It was new sure enough. The great trees stood all around and stretched away as far as the eye could reach.

Indians often camped across the road opposite father's door, and we children had little Indian boys and girls for playmates. We soon learned to shoot with bow and arrow and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly. Our intercourse with them was for the most part pleasant and happy; on one or two occasions it was otherwise.

About a mile from our house flowed what we called Sable river. It was a wild looking place, and we had to pass through the dark woods and deep ravines to get there.

One day, soon after arriving at our new home, some of us small lads thought we would go to the river and catch some fish. We found some Indian boys fishing.

By some means there soon arose a strife between us, which we promptly undertook to settle by pelting one another with stones. The Indian boys were soon worsted, when they ran upon the bank and raised the warwhoop. They jumped up and down and yelled terrifically.

We knew that meant for the old Indians to come, and we were scared nearly to death. We thought our scalps were about to be raised sure. It is needless to say that we ran home as fast as our legs could carry us, and our parents had no trouble about our going fishing for a long time.

The river, by the way, was a great place of resort for men and boys. In the spring great numbers of fine fish were caught there with dip nets. The fish ascending the river from Lake Huron were stopped at this place by an old dam, and fell an easy prey to the pioneers. They sometimes built great fires and fished all night and had an abundance of sport.

On Sundays also the boys would resort to the river to run foot races, play ball, wrestle, and swim, etc. Even after a Sunday School was established, the river had such attractions, that after Sunday School exercises were over, I have seen nearly the whole Sunday School marching to the river to the sound of music played by the leaders in Zion. Of course in time it was thought to be a great sin thus to profane the venerable day of the sun.

Although there was plenty of hard work for men and boys, clearing away the mighty forest and cultivating the land, yet

there were many pleasures to be enjoyed. There were thousands of wild pigeons, partridges and black squirrels to shoot, besides deer and other game; then there were the corn-huskings, apple parings, logging bees, and barn and house raisings, which were all sources of immense enjoyment to the young people. Also sugar making had its inexpressible charms. What fun a lot of wild boys would have in the sugar bush at night. Perhaps purloining some of mother's good bread, some pork, eggs and a frying pan, then make a lot of wax by pouring hot sugar over a pan of snow, and they would have a feast which hungry boys only could properly appreciate.

After supper all kinds of frolicking was in order which sometimes ended with a grand display of fireworks. The boys would seize the flaming firebrands from around the kettles and throw them into the tree tops. As they would strike the topmost branches of the trees thousands of sparks would fly in every direction. Since then I have seen the elaborate pyrotechnics of the great city, but nothing that ever gave me a tithe of the delight our home-made fireworks did in the dark woods.

Our educational interests were not entirely neglected. There was a log school house situated at the four corners of the road, about a mile from father's, in which school was held. It was rather primitive, with logs split in two with legs in them for benches. The harum-scarum children took much more interest in playing pullaway and climbing trees than in their spelling books. One incident in school life I will relate. One day as we were all busy with our studies, we were startled by the appearance of a man in the school-room without even a shirt on him. He was a devotee of King Alcohol, and was suffering from delirium tremens. The teacher was frightened out of his wits, and the children ran for home as fast as they could go, followed by the poor man crazed by drink. Thus we had an object lesson on the evils of strong drink that could never be forgotten.

Spelling schools were a great institution in my boyhood days. Old and young would enter into the work with great spirit, especially when several competing schools would come together. They were carried on as follows: Two captains would choose sides and a man with a slate would keep tally to see which side would gain most words from the other. If a word

were missed on one side and spelled correctly by the other, that side was credited with one tally. After spelling awhile they would all stand up and spell down. Soon the poor spellers would be weeded out and the contest would be narrowed down to the best spellers on either side. As the spellers decreased the interest increased until one alone remained, and he was declared the victor. Spelling schools did much good by creating an interest in spelling. Many poor spellers improved very much by their means.

Many amusing incidents occurred. I will mention just one: One evening a green young gentleman from the lowlands of Scotland was pronouncing words. Much to the astonishment of the spellers he called out "bawbee." It was a new word and a puzzler. It went round and round, but "bawbee" would be called out to the discomfiture of the best spellers. At last a bright eyed maiden spelled "b-a-b-y, baby." The laugh was tremendous and it was our friend's turn from Caledonia to feel like selling himself for a dime or less.

Debating schools, as they were called, came to be very popular among the backwoodsmen. I shall never forget the first one I ever attended. I was about fifteen years old and was one of the disputants. The question under discussion was: "Which has the greater influence among men, intellect or money." One young man of powerful frame stood behind a bench with one leg over the back of it, while he argued for intellect. In the course of his oration he cried out, "What brought us to this new country, money or intellect? I tell you it was intellect." Then he bethought himself a little and added: "To be sure, it was to better our condition financially." This latter announcement was greeted with shouts of uproarious laughter. He had unconsciously admitted that to gain property (money) was the controlling influence that led them to leave the comforts and privileges of the older settlements to face the stern privations of pioneer life. One old gentleman in the heat of discussion shouted, "I deny the fact!"

Notwithstanding the inauspicious beginning the Dialectic Society was a success. Old men who could scarcely connect two ideas together, became quite good speakers, and young men were stimulated to study historical and other works, in order to obtain facts and arguments by which to sustain their

side of the question, whereby their minds were expanded and their fund of knowledge was greatly increased.

Of all the attractions the singing school was the chief. There the girls and boys enjoyed themselves to the full. I was unfortunate in regard to music. At spelling and debating I was considered quite a success; but try as I would I could never learn a tune, until I finally gave up in despair; but still I could not forego the pleasure of attending singing school, although I took no part in the exercises. One music teacher was anxious I should join his school. I told him if he would teach me to sing I would gladly do so. "Well," he said, "the next evening you sit on the front seat and sing, and at recess I will tell you what I can do for you." At the appointed time I was there, and sang the very best I could. At recess he told me every one had a voice and every voice was susceptible of improvement, but made no promises in my particular case. However I joined his school. When the exercises began again he placed me in the back part of the house, and cautioned me, in particular, not to sing too loud. It was evident the less they heard of my singing the better. In fact I have known the whole singing school to stop to listen to me.

One time I was standing by Eld. Dimmick, who was leading the congregation in singing. A sudden inspiration came to me and I struck in to assist in singing the sweet songs of Zion. Suddenly he stopped and then the whole congregation was also silent as the grave, when Brother Dimmick turned to me and said so all could hear, "Brother Hill, you put me off the tune." Since then I have been careful how I create discord among brethren.

Temperance meetings were also a source of instruction and enjoyment in our new country. Temperance lecturers, both male and female, would pass through the country holding temperance meetings in churches and school houses. One elderly maiden lady, a Miss Daniels, combined both temperance and phrenology in her lectures. The younger rustics took great pleasure in having their bumps examined. Some came severely to grief, especially Brother Munson, a prominent Methodist of many peculiarities, of which the lecturer was well informed, and one evening she set him out in a ridiculous light before the audience. He felt so bad that he left the meeting and went home a sadder if not a wiser man. I also

fell a victim to her criticisms and delineation of character, which I determined by some means to counteract. So I borrowed my brother's best clothes, made some whiskers out of a buffalo robe, took my seat among the older and more sedate portion of the audience, and tried it over again the next evening. This time she set me out in glowing colors as a model young man. She soon discovered what a dilemma she was in, and had a fainting fit and was assisted to the door for fresh air. Brother Munson and I had been at variance, but after my episode with Miss Daniels the wound was healed and we were friends once more.

The cause of variance was as follows: In our country on the first day of April everybody tried to make April fools of everybody else. It was a very foolish custom, yet old and young, saint and sinner, indulged in it more or less.

One spring I was making sugar for a Mr. McNab, about a mile and a half from Munson's. As I was going home one Sunday morning, the first of April, I called at Mr. Hutchinson's, who lived across the way from Mr. Munson's. The young folks were saying, "If we could only fool Munson. He says nobody can fool him." To please them I promised to try. So I called on him. He asked me how I was getting along. I told him all right, but Mr. McNab was feeling pretty blue this morning. "What's the matter with him?" "He has a very sick cow, and don't know what to do for her." Now, Brother Munson was something of a cow doctor, and he said quickly, "Did he send for me?" "He said 'if you had time, and would be kind enough he would be glad to have you come down.'" "As soon as I can water my horses I will go," said he. He went, and much to his disgust he found that McNab's cows were enjoying most excellent health, and his medical skill was not at all needed at that time. He felt so badly about it that I went to him and apologized for my wrong doing. He said he would not care so much, if when he went to town Christian women would not poke their heads out of the door and ask him how McNab's cow was. But after Miss Daniels had been beguiled into telling opposite stories concerning my bumps, his love flowed toward me in a perpetual stream. "Oh, Willie," he said, "you showed her up to be a fraud."

Coon hunting was another delightful pastime for the boys. The animals were quite plentiful, and we got something for

their hides, so they were hunted for both pleasure and profit. One night Brother Munson accompanied the boys on a hunt. Soon we heard a coon fighting the dog. In a trice we were there. Brother Munson says, "Boys, I will choke the coon to death while the dog hunts for another." So we got the dog away, and he seized the coon by the throat. Presently Brother Munson was prancing around in a lively manner, crying out, "Call the dog, call the dog, for the coon is scratching my hands." The coon resented parting with the breath of life in that way, and had curled up his hind feet and was tearing Brother Munson's hands with all his might, which was the cause of his wild outcries and comical gymnastics. The boys thought it was better than a circus. But Brother Munson concluded coon-hunting was no fun for him, and went home. Many other amusing incidents occurred while coon-hunting, which made it a fascinating sport for the hunters.

Our religious interests were cared for by earnest ministers of the gospel who held meetings in churches, school houses and private dwellings. At a very early age I was the subject of religious impressions. Mother used to read the Bible to us children and tried to teach us the fear of the Lord. Although I became a wild boy, yet the influence of a godly mother never left me. Mothers who teach their little ones the knowledge of God do not know how powerful and far-reaching their influence for good is. Let the dear mothers lead their children to Christ while they are young, and when they grow old they will rise up and call them blessed.

At the age of thirteen my mother died, leaving six children, Mary Ann, Charles, James Wm. B., Elisha, John, and Sarah Jane. My father married again, and we had a good step-mother. Although mother was dead, her words of admonition followed me and I wanted to meet her in heaven. Sometimes I would read my Bible and pray in secret, but I had no one to show me the way of salvation and I failed to find the right way until I was eighteen years of age, when I attended a protracted meeting held by Robert Virtue in our school house. A goodly number of my comrades began to lead a new life. I saw my sinfulness and desired greatly to find the peace others were rejoicing in, but found none. My burden became so great I could not sleep by night nor work by day. In this state of mind I went to an old Christian lady's house, by the name of

Austin, to learn how to obtain the desire of my soul. Her two sons were rejoicing in the Savior's love. I told them how I felt. They said: "You desire above all things to serve God? You are willing to give up all for Christ?" I replied, "Yes, I am." "Only believe He does accept you and you are accepted," they said, and I was enabled to let go of self, and to lay hold of Christ by faith, and His blessed peace came into my heart and I went home rejoicing in God. The Lord had indeed put a new song into my mouth. As I entered the house where I was staying, the people said "William has found peace." They could see the change in my countenance.

We enjoyed ourselves greatly the winter of 1860-61 in attending meetings, rejoicing continually in our new found hope. Life seemed invested with something grander, nobler than we had ever conceived of before. Those precious seasons I will never forget. Oh, why did we ever suffer our love to cool, or our light to wax dim!

My father ran a tannery and shoe shop as well as a farm. When I was fifteen I entered the shop to learn the shoemaker's trade. When I was sixteen I went from house to house among the farmers making boots and shoes for the family, a custom in vogue in those days. At one place where I was working there were a number of young men preparing to go to the Michigan lumber woods. I got a great fever to go too; not to the lumber woods, but to Port Huron, where I thought I could perfect myself in my trade. I was confident father would not be willing for me to go, so, foolish boy, I decided to go without his knowledge. We were an impecunious lot. I had scarcely any money, and I soon discovered the rest were nearly as bad off. We got a free ride to Port Sarnia, because it was the day of the opening of the Grand Trunk railroad to that point. Everybody rode free that day. We did not find Michigan the land of promise we expected. Times were hard and work scarce and hard to get. I finally got a job of shoemaking with a drunken Irishman. Getting tired of this I went into the country, but met with no better success. As a last resort I went to Detroit, about sixty miles distant, but there was no work. Everywhere there were more men than work. Night found me in a large city with no supper, no money, and no place to stay. I began to feel like the prodigal son. I was directed to the Russell house to stay all night. A flight of

stone steps led from the street to the first story, where the office was situated. I went up, weary and tired, rather a forlorn looking specimen of humanity. The floor was carpeted, the waiter boys were in broadcloth, and everything was grand. I asked the clerk if I could stay over night. He said "no." Of course they had no room for such as I. He directed me to the Railroad Hotel. As I was descending the steps I saw a crowd of roughs standing around. One cried out "Let us go to Michigan Avenue." Another said "Let's wait until this greenhorn gets down stairs." I said to myself, he means me of course. Shall I go down or go back? I decided to go on. As I came down they surrounded me, tumbled me about and thrust their hands into my pockets, but they were innocent of filthy lucre. After a while they let me go without doing me any harm. I told the clerk of the Railroad Hotel I had no money. He gave me a bed, but no supper. In the morning the bell rang for breakfast and I was so HUNGRY, but I was minus the wherewith to pay for a meal, so I started out again to look for work, feeling such a goneness as I had never experienced before in all my life. I traveled incessantly until noon, looking for work, but found none. I found an empty stomach was a great reminder of my father's house, where there was bread enough and to spare. At noon a brother shoemaker gave me a good dinner to which I did ample justice. I became discouraged about finding work, and home, with its comforts and the loved ones there, never looked so desirable to me; but, alas, it was a long way off to a boy without a cent in his pocket; but after dinner I said "I will arise and go to my father," and started for home. About dark I tried to find a place of refuge for the night. I soon found that this world has not much of a welcome for a moneyless man, or boy either. Nobody wanted to keep me, and to increase my difficulty, it began to snow furiously. I made up my mind that the next house I entered I would say nothing about staying all night, at first, but sit down and await developments. The next house proved to be an Irishman's. I went in, sat down by the stove and chatted with them for a good while, and finally broached the subject of staying until morning. The old gentleman said that was impossible, as they had only one bed in the house, but the good old lady came to my rescue, saying: "Would you turn the poor boy out into the storm?" They decided that I could have a

quilt or two on a bundle of hay, by the stove, which would be better than a snow bank.

In the morning the man went off to drink whisky with some boon companions, and the poor wife told me her troubles, how her husband would come home drunk, and break even the stove to pieces. As I started on my journey the good woman blessed me by the Virgin Mary and all the saints. The snow was deep and traveling was slow and difficult.

Toward evening I met an Irishman in the road, who took me for an Irishman's son, and invited me to partake of his hospitalities over night, which I gladly did. He lamented greatly that he was just out of whisky, and consequently could not entertain me so handsomely as he otherwise could, but as I had never learned to drink Satan's firewater, I got along very well without the extra entertainment. Thus, day after day, I plodded along toward home. When I got nearly home I learned that I was the last of the returning wanderers. The other boys had already returned to the paternal roof, which was a comfort to me, but oh, how ashamed I was to go home to father's. The nearer I got home the slower I went, until, one evening after dark, I entered the old familiar kitchen. All the folks were glad to see me, glad that I had reached home alive. I had learned the lesson, that there is no place like home for a boy, and that there are no friends like father and mother. Dear young friends, if you ever leave the blessed scenes of home, do so with the consent of your parents, with their counsel to guide you, and their blessing to follow you.

The autumn of 1861 found me at the village of Port Elgin, situated on Lake Huron in the county of Bruce. On my way there I stayed all night in the town of Goderich. As I was sitting in the bar room a number of men were engaged in drinking beer. All at once an old gentleman arose and thus addressed the crowd, "You have been drinking and treating one another all the evening, and here I sat all the time, and you never acted as if you thought I had a mouth on me." And he looked as if his mouth watered for a taste of the foaming liquid. As I saw the poor old man in his dilapidated clothing humbling himself for a glass of liquor, I thought, what ruin rum has wrought, and I said down deep in my heart, no rum for me. In a couple of evenings after, I met with another wreck of humanity at Southampton. He entered the room

where I was sitting. His face was bloated all out of shape, his eyes were deep in his head, such a bloated specimen of rum ruin I had never beheld, yet there was an air of intelligence and gentlemanly breeding about him. He sat down by my side and entered into conversation. I found he was an intelligent and well informed man. He gave me a brief account of his fall under the power of the demon drink. His money, reputation, friends, all gone. All hope for this life and the next gone, and he a poor stranded wreck on the shores of time. In the morning he stepped up to the bar and drank a glass of liquor. As he set the glass down, he said, "Another nail in my coffin," and went out. I thought, another light house to warn us away from the rocks of intemperance. Touch not, taste not, handle not, is the safe plan.

At Port Elgin I found Christian people and formed many happy acquaintances. I joined the Good Templars and began to speak on the subject of temperance occasionally. My first effort was on this wise. We received an invitation to attend a temperance meeting to be held in a school house a few miles in the country, so a load of Good Templars from Port Elgin went out. We found the house crowded, and an enthusiastic meeting in progress. Several speakers addressed the meeting. At the close of the remarks by one of the speakers, the chairman arose and said, "One William Hill will now address the meeting." I was an entire stranger to all in the house excepting those who had come with me, and when my name was called I was more than astonished. I did not have an idea to express, but I ascended the platform, with my brain in a whirl. I began by saying excitedly, "My name is William Hill, and I must be the person called for." As soon as I began to speak the people began to laugh, which gave me confidence to proceed. Among other things I said I was glad to see the interest the ladies were taking in the temperance movement, as the gentlemen will always be interested in what the ladies are. I illustrated the point by the Irishman who wished to buy a pair of spurs, but unfortunately could only get one. While riding home he thus soliloquized: "The people will think I am a queer man entirely—two feet and only one spur to one foot. But there is one pleasing consolation, I can make one side of the horse gallop, and 'pon my word the other side will have to keep up." So if the ladies' side of the house

moves in the temperance cause the other side will have to keep up. What I said was very commonplace, yet it made the people laugh, and I was considered a success as a temperance speaker by the backwoodsmen.

In the fall of 1863, I went with a number of other young men to Northern Michigan. We heard there was lots of work there and good wages. We were to take the steamer at Southampton. While waiting for the boat an old acquaintance urgently requested me to take supper with him. I said I was afraid the boat would come and go and leave me behind. He urged there was no possible danger as we would be sure to hear the whistle. I yielded to his solicitations and went. We kept a sharp lookout for the boat, but could neither see nor hear anything. At last I went to the wharf only to find the boat and my comrades had gone. I felt sorry enough, but vain regrets were of no avail. They would not bring the boat back. I determined never to be left behind again as long as I lived, and often in after years has the recollection of that disappointment hurried me to the boat or train. How many of us will discover that we are too late to be saved! Having put off salvation a little too long, and will in the deepest anguish of heart say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." "Behold now is the excepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." As it happened the boys were delayed at Goderich. I overtook them there, and we went on to Port Sarnia together, where we remained one day waiting for the steamer to take us to Hancock, our point of destination on Lake Superior. We were a wild lot from the woods, and we raced and ran hither and thither until the good propeller Meteor arrived at the dock. It was dark when we boarded the ship. The long cabin was lighted up gorgeously. I was amazed at the splendid lamps, reflectors, and mirrors. I thought, "Will heaven be more beautiful than this?" Our backwoods eyes had never beheld such magnificence before. We had about five hundred passengers on board, among whom was a young Englishman, who was exceedingly well dressed. He carried himself very haughtily and kept himself aloof from the rest of us. All went well with him until we reached the Bruce mines, where the boat stopped for a couple of hours. An old friend met him here, took him ashore and they celebrated their happy meeting with a social glass or two. When

he came aboard again it was evident he had imbibed too freely of the exhilarating beverage. That evening, after we had all gone to bed, and I thought were nearly all asleep, he began to say in a loud voice, "I am as well dressed as any man on this boat. I wear as good clothes as anybody," etc. It was not a minute before there were voices jeering and making fun of him.

A MORE CREST-FALLEN

young Englishman was never seen than that young man was the next morning. He was meek as a lamb the rest of the journey. Another whiskey-made fool. My young friend, don't let whiskey bemuddle your brain like that and put you to shame before friends and strangers and before the great God and the holy angels in the day of judgment. We passed the great Manitoulin Island, up the Sault Ste. Marie river, through the St. Marie canal into Lake Superior and so on to our destination. The other boys met friends and acquaintances at Hancock, but there were none such to greet me. I was a stranger among strangers; but I soon made friends. I connected myself with the M. E. Church and the Good Templars. I found them who loved temperance and religion, and we had good times together. I was the only professor of religion in our company. Some would drink, and all would play at cards, and I was sorely tempted to do both, but I found Jesus could keep me in the midst of temptation, and He did keep me from many a snare of the enemy. Jesus is the best friend man ever knew. He is a friend that helps us in every time of need. Many hundreds of men worked in the mines, and many of them were wicked and murder was frequent. Innocent persons were often maltreated just for amusement. Two men who boarded with us were down town one evening, when they were set upon by a mob of men, and kicked and bruised shamefully. They came home bleeding from wounds all over them, thankful to escape with their lives. A wholesale fight was nothing unusual. One evening three of us went down town and stopped awhile at a blacksmith shop where Hugh Sang, one of our boys, was working. While there a crowd of drunken fellows came with a lot of strong drink and stopped to drink it right before the shop door. As they continued drinking they became noisy until their whoops and yells were fearful. It did not seem such horrid sounds

could come from human throats. They finally made an attack on the shop. The stones came like hail. The windows were smashed to atoms in an instant, and we thought the door would go next. To say we were frightened is putting it mildly. We thought our time had come, but we prepared with sledge hammers and pieces of iron to defend ourselves to the last. Happily the mob spent its fury on the shop and departed leaving its scared occupants unharmed.

The first Fourth of July I ever spent in the United States was at Hancock, 1864.

WE CELEBRATED THE DAY BY A GREAT TEMPERANCE

demonstration. First we marched and counter-marched with bands of music and banners flying, after which a great meeting was held in a large, unfinished building. The gentleman they expected to act as chairman of the meeting did not arrive. Bro. Fairbrass, a leading Good Templar, came to me and said, "Bro. Hill, you must act as chairman of the meeting." I had never acted in such a capacity in my life, and objected; but it was useless. I was quickly elected and installed as chairman of the meeting. As I sat on the platform, with speakers to the right and left, a band of musicians on another platform above my head, and the largest sea of upturned faces before me I had ever seen, I felt very uncomfortable, but did the best I knew how. In introducing one of the speakers, I strove to hit those who were on the fence on the temperance issue, as follows: "This gentleman is always found with his colors flying. He is always in the thickest of the fight for right and truth. He is not like some who stand aloof until the battle is fought and the victory won, and then they come around and say, 'See what a great work we have done;' like the husband in the bear story. He and his wife Betty lived in a claim shanty on the frontier. One day, to their great surprise, a bear walked into the shanty. The husband sprang up onto a joist out of danger; but Betty, not being nimble enough for that, took the fire poker and began to belabor the intruder over the head with that. Every time she would strike the bear the husband would say, 'You're doing well; hit him agin, Betty!' After the bear was killed, he ran away to the neighbors and said, 'Come see the bear that Betty and I killed.'" Of course there was nothing to the story, as everybody knew, but it

tickled the folks exceedingly and so gave me courage and took away my nervousness to some extent. After meeting I was encouraged to endeavor to do better the next time by the kindly congratulations of friends who rejoiced in my success. A kind word of encouragement often inspires a young beginner to make the most of himself. I was taken sick and determined to go home and see my folks. I had written, but of late I had received no answer from them. I went down on the steamboat to Port Sarnia and took the train for Widder Station, about four miles from father's. Although just recovering from sickness I felt elated and happy in the hope of soon seeing the loved ones at home. On my way from the station I called at Sylvanus Cornell's, an old acquaintance with whose children I used to go to school. Not one of them recognized me. I finally told them who I was and that I was going to see my folks. They informed me that I had not a relative in the country, as they had all moved to Minnesota. I never felt so lonely in all my life before. It seemed as if I were entirely alone in the world. I called on the old neighbors as I went along, who were glad to see me. I found the old homestead occupied by strangers. As I went into the house what a flood of recollections flashed through my mind! I wandered over every familiar spot, but the dear ones who had halloved them were gone. I remained in the old neighborhood from July until in the following April. I found the religious interests of the people very low. Bro. Willie Hutchinson and myself determined to start a prayer meeting in the old school house. So we announced the meeting and invited all to attend. At the time appointed four persons were present, Mr. Ward, Willie Hutchinson, Samuel Wilcox and myself. It was evident Satan was on hand to oppose that meeting. Bro. Ward was the oldest, so he was chosen to lead. He did very well until in prayer his words were cut off and he could say nothing at all. He hawked and choked and sputtered, but a word could he not utter and seemed to be in great distress; but there came over the rest of us an almost uncontrollable spirit of laughter. I would not have laughed under the circumstances for anything. My frame shook as I stuffed the corner of my blouse in my mouth to prevent such a sacrilegious thing as laughing during prayer. Such a prayer meeting I never attended before nor since. Notwithstanding the

inauspicious beginning, the prayer meeting increased in numbers and interest until the greatest revival broke out that was ever known in that neighborhood. Old professors were warmed up into new life and many young people started on their way to heaven. I spent a very happy winter, and received an impulse in the heavenly way that I never lost.

In the spring of 1865 with Justus White I started for Michigan. We hoped to run logs on Bell River. We staid over night at Memphis. We were awakened by hearing the firing of guns and the shouts of people. On looking out of the window we saw a huge fire and people were running toward it, some putting on their coats as they ran. It was soon ascertained that news had come Richmond had fallen, which was the cause of the bonfire and great commotion among the people. How rejoiced they were at the downfall of the rebel stronghold. What a rejoicing there will be when sin and Satan are overthrown, and peace and righteousness will reign supreme in the universe of God. Rev. 5: 13.

I had never run logs and Justus told me that log runners were a hard lot, and that we must not let them know we were professors of religion or we could not stay with them. I replied, I did not intend to make my religion offensively prominent, neither did I intend to hide my light under a bushel. The first night we were with the log runners we staid at an old farmer's. He had just built a new house and his old house was given up to us. In the evening while eating warm maple sugar, the log runners amused themselves by telling stories, some of which were far from being pure and elevating in their character. After a while they called on me for a song. I said, "I cannot sing, but if you will all keep quiet I will read you something from a book I have in my hand." They quickly agreed, and I read the 22nd chapter of Revelations, wherein the destiny of the righteous and wicked is brought to view. Strange to say, everything was as quiet as a meeting until the last word was read. It seemed as if the spirit of God impressed the hearts of these hardened men. It was probably the first time they had ever heard such reading. When we went to bed I felt it duty to do as aforetime, "kneel down and commend myself to God," and quietly did so. No one molested me; but the die was cast. They all knew where I stood, and many were the talks I had with them on religion,

as we would be together on the river, as sometimes two or three of us would be stationed at certain points to keep the logs running where there was danger of a jam. I felt happy in saying a word for my Master.

JUSTUS TOOK A DIFFERENT COURSE

and I am sorry to say was soon led away from his steadfastness. The only safe way is to be decidedly for God, no matter where we are or what company we are in. If Satan finds a wavering soul he will strive all the more earnestly to lure him away from the paths of righteousness. Trust in God and do right and he will shield us from all the power of the enemy.

After I had worked at log running awhile, I went to a place called Mill Point, near Lake Michigan, where my brother Charles lived. Sawing lumber was the chief business, and my brother worked in one of the mills. I got work in a mill but did not like it and went up Grand river to work on a farm. In August, 1865, I started for Minnesota where father lived. I landed at Minneiska, a small village situated at the mouth of Whitewater valley, on the Mississippi river. It was about 4 p. m. when I landed. I wished to make Greenwood Prairie to work in harvest. I soon discovered that the only conveyance was to go on foot, so I started, carrying a large carpet bag full of clothes and a heavy beaver cloth overcoat. The road up the valley was overflowed with water. Wild ducks were swimming in the road, and mud and water were over boot-top. The great bluffs towered hundreds of feet high on either side of the valley, and no house in sight. As the sun neared the horizon the mosquitoes came at me in clouds, and they were so hungry. I said to myself, "This is the brave land of Minnesota."

After traveling six miles I came to a house. It was a log cabin, with the ends of the logs sticking out in every direction, some shorter and some longer. As I came to the door, I found a man and a boy with a gun. I shall never forget the scene. The man had an old felt hat on his head, partly covering a mass of reddish hair. His beard and mustache looked fierce enough to belong to a southern bushwhacker, while a great hole graced the knee of his pants. The youngster was about fifteen years of age and did not look at all as fierce as his father. I meekly asked the privilege of a night's lodging.

The gentleman replied: "Ask the women folks; I am not the boss here," and away he and the boy went to shoot a marauding owl, and left me to paddle my own canoe with the ladies as best I could. I timidly entered the house and was surprised to note a great contrast. The wife and daughter were neatly dressed and everything inside the house was in nice order. The old lady thought I could stay, so I got an old pail full of water and soon I had washed away the last remains of mud and mire and was ready for bed.

As the old gentleman and son returned from an unsuccessful owl hunt, the gentleman wanted to know where I was going and what I was going to do. When he learned I was seeking work, he offered me three dollars per day to work for him, and we soon made a bargain. It did not take long to discover that he was a very noisy individual. In the morning he came rushing up stairs yelling at the top of his voice, Ed! Ed! As he came to the top of the stairs he saw me at my morning devotions. He stopped as though he had been shot; he seemed entirely dumbfounded and amazed that anybody should be found praying on his premises.

I WAS SET TO BINDING

after a cradler. The sun poured its rays down between the bluffs with great power. I never felt the heat so great in my life, besides, I became so very, very hungry. Noon was a long, long time coming. At last the welcome call was heard and away we went to dinner. I had but fairly got started at my dinner when all the rest were done, and so it was every time; I could eat far more than I ever could before. They said that was the way with every one when they first came to Minnesota. Ho, you dainty people, whose appetite is a lost treasure, come to the invigorating, health-giving climate of Minnesota and your appetite will soon take on proportions that will surprise you.

The gentleman's name for whom I worked was John Gage. The log cabin has since given way to a fine brick residence, and Mr. Gage has represented his county in the Minnesota legislature. Although he was of rough exterior, yet he was a good neighbor.

I remained with him until November, when I bought a horse, harness and light wagon of him and started for the western

part of the state to find my folks. I found traveling over the vast prairies was not all pastime. I was always directed to take the main-traveled track. Sometimes far from any house the road would diverge, and which was the main-traveled track no man on earth could tell. ● Such a case is very perplexing, especially if it is nearly dark. Many of the sloughs were not bridged; while passing through one, the horse and buggy went down. Only one way out of the difficulty—wade into the cold water and mire, unhitch the horse, take the buggy to pieces and carry it out onto dry land.

On my journey, I stopped over night with a man to whom I spoke about religion in the evening, and in the morning the conversation turned again upon religion; he said to me: "Are you a preacher?" I said "No."—"Well, you will be some time."

Ten years afterward I spoke on baptism at the Hutchinson camp meeting. After the sermon, a gentleman said to me: "Bro. Hill, if you ever come our way you must call and see us." "Where do you live?" I live in a popple grove between Austin and Albert Lea." I recognized the place and the man instantly. I asked him if he remembered a young man stopping over night with him about ten years ago, who talked with him about religion, and he asked him if he were a preacher, and the young man answered no, and then you said, well, you will be one some time? He said yes. Well, I was that young man. He had become a Christian and I a minister since that evening.

I finally reached the neighborhood of Blue Earth City, and saw ahead of me a high load of old boards drawn by a yoke of oxen. I started to drive by, when a boy sprang from the load onto my wagon with great demonstrations of joy. It was my brother John. He said father was carpentering in town; he showed me the house where he was at work. I found him at the bench planing. He did not know me until I told him who I was. It was a joyful meeting after such a long separation. The next day I drove out to my father's homestead, six miles southwest of Blue Earth City. I found the family living in a dugout; a good many people lived in them in those days. Everybody was poor, and consequently on a level. The settlers were friendly, sociable and willing to help one another. All seemed hopeful and cheerful, and although they lived in small houses and wore cheap

clothing, they were fully as happy as in after years when they were the possessors of plenty.

A MINNESOTA BLIZZARD.

My first introduction to one was Dec. 12, 1865. I had heard and read of blizzards, but it takes a personal experience to realize what a blizzard means. The conditions of a good blizzard are a lot of light snow and a furious wind. The snow becomes as fine as the finest flour and penetrates the slightest crevice. In an old fashioned blizzard the snow is so blinding one cannot see anything, and can scarcely hear anything either; it is useless to shout, hoping to be heard, as your voice would be drowned in the awful storm. A light in a window would avail nothing, for it could not be seen. People have been lost and frozen to death only a few rods from their own door; blinded and bewildered by the storm they wandered round and round until exhausted nature gave way, and the poor victim sank down in the snow to rise no more. But those dreadful storms are of the past; the prairies are now dotted with farm houses, villages, towns and groves, and every house, haystack and every tree helps to break the force of the wind, until now such storms are no longer common to Minnesota. One must needs go to the Dakotas to enjoy a first-class blizzard. I would not have the reader think that Minnesota is a region of storms, for it is indeed a land of glorious sunshine. Even in winter, though it is cold, yet the skies are bright and the air bracing. Minnesota is, indeed, a goodly land, with broad prairies, great forests, fertile soil, and scattered over its surface are thousands of the most charming lakes imaginable. But I will not try to describe the land of my adoption, for the best I can do would be far short of the reality.

The winter of '65-'66 I chopped cordwood on the Minnesota river, near St. Peter; the following summer I went to Yellow Medicine, where the Indians broke out in their massacre of the whites in 1862. There were still fine brick buildings and great cisterns which the government had built for the Indians. It is a beautiful location, in a fine country, but no Indian is there. His beautiful heritage has passed into the hands of the white man.

I returned to the eastern part of the state to work in harvest. On my way from Yellow Medicine I was sent ahead on

horseback one evening to select a camping ground for the night. As I was trotting along smartly I ran over a little striped animal; I was going so fast that I escaped any shock to my olfactory nerves. Not so with the teams following more slowly behind. They said when they came to where I had selected a place for camp; "Didn't you run over a skunk back there a ways?" "Yes." "Whew! we thought so as we came along." The night was very sultry and the mosquitoes were in swarms; three of us slept in a covered wagon, and it seemed as if the hungry mosquitoes were determined to leave nothing of us by morning. One of our company was an Englishman; he had an iron teakettle with him, and he would fill it with grass and set fire to it, and make a smudge which, for the time, would stupefy the skeeters, and nearly suffocate us. He kept replenishing his kettle and rebuilding his fires until a terrific thunder storm came up. The lightning blazed athwart the black sky in a fearful manner, while the thunder shook the heavens, and the rain fell in torrents. The cool drops of rain fell through our thin canvas onto my fevered brow so gratefully, and I fell asleep; but I shall never forget the night spent on the prairie with the Englishman and his teakettle.

In the spring of 1867 I returned to father's, and helped during the summer. It rained and rained until sloughs, lakes and streams were full to overflowing. It was almost impossible to go anywhere with a wagon. Flour rose to nine dollars a hundred, and could hardly be obtained for that. Father had a huge coffee mill to which he attached a windmill, and the settlers would bring sacks of corn on their shoulders to get ground in the coffee mill, and thus kept the wolf from the door. It was so wet that summer, that the prairie was swimming with water. One day as Mr. Stiles and myself were driving over the prairie with a breaking team, consisting of five yoke of oxen, we came to a rushing stream where usually no stream was to be found. The oxen went in: but as we got into the middle of the stream the wagon came apart and the cattle went away with the front wheels and left us in the rushing waters with the rest of the wagon. Mr. Stiles cried out, "Oh, I don't want to get wet for I am troubled with the rheumatism," and there he was on top of the box as far out of the water as he could get. I went into the water and got the

wagon and Mr. Stiles to shore as best I could. Then I had to race after the oxen, for they were going it over the prairie with the front wheels of the wagon, like all possessed. Such were some of the experiences of the early pioneers in this new country.

CHANGE OF RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

I found a class of people in father's neighborhood who observed the seventh day as the Sabbath. They were very zealous in spreading abroad a knowledge of their peculiar views. They supplied me with tracts, pamphlets and books, teaching what they called Present Truth. That is, the truth that is especially adapted for the times in which we live. Although I had no idea of keeping the seventh day Sabbath, yet I found their arguments very hard to meet. I could find nothing in the New Testament to show that the Sabbath was changed from the seventh to the first day of the week. I found that the New Testament mentions the first day of the week just eight times and not once is it called the Sabbath or Lord's day, neither is any sacred title applied to it whatever. Search as I would, I could not find that either Christ or His apostles observed it as a sacred day in a single instance. This seemed to me unaccountable, if the first day of the week had really become the Sabbath and it was a sin against God not to observe it as such. Although I could by no means explain the silence of the New Testament in regard to the change of the Sabbath, I tried to console myself with the thought that a great many wise and good men keep Sunday and if we only keep one day in seven it will do well enough. This was not very satisfactory, but it helped to ease my conscience while violating one of God's commandments.

DURING THE SUMMER

I worked a while for a man by the name of Shumacher. He was a zealous Catholic and labored hard to convert me to the Catholic faith. We used to sit up very late talking upon points of doctrine. One evening he asked me, "How could the apostles remit sins unless they knew what sins to remit, and how could they know unless the sins were confessed to them?" "You claim the priest has just as much power as the apostles?" "Yes." "That the priest could know nothing of the sins committed unless they were first confessed to him?" "Yes."

“Was it necessary for Ananias and Sapphira to confess their sin before Peter knew that they had lied?” “No.” “But you say the poor priest could know nothing of it unless it be first confessed to him, which shows his claim to have as much power as the apostles to be a fraud and deception of the first magnitude.” We even got to speaking on persecutions of the Catholic Church, which he would not own until the proof was unanswerable, when he said: “If you had a flock of sheep and the wolves should come to destroy them, what would you do?” “I would kill the wolves, of course, if I could; and so you Catholics are the tender sheep, and we Protestants are the fierce, howling wolves; so we must be killed of course.”

Reader, that is the doctrine of Rome, and she carries it out wherever she has the power to do so. Mr. Shumacher supplemented his personal efforts by furnishing me with Catholic controversial works to read. In Milner's *End of Religious Controversy* I found the Catholic Church claimed to have changed the Sabbath into Sunday without any scriptural authority for so doing. In fact, the change of the Sabbath is set forth as one of the strongest evidences that the Catholic Church is the true church; for indeed she must be the great power of God in the earth if she were able to change the divine law of Jehovah. Having already discovered there was not a particle of evidence in the Bible of a change of the Sabbath, I confess this claim of the Catholic Church struck me very forcibly. The more I meditated and studied upon it, the more plainly I could see that the claim was well founded, and that the Catholic Church was the power brought to view in Dan. vii, 25, that should think to change the times and laws of the Most High. I did not wish to believe it, but proof was too plain. He shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and shall think to change times and laws, and they shall be given into His hand until a time, times and the dividing of time. It is true that the Papacy has spoken great words against the Most High, even to arrogating to himself infallibility, which belongs to God alone. It is true the Catholic Church has slaughtered millions of the saints of the Most High (literally worn them out), until she is drunken with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Rev. xvii, 5-6. Has she thought to change the times and laws of the Most High? She says: Yes,

I have changed the Sabbath into Sunday without any scriptural authority for so doing.

Thus, every specification of the prophecy is met by the Church of Rome, hence she must be the power spoken of. What should I do in this case, was the question that troubled me. Are these Seventh Day folks right, and has the time really come when the true Sabbath should be restored? Is it possible that God is calling on me by his word and spirit to forsake the teachings of my youth and all my religious associations and take my stand for his ancient down-trodden Sabbath? Reader, if you have ever sincerely faced that question, you will not say: The Sabbath question is of little importance. It stirs the soul to its depths. To whomsoever ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey. Rom. vi, 16. God says: Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. The Church of Rome commands: Keep holy the Sunday. Which shall I obey? If I obey God, I shall be God's servant: if I obey the Papacy, I shall be the servant of the Papacy. Although every worldly consideration was on the side of Sunday, yet I am thankful God gave me grace to decide, that as for me, I will serve the Lord and keep his commandments. It is nearly a quarter of a century since that decision was made and I have never ceased to rejoice in it. Never once have I had a doubt that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, our God. I was superintendent of the Union Sunday school, held in our school house. No sooner than it was known that I had begun the observance of the Sabbath than a great uproar was raised in our little community. I went to the Sunday school one bright morning and found the house surrounded with people. There were so many they could not all find room inside. My class leader, Bro. Yetter, was there, but that morning he did not seem to notice me. After the exercises of the school were over he said there was a little business to be attended to. They had heard that Mr. Hill had turned Advent. If so, he was not wanted for superintendent any longer. He is here, he can speak for himself. I plead guilty to the charge of keeping the seventh day Sabbath, because I had found it plainly commanded in the word of God. I had sought long and carefully for a Thus saith the Lord for Sunday keeping, and could not find it. If any one present could point out to me any divine

requirement for Sunday observance, I would cheerfully turn back again and observe Sunday with them. They were not able to do so, but demanded that I should resign my office. I replied: "Show me it is duty for me to do so and I will do it." "No, we are not here to do that, only resign or we will turn you out." I said: "None of you will say I have not taught the children right things, things that you yourselves approve of. It seems to me your action is like condemning and executing a man, not because he has done anything wrong, but for fear he might do some wicked thing in the future." But they cast me out of the synagogue. Those on the outside thrust their hands through the raised windows to give their voices against me. Thus I began to experience a few drops of the wrath of the dragon. Rev. xii. 17.

One man was there who, when requested to attend Sunday school, said he could not because his pants were not good enough to appear in such a place, but upon that particular occasion he was there, pants and all, and they were not the best of pants either. I had lived in the best of friendship with all this people as neighbor and friend. Then why treat me so unkindly? They were only acting out human nature. They had it in their power to vent their feelings of anger upon one of their number who dared to accept of unpopular truth, and they did it. They were blinded and knew not what they did. Luke xxiii, 34.

THE NEXT FALL

I went with Samuel Smith and Newton Chute to bring their team back from their trapping ground on the Des Moines river. It was in November, and on my return I lost my way and a furious snow storm came on in the afternoon. As darkness began to close upon me, it was evident that I must spend a night alone with my oxen on the prairie. The situation was anything but agreeable. I found a ravine where it was somewhat sheltered from the wind. I tied the cattle to one side of the wagon, took the box off, set it up on one edge, with the bottom toward the wind, with the upper edge resting upon the hubs of the wagon wheels. Under this slight protection I crawled, with one quilt to wrap up in. I commended myself to Him who cares for the sparrows and has numbered the hairs of our heads. I renewed my covenant to be His, and to devote my life to his service. As I lay under there I could

feel the snow sift through onto my face. I soon fell asleep and did not awake until daylight. I was surprised how quickly the night I dreaded so much had passed away. At noon the next day, I came to a settlement on Twin Lakes, and had no farther trouble getting home.

I only staid at home for a few days when I started out again to seek a winter's job. I went to Mr. Gault's, near St. Peter, hoping to chop cord wood for him. He said there was no wood chopping to be had. Mrs. Gault said, "teach our school this winter." I had never taught school, but I thought I might as well try. I asked the Lord to help me and He did. I taught the school for four months, at thirty dollars per month, with the priviledge of teaching the same school the next winter if I wished to. I returned home in the spring, and staid until harvest, when I again went to the eastern part of the state.

I worked for Joel Brown and his nephew, Joseph Brown, near Mantorville, Dodge County. Deckster Brown, Joseph's father, came to help him finish his harvest. He formed a favorable opinion of all the hands he saw at noon when he arrived, but me. He told me afterward that he thought from my appearance that I did not amount to much; but he changed his mind in a little while, and after Joseph got through with me, he hired me at thirty dollars per month to work on a farm during the short days in the fall, although he kept Sunday and I kept the Seventh day. I worked hard, and one day as I plowed my back ached, my face flushed, and I felt hardly able to follow the plow. At noon I told Mr. Brown how I felt. He said: "You are coming down with the typhoid fever." People were having it, and some were dying with it in the neighborhood. I knew I never could stand drug treatment and come out alive; so Mr. Brown took me to Wasioja, where Elder Ingraham lived. He was not at home when we arrived. I laid down on the bed, and it seemed to me as if I would burn up with fever. When Bro. Ingraham came home, he put me into a tub of hot water, putting a quilt over me to keep the steam in. The sweat poured down my body in streams. The next day the fever came up again, but not so strong, and the next evening I was put through the same process. Although I was very weak the fever was completely broken, and in a few days I was at work again.

THE NEXT WINTER

found me in the Whitewater valley again, teaching school in the Gage district. I had great talks with my old friends in regard to my change of views. Mr. Geo. Mathewson and wife accepted the Present Truth; they were my first converts to the faith. In the spring I was married to Miss Emma Town, one of my pupils.

We had some difficulties in getting the knot tied. We started with horse and cutter one bright morning for Winona, 26 miles distant, intending to be married the selfsame day. Our horse was a runaway, kicking colt. As we were rounding a bluff, the cutter upset and sent us both out onto the frozen ground and the horse began to run and kick with all his might. I held on to the lines, however, until he stopped at the bottom of the bluff, but the shafts and cutter box were a wreck. We fixed up the shafts, piled the pieces of the box onto the cutter, and went into the city, our wedding rig sadly demoralized. We took the cutter to a shop for repairs, and in a little while busy hands made it as good as ever; but our troubles did not end here. We found that witnesses were necessary, in our case, to get a marriage license, and witnesses, we, in our simplicity, had not provided. So we returned to the parental roof, somewhat sadder and wiser than when we departed. However, patience and perseverance overcome all difficulties and the nuptial knot was duly tied on March 22d, 1869, by Elder Alfred Chute, twenty-three years ago. We have stood by each other in shade and sunshine, sorrow and joy all these years and we expect to until the Redeemer comes to Zion, or until the grim reaper shall gather us into his narrow house, where we will wait until our change comes, (Job xiv, 13-15,) and we hope to enjoy a long eternity together in the kingdom of God.

In the spring of 1870 we removed to Martin county and opened up a new farm on the broad prairie. I went first and prepared the home nest. While on my journey, I stopped one night at a farm house near Rochester. The good people were considerably exercised because I traveled on Sunday. I explained that I observed the seventh day. "Oh," said the lady, "you are one of those Advents; you don't believe you will ever die." "I expect to die and go into the grave as all my forefathers did." "Do you? Well, it is quite probable you

will." "I may die too, and that much sooner than I expect, but some of God's people will never die," and I opened my Bible and read 1 Cor. xv, 51: "Behold I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep (die), but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." "So you see sister, the Bible expressly says we shall not all die; you believe that, don't you?" Again we are told in 1 Thess. iv. 16-17, "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first." Then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. "Here it is expressly taught that some will be alive and remain until the Lord comes, and I believe it, don't you?" Her father-in-law interposed and said, "I don't see but that is all right, surely it is scripture and we ought not to be found fighting the scripture." She seemed quite reconciled after this and only made one more sharp criticism upon her humble guest. My mind was dwelling upon the young wife I had left behind and I took a loving look at her image I carried with me. She observed it also and asked, "Is that your wife's picture?" "Yes, madam." "Well, I'm surprised, truly." "Why so?" "That such a good looking woman would marry such a homely man." In the morning I was beset to trade horses. I had one little horse and one large one. They had a good sized horse, with smooth, glossy hair, which they would trade for my small one. They talked so honest and fair that in my verdancy I traded. My new horse started off in good shape, but soon fagged out, and I had to tie my other large horse back to the sleigh and make him draw almost the whole load. At noon the new horse would not eat and I discovered I had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. I kept on trading until I had paid about \$24 in boot money and had only a bridle and pair of martingales left. I thought it was time for me to quit trading horses. I learned to my sorrow that those who will trade horses will cheat and deceive. Moral: Let no honest man indulge in horse trading.

In the winter of 1870-71 I taught school at Tenhassen, Martin county. A number of teachers attended school, some of whom had been through the arithmetic several times and I had never been half through it. I studied at nights and kept

ahead of the class until we had gone through again. I found by careful study I could unravel the most difficult examples we had to deal with. A great love existed between teacher and pupils. I enjoyed the school so much. We had great spelling schools. The interest ran high and they came from far and near to outdo us, but never one was found to equal us in that line.

The pupils edited a paper which was read every two weeks. In one number it was stated that our school contained two natural curiosities: A lump of snow (a Miss Snow) that never melts and a Hill in perpetual motion. The last day of school the house was filled with visitors, and at the closing exercises many eyes overflowed with tears. The next summer I had a nice crop growing and taught school in the Chute district, eight miles distant. My pony would take me there in a few minutes. In June we were visited by a disastrous hailstorm, when grain, corn, potatoes, garden stuff, in fact everything was beaten to the earth. The stones fell with such force they dented the side of the house, which was made of seasoned hardwood boards. I loved teaching and decided to devote my whole attention to it. The next winter I taught school near Delevan, Faribault county.

The school was large, with many large young men and women attending; a wild lot. It was the first winter term ever held in the district. I had to draw a taut rein in order to control the school at all. I was firm, but kind. They soon saw that I sincerely desired their good, and was never weary in assisting them to the utmost of my ability, and they, for the most part, appreciated my efforts.

One day as the director was visiting the school, I heard something go click, click, click, click, and then all would be quiet for a while; then it would go again. I said nothing, but kept a sharp lookout; at last I discovered the offender. A youngster was striking a spur and pocket knife together, which caused the noise. I told him to come forth and climb up onto a desk and stand there for a while. He stood up between the desks, seized hold of one with each hand, and declared he would never submit to such punishment as that; but he was persuaded to think better of it, and stood on the desk with a great stick of wood on his shoulder. It was an object

lesson to the school, as well as a reminder to him, that the way of the transgressor is hard; Prov. 13: 15.

THE DIRECTOR

was as sober as a judge, and said nothing, but I could see he was immensely pleased to see the youngster brought to time. I taught several terms in that district; but some were dissatisfied with the price. They could get an experienced lady teacher from Wisconsin for twenty-five dollars per month. As I had my hands full building a new house at Blue Earth City, in the spring of 1873, I made no application for any school. The new teacher came, and began teaching one Monday morning, and the next Monday morning she was on her way back to Wisconsin, with no wish to prolong her stay in the wild and woolly west. The pupils discovered they knew more than the teacher and she could do nothing with them. They were glad to get the old teacher back again. The girls and boys were collected on a knoll, and their faces were all smiles and dimples as I neared the old school house, and they gave their old teacher a royal welcome.

BEGAN THE LIFE OF A MINISTER.

The summer of '73, I attended our camp meeting, which was held at Medford. One evening after preaching service brethren Robert Schram and Henry Youngs took me, one by each arm, and said: "Brother Hill, come with us." They led me to the preacher's stand, and Elder Canright said: "Bro. Hill, if we give you a license to improve your gift, will you use it?" It was a momentous question. Upon my answer hinged the course of my future life. Although I loved teaching dearly, and was loath to give it up, yet I believed that the coming of the Lord was at the door, and the world was to be warned to flee from the wrath to come. Time, I believed to be too short, the harvest great, and the laborers few. I had firm faith in the promise of God, to be with the laborers even unto the end of the world, and that whosoever would forsake houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life. Matt. 19: 29. With such views and feelings, I could only say, "By the assisting grace of God I will," and although I have had poverty, privation,

even to the want of sufficient clothing to protect me from winter's chilling blasts, and have met with opposition and contumely on every side, and am now prematurely old, if I could be placed right there again as I was on that eventful evening, knowing all as I do now, I would raise my hand to heaven and say, "By Thy grace I will."

I went home from camp meeting, and prepared to go forth as a herald of the cross. I had my new house to plaster, and very much to do. On the 7th of October, 1873, with Bro. Ferdinand Morse, I started for Elm Creek, Martin County. We found that in consequence of the grasshopper raid the men had gone or were going east to work, to get something to live on during the winter, and it was impossible for the women to attend evening meetings without their husbands, so the idea of laboring in that vicinity had to be abandoned. At this juncture Bro. Morse was taken with a sore throat, and returned home, and I was left, with valise in hand, on the broad prairie, with no experience whatever in preaching. I got a ride with a farmer to Vernon Center, where I found an old schoolmate, Alex. Westover, and remained with him over night, and renewed old acquaintance. The next morning I went to Bro. Fleming's; I was having severe temptations.

A COLD WINTER

was fast approaching. Schools would soon be all taken, and if I did not succeed in preaching, I would be without employment of any kind, and even if I did succeed I could hope but for very little remuneration, and why not go home as Bro. Morse, and take a school and let some one better qualified do the preaching? I had never been so long absent from my wife and two little boys before, and I must say the drawings toward home were powerful. But I thought again; I have not yet done all I can do to find an opening, and I felt something strong within me impelling me forward in the work to which I had set my hand. I told Bro. Fleming my conflict I was having and he cheered me on my way. The laborers are few and the harvest is great. He said: "I will take you to Bro. Rew's, and we will see what can be done." Bro. Rew thought I should go to Bro. Quinn's and see Bro. Dimmick, one of our ministers who was there. When we got there Bro. Dimmick had just taken the train for Iowa. It was decided that I had

better go to Hutchinson, McLeod Co., where there was quite a large company of our people. Having but little money, I shouldered my valise and started for Ottawa, eighteen miles distant, where I had some acquaintances, among whom I visited until after Sunday. As Mr. Lewis and I were going to the depot, he suddenly asked: "Are you not going out on a mission?" I replied: "That's about the way of it." "Well, can you take a subject and carry it through?" "I don't know—I can tell better after I try." I took the train for Blakely, and started from there for Hutchinson, on foot, between thirty and forty miles distant. I arrived at Glencoe about 3 p. m., bought some crackers, ate a lunch, and started again for Hutchinson, sixteen miles away. I had not gone far when a man overtook me with a team, and gave me a ride. I asked: "Where are you going?" He said: "Hutchinson." "Do you know any Seventh Day people there?" "Yes, sir, I am one myself; my name is Dye. Are you one of our ministers?" "I am sent out to improve my gift, but how I will succeed time will tell." "You ought to have been at Hutchinson yesterday and you would have seen Elders Haskell and Grant." "I wish I had; I would rather see Elder Grant (President of our Conference) than any man alive." "Well, you can see him, he is stopping with Bro. Armstrong, and he lives not a great way from here." He pointed in the direction of his house, and I sprang from the wagon and started. I found a stream of water flowed between me and his house, which I was compelled to ford. It was now dark. As I approached the house I saw Bro. Grant's bald head through the window. When I entered he was as much astonished to see me as though I had come down from the clouds. He said: "I thought you were in Martin County with Bro. Morse, holding meetings." I explained to him how matters stood, and he was puzzled to know what to do with me. I was evidently an elephant on his hands. We talked over matters until late at night, but came to no conclusion what to do. I got up early in the morning and kindled a fire. Bro. Armstrong did not seem to approve of my taking so much liberty. I excused myself by saying Elders Haskell and Grant were intending to take the early morning train, and I was afraid they would be belated. He replied I need not worry, he would see to that. I thought things were moving slowly, but said noth-

ing more. At last we got into the wagon and started for town. Alas! as we were going in the train was going out, and the brethren were doomed to stay another day with Bro. Armstrong. Bro. Grant concluded I should go to Grove Lake, in Pope County, a distance of about eighty or a hundred miles. So I started for Hutchinson again. Brother Grant accompanied me a short distance, until we came to a thicket by the wayside, into which we entered and committed our way to Him who had promised to be with us always, even unto the end of the world.

At East Hutchinson I met with Allen Knott, a man who used to work for my uncle in Canada. I had slept with him many a night when I was a boy. We were both surprised to meet in the wilds of Minnesota. The next day I got as far as the village of Hutchinson and was much refreshed to meet with those of like precious faith. The following day I shouldered my valise and started for Litchfield, Meeker county, arriving there a little before dark. I found a Bro. Swanson, presented him my letter of recommendation and he said I might leave my valise with him and he would bring it to Ole Halvorson's on the morrow, but that I should go to Ole's, five or six miles, that evening. I thought that was a cold way to treat a poor, tired brother, but I started on again. When I got to Halvorson's I found Bro. Lee holding meetings there among the Swedes. With these kind brethren I stayed over Sabbath and Sunday and assisted Bro. Lee what I could. After meeting Sunday, Bro. Lee spoke to the people in Swedish and I noticed both he and the people were very much affected, and they were contributing money for something, I knew not what. After all was over Bro. Lee came and put his arm around me and said: "Bro. Hill, you need not go on foot any more, for the brethren have contributed \$12 to help you on your way" I felt very grateful to him and the good brothers and sisters of Litchfield for their help in time of need.

When I arrived at Grove Lake I found a few who were believers in the Present Truth. They were very glad a minister had come to help them. I told them not to rejoice too quickly, as I had never preached and might make a failure of it. They said they had been praying for a long time for a minister to come and they did not believe the Lord had made a mistake and sent the wrong man. I appointed a prayer

meeting the first evening of my arrival, and a young man, William Emmerson by name, made a start for the kingdom of heaven.

He was a young man of good abilities and many good qualities. I hoped he would make a laborer in the cause, but for some reason he became discouraged. He has a good, faithful wife and we hope he will yet recover himself from the snare of the enemy. Bro. Grant had told me to hold only prayer meetings until he could send Bro. Dimmick to help me, but the people would not listen to that, but announced preaching for me in the Raymond school house.

THAT EVENTFUL EVENING

soon rolled around and I found myself face to face with my first audience. It was quite large and full of interest to know what this Adventist preacher would say. The M. E. minister was one of my auditors. As they sang the last hymn I thought, now I must say something soon. I could feel my temples throb. I lifted my heart to the Lord for help and He helped me. I took for my text: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii., 16. I had quite good freedom in presenting the love of God to the children of men as manifested in the gift of His Son. I held up the Giver, the Gift and the glorious results of salvation as best I could. There was at least one good point in the discourse. It was short. Bro. David Emmerson was a little late getting started and never got there at all, having met the people returning from meeting. However feeble the discourse may have been, it was the subject of great comment; everywhere it was the topic of conversation. The old Universalist said he liked it because there was much love in it; the M. E. minister said Old Dick Richardson, with two weeks preparation, could preach a better sermon than that. Others thought that there was more scripture presented in the sermon than they had ever heard before. Others remarked: "Anybody could read texts of scripture, especially if they marked the places by turning down the leaves of the Bible." The whole neighborhood was in a ferment of excitement which only prepared the way for a larger attendance at the next meeting. I preached on the Second Coming

of Christ, the second and seventh chapters of Dan., and announced to speak on the Sanctuary question, Dan. 8, 14, but how to begin it or end it I did not know. I fasted and went out into the grove and laid the matter before the Lord, and felt assured that God would help me in His own good way. As I visited Bro. David Emmerson's that afternoon I learned that Bro. Dimmick had arrived. He was a person of some experience, and I felt that God had sent him at the right time. I never heard him preach with such power as he did that evening. While at Grove Lake we met with many incidents of interest. One evening, as Bro. Dimmick was preaching on Spiritualism, a lady sat in the congregation mocking his motions, which were not the most graceful that could be imagined. For some reason this lady could not stop her motions when she wished to. She seemed for the time to be a perpetual motion. Her mother, who sat by her side, became alarmed and started with her for the door. The house was crowded, and it was difficult to get through the crowd. The old lady cried out: "Let us out of here before we are all dead." An old gentleman, standing by the door, cried: "Let the old lady out; she has been disturbing the meeting all the evening." The opposition arose to a great height. Two men, Warren and Vielie, undertook to oppose our work publicly. Warren followed hard after Bro. Dimmick with his glittering sword of controversy, while I was exposed to the fire of Vielie's batteries. Mr. Warren soon withdrew, but Mr. Vielie declared he would continue his opposition until June, and this was in December. Perhaps a brief outline of our reply to his points will be of interest to the reader:

Our brother thinks he has the truth because he preaches the Gospel as the great men understand it. In searching for truth we ought not to inquire what do great men say, but what does the Great God say. Great men say Sunday is the Sabbath. The Great God says the Seventh Day is the Sabbath. Whom shall we believe and whom shall we obey?

Paul says: "For you see your calling, brethren; not many noble are called; but God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." Our brother claims a place among the mighty.

You see, brother, according to Paul, you have located your-

self in the wrong place. We invite you over onto the Lord's side.

Our brother thinks he must be right because so many, such a great multitude, believe as he does, and so few believe as we do. He exclaims: "We are more than a hundred to one." Our brother goes with the great multitude. According to that where would he have been in Noah's day? He would have been with the great multitude who were drowned, and not with the few that were saved in the ark. He would have said: "Too few, altogether too few for me to go with them." Where would you have been in the days of Elijah, when he was opposed by the King and Queen and the nobility of Israel? When 400 prophets of Baal and 450 prophets of the groves stood up against him? Would you, on that memorable occasion, have stood by the lone prophet of God to encourage him in the fearful battle against the hosts of wickedness, or would you have joined the opposing multitudes, saying: "The great majority must be right." Would you have stood by the side of the suffering Son of God in His day, or would you have joined the chief priests and multitudes in the cry: "Away with him! Crucify Him! He is not fit to live?" Brother, we should stand for Christ and His truth if all the world should oppose. The Adventists are wrong when they say the great river Euphrates symbolizes the Turkish empire, through which it flows; but it does symbolize the church of God. We think Bro. Vielie is mistaken. Because "the sixth angel pours out his vial of wrath on the great river Euphrates, and it is dried up."—Rev. 16.12. If Bro. Vielie is right, the vial of wrath is poured out upon the church and it is dried up or comes to an end.

IF BRO. VIELIE

is a part of the church and the wrath of God falls upon the church, then the wrath of God will fall upon Bro. Vielie. Again, if the wrath of God falls upon the church and it is in consequence dried up, and Bro. Vielie is a part of the church, he will be dried up with the rest of it and there will be no Bro. Vielie anymore.

Bro. Vielie says we are right when we say the fourth beast of Dan. vii. represents Rome, but entirely wrong as to the fire that consumes him. The fire that consumes him, he affirms, is the gospel. Let us see: In Rev. xix., 20, we find the beast

was cast into a lake burning with fire and brimstone. Is it possible we are to understand that the beast was cast into the lake of the gospel? Our brother proclaims to us a queer gospel, truly. If the fire is gospel, the brimstone is gospel too. Thus we have a fire and brimstone gospel. Yet he says he preaches the gospel as the great men understand it. This may be so, brother; but you are the first man we ever heard preach a gospel composed of fire and brimstone. Once more: He says the Adventists have all learned the same story. If you hear an Adventist preach in Maine, and another preach in Minnesota, the one in Minnesota will preach just like the one in Maine, and if you hear a third preach in California, he will preach just like the other two. Yes, we plead guilty to the charge. We have all learned our story from the good old Bible, and we have all learned it alike. We are told to come out of Babylon (confusion). Rev. xviii., 4. We are taught that we should come into the unity of the faith; which we do. Eph. iv., 13.

The Savior prayed that His people might be one, John xvii., 11, and Paul exhorts us as follows in 1 Cor. i., 10: "Now I beseech you brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." Yes, my brother, I am glad that amid all the jarring, warring, conflicting theories and doctrines of men there is a people who see the light of truth so clearly they all, from Maine to California, in fact throughout the world, speak the same thing and are united in the faith, and I rejoice greatly that I belong to that people. Won't you come, brother, out of the labyrinths of the darkness and confusion of Babylon and stand with us upon the glorious platform of truth, against which all the waves of opposition beat in vain?

That was the last of Bro. Vielie's public opposition. Even our enemies were forced to smile at his outlandish interpretations of scripture. As a result of our meetings about forty embraced the truth, and the next spring a church edifice was built, the second Seventh Day Adventist church building in Minnesota. It was gratifying to see the love that reigned in the company of believers. They rejoiced greatly in the light and blessing they had received. I had now been absent three

months and hearing that my little boy was sick, I started for home. I traveled by railroad from Melrose to Mankato. The rest of the way to Blue Earth City, about 45 miles, I went on foot, catching a ride when I could. As I was riding into Blue Earth City with a gentleman I saw my wife standing by the way side, looking intently toward us. She said when she heard the wagon rattle, before it came in sight, she felt impressed that I was in it. It was a happy meeting. As we neared the house my eldest little boy, about four years old, came running to meet us as fast as his little legs could carry him, crying, "My father, my father!" It seemed as if his heart would fly out of his mouth. I know something got very large in my throat. In a few days I was holding meetings in the village of Delevan. There was quite a good interest displayed, but although the believers were encouraged and a good impression was made on outsiders, none took a stand for the commandments of God. One gentleman suddenly quit attending the meetings. When asked why he did so, he said: "If I continue to go to the meetings I must become an Adventist," which he did not wish to do, so he stayed away. Many others have done the same thing, which shows they love darkness rather than light.

While holding meetings at Delevan one evening, a Bro. Call and myself attended a protracted effort at Bass Lake, conducted by the Methodists, I believe. In the social meeting we both took part. Bro. Call's remarks were very highly appreciated. As I was standing on the platform after meeting, waiting for Bro. Call to come out of the church, one of the new converts asked me if I were the Adventist minister who was holding meetings in Delevan. I replied in the affirmative, whereupon he shook his fist in my face and called me an imp of the devil and ordered me to leave and not come again. I said to him: "This is a strange way to do. Even if I am a bad man, you ought to be glad to have me attend meeting, so long as I behave myself properly, for by so doing I may receive good and so become good." He became still more excited and said: "You are an imp of the devil and are not wanted here." At this juncture an elderly man took him by the arm and led him away. As this man passed us in a sleigh he struck at me with his whip but did not quite reach me. Thus early in my ministry I was beginning to receive a few

drops of the wrath of the dragon. Rev. xii., 17. In the spring of 1874 I removed to Grove Lake, Pope county, Minn. The brethren assisted me to build a little house near the church.

THAT SUMMER

I taught school and worked in harvest, holding meetings Sabbath and Sundays at Grove Lake and West Union. The conference allowed me \$4 per week for what time I was actually in the field. Four dollars at that time were about equal to \$2 now, because everything was so much dearer then than now. I was glad and happy and made up the deficiency by teaching school and working in harvest, thankful for the privilege of working for God, having respect unto the recompense of reward to be given the faithful toilers when Jesus comes. One Sunday David Emmerson urged me to go with him to the Raymond school house and hear a discourse on the immortality of the soul. He said the minister had invited our people to come, and would give opportunity for remarks. The minister informed us that the souls of our departed friends are in heaven, and although they were not permitted to return to us, yet they were reaching over the battlements of heaven, beckoning us to come to them. Liberty was given to make remarks, which opportunity I improved by reading passages of scripture treating upon the state of the dead. When I read where Peter on the day of Pentecost said, "David is not ascended into the heavens," Acts ii, 43, one man said he did not believe it, if the Bible did say so, and there was a regular stampede for the door. At this crisis our old Universalist friend cried out, "The wicked flee when no man pursues, but the righteous are bold as a lion." The effect was magical. For a moment every one stood in his tracks irresolute whether to take to his heels or return to his seat. They finally went out, leaving Bro. Emmerson and myself, with two or three others sole occupants of the house. I went home thinking I had not accomplished much good, and have never tried to do good in that way again.

A REMARKABLE CASE

of recognition. As I was working for Jared Emmerson, he remarked one day, "I don't care a goat." His brother said: "What is a goat?" Mr. Emmerson replied: "A goat is a

fourpence; I used to go to school to a man by the name of Groat, and the children used to say: 'Who cares for a Groat? A groat is nothing but a fourpence.' " I said: "I used to go to a teacher by that name, and the children used to say the same to him." "Well, this man's name was Ebenezer Groat." "The teacher I went to was called Ebenezer Groat." "This man taught at No. 4 Hill, Canada." "That is just where I went to school to him," and so it turned out we were old school mates, and had been acquainted again for months without the least thought that we had ever seen each other before. In September Bro. Grant came to Grove Lake for me to go to Kingston, Meeker county, to hold tent meetings. I only had a day or two in which to get ready. My little wife worked day and night almost to put my clothes in order. Bro. Grant took me in his buggy to Litchfield, where I took the train for Dassel. From there I walked to Kingston, a distance of nine miles. There was not a friend to greet me in the town. I went to the hotel and it cost me one dollar the first night. Bro. Phelps, who was to labor with me, did not come, and I determined to hold meetings in the schoolhouse instead of the tent. I published my meetings far and wide, but only a few attended. Religion was at a very low ebb in that town. I often went into the grove and prayed God to help me and He did. The interest increased, and seven adults decided to walk in the light, among whom was Sister Hall, wife of the leading merchant in the place. I was invited to their house and was very kindly entertained, much more sumptuously than I had been accustomed to among the frontier people.

After doing what I could to lead the people in Kingston to embrace the truth, I immediately began meetings in East Kingston, a few miles in the timber. We had a peculiar experience there.

One night I preached on the "Mark of the Beast," Rev. 14, 9-12. The power of God was present, and a deep solemnity rested upon all, and nearly every one in the house arose to signify their determination to keep the commandments of God. Some who had no intention of doing so were compelled to by the power that was in the meeting. They were amazed the next morning at what they had done, and soon turned away from the truth. How will such stand before the God of truth in the great day? A goodly number continued with us which;

with the company at Kingston, made about thirty believers. I held Sabbath school and meeting at Kingston in the forenoon, and the same in the timber in the afternoon. Sister Hall would come down stairs arrayed in her fine clothing, get into a lumber wagon and ride over corduroy bridges, and the roughest roads imaginable to help us in East Kingston. Those were days of zeal for the cause of God. The time came that I must go home. As I bade Sister Hall farewell, she asked me: "Is it wrong to dance?" I said I thought it was not the best thing for Christians to engage in. She then asked me, "Is it right to play at cards?" I had heard that her former pastor thought Christians might indulge in such amusements. It occurred to me: "If I say it is wrong, she will think we are altogether too strict and be discouraged." But I must tell the truth, let the consequences be what they may, and I did so, and with a prayer in my heart for her I started for home, about sixty miles distant.

I got to Manannah the best I could. From there a stage ran to Paynesville, which consisted of a buggy and one horse, with a young lady for a driver. We got along all right until within a few miles of Paynesville when, as we were going down hill, the buggy came apart and pitched us headforemost on the ground. We got up, turned the buggy out of the road, loaded the horse with buffalo robes, mail sack and whatever would stay on his back; and the rest, such as valises and parcels, we loaded ourselves with, and started for town. A comical looking trio—the horse, maiden and myself. Still the weary miles stretched away that must be traveled before home, sweet home is reached. The monotony of travel was enlivened by the fierce onslaught of three great dogs, one of which seized me by my new pants, tearing a great rent in the same. I threw a stick at the brute but missed him. Then I thought to give the owner a piece of my mind as to the propriety of keeping such a pack of hounds to attack travelers on the highway, but he cut my remarks short by saying, "Me no understand English!" I then indignantly pointed to the dogs and the rent in my new pants, and then went on my way, having gained all the satisfaction possible under the circumstances. I reached home after dark on Nov. 4. I found my wife assembled with the people at the church engaged in holding prayer meeting. They were all glad to see me, and I was glad to be able to report the good

blessing of God with me in leading precious souls out of darkness into light. I was home but a short time when I received a letter from Sister Hall, requesting me to return to Kingston. She said she never was so happy in all her life. Her heart rejoiced day and night. She thought if I would hold some more meetings in Kingston her husband would go with us. I laid the matter before the brethren, and they all said I should return, which I did. I remained about six weeks. Brethren Ells and Dimmick joined me in the work. At my farewell meeting, Bro. Hall took his stand publicly to obey God. I was so happy that night I could not sleep. It seemed as if I had a foretaste of heaven. "He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." What a happy day when all God's faithful workmen meet in heaven! Reader, will you be one of them? The weather was bitter cold and I must over the prairies for home again. I suffered severely with the cold and arrived at home sick. In January, 1876, I began teaching school at Grove Lake again, and had the pleasure of home joys the rest of the winter.

Bro. A. Greenman was acquainted with a Mr. Shaw who lived about thirty miles away, in the Big Woods, near Round Prairie. After he embraced the truth, he and his wife went to see Mr. Shaw and his family. They found him an ardent Methodist. Messrs. Shaw and Greenman were both excitable, and possessed all the fervor of new converts to their respective faiths. Without doubt, at times their visit waxed warm, as they each tried to lead the other from the error of his ways. As Bro. Greenman left, he gave his friend some tracts treating upon the Sabbath question. It was not long before Bro. Greenman received a letter from Mr. Shaw, requesting that a minister come and hold meetings in his neighborhood. The next Sabbath, Bro. Greenman was all aglow with interest. He showed his letter to the brethren, and nothing would do but for me to give up my school and go. I did so, and one Sunday in April we drove to Mr. Shaw's. As we neared his place I inquired the way of a Mr. Brailey. He very kindly directed us. As we passed on he said to his wife: "I know that is Shaw's preacher he is looking for, and I don't believe he is much of a preacher either." We found Bro. Shaw keeping the Sabbath, and very enthusiastic. He said after he became convinced, by reading the tracts, that

the 7th day is the Sabbath, he filled his pockets with them and went from house to house, leaving tracts at every place, talking his new found faith all the while, and soon the whole neighborhood was in a commotion on the Sabbath question. The ministers soon found it out, and two went to visit him one day. As they passed Mr. Bellingham's house, he asked them where they were going. "Oh, we are going to get this Advent doctrine out of Shaw's head." Bro. Shaw, by the aid of a little tract entitled, "An Examination of Seven Reasons for Sunday Keeping," was enabled so completely to answer every argument in favor of Sunday sacredness that they acknowledged they were not posted on the subject. In the evening, as they passed Mr. Bellingham's on their return, he asked them: "Did you get that Advent doctrine out of Shaw's head?" They answered: "No. When a man gets this Advent doctrine into his head it is very hard to get it out again." Amen! Truth is mighty and will prevail. I began meetings immediately. The interest was good from the beginning. It was breaking up in the spring and the roads were wretched and the evenings dark. In places the people had to cross ponds of water on fallen logs, yet men, women and children came. They brought bundles of birch bark, which they lighted at the schoolhouse door, and started for home. It was a beautiful sight to see the torches flaming in the darkness. Bro. Lyman Decker assisted me in opening meetings and visiting among the people.

We sought the Lord earnestly and prayed often and much, and visited constantly. If we found a man splitting rails or doing any other kind of work, we took right hold and helped him, and visited and worked both at the same time. The Lord especially blessed and in about ten days 20 precious souls had decided to forsake the traditions of men for the commandments of God. The class leader, Bro. Pease, arose in the meeting one evening, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and said: "Brethren, I am compelled to keep the Sabbath against my will. The Lord says, 'Go out and compel them to come in.'" Luke xiv., 23. There is a mighty compelling power in the truth of God. There were a few of the class who did not come with us. We all attended their class meeting one Sunday. It was a remarkable meeting, truly. Our brethren came rejoicing in their new found light.

and liberty. Our Methodist friends came full of arguments for Sunday keeping. They all ran in the same line of no law; hence no seventh day Sabbath. As one man was eloquently explaining his views, suddenly a piece of rope fell at his feet. Why it should be thrown at him I did not know until it was explained to me that a short time previously he had whipped his wife with a rope, hence the piece of rope was very suggestive to him. Undoubtedly he was the proper man to teach the abolition of the Divine precepts. The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed, can be: Rom. vii:7. Bearhead was a little hamlet a few miles distant, and Burnhamville was another a little farther on. I lost no time in entering these places.

One evening as we were assembling for meeting at the Bearhead schoolhouse, a tall backwoodsman entered and said, "I heard there was a preacher here that knows the Bible all by heart; I would like to see him." With holding meetings at Greenwood, Bearhead and Burnhamville, my time was fully occupied. I preached repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord, Jesus Christ, with all my might. I emphasized the fourth commandment, because that is the one Christians ignorantly transgress. One lady, Mrs. Balmer, of Burnhamville, said to me one day, "No one can keep the ten commandments; it is impossible." I asked her, "Sister Balmer, how many of these commandments can we break, and go to heaven? Can we break the first one, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' and go to heaven?" "No." "Can we bow down to graven images and go to heaven?" "No." "Can we take God's name in vain, and find an entrance through the gates into the City?" "No." "We will skip the fourth at present and try the fifth, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' can we dishonor father and mother and please the Lord?" "No." And so we went over, "Thou shalt not kill;" "Thou shalt not commit adultery;" "Thou shalt not steal;" "Thou shalt not bear false witness;" "Thou shalt not covet." She agreed that we must keep all those or be lost. "What about the fourth command, sister? Do you think we can knowingly and willfully profane God's holy Sabbath and be guiltless? What saith the scripture? 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point is guilty of all.' James ii, 10." As I was holding meeting at Bearhead a professor of religion said

to me, "Bro. Hill, I know what you preach is the truth. You have proved plainly by the Bible that the seventh day is the Sabbath; but I cannot keep it." "Why not?" "Well, this coming fall I have opportunity to work on a threshing machine with my team, and if I keep the Sabbath it will throw me out of a job." He was poor timber to make a martyr out of. How would such a man feel in the presence of the noble men and women who counted not their lives dear unto themselves so that they might win Christ and heaven? Acts xx, 24; xxi, 13. I fear such will never join in the overcomer's triumphant song. Christ and His truth on one side and a job of threshing on the other, and he chose the job. That is about the way Christ is valued in this world. Judas sold his Master for 30 pieces, and the Jews preferred a murderer to the Son of God. So it is to-day. Thousands of popular professors, when it comes to choosing between Christ and His unpopular truth and the world, choose the world every time. The Sabbath is a great test by which to develop the true character of all such. After laboring six weeks I once more started for home. Brethren Shaw and Carpenter took me in a wagon some distance beyond Sauk Centre.

Near the latter place we fell in with a train of emigrants encamped in the edge of a grove. They were from Iowa. Religion was the theme of conversation. One gentleman was chief speaker of the party. He did not relish the law very well and claimed there was no law from Adam to Moses. We showed him, if that were so, then there was no sin from Adam to Moses, for sin is the transgression of the law, 1 John iii, 4, and where no law is there is no transgression or sin. Rom. iii, 15. He yielded that point and began asking questions. "If you believe the Bible why don't you greet one another with a holy kiss?" "We do." "The Bible says you should wash one another's feet. John xiii, 14-15. Do you do that?" "Yes sir, we do." "Once more, the Bible tells you to heal the sick. Mark xvi, 18. James v, 14-15. Do you do that?" "Yes sir, we pray for the sick and they recover." Then he cried triumphantly, "I am sick, heal me," at which the whole crowd set up a shout. We said, "Do not be in a hurry to laugh and shout; wait a bit till we get through. Now sir, the apostles did not heal everybody in their day. Paul wrote, 'Trophimus have I left at Miletum sick.' 2 Tim. iv,

20. Why didn't he heal him." "I do not know. Perhaps he was not in the proper condition spiritually to be healed." "I think that is the case with you." "Why so?" "Because you swear." "How do you know?" "I heard you a few minutes ago. A man who takes God's name in vain is not a fit subject for His healing power." He appeared quite humble after that, and wanted to know more of our people. We gladly gave him a lot of tracts which he promised to read, and we went on our way hoping his eyes might be opened to see the truth. After leaving Brethren Shaw and Carpenter I walked home across the prairie a few miles. I found the wife and little ones well, for which I was thankful to God. As I looked over the past six weeks of labor I was happy. God had been very good to me. He had enabled me to kindle a light in dark places and cause a goodly number to rejoice in hope of eternal life. Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits. It was now nearly time for our yearly camp meeting to be held at Eagle Lake, Blue Earth county, about 150 miles away. We started from Grove Lake with four covered wagons. We passed through Paynesville, Greenleaf, Litchfield, Hutchinson, New Auburn, St. Peter and Kasota on our way. As we journeyed our train increased continually, until we became a large company. As we neared New Auburn we entered the grasshopper region.

The hoppers were by the countless millions. The country before them was smiling with growing crops; behind them was desolation. Some fields of grain were eaten as clean as though nothing had grown there at all. The people were out with cotton sacks attached to hoops, trying to catch the pests. Although they caught millions it did not seem to lessen the myriads of hoppers to any perceptible extent.

THE FESTIVE HOPPER

has given this part of Minnesota a wide berth for many years. We had an excellent camp meeting. It was there I saw Bro. and Sister White for the first time: the two most prominent pioneers in the Third Angel's Message. Their labors were very highly appreciated by us. I was ordained at that camp meeting to the work of the gospel ministry by the laying on of hands by Elders White and Smith. Brethren Dimmick and Ells were ordained at the same time. We felt to renew

our consecration to the work of God. Although the harvest was great and the laborers few, the sound of the Message was carried to all parts of the state, and believers and churches were multiplied. The few workers shrank from no toil or hardship in order to carry the glad tidings everywhere, that the return of our absent Lord is at the door.

AFTER CAMP MEETING,

Bro. Ferdinand Morse and myself pitched our tent on Round Prairie, near Greenwood, where I had labored the previous spring. There was no village near, yet the tent was often filled to overflowing. The people had heard that Old Hill, who had held meetings in Greenwood, had pitched his tent on the Prairie, and they were curious to see and hear him. They expected to see an old man, all wrinkled and gray. They could scarcely believe the young man of 32, with hair as black as a raven's wing, was the Old Hill they had heard so much about. They came expecting to see the tent walls hung with pictures of ferocious beasts, and to hear the most outlandish discourse on the day of doom and crash of worlds. They were surprised to find everything different to what they expected to see and hear. After the first meeting Mr. Brower was asked by the M. E. class leader what he thought of it. He replied, "Mr. Krauss, I think it was the best sermon I ever heard in my life." A good many people who had never taken any interest in religion before became very much interested in our meetings, which some religionists no sooner found out than they tried to destroy their new-born interest. Some said to me: "As long as we were wicked and swore and did many other sinful things these people took no special interest in us. Never one spoke to us about our soul's salvation; but as soon as we turn to the Lord and strive to do right they try to discourage us all they can. They would rather that we were sinners without God, and without hope, than to be rejoicing in the Present Truth."

Two ministers called on Bro. Brower one day to turn him away from the faith. They said to him: "No one can understand the prophecies. In fact, they are not to be understood." "That is strange indeed, for if they cannot be understood they can be of no possible use to us. It is passing strange that God should give us prophecies that are of no use to anybody. But don't you think the prophecies of Daniel can be

understood?" "No, nobody can tell what those symbols mean." "Don't you think we can tell what the ram and rough goat of Dan. viii mean?" "No sir, we do not." "Well, let us read what the angel says they mean: 'The ram which thou sawest having two horns are the kings of Media and Persia and the rough goat is the king of Grecia.' Dan. viii, 20-21. Is not that plain enough? Indeed too plain to be misunderstood?" It is needless to say their visit was not prolonged. Such encounters only strengthened the brethren in the faith.

A Mr. Johnson was very much opposed to our views and had unlimited confidence in the ability of his wife to overthrow our doctrine. He said: "Just let those ministers come and see my Anna, and she will show them where they are wrong." Of course we went. We found Mrs. Johnson an intelligent lady, and succeeded eventually in explaining satisfactorily her objections to our teaching, and she soon declared in favor of the truth. Her husband was greatly chagrined at the unexpected turn affairs had taken, but he, too, soon surrendered to the claims of God's word, and I had the pleasure of baptizing them both in one of Minnesota's lovely lakes. He lived a few years an exemplary Christian life, and died in the blessed hope. Mrs. Johnson became a successful minister of the gospel, crowded houses listening to the eloquent words that fell from her lips. An attempt was made by an Eld. Fuller to overthrow our work, while I was thirty miles away, working in harvest to earn money to keep the wolf from the door. We heard of his appointment and felt that we must be there to look after the few sheep in the wilderness. After sundown Saturday evening we went as far as Bro. Moulton's. Sunday morning, before daylight, we were on our way again. Our buggy broke down and we had a great job to rig it up again. Notwithstanding all obstacles we arrived on time. The elder said that Sunday is the true seventh day, which he claimed to prove by counting the age of the world to a day, not making a mistake of a single day. He said he had studied the subject for more than twenty years, and had read books enough to make a pile that would reach from the floor to the ceiling.

To demonstrate his ability to count the age of the world to a day and not make a mistake, he called upon anyone in the

audience to give him the year and day of the month on which one of their children was born, and he would tell them the day of the week. I gave him the year and day of the month upon which our Freddy was born. He ciphered awhile on the blackboard and came out wrong. A German lady next gave him the required figures. He ciphered away awhile again and said, "Your child, madam, was born on Tuesday." Much to the amusement of the audience and the discomfiture of the clerical accountant she cried out, "You hafte maidt von mish-take, for he vas porn on Suntay." We showed in reply that if we followed him we would have to forsake the Bible as our rule of faith and practice and take his word instead, as we were utterly unable to perform such a wonderful arithmetical problem as to count the age of the world to a day and not make a mistake. We would be forced to depend entirely upon the correctness of his count and, from the exhibition he had given during the day of his ability to reckon, we were certain he was far from being infallible, and if he was mistaken in a single day the whole thing was a miserable failure. Who would like to risk his salvation upon such a slender thread? Not we. By his count he finds God did not give the Israelites His Sabbath, but a Jewish ceremonial Sabbath instead, which contradicts the word of God. "And madest known unto them **THY HOLY Sabbath.**" Neh. ix, 14. Here we learn that it was God's holy Sabbath that was made known to Israel, and not a Jewish ceremonial Sabbath, as taught by Elder Fuller's figures. He must rectify his count to bring him in harmony with the word of God. Again God said to the Israelites, "The seventh day is the Sabbath." Ex. xx, 10. Hence it was the seventh day Sabbath God gave Israel, and not a sixth day Sabbath, as taught by Elder Fuller. Surely the Lord must be right, and he must be wrong in his count. Once more: The Bible calls the resurrection day the first day of the week. "Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week." Mark xvi, 9. The first day of the week was the third day upon which Christ arose from the dead. Luke xxiv, 1-21. "Oh, no;" says Elder Fuller, "I have studied the question for more than 20 years; I have read a pile of books that would reach from the floor to the ceiling; I have counted the age of the world to a day and have discovered that the resurrection day is the seventh, and not the first day of the

week, as stated by the inspired apostles." "Every one can see if we accept Bro. Fuller, we must repudiate the apostles. If we accept the apostles, we must repudiate Bro. Fuller. We propose to stand by the inspired word of God and not by Bro. Fuller's count. Come, Bro. Fuller, over onto the Lord's side of this question, and then no more twenty years' hard study to sustain a weak cause. No more laborious counting. No more reading such a huge pile of books to ascertain which day is the Sabbath. All he will have to do is to take God at His word. Open the blessed Bible and read: 'The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God,' Ex. xx. 10, and the work is done."

Some not of the faith were displeased with the reply, but our brethren were not only strengthened in the truth, but their eyes fairly shone with delight. Truth never loses by being contrasted with error.

A MISSIONARY TRIP.

In December Bro. Decker took Bro. Nelson and myself to Lake Joanna, to see if there was a good opening in that vicinity for a course of lectures. One Sunday we drove in the face of the northwest wind and it was stinging cold. I was blue with cold when we drove up to a Scandinavian brother's, with whom we were to remain over night. A good fire soon warmed us up. Our cold ride had sharpened our appetites, and as the good housewife was preparing supper I boasted what ample justice I would do to the coming repast. The supper consisted almost entirely of a Scandinavian dish made of potatoes and flour, entirely new to me. I took a lot of it on my plate and attacked it as only a hungry man could. Imagine my surprise and disappointment; I could not eat the mess at all. Do what I would I could not possibly swallow the mixture. I would not have cared if I had not informed them of my hunger and what great things I was going to do at the supper table. The cold that night was intense. The house was a frail affair of one room and was not well calculated to retain the heat or keep out the cold. As soon as the fire burned low it was as cold as Greenland. There was an old mother dog with a lot of little ones in the house. When the fire would go down the puppies would "Ti, yi! Ti, yi!" and our host would arise, pull some straw out of his bed tick and rekindle the fire, and all would go well for awhile until

“Ti, yi! Ti, yi!” would go the puppies again, and the kind-hearted host would again arise and repeat the process of kindling the fire, which he did several times during the long, cold night. At last morning dawned, but oh! how cold. A feeble attempt at breakfast, and away over the broad prairies, over the glistening, crackling snow for home. Miles away stretched the prairie, without a house to be seen. We had not been on our way long before brethren Decker and Nelson cried out, “Bro. Hill, your cheek is white.” Just then we discovered a smoke curling up from a little house a mile or so away. We drove for it as fast as we could, in the meanwhile rubbing my face with snow. A little after noon we reached Bro. Nelson’s. It is needless to say we did ample justice to Sister Nelson’s good dinner, glad and thankful we had escaped any serious mishap. When I arrived at home I found my brother John, who had come to teach the Grove Lake school that winter. He boarded at our house, which was a source of much pleasure to us. In January, 1876, Bro. William Emerson and myself went to Cannon City, a little hamlet near the city of Faribault. John Godfrey had secured the promise of the Disciple church in which to hold meetings, and invited us to come. When we got there they refused to let us have it. Mr. Godfrey asked, “Did you not say these men might have the use of the church?” “Yes; but we reconsidered the matter and decided not to do so.” “And never said a word to me about it: and I have sent for these men and they have come a long distance at large expense! Is that right?” “Right or wrong, we will not let them have the church anyway.” We then went to Uncle John Hoover to see if we could get the Congregational church. He said we could have it for four evenings but could not promise it longer. “Why not longer? If I were a Baptist or Methodist minister would you not grant it me a longer time?” He replied, “Yes, I would,” and then asked, “Where do you think the spirit goes to at death?” I said, “Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit to God who gave it, Ecc. xii, 7. That is what I believe.” “The thinking, intelligent part of man goes to God at death?” “I do not think so: for if the intelligent, thinking part of man, i. e. of all men, goes to God at death, then all men will be saved. They must all be happy. ‘For at His right hand (in His presence) is fulness of joy and pleasures

forevermore." Ps. xvi, 11." "The spirit returns to God as it was." "Did the spirit know anything when it came from God?" "I think not." "Then it will know no more when it returns to God than it did when God gave it." Uncle John then said he thought the spirit did know something when it came from God. "Do you believe your spirit had a conscious existence before you were born?" "Yes, I believe so." "Please tell me some of your pre-existent history. It would be intensely interesting." Of course Uncle John was unable to bring it to his recollection. The truth is, "God takes in death what He gave man in creation, which was the breath of life," Gen. 2, 7, which Job calls "the spirit of God which is in my nostrils." Job xxvii. 3.

But let the case be as it would, he would not promise the church longer, so we began meetings, thankful for small favors. One day a gentleman asked me if I would occupy the Disciple church if I should find it heated and lighted for me. I said, "Yes, gladly." That very evening I found it all ready for occupancy, and held meetings in it as long as we desired to. One evening as I sat in the store looking over some scriptures before meeting, a Spiritualist took occasion to make great sport of the Bible and of them who believed it. He pitied the poor fellows who were harassed by the devil and said, "He never troubles me. He lets me alone." I said to him, "Sir, you remind me of a story I once read." Immediately he and all the company were all attention to hear the story. "There were two friends. One was often tempted of the devil. The other laughed at him and said, 'I am happier than you, for the devil never troubles me. He lets me alone.' One day as they were hunting ducks the one who was never troubled by Satan fired into a flock of ducks, killing two and wounding a third. He paid no attention to the dead ones, but pursued the wounded one as fast as he could. When he returned his friend asked him, 'Why did you leave the dead ducks and pursue the wounded one?' 'Oh, I was sure of the dead ones, but was afraid the wounded one would get away.' 'Exactly so. The devil is afraid he will lose me and so he is after me; but being sure of you he lets you alone.' So you see, my friend, you are a dead duck. The devil is certain, sure, of you anyway, so he lets you entirely alone." Amid shouts of laughter, I decided it was time for me to go

to church. Dear reader, so long as you are careless in your sins, the devil will not trouble you much, but if you renounce his service and begin to serve God, you will experience his opposing power. But it is a good sign; it only shows he is afraid of losing you. Be of good courage, and go forward, remembering He that is for us is greater than all they that are against us. We had a good interest in our meetings at Cannon City, but an urgent call came from Pierce county, Wis., and we left the work too soon. We went to Pierce county, Wis., in February. We began meetings in Person's school-house and boarded with Brother O'Hara, who, with his wife, were the only Seventh Day Adventists in that neighborhood. We had crowded houses. We visited far and near, and held meetings in different places; and our hearts were cheered by seeing a goodly number renounce the works of darkness to serve the Lord and keep His commandments. While holding meetings at Olivet, some roughs drove us out of the school-house, after which the people furnished us a private building. The rowdies followed us there, drank whiskey during the meeting, and carried on like demons. We got an old justice of the peace to come one evening to preserve order. In the midst of the disturbance, he suddenly took the stomach ache and went home, and left us to the tender mercies of the crowd. While I was speaking, Eld. D. P. Curtis stood by my side, watching with eagle eye, expecting every moment that the ruffians would make a rush for us. When I was about half through he said, "Bro. Hill, you had better quit. Those fellows will raise the very old Satan himself if you don't." "That's what they want me to do, and I won't stop until I get through." After meeting they jumped, danced and yelled like wild savages; then they went out and stood around the door, continued their whooping and yelling, and said, "Let them ministers come out here!" but we went out, and passed through the crowd, believing the Lord would protect us, and he did. Not a hand was laid upon us.

The next day we took out warrants for four of the ring-leaders, one of whom ran away, two paid their fines, and one went to jail, after which we had great peace in that neighborhood. I was working very hard, preaching and visiting continually. I had not received a dollar from conference all winter, and my boots got so bad I had wet feet continually, and

I took a very severe cold, and felt very miserable. One day I laid down on a bed in a room which served for bedroom, parlor and kitchen. I soon fell asleep, during which several ladies called on a visit. I awoke just in time to hear one of them say, "He is like a singed cat; he is better than he looks."

I went one evening to hold meeting in a very new settlement in the deep, dark woods. I was told that a Spiritualist, a Mr. Akers, would speak to the people after the sermon, as he always did so. I spoke that evening on the seventh chapter of Daniel. The Lord gave good freedom in speaking the word. Although liberty was given for remarks, no one responded. When the old gentleman was asked why he did not speak as usual, he said, "He nailed me to my seat." There is nothing like the clear light of prophecy to prove the Bible is inspired of God, and to stop the mouths of gainsayers. At the next camp meeting, which was held at Eagle Lake, Minn., we had the pleasure of presenting to the conference the names of forty new converts to the faith.

Mrs. Hill and my three little boys joined me at Olivet. I had not seen them for thirteen weeks. I was glad to meet them after such a long separation. In April we went to Lewiston and made our home for awhile with Bro. Erb, who received us very kindly. I began meetings in a school house near the Dunkard church. The roads were very bad. The frost was just coming out of the ground. We hitched two span of horses onto the wagon, and yet we got mired on our way from meeting. The interest was so great that the people requested us to hold meetings in the day time, while the roads were so bad. Two ministers, Mr. and Mrs. Ramer, attended my meetings and opposed. After the sermon they would find all the fault they could, and ask questions to confuse me, if possible. They also visited the interested ones, and tried to turn them away from the faith. They said, "Eld. Hill has a good memory, and can repeat scripture, but he don't know how to apply correctly. If we only had opportunity to preach, we would soon overthrow this doctrine." The people told them they should have the opportunity. So they were given the use of the Dunkard church. Mrs. Ramer spoke on the Sabbath question the next Sunday. She was a good speaker, and did as well for Sunday as any one I ever heard. She

made a strong impression on many minds. I replied in the church in the evening. The large church was filled. I never had better freedom in maintaining the Lord's precious truth. After the discourse, Eld. Ramer said, "You did well for a law minister," implying I did not preach the gospel, which nothing could be farther from the truth. They held that Christ abolished His Father's law, and gave us a more spiritual one, requiring far more of us than the old. I replied, "Let us first reach the standard of the old, before we aspire to something higher. For instance, take the command, 'Thou shalt not covet,' which means, thou shalt not be selfish, for it is impossible so long as a particle of selfishness remains in a man's nature, for him to fully keep that precept. I am afraid even our sister has not reached such a high standard yet. It is quite probable that all selfishness is not yet eradicated from her nature. That command gives her large room to grow in grace before she reaches the limit of its requirement."

That evening the old gentleman was furious. He said, "You must not say my wife is covetous, or I will show you law." I replied, "Bro. Ramer, are you not just a little bit covetous yourself?" He seemed bewildered for a moment, and then said, "No: I am not." "Well, Elder, all I have to say is, you have a better opinion of yourself than your neighbors have of you." I had learned he was so selfish that even his own family had trouble with him in money matters.

THEY HAD GREAT DIFFICULTY

in traducing the Law of God. David said, "I will run in the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart." Ps. cxix, 32. You see it takes an enlarged heart to keep the commandments of God, yet our friends tell us the law did not reach the heart at all. Again, David prays, "Give me understanding and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart." Ps. cxix, 34. We see from this that it takes an understanding heart to keep God's law. He says still farther, "Yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart." If our friends had lived in David's day they must needs have corrected him. They would have said to him, "You need not pray for understanding to keep God's law with the whole heart; for it does not now reach the heart at all. We must wait until the new dispensation before the law of

God will require heart service." They would consider David was altogether too previous.

David prayed again, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." Ps. cxix. 18. After his eyes were opened he said, "I have seen an end of all perfection: but thy commandment is EXCEEDING BROAD." Ps., cxix, 96. What a contrast! Our friends tell us that the law was exceeding narrow: so exceedingly narrow that it referred to outward actions only. Perhaps the reason of this great difference is that God opened David's eyes to behold wondrous things out of His law, while our friends are in total blindness in regard to it. David did not say that God's law will be perfect at some future time, but, "The law of the Lord is PERFECT, converting the soul." Ps., xix, 7. Our friends have plainly and pointedly contradicted David by saying that the law was defective, and was not perfect until made so by Christ. If we hold to David or the spirit of Christ that was in him, 1 Pet., i, 10-11, we must reject the teaching of Bro. and Sister Ramer." To parry the force of this they said, "The margin of Ps., xix, 7, reads 'doctrine,' instead of 'law:,' hence it is the doctrine of the Lord that is perfect, and not the law." "Very well, we will now inquire, what is good doctrine? 'Hear ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding, for I give you good doctrine.' What is that good doctrine? 'Forsake ye not my law,' Prov., iv, 1-2. Yes, my friends, the good doctrine is, 'Forsake ye not my law.' That is the doctrine I am preaching to you, the best I know how; but if 'forsake not the law' is good doctrine, what kind of doctrine are our friends teaching when they belittle the law, and not only teach the people to forsake it, but to look upon it as a yoke of bondage too grievous to be borne? We must all agree, if it is good doctrine to keep the law, it is bad, very bad doctrine to teach people to forsake it. Come, friends, over to the good doctrine of obedience to the law of God."

One evening, I tried to show that if we sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. 1 John, ii, 1. We need an advocate with the Father, because we have transgressed the Father's law; but if Christ abolished the Father's law and gave us one of His own, who then is our advocate? Perhaps the Virgin or all the saints. To obviate

this difficulty, they explained the text, "There is one God, and one mediator between God and man; the man Christ Jesus," as follows: The divinity of Christ is the law giver, while the humanity of Christ is our mediator. We showed that our mediator is both the son of God and the son of man, both human and divine; His Divine nature connects him with God, and His human nature connects Him with man. Thus, in Christ we have a perfect mediator between God and man; but our friends have divided their mediator, making the Divinity of Christ a law-giver, retaining only a human mediator. Thus do people run into absurdities striving to avoid the law of God. As I was presenting these points the Elder denied they ever said so; but they were constrained to admit they had done so, whereupon the old gentleman arose and said he was so worried that he could not sleep nights. We told him, "Wounded birds would always flutter." They found that the commandments of God are not so easily overthrown as they thought for. After two weeks of opposition they publicly withdrew and left the field. In the meantime Eld. Cole, of Minneapolis, was sent for to help their sinking cause. He was a fine looking man and had city ways, and was well dressed, while I had been since December on a continual strain, roughing it in the woods, without money, and my clothes were shabby enough. He would discuss two propositions: "Is the Seventh Day Sabbath Binding on Christians?" "Are the Ten Commandments Abolished?" I affirmed the first and he affirmed the second. I have no desire to weary the reader with points pro and con, but one point, where he gave himself completely away, I will mention. He said: "If a man should come to me trembling under the law, I would point him to Christ and show him how to get out from under the law."

"But, Bro. Cole, you tell us the law is dead, abolished and does not exist. Will you please inform us how it is possible for a man to tremble under a law that does not exist? Can you get under a house where there is no house? Can you crawl out from under a haystack if there is no haystack at all? How can a man get under, or out from under a law that has no existence?" He could not tell, neither can any one else. "The law points out our sins." Rom. vii, 7. "The strength of sin is the law." I Cor. xv, 56. "Sin is the transgression of the law." I John. "Where no law is there is no transgression, or sin."

Rom. iii. 15. "If there be no sin, a savior from sin is not needed. Thus, to abolish the law is simply to abolish the whole plan of redemption. But never fear; the law of God will stand. All His commandments are *sure*. "They stand fast forever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness." C. xi, 7-8. "And it is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one tittle of the law to fail." Luke xvi, 17. After the camp-meeting of 1876, in company with Bro. Ells, I pitched our tent at Farm Hill, Olmstead county. Mrs. Hill and the children remained with Bro. and Sister Peterson, at Lake City, who were very kind to us—may the Lord bless them and preserve them unto His heavenly kingdom. Our meetings were largely attended. After the services the scene was often lively beyond description. The whole tent would be filled with excited people, some standing on benches and some on the ground, all earnestly canvassing the doctrines taught in the tent. Many evil disposed persons attended the meetings, and we had to keep a sharp lookout to prevent them from cutting the ropes and letting the tent fall upon the people. One night as I was standing outside the tent by the side of an Irishman, watching, a club, intended for me, came whirling end over end, through the air, and struck the Irishman in the stomach, doubling him up like a knife. He was a very angry Irishman; but as the offender was not recognized in the darkness, his anger could only vent itself on rowdies in general and none in particular.

THE POSTMASTER

and his wife accepted the truth at Farm Hill, and the last I heard of them they were still faithful to the light they had received. The winter of '76-'77 I labored at different places and had the joy of seeing some precious souls give themselves to God, to serve Him, one of whom has since died in the blessed hope. The next spring we removed to Kingston, Meeker county, Minn. Soon after reaching Kingston I went with horse and buggy to Rock county, the southwestern county of the state. The roads were in a deplorable condition. I passed through Redwood Falls, Marshall and Laverne. The distance was about two hundred miles. The country was very new and the weather wet and cold. Near Marshall I found some brethren and remained over Sabbath and Sunday with them, holding meeting both days.

Monday morning, I resumed my journey. I struck across the prairie to the southwest. About ten o'clock I came to the Big Cottonwood river. It was swollen from the recent rains and melted snow. As there was no bridge, I was forced to ford it. I got along all right until I came to go up the opposite bank, which was very steep, when my valise, full of books and clothing, fell out into the river. Nothing to do but wade into the cold stream after it. I was wet and cold enough, but there was no house in sight, so I trudged on in the cold wind as best I could. Before I reached a stopping-place my clothes were dry. It was a hard journey, through cold, wet and mud; but my heart was light. I was on my way to help my fellow-men into the path of life. Like Moses, I had respect to the recompense of reward. I looked forward to the time when he that goeth forth and weepeth shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

One evening, as I was nearing the end of my journey, I saw a man standing on a high eminence. I could see he had on a black coat and a very white shirt front. I thought, "That must be Bro. Fulton." He was watching for me, and down he came to meet me; and right glad I was to see him.

There was a good interest to hear the word of God, and in two weeks a company of eighteen signed the covenant to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, Rev., xiv, 12. At Luverne was a noted Spiritualist who was a thorn in the sides of the Christian people in the neighborhood. I was told he would get up and speak in the Methodist meetings, and when the people would not stop to listen, he would cry after them, "You cannot bear to hear the truth!" He was the talk of the country. I said to Bro. Fulton, "We had better give the people of Luverne a little light on Spiritualism before we go home. He said, "Don't you do it. That man is the ablest man I ever heard speak, and he will be on hand to oppose." I thought, however, that good would result, so we put a notice in the paper that on next Tuesday evening there would be a lecture in the school house on "Modern Spiritualism Exposed and the Bible Vindicated." We knew if the gentleman would oppose, he would use the 28th chapter of first Samuel, so we prepared especially on that scripture. On our way to Luverne we met a gentleman, who had come out to meet us and let us know a Baptist minister was expected to help the Spiritualist.

We thought it a very strange combination, Spiritualism and Baptism; but we felt confident that the Lord's truth would triumph over all opposition. As we entered the school house we found it crowded. Extra seats had been brought in, and they were all filled. As we entered, we were greeted with a vigorous clapping of hands. For once, I felt I was on the popular side of the question. Perhaps a very brief outline of the discourse will be of interest to the reader:

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Modern Spiritualism is a fact. It is here and everywhere. Go where you will, you will find Spiritualism. It pervades all classes and conditions of men. It flourishes in the hut of the peasant and sits in the palaces of nobles and kings. It revels in the haunts of ignorance, and rejoices in the halls of learning. It has found its way to the infidel club, and in churches and pulpits it has firmly intrenched itself. It originated a few years ago in the Fox family, near Rochester, N. Y. Now it numbers its adherents by millions in all parts of the world. No movement in the annals of time has made such strides as this. It comes with a fascinating power to the sons of men. What can it be? It claims that its wonders are wrought by the spirits of our dead friends. Is this true? The Bible says, ‘Try the spirits,’ 1 John, iv, 1. There is only one infallible rule by which to try them, and that is the word of God. By this rule we propose to try them to-night. The Bible, speaking of a dead man, says, ‘His sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not; they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them,’ Job, xiv, 21. Again, ‘The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence,’ Ps., cxv, 17. According to this, the dead are silent. ‘When a man's breath goeth forth his thoughts perish,’ Ps., cxlvi, 4. ‘The dead know not anything,’ Ecc., ix, 5. Much more might be adduced to the same effect, but this is sufficient to show that the Bible is diametrically opposed to Spiritualism; for it teaches that a dead father does know all about his sons; that the dead are not silent, that their thoughts are not perished, and that the dead know more than the living: but we see according to the Bible, the claim of Spiritualism that the spirits of the dead communicate with the living, is utterly false. The question recurs, ‘If spirits communicate, what spirits are they?’

THE BIBLE TEACHES

that angels are ministering spirits, Hebrews, i. 13-14. We have numerous instances of their ministering to the children of God, such as the angel that delivered Daniel from the lions; the Hebrew children from the flames, and Peter from prison. There are also evil angels, 2 Pet., ii. 4; Rev., xii. 9. They also minister to the children of men. They possessed men in the days of Christ, Luke, viii, 26-36. They knew Christ, Mark, iii, 11-12; Luke, iv, 41. Men did not know Christ, but the evil spirits did, which shows they had more than human knowledge. How did they know Christ? Evidently they knew him in heaven before they were cast out. The damsel of Acts xvi knew more while possessed of a spirit of divination than she did after he was cast out. Let us read the text: 'And it came to pass as we went to prayer, a certain damsel possessed of a spirit of divination met us, who brought her masters much gain by soothsaying. The same followed us and cried, These men are the servants of the Most High God, and show unto us the way of life and salvation. But Paul being grieved (he did not desire praise from the devil), turned and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her, and he came out the same hour. And when her masters saw the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas and drew them to the market place unto the rulers.'

WHY WERE THE MASTERS SO ANGRY?

Because the hope of their gains was gone. Why? Because the damsel could not divine any more. Why? Because the spirit of divination was gone. Therefore, it is evident that it was the spirit that enabled her to divine, and gave her more than human wisdom. Then why not those same spirits do the same thing to-day? They can, and they do. Many is the damsel, and gentleman too, who are making money to-day by the aid of spirits. We believe the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are caused by evil angels or spirits.

1. They deceive. They say they are the spirits of our dead friends, to gain our confidence, when they are not.

2. The Bible condemns all such communications with spirits.

'And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spir-

its and after wizards . . . I will even set my face against that soul, and I will cut him off from among his people.' Lev., xx, 6. 'Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards to be defiled by them; I am the Lord.' Lev., xix, 31. 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.' Ex., xxii, 18. We see from this, that witchcraft is something very hateful in the sight of heaven. But, you say, what has that to do with modern Spiritualism? I will show presently that modern Spiritualism and ancient witchcraft are one and the same thing. The Lord would not answer King Saul by dreams, nor by urim, nor by prophets, 1 Sam., xxviii, 6. In his distress he went unto a woman who had a familiar spirit at Endor. And the woman asked him, Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said unto her, Bring me up Samuel; verses 7-11. Now, Samuel was dead. This clearly demonstrates that when a person anciently wished to communicate with the dead, he went to a witch or a wizard. When a person wishes to communicate with the dead today, he goes to a spirit medium, which shows that modern Spiritualism is nothing more nor less than a revival of ancient witchcraft. Thus, when God said, Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live, it was equivalent to saying, thou shalt not suffer spirit mediums to live. The Bible foretells the signs and wonders of Spiritualism. 'Many false Christs and false prophets shall arise and do great signs and wonders, insomuch if it were possible they would deceive the very elect.' Matt., xxiv, 24. 'The coming of Christ is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders.' 2 Thess., ii, 9. 'And deceiveth them that dwell on the earth by means of those miracles which he had power to do in the sight of the beast.' Rev., xiii, 14. The miracles are wrought by the agency of spirits. 'For they are the spirits of devils working miracles.' Rev., xvi, 14. So, when a wonder-working power arises in these last days, claiming to work its wonders by the agency of spirits, it is just what the Bible has foretold would come. Paul says, in 1 Tim., iv, 1, 'Now the spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.' Do any at the present time depart from the faith (teachings of the Bible)? Yes. Do they give heed to spirits? Yes. Do they then fulfill the prophecy? Yes. Do the spirits teach the doctrines of devils? Yes.

They have taught free loveism, which is a doctrine of the devil. They have taught that the divine use of the ten commandments is in their violation, and not in their observance, which is a devilish doctrine truly. They have taught that sin is only undeveloped good, that a lie is only undeveloped truth, and many other things, equally abominable, all of which are doctrines of devils, and I have observed that those who give heed to the spirits can tell more undeveloped truth, as they call it, than any other class of people I ever met with. Our Spiritualistic friends say, they are too intelligent and enlightened to believe the Bible; but they will believe the spirits. Judge Edmunds was taken off in vision and shown some things in the Spiritualistic heavens, among which were a rag carpet and an old-fashioned saw-mill. He said he saw what appeared to be a full-grown boy, who took a dog, split its tail and put a stick in it, when the owner of the dog came along and kicked the boy away up the road. Queer heaven, wasn't it? For me, I prefer the heaven that John saw. But look at it: A spirit boy seizes a spirit dog and splits its spirit tail [laughter], and puts a spirit stick in it. [Laughter.] And the spirit owner of the spirit dog comes along and with his spirit foot kicks the spirit boy away up the spirit road. [Laughter and cheers.] This, my friends, is not from any of the small fry or lesser lights, but from a learned judge, a champion of Spiritualism, who sets it forth as the teaching of the spirits concerning the spirit land. Such is the mental food upon which our Spiritualist friends wax too wise to believe the Bible. Choose ye which you will have. As for me, I will choose the blessed Bible. I will be guided by its holy precepts. I will rejoice in its blessed hope, and at last enjoy its everlasting reward."

After the discourse, the Spiritualist arose and asked me if I would teach the people that Sunday is the Christian Sabbath. He supposed that I would rail out against Sunday, and would thus lose the sympathy of the people, and he by saying a good word for it, would gain their favor. I handed him my Bible, saying, "If you will find where the scriptures call Sunday the Christian Sabbath, I will teach the people so." He acknowledged he could not find it. He then asked me to read the 28th chapter of first Samuel. I replied I supposed he was the possessor of a Bible, and could read the chapter at home, which I hoped he would do, and receive great good from its

careful perusal. He then became very fierce, and pressed very hard that I should at least read a portion of it, as he said it proved Spiritualism to be true. "Well, my friend, I will read it, if you will endorse what the woman said as the truth." He replied, "I will, sir." I read, "'I saw gods ascending out of the earth.' The old lady said she saw gods ascending out of the earth, and our friend here says he believes she told the truth." [Laughter.]

He cried out, "There might have been forty gods for all you know." "They must have been Spiritualists' gods then, for they themselves say the devil is their god and their father. [Laughter.] I supposed the Spiritualists believed that the spirits of the departed went to what they call the beautiful summerland: but, according to this ancient spirit medium, they go into the dark, cold ground; for what she saw came up out of the earth, and our friend here believes she tells the truth. Poor spirits! What a dreary, dark abode they must have." He cried out, "Read that chapter: but don't you comment on it!" "O, my friend, that's what I am here for: so you must allow me to comment as much as I please. Again, this gentleman's ancient exponent of spiritualism says, 'An old man cometh up covered with a mantle.' Where did Samuel get that mantle? Did he really get a mantle down there in the ground, or had he a mantle in appearance only? If the mantle was only an appearance and not real, why not the old man also be an apparition only, and not the real Samuel? A Spiritualistic humbug, if you please. Once more, Samuel was buried at Ramah, and, according to the witch, who, our friend here says, told the truth, he came up out of the ground at Endor, forty miles distant. How is this? Did he have an underground passage—an underground railroad, perhaps, forty miles in length? [Uproarious laughter.] Satan sometimes transforms himself into an angel of light, 2 Cor., xi, 14. If Satan has power to transform himself into an angel of light, has he not power to transform himself into the appearance of our dead friends? Could not the familiar spirit appear as Samuel? Yes; he could, and he did. 'So Saul died . . . for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit, to inquire of it.' 1 Chron., x, 13. Yes, Saul inquired of the familiar spirit, and the spirit answered him, making believe he was Samuel all the while. In

our day, these spirits are up to their old tricks, deceiving men under the guise of the spirits of our dead friends."

I never before addressed an audience so enthusiastic. The M. E. minister was so demonstrative that, not knowing who he was, I requested him to be more quiet. After meeting, a gentleman said to me, "I can stand another grasshopper raid now." The next morning, as Bro. Fulton and myself were driving through town, the Methodist minister and his class-leader hailed us. They said they were very thankful for the good work done the previous evening. Two happier men I never saw: the minister especially. He stood first on one foot and then on the other, and danced about in an ecstasy of delight. Bro. Fulton and I went on our way rejoicing, like the Eunuch in days of old. We were thankful that the truth of God is so plain and powerful.

When God's word says, "The dead know not anything," Ecc. ix, 5, it takes the foundation away from Spiritualism.

We had a long, tedious journey before us. It rained, rained, rained. Sloughs were full and the streams swollen, and the roads were well nigh impassable. Day after day we plodded our weary way along, stopping at night in deserted houses, or stable if the house was locked. On account of the grasshopper scourge, many settlers had abandoned their homes.

Sometimes we had to carry our baggage across streams on our shoulders, because the water was too deep and swift to risk it in the buggy. Our horse got so that as soon as she entered a slough that had a soft bottom, she would lie down, and we would have to unhitch and pull the buggy out by hand. On a Sunday we passed through New Ulm, which a few years afterward was visited by a disastrous cyclone. It was the scene also of a desperate defense during the Indian outbreak in 1862. It is beautifully situated on the Minnesota river.

WE CROSSED THE RIVER.

and climbed the high bluff on the opposite side. It was still raining, and the mud inexpressible. Toward evening, we began seeking a lodging place. We were in a German neighborhood, and for some reason they did not wish to keep us, but would every time tell us to go to the next neighbor. I said to Sammy, "It is no use; we can not stay out in the rain and mud all night, and the next house must keep us, whether

or no." We found the man at the stable, and told him our story, and requested lodging. He told us to go to the next neighbor. I said, "He would send us to the next neighbor, and we had been doing that long enough. It is raining, the roads are very muddy, our horse and ourselves are very tired, and it will be too bad to force us to remain all night in the storm. We will not only be thankful to you for your kindness, but will pay you liberally also." Bro. Fulton tried also to soften his heart; but all to no purpose. "Go to the next neighbor," was the only thing. He sputtered a good deal, but we unhitched and prepared to stay. At last he consented to our staying. Our tired horse found good lodging and good provender that night; but we had to lie down in our wet clothing on the floor, which was not overly clean, either.

When we passed through New Auburn, where some of our brethren lived, we hoped that none of them would see us, we were in such a sad plight; but we met some of them, and they seemed glad to see us, if we had been wading mud and water for a week. Most of the way, one or both of us walked. We were footsore and weary, and glad enough to get home. We found our families well, for which cause we were devoutly thankful to God for His preserving care, and especially thankful that God had helped us to be a blessing to poor sinners inquiring the way to heaven.

In a few days we were rested, and ready for another campaign. That year the camp meeting was held at Hutchinson, after which Bro. Fulton and I were sent to Ellsworth, Wis., to hold tent meetings. We preferred to return to Rock county, where we had left a good interest; but the conference said Ellsworth, and to Ellsworth we went.

On July 4, 1877, I started from Dassel, and reached St. Paul that evening. I reached Prescott, Wis., where Bro. Olive lived, about noon, July 5. Bro. Olive took the tent with his team to Ellsworth that afternoon, a distance of eighteen miles. The next day we pitched the tent, and held meeting in the evening. I was invited by a prominent Spiritualist to make my home with him. I thought perhaps I could do him some good, and so accepted his kind offer. In the evening, as I was preparing for our first meeting, a gentleman, lady and little boy came to the door. It struck me in a minute that the gentleman was a Spiritualist lecturer, and so

he proved to be. He sailed under the title of Dr. J. K. Bailey, of New York. Here we were, Adventist minister and Spiritualist lecturer, met in the same place, and both desirous to occupy the time. He proposed to hold a joint discussion in the tent, and charge an admission fee. He said, we need not hurt each other, and that we could make a nice lot of money out of it. We told him we were not there to make a lot of money, but to do good. Charging a fee to hear the truth was altogether out of our line. Freely ye have received, freely give, is the plan of the Great Teacher. Well, then he would hold meetings in the court house, and thus divide the interest. We finally compromised the matter by giving him the tent for three meetings. He held one meeting and preached Spiritualism from our pulpit. A sister Green, of Maiden Rock, came that evening, expecting to hear some wholesome Advent preaching. She was amazed to hear a man in the Adventist tent promulgating the vagaries of Spiritualism.

The next day he came to the tent with flaming posters, announcing lectures in the court house, by Dr. J. K. Bailey, of New York. He was going to have an organ, a grand choir, and carry things on a big scale. Spiritualism was quite popular in the town. Our organist was the daughter of a Spiritualist, and she left us, with her organ, to play at the court house. The outlook was rather dark; but he was making such great preparations, he would not be ready for a couple of days, so we announced as a subject for the next evening.

THE NATURE AND TENDENCY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

trusting that God would help us. The people came in crowds. The tent would not nearly hold them. Our Spiritualist came also. He sat by the tent pole and bobbed up and down so vigorously while the nature and tendency of Spiritualism was pointed out, that it would not be surprising to see him climbing it next. The evening he lectured in the tent, he distributed papers among the people, entitled, "The Voice of Angels," a copy of which he gave me. In the course of my remarks, I held up the paper and said, "The gentleman will not repudiate what is found in his own paper, which he so assiduously scatters among the people." He cried out, "I do not endorse any man's teachings." "Ah, my friend, this is not the voice of man, it is the voice of angels. See the angels

hovering around the medium, showing him what to write. Now, my friend, you won't go back on the angels, will you? What do these angels say? 'All things justify themselves in the end.' Then, if a man steals, it is justifiable. If he lies, it is justifiable. If he imbrues his hands in the blood of his neighbor, these angel spirits teach that it is justifiable. If he robs the blooming maiden of innocence and virtue, and causes the hot tears of shame and sorrow to furrow her cheeks all the days of her life, it is justifiable. FOR ALL THINGS, say these spirits, justify themselves in the end; and this gentleman is around scattering such doctrine among the multitude, telling them, 'It is the voice of angels.' Surely, Paul was right when he said, 'The spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith (teaching of the Bible), giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.' 1 Tim., iv. 1. These are the seducing spirits foretold, and such doctrines as they teach come from his Satanic majesty straight. This gentleman before us is engaged, with many others, in teaching these Satanic doctrines; and he and all the millions who with him are giving heed to the spirits, are fulfilling this prophecy to-day before our eyes. When did Paul say they should give heed to seducing spirits? In the latter times. Then where are we to-day? In the latter times foretold, and we are in the midst of the strong delusions that should come in the last days."

The impression upon the people was powerful; so much so, that our Spiritualist's meetings were a failure, and he left for a more favorable field.

Some think that Spiritualism is about dead, but that is a grave mistake. It has only wrapped itself in a moral, religious cloak, in order the more effectually to deceive. A letter published in the *Progressive Thinker* says there are at least 60,000 Spiritualists in San Francisco, or people who lean in that direction. The writer says, "In addition to our mediums' meetings, we have a very successful children's progressive lyceum, conducted every Sunday forenoon. From 100 to 150 young children and middle-aged ladies and gentlemen participate in its exercises. There are a great many private circles held every night in the week in different portions of the city, all of which are largely attended. The greatest work now being done is in the churches. Spiritism is shaking the sacred

edifices to their very foundations."—Abridged from *The Signs of the Times*, Dec. 28, 1891, Oakland, Cal.

Many other cities are much the same, but the last fact stated, that Spiritualism is doing its greatest work now among the churches, is of the greatest significance. The false prophets will yet do their signs and wonders in the name of Christ and among his professed people, Matt., xxiv, 5, 23-24. Take heed lest any man deceive you by any means. We had a good interest at Ellsworth, and also at Beldenville. Although the enemy entered in and did us damage, yet some precious souls rejoice in the truth they learned in those meetings unto this day. May the Lord keep them unto His heavenly kingdom.

In September, I once more started for home. As I stepped off the train at Dassel, I was surprised to see my little boys, with shining eyes, looking for papa. My little wife had taken the horse and buggy, and driven the whole family nine miles to Dassel, and while the boys were at the train, she stood in the hotel door, with baby Ella in her arms, smiling a hearty welcome to the returning wanderer. Of all the joy of this world, there is no joy like home joy. When, beaten and bruised in life's battle, the husband and father comes home, and the good wife smiles upon him, and the little ones, with eyes beaming with joy, climb upon his knee and put their little, loving arms about his neck, the warm bright sunbeams of love drive away his gloom. His troubles vanish, and peace and joy fill his heart once more.

THE NEXT FALL AND WINTER.

I labored mostly in Atwater and vicinity, in Kandiyohi county, Minn., in connection with brethren Babcock and Pullen. We met great opposition at the different points where we held meetings. At Harrison school house we had large audiences. One evening two ministers came to oppose the work. The house was crowded to excess. They both preached opposition discourses, after which Elder Higgins, the M. E. minister, said he wished now to hear Bro. Hill. He had made light of us and our work. He said he loved Bros. Hill and Babcock, but he looked upon us as Jew brethren. He had us sail in imagination around the world, one going east and the other west. The one gaining a day and the other losing a day, thus being two days apart when we arrived at our starting point; then, of

course, went to quarreling over which day was the right Sabbath. In reply to this point I said, "We will suppose Bro. Higgins and I are twins, and we sail round the world, one going east and the other west. The one gains a day and the other loses a day and when we get around we are two days apart in our reckoning. We were twins when we started, exactly of the same age; but now, according to Bro. Higgins, one is two days older than the other. Bro. Higgins, please inform us which is the older of the two." Much to the amusement of the audience, he could not tell. It is evident that neither of us in reality gained or lost a moment of time. I can not speak for Bro. Higgins, but I do know that Seventh Day Adventists can circumnavigate the globe and not get muddled up in any such way. As I showed the utter weakness of their arguments for Sunday observance (and, gentle reader, it was very easy to do) the ministers became very uneasy and began interrupting me—thought I was taking too much time, etc. Eld. Higgins said, "This is our meeting." "I thought I was holding meetings in this school house." "Yes, but you gave way for us to speak to-night." "Yes, sir, and then whose meeting was it?" "It was our meeting." "Yes, sir, and then you gave way for me; and now whose meeting is it?" (Laughter.) They said: "Tell the people you are a Jew! Tell them you are a Jew!" "Yes, I will tell the people I am a Jew. Paul says: 'He is not a Jew that is one outwardly, but he is a Jew that is one inwardly.' Rom. .ii.28,29. That is the kind of a Jew I am. Christ was a Jew, the prophets and apostles were all Jews, and Christ said to the woman at the well: 'Salvation is of the Jews.' John, iv. 22; and, brother Higgins, if ever you are saved you must be a spiritual Jew yourself." They continued their interruptions until Mr. Tribbits, a worldly man, arose and said: "Gentlemen, Elder Hill listened to you quietly, and now please keep quiet and let him speak."

As I showed that the Sabbath was changed into Sunday by the Papacy and that the true Sabbath would be restored just prior to the second coming of Christ, a deep seriousness pervaded the people. As I finished, the Congregationalist minister cried out, "You did not say anything about 'One man esteems one day above another, another man esteems every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.'" I said, "Oh, yes, I forgot that point. I am only too happy to

explain it. Our friends are inconsistent using this scripture as they do, for they esteem one day above another. They esteem Sunday high above all other days, and claim it is a great sin not to do so. In applying it to the weekly Sabbath they have put a sword into the hands of the Sabbath-breaker to slay the Sabbath keeper. For instance: On next Sunday when they come to the school house to celebrate Divine service suppose they should find a farmer out here plowing in his field; they would feel very badly about it, and begin to say, 'What has come over Mr. Smith, that he should thus desecrate the Christian Sabbath. It hurts our feelings to see him set such a bad example to the whole community, besides, his own soul is in danger of eternal flames for thus profaning the Lord's day. We must go and talk to him immediately.' They go and begin their lecture, when Mr. Smith replies, 'Reverend gentlemen, you know I was always a strict Sunday keeper until I heard you speak on the Sabbath question the other evening; since then I do not esteem one day above another. You have fully persuaded me that all days are alike, so now I don't keep Sunday any more. Gee, Buck! Go 'long, Bright! I must be doing my plowing.' And our friends could say nothing against it; they could only say, 'Behold what mischief we have wrought.' I will try and help them out of the unfortunate position in which they have unwittingly placed themselves. The term 'every day' does not include the Sabbath. I say, 'I am about my every day affairs,' or, 'I have my every day clothes on.' In either case the term 'every day' does not include the Sabbath, as every body knows.

JUST SO IN THE SCRIPTURE.

In Ex., xvi, 4, the people were told to go out and gather a certain rate of manna every day; yet when some of the people went out to gather on the Sabbath, they found none, and God said, 'How long refuse ye to keep my commandments, my statutes and my laws?' Ex., xvi. Thus we see, when God said 'every day,' he excepted the Sabbath. So, when Paul uses the term 'every day,' he has no reference to the Sabbath. We sincerely hope our friends will not fall into such an error again. But, if the blind lead the blind, the consequences will be disastrous to both."

One evening, after the discourse, a gentleman of Teutonic

extraction arose and said, "You come to my house some day, and I will show you many things in my Bible contrary to your doctrine." "To-morrow morning you may expect us." When we came, we found several of his friends assembled with him. They said they had been searching the scriptures all night. "Well, my friends, what did you find?" "One thing we notice. You always bait your hook for that Sabbath." "Well, the Sabbath is a testing truth for this time. Only a desire to please God will lead a man to keep the seventh day, and thus cut himself off from the world and worldly ambition; while, on the other hand, when a man is convinced that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and won't keep it, it is evident he loves the world more than he loves God." "You teach that we all ought to keep the ten commandments, and it is impossible for anyone to do so." "It is true that we cannot keep God's holy law without Divine aid; but God will give us grace to do His will if we seek Him with our whole heart." "No man ever lived who kept the commandments of God." "I think you are mistaken about that. Let us read Gen., xxvi. 5, 'For Abraham obeyed my voice; kept my commandments, my statutes and my laws.'" "Oh, yes; but that was in Old Testament times, and we have nothing to do with that." "The Old Testament and the New Testament agree. 'Zacharias and his wife Elizabeth walked in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless,' Luke, i. 6. In the Old Testament we found one, and in the New Testament we have found at least two persons obedient to God's commandments." "But that was before the birth of Christ, so that is nothing to us." "Well, we will try again: 'Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus,' Rev., xiv. 12. Here is brought to view a whole class of Christians keeping the commandments of God." "Oh, that is in Revelations, and I don't care for that." "Once more. I will read 1 John, ii, 4: 'He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.'" Our friend was cornered at last. He could only get away from the commandments of God by repudiating the Bible altogether. I was informed afterward that he would get angry and swear at his family, and do many other bad things; yet he was deluding himself with the hope that he would be saved, because it was impossi-

ble to keep the commandments. Only believe in Christ and all would be well, even if he continued in sin.

FATAL DELUSION,

enfoldng many thousands in its soothing embrace. Christ does not save us in our sins, but FROM our sins, Matt., i, 21. Out of Christ we are at enmity against God, are not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be, Rom., viii, 7; but in Christ we are new creatures, 'Old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new,' 2 Cor., v, 17; and we rejoice in the law of God after the inward man, Rom., vii, 20. If a man's religion does not lead him to rejoice in the holy principles of the Divine law and fulfill its righteousness, there is something wrong with his religion. Rom., viii, 4.

We decided to hold meetings in an adjoining school house. A Mr. Hamm heard of it, and at school-meeting proposed to the American sovereigns assembled, that they should vote to refuse the Adventists the school-house, whereupon Mr. Maddox, a rough old lumberman, said, "I believe in fair play. They have just as much right to the use of the house as the Methodists have; and if you shut the Advents out, I will shut the Methodists out."

This little speech in favor of equal rights opened the door to us. At our first meeting Mr. Maddox said to us, "I have some flour in a sack and some pork in a barrel; you preach and I will feed you." There was no school in the house that winter. It was not banked, and many panes of glass were broken. We banked the house, put shingles in the windows where panes of glass were wanting, picked up wood here and there, carried it on our shoulders and cut it up ourselves. The attendance was very small at first, often only five or six being present. The outlook was very discouraging, but we labored on, hoping, trusting, praying. At last we determined to organize a Sabbath school, which proved a grand success. In a little while it contained about forty members. Prejudice began to give way, and in two months we had a nice company of believers, Mr. Hamm among the number. One day Mr. Maddox met Elder Higgins in town and said to him, "Elder, them Advents are getting all your people over our way. I advise you to get your basket and come down and gather up the fragments that remain, or soon you will have nothing left." We had many precious seasons with the dear friends at Irving.

The next camp meeting was also held at Hutchinson. Elders Canright and Stone attended from abroad. We had a good camp meeting in many respects, although many thought Elder Canright did not manifest a Christian spirit at all times. 133 were baptized. After campmeeting, brother Moore and myself were sent to Maine Prairie, Stearns county, Minn. We pitched our tent on the bank of a lovely lake. Brethren Meade, Hall and myself had family tents on the ground. Multitudes came to hear of the near coming of the Kingdom of Christ and the preparation necessary to meet our returning Lord with joy. An Elder Shoemaker thought he must do something to hinder those who were entering into the ways of truth, so he challenged us publicly to a discussion, which we declined, wishing to avoid strife. Interested ones came to us afterward and said. "We are almost persuaded to keep the Sabbath, but Elder Shoemaker tells us if he could only have a discussion we would see that the seventh day Sabbath could not stand. Before we turn over we want everything to be done for Sunday that can be done for it. We therefore think you had better accept his proposition." After careful consideration it was thought best to do so.

"Do the scriptures teach that the seventh day Sabbath is binding on Christians?" was affirmed by me and denied by him. The discussion continued four evenings. Probably six hundred people or more attended it. In the busy time of haying people came for miles. It was a remarkable sight to see them in carriages and wagons, on horse back and on foot, streaming toward the tent. The Elder was a veteran debater, the hero of I don't know how many battles. We each spoke four times, alternately, each evening, and it was a lively time. He took the position that the law of God, Sabbath and all, was abolished. He, however, in his opening speech the last evening of the discussion said he did not teach the abolition of the law at all.

We were very thankful our brother had been led to see the error of his ways. He had held that the law was the ministration of death, which was abolished; while I had all the while contended that the law of Jehovah was as immutable and unchangeable as the throne of God. Now, the last evening of the discussion, he abandons his position, and comes over to ours. We are glad to know the discussion has given

us at least one convert to the true faith. In his last and summing up speech, he endeavored to show that during the discussion he had proved the law was dead and done away. Thus do men run into absurdities and contradictions when they oppose the truth. It is impossible for error to run in a straight line. After the last speech we sang, "Blessed Are They That Do," after which we asked all to arise who believed the ten commandments ought to be kept. A goodly number arose. Then we said, "All who by the grace of God will keep them, please remain standing; and those who will not keep them, please sit down." Some sat down, while others remained standing, among whom were some of Elder Shoemaker's prominent church members. The audience was immense, and the excitement at fever heat. When it was seen that a goodly number were determined to keep the Sabbath, the wrath of many arose to a great height. Threats were made, and we did not know what minute an attempt would be made to throw us, tents and all, into the lake. We kept lights burning and a sharp lookout all night.

A lady, while riding home in a wagon, got to disputing with her husband, she contending the Adventists were wrong, and he that they were right. All at once, she seemed to be seized with a frenzy, sprang from the wagon, and ran with great swiftness, crying, "It is not I! It is the devil!" She ran a long way before she could be secured. When she was again taken into the wagon, she was completely exhausted.

A REMARKABLE THING.

There were a number of orthodox ministers present when we invited those who believed the ten commandments should be kept, not one of whom arose, thus virtually saying to all that people, they did not believe they ought to be kept. When religious teachers take such a course, what can be expected of the people led by them. We have heard ministers say to the people, "The ten commandments are a yoke of bondage; they are dead and abolished," etc. Surely, we have reached the time when this scripture has its application: "It is time for Thee, Lord, to work, for they have made void Thy law." Ps. cxix, 126.

The next winter, 1878-'79, I taught school about three miles from home. Elder Moore held meetings at Dassel, nine miles distant. I used to go three miles and build my fires at the

school house in the morning, return in the evening and do up the chores at home, then drive nine miles to Dassel, preach a sermon, and return the same evening. When I reached home I would sometimes be so numb with cold I could scarcely unhitch my horse. I did this several evenings a week during the winter, besides preaching in other places. In the spring we moved to Dassel, where a number had embraced the last message of mercy, among whom were the Castles, Phelans, Bogars, Brickeys, and others. They had meetings and Sabbath school, and were prospering in the ways of God. William Brickey was an infidel. His naturally bright mind and talents were surrendered to the prince of darkness. He went to meeting to scoff at the ministers' sayings, and he ridiculed religion and its professors generally. When he heard of the Adventist meetings, he thought to go and make sport as usual (and he was gifted in that direction). But as he listened to the prophecies concerning Christ, that he came at the very time foretold by the prophets, was born at the very place, lived the life, died the death, in fact, fulfilled every specification of the prophecies concerning Himself, his logical mind began to reason, "How can these things be so, if there be no Christ? Could an impostor fulfill all these conditions?" As the prophecies were still further unfolded, he saw that the rise and fall of the great empires of the world had been accurately foretold and described by the prophets of God, and also that the condition of the world at the present time, physically, politically and religiously was unerringly portrayed in the scriptures of truth; all doubts of the divine inspiration of the Bible were removed from his mind. He had found solid foundation upon which to base his faith. With the Bible he accepted Christ as his only Savior and life through Him as his only salvation. He immediately took his stand on the Lord's side, erected the family altar and rejoiced in God with all his house. He enjoyed religion, became a worker in the Sabbath school and has at times successfully and acceptably preached the word of God. But the enemy of all righteousness could not let the good work of salvation go on without making an effort to hinder and destroy.

A certain Elder Allen was called to come and oppose the work, which he did on the condition he should receive \$1 per day and board.

He held meetings every evening and the opposition were having a high time listening to his denunciations of our people and work.

We attended to our own affairs and let him severely alone. He and his friends were very anxious for a discussion, thinking thereby to annihilate Adventism in that community. The excitement arose to such a height that Elder Grant, at that time president of the conference, thought that if the other side would pay for the use of the hall, I had better meet him and hold up the truth the best I could.

That they were only too willing to do. The next evening I attended their meeting for the first time. I found the elder expatiating on the wickedness of Mrs. E. G. White. He had two of her books, in one of which she had written more on a certain subject than she had in another. With great energy he exclaimed, "Did Isaiah or Jeremiah ever write anything and then add something thereto?" I replied, "Yes, sir." He said, "I never knew of such a thing." "It is a fact all the same," which the reader can see by comparing Jer. xxxvi, 27, xxviii, 32. If the elder did not know this it was so much the worse for the elder. It was arranged we should have a discussion over the three Messages of Rev. xiv, 6-12, continuing six evenings, two evenings to each message. I required our positions should be reduced to writing before our discussion should begin. To this he objected, but finally yielded. My position was as follows: "The three messages are a threefold warning to the world, just prior to the second coming of Christ, to prepare the people for that event. The first and second messages were given by William Miller and his co-laborers, closing in 1844. The third message is now being carried by the Seventh Day Adventists. The mark of the beast, against the reception of which the third angel utters his warning, will be Sunday keeping, when it will be enforced by the death penalty." Rev. xiii, 15.

His position was: "Christ was the first angel and proclaimed the first message at His first advent. The second and third messages were given by the apostles. What the mark of the beast is, is not definitely known." The discussion began in good earnest. Friend and foe, saint and sinner were out in force. The opposition were sure that Adventism would speedily go down under the elder's destructive fire. I will

give the briefest outline of my argument in the discussion. Evidently the first thing to do was to show the elder was wrong in teaching that Christ was the first angel and gave the first message at His first advent. First,

CHRIST SAID:

“I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.” Matt. xv, 24. Second, When He sent forth his disciples to preach He strictly charged them: “Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not, but go ye rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.” Matt. x, 5, 6. The first angel proclaimed his message to every nation, tongue and people. Rev. xiv, 6. Whereas Christ confined His message to the Jewish people at His first advent, and whereas the first angel proclaims his message to every nation, tongue and people, it is evident to every one that Christ did not proclaim the first angel’s message at His first advent. It is equally evident the elder is mistaken when he says He did. This was so evident that the elder publicly abandoned his position, which had a very depressing effect upon those who were paying him to demolish the Adventists.

We further showed that the apostles did not proclaim first message, that the hour of God’s judgment is come, for they taught that the judgment was yet future in their day. For instance, Paul said to the men of Athens, as he stood on Mars Hill, “For God hath appointed a day in which He WILL judge the world.” Acts xvii, 31. He also reasoned before Felix of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come (yet future). He wrote to the Thessalonian brethren that the day of Christ (judgment) was not at hand, 2 Thess. ii, 2, 3. Therefore it is evident that he did not proclaim to every nation, tongue and people, the hour of God’s judgment *is come*. Why not? Evidently the time for that message had not yet arrived. The coming of Christ immediately follows the giving of the three messages, Rev. xiv, 14; therefore they are not due until the second coming. Christ is nigh at hand. Did “Fear God and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come,” ever go to the world? Yes; such a message was carried to earth’s remotest bounds in 1843-4. In every judgment there are two parts, the investigative and executive. First investigate a man’s case, then execute the judgment rendered. “The

righteous dead come up in the first resurrection, and the rest of the dead live not again for a thousand years afterward." Rev. xx, 5-6. It is evident that it must be determined beforehand who are righteous and have right to come up in the first resurrection, therefore the cases of the righteous dead must be investigated before the first resurrection, which takes place at the coming of Christ. "Also the righteous living will be changed from mortal to immortality in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." 1 Cor. xv, 51-53. We will not be made immortal and then judged; therefore it is evident that the cases of the righteous living will be investigated before the last trump shall sound. The investigative judgment began in 1844. How appropriate that a message announcing that fact should go to the world. The message has gone; the judgment is here. May we all be prepared to pass the solemn test. For a full explanation of the judgment, see "The Sanctuary and its Cleansing," by U. Smith. Address *Review and Herald*, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE SECOND ANGEL

proclaims the fall of Babylon. Rev. xiv, 8. The elder says Babylon is fallen means Jerusalem is fallen, or destroyed. It may be trying to his feelings to show that he is entirely wrong; but we will do it as kindly as possible, and so effectually that he will see it himself. First, We all know Jerusalem is destroyed, and a message telling us what we already know, would be useless. Second, In Rev. xviii, 1, 2, we learn that after the fall of Babylon she fills up with or becomes the hold of every foul spirit and the cage of every unclean and hateful bird. It is, therefore, plain that it is a moral fall Babylon meets with, and in consequence of which fall her destruction cometh. Rev. xviii, 8. Third, Babylon is represented by a woman. Rev. xvii, 4, 5. "The ten kings shall hate her and burn her with fire." These ten kings (ten divisions of the Roman empire) had no existence until long after Jerusalem was destroyed, and the elder admits this fact. Therefore his position that Jerusalem was the Babylon referred to, is a mistake. Again, "Babylon is that great city that reigneth over the kings of the earth." Rev. xvii, 18. But Paul said, "Jerusalem that now is, is in bondage with her children." Gal. iv, 26. It is certain that Jerusalem that is in bondage cannot be

that Babylon that great city that reigneth over the kings of the earth. It is equally certain that the elder is wrong when he says it is. The term Babylon is derived from Babel, which means confusion. Babylon located:—God says, “Come out of her, my people.” Rev. xviii, 4. God’s people must be in Babylon, or they would not be called upon to come out of her. But where are God’s people to-day? You answer, “In the different churches.” Then those churches where God’s people are, are Babylon. There are hundreds of different sects, all claiming to get their teachings from the Bible. Let only one representative from each of these jarring sects meet to set forth their peculiar views, and you will all agree with me that it would be confusion worse confounded. It would be Babylon indeed. Then Babylon is fallen, means the churches are fallen MORALLY. This may seem harsh to some good people, and we are also sorry that it is so. But I ask you the question, “Are the churches more proud and worldly than they used to be?” You say, “Yes, they are.” Then are they not fallen?

ALL PROTESTANTS AGREE

that the woman called Babylon the great, the mother of harlots, in Rev. xvii, 5, represents the Romish church, which is the truth. If the Romish church is the mother, who are the harlot daughters but the churches that have come out of her? What constitutes a church a harlot? Love of the world. “If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.” 1 John ii, 15. “Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship (love) of the world is enmity with God?” James iv, 4. Here we learn that those who profess to love God and yet love the world, are called adulteresses or harlots. It is only too painfully evident that pride, love of pre-eminence, money, fashion, display, in fact everything the world loves, finds as ardent, devoted worshippers in the churches as can be found anywhere. No wonder the cry goes forth, Babylon is fallen. Come out of her, my people.

One evening Elder Allen asked me if he might ask me a few questions. I said, “Yes sir.” “Do you believe this discussion is helping on the cause of truth?” “Yes sir.” “If the cause of truth is being strengthened and good is being done, don’t you think you and your people ought to help pay

for the use of the hall?" "I would like to speak to that proposition a moment. We came to this town last winter and occupied the school house for a while. When that was closed against us we hired the hall, night after night, week in and week out. We paid our own expenses and asked no man for a cent, feeling richly repaid by seeing precious souls coming out of darkness into light. We felt that we had solemn, sacred truth for this day and generation and we were willing to sacrifice something in order to give the bread of life to the people.

"Some opposing our work sent for Elder Allen to tear it down. He comes and says: 'Gentlemen, I have great light for you; I can tear down Adventism easy enough, but you must pay me a dollar per day and board. If you do that I will cause the true light to shine forth; if not, I pass on and leave you in your darkness.' You see, gentlemen, he loves you at the rate of one dollar per day and board. He has been overthrowing Adventism for a number of evenings and is having a hard time of it and wants help. The kind friends who are defraying his expenses do not think they are getting their money's worth. So he virtually says to the Adventists; 'I find I have a greater work overthrowing Adventism than I expected. I am very tired; won't you please help me a little?' Well, we knew he would have a hard time of it before he began. We are sorry for him, but do not propose to help him just now." We thought best to let them bear their own burdens.

We now come to the third and last message, Rev., xiv, 9-12. It threatens the unmingled wine of the wrath of God against the beast worshippers and receivers of his mark. Any one can see that this is a last day message. First, It is immediately followed by the coming of Christ on the white cloud to reap the harvest of the earth. Verse 14. Second, "The wrath of God poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation," must be pure wrath without any mercy mingled with it, which can never be until mercy is no longer offered to sinners. So long as Jesus pleads for poor sinners before the throne the unmingled wine of the wrath of God cannot come. So this message is to prepare men for the closing up of the gospel and the day of wrath that follows. It is the most solemn, the most awful warning found in the book of God.

We are treading here on solemn ground. Let us walk carefully, reverently. All agree that this message must go to the world before the coming of Christ; all agree that it can go to the world only once, and all agree that to-day the cry is being raised everywhere—"If any man worship the beast or his image, or receive his mark in his forehead or in his hand; the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation, etc. Rev., xiv, 9-12. Who are giving the cry? The Adventists, and they alone. What can the mark of the beast (Papacy) be? The elder says he don't know. Of course then he will not have much to say; for it is not well to set ourselves up as teachers of something about which we know nothing. Somebody must know what it is, for it is unreasonable that the warning could be given and no one know anything about it. Again in Rev., xv, 2, we read, "And I saw a sea of glass mingled with fire: And them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass." What would be our surprise if we were to inquire of these victors over the beast and his mark, "What is the mark of the beast?" and they should say, "We had a great conflict with the beast and his mark, and gained a great victory; but we don't know anything at all about the beast or his image; we left that for some fanatical students of the prophecies to inquire into. We just joined a popular church, heard very nice, smooth preaching, our choir rendered the most charming music, and we had a most enjoyable time attending church picnics, fairs and festivals, and glided smoothly and gracefully onto the sea of glass mingled with fire, and immediately began to celebrate our victory over the beast and his mark; but after all we never knew there was any beast, and were not troubled in that direction at all."

Without doubt those who give the warning and gain the victory over the beast and his mark will know what these things are. - Yes, they will know. Again, if nobody can know what the mark of the beast is, do the best we can, we may ignorantly receive it, and as a consequence, drink of the unmingled wine of the wrath of God. We cannot any of us believe such a thing possible, so we must believe that God's people will know what the mark of the beast is, and warn the world against its

reception. What can it be? We will first inquire what is God's mark, for God's people will also receive a mark, sign or seal in their foreheads. In Ezek., ix, 1-6, there is brought to view a time of utter destruction. "Slay utterly, both old and young. Let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity." Why not spare nor show pity? Because it is the time of the pouring out of God's wrath without mercy, against which the people are warned by the third angel. God says, "Set a mark upon the foreheads of them that sigh and cry for the abominations done in the midst thereof." Ezek., ix, 4. Why set a mark on them? That they might be preserved from the awful destruction about to fall upon the wicked; for it says, "Slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children and women, but come not near any man upon whom is the mark." Verse 6.

"Those who receive the mark of the beast drink of the wine of the wrath of God." Rev., xiv, 9. "Those who receive God's mark are preserved the same as those who in the days of Moses sprinkled the blood on the door posts, were preserved from the destroying angel." Ex. xii, 13. It was necessary for God's people then to sprinkle the blood. So in the last days when the destroying angels will pour out the seven last plagues, Rev., xv, 1, it will be necessary for God's people to have His mark upon their foreheads. What is it? No one believes it will be a literal mark on the forehead, but will be a religious characteristic that will mark those who receive it as a peculiar and distinct people, will separate them from the world and the popular professors of religion around them. We believe it is the true Sabbath that God's people will accept, just before the coming of the Lord. Why believe so?

a. The Sabbath is a mark. Let a man begin the observance of the seventh day Sabbath in any community in this Christian land and he will be a marked character at once. He will be reported and commented upon far and wide.

b. This mark separates him from the world. No matter how brilliant the worldly prospects may be for honor and position, all must be abandoned as soon as he begins the observance of the Sabbath.

c. It separates him from popular religion. No matter how pleasant his church relationship may be, he will be cut

off and excluded when he accepts the Sabbath.

d. This mark is so plain it is known and recognized wherever he goes.

When traveling I have inquired for my brethren by name and could gain no information. Then I asked, "Do you know of anybody in this vicinity who keeps Saturday for Sunday?" "Oh, yes; a few miles southwest of here there lives such a man, but what his name is I don't know." So we see a person is recognized farther by this mark than by his own name. Yes, God has a mark for His sheep in these last days, and that mark is the Sabbath. Again in Rev., vii, 1-3, the same work is brought to view as in Ezek., ix, 1-6, where the mark is called the seal of God. How do we know it is the same work? Because it is performed at the same time and for the same purpose. In Ezek., ix, 1-6, the people receive God's mark just before the time of utter destruction of old and young without pity. In Rev., vii, 3, the angel says: "Hurt not the earth, nor the sea, nor the trees, until we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads." Why seal God's servants just before the hurting should begin? Evidently to preserve them from that hurting or destruction, the same as God's people are preserved from the avenging sword by receiving the mark of God in the forehead in Ezek., ix, 1-6. As the mark and seal are received in the same place—in the forehead. The marking and sealing are upon the same people—the servants of God. At the same time—just before the time of trouble. And for the same purpose—to preserve the people of God from the destruction that comes upon the wicked. It must be that the sealing and marking are the same work.

Then if we can learn what the seal is, we can certainly know what the mark is, for they are one and the same thing. The 8th chapter of Isaiah has its fulfillment just before the coming of the Lord. The 17th verse reads, "And I will wait upon the Lord that hideth His face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for Him," which shows this scripture applies when God's true people will be looking for His coming. Verses 21, 22 point out the day of trouble for the wicked in these remarkable words, "And they shall pass through it hardly be-
stead and hungry. And it shall come to pass that when they shall be hungry, they shall fret themselves and curse their

king and their god, and look upward. And they shall look unto the earth, and behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish, and they shall be driven to darkness." Who can fail to see that this scripture applies right down in the end of time? In the 16th verse God says, "Bind up the testimony, seal the law among my disciples." This is to be done when God's people are looking for the Lord to come. The seal of God is found in His law. A seal gives authenticity to a legal document, shows who the law giver is, the extent of his territory, and his right to reign or demand obedience. The fourth commandment is the only thing in God's law that does that. It gives authenticity to the law by showing the Law Giver to be the true God; the Creator of the heavens and the earth; it shows the extent of God's territory, the heavens and the earth and the sea. It shows God has a right to rule and reign over us, because He is our Maker. He made the heavens, earth, sea, and all that is therein. Thus we see the fourth commandment is a perfect seal to God's law, and nothing else is. Has it been removed? Yes. Has a counterfeit Sabbath been put in its place? Yes, so far as such a thing could be done. Does God require us to restore this seal (the true Sabbath) just before the second coming of Christ? Yes, "Bind up the testimony, seal the LAW among my disciples (followers of Christ), and I will wait upon the Lord that hideth His face from the house of Jacob, and I will LOOK for him." Isa., viii, 16, 17. "Hurt not the earth nor the sea nor the trees until we have SEALED the servants of our God in their foreheads." Rev., vii, 3. "Set a MARK on the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof." Ezek., ix, 4. Does God set forth the Sabbath as the sign, mark or symbol of His power? Yes. "Moreover, I gave them my Sabbaths to be a *sign* between me and them that they might know that I am the Lord that do sanctify them." Ezek., xx, 12. "And hallow my Sabbaths and they shall be a SIGN between me and you (why?) that ye may KNOW that I am the Lord your GOD." Ezek., xx, 20. Thus it is beyond doubt that God sets the Sabbath forth as the sign, symbol or mark whereby we may know God as the Maker and Creator of all things.

If the Sabbath is God's sign, seal or mark, what is the mark of the beast (Papacy)? We naturally conclude it would be a counterfeit Sabbath. God does not require two weekly Sab-

baths, so either the Sunday Sabbath or the seventh day Sabbath must be counterfeit. Dare any man say the seventh day Sabbath is counterfeit? God rested on it, God blessed it and sanctified it, and commanded it to be kept holy. He spake it with His own voice and wrote it with His own finger on the table of stone, in the midst of nine other moral precepts as immutable as the throne of God. The seventh day Sabbath comes to us bearing the superscription and signature of the Almighty God. Is it genuine? Yes. Can any one of these things be said of the Sunday Sabbath? No. Did God rest on the first day? No. Did He bless it? No. Did God sanctify it or command that it should be kept holy? No. Did He ever promise to bless any one if he would keep it? No. Did He ever threaten to punish any man if he would not keep it holy? No. Did Christ or the apostles ever observe it as the Sabbath? No, not a single instance can be found. The Sunday institution comes to us without any Divine support of any kind whatever. It bears only the earmarks of the Papacy, the man of sin.

We will now give the third angel's message entire: "And the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wrath of God which is poured out into the cup of His indignation, and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels and in the presence of the lamb, and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night who worship the beast and his image and whosoever receiveth the mark of his name. Here is the patience of the saints. Here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." Rev., xiv, 9-12. In this message are brought to view two classes: Beast worshippers and keepers of the commandments of God. Mark it well. If we keep the commandments of God we will not worship the beast or receive his mark; therefore the mark of the beast is something in opposition to the commandments of God. What can it be but the Sunday Sabbath which is contrary to the fourth commandment? The mark of the beast is to be universally enforced upon high and low, rich and poor, bond and free. Rev., xiii, 16. No institution can be so universally enforced excepting Sunday.

The Papacy was to think to change the times and laws of the Most High. Proof: "And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and shall think to change times and laws (of the Most High) and they (saints and laws) will be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time." Dan., vii, 25. Has the Papacy spoken great words against the Most High? Yes. He says he is Christ's vicegerent on the earth. He calls himself Lord, God the Pope, and we have heard him declare, "I am infallible; I am like the great God, I cannot err." Surely he has spoken the great words. Has he worn out the saints of the Most High? Yes. Let the voice of the blood of the slaughtered millions answer. The Papacy is drunken with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Rev., xvii, 5, 6. Has the Papacy thought to change the laws of God? Yes. He has thought to change the Sabbath into Sunday. Out of his own mouth will we judge him.

THE ROMAN DECRETALIA

is an authoritative work in the Roman ecclesiastical law. Each pope when invested with the succession declares the papal decretals to be true. The Decretalia speaks of the Pope as follows; "The Pope has power to change times and to abrogate laws and to dispense with all things, even the precepts of Christ." Decretal De, Translat. Episcop. Cap.

The Pope's will stands for reason. He can dispense above the law; and of wrong make right, by correcting and changing laws. Pope Nicholas, Dist. 96. Much more might be given, but this is enough to show that he claims to be able to change the law of the Most High.

THIS CLAIM PUT INTO PRACTICE.

Question—"By whom was it (the fourth commandment) changed?"

Answer—"By the governors of the church." Abridgment.

Question—"Had the church power to make this change?"

Answer—"Certainly." Catholic Catechism of Christian Religion.

Question—"What warrant have you for keeping the Sunday preferable to the ancient Sabbath, which was the Saturday?"

Answer—"We have for it the authority of the Catholic church, and apostolic tradition." Catholic Christian Instructed.

Does the papacy set forth the change of the Sabbath into Sunday as a sign or mark of its power? Yes.

Question—"How prove you that the church has power to ordain feast days and holy days?"

Answer—"By the very act of changing the Sabbath into Sunday." (Abridgment of Christian Doctrine.)

God sets forth the Sabbath as the sign or mark of His power and the papacy sets forth the Sunday as the sign or mark of his power. Therefore it is certain that the Sabbath is God's sign or mark and the Sunday institution is the sign or mark of the Papacy. And when the issue is plainly set before the people and they deliberately choose to honor and worship the beast (Papacy) by keeping his institution, and persecute by oppressive laws those who obey God and keep His commandments, the vials of God's wrath will soon be poured out upon the persecutors, and the Lord will come and take His tried and tested people to the mansions He has gone to prepare for them. The conflict is already here. All over the land the cry is raised for more stringent Sunday laws, and soon legislators will yield to the pressure and the mark will be enforced and none but the true hearted will be able to stand.

THE DISCUSSION FAILED

to destroy the good-begun work at Dassel. Truth is mighty and must prevail.

If there were strong indications in 1879, the time of the discussion of the Sunday law movement, how much stronger are they to-day, 1892? It is very difficult for some people to believe that Sunday is an institution of popery, and for the benefit of such I will insert here an article in the *Review and Herald* from the pen of Elder E. E. Franke:

"Sunday—Are we justified in keeping this day in preference to God's ancient and time-honored memorial of creation, the seventh day (Saturday)? There is only one source to which the consistent Protestant can go for a reply, and that is God's word. Dr. Dowling truly said, 'The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants. Nor is it of any account in the estimation of a genuine Protestant *how early* a doctrine originated, if it is not found in the inspired word.' Hence, if a doctrine be propounded for his acceptance, he asks, 'Is it

found in the Bible? Was it taught by the Lord Jesus Christ or His apostles? If they knew nothing of it, no matter to him whether it be discovered in the musty folio of some ancient visionary of the third or fourth century, or whether it springs from the fertile brain of some modern visionary of the nineteenth. If it is not found in the sacred scriptures, it presents no valid claim to be received as an article of his religious creed. The prevailing idea is that Christ or His apostles changed the day. But we find the Bible silent on this point. We find that Christ himself kept the seventh day Sabbath, Luke, iv, 16, 31. The early Christians kept it after the crucifixion, Luke, xxiii, 56. Paul preached to Jews and Gentiles on the Sabbath day, Acts, xviii. 4 ; xiii, 42. We search in vain for one passage in the scriptures which sanctions Sunday or first day of the week observance. The greatest obstacle in the way of the Sunday institution is the law of ten commandments. Sunday cannot be supported by that law, the fourth precept of which says the seventh day is the Sabbath, and to abolish the law would be to abolish the very foundation of the government of God. The leading Protestant denominations agree that the ten commandments are now in force. The Methodist Discipline, article 6, says, 'No Christian whatever is free from obedience of the commandments which are called moral.' The Baptist Manual, article 12, says, 'We believe that the moral law of God is the eternal and unchangeable rule of his moral government.' The Presbyterian Confession of Faith, article 5, says, 'The moral law doth forever bind all, as well justified persons as others, to the obedience thereof. . . . Neither does Christ in the gospel in any way dissolve, but much strengthens, this obligation.' Dwight's Theology, a Presbyterian work, vol. 4, p. 120, says, 'The law of God is and must be unchangeable and eternal.' Thus we find the great denominations of Protestantism agree that God's law of ten commandments is unchangeable, and yet by their practice of keeping Sunday, they virtually admit it has been changed. For surely a change of the Sabbath would involve a change of the law of the Sabbath.

"Hear these words of Bishop Mallaliew, of the Methodist church, when addressing a class of young men about to enter the ministry: 'Perfection involves the idea of good works and obedience to the ten commandments, emphatically the ten

commandments. You will never get a perfection, unless it is the devil's perfection, that will admit you to preach anything that is not found in these.'—Reported in *Oil City Blizzard*, Sept. 13, 1890. We know Sunday is not found in the ten commandments. Let the reader draw his own conclusion from the bishop's words.

“Having found that the Bible sustains no change of the Sabbath, we turn in vain to history and the leading authorities of these great denominations for Sunday sacredness. Buck's *Theological Dictionary*, a Methodist work, says: ‘Sabbath in the Hebrew language signifies rest, and is the seventh day of the week, . . . and it must be confessed that there is no law in the New Testament concerning the first day.’ The *Watchman*, a Baptist paper, says in reply to a correspondent: ‘The scripture nowhere calls the first day of the week the Sabbath. . . . There is no scriptural authority for so doing, nor of course any scriptural obligation.’ Dwight's *Theology*, vol. 4, p. 401, says: ‘The Christian Sabbath (Sunday) is not in the scripture, and was not by the primitive church called the Sabbath.’ Rev. George Hodges, who preaches for one of the largest churches in Pittsburgh, Pa., writing for the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, says: ‘The seventh day, the commandment says, is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. No kind of arithmetic, no kind of almanac, can make seven equal to one, or the seventh mean the first, nor Saturday mean Sunday. It is evident that Sunday cannot in any manner be identified with God's holy and sanctified rest day of the fourth commandment, and is therefore only a man-made institution.’

“Now to history. Neander, who is admitted by all to be the greatest and most reliable church historian, says: ‘The festival of Sunday, like all other festivals, was always only a human ordinance, and it was far from the intention of the apostles to establish a divine command in this respect, far from them and from the early apostolic church to transfer the laws of the Sabbath to Sunday.’—Rose's *Neander*, page 186.

But the question is asked, ‘Who changed the Sabbath?’ In Dan., vii, 25, we read of a power which all Protestant commentators claim is the Papacy, or Roman Catholic power. We read in the verse named, ‘He shall think to change times and laws,’ meaning the times and laws of God, and it is this power that has been tampering with God's holy Sabbath, the

only times in His law, and they flaunt it in the face of Protestants as a token or mark of their authority in other traditional matters. The following letters are from Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, the highest authority of the Catholic church in this country :

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE, }
BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 25, 1892. }

John R. Ashley, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—In answer to your first question, directed by the cardinal to reply to your letter, I will say: (1) Who changed the Sabbath? Ans. The holy Catholic church. (2) Are Protestants following the Bible or the holy Catholic church in keeping Sunday? Ans. The Protestants are following the custom introduced by the holy Catholic church. (3) Protestants do contradict themselves by keeping Sunday, and at the same time profess to be guided by the Bible only.

I am faithfully yours,

C. F. THOMAS, Chancellor.

“John R. Ashley, to whom the above letter was written, lives at Rock Hall, Md.

“The following letter, from Cardinal Gibbons also, to the writer, bears upon the same point :

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE, }
408 N. CHARLES STREET, }
BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 3, 1889. }

DEAR MR. FRANKE:—At the request of his eminence the cardinal, I write to assure you that you are correct in your assertion that Protestants are following, not the BIBLE, which they take as their only rule of action, but the TRADITION of the church. I defy them to point out to me the word Sunday in the Bible. If it is not to be found there, and it cannot be, then it is not the Bible which they follow in this particular instance, but tradition, and in this they flatly contradict themselves. The Catholic church changes the day of rest from the last to the first day of the week, because the most memorable of Christ's works were accomplished on Sunday. It is needless for me to enter into any elaborate proof of the matter. They cannot prove their point from scripture, therefore, if sincere, they must acknowledge that they draw their

observance of the Sunday from tradition, and are, therefore weekly contradicting themselves.

Yours very sincerely,

W. A. REARDON.

Some time since the writer saw a printed sermon by Father Enright, a Catholic priest who has charge of Redemptorist College, Kansas City, Mo., offering \$1,000 for Bible proof for Sunday keeping. The writer took the liberty to write him and received the following letter over his signature :

Jan. 11, 1892.

DEAR FRIEND :— Your letter reached me only a few days ago. The paper you speak of I have not seen. My words were, I have repeatedly offered \$1,000 to any one who can prove to me by the Bible alone that I am bound to keep Sunday holy. There is no such law in the Bible. It is a law of the holy Catholic church alone. The Bible says, Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH says, 'No ! By my Divine power I abolish the Sabbath day, and command you to keep holy the first day of the week.' And lo ! the entire civilized world bows down in reverent obedience to the command of the holy Catholic church. Excuse delay in answering.

Yours respectfully,

T. ENRIGHT, Css. R

Lock Box 75, Kansas City, Mo.

"The writer wrote to Arch bishop Ryan, stating Father Enright's position, and received the following reply :

Mr. E. E. Franke :

Of course Father Enright is correct. There is not a word in the New Testament about Christ's changing the day. On the contrary, he always observed the Sabbath, the seventh day. Consult any Catholic work that has a chapter on tradition, and you will find what you need. The church alone is authority for the transfer from Saturday to Sunday.

Truly yours,

I. HOOSTMAN,

Chancellor.

"The foregoing testimony is from the highest authority of the Catholic church in this country. Some, however, are not willing to receive Catholic admissions ; for such we will give two good Protestant testimonies. Dr. N. Summerbell, in

his History of the Church from the Time of Christ to A. D. 1871, says : 'In 321 Constantine made a law that Sunday should be kept in all cities and towns. But the country people were allowed to work, and not till 538 A. D. was country labor prohibited by the third council of Orleans, which called it the new Sabbath. This was a Roman Catholic council.

"Rev. John Snyder, in an article in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* of April 3rd, 1887, said : 'Every instructed man knows that there is no New Testament authority for the change of the day of rest from the seventh to the first day of the week. Every instructed man knows that the Catholic church gave to the Christian world the Sunday, and determined the manner in which it should be used. And when Protestantism threw off the authority of the Catholic church, it abandoned the only ecclesiastical ground upon which it can logically rest.'

· The above testimony comes from a man who is himself a Sunday keeper. Now we appeal to every honest Protestant to choose whom he will serve. 'Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey?' Are you obeying God and keeping His day, or are you obeying the Catholic church and keeping Sunday? We cannot serve two masters. It is plain to every one, from the above statements of Catholic prelates, that they claim to have changed the law of the Living God."

That same spring I was stationed on the Mankato district, which included southwestern Minnesota, and a portion of northwestern Iowa. It was considered a hard field. After the camp meeting, which was held that year at Minneapolis, I took my family to Mankato, a city of about 8,000 inhabitants at that time, and situated on the Minnesota river in a very fine agricultural district. The soil is of the richest quality, and timber and water are abundant. We traveled with horse and buggy. One evening we called at a nice-looking farm house and asked for lodgings. The lady made some objections, and finally said : "We cannot keep you, because we have the small-pox here." I well knew it was only an Irish ruse, and said no more, but went and got some straw to put under the buggy, fixed some blankets around it for curtains, and prepared to lodge by the roadside.

The old lady came out and looked at the preparations

awhile and said, as she saw the wife and baby: "You ought to come into the house and not be aſſter ſlapin' in the road all night." "Oh, no; we would not do that for anything, as you have the ſmall-pox in the houſe, you know." She bluſhed and went her way, evidently aſhamed of the lie ſhe had told. That ſummer Bro. Ells and myſelf held meetings in Mankato city. The work went ſlowly, but ſome took their ſtand to obey God. One day, while viſiting, I had a very intereſting converſation with a marble worker. He was very certain that the New Teſtament taught the ſacredneſs of Sunday. I told him I had never diſcovered it, but if he had any light upon it I hoped he would be kind enough to point it out to me. He impreſſed me as an honeſt, ſincere man, and I greatly deſired a more extended interview with him, to which he ſeemed perfectly willing. So he agreed to come to the tent the next Sunday afternoon to point out to me New Teſtament proof for Sunday keeping. He came, according to appointment, and we began our investigation. He did not claim any command for Sunday keeping, but founded it upon the example of Chriſt and the apoſtles. But Paul ſays: "Where no law is, there is no tranſgreſſion." Rom., iii, 15. "If there is no law requiring Sunday obſervance, then there is no ſin in not obſerving it. But never mind, let us have the example." "Well, in John, xx, 19, we find the diſciples were met together on the firſt day of the week and Jeſus met with them. I take it that the diſciples were aſſembled together in honor of the reſurrection, and that Chriſtians have met on that day ever ſince, even until now." "Let us ſee: Mark, xvi, 14, ſpeaks of the ſame meeting and ſays, 'Jeſus appeared unto the eleven as they ſat at meat' (while they were taking their ſupper), and ſo far from being aſſembled in honor of the reſurrection, they did not even believe he had riſen from the dead. Rather a ſlim foundation, is it not? Again, to follow the example of Chriſt we muſt needs do as Chriſt did; but the firſt thing Chriſt did on the firſt day of the week was to ariſe from the dead. Do you think it incumbent on us to follow His example in this reſpect, and to ariſe from the dead every firſt day morning?" "Oh, no; of courſe not." "Well, let us investigate His example a little farther. In Luke, xxiv, 13-33, we have a very intereſting account of two diſciples going to Eſer-mans and returning again to Jeruſalem, a diſtance of 15

miles, on that eventful first day of the week, which shows they did not regard it as a day of sacred rest. What is still more remarkable, Jesus himself went with them, showing that he did not regard it as a day of sacred rest either."

"Well, Jesus met with His disciples eight days afterward, John, xx, 26, which means he met with them the next first day of the week." "Is that so? Is it really a fact that after eight days means just a week? By comparing Matt., xvii, 1, and Luke, ix, 28, we see that after six days means about eight days. If after six days means about eight days, after eight days is about how many days?" "Of course, no one can tell, but I have always understood that Christ always met with the disciples on the first day of the week after the resurrection." "That is a mistake, because all agree that one of the most remarkable meetings of Christ with His disciples was on Thursday, the day upon which he ascended into heaven. Acts, i, 1-11. But suppose we grant that every time Christ met with His disciples was on the first day of the week, what then? In John, xxi, 4, we find that Jesus met with them when they were fishing and He told them to cast their net on the right side and they should find, and they did so and caught a multitude of fishes, verse 6. If this was on Sunday, it proves Sunday to be a good fishing day. If it was not Sunday, then the claim that Christ always met with His disciples on the first day of the week falls to the ground, does it not?" "I must confess that it does." "You see, my brother, that this Sunday argument breaks down at every point."

"What further proof have you that Sunday should be sacredly observed?" "On the first day of the week the spirit was poured out, which is an evidence to my mind that it should be religiously observed." "Let us see. It reads not when the first day of the week had fully come, but when the day of Pentecost had fully come. Acts, ii, 1. The first day of the week is not mentioned. Is this not a little singular if God intended by the outpouring of the spirit to make it the sacred day of the new dispensation? Such proof is hardly conclusive. It is nothing but supposition that the pouring out of the spirit would make any day sacred, and a very doubtful and improbable supposition at that."

"I will now read Acts, xx, 7, 'Now upon the first day of the week when the disciples came together to break bread,

Paul preached to them ready to depart on the morrow.' This, I consider, proves that it was the custom for the apostles to meet for worship every first day of the week." "Does it say it was their custom to do so?" "No." "Does it say they ever met on that day before?" "No." "Does it say they ever met on it afterward?" "No." "How many years does the book of Acts cover?" "About twenty, I believe." "Yes; and only one religious meeting said to have occurred on the first day of the week in all that time. Don't you think that is small evidence upon which to build a Christian institution that does away with one of the commandments of God, and requires obedience to it on pain of eternal death? But again, this was an evening meeting, because there were many lights burning, and Paul continued his speech until midnight, see verses 7, 8." "Yes, no one can deny that; but I did not notice that point before." "What were the disciples doing during the light part of the day?" "Well, sir, I cannot say." "Then they may have been about their usual avocations for all we know. That looks just a little bit weak, don't it?" "I must say it is not nearly so conclusive proof as I thought it was."

"LET US LOOK AT IT A LITTLE FURTHER.

When does the day begin according to the Bible? The Bible says the evening and the morning were the first day, Gen., i, 5. The evening comes first every time. In Lev., xxiii, 32, we read, 'From even unto even shall ye celebrate your Sabbaths.' As the day according to the Bible begins at evening, when did the first day begin?" "It must have begun on our Saturday night." "Exactly. Then this meeting was held on what we would call Saturday evening?" "Yes, sir." "Rather slim proof for Sunday, is it not? But what did Paul do the following Sunday morning? Traveled on foot to Assos, a distance of nearly twenty miles, see verses 11-14. Rather poor example of Sunday sacredness, is it not? Well, brother, after we have briefly analyzed this text, how much evidence for Sunday keeping do you get out of it?" "Well, sir, I do not think the proof is very powerful, that's a fact. But I have two more texts and I am done. 1 Cor., xvi, 1, 2, seems to teach that the early Christians met for worship and took up their collections on the first day of the week." "Does the

text say they should meet together on the first day of the week?" "No." "Does it say anything at all about any meeting of any kind?" "No." "Does it say 'lay by him in store?'" "Yes." "Does the term 'lay by him' mean to put something into a common treasury?" "No." "Then is there the slightest evidence here that it was the custom of the early Christians to meet for worship on the first day of the week?" "I cannot say that there is." "But the text not only says 'lay by him in store,' which means to do this at home, but 'lay by him in store as God has prospered him.' Many people in business would only know how they had been prospered through the week by an examination of their accounts. Reckon up their income and their expenses. Subtract the one from the other, and the difference would show how they had been prospered. Very good work for a secular day, but not at all in keeping with a sacred day. Paul had no idea of Sunday sacredness, or he would never have given such instructions as that." "It does look that way to me now; but I thought it was good proof until we scrutinized it more closely. I have just one more text. In Rev., i, 10, John says he was in the spirit on the Lord's day. I have always been taught that Sunday is the Lord's day, and became such at the resurrection." "Does the Bible say so?" "No." "Did God ever bless Sunday?" "No." "Did He ever sanctify it?" "No." "Did He ever call it the Lord's day?" "No." "Did He ever apply any sacred title to it whatever?" "No." "Then why should we call it the Lord's day, and apply sacred titles to it, if the Lord never did? Did God ever bless the seventh day?" "Yes." "Did He sanctify it?" "Yes." "Did He call it the Sabbath of the Lord, thy God?" "Yes." "Did He call it 'My holy day?'" "Yes, Isa., lviii, 13." "Did Christ say He was its Lord?" "Yes, Matt., xii, 8." "Then what day is the Lord's day?" "It looks as if it were the Sabbath." "Yes; God gave six days to man, and reserved the seventh for Himself. Consequently it is the Lord's holy Sabbath day. You have been presenting to us what you considered proof for Sunday sacredness, and we have not been able to find any sacred title applied to it, nor any command for its observance, or any sanctification of it, or any blessing pronounced upon it. Neither have we found a single instance in which Christ or the apostles observed it as a sacred

day. We have not been able to find a single Divine reason for its observance. We keep it because Christ arose on that day, is of man, and not of God.

“Redemption is greater than creation, therefore we should keep Sunday, is declared by men; not by God. It is blessed, sanctified and commanded by man, but not by God; while on the other hand the seventh day is blessed, sanctified and commanded by the God of heaven. Observed by Christ, Luke, iv, 16; kept by the holy women after the resurrection, Luke, xxiii, 56; kept by the apostles, Acts, xiii, 13, 14, 42, 44. It was Paul’s manner to keep the Sabbath, Acts, xvii, 2, 13. He persuaded both Jews and Greeks (gentiles) every Sabbath, Acts, xviii, 4. John calls it Lord’s day in Rev., i, 10, and all flesh will observe it in the new earth, Isa., lxvi, 22, 23. My brother, in the light of these facts which day ought we keep?”

The gentleman did not say he would keep the Sabbath, but he left the tent in a very different state of mind to what he came. “To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey; his servants ye are to whom ye obey.”

Two ladies at Mankato believed the truth, and both desired baptism, and both were opposed by their husbands. One husband said, “This is something new, do not be too hasty: wait three months, and if you still desire baptism I will not object,” and he wept his grief before his wife, who finally consented to wait. When the three months were up he opposed her desire for baptism more vehemently than ever. One yielding prepared the way for another, until she gave up living out her convictions of duty altogether, and as a consequence her hope of eternal life fled and her light went out in darkness.

THE OTHER LADY

was at the tent the Sunday we were receiving candidates for baptism. Her husband told her if she was baptized he would not live with her. She wanted to know what she had better do under the circumstances. I said if she felt it her duty to God to be baptized, her husband had no right to stand between her and her God. So she decided to go forward, at which her husband was furious. They had but one child, a little boy, who wished to remain with his mother; but the father seized him by the arm and dragged the struggling, crying

child out of the tent, before all the people, giving his wife to understand the separation was final.

A wickeder looking man I never saw. This Christian heroine was baptized and her husband compelled her to walk home, a distance of six miles, he driving just ahead of her all the way, but not suffering her to get into the wagon. After reaching home, I was told, he threw all her Adventist publications into the fire, and the poor woman had a hard time of it for awhile; but she continued faithful, trusting in God and He gave her the victory. About three months afterward, as I entered the Mankato Adventist church, one Sabbath morning, I saw the gentleman and his wife, sitting side by side, as cosy as could be. I said to him: "I am very much surprised to see you here." "Well," he said, "I have decided to go with my wife." If the other lady had been equally firm, and true to her convictions, she, too, might be rejoicing, with her husband, in the blessed hope. How dost thou know, oh wife, but thou mayest gain thy husband; but no wife can gain her husband by yielding her convictions of truth and duty. I held meetings the next fall at Tenhassen, Martin county, in the same school house in which, years before, I had taught school. I had quite an experience getting there. Night overtook me and it was very dark, and I lost my way on the sparsely settled prairie. I kept driving on, sometimes in the road and sometimes out of it, not knowing whither I was going. At last I ran on to a house which proved to be Bro. Wilson's. I was made welcome, and it was much more agreeable than wandering in the cold and darkness. The next morning, while running behind the buggy to get warm, my horses ran away. My trunk went bobbing up and down, turned over on its side, and I expected, every moment, to see it fly out; but it did not. Some men ahead of me, in a wagon, stopped my horses before much damage was done. When I reached the meeting I found the brethren about ready to disperse. They had waited so long they had become discouraged and had given up hopes of my coming. Our meetings at Tenhassen were well attended and some were convinced of the truth and joined the little company of believers.

One evening, after I had spoken with a good degree of freedom on the Sabbath question, a gentleman went through the audience shaking hands and talking about his heart. He

kept Sunday and his heart did not condemn him. While I was putting on my overcoat he came to me about his heart, I opened my Bible and requested him to read Prov., xxviii. 26, which he did, as follows: "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool; but whoso walketh wisely shall be delivered." We heard but little more from him on the heart subject that evening.

Is it not passing strange that professed followers of Christ will reject the plain testimony of His word and follow the leadings of their own hearts? Better do as David did. He said, "Thy word, O, Lord, have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against Thee." Ps., c̄xix, 11. Dear reader, not our heart, but "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path to guide us in the way to heaven." Ps., cxix, 105. The winter of 1879-80 I held meetings in a school house about four miles northwest of Blue Earth City. After my meetings closed a Free-Will Baptist minister, Hardy by name, announced to speak on the Sabbath question. I announced that after his meeting was over I would speak the same evening on the same subject. I went early and took a chair with me. When I arrived I could scarcely find room to place my chair, and before meeting began the house was literally packed. The people clambered upon desks and everywhere they could get. It was so packed about the door it was nearly impossible to get in or out, while others stood outside and still others went home.

Elder Hardy went through the usual programme of making light of our people and work, but brought little proof for Sunday. After his sermon I arose, and he motioned with his hand and said "Sit down, sir, sit down." I meekly said, "Bro. Hardy, may I have the privilege of making an announcement?" "Oh, yes," he said. "After Bro. Hardy has dismissed his meeting I will immediately speak on the other side of this question, and extend to him a cordial invitation to remain, and all others who are not afraid to look at both sides of a subject. All who are afraid to, of course, are excused." Bro. Hardy, his deacon and a very few others left, but as they crowded out, others crowded in. My old class leader of former years started to go, but as he saw so few going he returned again. One lady who went out spoke so loudly as to seriously interrupt the services inside. I knew her voice, and cried out loud enough for her to hear: "That's a Methodist lady that is

making that great racket outside." She soon left and we had quiet.

Everybody listened with great attention until I was through. Then Mr. Wynne wanted to know how it could be that the Lord heard his prayers, if he were not right in keeping Sunday. We replied something as follows:

" 'We know God heareth us because we keep his commandments and do those things that are pleasing in his sight.' 1 John, iii, 22. Again, we may at one time be accepted of God, and because of the rejection of truth, be rejected of Him at another time. In Hosea, iv, 6, we read: 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge. Because thou hast rejected knowledge I will also reject thee. . . . Because thou hast forgotten the law of thy God I will also forget thy children.' It is plain, according to this scripture, that knowledge comes to the professed CHILDREN OF GOD concerning His law, and they reject it and are, in consequence, themselves rejected of God. We believe this scripture is being fulfilled now: 1st, There is a special message going to the people in regard to the commandments of God, especially the fourth precept, and many of God's professed people are rejecting it. 2. That this scripture refers especially to the last days is shown by the connection in which it stands. The second verse reads: 'By swearing and lying, and killing and stealing, and committing adultery, they break out, and blood toucheth blood.' What a faithful picture of our days. The third verse says: 'Therefore shall the land mourn, and everyone that dwelleth therein shall languish with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven; yea, the fishes of the sea also shall be taken away.' Have the fowls of heaven been taken away yet? No. Have the fishes of the sea been taken away yet? No; and will not be until the pouring out of the second plague. 'And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea, and it became as the blood of a dead man, and every living soul (fishes) died in the sea.' Rev., xvi, 3. As the rejection of knowledge in regard to God's law was to take place in the last days, and is now being fulfilled, you see, Bro. Wynne, that before knowledge comes to you, that you are transgressing God's law, your prayer might be heard and answered; while, when the light comes to you and you refuse to walk in it, both you and your prayers will be rejected of God. 'He that turneth his ear

away from hearing the law even his prayer shall be abomination.' Prov., xxviii, 9."

After meeting was dismissed a wilder class of people I never saw. They crowded around me and the uproar was tremendous. Really I did not know what would happen next. All at once, in the midst of the tumult, a voice arose high and clear above all other sounds: "I tell you, Mr. Hill is a Christian." It was the wife of a French gentleman that had spoken. In an instant every voice was hushed and there was a great calm. The spell was broken and we all went home. I believe it was the Lord's doing that she cried out as she did. Toward spring I began meetings near Kasota, Le Sueur county. Bro. Small, of Eagle Lake, had been holding meetings there. He was joined by an Eld. Sweet, who claimed to be almost persuaded to keep the Sabbath, but it turned out that he was only waiting to see which way the people of the neighborhood would turn. He soon discovered that they had no intention of keeping Sabbath, and he immediately became a very strong Sunday advocate, and worked against Bro. Small, who became a good deal discouraged. He told me he had done all he could for the people, but they seemed more and more determined to go the wrong way. He desired me to go with him to an appointment he had at the school house for the next Sunday.

We found a goodly number present, who listened attentively to the word spoken. I was so favorably impressed with the outlook that I began a course of lectures. The house was filled; evening after evening the people listened to the special truths for these last days, and a goodly number decided to obey. Sabbath school and meetings were established, which continue unto this day.

When the meetings were in full blast Eld. Sweet, who had been absent a few days, returned. He immediately began going from house to house striving to turn the people away from the faith. When I learned what he was doing, I publicly invited him to give the people his reasons for keeping Sunday, in the schoolhouse, the next evening. A crowd was out to hear him. After he had finished, I reviewed him briefly. The next morning he went away and was never seen in that neighborhood again. I felt sorry for him. Poor man! Nearing the end of life's journey, striving against the truth of God! He ought long ago to have learned that we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN MAY, 1880,

we had a memorable discussion in Eagle Lake, on the Sabbath question. Eld. Kelley, of Janesville, Minn., was the opposing party. There had been a good deal said about it in the papers beforehand, and people came for miles, many expecting that the Seventh Day Sabbath would now receive its death blow. Eld. Kelley depended a good deal on his wit to carry his point. He insisted on having a board of three moderators, who should decide who had presented the best argument. The board was composed of one Sabbath keeper and two Sunday keepers, one of whom was Eld. Burges, a great opposer of our faith. He had sometime previously preached what he called the funeral sermon of Seventh Day Adventism. It looked a little dubious about the decision. We had a great desire that the truth would triumph. We appointed an hour before day at which the brethren arose and sought the Lord's blessing on His own precious truth that day.

We went into the battle trusting in the almighty power of the God of truth, and he did not fail us. The elder worked hard. He even got down on his knees and prayed to the ten commandments, but it was all of no avail. After the discussion the committee retired to consult together. In a few minutes they returned, having agreed that Eld. Kelley had lost his proposition. The next issue of the *Mankato Free Press* contained a brief account of the discussion, ending with these words: "It was decided that Saturday is the right Sunday."

The next day after the discussion I was very weary and was resting in Dr. Cordell's house. Suddenly I was impressed that I ought to go immediately to the large 60-foot tent wherein the discussion was held. I did not wish to go, as I was very weary, but I could not shake off the impression, so I went. I found it filled with children at play. I told them to run away, and they ran in every direction; but none too soon, for the large center pole immediately fell over, taking the whole tent with it. One little fellow did not get out until the tent was upon him. He was not hurt, but was under the canvas. He was frightened nearly out of his wits, and he did his best at making a loud noise.

HAD THE POLE FALLEN

when all the children were in the tent, no doubt a number of them would have been killed, or very badly hurt. I was very

thankful I had been led there just in time to prevent such a sad result. Surely "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them," Ps., xxxiv, 7.

That same spring our people held an institute at Medford, Steele county. Bro. M. H. Gregory accompanied me in my buggy. We had a profitable time at the institute, which was conducted by Elder L. B. Whitney. On our return the roads were very muddy, and wherever I could find a bit of sod I would drive on it, if possible. Bro. Gregory kept saying, "You will upset the whole thing if you are not more careful." "Oh, don't be frightened; I never upset a buggy in my life." Sure enough, as I hugged a hillside, where there was grass, a little too close, we had to jump to save ourselves, and our things fell out into the mud. "Now!" cried Bro. Gregory, "never say again you never upset a buggy in your life." "Oh, Bro. Gregory, this is hardly an upset; only a spill out, that's all."

That summer Elder Dimmick, Bro. Gregory and myself held a tent meeting at Alma City. As usual, opposition raised up against the truth. One Elder D. Morgan for six meetings affirmed that the first day of the week is the Sabbath. Before he began he said he was not fool enough to do away with the fourth commandment; but he had not gone far before he said the whole ten were done away, which showed he was ten times more of a fool than he thought for. "The wise in heart will receive commandments, but a prating fool (one that prates or speaks against the commandments) shall fall." Prov., x, 8. When it was shown that the Methodist church authoritatively teaches that the ten commandments are the law of God, binding upon all men, Elder Morgan replied, "I am not preaching Methodist doctrine now." "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Mark, iii, 25.

"Therefore as the fire devoureth the stubble and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust, because they have cast away the law of the Lord of Hosts, and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel." Isa., v, 24. This terrible denunciation applies pointedly and unmistakably to Elder Morgan. He has cast away the law of the Lord of Hosts, as far as it is possible for man to do so. He says it is dead, done away and made void. He despises the only word God ever spoke to

man with His own voice, and wrote with His own Divine finger on the tables of stone. This word, so highly honored of God, He tramples in the dust, and calls it Jewish death, bondage, etc. Thus he despises the word of the Holy One of Israel. I warn him as a friend, I exhort him, and those ministers who uphold him in this great wickedness, to repent and do works meet for repentance before it is too late. The law of God is all right and will stand; but those who are found in opposition to its principles of righteousness will surely fall. "All Thy commandments are sure, they stand fast forever and ever." Ps., cxi, 7, 8.

Only a few embraced the truth at Alma City. The majority were highly pleased with the idea that God's law is abolished, and with it the Lord's Sabbath. What a sad awakening there will be, when they discover that the law they despised and rejected will be the rule by which they will be judged, Ecc., xii, 13, 14; Jas, ii, 10-12.

We were now living in Eagle Lake, Blue Earth county. Diphtheria was raging through that part of the country. In the city of Mankato its ravages were terrible. As I was returning from holding a general meeting near Wells, in September, 1880, some of the neighbors met me and told me my eldest son, Frankie, was down with the dread disease. For fifteen days and nights we watched over him and did what we could for him; but at last it became evident that we must part with our first born. Two or three days before he died he said, "Papa, I am going to die." Darling boy! His eye brightened as he spoke of the heavenly city. He said, "There will be no sorrow there." How thankful we were for a religion so simple, so precious, that a child ten years old could be comforted and sustained by it, even in the face of death. Even his young heart could trust in Jesus in that trying hour.

AS THE END DREW NEAR

he wanted his papa to lie down with him and then hold him in his arms in a chair, and then lie down with him again. The physician was present and told me not to do so, as I might take the disease. I said his dying request should be granted, regardless of consequences. It was such a crushing blow to us. Oh, how our sad hearts were wounded, and how lonely our house seemed, and still the death angel was hovering over

us. Our eldest little girl, Ella, was sick with the same disease, and the night after Frankie was buried she had a terrible fever. We wrung a large cloth out of cold water and laid it on the whole length of her body. In a few minutes it would be steaming with heat, when we would repeat the process, until finally the fever subsided. The next morning as the doctor came in, he said, "That little girl will get well," which she did. It seemed we could not bear the strain of losing another of our dear children at that time; but our hearts were comforted with the blessed hope that the Life Giver would soon come again and restore our loved ones to us once more. The diphtheria still raged, and in January, 1881, it came to our next door neighbors. As our children had played with theirs, we were afraid that the diphtheria would visit us again. Our worst fears were realized. Our only remaining little boy, Gurden, five years old, and his little sister Nellie, one year and a half old, were taken down with it.

· THOSE WERE DARK DAYS.

It seemed as though my head would burst as I beheld the suffering of the little ones. How it made our hearts long for the time to come when there will be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying, for the former things have passed away. The little girl was saved, and she has been sunshine to our hearts ever since, but little Gurden was laid beside his brother, until the voice of the archangel will awake the sleeping saints.

I did not enter a new field that winter, finding plenty to do in looking after the churches of Kasota, Eagle Lake, Man-kato, Alden, Wells, Tenhassen and Milford. The latter church was situated near Spirit Lake, in northwestern Iowa.

The following April, in company with Elder Ells, I visited the churches of Tenhassen and Milford. It was a time of high water. Streams were swollen, bridges and houses were swept away by the angry floods. As we got to Fairmont, Martin county, we found it was impossible to get to Bro. Knowlton's, who lived four miles in the country, by the wagon road. We followed the railroad track until we crossed the outlet of the lake. Then we took across the prairie, winding around the sloughs as best we could. We eventually reached Bro. Knowlton's, tired and weary, glad to find a resting place. The next morning Bro. Knowlton said the water was too high

and cold to drive his team to Tenhassen, eight or nine miles distant. As we had an appointment for the next evening, I told Bro. Ells I would try to get through on foot. If I could not get through I could come back again. I found I had a difficult journey to perform. The country was afloat with ice-cold water. Sloughs I could not get around I forded, and so made my way until I reached Mr. De Wolf's, opposite Tenhassen; but between, rolled rods and rods of swift-running water, and not a boat to be had. What is to be done next? So near to Tenhassen, and must we fail now? "What do you think, Bro. De Wolf, can you not take me to the bridge with your team?" "Well, we might try. What do you say, Tom?" speaking to his hired man, "We were the last to venture across on the ice, suppose we be the first to try the water." "I don't care," said Tom, so we started immediately. It was a risky piece of business.

The water kept deepening until the horses began to swim. The water came into the wagon box and we stood upon the seat. As we stood there the water came half-way to the tops of our boots. The swift current twirled one of the end-boards out of the wagon box, and what will come next? It looked very much as if we would have to swim in the cold water. Just then the water became shallower, and soon the horses struck bottom and we came out all right. When we reached the long bridge across the outlet we found a large share of it had fallen flat upon the water, and there were rods of water between the far end of it and the dry land. I met a man on the bridge who said he had poled himself from the shore to the bridge on a flat stick of timber. I took his pole and stick of timber and was soon on *terra firma*. That evening a goodly number were present and we had a good meeting, and I was happy to be able to fill my appointment and speak an encouraging word to God's children. After a few days I was joined by Bro. Ells, and we went on to Milford. The distance was about thirty miles over a vast rolling prairie. About midway between Tenhassen and Milford lived a Bro. Crumb. We invariably stopped there, going and coming, for rest and refreshments. So his place was appropriately termed Crumb Station. At Estherville we found the bridge across the Des Moines river carried away, and we crossed in a small boat. There was a great hole in the mill. The water had thrust a great cake of ice

clear through it. The place looked desolate enough. In the new earth there will be no such scenes of destruction. May the happy change soon come! We held a series of meetings with the Milford church, encouraged them what we could in the way of holiness unto the Lord, had a baptism in lake Okebogue, and started on foot for Tenhassen. Thus, in weariness and painfulness, was the cause built up in those early days.

The following summer Eld. Ells and myself held tent meetings in St. Peter. The interest was not great, but some embraced the present Truth and were baptized. One hot, sultry day as I was preparing to write letters, a couple of men entered the tent. I invited them to be seated, and entered into conversation, as follows: "Do you live in this vicinity?" "No, sir; we live more than fifteen hundred miles from here," "Oh, you are from the East, I presume?" "No, sir; we are from the West—from Utah. We are Mormon elders." "Is that so? I never saw a Mormon elder before. Do you believe in a plurality of wives?" "Yes, sir; we do." "Why do you believe such nonsense as that?" "That is not nonsense; that is Bible. Abraham was a good man, and he had more than one wife." "You went a long way back for an example. While you were going so far back why did you not go back to the beginning—to Adam? God made one man and made just one wife for him. God knew what was best for man. If two or more wives had been for his highest good, God would not have withheld them from him. One man and one woman was God's ideal of marriage, and any deviation from the perfect pattern, whether by Abraham, or Mormons, or anybody else, is a perversion of the marriage institution." "Well, I say to you, sir, we are commanded in the New Testament to have more than one wife." "You astonish me. I supposed I had read every word in the New Testament several times, but I never read anything like that." "We are told in the New Testament that we should do the works of Abraham, and he had more than one wife, so, if we do the works of Abraham, we will also have more than one wife. If we don't we will not do the works Abraham did." "Well, let us see how that would work: Abraham married Sarah; so, to do as Abraham did, we will have to marry Sarah, too. Afterward we must marry Hagar, Sarah's maid; then trouble comes into the family, in fact domestic infelicity reaches such a height that we will be compelled

to give Hagar a loaf of bread and a bottle of water, and send her and her son away into the wilderness. So we would only have one wife at last. You see, gentlemen, you have referred to a very poor example for a plurality of wives." I wonder if Mormons do not often feel like Abraham, very sorry they were foolish enough to enter upon a course fraught with so much domestic unhappiness. They thought we ought to let them have our tent in which to preach Mormonism; but, of course, we could not do so. Poor fellows! Going up and down in the earth to build up error and falsehood, supposing they are doing God service. They endure cold, hunger and ridicule cheerfully, believing they will be rewarded in the Kingdom of God.

There are, no doubt, rogues and deceivers among them; but many of them are sincere men; but, alas, sincerity does not remove their ignorance and superstition. Oh, the power of Satan, that holds men in such utter darkness when the true light shines all around them. How thankful we ought to be for the light.

“ Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high;
 Shall we to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny? ”

I worked in harvest that year for Bro. Wm. Pettis, of Kasota. It was hard work for me, but I stood it pretty well. The next fall I held meetings in the Herrick school house, in northwestern Iowa. At first we had a very small attendance. Those who did attend reported excellent meetings, and soon we had a housefull.

THE LORD BLESSED THE WORK

to the salvation of some who embraced the precious truths for the days in which we live. The winter was quite open and there was much foggy weather. Sometimes the fog was so dense you could not see a rod before you.

Mr. Murray's family were much interested in the meetings. The gentleman was often away from home and then it was quite difficult for his wife and children to get to meeting, and I used to either send some one with a team for them or go myself. One evening I had Bro. Herrick's team, taking them home from meeting and the fog was so dense we lost our way on the prairie. I felt very uneasy at the prospect of staying all

night on the prairie with the mother and five children, none of whom were any too warmly clad. The larger children and I stretched out in every direction from the wagon in hopes of finding some way mark by which to determine our whereabouts. At last we ran on to an old straw-stack. The children said, "We know where we are now; this road that runs by the stack leads right up to our house." And so it proved. It was a great relief to me to see them all safe at home.

A CHAPTER OF DISASTERS.

The next spring we had baptism a mile or two from the schoolhouse, where the meetings were held. A nice company of young people were baptized. How my heart swelled with gratitude to God, who had turned their young hearts from the ways of sin to love God and keep His commandments. After baptism I was going to take Sister Murray and her children home in my buggy. After they were all in the buggy there was very little room for me, so I said, Ralph, the oldest child, might drive the horses and I would ride with some one else.

Sister Murray thought her boy could drive all right, and so they started, a little in advance of the rest. All at once there was a cry raised, "Whose team is that running away?" I looked up, and lo, there was my team running, with the buggy turned upside down, with nothing left of the box but the bottom.

With fear and trembling I ran up to where the family were dumped out upon the ground in a heap. Sister Murray's shoulder was dislocated and was very painful. One little girl's nose was bleeding profusely. As she wept she wiped her face with her hands and the blood from her nose fell on her hands and she was covered with blood face, hands, everywhere. I thought she must be badly hurt, but not a scratch could be found upon her. Poor Sister Murray suffered severely. The summer of 1882 I did not hold any tent meetings in new fields, being occupied in building up the work among the churches. In the autumn we held a general meeting at Eagle Lake, at which Sister Plum requested that a course of meetings be held at Good Thunder, a town situated about thirteen miles south of Mankato, on the Wells & Mankato branch of the C. & M. R. R. It was decided I should go and see what could be done. It was a German town, with comparatively

few American people in it. It was a great place for drinking beer. The Catholics and Lutherans would flock to church on Sunday morning, and after meeting, the sisters would sell their butter and eggs at the stores, while the brethren would regale themselves with beer and tobacco in the saloons, not having the remotest idea that they were not the best of Christians, fully believing that St. Peter would immediately swing wide open the pearly gate, and give them a royal welcome into the shining city as soon as they should shuffle off this mortal coil, and leave this mundane sphere. To intimate to them that their religion was not the genuine article, was to incur their hot displeasure at once. Some said: "If Bro. Hill goes there, they will ride him out of town on a rail." "Very well, I will have a ride then, for I am going." The Baptist place of worship was secured in which to hold meetings, and we began one Sunday evening in November, 1882. I drove a good many miles through the cold and arrived rather late. The house was filled and the Lord gave freedom in preaching His word. After meeting the Baptist brethren gathered around me and expressed themselves highly gratified with the service and said, "Bro. Hill, as long as you preach Bible we will stand by you." "Very well, brethren, then you will stand by me always, for I don't know how to preach anything else but Bible."

The meetings increased in interest continually until the sound of them went out into the country for miles around. People said no such meetings were ever held in Good Thunder before.

A Mrs. Graf, wife of the hardware merchant, became much interested in the meetings, but her husband did not seem inclined to attend. He excused himself by saying: "I must attend to business." One evening, as she returned from meeting, she discovered he had been having a good time in her parlor drinking beer and playing cards with a few boon companions. His excuse of business was no longer of any avail; Julius must go to meeting, and to meeting he went. He also became interested and finally gave his heart to God, and is today, 1892, proclaiming the closing message of salvation to the world.

While explaining the prophecies and the signs of the times, the interest was intense. Saint and sinner, believer and unbeliever, were full of the themes preached on in the meetings.

In the post office, stores, shops and on the street corners, the meetings were the subject of conversation and discussion.

When we reached the Sabbath question the interest deepened. As the truth was presented on that subject, many were enabled to see that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, thy God, and a goodly number began its observance. Perhaps a sermon or two on the Sabbath question will be of interest to the reader, showing how people were led to forsake the traditions and institutions of men to keep the commandments of the Lord.

“My Friends: This evening we have come together to consider the Sabbath question. There are two days before the people claiming to be the Sabbath of the Lord. They cannot both be genuine, for God does not require two holy Sabbaths in every week. One must be genuine, the other counterfeit. Which is genuine; which is counterfeit? Is it hard to tell? The seventh day Sabbath came from God. ‘See, for the Lord hath given you the Sabbath.’ Ex., xvi, 29. Did a counterfeit or a fraud come from God? Hardly. God rested on the seventh day; God blessed and sanctified it. Gen., ii, 1-3. Not only so, but God proclaimed with His own voice: ‘The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, thy God.’ He did more. The Divine Being wrote with His own finger on the table of stone: ‘The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, thy God.’ Thus the seventh day Sabbath bears upon it the blessing, sanctification and superscription of Almighty God. You would be ashamed to ask for more proof of its genuineness.

“What about Sunday, the first day of the week? Sunday, so called because anciently it was dedicated to the sun, or its worship.—Webster. The heathen worshipped a counterfeit God (the sun) on a counterfeit day (Sunday), while God’s people worshipped the true God on His true, holy Sabbath. Thus it is certain that anciently Sunday was a counterfeit institution and the seventh day was the only genuine Lord’s day. Now you say the Lord has changed all this; what was once the genuine has become the counterfeit, and what was once the counterfeit has become the true Lord’s day. We all agree that at one time it was pleasing to God to keep the seventh day and displeasing to Him to keep Sunday, because it was a heathen festival instituted in honor of a false God. But now

you say it is displeasing to God to keep the seventh day, and that it is His will and pleasure that we keep Sunday holy; that is to say, what God formerly blessed He condemns now, and what He formerly condemned He blesses now. I cannot believe such a thing possible. It don't look just right, does it? But how did this great change come about? Did God rest on Sunday? No one claims that He did. Did He transfer His blessing and sanctification from the seventh day to Sunday? Not that anybody knows of. Did God ever command anyone to keep it holy? Such a commandment has never yet been found; it does not exist. Did He ever call it the Sabbath? Never. Did he ever apply any sacred title to it whatever? Every intelligent man and woman in this audience will say, 'No, He never did.' Then do you not think Sunday sacredness rather doubtful? Or do you still think we must observe Sunday sacredly or be eternally lost? I think if Sunday had become the Lord's day, He would have told us so in His holy word. Don't you?

“Perhaps you still hold that Sunday is the Christian Sabbath and the seventh day is the old Jewish Sabbath.

“Did you ever find the term ‘Christian Sabbath’ in the Bible? Of course not. It is a fraudulent term, invented to apply to a fraudulent institution. But why call the seventh day the old Jewish Sabbath? Christ said it was made for man. Mark, ii, 27. M-a-n does not spell J-e-w. Since the Sabbath was made for man and we are men; therefore the Sabbath was made for us. The only escape from this conclusion is to maintain that the Jews are the only men that ever did or ever will exist. For my part I am not prepared to admit any such thing.

“Again, the Sabbath was made at creation. It took three things to make the Sabbath. First, God rested on the seventh day; then it was God's rest day. Secondly, God blessed the seventh day; then it was God's blessed rest day. Thirdly, God sanctified it; thus it became God's blessed, sanctified rest or Sabbath day. Thus the Sabbath was made God's holy day in the beginning, two thousand five hundred years before there was a Jew in existence; yet people say, ‘The seventh day is the old Jewish Sabbath.’ My friends, are you not sincerely sorry you ever talked that way about the holy day of the Lord? The commandment, itself, forever overthrows the idea that the Sabbath is Jewish.

“Let us read the commandment as our friends would have it read: ‘Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the’ old Jewish Sabbath. It don’t read that way, does it? It does read, ‘The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.’ Then the Sabbath belongs to God, and not to the Jews. We won’t call it the old Jewish Sabbath any more, will we? It is a perversion of the truth. It is wrong and wicked to do so.

“In Isaiah, lviii, 13, we read, ‘If thou turn thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing my pleasure on my holy day, and shalt call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shall honor Him,’ etc. Here we are told to call the Sabbath a delight. Some of you say your minister called the Sabbath a yoke of bondage; well, your minister called the Sabbath bondage, and the Lord says, call it a delight. Which do you think tells the truth about it, the Lord or your minister, and which will you mind, the minister or the Lord your God? We are not only to call the Sabbath a delight, but the holy of the Lord, honorable. Did you call it the old Jewish Sabbath to honor it, or to dishonor it? No doubt you thought to cast odium upon it; but that is directly opposite to what God’s spirit tells us to do. Since God’s spirit directs us to call the Sabbath a delight, holy of the Lord, honorable, are we led by the Lord’s spirit if we call it Jewish, bondage, etc., and do what we can to make the Sabbath base and contemptible in the sight of men? ‘As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God.’ Rom., viii, 14. If we are led by an opposite spirit, whose children are we? John, viii, 44. Isa., lviii, 13, not only tells us to call the Sabbath a delight, holy of the Lord, honorable, but by so doing we shall honor God. So we see God’s honor is involved in this matter. My fellow Christians, you revere God, His honor is sacred in your eyes. But God plainly teaches in His word that when we honor the Sabbath we honor Him. Then it follows, if we dishonor the Sabbath we dishonor God. This is a serious matter, and we will be careful not to speak slightly of the Sabbath any more. We will no longer stigmatize it as the old Jewish Sabbath; but call it the Lord’s holy, honorable day, as He has plainly taught us to do in His holy word.

“‘Yes, but,’ I hear some friend say, ‘that was all right in

Old Testament times ; but now we live in New Testament times, and have a new Sabbath, the first day of the week.' Well, my friends, I have a proposition to make to you this evening. If the New Testament teaches that the first day of the week is the Sabbath, I will keep it with you. On the other hand, if the New Testament teaches that the seventh day is the Sabbath, you will keep it with me, and we will have no division in this community on the Sabbath question. Now, mind you, we are to settle it by the New Testament. I take you to be good, honest people, and you will in nowise dodge what the New Testament says on this important subject. We will first read Matt., xxviii, 1, 'In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week,' etc. From this it is clear to every one that the Sabbath comes just before the first day of the week. Mark bears the same testimony: 'And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Salome, had bought sweet spices that they might come and anoint Him. And very early in the morning the first day of the week they came unto the sepulcher at the rising of the sun.' Mark, xvi, 1, 2. No one can doubt that Mark calls the seventh day the Sabbath, for he says, 'The Sabbath was past when the first day began.' Thus Matthew and Mark testify to the same fact.

“We will now read Luke, xxiii, 56, 'And they (the holy women) returned and prepared spices and ointments and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment.' Here it is expressly stated that they kept the Sabbath according to the commandment. That is the way you and I want to keep it. In fact, if we do not keep it according to the commandment we do not keep it at all. But which day did the holy women observe as the Sabbath, the first or the seventh day? The next verse tells us, 'Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulcher, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them.' Luke, xxiv, 1. You see, my friends, that the first day of the week always comes along just after the Sabbath was past. It is always one day too late to be the Sabbath according to the New Testament. Again I ask, Does the Sabbath come just before the first day of the week according to the New Testament? In the light of the testimony of Matthew, Mark and Luke, which I have just read, you must answer

yes. But what day comes always just before the first day of the week? You answer, the seventh day of course. Then what day should you and I observe as the Sabbath according to the New Testament? You must, in conscience answer, the seventh day. Now we will all keep it, won't we? One point more. The holy women kept the Sabbath according to the commandment by keeping the last or seventh day of the week. It follows that when we keep the seventh day we keep the Sabbath according to the commandment. Now, my Sunday-keeping friend, let me ask you kindly, if we keep the Sabbath according to the commandment by keeping the seventh day, do you not go contrary to the commandment when you keep Sunday. Before we close to-night I wish to say to you, there is not the slightest shadow of evidence for Sunday keeping in the Bible. The first day of the week is only mentioned eight times in the New Testament. Now, to-morrow please take your Bibles and concordances and look up every place where it is mentioned, and if you find where it is once called the Sabbath, or Lord's day, or a single instance in which Christ or an apostle observed it as such, I will observe it also. You will search the scriptures to find the truth on this important question. I would suggest you get your ministers to help you, and to-morrow evening you shall have opportunity to present your scripture proof for Sunday sacredness. To-morrow evening the subject will be, 'Who Changed the Sabbath?'

“My Friends: In the good providence of God we are permitted to assemble here once more to investigate a portion of His word. The subject before us is, 'Who Changed the Sabbath?' But before going farther I will inquire, how many have found where the first day is called the Sabbath or Lord's day in the New Testament, or where Christ or the apostles observed it as such in a single instance, or any Bible proof for it whatever. All such please hold up your hands. Not a hand raised! Not one of you with the aid of your ministers could find a particle of Bible proof for Sunday keeping; well, it is hard to find proof where there is none. Of course if there were any Bible proof for Sunday sacredness, you Christians, who have listened to preaching, attended Sunday school, and studied your Bibles all your lives, could certainly find it. So

we all settle down on this one fact, there is no Bible proof for Sunday sacredness. Upon this point we all agree. We will now show who did not change the Sabbath.

“God says, ‘My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that has gone out of my lips.’ Ps., lxxxix, 34. You may say this does not especially refer to the Sabbath. Perhaps not, but at least it states the truth that God will not alter the thing that has gone out of His lips. Did the Sabbath come out of His lips? Yes. Will He alter it? No, for He says, ‘I will not alter the thing that has gone out of my lips.’ Christ did not change the Sabbath. He says, ‘Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy but to fulfill; for verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled.’ (Till all things are accomplished.—Sawyer. Till all things are ended.—Norton. Till all things are accomplished.—Revised Version. Matt. v, 17-19.) Have heaven and earth passed away? No. Have all things been accomplished? No. Then has one word or letter passed away from the Sabbath commandment? You must, in all candor, answer no. Christ taught His disciples to pray that their flight from Jerusalem, nearly forty years after His resurrection, might not be on the Sabbath day, Matt., xxiv, 20, which does not look much like abolishing or changing the Sabbath, does it?

“At first all the Christians were Jews, and they were all zealous of the law, Acts, xxi, 20. If they were zealous of the law, they were zealous of the Sabbath also. The first Gentile convert to the Christian faith was Cornelius, A. D. 41, Acts, x, 1-48. Be it known unto all people that until the year of our Lord 41 the many thousands of Christians were all zealous Sabbath keepers, and there was not a Sunday keeping Christian in the whole world. The apostles were Jews, and every believer and every preacher of the gospel were all Jews for years after the resurrection. Were they all zealous of the law? Yes. Were they all zealous observers of the seventh day? Yes. Did one of them observe Sunday? Not one. It is not reasonable that they observed two Sabbaths every week.

THE APOSTLES OBSERVED THE SABBATH

and held religious meetings on that day. They met with the Jews in the synagogue on the Sabbath. Acts, xiii, 14. They

met with the gentiles on that day. Acts, xiii, 42-44. They met by the river side. Acts, xvi, 13. It was the only Sabbath known to the apostles. 'For Moses of old time hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath day.' Acts, xv, 21. All agree that every Sabbath in which Moses was read in the synagogue was the seventh day Sabbath. If the seventh day was every Sabbath, where could the first day Sabbath be? It simply could not be at all. The apostle James had no knowledge of any other weekly Sabbath than the seventh day Sabbath. Again, 'and he (Paul) reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath and persuaded both the Jews and the Greeks' (gentiles). Acts, xviii, 4. Did he reason in the synagogue on the Sunday Sabbath? No; but he reasoned every Sabbath. Where then was the Sunday Sabbath? It was not born yet. Paul worked on Sunday. 'And because they were of the same craft, he abode with them and wrought for by their occupation,' they were tent makers, 'And he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath and persuaded the Jews and Greeks.' Acts, xviii, 3, 4. What did Paul do on every Sabbath? He reasoned in the synagogue. What did he do on other days of the week? Worked at tent making. Then what did he do on Sunday? The conclusion is irresistible that Paul worked at tent making on Sunday. Sunday sacredness came into the church later than Paul's day. Dr. Smith in his Bible Dic. Art. Sabbath says that the Lord's day gradually took the place of the Jewish Sabbath. Yes, it was a gradual process, this bringing Sunday observance into the Christian church, the same as all other errors were brought in.

"People's Encyclopedia, page 1597, says: 'There has been no period, since the time of Christ, when there were no Sabbath keeping Christians in the church. There is no positive evidence of any form of Sunday observance by Christians previous to the middle of the second century.'

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK

says: 'The selection of Sunday, thus changing the particular day designated in the fourth commandment, was brought about by the gradual concurrence of the early Christian church, and on this basis, and no other, does the Christian Sabbath, the first day of the week, rightly rest. The exact date of the

substitution of the first day for the proper observance is not known.' *People's Cyclopedia*, p. 519.

“Thomas Scott, on Acts, xx, 7, says: ‘The change from the seventh to the first day of the week seems to have been gradually and silently introduced by example rather than by express precept.’

“Chamber's *Cyclopedia*, p. 85, 3d edition, 1881, gives the following: ‘At what date the Sunday, or the first day of the week, began to be generally used by Christians as a stated time for religious meetings, we have no definite information, either in the New Testament, or in the writings of the Fathers of the church.’

“Sir William Domville says: ‘Centuries of the Christian era passed away before the Sunday was observed by the Christian church as a Sabbath Examination of the six texts.’

“Much more might be given to the same import, but it is not necessary. We have found that God did not change the Sabbath; that Christ did not change it, and that the apostles had no such mission or intention. That the change was gradual and was not effected until hundreds of years after Christ.

“Who then did change the Sabbath?

“In Dan., viii, 12, we read of a power that should cast down the truth to the ground. It is generally conceded that the Roman power is here referred to. Has Rome cast down the truth to the ground? Yes. She has perverted the truth in regard to heaven and hell, and the forgiveness of sin. She has perverted the Lord's supper into an idolatrous feast, teaching that the priest has power to make a dozen or more Gods and carry them around in his breeches pocket. We all know that there is not a truth in the Christian religion that Rome has not grossly perverted and cast down to the ground, unless it be the Sabbath truth. Do you think the Sabbath escaped his hand, while all other truth fell under it? I think Rome has taken a turn at the Sabbath truth as well as the rest. In Dan., vii, 25, we have a prophecy that relates to the Papacy: ‘And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and shall think to change times and laws and they shall be given into his hand until a time, times and the dividing of time.’

“Has the Papacy spoken great words against the Most

High? Yes. The Pope attributes to himself the attributes of of Deity. He calls himself Lord God, the Pope. He says: 'I am like the Most High, infallible; I cannot err,' and many other such like things. Has the Papacy worn out the saints of the Most High? Yes; countless millions of the saints of God have gone down to the chambers of death under its cruel power. 'And he should think to change times and laws (of the Most High).' Do you think he has fulfilled this part of the prophecy? We will let him speak for himself. On the change of the fourth commandment. Q. By whom was it changed? A. By the governors of the church. Abridgment of Christian Doctrine.

"Q. What warrant have you for keeping the Sunday preferable to the ancient Sabbath, which was the Saturday? A. We have for it the authority of the Catholic church, and apostolic tradition.—Catholic Christian Instructed. They have not only changed the Sabbath into Sunday, but boast of it as an evidence of their great power.

"How prove you that the church hath power to command feasts and holy days? A. By the very act of changing Sabbath into Sunday. Abridgment of Christian Doctrine.

WHY BRING SUNDAY KEEPING

into the church? For the same reason image worship and other heathen notions were brought in. After Constantine professed Christianity, multitudes of heathen rushed into the church who knew nothing of Christianity beyond the name, and brought their heathen practices with them, among which was Sunday keeping. At first it was not kept very well. The first Sunday law extant was made by Constantine, A. D. 321, which allowed farmers full liberty to carry on their work on that day; but the Catholic church took it up and christened it Lord's day, and in its councils enjoined its strict observance. In the council of Laodicea, A. D. 364, Sunday was not only enjoined, but a curse was pronounced upon those who kept the seventh day. Thus the Catholic church gradually substituted Sunday, that wild solar holiday of all pagan times, for the Sabbath of the Lord. Catholicism is only a mixture of heathenism and Christianity, and it is the most natural thing in the world that they should mix Sunday, the old heathen festival, in with the rest, and they did.

“We have shown that the Sunday institution had its origin among the heathen and was brought into the Catholic church by the multitudes of heathen who flocked into it at the conversion of Constantine. That it was blessed, sanctified and commanded by emperors, councils, popes, and earthly princes and potentates, resting entirely upon the commandments of men, without a ‘Thus saith the Lord’ for its support. And in conclusion I will briefly show that the seventh day, the only weekly Sabbath or sacred day known to the Bible will be restored and kept by the true people of God just before the coming of Christ.

“It is said of them, ‘Here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.’ Rev., xiv, 12. The next event is the coming of the Son of Man on the white cloud, 14th verse. To keep the commandments of God means to keep them all, every one of them, for James says, ‘If we keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, we are guilty of all.’ Jas., ii, 10. Is not the Sabbath a point in the law? Yes. Then if we violate God’s holy Sabbath can we be called commandment keepers? No, not by any means. It follows when God says just before the coming of Christ, ‘Here are they that keep the commandments of God,’ he refers to a class of people who keep the Sabbath. How do they become Sabbath keepers? Because of a reform on the Sabbath just prior to the second advent. Isa., lvi, 1, 2, reads: ‘Thus saith the Lord, keep ye justice and do judgment, for my salvation is near to come and my righteousness to be revealed. Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and that keepeth his hand from doing any evil.’ When is this to be done? ‘For my salvation is near to come, and my righteousness to be revealed.’ Peter says: ‘Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.’ 1 Pet., i, 5. It is certain the Salvation will be revealed in the last time. But when that salvation is near to come we are to lay hold of the Sabbath. We do not have hold of the Sabbath, or the Lord would not tell us to lay hold of it if we did. It would be folly to tell me to lay hold of the Sabbath if I already had hold of it. You have hold of a counterfeit Sabbath, blessed, sanctified and commanded of men, while God’s holy Sabbath day you have disregarded and

set at naught. Now He calls upon you to forsake the pagan, papal Sunday and accept and lay hold of God's true, holy Sabbath day. He says, 'Blessed is the man that doeth this.'

'That means you and me and everybody. 'Blessed is the son of man that layeth hold upon it.' You are sons of men, are you not? Yes. Then God sends this message to you — to lay hold of and keep the Sabbath, and He says He will bless you in so doing. When? 'For my salvation is near to come and my righteousness to be revealed;' and Peter tells us the salvation will be revealed in the last time. My friends, this plain message comes to you to-night. What will you do with it? I hope you will accept it and receive the promised blessing.

'Ezek., xiii, 4, reads: 'Oh! Israel; thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts; ye have not gone up into the gaps; neither have ye made up the hedge for the house Israel to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord.' In this scripture is brought to view the battle in the day of the Lord. - Peter says: 'The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in which the heavens being on fire shall pass away with a great noise,' etc. 2 Pet., 3-10. In that day there will be a great battle. 'And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon and out of the mouth of the beast and out of the mouth of the false prophet. These be the spirits of devils working miracles, which go unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world to gather them together to the battle of the great day of God Almighty.' Rev., xvi, 13, 14.

'It will be the greatest battle the world has ever seen. It will be the last great conflict, when Gog and Magog will come up to the great battle of Armageddon, when all the nations, kings and kingdoms of the whole world will be involved. In that time of awful peril the Lord's people will be protected by the power of God, the same as Noah was protected in the time of the flood, and the same as the Israelites were protected when the first born of Egypt were destroyed. But in order thus to stand, the hedge must be made up, the gap or breach in the hedge must be repaired. What is the hedge or protection for God's people in the time of trouble? We believe it is the law of God. If we keep God's commandments, He will keep us. If we despise His commandments and defy His

authority, we cannot expect the Divine protection. The time of trouble is brought to view in the 91st Psalm: 'Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth by noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.' Ps., xci, 5-8. Thus we see God's people will stand secure, while the wicked fall by the ten thousand on every side. What will be their shield or protection? We read in the fourth verse, 'His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.' Oh, yes; God's truth will be our hedge or protection in that day. What is emphatically God's truth? 'Open ye the gates that the righteous nation that keepeth the truth may enter in.' Isa., xxvi, 2. 'Blessed are they that do His commandments that they may have right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city.' Rev., xxii, 14. As they who keep the truth enter in, and those who keep the commandments enter in, we conclude that the commandments and the truth are the same. To this agree the words of the Psalmist: 'Thou art near, O, Lord, and all thy commandments are truth.' Ps., cxix, 151. Again, 'Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is the truth.' Ps., cxix, 142. Now, put these together. 'His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.' 'All thy commandments are truth.' 'Thy law is the truth.' Or, put it this way, 'His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thy law is the truth;' therefore, thy law shall be our shield, hedge or defense in the time of trouble. What is the gap in the law that should be made up or repaired by the prophets (religious teachers)? We believe it is in the fourth commandment. First, All religious teachers agree that the nine commandments are all right and should be observed as they were spoken by the voice of God. Not so with the fourth. They think it has been changed in some way or abolished or something, so that it is no longer necessary to keep the seventh day specified in the commandment. Second, In Ezek., xxii, 30, we find the same work of making up the hedge brought to view: 'And I sought for a man among them that should make up the hedge and stand in the gap before me for the land that I should not destroy it, but I found none.' The 26th verse of the same

chapter shows exactly where the gap is: 'Her priests have violated my law and have profaned mine holy things. They have put no difference between the holy and the profane, neither have they showed difference between the unclean and the clean, and have hid their eyes from my Sabbaths and I am profaned among them.' Yes, there it is. 'They have hid their eyes from my Sabbaths.' Yes, the Sabbath command is as plain and emphatic as the other nine, but somehow the prophets (religious teachers) don't see it. In order for the house of Israel (God's people) to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord, this gap, or breach, in the law must be repaired. How can this be done? Take an example or two. 'Therefore He said that He would destroy them had not Moses, His chosen, stood before Him in the breach to turn away His wrath lest He should destroy them.' Ps., cvi, 23. How had the Israelites made a breach in God's law? The 19th verse reads: 'They made a calf in Horeb, and worshipped the molten image.' They had broken the command, 'thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image,' etc., and God was about to destroy them, but Moses stood in the breach. How did he do that? He showed the people the greatness of their sin and caused them to turn from it, Ex., xxxii, 30-35. One more instance: The Israelites could not stand in battle before the men of Ai. Why not? Achan had made a breach in God's law. How? He had stolen and dissembled also, and they could not stand in the battle until that breach was made up. Then they could stand in battle and triumph over their foes, Josh., chap. 7. God would be with them and protect them in battle, if they would sincerely obey His commandments; otherwise not. Even so in the last days God will keep His obedient children from every danger, while of the disobedient it is said, 'A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee; only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.' How important that the people be shown the sin of trampling upon the fourth precept of God's law, and of observing a man-made institution in its stead, and thus be led to repair the breach or make up the gap in God's law.

'But that is just what the religious teachers refuse to do, and make all kinds of excuses instead. I will read some more in connection with what I have already read: 'Oh, Israel, thy

prophets are like the foxes in the deserts. Ye have not gone up into the gaps, neither made up the hedge for the house of Israel to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord. They have seen vanity and a lying divination, whereas ye say the Lord saith, and the Lord hath not spoken, and they have made others to hope that they would confirm the word.' Yes, my friends, when a religious teacher says the Lord commands or requires us to keep the first day of the week holy, he sees a lying divination, for the Lord has never spoken any such thing. 'And they have made others to hope they would confirm the word.' How often when the truth on the Sabbath question is presented to the people, they look to their minister in the hope that he will confirm the word that Sunday is the Sabbath. Vain hope, for no such word can be found in the oracles of God. I will now read from the 10th verse: 'Because, even because, they have seduced my people; saying peace when there is no peace, and one built up a wall and another daubed it with untempered mortar. They strive to hide the gap in God's law by building up a wall before it.' The first day of the week is the Christian Sabbath, is the wall; but it will not fit the gap. Let us see: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the first day is the Christian Sabbath. In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is; and rested on the first day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Christian Sabbath and hallowed it because Christ arose from the dead on that day.' Of course we all see that the Sunday-first-day-Christian-Sabbath won't fit the commandment at all. It is only a wall built up to hide the breach from the people. One built it up (the Catholic church), and another (Protestants) daubed it. The wall is daubed with mortar to make it stand. The mortar is untempered because there is no truth in it. Let us look at some of the daubing. One says, 'redemption is greater than creation therefore we must keep Sunday in commemoration of redemption.' Thus, my friend, is a little premature, for redemption is not yet completed, and will not be until God's people are made immortal and obtain their everlasting inheritance in the kingdom of God. Christ said, 'When these things begin to come

to pass (signs of His second coming), then lift up your heads and look up, for your redemption draweth nigh.' Luke, xxi, 28. This, friend, is not only premature, but, did God say we should observe Sunday in commemoration of redemption? No. Did God require it at his hand? No. Did God tell him redemption was greater than creation? No. Does he know that it is? No. Does any man on earth know that redemption is greater than creation? No. Then the whole thing is a mess of untempered mortar. But here comes another: 'It don't make any difference which day we keep, if we only keep one day in seven, only be sure to let that one day in seven be Sunday, as it is very desirable that all should keep the same day; for if every one should be permitted to keep just which day in seven that would suit his notion or convenience, it would bring confusion and destroy the Sabbath institution altogether, therefore we must have a civil law compelling all men to keep holy the first day of the week, for the Sabbath was changed from the seventh to the first day of the week at the resurrection of Christ, and therefore it is a great sin not to keep Sunday holy.' Some more untempered mortar; it don't hang together very well.

'Another says, stand aside, I have a load of mortar I wish to daub on the Sunday Sabbath Lord's day wall. The world is round and everybody knows it is impossible to keep the seventh day Sabbath on a round world, so now we keep the first day Sabbath instead of the seventh day.' Yes, we perceive. But, my friend, how can you keep the first day so nicely on a round world and not the seventh day? Does the world flatten out every Sunday, or what is the matter anyway? But here comes another: 'The seventh day was lost somehow in the dark ages or some other place, and we can't tell which is the seventh day; therefore we keep the first day in honor of the resurrection of Christ.' Then you know which is the first day, do you? 'Oh, yes, there is no doubt about that, for the first day has been kept as the Christian Sabbath ever since the resurrection of Christ.' The first day of the week has been kept and the seventh day lost. That is marvelous. You know well when the first day comes but cannot determine which is the seventh day! You remind me of the man and his oxen. He said he never could tell the off ox from the near one; but he could tell which was the near one—the darkest night that

ever was. Well, my friend, you have made your little speech on this question and now you are permitted to take your seat. Ah, here comes Dr. No Law. Let us hear him. 'Well, gentlemen, I am in favor of Sunday sacredness; but I must say I disagree with the learned gentlemen who have preceded me. To my mind it is folly to hold that one day in seven and no day in particular is required by the commandment when it expressly says 'The seventh day is the Sabbath, in it thou shalt not do any work.'

'Also it is folly to teach that a particular day cannot be kept on a round world, and still insist that the first day of the week should be kept holy, but of all foolish things, is to teach that the seventh day is lost and still claim that we keep the first day in honor of the resurrection of Christ, for any dunce ought to know that if we can determine the first day we can also the seventh. All such teaching is certainly untempered mortar; but I have a theory that I think is just right. The ten commandments were a yoke of bondage and were all abolished, Sabbath and all. Now, gentlemen, you see we have the Old Jewish Sabbath abolished and taken out of the way, and as everybody knows that we cannot get along without a weekly day of rest and religious worship it is very easy for us to build up the Sunday institution and call it the Lord's day. Well, Dr. No Law, do you think the ten commandments are a yoke of bondage which you are not able to endure? 'Yes, sir.' Well, Dr., will you please tell us which of the ten commandments is a yoke of bondage to you? Is it this one, 'Thou shalt not steal?' 'It might be burdensome and hateful to a thief, but hardly to an honest man.' Perhaps this is the commandment you cannot endure, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery?' How is it Doctor, are you such a man that this commandment is a grievous yoke to you? Please rise and explain. 'Well, I will tell you frankly. I believe the nine commandments are moral precepts and are all right, but it is the fourth precept that is positive and does all the mischief.' Oh, I see Doctor. The ten commandments are bondage, but nine of them are compatible with Christian liberty. The ten commandments were slain but nine of them live right along; in fact are moral precepts and can never die. I see it is the commandment that says, 'The seventh day is the Sabbath,' that is such grievous bondage to you. But Doctor, that is the very one the Lord tells you to

call a delight. Isa., lviii, 13. Since the Lord says, 'Call the Sabbath a delight,' and you call it bondage, you find yourself in opposition to God. Come over, Doctor, onto the Lord's side and then you will say with the Psalmist 'All his commandments are sure. They stand fast forever and ever and are done in truth and uprightness.' Ps., cxi, 7, 8. You will say with Christ, 'And it is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one tittle of the law to fail.' Luke, xvi, 17. You had better do the easier things first—extinguish sun and moon and all the shining orbs of night, in short strike the heavens out of existence and then it will be time enough for you to work at the divine law of God, which is as immutable as His eternal throne. When you are converted and get rid of the carnal mind, Rom., viii, 7, you will delight in the law of God after the inward man as Paul did. Rom., vii, 22. You will say with David, 'The statutes of the Lord are right rejoicing the heart, more to be desired than gold, yea than much fine gold.' Ps., xix, 7, 10. Oh, Doctor, your untempered mortar is the worst of all. Thus the prophets (religious teachers) are like the foxes in the deserts (dodge from point to point). They have not gone up into the gaps nor made up the hedge for the house of Israel to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord. The day of the Lord comes on apace, and some are making up the hedge. Will you join in the work, or will you make frivolous excuses and continue to trample upon the holy commandment delivered unto you? This Sabbath reform is brought to view in Rev., vii, 3, where the angel says: 'Hurt not the earth, neither the sea nor the trees until we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads.' Why should not the hurting immediately begin? Because the servants of God are not sealed. Why seal the servants of God first? Evidently that they might be preserved from the hurting when it does begin. The seal of God is found in His law. In proof I will read Isa., viii, 16: 'Bind up the testimony, seal the law among my disciples.' In Rev., vii, 3, the angel says, 'Seal the servants of our God.' The prophet says, 'Seal the law among my disciples.' When? 'I will wait upon the Lord that hideth His face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for Him.' Thus we see the sealing will be done when God's people are looking for the Lord. The 21st and 22d verses show that the day of wrath, when the wicked

shall be driven to darkness and dimness of anguish, is at hand. What work is to be done then? Seal the law among my disciples. Who are disciples? Followers of Christ, or Christians. Are you disciples, my friends? You say, yes. Then what is to be done among you just before the coming of the Lord? Seal the law. You are all interested now to know what the seal of the law is.

A SEAL GIVES AUTHENTICITY

to a legal document, and brings to view who the law giver is, the extent of his territory and his right to rule or demand obedience. The fourth commandment is the only thing in the law of God that does this. It shows that the law giver is the creator of all things. It shows His territory extends throughout heaven and earth. It brings to view His right to rule over us, because He created us, and thus has the right to demand our obedience. Thus the fourth commandment performs the office of a seal to God's law. That commandment says, 'The seventh day is the Sabbath;' but God's own people do not keep it. A counterfeit Sabbath has been by deceit and fraud imposed upon them. Hence, just before the coming of the Lord, the command goes forth, 'Seal the law among my disciples.' 'Hurt not the earth nor the sea nor the trees until we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads.' That work is going on now. It has come to you. You hear the solemn warning. I sincerely hope you will be obedient to the requirement of the Great King.

“One more point is all I have time to present to-night: 'Thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.' Isa., lviii, 12. How shall we repair the breach? The next verse tells us: 'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight,' etc. This scripture is too plain to need comment. We have had our foot on the Lord's holy Sabbath for many generations, thereby making a breach in His law. Now the Lord says to you, 'Turn away thy foot from the Sabbath (no longer trample it under foot), and call it a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words. Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will cause

thee to ride upon the high places of the earth and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob, thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.' And so the breach or gap in the Divine law will be repaired or made up, and the Divine blessing will rest upon us. My friends, will you do so or will you not? I hope you will heed His holy word.

'We have found that God will bless the man that will lay hold of the Sabbath when his salvation is near to come and his righteousness to be revealed which Peter says is in the last time. We have found that just before the battle in the day of the Lord, God's people should stand in the gaps and make up the hedge that they might stand in that great day. We have found that the hedge or defense of God's people in that day will be His truth. His truth we found to be His law. The breach or gap in the law we found to be the Sabbath.

'We have found that just before the coming of the Lord we are to restore the seal of this law which means to restore the true Sabbath. And lastly we have found we will repair the breach in God's law if we turn away our foot from the Sabbath or no longer trample it under foot, and we have only introduced a small part of the testimony on this subject; but surely this is enough. Who among us will receive and obey the truth? Will any of us think the sacrifice too great? Oh think of the sacrifice heaven made for our salvation. Think of the Father giving His only begotten Son that we might be saved because He loved us. Let us consider that the dear Savior left the riches and glory of heaven and took upon Himself the form of a servant and bowed His head in death that we might be made heirs of eternal life! Look at this matter in the light of the sorrow in the garden. In the light of the purple robe and crown of thorns. Look at it in the light of the dying agony of the Son of God upon the cross and then decide if it is too much for us to keep the Lord's Sabbath. It is possible some friends may forsake you. It is probable your reputation and popularity will suffer. It is also possible that your business interests may suffer more or less if you keep God's holy day, and many more things too numerous to mention, but what of it. Christ says: 'Except a man forsake all that he hath he cannot be my disciple.' Again Christ says: 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' Do you love the name of Christ above every name? If you do will you hesitate to

perform His clearly expressed will? I think not. 'This is the love of God that ye keep His commandments.'" 1 John, v, 3.

Of course it is impossible to put on paper the discourses as delivered personally before a large and deeply interested audience. To say the least, the interest in the meetings at Good Thunder was very great. The evening I spoke on the Mark of the Beast, the house was crowded. As I showed that the leopard beast of Rev. 13 was a symbol of the Papacy, and that the beast with the two horns like a lamb represents the United States of America; that he is now making an image to the first or Papal beast—that the mark God's people would receive is the true Sabbath; while the mark of the beast to be received by the unbelieving world is the counterfeit Pago, Papal Sabbath, and tried to show the awful consequences of rejecting God's institution and accepting instead the rival institution of the Papacy; every individual seemed spell bound. The power of God was present in the assembly.

AFTER THE DISCOURSE

I asked all who, by the grace of God, would keep His commandments to please arise; whereupon a goodly number arose, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Graf. The excitement was intense. After meeting was dismissed the people were in no haste to leave the place. Every man and woman was talking in an excited manner; some standing on benches, others standing on the floor. It was to me a scene long to be remembered. As I stood beholding the mass of excited human beings, all at once I heard the voice of Mrs. Graf above the din saying, "I don't understand you Christians at all. I am only a poor sinner and you have often exhorted me to change my course of life, and I thought I ought to do it; but to-night when this man asked all who would keep God's commandments to arise, I, a poor sinner, could not keep my seat; I had to arise, but you Christians could keep your seats as much as to say: 'We will not obey God.' I don't understand it at all." She was talking to a Mr. Dye, a young Baptist minister. He replied: "We do keep the commandments." "Do you keep the command that says The seventh day is the Sabbath?" "Yes. We work six days and keep the seventh." Mrs. Graf seemed unable to answer his sophistry, and I thought it well for me to say a word as it was a free for all talk; so I said to him: "Do you

keep the day of the resurrection?" He said: "Yes, sir." "Does God call the resurrection day the seventh or first day of the week?" "He calls it the first day of the week." "Will you please tell me by what authority you call the seventh day that which God in His word calls the first day? Now, sir, let us see if you keep the fourth commandment by keeping the first day Sabbath. Here hangs the ten commandment chart upon the wall. Let us see if you can read your first day Sabbath into the fourth precept and have it tell the truth." As we stood there before the law of God, the people crowded around us until some were actually climbing on the shoulders of others. Now let us read:

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the first day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, . . . for in six days the Lord made heaven and the earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested on the first day; wherefore the Lord blessed the first day and hallowed it." Is it true God worked six days and rested on the first day? No. Is it true that God blessed the first day and hallowed it? No. Then is it true that the first day is the Sabbath according to the commandment? No. Then is it true that you keep the commandment when you keep the first day? No. Then you won't say so any more, will you? Either keep the day the commandment enjoins, or own up like a man that you do not keep it at all.

Dear reader, do not deceive yourself with the foolish notion that you can keep the commandment by keeping any day you choose. How foolish such a course will appear in the day of judgment.

That evening I went home with Mr. Getzlaff's people. They were Germans, and belonged to the United Brethren church. Frank Coon, a young brother, went with me. We had a great talk about the truth that evening. They seemed to be very favorably impressed, although they had not as yet decided to go with us. In the morning a Mrs. Guderien came in and asked me some questions. While we were talking Elder Kerr, the United Brethren minister, was announced. He soon began a tirade against our people. We pressed him for some Bible evidence for Sunday keeping. He finally said he would not stay in the same house with us; and put on his arctics prepar-

atory to leaving. I said, "Bro. Kerr, do not leave so abruptly," and Mr. Getzlaff said, "I have just fed your horse some oats, and you had better give him time to eat them." Before he left I said, "Bro. Kerr, you have been with us all day. You have berated our people roundly, and called us all manner of hard names, and have not given us one Bible evidence for Sunday sacredness. Do you not think it would have been more profitable to have given us a 'thus saith the Lord' for Sunday keeping, than to spend your whole time giving our people such a scolding? These people are members of your church, and what do you suppose they will think of their minister not being able to find a particle of scriptural evidence for Sunday sacredness in all day? They will naturally think such evidence is pretty scarce. But tell us, Elder, have you done the best you could?" He replied, "No, I have not. I keep my best thoughts for my congregation." Mrs. Getzlaff replied: "Bro. Kerr, if you have any evidence for Sunday keeping you do very wrong to withhold it, for I am just wavering whether I shall keep Sunday or the seventh day." He said: "How can I present any proof with this man here to argue it all away?" "Bro. Kerr, if you have any Bible proof for Sunday keeping, I hope you will be kind enough to present it; and I promise not to say one word while you do it." Thus exhorted, he opened his Bible and read the fourth commandment. "Ah," said Mrs. Getzlaff, "that says the seventh day. I thought you was going to show us some proof for Sunday." He began to explain about one day in seven, using some high-sounding words, when Mrs. Getzlaff said: "Bro. Kerr, I don't understand your great words, but if you have some scripture for Sunday observance, I would very much like to see it." He soon closed his Bible and departed, never more to return.

I had an interesting experience with Bro. Getzlaff and family. They would go to meeting for a while, then stop; thinking they would not go any more. As soon as I would miss them I would visit them and say to Bro. Getzlaff: "We are to have a very interesting subject to-night and you will be glad to hear it, I am sure." "Oh, vell; I have so many chores to do, I don't think I will go this time." "I know you have lots of stock to see to and lots to do, and the weather is cold; but I will help you do your work so you can go. I

would not have you miss the meeting for anything, and I would feed stock, clean stables or do anything there was to do cheerfully and gladly." I worked a good many times with him, talking and praying with and for them, until I had the joy of seeing them firmly established in the truth.

I felt no work was too hard if I could only bring souls to rejoice in the truth as it is in Jesus. Bro. Getzlaff's are now in the state of Washington. Their eldest daughter Mary is a good, Christian girl and is a worker in the cause of God in that far distant state. May God's rich blessing rest upon her all the days of her life.

Soon after Bro. and Sister Graf embraced the truth. They were visited by her two brothers, Gustavus and Emil Meilicke. Gustavus was especially glad that his sister and brother-in-law had started in the way to heaven, but very sorry they had embraced the seventh day Sabbath, which they considered a very great error. He and Emil began immediately to turn them away from it. Bro. and Sister Graf being young in the faith referred them to their minister. Yes, they would be very glad to talk with him about it.

"Well, you must be careful how you meet him, for a good many have met him to their own confusion." "That is because they held to Sunday. We know there is nothing for Sunday. We do not believe any Sabbath is binding. Many is the minister we have put to flight on the Sabbath question." "Yes, Bro. Gustavus, we have seen them seize their hats and leave the house in anger when you showed there was no Bible proof for Sunday keeping; but we think you will have a different experience this time." An opportunity was not long in presenting itself and I never saw two persons more confident of their position than they. They were sure that keeping Sabbath brought us back under the old law. "The old law is done away, and we are now living under a new law, in which no such requirement can be found." "Then you believe we have a new moral code which is better than the ten commandments?" "Yes." "Well, if you will please show me that new and better law, I will forsake the old and accept the new." "We can do that easy enough. The new law has just two commandments in it: 'Love God with all thy heart' and 'love thy neighbor as thyself.'" "I think you are mistaken about that being a new law. Please read Deut.,

vi, 5, 'Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, etc.' Now read Lev., xix, 18, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' These can hardly be called the new law, since they were binding in the days of Moses. In fact, as soon as an intelligent being was created, it was his duty to love God supremely, and as soon as another intelligent being was created it was his duty to love him as himself; so you see your new law is as old as moral obligation." "Well, there was a new commandment given and we are to go according to it." "Will you please tell me what it is and where it may be found?" "We cannot tell just exactly, what it is, or just where to find it; but we know there was one given." "This is a little remarkable that you are to go according to the new commandment, and yet you do not know what it is or where it is to be found. Perhaps I can help you, 'A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another, even as I have loved you,' John, xiii, 34." This commandment they did not seem to think was just what they wanted, so they fell back on the two commandments. Old or new, they would take them anyway. "What is a law for?" Emil said, "the law is a rule of action and points out our sins." "Correct. Sin is the transgression of the law, 1 John, iii, 4. And by the law is the knowledge of sin, Rom., vii, 7. As sin is known only by the law, and as it is necessary to show men that they are sinners before they will seek salvation from sin, we will suppose we start out to show the people their sins. You by the two commandments, and I by the ten. We come to a devoted Catholic, bowing down to an image of the Virgin Mary. You begin by the two commandments to show that he is a sinner.

"'You ought not to bow down to that image.' 'Why not?' 'Because you should love God with all your heart.' 'Indeed gentlemen, that is what I do, and because I do love Christ I bow down to the image of his mother.'" They finally concluded they could not convince him of sin by the two commandments. "Now I will try: 'My friend, you ought not to bow down to that image.' 'Why not?' 'Because God's holy law says, Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image; Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them.' Thus he is convicted as a transgressor of the Divine law and so the ten commandments cover every sin man can commit. In fact the

ten commandments are only the two principles of love to God and love to man drawn out in ten precepts. The first four point out our duty to God; the last six our duty to our neighbor." Thus the conversation went on until late at night. As they went home with their cousin that night Gustavus said: "It served us right, we ought to have been better posted." Emil said: "I tell you what, boys, it was not a Methodist minister we got hold of this time." Before Gustavus returned home he accepted the faith he once destroyed.

One day there was an appointment at Edward Guderien's for the purpose of searching the scriptures to see if these things were so. A German minister was expected, and a large concourse of people. The evening before, Bro. E. A. Curtis, a young minister helping me, and myself stayed at Bro. Horace Schram's, about eleven miles from the place of meeting. It looked stormy, and I said, "We must certainly be at Guderien's to-morrow, storm or shine; so we will get up in the morning and away before breakfast." We reached Bro. Graf's, nine miles distant, before they were out of bed. We stopped and got breakfast, and by the time we were ready to start it was blowing a regular blizzard. Fred Meilicke had driven by with Gustavus, Emil and others, in his sleigh. Sister Graf rode with me in my cutter. We had over two miles to go. We met a team and did not know it until the driver cried out to let us know they were there. The blizzard increased in fury. When we arrived at Guderien's, Getzlaffs were not there. I wanted them there by all means, so I started for their place, about one mile distant. The storm was directly in my face, but Getzlaffs must be present, storm or no storm. When I arrived Mr. Getzlaff said: "It is too stormy: nobody will be there." "But somebody is there." "Are Fred, Emil and Gustavus there?" "Yes, sir; and Father Guderien, and a lot more." "Then I think we will go." "Yes; I will help you get the team ready, and away we will go."

It was a stormy day without, and we had a stormy time within, but the truth triumphed over every foe. The work continued until late at night. It was storming so fiercely that the neighbors did not dare to go home that night. We were stowed away quite thickly, but we managed to get through the night quite comfortably. I trow Bro. Guderien never kept so many over night before nor since.

After people began to embrace the truth, great opposition developed itself. We were soon refused the use of the Baptist meeting house, whereupon the hall in Graham's hotel was rented by the interested ones, until a traveling lady was taken sick at the hotel and could not bear the noise of meetings, so for a time we could not have the hall.

About that time Elder Davis, the M. E. minister, announced to speak on the Sabbath question. His discourse was mostly ridicule and outrageous misrepresentations of our work and people. After meeting I tried to have a friendly talk with him about his misrepresentations, but he repulsed me with great contempt.

As there was no other place to be had, Bro. Graf prepared his hardware store as best he could, and we held meeting in it. A goodly number were present to listen to a review of the elder's discourse.

It was the darkest day I had yet seen in Good Thunder. Shut out of all proper place in which to hold meetings, ridiculed and slandered by the ministers and hated by many church members, for a while it seemed as if the load was too much to carry. But God is good, and He did not suffer His poor, tried servant to be tempted above that which he was able to bear. As some heard the elder's discourse who did not hear the reply, I thought best to print a couple of hundred handbills, something as follows :

“ ‘Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.’

Elder Davis :

It is not true that Sabbatarians set the day for the world to come to an end. It is true that Sunday keepers did so. It is not true that Sabbatarians put on ascension robes in which to go up to heaven. It is not true they climbed trees on which to meet the Lord when He should come. It is not true that some fell down and broke their foolish necks. It is not true they went home flopping their wings like wet turkeys. It is not true there is only a cornerib full of them.

Yours in behalf of the people you have so unjustly misrepresented,
W. B. HILL.”

I SCATTERED THOSE BILLS

among the people and took good care that Eld. Davis received a couple himself. He only filled his appointment a few times after that and we saw the Reverend gentleman at Good Thun-

der no more. As we were shut out of every place in which to hold meetings and Sabbath school excepting Bro. Graf's parlor, we began to agitate the question of building a church. Bro. Quinn was afraid the undertaking was too much. Bro. Grant was not in favor of such an enterprise. But I saw clearly, if the work was to be permanent and grow we must have a house in which to worship God. The work is the Lord's and He will help us, so we called a meeting to consider the matter. There were present Brethren Graf, Dettamore, Getzlaff, Plum, Sisters Graf and Plum, and myself. I was as poor as a church mouse; but would subscribe ten dollars. How to get it I knew not. Bro. Plum did not think he could do more than to work some on the church, and the rest were not very abundantly supplied with this world's goods. I do not remember just how much was subscribed, but it was but little. Never did an enterprise start out in greater apparent weakness, but we put our trust in God, and went forward. Sisters Graf and Plum were appointed a soliciting committee and the next day they started with Bro. Plum's team and succeeded well in getting subscriptions, and the little band were greatly encouraged. We got most of our lumber at Eagle Lake, 20 miles away, because we could get it cheaper. There was one mill near Bro. Quinn's in the woods where we got some. We had great times hauling the green heavy lumber over the bad roads in the spring. One day as we were going for lumber with three teams we found some men repairing the road, who were about to tear out a bridge over a deep ravine.

They thought to have a new one in before we got back. We had disasters that day in getting stuck in the mud, breaking whiffletrees, etc., and it became dark while we were yet miles from home. As we came near the bridge that was being rebuilt we ran over a pole stuck up in the road with writing upon it. We could not see to read a word of it, but I knew that it was a notice to beware of the bridge. I felt badly, fearing we could not get over it and we could not go around it. I was in the advance as we came up to it. I found there were just stringers laid across the ravine with poles laid on top of them, that was all. Can we get across with our heavy loads? I resolved to try and got over all right. When brethren Getzlaff and Dettamore came up and looked at it, they thought it was very dangerous. I said I got over all right and so can

you, and through the good providence of God we all got over without accident. It was two o'clock in the morning when I got to bed, but the piles of lumber looked quite like building a church. We bought a lot for \$100, and Bro. Frank Coon and myself dug the trenches in which to lay the stone. The foundation was laid, and Bro. Horace Schram, a good carpenter, gave us ten days' work. The days were long and nights short. We worked as long as we could see, and were up and at it by about sunrise in the morning. I worked so hard my wife said my muscles kept jerking all night. The work was great and the laborers few. Bro. Graf would leave his store and work as hard as he could until called by customers to the store again. Thus the work went bravely forward. In a little while we had the church sided and painted and it looked real neat. I well remember the first meeting we held in our new church. It was unfinished inside and we had planks set on blocks for temporary seats, yet it seemed to me the very gate of heaven. How happy we were to be privileged to worship God under our own vine and fig tree, none daring to molest or make us afraid. Bro. E. A. Curtis and myself had the pleasure of presenting a well organized church to the Minnesota Conference that year. Sisters Bertha Graf and Kitty Murphy attended the annual camp meeting held at Minneapolis. They had adopted the plain dress recommended by Peter and Paul, 1 Pet., iii, 3; 1 Tim., ii, 9, and professedly adopted by our people. They expected to see all the sisters plainly but neatly dressed. Imagine their surprise to find many of them aping the fashions and vanities of the world. These banged, befrizzed and fashion bedecked Adventists are a detriment to the truth they profess to love. It was a real hindrance to these new beginners; but I trust they learned that we are not to let the pride and vanity of unconverted professors of religion hinder us in our efforts to follow in the footsteps of our Savior. -

The summer of 1883 I did not enter new fields, finding plenty to do among churches already raised up.

In February, 1884, I attended a general meeting at Hutchinson. I was feeling poorly. The exposure and incessant labor were telling upon my naturally feeble constitution. I met some friends there from Dassel. They were very desirous that I should visit their church and I finally consented to go.

We started for Dassel, 14 miles away, about sundown. As we got about half way, we crossed a lake on the ice. The sun had softened the snow some and the horses sunk down in it. I immediately jumped out to lighten the load. Between the snow and the ice there was much water. My feet were as wet as if I had jumped into a river. We went to a house near by, put on a pair of dry socks and started on again. It was not ten minutes before my boots were frozen as hard as rocks.

I was forced to run behind the sleigh to keep my feet from freezing, and in consequence took a severe cold. I found the brethren were holding meetings in an old log hut about two miles out of town. It was entirely unfit for the purpose. I said to the brethren, "Why don't you build a church?" They said, "We are not able." I replied, "You have trees that will make lumber, and there is a sawmill near by, and you have strong hands. What is to hinder having a church?" The idea took immediately. One said, "I will furnish a lot." Another would furnish lumber, another work, etc., and they all agreed if I would stay and help them through, they would go at it. I was suffering from a severe cold, and was weary and worn; but I was anxious to see the people enjoying the blessing of a good house of worship, so I said, "Yes, brethren, I am with you." I thought, strike now when the iron is hot. I went into the woods to cut sawlogs. The snow was up to my knees and melting, and I kept adding to my cold all the time. It was marvelous how quickly we had a church enclosed. Those not of our faith helped us with work and money. One day, as I was lifting on a heavy stick of timber, I hurt my back. I felt so bad that I soon went home.

I kept getting worse until I was laid on a sick bed. My back pained me so I could get but little rest night or day. I got a little better and was called upon to preach Alva Presnall's funeral sermon. Although very weak, I could not refuse. The church was damp, and I took cold and had a relapse. As I got a little better again I was sent for to visit Stella Moon, a young sister in the last stages of heart disease. She was in great distress, and wanted I should visit and pray with her. She lived three miles down the railroad track. The section boss said he would take me there on the handcar in a few minutes. So, feeble as I was, I went. We had only got nicely started on our way when it began to rain, and I took more

cold, after which I was worse than ever. My back pained me so intensely that Mrs. Hill said if any one approached the bed I would turn white to my ears for fear some one would touch me or jar me in some way. The only way I could get relief was to wring cloths out of hot water and put them on my back. In this way my flesh was scalded, but the pain was so great I realized it not. I determined, if ever I got able, to go to the Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich. I got some better, and in May I was carried to the train and started for what I thought was the only earthly hope.

I fell in with some people on the train going from Dakota to Michigan. We soon became acquainted, told one another something of our past history, and so helped to while away the weary hours. At a station in Wisconsin, a German family boarded the train. They could speak no English, and when we reached Chicago they were asked for their baggage checks by a man with a great number of checks on his arm. He could speak no German, and they no English, and were having quite a hard time of it. I tried to explain to them in German what was wanted, and it did them a world of good to find some one who could speak a little German.

While waiting in the depot at Chicago, a lady learned I was on my way to the Sanitarium, and she said to me, "They will feed you on bran bread there." "How do you know that?" "I had a sister who was there a while, and that is what they gave her to eat." "Did she get well?" "Oh, yes; she has enjoyed most excellent health ever since." "Well, I am willing to eat bran bread or any other kind of bread that will make me well again." I found, however, that the Sanitarium bill of fare embraced a great variety of fruits, grains and vegetables, and was most excellent. In fact, it comprises almost everything you can think of but pork.

From Chicago I took the Michigan Central for Battle Creek, and was soon flying over the iron rails for the Sanitarium. The car I occupied was filled with Baptist ministers on their way to Detroit to attend a Baptist association. The conversation turned upon religion in politics. They became so interested in the subject that they stood up in the middle of the car so they could hear one another speak. I was an attentive listener. They thought the only way to save the nation from ruin was for the religious people to attend the primaries and do all they could to control

legislation. I asked one of them, a D. D., if all the religious people should unite upon any one point in politics if he thought they could carry it. He said, "With the aid of those non-church members who would vote with us, we can." Thus the idea is rapidly gaining ground that the religious people must rule in politics, which means an image to the beast in the near future.

About 2:30 p. m. we arrived at the sanitarium. I found W. H. Hall, of Minnesota, one of my children in the faith, acting as steward of the institution. The sanitarium was an immense affair, and they were building on an addition costing \$50,000. The institution is under the charge of Dr. J. H. Kellogg, who fills the office of medical superintendent. He is assisted by an able corps of doctors, nurses, bath hands, etc. The first thing they did for me was to give me a warm bath, which was refreshing in the highest degree. The next day they gave me a cold bath. It seemed as if my breath would forsake me, never more to return, as I got into the cold water. My attendant gave me a vigorous rubbing, quickly took me out and dried me with a sheet, then spatting me all over with his hands until I was in a warm glow. I took the cold bath once a week and in a little while could take it with comfort. The next treatment was a salt glow. I stood on a stool and took hold, with my hands, of iron hooks in the wall above my head, while my attendant took handfuls of salt, mixed with water, until it was like mush, and rubbed me with it from head to foot until there was a redness all over me. It was quite a severe process, as the sharp salt crystals would almost cut through the skin. After my attendant was through rubbing me, my whole body was covered with salt. I was then taken to a water faucet, which poured at first a stream of warm water upon me as I turned round, and soon the salt was all washed away, but the water gradually became cooler until I could scarcely endure it. After the salt glow came the massage, in which the patient was laid on a couch and anointed with oil and every muscle rubbed and kneaded in the most thorough manner. It was a very agreeable experience to me. One felt like a new person after such treatment. The electric bath was what I enjoyed most of all. The patient lay at full length in tepid water with folded arms. Then the electricity was applied to the chest and upper part of the body. After awhile

the electric current was changed to the extremities. It seemed to me that I was being rejuvenated while in the bath. They used electricity in various ways and it helped me very much in my run down condition. There was the gymnasium in which was every kind of appliance for exercising the muscles. Then there were calisthenics and Indian clubs, with marching to and fro to the sound of music. There was also a Swedish movement room, in which a patient's nerves and muscles were rubbed, kneaded, thumped, strapped, vibrated and frictionized into activity by machinery. One evening the doctor examined my nostrils and said, "I see some abnormal growths that will have to be removed."

He removed four large hypercheafies, two from each nostril. He fastened a wire loop over the lumps of flesh in my nostrils, the two ends of which ran down a little tube and were fastened to a screw at the end; as the doctor turned the screw it pulled the wire down the tube, making the loop smaller and smaller, until the lumps were cut off. It was worse a good deal than pulling teeth. All the abnormal growths could not be removed in this way and the doctor continued to burn them out with a red hot iron once a week for six months, or as long as I continued at the institution. Mrs. Hill's health was also poor and after I had been there two months she came also with two of the children. We remained in Battle Creek until after general conference. It was the first general conference we ever had the privilege of attending. It was very interesting to hear reports from all parts of the field throughout the whole world. It is wonderful to see how the rays of light from heaven are penetrating the dark corners of the earth. Every morning before day we held meetings for seeking the Lord, and never did I see such earnestness before.

At the sanitarium I met people from all parts of the country, among whom were all classes and conditions of men, judges, lawyers, doctors, ministers, college professors, senators, congressmen and literary people. They flock to the sanitarium for the recuperation of lost vitality. I made the acquaintance of C. F. Bradley, of Evanston, Ill. He was an eminent Methodist minister and educator. He was very sorry that I had left the Methodist church and joined the Adventists. He often tried to show me it is all right to keep Sunday; but his scripture proof was very slim. One day he said to me, "Bro.

Hill, will nothing do you but a 'thus saith the Lord' for Sunday keeping? Will not church history suffice?" "Well, Bro. Bradley, I think nothing equals a 'Thus saith the Lord.' I prefer the commandment of God to all the teachings of men." I considered such a question as an acknowledgment on his part that he could find no 'Thus saith the Lord' for Sunday sacredness, and if C. F. Bradley cannot find it, who can? One evening, as I was leaving the sanitarium for the cottage, where my wife and I roomed, he called to me just as I reached the door. He desired to speak with me a moment, "Yes, Bro. Bradley; what is it?" "I wish to speak with you about the Sabbath." We stood side by side, with our shoulders against the wall near the door and a patient sat near by in a chair. He began by saying, "Your people are committing a great wrong in keeping the seventh day Sabbath." "How so, Bro. Bradley?" "The Christian people of this land are having a great struggle with saloonkeepers, infidels and wicked people generally, to maintain the Christian Sabbath, and sometimes it looks as if the forces of evil would prevail in spite of all that we can do, and you, a Christian people, weaken the hands of God's servants and strengthen the hands of the wicked by saying, 'Sunday is not the Sabbath of the Lord at all.' Yes, I think you people commit a great wrong in so doing. I think it is displeasing to God." He certainly made out a plausible case, in his own eyes at least. I replied, "Bro. Bradley, if I do wrong and displease the Lord by keeping the seventh day I commit sin, do I not?" "Certainly." "And if I commit sin I must answer for it on the day of judgment." "Yes, that is so." "Very well, suppose the day of final reckoning has come and I stand before the Judge of all the earth and he demands of me why I kept the seventh day, what reply could I make? Could I not say:

"The Great God came down from heaven and stood upon the trembling mount, amid smoke and flame, and with awe inspiring majesty proclaimed with His own Divine voice, 'The seventh day is the Sabbath; in it thou shalt not do any work?' Not only so, but the Divine finger traced the same words upon the imperishable stone, and in that world of sin and rebellion against God, amid scorn and ridicule, at the loss of reputation, friends and worldly preferment, I kept the seventh day Sabbath because I loved the Lord and trembled at His word. I kept

it because I sincerely desired above everything else to honor God and keep His commandments. Bro. Bradley, what will the Great God do with me?" He thought a moment and said: "Oh, Bro. Hill, you will be saved." The next morning I met the patient who sat listening to our conversation, and he said to me: "Elder, you made the strongest point last evening I ever heard made in all my life." There was only one answer that could be given, for it is inconceivable that God would condemn a man for keeping the Divine precepts spoken and written by God Himself. "Then you think it is perfectly safe to keep the commandments of God." "Yes, sir; I do." Is it equally safe to despise them and trample them in the dust? Look at it from the other side. If a Sunday keeper were asked in the judgment, Why did you keep Sunday? Could he point to any Divine command for its observance? No. Any Divine blessing or sanctification of it? No. All he could point to would be the commandments and traditions of men, and Christ said: "In vain do ye worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Matt., xv, 9. Those are solemn words and I hope the kind reader will ponder them well. At the sanitarium some things happen that impress the memory. One morning the welkin rang with shouts and yells from the bath room. What can be the matter? We soon discovered that an eminent Episcopal clergyman of Milwaukee was being put through the cold bath exercise for the first time.

On another occasion the sanitarium resounded with whoops and yells and very unbecoming words, and short sentences delivered with all the energy and power of a Boanerges. A rebel general from Georgia was taking a steam bath, and the attendant had turned on the steam hotter than he ought to, and had departed for a moment to attend to some one else. Hence the terrific yells and bad language.

My experience at the sanitarium was a benefit to me in more ways than one. I had the privilege of mingling with more refined people than ever before. Although a rustic from the frontier, some of the foremost people took an interest in me. After I had been at the sanitarium awhile I became chaplain of the institution. It was my duty to preach in the parlor every Sunday evening, to hold family worship every morning, to hold Bible readings and prayer meetings with the helpers, and to visit, read and pray with, and give consolation to those

patients who especially needed and desired it. Plenty to keep a well man busy. I was growing better every day, and almost daily I was greeted with, "Elder, you are looking better." I thought if I could only continue to improve I would eventually become good looking, which would be a transformation indeed. I was invited to preach in the Tabernacle. On Sabbath morning before meeting, my wife and I were surprised to receive a call from a lady from Ohio. She said: "I hear the people say you are not capable of preaching in the Tabernacle and I know you are, and I have come to request you to do the best you can;" and the tears ran down her cheeks like rain. She would not stop a minute, but delivered her message and went her way. The Lord gave freedom in speaking and the hearty amens from the old veterans of the cause showed that the discourse had struck a responsive chord.

My health being greatly improved we must return to Minnesota and re-enter the gospel field. We arrived at Eagle Lake, Minn., about 2 a. m. We went to my father's house intending to stay until daylight, but we found a stranger's foot had crossed the sill. Father had traded his town property for a farm. We then went to Bro. Elwin Merrill's where we received a hearty welcome.

The winter of 1884-'85 was severe. I labored, with Elder D. P. Curtis, at Wells, Rogers School House, and Good Thunder. We labored very hard, with some success, especially at Good Thunder, where thirteen were brought to acknowledge the truth. I exposed myself so much during the winter that during the following summer and winter I could do but little in the cause.

The winter of 1885-'86 I taught school at Eagle Lake. Bro. David Alway was principal of the school that winter. He was an excellent teacher, and tried to rule the school by love and kindness; but on some of the youngsters his kindness was bestowed in vain. It was like casting pearls before swine. One evening he told some of the youngsters whom he had retained after school because of misconduct that he would rather be whipped than to whip them, whereupon one of the young scapegraces took the rod and proceeded to lay it on the teacher's back in the most approved fashion. I must confess that I did not possess the required humility and meekness to run my department on that line. I kept the rod in my own hand,

and wherever incorrigible meanness showed its head I struck at it, and I found it had a most excellent effect. While some natures will respond to kindness, it is still true that the rod is for the fool's back.

In March, 1886, we had a Sabbath school convention at Good Thunder. It was the most interesting and profitable I ever had the pleasure of attending. At that convention a Baptist minister accepted the truth, and the next summer I had the pleasure of baptizing him and his good wife in the Blue Earth river. I am sorry to say that afterward he met with trials and became discouraged.

During the summer I held tent meetings in Dodge Center, Dodge county, in connection with A. H. Vankirk and Frank Coon. One Sunday evening, as Marshall Vankirk and W. A. Alway were sleeping in the tent, some thieves entered and appropriated their clothing; fine shirts, caps, coats and vests, shoes and stockings. About break of day there came a rapping on my bed-room window. I looked out and there stood Marshall without hat, coat, shoes or stockings, with only an undershirt and old pair of pants on. He made an urgent plea for clothing for himself and Bro. Alway, which was immediately responded to. I relate this incident to show some of the experiences of holders of tent meetings. If all would keep the commandments of God, such experiences would be unknown.

The meetings at Dodge Center were well attended. The church was revived, a few were added by baptism, and in the autumn a neat church was built, in which the little flock could worship God.

The summer of '87 Bro. A. H. Vankirk and myself held tent meetings at Mapleton, Blue Earth county. The interest was small, and we saw but little fruit of our labor. We were preparing to open meetings in Winnebago City, when I was called upon to go to Winona, Minn. Elder Shultz, of Nebraska, was conducting a series of German meetings there in a tent with a good interest, which stirred up the enemy of all right to oppose, and he stirred up his children, of whom there were a great number in the city, to tear the tent down and so stop the work. So, on one Sunday evening, when the tent was full of people, a great crowd of half drunk followers of the beast (Papacy) assaulted the tent and tore it down on the heads

of the assembled multitude. The yells of the mob and the screams of the women and children were terrific. If Pandemonium had raised up bodily the uproar could scarcely be exceeded. A board fence that ran by the tent was stripped of its boards in a twinkling by men attending the meeting and used as weapons of warfare against the rioters. One man made a rush for Elder Shultz, when a stout German, John Lamprecht by name, struck him with his fist under the ear, and sent him sprawling on the ground. Bro. Shultz said he lay there and quivered as if he was about to give up his life.

AT THIS JUNCTURE OF AFFAIRS

Bro. Shultz received a telegram that his son had been hurt with a mowing machine, and that he should immediately return home. As there was no minister in the conference that could speak any German but myself, I was sent to do what I could to care for the German interest at Winona. When I arrived at Winona I found everything in a discouraging condition, but with Bro. Wm. Rahn we went to work holding Bible readings from house to house, rented a hall for meetings and Sabbath school, and soon the skies began to brighten. Bro. Rahn soon went home to Hutchinson, but I removed my family to Winona, and Sister Amelia Meilicke stayed with us and helped in the work. Also Bro. and Sister Koenig helped some, although they were all learners. We used to have Bible study in German daily, which we all enjoyed very much. As the weather became colder, our hall became too uncomfortable to hold meetings in, and I rented a house, the parlor of which we converted into a chapel. Our Sabbath school increased in interest and numbers, until we had sixty or more members. Sometimes the Sabbath school would occupy parlor, dining room and kitchen. When Elder Grant visited the school he was very much surprised at the interest, and said he would not have believed it had he not seen it.

My life in Winona was a very busy one. Holding Bible study with the German students. Visiting and holding Bible readings from house to house, baptizing converts, and preaching in both English and German. As I was visiting a German family, Borman by name, the lady informed me that they were visited by another minister and they told him of the Adventists and of their belief that the second coming of Christ was nigh,

and he replied, "Mein Herr kommt noch lange nicht."—My Lord delayeth His coming.—I said: "Please read Matt., xxiv, 48," and she read: "So aber jener, der böser knecht, wird in Seinem hertzen sagen; Mein Herr kommt noch lange nicht." And if that evil servant shall say in his heart: "My Lord delayeth His coming." I asked her, "What was the evil servant to say?" She said: "Mein Herr kommt noch lange nicht." "What did the minister say?" He said: "Mein Herr kommt noch lange nicht."

"Then what kind of a servant is the minister?" "Er ist ein böser knecht." He is an evil servant. He said he would like to read the scriptures with you. He can have that privilege any time. It was arranged that we should meet at the Borman home and search the scriptures together, but before the appointed evening came, it was evident the house would not hold the people that would come, so the minister invited us into his church, and we searched the scriptures together for two evenings, the result of which was that the Borman family accepted the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. The work grew until the spring of 1888 saw the Adventist people of Winona in possession of a neat church and a house that answered well for a parsonage. Thus grew the word of the Lord and prospered. Since then the little company of believers have been called to pass through trials, and some have removed to other parts, while others have gone to rest a little season until the Life Giver shall come. I hope and pray that others may be raised up to go with the little company to the Kingdom of God. We remained in Winona until the spring of 1889, when we removed to Whitewater Valley, the place where I found my wife 20 years before. We passed by the old house in which we were married, and the school house wherein I had taught school. A flood of old memories came thronging into our minds by these reminders of the olden time. The summer of 1889 Bro. Hultreich Graf and I ran tent meetings at Stockton and Lewiston, but with indifferent success.

At Lewiston the saloon keepers were the main pillars of the churches, and we could do but little with such a class of people. The walls of the saloons were decorated with pictures of Bible scenes, and drinking and getting drunk were no hindrance to church membership and church privileges. The first evening we were there we heard women screaming in the

street a little way out of town. I ran down to see what the matter was. I found a poor man with his face beaten to a jelly. I never saw a worse looking face on a human being. It looked so shocking that women screamed when they saw it: A saloon keeper, one of the pillars in the church, had pounded him in such a shameful manner. One Sunday afternoon I saw a man with a great stick in his hand chasing his wife. I stepped in front of the animal and called a halt in his sanguinary proceedings. That is the only instance I ever saw in all my travels anything in the shape of a man chasing his wife with a club.

No wonder we could not accomplish much in such a place. We soon left for more inviting fields. Bro. Graf moved to Winona and we to Minnesota City, six miles farther up the Mississippi.

The fall of 1889 I had quite an experience getting subscriptions to petitions to congress against religious legislation. Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, had introduced two religious bills into the United States senate. One was entitled, "A bill to secure to the people the enjoyment of the first day of the week, commonly known as the Lord's day, as a day of rest, and to promote its observance as a day of worship." In Section 2, of his educational bill, we find these words:

"Each state in this Union shall establish and maintain a system of free public schools, adequate for the education of all the children living therein, between the ages of six and sixteen years inclusive, in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality and the principles of the Christian religion."

Thousands of religious zealots were working with all their might to commit congress to the above religious legislation, and we thought it was time congress, and the people generally, should have their attention called to the terrible effects of religious legislation. In my efforts to secure subscriptions to those petitions I met with all kinds of people, with all kinds of views. I came to a gentleman's house in Whitewater Valley who readily signed the petition, but his wife thought religious instruction should be given in the public schools. She said, "Here is Mr. Y's family, who do not attend religious meetings and they receive no such instruction at home, and if they do not receive it in school they will not receive it at all."

“If religion must be taught in the public school, what religion shall it be? Suppose you should secure a Catholic teacher for your school and she should be required by law to teach religion, she would certainly teach her own faith, as she would consider that the truest and best. How would you like to have your little children taught to pray to the Virgin Mary and to adore her image? That they must confess their sins to the priest and get his absolution or be lost? To be taught to believe in purgatory and to pay the priest to say mass for the repose of the souls of the dead? To be taught that the Pope is the infallible Vicar of Christ? That all Protestants are damned and outside of the Catholic church there is no salvation, and much more equally abominable?” “I would not like it at all,” she replied emphatically.

“But would you not love to have your children taught the Catholic religion just as well as the Catholic would love to have his children taught your religion? And would not the Catholic have just as much right to teach your children his religion as you have to teach the Catholic children the Protestant religion? Again, there are thousands of infidels who do not want their children taught any religion. Would the Christians have any more right to teach the children of infidel parents the Christian religion in the public schools than the infidels would have to teach the children of Christian parents infidelity? And would not a law, requiring the principles of the Christian religion to be taught in the public schools, ultimately lead to defining by act of congress just what religion should be taught in the public schools? Then would not we have our religion ready made for us by the government of the United States? It must certainly come to that, for if teachers must teach religion they must be examined in that branch of education. In order to do so there must be a standard by which to test their fitness to teach religion, and that standard must be established by law, and if congress establishes a standard of religion and we should not accept it, would we not be criminals in the eye of the law and liable to prosecution as such? Teaching religion by the state is a serious thing and few people reflect on its direful consequences. Again, if congress defines the religion to be taught in the public schools, religion will enter into every congressional election, which will stir up bitterness and wrath, such as our

country has never known. No finite mind can comprehend the animosity and hate such a religio-political contest would evoke. If a majority of congress were Catholics, then congress would legislate in favor of the Catholic religion, and would they not work for it? Yes, with all their power. They would have as many Catholics in congress as possible. So with Methodists, Presbyterians, etc. Church members, ministers and priests would all be ardent politicians and political wirepullers, and the baneful effects on religion and the state would be incalculable. How infinitely better to keep church and state forever separate. Civil government was never intended to teach religion or preach the gospel, or define a man's duty to his God. If religion cannot be taught in the home and in the church, it cannot be taught anywhere."

THE LADY SIGNED MY PETITION

and I went on my way rejoicing. A granger gave me a ride in his wagon. He also was in favor of teaching religion in the public schools. "Suppose the teacher were an unbeliever. Would you have him teach what he did not believe? Would not that be hypocrisy?" "Well, I would have the teacher pray in the school anyhow." "But, my friend, what kind of prayers would an unconverted teacher offer to God? Are not the prayers of the wicked an abomination to Him? Do you think such prayers would be beneficial to the school? Would it not be far better off without them?" "Well, sir; I would not allow unconverted persons to teach school." "Then you would have the state ask every teacher if he is converted and make the state the judge of his spiritual condition before God. If the teacher desires the school very much, would he not be tempted to say yes, I am converted, when he was not? And would not this teaching religion in the public schools have a tendency to make a first class liar and hypocrite of him? When a lad, I attended school where the teacher prayed according to law. His prayers were printed on the cover of his daily register. When prayer time came he would say, 'Let us pray,' and flop onto his knees, and we all had to follow suit, and the old gentlemen would read his prayers as fast as his tongue could fly. He seemed to look upon it as as disagreeable job, and to be glad when he got through, and I am sure we all were.

"He was praying because the state paid him for it, and thou-

sands of teachers would pray in the same way for what money there was in it; but may our free schools of America long be delivered from such hypocrisy as that. It makes one tired to see how many good people are clamoring for the state to teach religion in the public schools, not knowing that when such a thing comes to pass, the sun of religious liberty shall have gone down in darkness forever."

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.

Another man, an old acquaintance, and a resident of the Whitewater Valley, was in favor of Sunday laws. Sign a petition against religious legislation! not he. "We want laws protecting us against being disturbed in our religious meetings on Sunday." "I believe there is already a law that severely punishes those who disturb religious meetings, or any other kind of meetings, on Sunday or any other day. I supposed our rights were already strictly guarded on these points. But I do not think the man who observes some other day of the week should be fined and imprisoned for quietly following his occupation on Sunday. Also the man who does not believe in keeping any day, has the same right to work as you or I have to refrain from working. Don't you think so yourself?" "I think a man has the same right to steal and murder as to work on Sunday." "Then if I observe the seventh day conscientiously unto the Lord, and quietly work on my own premises on Sunday, you would class me with thieves and murderers." I left him, thinking religious bigotry is not yet dead. Gentle reader, the above sentiments were uttered by a professed Christian in Whitewater Valley in October, 1889, and he is not an isolated case either, thousands are equally selfish and intolerant. If all would live according to the Golden Rule, there would be no clamor for Sunday laws. Kind reader, are you a Sunday keeper, and do you wish to enforce Sunday rest on all men, whether they wish to or not? Would you like it if the seventh day keepers, having the majority, would force you to rest on that day? Of course not. Then when you compel them by law to rest on Sunday, do you do unto them as you would they should do unto you? Of course not. Then are you an observer of the Golden Rule? Not at all. Then are you a Christian? Impossible, for a Christian observes the teachings of Christ.

Take another case. There are many thousands who do not believe in keeping any day. How would you like it if they should happen to gain control of legislation and force you to labor on Sunday? Would you not think your natural rights had been fearfully infringed upon? Certainly you would. But have you any more right to compel them to conform to your notions of Sunday keeping than they have to compel you to conform to their notions of non-Sunday keeping? Don't you think it would be more Christian-like to let every man keep or not keep Sunday as he sees fit, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others? Or do you think that you, as a Sunday keeper, have more rights under the government than you are willing to accord to other people? If so, you have not yet learned the first principles of Christ.

Again. If Congress has a right to define and enforce one religious institution, it has the right to enforce any and all religious institutions. It has just as much right to enforce Christian baptism as it has to enforce the Christian Sabbath. If not, why not?

THIS RELIGIOUS LEGISLATION

is dangerous business, and should be left alone before it is meddled with. I know it is said that it is not a religious but a civil Sunday our ministers and doctors of divinity are seeking to have enforced by law upon the people; because they do not otherwise take rest enough for their health. It is the health of the dear people that stirs up the zeal of our dear brethren in the ministry to labor so ardently to enforce the great American civil Sunday upon everybody; but Dr. Franklin, the great American philosopher, said, "Laziness kills more people than hard work." Thousands already take altogether too much rest. What will our philanthropic D. D.'s do with them? Will they devise a course of healthful Sunday exercise for them, or will they make them rest on Sunday also for the good of their health? Be not deceived. The Sunday Sabbath is a religious institution, and that only. Take religion away from it, and the Sunday Sabbath would vanish in the twinkling of an eye. It is only because of the religious regard that men have for Sunday that they clamor for civil laws to guard its sacredness. None know this better than those who are working for such laws.

“This day (Sunday) is set apart for Divine worship and preparation of another life. It is the test of all religion.”—Dr. W. W. Everts, of Chicago. Then if congress should enforce Sunday observance it will enforce the test of all religion.

“The experience of centuries shows that you will in vain endeavor to preserve Sunday as a day of rest, unless you preserve it as a day of worship.”—Joseph Cook, in Boston lectures, 1887. So Joseph Cook wants Sunday preserved as a day of worship. How? By having congress enforce it by law upon the people.

“If you take the religion out of the day you take the rest out.”—Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, in the Washington National Sunday convention, Dec. 11-13, 1888. Oh, yes; those reverend gentlemen know what they want—a religious Sunday enforced upon all by law; but they sugar coat it with the word *civil*, so that it may the more easily slip down the popular throat.

THERE ARE TWO SPECIAL OBJECTS

that incur the wrath of the Sunday reform divines, the Sunday newspaper and Sunday excursion trains. Why so? We will let them tell:

“The laboring classes are apt to rise late on Sunday morning, read the Sunday papers, and allow the hour of worship to go by unheeded.”—Dr. Everts, in Elgin convention. Yes, yes. The people are more interested in reading the Sunday papers than in listening to the dry sermons of the prosy preachers. And what are our reverend gentlemen going to do about it? Put more life and power into their sermons, and so attract the people to the gospel feast? Oh, no, not at all; but they will get a law to stop the naughty editors from thus hindering the people hearing their diluted sermons.

Let us hear another: “They read the paper; the time comes to go to church, but it is said, ‘Here is something interesting, I will read it and not go to church to-day.’”—Dr. Herrick Johnson, Farwell hall, Chicago, Nov. 20-21, 1888. Kind reader, you can see the point that pricks our brethren in the ministry so sharply. The Sunday newspaper keeps people from church. Therefore it must go.

SO WITH THE SUNDAY TRAIN.

“They cannot afford to run a Sunday train unless they get a great many passengers, and so break up a great many congregations. The Sunday trains are hurrying their passengers fast

on to perdition."—Dr. Everts, in Elgin convention. Query. Would the Sunday train hurry a man to perdition or any other place if he did not ride on it? But, don't you see, the people prefer the Sunday excursion train to the sanctuary, therefore the ministers call on the law makers to help them fill the churches. But who ride on the Sunday train? Rev. M. A. Gault says: "The ministers complain that their members go on these excursions." Poor ministers! Their own church members forsake them and go off on a Sunday frolic and they are powerless to prevent it. So they say to the government, "Stop that Sunday train, for our church members are on it, and leave us to empty pews; besides, that train is hurrying all on board to perdition. So we demand of the United States government a law enforcing a civil Sabbath merely as a sanitary regulation to preserve the health of the dear people; and so stop the Sunday train to save us ministers from empty pews and to save our church members from going to perdition." But if the government is to save people from going to perdition, pray what are the ministers for?

At the Elgin Sunday convention the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That we look with shame and sorrow on the non-observance of the Sabbath by many Christian people, in that the custom prevails with them of purchasing Sabbath newspapers, engaging in and patronizing Sabbath business and travel, and in many instances giving themselves over to pleasure and self-indulgence, setting aside by neglect and indifference the great duties and privileges which God's day brings to them."

A sad case, truly. But have those shamed and sorrowing ministers enough spiritual power to stem the tide. Do they propose to cry to God for His converting power to come upon those pleasure-loving, Sabbath-breaking church members, until they will cease to don the livery of heaven to serve the devil in? Do they propose to preach the gospel with such burning zeal that the church will be too hot to hold such arrant hypocrites? Not at all. They turn from the power of God to an arm of flesh—to the politicians. As is painfully evident from the next resolution.

Resolved, That we give our votes and support to those candidates or political officers who will pledge themselves to vote for the enactment and enforcing of statutes in favor of

the civil Sabbath." What a spectacle to angels and to men! The ministers in convention assembled calling upon the politicians to trounce their refractory church members into a decent observance of the Sabbath! If the church members had any true religion they would not need it. If the ministers had any power with God they would seek help of Him and not appeal to corrupt politicians. Surely no other evidence is needed to show the fallen condition of the churches. Surely Babylon is fallen, is fallen. Come out of her my people.

Will the ministers eventually gain control of the government? Yes, they are getting the politicians rapidly into line. In the session of 1828-29 congress was petitioned to not permit the mails to be carried on Sunday; but refused to grant the petition. The committee, to whom the matter was referred, reported adversely. An extract or two from that report is here presented: "It should, however, be kept in mind that the proper object of government is to protect all persons in the enjoyment of their religious, as well as civil rights, and not to determine for any whether they shall esteem one day above another, or esteem all days alike holy." After showing that some good citizens esteem Saturday holy, and other good citizens observe Sunday, the committee says: "With these different religious views, the committee are of opinion that congress cannot interfere. It is not the legitimate province of the legislature to determine what religion is true, or what false. While the mail is transported on Saturday the Jew and the Sabbatarian may abstain from any agency in carrying it, on conscientious scruples. While it is transported on Sunday another class may abstain from the same religious scruples. The obligation of government is the same on both these classes; and the committee can discover no principle on which the claims of one should be more respected than those of the other, unless it be admitted that the consciences of the minority are less sacred than those of the majority." It seems that the above principle need only be stated to be recognized and accepted by every fair minded person, and congress at that time summarily disposed of the petition. But how stands the case today?

CONGRESS HAS BOWED TO THE BEHESTS OF THE CLERGY.

The session of congress that has just closed, 1892, has decreed that the World's Fair at Chicago must be closed on Sun-

day or receive no financial aid from the United States treasury. I quote again from the congressional committee: "Extensive religious combinations to effect a political object, are, in the opinion of the committee, always dangerous."

Was there an extensive religious combination to induce congress to add the Sunday closing clause to the World's fair appropriation bill? Yes. The National Reform Association, the American Sabbath Union, the W. C. T. U., Catholic and Protestant, priest and preacher, united in one grand raid upon congress with entreaties, petitions and threats to secure the much coveted Sunday legislation. Then have we reached the danger line? Yes, we have.

Let us hear the congressional committee once more: "All religious despotism begins by combination and influence, and when that influence begins to operate upon the political institutions of a country, the civil power soon bends under it; and the catastrophe of other nations furnishes an awful warning of the consequence." Have the influence of religious combinations begun to operate upon the political institutions of our country? Yes. Has the civil power begun to bend under it? Yes? Congress has so far yielded to its demands as to go beyond its constitutional prerogative and to legislate in favor of Sunday, a religious institution in the face of the declaration of the constitution that congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. What next? The awful catastrophe of other nations before us who yielded to the power of the priesthood. Just as soon as corrupt politicians discover that there is power in this religio-political movement, they will join hands with the scheming, ambitious preachers, jump onto the band wagon and go with the crowd. As witness Senator Quay, the man who introduced the Sunday closing amendment in the Senate, the mal-odor of whose reputation has scented the whole country, and smelled even to the world beyond the sea—a man who has been charged by reputable papers with almost every crime which circles around. "Thou shalt not steal;" yet who has never dared to compel these papers to prove their allegations by libel suit against them. Yes, that is the man who rushed to the aid of the preachers, thinking: "If I pat your back, you will pat mine." Yes, he needed the aroma of the holy clergy to counteract the bad smell of his unsavory

reputation, and they needed his political influence to gain control of the government. So the spouse of Christ yielded herself to the arms of the political corruptionists for the sake of the political loaves and fishes. What kind of a child will such an unholy union bring forth? It will be

AN IMAGE TO THE BEAST,

and the enforcing of his mark. The mark of the beast is to be universally enforced. "And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand or in their foreheads." Rev., xiii, 16. The Sunday is to be universally enforced. Let a man be what he may, Jew, seventh day observer of some other denomination, or those who do not believe in the Christian Sabbath; let the law apply to every one, that there shall be no public desecration of the first day of the week, the Christian Sabbath, the day of rest for the nation. They may hold any other day of the week as sacred, and observe it; but that day, which is the one day in seven for the nation at large, let not that be publicly desecrated by any one, by officer in the government, or by private citizen, high or low, rich or poor. Dr. McAllister.—Who are to receive the mark? All, both great and small, rich and poor, free and bond. Who are to receive the Sunday institution? Every one. Officer in the government (the great) or private citizen (the small), high or low, rich or poor. Are enforced Sunday keeping and the mark of the beast the same? Yes. The issue is before us. The commandments of God on one side and the commandments of the beast (Papacy) on the other. On which side of the controversy will you stand? "To whomsoever ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are." Rom., vi, 16. I venture to say now, in the year of our Lord 1892, that only a short time will elapse before the decree shall go forth, that those who will not keep Sunday will not be allowed to buy or sell.

I MUST NOW GO BACK

to 1889. In November of that year I was sent as a missionary to Lake Shetek country, in Murray county, Minn. It was the scene of a great massacre of the whites during the Indian outbreak of 1862.

The gentleman to whom I was directed proved to be very

peculiar. He claimed to have had a very remarkable conversion the winter previously. When he discovered I was a minister he was very much elated; said he had been praying the Lord to send one, and he was certain I was the one the Lord had sent. He interested himself greatly in opening the way for meetings. "When will you begin?" "To-night." "But you are tired, and had better rest an evening or two." "Yes, I am tired; but there is a great work to be done, and but little time in which to do it. So the meetings begin to-night." The neighborhood was soon apprised of the meetings, and the first one was held at Mr. Dan Greenman's. A goodly number were present, and good attention was paid to the word spoken. After meeting we determined to hold the rest of the meetings in the school house. I was led to that conclusion for two reasons: First, people feel more free to go to a school house than to a private one; and lastly, I noticed that while the older ones were attentively listening to the minister in one room, some children were having a little war in an adjoining room, and some of the parents had to go in and settle them. Not enjoying such little side attractions, I preferred the school house. The school house was a poor affair, with no stove in it. The good people got a coal stove, and neatly lined the inside of the house with building paper, so it was fairly comfortable.

The people manifested a good degree of interest in the meetings, especially our peculiar friend to whom I had been directed when I first entered the neighborhood. He thought the meetings were just right until I inadvertently incurred his displeasure. I will mention some of his peculiarities. He had an idea that as a son of God he had no need to work; that his Heavenly Father would supply all his wants. He also claimed to be able to live without eating, and to go barefoot through the snow without injury; but I noticed he did ample justice to the food set before him, and that his feet were warmly clad. He thought he had the power of the gospel in his right hand. He could just lay his right hand on a sinner and convert him without any further trouble. He said to me that he was Christ, and could feel his hands and feet burn where the nails had been driven through them. But what alarmed me the most was his confidential statement that the neighborhood would never be right until somebody's blood was shed. I perceived

that he was a religious fanatic of the first magnitude. I was afraid that he would some time be seized with a determination to save the people by the shedding of blood. I remembered that a religious fanatic cut his brother's head off in the time of the great reformation. I thought of the Pocasset tragedy, where, a few years ago, Charles Freeman, under the influence of religious fanaticism, took the life of his own darling child. And what this man might do I did not know.

In a discourse one evening, I dwelt on the danger of religious fanaticism; also I expressed my belief to some of his friends that he was mentally unbalanced and should be cared for. This raised his ire to such a height he went to town to have me arrested, but returned saying his lawyer told him he had no case. The Methodist minister attended a meeting or two and expressed himself pleased with the doctrine preached. But when I came to speak on the Sabbath question he opposed with all his might. He cried out: "No man knows which is the seventh day. I don't know. Bro. Hill don't know. No man knows, for we have all forgotten the day of the week." I very briefly replied: "If Bro. Lewis has forgotten the Sabbath, he has broken the law of God. For God said, 'Remember the Sabbath day,' but Bro. Lewis he does not remember the Sabbath at all, but has entirely forgotten it. God said remember." Bro. Lewis says: "I forgot." Surely he ought not to forget what God told him to remember.

THE NEXT EVENING

I spoke on "Who changed the Sabbath?" Bro. Lewis was on hand to oppose again. I proposed to him that if he had opposing views to present that he take a whole evening, and not have a jangle at the close of the sermon, but he persisted in speaking. In the course of his remarks, he said I ought to go where there were no other ministers of the gospel and preach my peculiar views to the unconverted and not to Christians. A gentleman in the audience inquired if it were peculiar to preach the commandments of God? The minister replied: "It is peculiar to preach the seventh, seventh, seventh day." "Well," replied Mr. Carpenter, "I have a very poor opinion of a man's piety that will pretend to keep the ten commandments, and yet try to get around one of them." The minister sat down as if he had been struck by lightning. He had not

another word to say. After meeting, Mr. Carpenter invited me to lodge with him that night. As we were walking home he said "Eld. Lewis stops with us to-night, too. He took supper with us and left his horse in my stable, and is ahead of us with Mrs. Carpenter and the boys." Sure enough, I found the Elder at the house as pleasant as though nothing unusual had occurred. Mr. Carpenter made a little apology for speaking out in meeting, and everything went along merrily as a marriage bell. The two Elders occupied the same bed that night without the slightest discord until morning, when Bro. Lewis abruptly asked me, "Bro. Hill, how many people do you expect to convert in this neighborhood?" "Well, Bro. Lewis, what is it to be converted?" "To be converted is to be turned from sin to righteousness." "Right. To turn men from sin to holiness is true conversion. Now, what is sin?" "Sin is the transgression of the law." "Right again, Bro. Lewis, and we hope by the grace of God to turn a goodly number from sin—transgression of the law—to keep the commandments of God." "Oh, I suppose you mean to turn them to keep the Sabbath." "We hope, Bro. Lewis, to see them keep the Lord's Sabbath with the rest of the commandments, for James says, 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all.' Jas., ii, 10, and the Sabbath is a point in the law, and we must keep it or be law breakers in the sight of God." Bro. Lewis made no reply to this, and we arose, took breakfast and each went his way for that time.

MY FRIEND WHO WAS SO CERTAIN

the Lord had sent me at first in answer to his prayers, had now turned to be my enemy, and was just as certain I had been sent of the devil to distract the peace of the neighborhood. He not only declared he would never enter another Adventist meeting, but that he would make war on us to the end. He joined Bro. Lewis in opposition meetings in an adjoining school house, but all to no purpose. Although he manifested the greatest zeal, he ran, he said, a thousand miles or more to get ministers to preach and people to attend the meetings; but all in vain. The people would attend the Adventist meetings in spite of everything, and the work went forward. A nice Sabbath school was established and a company of believers were raised up to keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. Bro. Lewis

made one more attempt to bring the people back to the observance of the venerable day of the Sun. He got so excited and shouted so loudly that a child was so frightened its father had to take it out of the school house and remain outside until the discourse was over. He labored so hard that he panted for breath, yet failed to find a 'Thus saith the Lord' for Sunday keeping, and seemed determined to make up in noise what he lacked in truth. He complained bitterly that he found it necessary to preach on the Sabbath question at all. He would in nowise do so, only for the divisions brought in by the seventh day folks. Oh, what troublers they are. I thought of the cry raised against the apostles anciently. "These men being Jews do EXCEEDINGLY trouble our city." Acts, xvi, 20. These men preaching the seventh day is the Sabbath do exceedingly trouble the ministers. Why? Because it is the truth, and they cannot successfully deny it. If there was any Bible authority for Sunday keeping they would not feel so badly. If such scripture could be found their bitter mourning would be turned into joy immediately, their wails of sorrow would be turned into songs of rejoicing. They would sing:

This is the way we long have sought,
And mourned because we found it not.

But, alas! They are like Rachel, weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted, because they are not. Even so the ministers are mourning for a "Thus saith the Lord" for Sunday keeping and refusing to be comforted; because it is not. No such Divine authority can be found. As God has never commanded Sunday, the clergy are stirring up the corrupt politicians to supply the lack by enacting human laws instead, and when they get the laws they ask for, What will become of the troublers of their Zion? Rev. Mr. Trefren, of Napa, Cal., speaking of Adventist ministers, said: "What we want is law in this matter, and we will get it, too, and then we will show these men what their end will be. The ministers are fast gaining control of the government and we will soon see how they will use those men who will dare to differ with them."

During the winter I was joined by Bro. Frank Johnson, an earnest, faithful worker in the cause, and we held meetings at Currie, about six miles from Shetek. Mr. Neil Currie furnished us a good hall free of charge, and the good people furnished

coal and light. We boarded at the Padgitt hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Padgitt were very kind to us, and she, with Mrs. Swartwood and some others, embraced the truth, and a Sabbath school was organized and Sabbath meetings established. We worked hard, walking many miles over the bleak prairies visiting and holding meetings, and were rewarded by seeing some fruit of our labor.

AT THE CAMP MEETING OF 1890

it was decided that J. W. Collie, W. A. Alway and myself should hold a course of tent meetings at Worthington, a beautiful town of about 1,500 inhabitants, situated near the southwestern corner of the state. We went by way of Shetek and Currie. Bro. Collie, while on his way over the prairie to visit Mr. Sam Greenman, fell in with our friend who claimed to have the power of the gospel in his right hand, etc. The gentleman invited him to a scriptural conference to which he readily assented. So they sat down by the side of the fence to investigate a few doctrinal points our peculiar friend wished to explain. Presently he proposed a season of prayer, to which Bro. Collie also assented. During his prayer our peculiar friend began to grabble onto Bro. Collie with his hands. He became so demonstrative that Bro. Collie, being a youngster, became frightened, and wished himself somewhere else. Suddenly remembering he had an engagement at Sam. Greenman's to dinner, he excused himself and went on his way, wondering what kind of a man he had met with.

We arrived at Worthington in the latter part of June. We found Mr. DeWolf there, who had years before given me a ride in his wagon through the raging waters, when I was on my way to Tenhassen. He kindly helped us to secure a good location for our tent. It was late one summer afternoon when three quiet strangers entered the town which was soon to be stirred as it never was before, by the truths which they bore to the people. In the dusk of the evening we pitched our family tent, made a bed of the preaching tent and some blankets.

It was rather a hard bed for tired limbs, but the discomfort was much increased by clouds of hungry mosquitoes. In the morning there came a rapping on the tent pole. It was Mr. De Wolf who had come to invite us to breakfast. He and his good wife were very kind to us, especially to me. They kindly gave me a home all the ten weeks I was there, for which

kindness I hope and pray they may not lose their reward. The meetings were sometimes well attended and sometimes not. When the interest would lag, we would get out hand-bills announcing special subjects and so draw the people. What helped our cause the most of anything, was holding Bible readings in private houses. Some of the best people in the town attended the readings. The Methodist minister, Eld. Harrington, lived near the tent. He had a great desire to hear, but would not enter the tent. He was in the habit of clandestinely standing on the outside to listen. We thought to cure him of such unseemly behavior, so the next time he was discovered eaves-dropping, the speaker was informed of it and he said, "I understand Bro. Harrington is standing on the outside of the tent. There is plenty of room within. Please come in, Bro. Harrington, and be seated." He refused to come in but went away for that time. Even after that he was discovered standing outside in the rain listening to the preaching. He would not be seen in the congregation for fear of setting a bad example to his church members, so he listened on the sly. It would hardly do to say to his brethren, stay away from those meetings and be seen there himself.

A NICE SABBATH SCHOOL WAS ORGANIZED

and some began to obey the truth when I determined to leave the boys and go home for awhile, as I had not been home for about twelve weeks. No sooner than I had gone than Eld. Harrington began to preach on the Sabbath question. Bro. Collie answered him with such effect that some more (Bro. and Sisters Griffin) took their stand for the truth. The Eld. said he had intended to have preached a number of times upon the subject, but after he heard the reply, he concluded that once was enough.

In Feb., 1891, I was sent again to Worthington by the Con. Com. to meet Eld. J. M. Vankirk, of Ruthven, Iowa, who was confident he could exorcise the doctrines of Adventism from the town of Worthington. Our people tried to avoid a discussion, but nothing else would satisfy Eld. Vankirk and the Sunday keepers. I was sick and in no condition to perform labor of any kind, much less bear the burden of a twelve nights' discussion.

The propositions for discussion were: First. Ought Christ-

ians to sacredly observe the Seventh day Sabbath? Secondly. Is the law of which the Sabbath was a part abolished? Ought Christians to sacredly observe the first day of the week? I affirmed the first and he the two last propositions. He was smooth, oily, slippery and worked hard, but went away leaving more Adventists in Worthington than when he came. The little company there are still firm in the faith, and rejoicing in the blessed hope. May the Lord prosper them alway, even unto the end.

IN APRIL, 1891, WE REMOVED to West Union, Minn., and lived in Brother C. McDonald's house, he having gone with his family to the state of Washington. Brother John Budd desired me to take his wife over to his father's one day, as she wished to go and he had not time to take her himself. I wanted to see the old folks and concluded to go. As we were returning the front wheel of the carriage ran off as we were descending quite a steep hill, which frightened the horse and he began to run and kick with all his might. Sister Budd was afraid her little boy, who was with us, would be killed, and, womanlike, screamed and caught hold of the lines, which only made a bad matter worse. In a very short time the carriage top was in one place and a badly used up carriage in another, and the horse and harness had disappeared over the prairie, leaving three badly shaken up persons to get home as best they could. Sister Budd said she did not believe she would ride with the minister again.

The state camp meeting of 1891 was held at Minneapolis. A meeting called a workers' meeting was held about a week before the general camp meeting began. At this meeting there were hours set apart to prepare the ground and pitch tents, and other hours were set apart for devotion and the study of God's word. One day I thought Brother —— took rather strong ground in regard to faith. He said all Abraham did was to believe. All he could do was to believe. All you can do is to believe. All anybody can do is to believe. I asked if that were so, why is it that we are exhorted everywhere to watch and pray, to strive, wrestle, run, fight and even to add to our faith, if only to believe were all we had to do? Brother Porter, president of our conference, said, "Brother Hill will have five minutes in which to answer his own question at our next meeting;" which I did as follows: "We are told all we can do is to

believe, or have faith, and that is not of ourselves; it is the gift of God; then why do not all men have faith? It is replied, because some men will not accept the gift. Very well, then the difference is in the men. Some men will, and other men will not. Again, here are two men who both have faith; the one goes on increasing in faith, while the other makes shipwreck of faith. How is this? Both had faith. One grew strong in faith and the other weaker until he lost what faith he had. These opposite results were reached by the opposite course taken by the two men. The one thought he was required to improve upon the talent of faith God gave him, while the other thought he had nothing to do but believe.

WE ARE TOLD

that as faith is the gift of God, all we have to do is to take it. Well, here is a gift of God—a loaf of bread. Supposing we should all act upon the principle that bread is the gift of God, therefore all we have to do is to take it. Would we not all soon get very hungry? If faith is a gift of God, we should ask for it. ‘Ask and ye shall receive,’ and the disciples prayed, ‘Lord increase our faith.’ If a man has only a little faith, he should live out the faith he already has and his faith will be strengthened and perfected. James, speaking of Abraham, said, ‘Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect?’ James, ii, 22. How was Abraham’s faith perfected? By works. How will your faith be perfected? By works. In order to be strong in faith we must act out the faith we already possess. We are told all anybody can do is to believe. Suppose I steal Bro. Curtis’ knife. How can I be forgiven? Will it do for me just to believe I am forgiven without confession and restoration? Will it benefit me in the least to believe I am forgiven so long as I retain that knife in my possession? No. But I go to Bro. Curtis and say: ‘I stole your knife. I am truly sorry I did so, and here I give you the knife again.’ Now I can come to God with the assurance that God will forgive me, because I have complied with the conditions of forgiveness. God will not repent for us, nor believe for us, nor watch and pray for us, nor improve our talents for us; but He will help us do all these things, and without Him we can do nothing. Yes, God’s wisdom and power will be given unto every one who

seeks for it, and he will be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

At that camp meeting our good president, Eld. R. C. Porter, took leave of us. Never did we part with a president so reluctantly before. He had endeared himself to all the brethren in Minnesota. After camp meeting, Brethren W. A. Alway, A. Parker and myself pitched our tents in a grove on the shore of Osakis lake, Douglas county. Never did we pitch tent in a more pleasant location. We began meetings on July 2d. with a fair attendance. The interest increased until oft times our tent was filled to overflowing, and some decided to obey the truth. Bro. Satterlee, the M. E. minister, felt called upon to oppose our work. He started out on the warpath, tomahawk in hand, evidently determined to take our scalps at the first onset. Of course we went to hear him, and he gave us a roasting sure enough. According to Bro. Satterlee, we were the most ignorant, hypocritical hypocrites that could be found. He said we preached damnation to the people, and that we were a curse, and only a curse. The Rev. gentleman's rage seemed to know no bounds. As we listened to him we thought: "What Spirit impels a man to thus abuse his fellow man? Is it the spirit of Christ? Oh, no. Then what spirit is it? It must be an evil spirit.

Why is it that ministers almost always abuse Sabbath keepers when they preach upon the Sunday Sabbath question? Is it because they cannot find any Bible authority for Sunday sacredness that they get so cross? He started out to give the reasons why the Sunday should be observed, and in a long discourse he gave us only three. 1. We keep Sunday because Christ arose from the dead on that day. Did God tell us to keep Sunday holy because Christ arose from the dead on that day? No; not at all. Who does? Bro. Satterlee. Would God have told us to keep Sunday holy if He thought it was best for us to do so? Yes, certainly; God did not tell us to do so; and why not? Evidently because He did not think it was best for us to do so. What God has not commanded or required, Bro. Satterlee ought not to command or require. 2d reason: We keep Sunday the same as we keep the Fourth of July. Yes, certainly. The Fourth of July rests solely upon the commandments of men. So does Sunday; but Christ says: "In vain do ye worship me teaching for doctrines the com-

mandments of men." 3d reason: We keep Sunday because all the world keeps it. Yes; Bro. Satterlee keeps Sunday to be in harmony with the world; but "The whole world lieth in wickedness."—I John, v, 19. It is not good for a Christian to love the world: For "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."—I John, ii, 15. To be in harmony with the world is to be in harmony with the beast as it is written: "All the world wondered after the beast."—Rev. xiii, 3. Bro. Satterlee places himself among the beast-worshipping world. To be in harmony with the world is to be against Christ; for Christ said: "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Here we are taught. 1st: Christians are not of the world; but Bro. Satterlee goes with the world. Yes: there are altogether too many worldly ministers professing to be ministers of Christ. Secondly: We learn that the world hates Christ and Christians. Perhaps that is the reason why he hates the Adventists so heartily. He not only hates Sabbath keepers, but the Sabbath and the law that enforces the Sabbath. He said the law was under his feet, and the man who follows the law ignores Christ.

Wesley, the founder of Methodism, said: "The law is God's faithful witness in heaven." What a contrast! Bro. Wesley has the law high up in heaven; Bro. Satterlee has it low down under his feet. Queer place for God's holy law. God says: "I will put my laws in their minds and in their hearts will I write them." We suggest to Bro. Satterlee and all others who are trampling the precepts of Jehovah in the dust, that the heart is a much more appropriate place for God's law than under their feet. If to follow the law ignores Christ, why does Bro. Satterlee, every time he sprinkles a baby, require its parents to promise to teach it the ten commandments? Does he intend to teach the child to ignore Christ and be lost? Is not such contradiction and confusion the result of rejecting the truth of God? "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Since Bro. Satterlee is divided against himself, how can he stand? But really, does the man who keeps the commandments ignore Christ? If so, it follows to honor Christ we must break the commandments of God. Could Satan devise a more wicked teaching? Christ said to the Father: "Yea, thy law is within my heart," Ps., xl, 6, and, "I have kept

my father's commandments," John, xv, 10, and he has joined the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus together. "Here is the patience of the saints; here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." Rev., xiv, 12. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Were we offended because a brother minister railed on us so? Not at all. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." (Sermon on the mount.) Many of the Elder's own people did not approve of his bitter spirit, and he soon left for another field of labor. He remarked to a gentleman before going that his people urged him to speak against the Adventists, but as it resulted differently to what was expected, they turned against him. Yes, fighting the truth results differently to what was expected. We can do nothing against the truth but for the truth. His successor takes a different course and says nothing publicly against the Sabbath. The ministers are learning that whoever publicly opposes the Lord's Sabbath burns his own fingers. If they would only go a step farther and embrace the whole truth, how much better it would be for them and their people, both now and hereafter. In Osakis, where we had no cause at all about a year ago, we have now a neat little church, of which P. Hogan was the master builder, with Sabbath school and meetings established. And although unpopular truth makes slow progress here, yet God's true people will eventually hear His voice and follow him. In September, 1891, we removed to Osakis, where we still reside, and can say we have received many kindnesses from the people of this place and vicinity, for which favors we are thankful. In the winter of 1891-92, I was assigned 15 churches to visit in the northwestern part of the state, one of which was Round Prairie. As I was walking from the depot with a gentleman, he showed me the old tent pole that we used in our tent meetings 16 years before. There it lay on the prairie, broken in two near the top. As I stood there and looked at the old pole, what a flood of recollections came rushing into my mind. I could see the tent standing there as of old, and the people coming on foot and in wagons and buggies. I could see them seated in the cotton meeting house, and imagine myself speak-

ing to them once more. Where are this multitude of people now? Some have moved away; some one place and some another, and some have folded their arms across their bosom in their last long sleep, their work all done and their life's record all made up, closed up and sealed unto the judgment of the great day. In a little while that scattered congregation and I will meet again. They to give an account as to how they heard and obeyed the message of truth, and I to give an account of how I proclaimed to them. Shall I be able in that great day in the presence of God and the holy angels, to look each one in the eye, and say, "I did my whole duty; I am free from the blood of all these men?" I felt to renew my consecration to God and His work, and to pray, "O, Lord, help me to be a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion."

At Verndale I found two protracted meetings in progress; as a consequence our meetings were slimly attended by those not of our faith. What to do to get them to come I did not know. At last I got a lot of posters struck off announcing "The Adventist Heaven" will be the subject of discourse at the Adventist church to-night. I posted them up all over the village, and sure enough a goodly number of outsiders were present, among whom was a Methodist minister. I invited him to open the meeting with prayer, which he did. Several times during his prayer he prayed the Lord "If it be possible, bless this meeting." Evidently, he was in doubt whether the Lord could possibly bless the Adventist meeting or not, into which his bump of curiosity had beguiled him.

After the opening exercises, the minister took out his note book and pencil and prepared to take notes. I began by explaining that the Adventists did not believe in a separate and distinct heaven for them, or that they should have a corner of heaven all by themselves. All of God's people shall share alike in that beautiful home; but Adventists have peculiar views as to how it shall be—where it shall be—and how and when it shall be obtained. These views I shall endeavor to present this evening, and the reasons therefor. I noticed at first the minister took a few notes; but, as the subject was unfolded, he forgot about his notes, and sat with intense interest until the last word was spoken. The Lord helped in speaking, and the believers and unbelievers testified it was good to be there.

I left Verndale, in company with Bro. Grant, for Eunice. The weather was intensely cold, and I felt peculiar pains traveling through my system almost continually. While holding meetings at Eunice, I was forced to give up to the power of La Grippe. Bro. and Sister Shields took me home and gave me steam baths, which helped, but I took a relapse and was worse than ever. It looked to me as if my work was done, and that I probably would never see my loved ones again in this life. I found it was a precious thing to have a hope in Christ at such a time as that. Oh, the blessed hope that is as an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast, and entereth into that within the vail. Who would for an hour be deprived of its rich comfort?

After awhile, although very sick, I started for home. I was taken in a sleigh to Detroit, intending to take the cars; but I found I was too sick to go farther for two or three days, and I stayed at young Robert Schram's, who were very kind to me. I stayed during my sickness at Brethren Shields' and Van Allen's and at Mr. Schram's, all of whom showed me no little kindness. When I arrived at home I was so weak I could scarcely walk; but soon got better and assisted Bro. Alway what I could, who was at that time holding meetings in the McKindley school house, situated in the timber about six miles from town. We used to often go across the lake on the ice. One day, as I was walking across, I came to a piece of ice that seemed to be detached from the main body. I was about to step onto it when I thought, better try that first, so I pushed it with my foot, and it sank quickly under the water. Had I stepped upon it, I would certainly have gone down with it. My time had not yet come to go down into the chambers of death.

WHAT WAS SOMEWHAT REMARKABLE,

Mrs. Hill had a presentiment that I was in danger, and could not rest that night. Surely, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them." At the McKindley school house there was quite a good interest to hear, and a goodly number actually took a stand to obey the commandments of God, but most of them soon tired of the self-denying way. I was informed one man said, "I would be keeping the Sabbath now only for some of my neighbors," and that another said, "I know it is the truth; but my wife is so opposed

that I can have no peace if I obey it." Thus they all, with one accord, began to make excuse, and of course the Lord will excuse them. Such excuses will hardly stand in the judgment. "My neighbors hindered me" will hardly shield the man from the penalty of the transgression of the Divine law. "My wife opposed me, therefore I rejected the commandments of the Great King," will hardly pass in the court of heaven. Such excuses will only put the poor people to shame that make them. Notwithstanding all discouragements, a little Sabbath school was organized there, but whether it will continue to hold out against the opposition, time will tell. Elder Knott is now teaching the people there, that the ten commandments are abolished, Sabbath and all the rest. I dropped into his Bible study one evening, in which he was explaining the first chapter of Galatians, which says, that, "If an angel from heaven should preach any other gospel than that is preached, let him be accursed." I wondered on which the curse rested, the Methodist church for teaching that the ten commandments are the law of God and binding on all men, or on Elder Knott for teaching that the ten commandments are dead and binding on nobody. It must most surely rest on one or the other, for they preach directly opposite the one to the other.

One Sabbath day, as I was on my way to meeting, I met a gentleman from that neighborhood hauling a load of wood to town. I said to him, "Brother, it hurts my feelings to see you breaking the Lord's Sabbath." On my return I met him again, when the following discourse ensued: "I have been thinking about what you said to me about breaking the Sabbath. I don't know about its hurting your feelings to see me work on the Sabbath; maybe it is only a hobby you have. Bro. Knott is teaching us that all the old commandments are done away, and we have nothing to do with them any more." "Is that so? I supposed the Bible taught that we should observe the old commandments as well as the new." "Yes; but you find that in the Old Testament." "Let us see about that," and I read 1 John, ii, 7: "Brethren, I write no new commandment unto you; but an old commandment which ye have heard from the beginning. This is in the writings of John, in the New Testament. John here plainly teaches that we should observe the old commandment, which is even from the beginning; but Bro. Knott teaches that all the

old commandments are done away. Which do you think is right, the holy Apostle or Bro. Knott?" "Well, in Paul's writings we find the law is done away." "So you think the Apostle Paul contradicts the Apostle John?" "I think they agree." "Let us hear Paul: 'Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid; yea, we establish the law,' Rom. iii, 31. Here Paul says the law is established; the very opposite of abolished or done away." "Well, I know Paul says, 'We are not under the law, but under grace.'" "I know that very well, too; but, Bro. —, who is under grace, the man who breaks the commandments, or the man who keeps them? Do you think the man who lies, steals, commits murder and the like, is under grace?" "Oh, no, the man who is a Christian will keep the commandments." "Now, Bro. —, you are on the right track, and I will bid you good-bye."

IT IS CERTAIN THE MAN WHO IS A CHRISTIAN

will keep the commandments of God. "For this is the love of God, that ye keep his commandments," and his commandments are not grievous, I John, v, 3.

Kind reader, if a man who is a Christian will keep God's commandments, what kind of a man is it who tries to evade them and teaches they are dead and abolished. And if it is love that leads a man to keep the commandments of God, what is it that impels him to disregard them? All true obedience springs from love, all other obedience is vain. May God's love rule in your heart and mine, and then we will be God's obedient children, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless in His sight.

THE SPRING OF 1892

was very cold and wet, and I took a heavy cold which brought the La Grippe back on me with great power. My friends watched in fear lest I should not recover. Bro. and Sister Bidgood and Bro. and Sister Briggs were especially kind to us during this illness. Through the loving kindness of our Father in heaven I once more recovered so as to do a little in the cause I love.

I was too feeble to attend the state camp meeting at Minneapolis in May, 1892. My two daughters, Ella and Nellie, attended it, and it was the best one ever held in the state. The

brethren came home greatly refreshed and encouraged. They could see clearly that the long looked for triumph of God's faithful children is at hand.

The power of God was present not only to heal the soul but the body as well. One sister, Haak, of Winona, with whom I am well acquainted, had been an invalid for years, and a great sufferer, attended the meeting and was instantly healed in answer to prayer, and returned to her home a well woman. A blind man, whose name I did not learn, was healed by the power of God. He came in the darkness of blindness and returned rejoicing in the light of day. Thus we see the Lord is gracious and willing to do great things for His people. The Bible study, conducted by Eld. A. T. Jones, was a great blessing to the dear brothers and sisters. Their eyes fairly shone with their new hope and joy. May the good and blessed work go on until the joy of every believer shall be full.

A WHILE AFTER CAMP MEETING

I had the pleasure of visiting Long Prairie, Stewartville, Eagle Lake, Good Thunder and Kasota. It was a privilege to meet the dear old veterans in the cause and speak to them once more of the blessed hope. We realized more than ever that we are standing on the very verge of the eternal world, events startling in their nature are transpiring before our eyes and the next thing in order is the time of trouble and then the glorious appearing of the Son of God on the white cloud, and the gathering of the saints unto Him. At Eagle Lake I had the pleasure of meeting my aged father. He is in his 83d year and quite feeble; but his hope is strong in the holy one of Israel, the One that is mighty and able to save. At Kasota, where my sister Sarah, and brother-in-law, John Pettis, live, I could only stay one evening, which I improved by holding meeting with the brethren. My mind was carried back to the time, about thirteen years ago, when I first held meetings there. I asked the brethren if they remembered that at that time I told them that the churches would gain control of the civil power in this country and so make an image to the beast or Papacy? Are the churches uniting to gain that control? Yes. Are they succeeding? Yes. Both houses of congress have yielded to the demands of the churches in regard to the Sunday closing of the World's Fair. Did I tell you that the time would come

when this country would be stirred from one end to the other on the Sunday Sabbath question? Yes. Was it the truth? Yes. Witness the universal agitation on this question caused by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the American Sabbath Union, the Sunday Rest leagues and National reformers. Their literature, meetings, conventions and petitions are everywhere. *Ninety-one* churches met in Chicago the other day to boom the Sunday movement. What other religious question creates such interest and enthusiasm? None whatever. Did I tell you the time would come when Congress would at the behest of the churches make Sunday laws? Yes. Has congress already begun to make Sunday laws to please the churches? Yes. Did I tell you that the time would come when Sabbath keepers would be fined and imprisoned in this country for working on Sunday? Yes. Has it come to pass? Yes, four as good honest Christian people as can be found are in a dungeon to-day in Free America, one of whom we are well acquainted with; for quietly working on their own premises on Sunday after having kept the Sabbath day according to the commandment of the Lord. Thirteen years ago I declared to you on the authority of God's word that these things would come to pass, every one of which is in the process of fulfillment before your eyes to-day. Does not this prove to a demonstration that our people have the correct interpretation of the prophecies relating to the days in which we live? Yes, it most surely does. Will this persecution of commandment keepers become general? Yes. The Sunday crusade is here and is moving with mighty power and will not stop until all over this broad land, those who will not bow down to the image or receive the mark will experience and know what it is to suffer for Christ's sake. They will experience the wrath of the dragon. But who will gain the victory in this last conflict. The beast and his image or the suffering people of God? Let us read Rev. xv, 2.

WHO STAND ON THE SEA OF GLASS?

Those who on this earth gained the victory over the beast and his image. Who are now warning the world against the beast and his image and the reception of his mark? 7th day Adventists. Anybody else on this earth doing so? No. Then who only will obtain the victory over the beast and his image?

7th day Adventists. Then who only will stand on the sea of glass mingled with fire before the throne? 7th day Adventists. Do not misunderstand me, I do not say none but Adventists will be saved, but I do say, and every Bible believer must believe with me, that only those who contend with the beast and his image will stand on the sea of glass and 7th day Adventists are the only ones in this world that are scripturally doing that. Ask any other class of people if they have any special burden to oppose the beast and his image they will tell you no, that they do not know if there be any beast and his image or not. How is it with you, kind reader? Are you in ignorance of these things? How can you expect to stand with that glad company of overcomers on the sea of glass? Is it not high time that you were becoming intelligent in regard to these solemn truths?

IT IS OBJECTED THAT

it cannot be that the little unpopular people of Seventh Day Adventists can be the only ones who have the truth for our time. When was the present truth popular in this wicked world? Not in the days of Noah, neither in the days of Abraham or Elijah, or Christ, or at any other time. Neither will it be in the last days; for in the latter times some shall depart from the faith. 1 Tim. iv, 1. In the last days perilous times shall come. 2 Tim. iii, 1. And the remnant or last of God's people who keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ, will suffer the wrath of the dragon. Rev. xii, 17. A popular church is never persecuted; therefore the remnant people of God, upon whom the dragon shall make war, will be a small unpopular people proclaiming unpopular truth to the world. Are the Seventh Day Adventists just such a people as that? Yes. Are they already suffering fines and imprisonment for conscience sake? Yes. And it will be more and more so as the days roll round. Many say the age in which we live is too enlightened to persecute anybody. But the spirit of intolerance and persecution is not dead by any means, as witness the fines and imprisonments of Sabbath keepers in Arkansas, for working quietly on their own premises on Sunday. Also the celebrated King case. A man who was fined for plowing corn on Sunday; who was dragged from court to court, and finally died under a thousand dollar bonds,

to appear before the supreme court of the United States, and for what crime? For plowing corn on Sunday after having kept the Sabbath of the Lord according to the commandment. Was he a good man and a Christian? Yes, even those who prosecuted him admitted that. Who are responsible for his being persecuted to the day of his death? The popular churches. What does Christ say about such things? "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." How will such popular professors of religion answer for their persecution of Christ's little ones when they stand before Him in the great day? I would rather be the persecuted than the persecutors, would not you? Take the more recent case of the Adventists imprisoned in Paris jail, Henry county, Tennessee.

The following is a dialogue between an Adventist and a Methodist shortly before the persecution began: Methodist. "You people are doing a good deal of harm in this country." Adventist. "Why, how is that? We are a quiet, inoffensive people." Methodist. "Yes, but were it not for your church we would have regular meetings here at Springville, and all the young people who now go to your meetings would be working members of the Methodist church." Adventist. "Well, show us our error and we will all be Methodists." Methodist. "That's just what we are going to do; we are going to prosecute every one of you."

Kind reader, I call that the spirit of religious bigotry and intolerance. What do you call it? Did they prosecute them? Yes. Five Christian men, two of them personally known to the writer, were indicted as criminals, and appeared before the court without a lawyer, and personally plead for liberty to worship God according to His own word—to work six days and rest the seventh, as God had commanded them. Was it denied them? Yes. Although not a man could be found to testify he had been disturbed by their Sunday work; yet four of these Christian men were fined and imprisoned as criminals in the common prison. Was the spirit of persecution satisfied with their imprisonment? No, sir. But even ministers went to Paris, the county seat of Henry Co., Tennessee, to see if, by some means, these suffering men could not be made to work in the chain gang on the public roads, and they were compelled even to endure that infamy.

In the light of these facts, who will say, The spirit of persecution is dead? Here is something more I find in the *Review & Herald*, dated Aug. 9, 1852: "We learn that Brethren E. E. Franke and C. L. Taylor are having an exciting time in their tent work at Ford's store, Maryland. Methodist ministers have come in from all parts of the county, and stirred up a mob, who, wearing masks and armed with clubs and other weapons, have undertaken to tear down their tents and drive them from the place, and would have done so, had not the tent been watched nights by its friends to the number of thirty or forty, armed for all emergencies. Who will say that the spirit of religious intolerance is dead? Who are suffering from this persecuting Spirit? Seventh Day Adventists." But this is not all. Judge Hammond, a Judge of the United States District Court, in his decision in the King case, holds that the majority have the legal right to persecute the minority in this land. See Due process of law and the Divine right of Dissent, page 21.

THUS PLACING PERSECUTION

on a legal basis in this land of boasted freedom. Yet more. The Supreme Court of the United States rendered a decision on the 29th day of February, 1892, that this is a Christian nation. Thus laws supporting Christian institutions are constitutional. Yet more. Congress has legislated in favor of Sunday, a religious institution. How long before the whole power of the government will be fully under ecclesiastical control, when the ministers will not stir up masked mobs to tear down tents and drive people away, but will say to officers of the law: "Take care of these men," and they will do it. And while popular professors of religion will be enjoying their church fairs, festivals and ice cream suppers, the victims of their bigotry and intolerance will be languishing in dungeons and laboring in the chain gang.

The crisis is before us, reader. On which side will you be? Will you join the popular professors of religion in oppressing the humble children of God? If so, will not the judge say to you and to them in that day: "Wherefore did ye fine and imprison me and persecute me?" And when you will ask: "When did we such a wicked thing?" Will not the Judge say: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me. But whoso shall offend

one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."—Matt. xviii, 1. God will not forsake His people in the time of trouble. He says: "When thou passeth through the fire, the flame shall not kindle upon thee, and when thou passeth through the waters, they shall not overflow thee. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them."—Ps. xxxiv, 7.

DID THE ANGEL OF THE LORD

deliver the three worthies from the burning flame in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, the king? Yes, he did. Did the angel of the Lord deliver Daniel from the power of the lions? Yes, he did. Did the angel of the Lord deliver Peter from prison? Yes; the Lord delivered His faithful servants in ages past, and He will shield them by His mighty power in the last great struggle with the powers of darkness. God will have mighty men of faith in his army in the last days, and his light and truth will shine forth until the whole earth will be lightened with the glory of God, Rev., xviii, 1. Dear reader, are you in the army of the Lord? If not, you have no time to lose. He is now calling for volunteers, and whosoever will, may come.

FOR MANY YEARS

I have been marching under the banner of the Great Prince. I have seen something of storm and battle. I have seen something of the goodness of the Lord. In early life I was thrown into the company of the wild and reckless. My lot was cast among those who drank of the flowing cup and enjoyed themselves at the card table, and rejoiced in the ways of sin. I did not choose such associations, but I was surrounded with them, but I found that the grace of God was sufficient to keep my feet from falling into the snare laid for them by the enemy of all righteousness. I have found Jesus a comfort in sorrow, a refuge from the storm, a very present help in time of trouble. I have found Him to be a light in the darkness, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I have found that all His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace, and the blessed hope He sheds abroad in the soul of eternal life when Jesus comes. Oh, who for a single moment would be without it? That blessed hope so soon to be realized. That land of rest.—How it looms up before the eye of faith. How it re-

joices the heart of the weary, thirsty pilgrim as he travels over the hot plains of earth toward the shining city. How he longs for the shady fountains and cooling streams of that fair land. How his heart bounds for joy at the thought of the welcome home that awaits him at the end of the way. How he turns with delight from the dark scenes of earth to the bright scenes of heaven. By faith he beholds the verdant fields of the holy and glorious land. He thinks of the white robe, the palms of victory and crowns of glory, and his heart rejoices. He thinks of The Father and the Son, of the holy angels and the white robed throng before the throne, and he longs to join in the everlasting song of Glory to the Lamb.

How the humble child of God rejoices to *know* that the long, dark night of sin and sorrow is almost over. That the bright beams of the golden morning are bursting through the darkness. That the warfare is almost ended; that the battle is almost o'er, and that rest, sweet rest in heaven, is so near, when "the ransomed of the Lord will return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isa., xxxv, 10.

"And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them heard I saying, blessing, and honor, and glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Rev. v, 13.

What a glad day when every creature that has life will be full of glory and of God. Dear reader, are you not glad that that day is near? What are bolts and locks and prison bars, scourgings and stripes and death itself to the man who is filled with such a hope as this? "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace will be with you. Amen." 2 Cor., xiii, 11.

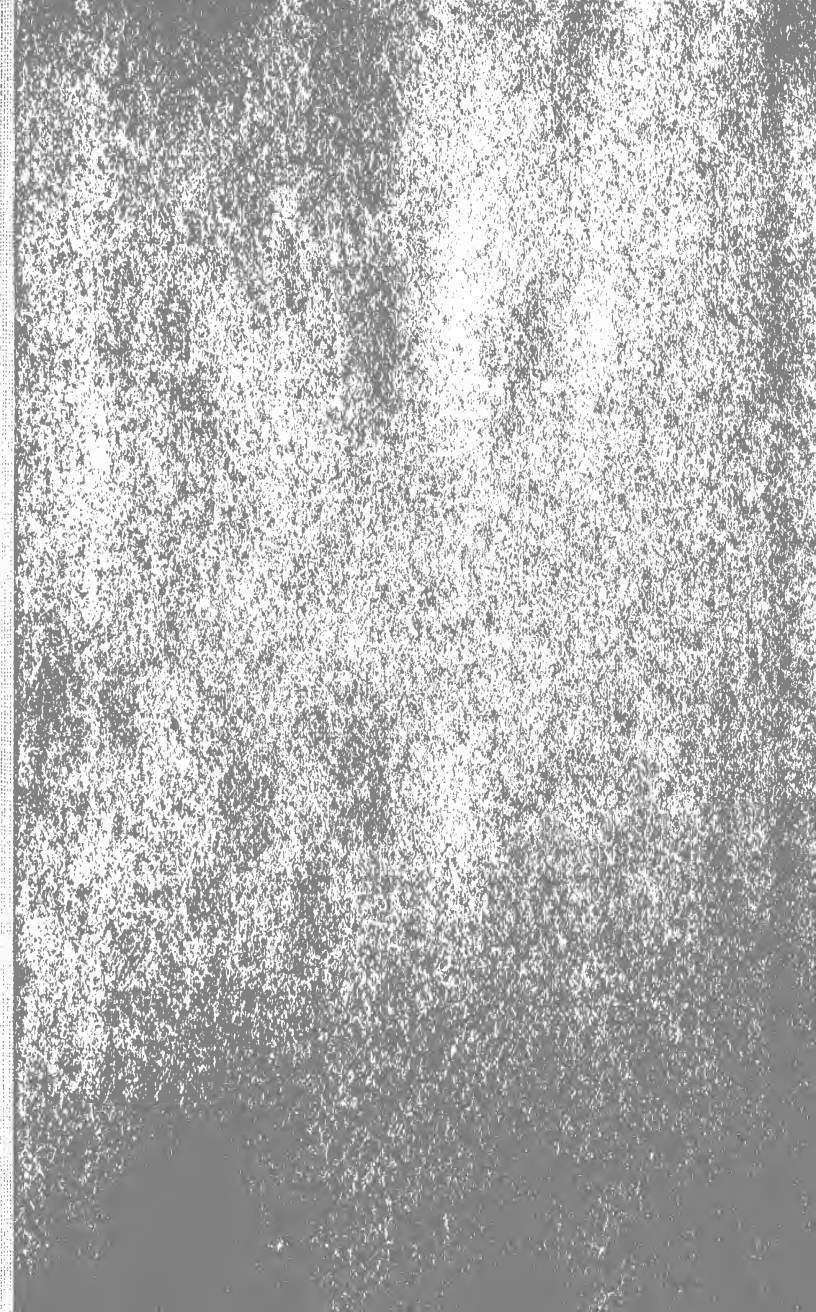
N. B.—Although the conversations and sermons in this book have been somewhat revised for publication, the reader may rest assured there is not an incident recorded which did not actually occur.

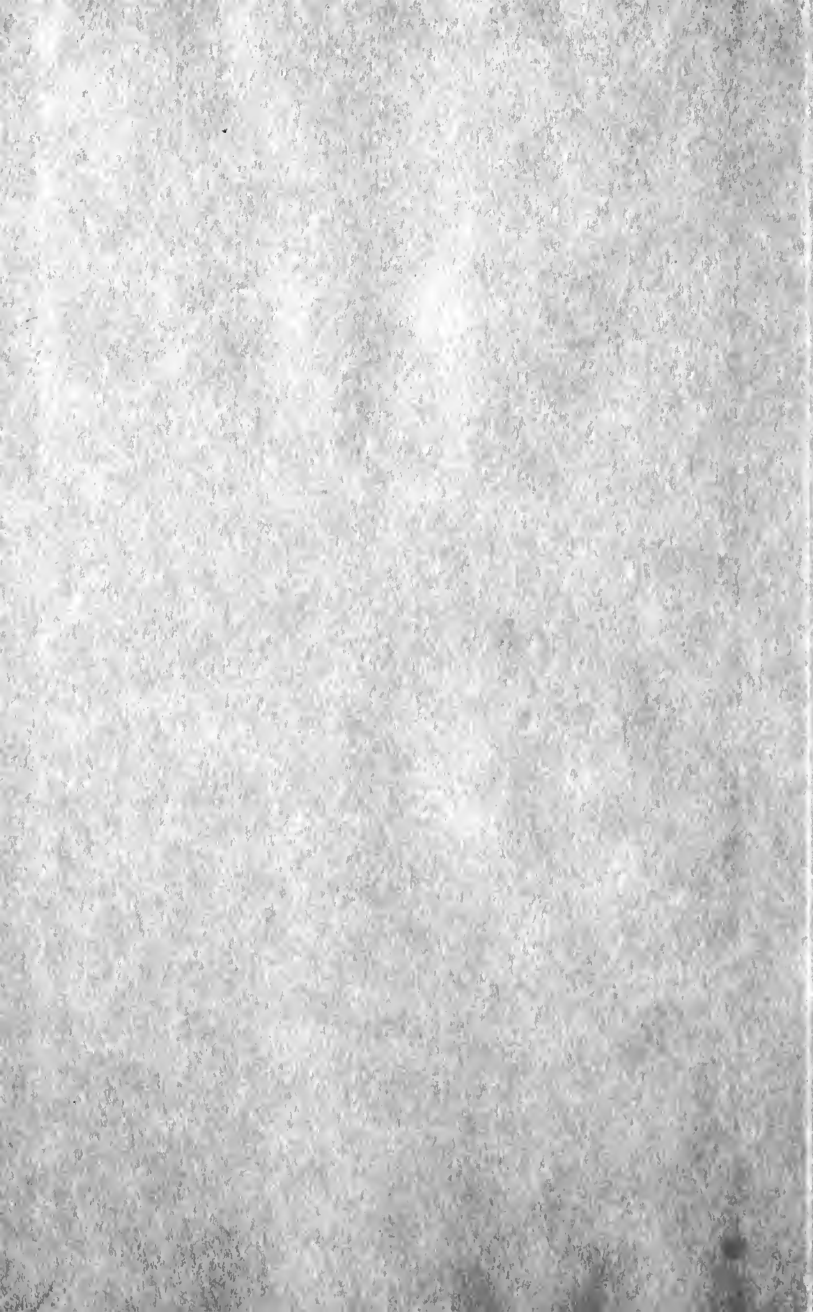
N. B.—Because of the high esteem in which Dr. A. C. Meilicke and Anna Meilicke, his wife, are held by the writer, this little book is dedicated to them.

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