

## TESTIMONY FOR THE CHURCH.

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### **Introductory Remarks.**

AGAIN I feel it my duty to speak to the Lord's people in great plainness. It is humiliating to me to point out the errors and rebellion of those who have long been acquainted with us, and have known our work. I do it to correct wrong statements that have gone abroad concerning me and my husband, calculated to injure the cause, and as a warning to others. Were it that we only were to suffer, I would be silent, but when the cause is in danger of reproach and suffering, I must speak, however humiliating. Proud hypocrites will triumph over our brethren because they are humble enough to confess their sins. God loves his people who keep his commandments, and reprove them, not because they are the worst, but the best people in the world. "As many as I love," says Jesus, "I rebuke and chasten."

I would call especial attention to the remarkable dreams given in this little work, all

with harmony and distinctness illustrating the same things. The multitude of dreams arise from the common things of life, with which the Spirit of God has nothing to do. There are also false dreams, as well as false visions, which are inspired by the spirit of Satan. But dreams from the Lord are classed in the word of God with visions, and are as truly the fruits of the spirit of prophecy as visions. Such dreams, taking into the account the persons who have them, and the circumstances under which they are given, contain their own proofs of their genuineness.

May the blessing of God attend this little work.

E. G. W.

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### **Sketch of Experience**

*From December 19, 1866, to October 20, 1867.*

HAVING become fully satisfied that my husband would not recover from his protracted sickness while remaining inactive, and that the time had fully come for me to go forth and bear my testimony to the people, I decided, contrary to the judgment and advice of the church at Battle Creek, of which we were members at that time, to venture a tour in Northern Michigan, with my husband in his extremely feeble condition, in the severest cold of winter. It required no small degree of moral courage and faith in God to bring

my mind to the decision to risk so much, especially as I stood alone, with the influence of the church, including those at the head of the work at Battle Creek, against me.

But I knew that I had a work to do, and it seemed to me that Satan was determined to keep me from it. I had waited long for our captivity to be turned, and feared precious souls would be lost if I remained longer from the work. To remain longer from the field seemed to me worse than death, and to move out we could but perish. So, on the nineteenth of December, 1866, we left Battle Creek in a snow storm for Wright, Ottawa Co., Mich. My husband stood the long and severe journey of ninety miles much better than I feared, and seemed quite as well when we reached our old home at Bro. Root's as when we left Battle Creek. We were kindly received by this dear family, and as tenderly cared for as Christian parents can care for invalid children.

We found this church in a very low condition. With a large portion of its members the seeds of disunion and dissatisfaction with one another were taking deep root, and a worldly spirit was taking possession of them. And notwithstanding their low state, they had enjoyed the labors of our preachers so seldom, they were hungry for spiritual food. Here commenced our first effective labors since the sickness of my husband. Here he commenced to labor as he used to, though in much weakness. He would speak thirty or forty minutes in the forenoon of the Sabbath and on first-day.

I filled up the rest of the time, and then spoke in the afternoon of each day, about an hour and a half each time. We were listened to with the greatest attention. I saw that my husband was growing stronger, clearer and more connected in his subjects. And when on one occasion he spoke one hour with clearness and power, with the burden of the work upon him as he used to speak, my feelings of gratitude were beyond expression. I arose in the congregation, and for nearly half an hour tried with weeping to give utterance to them. The congregation felt deeply. I felt assured that this was the dawn of better days for us. We remained with this people six weeks. I spoke to them twenty-five times, and my husband spoke twelve times. As our labors with this church progressed, individual cases began to open before me, and I commenced to write out testimonies for them, amounting in all to one hundred pages. Then commenced labor for those persons as they came to Bro. Root's where we were stopping, and with some of them at their homes, but more especially in meetings at the house of worship. In this kind of labor I found that my husband was of the greatest help. His long experience in this kind of work, laboring with me in the past, had qualified him for it. And now that he entered upon it again he seemed to manifest all that clearness of thought, good judgment and faithfulness in dealing with the erring, of former days. In fact no other two of our ministers could have rendered me the assistance that he did.

A good and a great work was done for this dear people. Hearty and full confessions of wrongs were freely made, union was restored, and the blessing of God rested down upon the work. My husband labored to bring the church up to the figures which should be adopted in all our churches upon Systematic Benevolence, which resulted in raising the amount to be paid into the treasury annually by that church, about three hundred dollars. Those in the church who had been in trial about some of my testimonies, especially respecting the dress question, on hearing the matter explained, became fully settled. The health and dress reform was adopted, and a large amount was raised for the Health Institute.

Here I think it my duty to state that as this work was in progress, unfortunately a wealthy brother from the State of New York, visited Wright, after calling at Battle Creek and there learning that we had started out contrary to the opinion and advice of the church, and those standing at the head of the work at Battle Creek. He chose to represent my husband, even before those for whom we had the greatest labor, as being partially insane, consequently his testimony was of no weight. His influence in this matter, as stated to me by Bro. Root, the elder of the church, set the work back at least two weeks. I state this that unconsecrated persons may beware how they in their blind, unfeeling state, cast an influence in an hour which may take the worn servants of the Lord weeks to counter-

act. We were laboring for those of wealth, and Satan saw that this wealthy brother was just the man for him to use. May the Lord bring him where he can see, and in humility of mind confess, his wrong.

By two weeks more of the most wearing labor, with the blessing of God we were able to remove this wrong influence and give full proofs to that dear people that God had sent us to them. As further results of our labors, seven were soon after baptized by Bro. Waggoner, and two in July by my husband at the time of our second visit to that church.

The brother from New York returned to Battle Creek with his wife and daughter, not in a state of mind to give a correct report of the good work at Wright, or to help the feelings of the church at Battle Creek. As facts have since come out, it appears that he injured the church, and the church injured him, in their mutual enjoyment from house to house of taking the most unfavorable views of our course, and making it the theme of conversation. About the time this cruel work was going on, I had the following dream:

I was visiting Battle Creek in company with a person of commanding manners and dignified deportment. In my dream I was passing around to the houses of our brethren. As we were about to enter, we heard voices engaged in earnest conversation. I heard the name of my husband frequently mentioned. I was grieved and astonished to hear our firmest professed friends relating scenes and incidents which had occurred during the severe afflic-

tion of my husband, when his mental and physical powers were palsied to a great degree. I was grieved to hear the voice of the professed brother from New York before mentioned, representing in an earnest manner, and in an exaggerated light, incidents which those at Battle Creek were ignorant of, while our friends in Battle Creek, in their turn, related that which they knew. I became faint and sick at heart, and in my dream came near falling, when the hand of the person with me sustained me, saying, "You must listen. You must know this, even if it is hard to bear."

At the several houses we approached, the same subject was the theme of conversation. It was their *present truth*. Said I, "Oh, I did not know this! I was ignorant that such feelings existed in the hearts of those whom we have regarded as our friends in prosperity, and our fast friends in suffering, affliction, and adversity. Would I had never known this! These we have accounted our very best and truest friends."

The person with me repeated these words: "If they would only engage as readily, and with as much earnestness and zeal in conversation upon their Redeemer, dwelling upon his matchless charms, his disinterested benevolence, and his merciful forgiveness, his pitiful tenderness to the suffering, his forbearance and inexpressible love, how much more precious and valuable would be the fruits."

Said I, "I am grieved. He has not spared himself to save souls. He stood under the burdens until they crushed him, and when he

was prostrated, broken physically and mentally, to gather up words and acts and use them to destroy his influence, after God has put his hand under him to raise him up, that his voice may again be heard, is cruel and wicked."

Said the person who accompanied me, "The conversation where Christ and the characteristics of his life is the theme dwelt upon, will refresh the spirit, and the fruit will be unto holiness and everlasting life." He then quoted these words: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." These words so impressed me that I spoke upon them the next Sabbath.

My labors in Wright were very wearing. I then had much care of my husband by day, and sometimes in the night. I gave him baths, and took him out to ride, and twice a day, cold, stormy or pleasant, walked out with him, and used the pen while he dictated his reports for the Review. I wrote many letters, besides the many pages of personal testimonies, most of No. 11, besides visiting and speaking as often, as long and earnestly as I did. Bro. and sister Root fully sympathized with me in my trials and labors, and watched us with the tenderest care, to supply all our wants. Our frequent prayers were that the Lord would bless them in basket and in store, in health as well as in grace and spiritual strength. And I

felt that a special blessing would follow them. Though sickness has come into their dwelling since, yet I learn by Bro. Root that they enjoy better health than before. And among the items of temporal prosperity he reports that his wheat fields have produced twenty-seven bushels to the acre, and some forty, while the average yield of his neighbors' fields has been only seven bushels per acre.

Jan. 29, 1867, we left Wright, and rode to Greenville, Montcalm Co., forty miles. It was the most severely cold day of the winter. We were glad to find a shelter from the cold and storm at Bro. Maynard's. This dear family welcomed us to their hearts and to their home. We remained in this vicinity six weeks, laboring with the churches at Greenville and Orleans, and made Bro. Maynard's hospitable home our head-quarters.

The Lord gave me freedom in speaking to the people. In every effort made I realized the sustaining power of God. And as I became fully convinced that I had a testimony for the people, which I could bear to them in connection with the labors of my husband, my faith was strengthened that he would yet be raised to health to labor with acceptance in the cause and work of God. His labors were received by the people. He was a great help to me in the work. Without him I could accomplish but little. With his help, in the strength of God, I could do the work assigned me. The Lord sustained him in every effort he put forth. As he ventured, trusting in God, regardless of his feebleness, he gained

in strength, and improved with every effort. As I realized that my husband was regaining physical and mental vigor, my gratitude was unbounded in view of the prospect that I again should be unfettered to engage anew and more earnestly in the work of God, standing by the side of my husband, and we laboring together unitedly in the closing work for God's people. Previous to his being stricken down, the position he occupied in the Office confined him the greater part of the time there. And as I could not travel without him I was kept necessarily at home much of the time. I felt that God would now prosper him while he labored in word and doctrine, and devoted himself more especially to the work of preaching. Others could do the labor in the Office, and we were settled in our convictions that he would never be confined to the Office again, but be free to travel with me, and we both bear the solemn testimony God would have us to his remnant people. I sensibly felt the low state of God's people, and every day I was aware I had gone to the extent of my strength. My manuscript for No. 11 we had sent while in Wright to the Office of publication, and I was improving almost every moment when out of meeting in writing out matter for No. 12. Both my physical and mental energies had been severely taxed while laboring for the church in Wright. I felt that I should have rest, but could see no opportunity for any relief. I was speaking to the people several times a week, and writing many pages of per-

sonal testimonies. The burden of souls was upon me, and the responsibilities I felt were so great I obtained but a few hours of sleep each night.

While thus laboring, in speaking and in writing, letters were received from Battle Creek of a discouraging character. As I read them I felt an inexpressible depression of spirits, amounting to agony of mind, which seemed for a short period to palsy my vital energies. For three nights I scarcely slept at all. My thoughts were troubled and perplexed.

I concealed my feelings as well as I could from my husband and the sympathizing family we were with. None knew the labor or burden upon my mind, as I united with the family in morning and evening devotion, and sought to lay my burden upon the great Burden-bearer. But my petitions came from a heart wrung with anguish, which made my prayers broken and disconnected because of uncontrollable grief.

The blood rushed to my brain, frequently causing me to reel and nearly fall. I had the nose-bleed frequently, especially after making an effort to write. I was compelled to lay by my writing, but could not throw off the burden, anxiety and responsibilities upon me, as I realized that I had testimonies for others which I was unable to present to them.

I received still another letter informing me that it was thought best to defer the publication of No. 11 until I could write out that

which I had been shown in regard to the Health Institute, as they wanted the influence of my testimony to move the brethren, as they stood in great want of means. I then wrote out a portion of that which was shown me in regard to the Institute, but could not get out the entire subject because of pressure of blood to the brain. Had I thought that No. 12 would have been delayed so long I should not in any case have sent that portion of the matter contained in No. 11. I supposed when I should rest a few days I could again resume my writing. But to my great grief I found that my brain was in a condition making it impossible for me to write. The idea of writing testimonies bearing a general application, and also personal, was given up, and I was in continual distress because I could not write them.

In this state of things we decided to return to Battle Creek, and there remain while the roads were in a muddy, broken-up condition, and I there complete No. 12. My husband was very anxious to see his brethren at Battle Creek, and speak to them, and rejoice with them in the work God was doing for him. I gathered up my writings and we started on our journey. On the way we held two meetings in Orange, and had evidence that the church was profited and encouraged. We were ourselves refreshed by the Spirit of the Lord. That night I dreamed I was in Battle Creek looking out from the side glass at the door, and saw a company marching up to the house, two and two. They looked stern and

determined. I knew them well and turned to open the parlor door to receive them, but thought I would look again. The scene was changed. The appearance now presented was like a Catholic procession. One of the company bore in his hand a cross. Another had a reed. And as they neared the house, the one carrying a reed made a circle around the house, saying three times, "This house is proscribed. The goods must be confiscated. They have spoken against our holy order." Terror seized me, and I ran through the house, out of the north door, and found myself in the midst of a company some of whom I knew, but I dared not speak a word with them for fear of being betrayed. I tried to seek a retired spot where I might weep and pray without meeting eager, inquisitive eyes everywhere I turned. I repeated frequently, "If I could only understand this! If they will tell me what I have said, or what I have done!" I wept and prayed much as I saw our goods being confiscated. I tried to read sympathy or pity for me in the looks of those around me, and marked several countenances of those whom I thought would speak with me, and comfort me, if they did not fear that they would be observed by others. I made one attempt to escape from the crowd, but I saw that I was watched, and I concealed my intentions. I commenced weeping aloud, and saying, "If they would only tell me what I have done, or what I have said!"

My husband, who was sleeping in a bed in the same room, heard me weeping aloud, and

awoke me. I found my pillow wet with tears, and a sad depression of spirits upon me.

Bro. and Sr. Howe accompanied us to West Windsor. We were received and welcomed by Bro. and Sr. Carman. Sabbath and first-day we met the brethren and sisters from the churches in the vicinity, and had freedom in bearing our testimony to them. The refreshing Spirit of the Lord rested upon those who felt a special interest in the work of God. Our conference meetings were good, and nearly all bore testimony that they were strengthened and greatly encouraged.

In a few days we found ourselves again at Battle Creek, after an absence of about three months, where, on the Sabbath of March 16, my husband delivered before the church the sermon on Sanctification, phonographically reported by the editor of the Review, and published in No. 18, Vol. xxix. He also spoke in the afternoon with clearness, and on first-day forenoon. I bore my testimony with usual freedom.

We spoke to the church in Newton, Sabbath 23d, with freedom, and labored with the church at Convis the following Sabbath and first-day. We designed to return North, and went thirty miles, but were obliged to turn back on account of the condition of the roads.

My husband was terribly disappointed at the cold reception he met at Battle Creek, and I was also grieved. We decided that we could not bear our testimony to this church till they gave better evidence that they wished our services, and concluded to labor in Con-

vis and Monterey till the roads should improve. The two following Sabbaths we spent at Convis, and have good proofs that a good work was done, as the best of fruits are now seen.

It is painful for me here to state that we were received with great coldness by our brethren, from whom, three months before, I had parted in perfect union, excepting on the point of our leaving home. I came home to Battle Creek like a weary child, who needed comforting words and encouragement.

The first night spent in Battle Creek, I dreamed that I had been laboring very hard and had been traveling for the purpose of attending a large meeting. I was very weary. Sisters were arranging my hair and adjusting my dress, and I fell asleep. When I awoke, I was astonished and indignant to find that my garments had been removed, and there had been placed upon me old rags, pieces of bed quilts knotted and sewed together. Said I, "What have you done to me? Who has done this shameful work of removing my garments and replacing them with beggars' rags?" I tore off the rags and threw them from me. I was grieved, and with anguish I cried out, "Bring me back my garments which I have worn for twenty-three years, and have not disgraced them in a single instance. Unless you give me back my garments I shall appeal to the people who will contribute and return me my own garments which I have worn twenty-three years." I have seen the fulfilment of this dream. We

met reports at Battle Creek which have been circulated to injure us, which have no foundation in truth. Letters have been written by some making a temporary stay at the Health Institute, and by others, living in Battle Creek, to churches in Michigan and other States, expressing fears, doubts and insinuations in regard to us.

I was filled with grief as I listened to a charge from a fellow-laborer, whom I had respected, that they were hearing from every quarter things which I had spoken against the church at Battle Creek. I was so grieved I knew not what to say. We found a strong, accusing spirit against us. As we became fully convinced in regard to the existing feelings, we felt homesick. We felt so disappointed and distressed that I told two of our leading brethren that I did not feel at home, as we met, instead of welcome and encouragement, distrust and positive coldness, and that I had yet to learn that this was the course to pursue toward those who had broken down in their midst by over-exertion and devotion to the work of God. I then said that we thought we should move from Battle Creek and seek a more retired home.

Grieved and wounded in spirit beyond measure, I remained at home, dreading to go anywhere among the church for fear of being wounded. Finally, as no one made any effort to relieve my feelings, I felt it to be my duty to call together a number of experienced brethren and sisters, and meet the reports which were circulating in regard to us.

Weighed down and depressed, amounting to anguish, I met the charges against me, giving a recital of my journey East, one year since, and the painful circumstances attending that journey.

I appealed to those present, to judge whether my connection with the work and cause of God would lead me to speak lightly of the church at Battle Creek, from whom I had not the slightest alienation of feelings. Was not my interest in the cause and work of God as great as it was possible for theirs to be? My whole experience and life were interwoven in the work and cause of God. I had no separate interest aside from the work. I had invested everything in this cause. I had considered no sacrifice too great for me to make in order to advance it. I had not allowed the fond love and affection for my darling babes to hold me back from performing my duty as God required it in his cause. I had separated from my nursing children, and allowed another to act the part of mother to my precious babes. Affection and maternal love throbbed just as strongly in my heart as in the heart of any mother that lived. I had given unmistakable evidences of my interest in, and devotion to, the cause of God. I had shown by my fruits, how dear was this cause to me. Could any produce stronger proof than myself? Were they zealous in the cause of truth? I more. Were they devoted to it? I could prove greater devotion than any one living engaged in the work. Had they suffered for the truth's sake? I more. I had not counted

my life dear unto me. I had not shunned reproach, suffering, or hardships. When friends and relatives have despaired of my life, because disease was preying upon me, I have been borne in my husband's arms to the boat, or cars, and after traveling until midnight, we found ourselves in the city of Boston, without means. We walked by faith seven miles on two or three occasions. We traveled as far as it seemed possible that my strength would allow, and then knelt on the ground and prayed for strength to proceed. Strength was given, and we were enabled to labor earnestly for the good of souls. We allowed no obstacle to deter us from duty, or separate us from the work.

The spirit manifested in this meeting distressed me greatly. I returned home still burdened, as no one made any effort to relieve me, by acknowledging they were convinced they had misjudged me, and that their suspicions and accusations against me were unjust. They could not condemn me, neither did they make any effort to relieve me.

For fifteen months my husband had been so feeble that he had not carried his watch or his purse, or driven his own team when riding out. But with the present year he had taken his watch, and purse, though empty in consequence of our great expenses, and driven his own team. He had, during his sickness, refused at different times to take money of his brethren, to the amount of nearly one thousand dollars, telling them that when he was in want he would let them know it. We

were at last brought to want. My husband felt it his duty first, before becoming dependent, to sell what we could spare. He had some few things at the Office, and scattered among the brethren in Battle Creek, of little value, which he collected and sold. We sold nearly one hundred and fifty dollars worth of furniture. At this point of time, our only and very valuable cow died. My husband tried to sell our sofa for the meeting-house, offering to give ten dollars of its value, but could not. He then for the first time addressed a note to a brother stating that if the church would esteem it a pleasure to make up the loss of the cow, they might do so. But nothing was done about it, only to charge my husband with being insane on the subject of money. They knew him well enough to know he would never ask for help unless stern necessity drove him to it. And now, that he had done it, judge of his feelings and mine when it was seen that no notice was taken of the matter only to use it to wound us in our want and deep affliction.

At this meeting my husband humbly confessed that he was wrong in several things of this nature, which he never should have done, and never would have done but for his fear of his brethren, and a desire to be all right, and to be in union with the church. This led those who were injuring him to apparently despise him. We were humbled into the very dust. We were distressed beyond expression, and in this state of things started to fill an appointment at Monterey. While