

William & His Twenty-Two

Mabel R. Miller

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About The Author

Mabel R. Miller was a church-school teacher, and a Bible textbook writer for the General Conference Department of Education. During her teen years she lived in South and Central Africa, where her father, Dores E. Robinson, was a missionary. Her grandfather, Asa T. Robinson, pioneered Adventist mission work in South Africa.

About The Book

In the little village of Washington, New Hampshire, where Adventists first kept the seventh-day Sabbath, lived William Farnsworth. And there he reared a family of twenty-two children, many of whom grew up to be workers in the cause of God.

No, this is not the story of a boy and his rifle, but a winsomely told bit of Adventist history that will delight children and fascinate older readers. Wouldn't you like to know more about "Fun With the Meads," "Mystery and Bumps," "A Vision in the Cornfield," and "The Tall, Handsome Stranger"?

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Acknowledgements

This story of the pioneer life of one of our first Seventh-day Adventists, William Farnsworth, is written in loving memory of my father, Dores Eugene Robinson, grandson of William, and son of Loretta, the twelfth child of the twenty-two. He was born in Washington, New Hampshire, and spent his early boyhood days there. The greatest part of his adult life he worked as secretary to Ellen G. White. After her death he spent many years in the White Publications. Much of his rich knowledge of pioneer events he passed on to me, making this story accurate in details.

Priceless information has been gathered from the 1878 diary kept by Loretta Farnsworth Robinson, residing in Washington, N.H., at that date.

History of Washington, New Hampshire from 1768-1886, a seven hundred page book, has provided pertinent details of the town's history, topography and citizens.

Credit is due Ernest Farnsworth, the twenty-first child of William. He shared with me his many childhood memories. He has even made the names of the animals mentioned accurate. Ernest celebrated his 100th birthday on June 24, 1972.

Appreciation goes to Arthur L. White for his careful reading of this manuscript.

THE AUTHOR

School Bell's Ringing

Chapter One

It was nearly Christmas, 1818, but for the first time since early spring the children of Washington, New Hampshire, heard the ringing of the school bell through the chilly air.

To these pioneer children schooling was not so important as helping their parents prepare for the long winter. But now it was too cold for farm work. Billows of snow covered all outdoors, and the temperature was zero. School could begin!

As the bell chimed out its call to lessons, William and Simeon Farnsworth trudged along the path to the schoolhouse.

"We beat you here!" greeted Jonathan, who was standing with a few other boys by the schoolhouse door.

"I'll be here first tomorrow!" answered William Farnsworth. "Come on, let's make a fort! The snow is just right." The boys came running through the deep snow to where William had already started rolling a snowball.

"Let me help you," said Jonathan. "I'm glad school has begun. Now we can have time to play."

"Duck!" shouted William as a snowball came flying past Jonathan's head.

"No fair," Jonathan yelled. "Wait until we get our fort built."

"Simeon, do you want to play with us?" called William to his younger brother.

"I don't know," slowly answered Simeon. "Will the schoolmaster like it if we make the fort here by the windows?" This was Simeon's first day at school. He felt cold and scared. Suddenly the boys forgot about making a fort. They looked at one another.

"Have any of you seen the new schoolmaster?" asked William. Each boy shook his head.

"My father says he is going to stay at Mr. Proctor's house for the first two weeks. I wish Moses and Israel Proctor would hurry and get here. They will know about him."

Just then the schoolhouse door opened, and James stepped outside. James was one of the older boys.

"There's a good fire burning in the stove," he said. "I'll walk down the path and watch for the schoolmaster. When you see me wave, go inside. Sit down quietly. I'll come on the run. Don't forget to stand up when he comes in the door."

James went down the path toward the road. He leaned against the spruce tree and looked toward the little town of Washington. He was thinking, "I wonder what our new schoolmaster will be like."

Back on the schoolhouse steps the boys and girls were asking one another the same question.

Simeon listened timidly.

"I wish I didn't have to go to school. Will he be mean?"

"Don't you worry," answered William stoutly. He was three years older than his brother. Simeon was big for seven years, and William was small, even smaller than Simeon. How William wished he could grow!

"All you have to do is listen to the rules and obey them, Simeon. Don't look at anything but the teacher and your book. Never, never speak unless he asks you a question first. But when he tells you to study, be sure to do so; and say your lessons loudly. Then he will know how hard you are studying."

"James is waving his arms," warned Jonathan. So into the schoolhouse crowded the children. Quickly they hung their coats and caps on the pegs at the back of the room and put their lunch boxes on the shelf.

"Come, sit by me, Simeon," whispered William. He remembered how he had felt on his first day in this room. That had been two years ago. "We will sit over here by the fire where it is warm," and he led Simeon to the middle of the room near the big round stove.

"Quiet! Here he comes," whispered James, out of breath from running. The room suddenly became quiet. Only the crackling of the fire could be heard. Thirty-one children sat erect. Thirty-one pairs of hands were folded. Thirty-one pairs of eyes looked straight ahead. But not all of the thirty-one pairs of feet touched the floor. The smaller children had to let their feet dangle, but they didn't move even a toe.

This was the great moment!

The door opened.

Suddenly every child stood tall, arms down, eyes straight ahead. Not one head turned to look at the schoolmaster as he hung up his coat and walked to his desk on the platform in front of the room. He, too, stood straight and tall as he faced his pupils.

"The school term for the year 1818 at Washington, New Hampshire, has now begun. Be seated." There wasn't even a tiny smile on his face. "First I will read to you the twenty-one rules of this school. Listen carefully.

"Rule 1: School will begin at nine in the morning and close at four in the afternoon."

"Rule 2: There will be no school on Saturday afternoons."

"Rule 3: There is to be no whispering or laughing in this room at any time."

"Rule 4: If any pupil does not obey the teacher, he shall be sent home at once."

"Those are the same rules we had last year," thought William Farnsworth. "I know them by heart. My, what a long black beard he has. His hair is black, too. Our teacher last year was short and fat. This schoolmaster is tall. He looks strong. I wouldn't want him to use the beech switch on me."

When all the twenty-one rules had been read, the teacher announced, "I will read these rules three times each day during the first week of school. At the end of that time you will be expected to say them to me."

"Now, I want the primer class to sit here on the front row. Those who began school last year, take the second bench. If this is your third year in school, take the third row. Those who have been to school for more than three terms, take the seats at the back."

Quietly the children moved. William was already in the third row, so he did not leave his place by the fire. As Simeon started for the front row, William squeezed his hand.

"Everything is fine," he wanted to say, but of course he didn't whisper. He watched Simeon as he went to the front seat and sat down beside little Sally Mead.

"You may call me Mr. Harris," the schoolmaster began. "Now, I would like to know your names. We will start right —" Mr. Harris did not finish that sentence. Instead, he pointed straight at William.

"Little boy, I said, 'All *beginners* on the front row!'"

"Yes, sir," answered William. But he did not move.

"Young man," ordered the teacher, "come to the primer class at once!"

"Yes, sir," answered William timidly, "but I am not a beginner, sir. I've attended school two years already."

"What?" shouted Mr. Harris. "Does this boy lie? Is he in his third year?"

It seemed to Simeon that Mr. Harris was looking right at him. He must answer something.

"No, sir; yes, sir," the words tumbled out of Simeon's mouth.

"What?" shouted the schoolmaster.

"Yes, sir; William is in the third year. No, sir; he does not lie," said Simeon.

"He is too small," stormed Mr. Harris. "He is smaller than you, or any of the boys in the primer class."

"Yes, sir," again Simeon spoke up quickly. He loved his brother. He didn't feel afraid now. He mustn't let the teacher think that William told a lie.

"You see, Mr. Schoolmaster, when William was born, he weighed only two and a half pounds. Father put him in our coffee pot, sir. He even put the lid on it. William was that little, sir. Everyone thought he would die. He's never been very big, sir, but he is very smart when it comes to learning, sir."

Simeon gave a big sigh after such a long speech. He thought, "The teacher just has to like William. Everyone else does."

"Bravely spoken for a little boy," Mr. Harris said with a twinkle in his eyes. "William, you just keep right on growing. Maybe someday you'll weigh two hundred pounds!"

Mr. Harris laughed right out loud. Yes, he laughed out loud, and his eyes looked friendly and kind. None of the children dared smile, but inside they felt warm and happy.

William, especially, felt warm—not only inside, but on the outside, too. His face was red, and the side of his body near the stove was oh, so hot! Next time he wouldn't sit so close to the fire. He hoped it would soon be noon. He was hungry.

It really didn't seem long until Mr. Harris was telling them that after they had eaten their lunches they could make their snow forts, or slide down the hill at the back of the schoolhouse if they wished.

"William, be sure and eat plenty," Moses laughed as he saw William bite into a piece of corn bread. "Remember, you must weigh two hundred pounds someday."

* * * * *

How surprised they would have been had they known then that someday William would weigh two hundred and forty pounds, that he would be known as the strongest man around for many miles, that he would have twenty-two

sons and daughters, and that he would become one of the very first Seventh-day Adventists in the world! But of course no one knew that then!

Meet the Family

Chapter Two

"I'm hungry," shouted William.

"So am I," added Simeon. It was nearly sundown when the boys trudged along the path to the back door of their home. They stamped the snow off their boots.

"Mother!" Simeon called. And there was Mother opening the door for them.

"Mmm-mmm, what do I smell!" cried William.

"Can you guess?" asked Mother. "Because this was your first day at school, I've made something special. Hungry?"

"Hungry?" echoed both boys. "I'm so hungry I could eat up all the house," laughed Simeon.

They were standing in the long room that joined the house to the barn. On one side of the room, logs for firewood were piled to the ceiling. Fruit and fish were hanging in bunches from ropes stretched across the room. Boxes filled with nuts stood in one corner. There were deerskins and cowhides stretched on frames. It was an interesting room. Here were many of the things this pioneer family in New England needed during the long, cold winter months.

"I'm glad you are hungry," smiled Mother. "Run and help your father finish the chores, and then we will have supper."

The boys put on their jeans and sweaters, which had been hanging on pegs behind the door. Then they carefully hung up their school clothes.

"It won't take us long, Ma," shouted William. They went through the door at the end of the storeroom, down the hallway, and into the barn.

Mother set the pot of baked beans on the long table in the kitchen. There was a plate piled high with hot corn bread. A mug of milk was by each plate. A pitcher of rich cream and a big pat of homemade butter were in the middle of the table.

Mother was just filling the bowls with steaming soup when in came Father with two buckets of foaming milk. William followed, carrying one bucket filled to the top, and Simeon had a basket of eggs.

"The cows did their best tonight," said Father. "Look at all this milk!" But William and Simeon were looking at something else.

"Oh, Ma!" they both gasped.

"See what Ma and I made for you!" shouted Daniel. Daniel was only five, and not old enough to go to school, but he could help Mother make a surprise for the boys.

"Look," he squealed, pointing to the fireplace. "Aren't they pretty!"

"They are beautiful! They are wonderful! They are perfect!" exclaimed William, giving Daniel a big hug.

"Well, well," said Father, "rye cakes baked in front of the fireplace. We will eat them with maple syrup. What could taste better?"

"Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!" shouted Simeon as he jumped up and down with each word.

"Careful," cautioned Mother, putting an arm around Simeon. "You will wake up Baby Joey."

But Baby Joey was used to three noisy brothers. He slept right on in his cradle in the corner.

Supper tasted even better than it looked or smelled. Of course the boys told all about school.

"Do you know what?" asked William. "Mr. Harris told us to find out all about our family history. He wants us to know how our town of Washington began. He said that would be our first history lesson."

"Well, I never heard of teaching history that way," said Father, looking at Mother. "I wonder what kind of schoolmaster we have now."

"Oh, he is a good teacher," said William. "We all like him. Will you tell me about our family and how we came to live here?"

"Yes," answered Father, "just as soon as you boys finish the dishes and we have prayers."

The last rye cake was finally eaten, and everyone felt good inside.

"Thank you for such a wonderful surprise," said the boys. "Today isn't Sunday, and it isn't anyone's birthday, yet we have corn bread and rye cakes both!"

Mother lifted a bucket of hot water from the stove and filled the dishpans on the table. It didn't take the boys long to wash and dry the dishes. Daniel did his best to sweep the floor while Mother put the food away. Then she set the clean dishes upside down on the table and put a spoon beside each plate. Now the table was set for breakfast!

William and Simeon sat down on the bearskin rug, with their backs to the fireplace. This was the best part of the day, when the family gathered in front of the fire to have worship.

Carefully Daniel carried the candle to the table beside Father's chair and climbed up on his knee. He liked to help hold the big Bible.

Mother picked up Baby Joey. She knew he would like to sit on her lap and be rocked. Besides, he must learn to be quiet during worship.

After reading a story from the Bible, they knelt quietly. Each one prayed. Father was always first, then Mother, William, Simeon, and Daniel in turn. Just as soon as Baby Joey could talk, Mother would teach him to say his little prayer right after Daniel's.

It was a happy time. They felt close to God and to one another.

How It Started 1663-1818

Chapter Three

When prayers were over, Father asked, "Now, William, what do you want to know about our family history?"

"Just everything. Start from the beginning. I'll get my slate so I can write down any names or dates I might forget. I want to tell it well, so Mr. Harris won't think I belong in the primer class again!" William laughed as he ran to get his slate.

"When did the Pilgrims come across the ocean in the *Mayflower*?" asked Father. Before William could open his mouth to answer, Simeon shouted, "In 1620!"

"Right! Your great-great-great-grandfather crossed the ocean from England just forty-three years later. Now, who can tell me that date?" Simeon didn't have a chance this time.

"That would be in 1663," said William after a few moments of figuring.

"Right again. For one hundred and four years the Farnsworth family lived near Plymouth in Massachusetts. Then in 1767, your very own grandpa and grandma, Simeon and Esther Farnsworth, decided to move here to Washington.

"No one was living here then. This was wild country. They did not make the trip alone. Fifteen families came together. They had to bring everything they needed. There were no roads. Nicks had been cut in the trees to show them which way to go.

"They tied their belongings on the horses. Everyone walked except the small children, who climbed up on the horses and found nooks between the bags where they could ride."

"Many streams of water rushed down the hillsides. When the travelers came to one too deep to wade, the men would find a tall tree near the bank of the stream and cut it down so that it would fall across the stream to the other side."

"This made a bridge. Very carefully the women would help the children walk across. Many times they would crawl on the log, holding on with both hands. The men rode the horses through the water."

"Were you there, Father?" asked Simeon.

"Oh, no; my father was only twenty-two years old. He and Mother had just been married. I wasn't born until they had lived here fourteen years."

"Each man bought one hundred acres on which to make his farm. It was early spring when they arrived. How busy they were cutting down the trees!"

"We will build one-room log cabins for now and live in them for a while,' they decided. 'This will give us time to clear some land and plant our gardens. We must grow food before the long winter begins'"

"That is what they did. The next year a lumber mill was ready to saw the great logs into smooth boards for buildings. But before these pioneers built homes for themselves, they built a schoolhouse. Then they built a church in which to worship. In the next few years many of the large, beautiful homes you now see were built."

"This is a wonderful country," spoke up Mother. "Just think, within our township we have more than twenty-seven lakes! We would miss the fresh fish and wild ducks when our food supply is low if we didn't have these lakes."

"There would be no swimming or boating in summer," added William. "I'd miss the ice skating, too."

"We all would!" laughed Father. "Think of the wild cherry trees, the juicy mulberries, the blueberries, and the blackberries that grow wild around us."

"I like the maple-sugar trees," said Daniel, smacking his lips.

"Mmm-mm," added Simeon. "What would rye cakes be like without maple syrup?"

"Did grandpa ever have trouble with the Indians or with wild animals?" asked William. He did want to get a little excitement in his report if possible.

"Indians had lived here, but they had all moved away before the pioneers came," answered Father. "We have never had Indian wars or been afraid our homes would be burned or that we would be scalped."

"We did have trouble with wild bears though. How they liked to kill our cattle and sheep! Right now you are sitting on the skin of a bear your grandpa killed. That bear came out of the woods into the field where my father was working. Father was a long way from the house, so he quickly ran and climbed up on the stump of a tree. He had his pitchfork with him. For two hours Father and the bear fought back and forth. That bear wouldn't go away, but finally Father was able to kill him with the pitchfork."

"I'm glad you didn't kill my grandpa," said Daniel, giving the bear rug a slap.

"Our town has a great honor," said Father. "In the year 1776 it was named Washington. Ours was the first town in America to be named after George Washington. He was the general of our Army at that time."

"After that he was the first President of our country, wasn't he!" shouted Simeon, proud that he knew so much history.

"Right," said Father. "Our town has grown very fast. It is only fifty years since Grandpa Simeon came here. Now we have nine hundred people living in Washington village."

"Hurray for Washington!" the boys sang out.

"Hurray for bed, too," smiled Mother. "I brought your night clothes downstairs. You may put them on here by the fire."

"Oh, thank you, Mother." Gratefully they skinned off their clothes and pulled on their long woolly nightshirts.

Mother was bending down in front of the fireplace filling the bedwarmer with red-hot coals. It was a brass pan with a lid and a long, wooden handle.

Upstairs, the boys pulled back the covers from their beds, and Mother took the bedwarmer and moved it back and forth over the sheets. It felt good to get into bed and have Mother rub the bedwarmer over each quilt after she pulled it up. Then she took large hot bricks wrapped in cloth and pushed one into each bed to help keep toes warm during the cold night.

With a kiss for each boy and a cheery Good night, Mother blew out their candle and left them to their dreams.

The next day Schoolmaster Harris was pleased with William's history report. The boy had made it interesting. Even the pupils who were not in history class were watching and listening. Mr. Harris shook his head at them. Quickly they turned their eyes on their open reading books, but they couldn't turn off their ears!

Busy Days

Chapter Four

School days came and went. As soon as the snow began to melt, every boy was needed at home to help on the farm. That meant school was over.

Father Farnsworth wanted to clear more land. He must plant rye and oats this year. There were trees to cut down. William and Simeon could help do that. They could also help load the logs on the ox wagon. Father even let them drive the oxen. That wasn't work, that was fun!

But oh, there was the never-ending job of picking up rocks! There were hundreds and thousands of rocks!

"Rocks won't grow food!" Father would say. "Come on, boys. No swimming until this patch of ground is ready for planting." The boys worked faster then. Somehow the thought of a plunge in the cool shady river helped take the ache out of that job.

They must lift the heavy rocks and carry them to little piles here and there, then drive the ox wagon to each pile. Again they must lift all those rocks and stones and heave them into the wagon. It was fun driving the oxen to the end of the field, where they threw the rocks from the wagon onto a large pile. Father was building a rock fence around the farm.

"Ouch, my back!" William would groan.

"*Your* back!" Simeon would moan. "It's ouch *my* back. I can never stand straight again."

"This is fun," Daniel would laugh. He was proud that Father thought him big enough to work on the farm.

"It doesn't bother *you*," William would tease, "because you are so close to the ground anyway."

"I'll soon be as tall as you are, even if you are twice as old as I am," the six-year-old would answer.

"Oh, if work makes one grow, I'll soon be a giant," William would sigh as he picked up another big rock.

The sunshine, fresh air, the good food, and plenty of work did start William growing. Up and up he shot that summer! Almost in no time the bottom of William's trousers were halfway up to his knees.

Mother had to weave all the material for the family's clothes, but she couldn't find time to do much weaving in the summer. So she took soft deerskin and sewed trousers for William. She fringed the bottoms. William didn't care when his legs grew longer and the fringed edges came higher and higher. He was so excited about growing that nothing else mattered!

When the snow began to fall that winter the cellar was again filled with carrots, turnips, potatoes, cabbages, and pumpkins. In the storeroom long strings of dried apples and peaches and great bunches of onions hung from the ceiling. There were dried meats, smoked fish, and boxes overflowing with nuts.

"You boys have been a big help," said Father. "I never could have done all this without you."

Mother left her washing and came to the door. "I am surprised to see how long the stone fence has grown this summer. Someday maybe it will go clear around our farm."

Daniel, who had decided that gathering stones wasn't so much fun after all, asked Mother, "Won't Joey be two next summer? He'll be old enough to help pick up stones then, won't he?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed William, as he turned a complete somersault with excitement at the thought. "Father will need me for more important work than picking up rocks. You will, won't you, Father?"

"I'll need every one of you," chuckled Father. "And remember, gathering stones is important work."

"Oh, no," groaned all the boys at once.

Fun With the Meads

Chapter Five

Branches hung bare on the trees. All their crimson and gold leaves lay on the ground trying to peek through the first light layer of snow.

The pleasant fall days were over. Once again the boys and girls from the farms picked up their slates and lunch boxes and trudged up and down the icy roads to the little schoolhouse.

Mr. Harris smiled when he saw how much William had grown. "I'd never be fooled this year by thinking you belonged in the primer class. You have a good start toward that two hundred pounds you are going to weigh someday."

Mr. Harris took hold of William's arm. "Plenty of good strong muscle there, too," he added. "That shows you have done more than play all summer."

"I can thank a million or two stones for that muscle, Mr. Harris," and William drew his muscle up into a good-sized ball.

One Saturday noon Simeon and William came home to find Daniel much excited.

"Surprise! Surprise! You can't guess what!"

"What?" asked William, catching a bit of Daniel's enthusiasm.

"We are going over to Mr. and Mrs. Mead's. Mother baked five apple pies to take. The oxen are yoked up to the wagon ready to start. Come on, hurry up."

It wasn't long until the Farnsworth family were all in the wagon. Soft fresh straw kept out the cold from beneath while they snuggled under quilts and deerskins.

"I like going to visit the Meads, even if there aren't any boys," announced William. The Meads had four girls. The Farnsworths had four boys. Sally Mead was in the same class at school as Simeon. She was the eldest girl. Next came Lucy, then Mary, and last Baby Ruth. Joey Farnsworth was three months older than Baby Ruth.

"They aren't like most girls though," William told Mother. "Sally isn't scared of spiders or snakes. She doesn't scream and run away. She doesn't even cry and get mad when the boys pull her pigtails. She just laughs."

"She's real smart in school, too," added Simeon. "She can read almost as well as I do." He couldn't understand why Pa chuckled.

"Uncle Israel, Aunt Lydia, and Aunt Marie are coming over," said Mother. "We are going to help Mrs. Mead do some quilting. Mr. Mead, Uncle Israel, and Father will have lots to talk about."

"Oh, goody!" shouted Simeon. "Moses and Israel will be there, and we can play with boys!"

"Hold it, son! You must all play together. You mustn't leave the girls out of anything, even if you'd rather play with your cousins, Moses and Israel." Mother's voice made Simeon know she meant just what she said.

The children had a wonderful time sliding down the long hill at the back of the house. The snow was just right. It packed so firmly. Daniel took little Mary on his sled. She was only three. She giggled and squealed as they whizzed down the hill!

At sundown they came shouting, laughing, and stamping into the kitchen. Mrs. Mead showed them where to put their mittens, mufflers, and caps to dry behind the stove.

There was a great deal of excitement in the kitchen. The children gathered around the long table. They watched Aunt Lydia cut the warm brown bread. It was full of plump, soft raisins.

She took from the oven a great dish of bubbling Boston baked beans.

How much longer must they wait?

Mrs. Mead placed on the table a huge dish full of fluffy mashed potatoes with golden streams of melting butter running down the high mountain peaks.

William ran his tongue hungrily around his lips. Moses murmured, "I'm 'most caved in." But it was Sally who said right out loud, "Oh, I'm so hungry. Let's eat!" She watched Mother lift the apple pies and a pitcher of thick cream from the lunch basket.

There were not enough chairs, but who cared, when such delicious odors filled the warm, cheerful kitchen.

Mr. Mead put a long board on two boxes at one side of the table. The children climbed over the board and sat down. They were very close together.

"Give me some room!" Daniel tried to push Israel.

"Let's be polite," suggested Mother. "This is a good way to learn to eat without pushing your elbows out at your sides. Straight up, straight down, is the way to move your spoon."

So the children practiced moving their arms straight up, straight down, back and forth, from dish to mouth. It was fun as long as the person beside you didn't poke you with an elbow.

After Mr. Mead had thanked God for this delicious meal everyone forgot about elbows. They were too busy emptying their plates.

"Oh, but God is kind to give us such good food," thought William.

After the last piece of apple pie had disappeared, Mr. Mead took the children into the living room. He had them sit down on the floor before the fireplace. Then he gave each one a handful of chestnuts to roast.

They put the nuts as close to the hot coals as they dared. When a nut was roasted enough and was ready to eat, the shell would crack with a bang. That made it easy to take off the soft shell. It was still easier to eat the tender roasted chestnut!

"Come and tell us a story, Aunt Marie," called William.

"Please! Please! Please!" begged ten eager voices. "We want a story from Aunt Marie."

"Go on, Marie," said Mother to her older sister. Aunt Marie, Uncle Israel, and Mother were brother and sisters.

"Go on, Marie, I'll help Mrs. Mead with the dishes."

Aunt Marie loved to tell stories. She had lots of them to tell, too, for she had come to Washington, New Hampshire, when she was a little girl of only five years. That was just a few years after the first pioneers arrived.

Aunt Marie sat down on a stool, and the eager faces looked up into hers.

Aunt Marie Tells Stories

Chapter Six

When Uncle Jonathan and I were first married, we built a log cabin away back in the hills. Weeks passed without our seeing anyone. Sometimes I got lonesome, but we were busy gathering sap from the maple trees. We made it into sugar. When we had several hundred pounds of maple sugar, Jonathan would put it on the ox wagon and bring it to Washington village to sell.

"One beautiful summer day I rose early and went out into the garden. Jonathan had left at daybreak to chop wood in the forest. I left both the front and the back door open."

"Baby Jim was sleeping quietly in his little crib in one corner of the kitchen."

"I hoed the string beans and carrots and carried several buckets of water for the corn. Then I picked enough green peas to fill my apron and started back to the cabin."

"Just as I came around the old birch tree in the front yard I saw him—a big black bear. He was going right into our living room through the open door."

"I wanted to scream, but I knew I mustn't startle him. My gun was in the cabin above the kitchen door. I stood beside the tree. My arms dropped to my sides, and the peas scattered over the ground. Would that bear hurt my precious baby?"

"O God, keep Jimmy safe, keep Jimmy safe," I prayed. What would I do if he should pick up Jimmy? I didn't think a bear would willfully hurt a baby, but it might pick one up to rock and love. Bears' arms are strong, and he might hug Jimmy too tightly. All sorts of frightening thoughts raced through my mind."

"How could I get Jimmy before that bear did? I ran around the house and dashed to the door when—'Gr-r-r Gr-r-r.' There he was, just coming out! He was more terrified than I, for he trotted rapidly down the path grunting."

"I slammed shut the door and rushed to the crib. There lay Jimmy, smiling, cooing, and playing with his toes."

"O-oh," gasped ten voices. "What did you do then, Aunt Marie?"

"Well," she said slowly, "I was a pioneer woman. There was work to do. So I kissed my baby, and with a prayer of thankfulness, I went outside by the old birch tree and picked up my spilled peas!"

"Oh, no!" came William's disappointed voice. "Didn't you even chase the bear, or at least shoot at him?"

"No, no," Aunt Marie answered calmly. "That would have been foolish for me to try. I'd had enough excitement for that day!"

"Was that the biggest scare you ever had?" asked Sally.

"N-o," she answered slowly, "not the biggest."

The children could see that another story was coming, so they begged, "Tell us about the time you had a bigger scare. What could frighten you more than having a bear walk through your house? Do tell us!"

Aunt Marie began: "It happened when I was ten years old. The sun was shining brightly that May morning when Pa and his brother went to the field to plow."

"I was sitting on a log in front of the cabin knitting a pair of socks for Pa. I remember how nice and warm the sun felt on my back. All of a sudden the sun stopped shining. I began to get cold. I looked up in the sky expecting to see it covered with storm clouds. But there were none. Yet it was getting dark."

"Ma came to the cabin door. She looked all around."

"This is strange," she puzzled. "You had better come on in, Marie."

"It became so dark we had to light the candle. Ma didn't say much. She kept going to the door and looking out."

"The cows are coming from the pasture and going into the barn just as they do in the evenings," she said."

"I ran to her side in the doorway."

"Look! The chickens are going to roost, and it's only morning!" I exclaimed."

"I know, dear," Ma said gently."

"Pa and his brother came from the field. They unyoked the oxen and put them in the barn. It was as dark as night now."

"Ma, what does this mean?" Pa's voice sounded strange."

"Oh, I'm so glad you are here! I'm frightened," and Ma began to cry. Of course I started crying, too."

"It must be the end of the world,' said Pa. He put one arm around Ma and the other around me. Then down on our knees we fell, and Uncle John knelt, too. They prayed and cried and asked God for protection in this strange experience."

"It became so dark that we could almost feel the blackness. The little rays from the candle were lost in the darkness. We sat holding hands, afraid of losing one another. We groped around, feeling here and there for water and food."

"That day seemed endless. What was going to happen? Would I never see the sun again? Was I ready to die? Eleven hours dragged by. I slept several times, but awoke with my throat aching and choked."

"Then the moon came up from behind the hill. It wasn't the pretty round moon we had seen the night before. Oh, no! It was as red as blood, and it gave no light."

"Will this darkness never end!' I heard Ma cry. Then I slept—a tired, frightened little girl."

"The next thing I knew the sunshine was streaming in the cabin window."

"O Ma,' I cried joyously, 'the sun is shining!' Ma came over to my bed. She was still pale, and her eyes were red. The yellow, warm sunlight and her smiling face seemed to me the most beautiful things I had ever seen."

"Everything is all right, Marie,' Ma said cheerfully as she kissed me. 'Maybe someday we will understand.'"

"Did you ever know why that day turned dark and the moon was red?" asked William.

"No, children, but I still hope to understand sometime."

Mr. Mead had been listening. He had a Bible in his hand. "Do you suppose, Marie," he asked, "that that dark day has anything to do with this verse in Joel 2:31, 'The sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come'?"

"I have wondered about that," Aunt Marie answered, "but I do not understand what it means. There are so many things in the Bible that we cannot understand."

That evening, jiggling along in the ox wagon on the way home, William thought, "Why should there be things in the Bible that we can't understand? Didn't God give us the Bible to show us the way to heaven? I hope that someday I will understand everything in God's Word."

* * * * *

Aunt Marie lived to be one hundred and two years old. She told William's children and then his grandchildren the story of the great Dark Day.

When William Farnsworth was a young man he helped his Aunt Marie to understand that the Dark Day of May 19, 1780, was one of the great signs that Jesus is soon coming to this earth.

Wedding Bells for William and Sally

Chapter Seven

By 1830 seven years had gone since William stopped going to the little schoolhouse. It had been seven years of hard work on the farm.

There had been sacks of grain to take to the gristmill and carry back on his shoulder as flour. With the broad ax he had cut trees and kept the winter woodpile heaped high. He had plowed, dug potatoes, planted corn, and carried huge pumpkins to the cellar.

Many a field of grain had been cut by William as he swung the great scythe at haying time. He was now a young man, twenty-three years old, but he was still gathering and hauling wagonloads of stones from the farm lands!

He was no longer William the frail. Everyone for miles around knew him as William the champion. He was more than six feet tall—thin, but strong. Sally Mead had grown into a lovely young woman. She could do beautifully all the things a pioneer woman was supposed to do. William's cheery smile and honest blue eyes had won for him Sally Mead's heart.

In 1830 William and Sally were married!

Father and Mother Farnsworth were happy to have a daughter in the family.

"What a lot of brothers I have all at once," Sally laughed. The boys lined up in a row. Now there were five Farnsworth sons instead of four. At the head of the line stood Simeon, who was twenty years old. Daniel was seventeen, Joey twelve, and Cyrus seven.

"Take a look at all the pretty sisters I have!" William exclaimed. He looked proudly at Lucy, Mary, Ruth, and Harriet Mead. "I've always wanted at least one sister, and now I have four!"

"Guess I don't belong anywhere," sighed little Newell Mead sadly.

"I should say you do," William said suddenly. "You and Cyrus are very important." He swung Newell high up on one shoulder and Cyrus on the other.

"Three cheers for our two little brothers, Newell and Cyrus," laughed Sally and William gaily.

Over the hills and down in the valleys, along the streams and by the lakes, Sally and William wandered. They were hunting for a good place on which to build their home. There was one spot to which they kept returning.

"This is a fine place for a farm," William said. "We could put the house right here near the river. There is plenty of room for a garden and an orchard. Look at the rolling hills for pastureland. With all these trees we would never want for lumber!"

"Oh, William, this is a beautiful spot," said Sally as she sat down on the grass beside the river. The water was clear as it tumbled over the rocks on its way from the hills to Ashuelot Pond half a mile away.

She looked around at the dainty white birch trees. Their silvery trunks made a pleasant picture against the deep green of the pines and spreading spruce. Wild flowers were poking up their gay heads through thick ferns.

It seemed to Sally they were inviting her to stay.

"I think this is the most beautiful spot on all the earth!" she said eagerly.

That day William and Sally chose for their home two hundred and sixteen acres beside the Ashuelot River. Here they were to live the rest of their lives.

Within a short time many of the great trees had been hauled by oxen to the sawmill and cut into long smooth boards. Carefully William fitted the boards together. In this home there must be no cracks through which the cold winter winds could blow.

He knew how deep the snow would be. He knew how the icicles would hang from the roof to the ground. He knew how the bitter freezing wind would sting eyes and nip fingers. Who would want to go out in that kind of weather? Not William! So, like all the farmers at Washington, he built a long hallway from the kitchen to the barn.

It was a big barn—bigger than all the house. It had to be, because the cows, oxen, horses, and sheep must stay there when it became too cold for them outside. There must also be room for many tons of hay and grain for winter feeding.

Sally was happy in her pretty little house by the river. She made it into a cozy, cheerful home. Nearly everything she and William had, they grew or made with their own hands. Their food, clothes, and comforts cost little money, but they did cost a heap of hard work.

This pioneer home in the New Hampshire hills not only was full of work but was also running over with happiness and good cheer. The Farnsworth family found that work plus love plus thankfulness equals happiness.

Neighbors and friends had such jolly times with William and Sally that they named the Farnsworth farm Happy Hollow!

* * * * *

Five years after Sally and William built their home William's brother Daniel and Sally's sister Mary were married. What fun these two brothers and sisters had together!

Many years later, in 1849, when Sally's little brother, Newell Mead, had a family of his own, they lived on the farm just across the bridge and down the road a stone's throw from Happy Hollow.

A Night to Remember

Chapter Eight

It was a night William and Sally were never to forget. They had been married three years. Baby Lucy was sleeping peacefully beside them. All was quiet.

Suddenly Sally was awake. The room was filled with a strange light. Was it morning? No, it couldn't be—not yet.

"William!"

He opened his eyes.

"The barn must be on fire!" he gasped as he rushed to the window.

"Sally! Sally! Come here quickly!" In an instant she was by his side.

The sky was ablaze with bright streaks of light. It was far more beautiful than a hundred sky rockets. There were millions and millions of fiery tracks racing down from the center of the sky.

"It's the stars, William. They are falling! They are all falling to the earth!"

"Don't be afraid, Sally. This must be a sign from God," said William calmly. "Come, let's put on our coats and go outside where we can see the whole sky."

Out in the front yard they looked up at the glorious sight.

Some of the falling stars burst into a sudden blaze of light and then went out. Others just faded and disappeared. It was as light as day.

They were gazing upon the most wonderful fireworks this world has ever seen. Their hearts were filled with reverence as they realized that God was speaking to them, and to all people on the earth.

After a while they went inside. William opened his Bible to the thirteenth chapter of Mark, and read: "But in those days . . . the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars of heaven shall fall, and the powers that are in heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in the clouds with great power and glory.... So ye in like manner, when ye shall see these things come to pass, know that it is nigh, even at the doors.... Heaven and earth shall pass away: but my words shall not pass away."

"Thank God for His Word," said Sally as they went outdoors again. "There must be many people who are terrified at this sight. We do not have to fear, but only to be sure that our hearts are right with God."

"Remember, Sally, the story Aunt Marie told us when we were children, about how frightened she and her parents felt during the Dark Day, May 19, 1780? I am sure she is not afraid tonight."

Day began to dawn. The rain of fire faded slowly from sight as the brightness of morning came. When the sun rose from behind the wooded hills, there was nothing but the memory of a brilliant but solemn scene left for those who had watched the falling of the stars, November 13, 1833.

The Dark Day and the falling of the stars had startled the world. Many people studied their Bibles to find why these things had happened. This is what God wanted them to do.

All over the world there was a turning to God and His Word. William Farnsworth, who had always read his Bible, studied it more carefully now. God had a work for him to do. William's heart was ready.

Mystery and Bumps

Chapter Nine

Excitement prevailed at Happy Hollow. The five Farnsworth children had been put to bed early. As Mother Sally left her eldest boys she warned, "Father is going to have an important meeting. You are not to be seen or heard! Go right to sleep!"

John and Stephen lay side by side on the high feather tick. They knew better than to have a pillow fight tonight. Suddenly Stephen poked John.

"I'm sure I heard Uncle Daniel laughing. Do you suppose he and Aunt Mary are here?"

"Why do we have to go to bed now?" pouted John. "I'm eight years old and you are six. The babies are asleep, and most likely Josephine is asleep already. I'm going to see what's going on."

Promptly John slipped out of bed.

"I'll tell Mother on you." Stephen's whisper was loud.

John tiptoed to the window. "Sh!" was all the sound he made as he motioned his brother to follow.

Stephen pushed back the covers and slid down the side of the bed. It was a long way to the floor. Suddenly his feet hit with a thump.

"Sh!" warned John.

"I'm being quiet," Stephen said crossly, forgetting to whisper. Every board in the floor seemed to squeak and groan as he took long steps trying to be quiet.

"You are as clumsy as an ox." John gave Stephen a poke in the ribs.

"Ouch!" yelled the younger brother.

"Mother will be up here in a minute. You know what will happen to us then," warned John.

The thought of what might happen sent Stephen hurrying back into bed.

"You're the one that will get the whipping. Besides, the window is too high for me to see out of anyway." Stephen snuggled down into bed, closed his eyes, and wished that Mother would open the door right then.

John could see over the window ledge and down into the yard.

"Why are so many people here?" he asked himself. He could see the dark outlines of horses tied under the trees. They whinnied softly to one another. One horse was pawing the ground impatiently.

There were wagons and carts parked in the road at the side of the house. Out by the front gate he recognized Mr. Stowell's horse. And he almost shouted when he saw Grandpa Farnsworth's two big oxen, Patches and Blackie. They were yoked to the light oxcart. Grandpa must be downstairs. Did he bring Uncle Cyrus? Did Uncle Newell Mead come too?

John listened to the murmur of voices below. Who were they? What were they doing? Why had they come? It seemed to him he had to know the answer.

He tiptoed to the door and opened it so slowly that it did not creak. He turned to look at Stephen, but Stephen's eyes were closed; he didn't move.

"Good, he's asleep," thought John. He took one step and peered down the steep, dark stairway. He was glad the living-room door was slightly open.

"I can sneak down and stand behind the door. Then I can see who is here, and hear what they say." Carefully John edged his way down one step and then another. Now he could hear the voices plainly.

A deep voice said, "This is a splendid idea. You can count on me."

The shaky voice of an older man added, "My wife is going to be happy about this. The long trips to church on Sundays wear her out."

A strong voice spoke, "We can have this whole thing finished in a few weeks. What do you say, neighbors?"

Everyone began talking at once. It was noisy in the living room. John took another step down. He had only four more to go.

Suddenly a large something came rolling down the stairs. It was too dark in the hallway for John to see what it was. He tried to jump out of its way, but it struck him, knocking him down. That something was on top of him!

Now he was on top of it. Over and over they went with a loud thump and a bump on each of the remaining steps.

That something was Stephen. Legs and arms and heads were tangled together. John wanted to cry with pain and the suddenness of it all. He wanted to shout, "Nobody but you, Stephen Farnsworth, could be so clumsy!"

He knew he mustn't waste time talking. He must get himself untangled, and help Stephen upstairs quickly before Mother came to see what had made the racket. Had he been too slow? A figure stepped from the living room, lighted a candle, and closed the door.

It was Aunt Mary. Her pretty young face was worried as she knelt down beside the boys and asked, "Are you hurt? Are you hurt?"

"This clumsy ox knocked me downstairs," said John. By now the boys had discovered who owned which legs and arms, and they had freed themselves of each other.

"He may be clumsy," whispered Aunt Mary, "but he's mighty brave." John looked at his younger brother. Stephen was holding one hand tightly over his mouth. Not a sound was escaping, but tears were running down his sad face.

All at once John felt ashamed of himself. "I'm sorry you are hurt," he whispered kindly. "It is all my fault. I should have stayed in bed."

Aunt Mary helped them upstairs. She rubbed Stephen's sore arm and the bump on his forehead. Then she rubbed John's neck.

"Didn't anyone hear us?" Stephen was anxious.

"I think I was the only one," she answered. "I was sitting by the door."

"Who are all those people, and what are they doing here? Please tell us," begged John.

"Most of the farmers living in this part of Washington are downstairs. They are planning on building a church nearby. You see, it's like this: there are many more people living around here than there were twenty years ago. It is a long way to the church in Washington village. Some of the older people are unable to attend church, especially in winter. It is hard for mothers with babies and small children to be gone for five or six hours every Sunday."

"It's hard for me, too," sighed Stephen. "Sometimes I'm shivering by the time we get to church, and then my footstove gets cold. Mother wraps me up in a quilt, but by the time the minister has preached three hours, I'm cold as a chunk of ice."

"I hope they put a great big stove in the church they build. I hope the preacher won't talk for more than two hours."

Such shocking words for a little boy to say!

"Oh, Stephen, keep still! Don't you know it's wicked to talk that way. Take back everything you said," demanded John.

"I can't take it back," answered Stephen stoutly. "Don't you wish church lasted only two hours? Don't you now? Don't you?"

John didn't answer. He was too busy thinking about a church that would be warm, a church that would last only two hours, a sermon he could understand. He hardly heard Aunt Mary whisper, "Good night, boys. Better get to sleep quickly."

The next morning Mother Sally eyed up and down her two eldest sons. She saw the black and blue marks on their arms and faces.

"Have you boys been fighting?" she demanded.

"No, Mother."

"Of course not."

"What happened, then?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing happened? You both look as if you had fallen down the stairs!"

John and Stephen looked at each other and giggled.

There was a tiny smile at the corner of Mother's mouth and a twinkle in her eyes. She asked no more questions.

* * * * *

That night thirty-two farmers signed an agreement to build a meetinghouse.

"We are all Christians," they said. "We will call ourselves the Christian Society."

Everyone donated something for the new church. Then they began to work. In only two or three weeks they had a pretty little white church ready for use.

Stephen wasn't the only one who was thrilled with the big twin stoves that stood in the back of the room—one in each corner. Their round, black stovepipes ran up to near the ceiling and then clear to the front of the church, spreading warmth all the way, before disappearing outside.

"Since we are the Christian Society, let's name this building the Christian Church," someone suggested. They all agreed.

This Christian church, built cheerfully and willingly in 1841 by these pioneers, later became known as the first Seventh-day Adventist church in the world.

October 22, 1844

Chapter Ten

William Farnsworth was president of the Christian Society. He must find someone to speak in the little white church every Sunday or lead out himself. One day, while in the village store, William met Joshua Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin had just come to Washington as a minister.

William's face was all smiles when he heard this.

"Do come to our church and speak to us," he invited.

"I will be glad to do so," answered Mr. Goodwin. "I have a special message for every church."

William wondered about that "special message" all the rest of the week.

On Sunday morning Joshua Goodwin stood up to preach.

"The Lord is coming to this earth in 1843! Are you ready to meet your God?" There was a gasp at the suddenness of it. Then the church became very still. Hearts began to thump hard and fast. "This is 1842. One more year! Only one year! Can this be true? How does he know?"

Mr. Goodwin asked those who had Bibles to open them to Daniel 8:14. Together they read, "Unto two thousand three hundred days, then shall the sanctuary be cleansed."

"This is a prophecy; it tells what will happen in the future. In prophecy God uses one day to mean one year, so 2300 days would really be 2300 years.

"At the end of this time what will be cleansed?" he asked.

"The sanctuary," came the answer.

"What is the only thing in God's universe that is not pure?"

"This world full of sin," replied William Farnsworth.

"Yes," Mr. Goodwin went on, "this world is the sanctuary. At the end of these 2300 years Christ will come to cleanse the earth of sin."

Then Mr. Goodwin read Daniel 9:25, which helped them to understand when the 2300 years began. It tells the year when Jesus would be born as a baby. It tells when He would die on the cross.

"The 2300 years began in 457 B.C. and ends in 1843." Everyone in the little white church was awed.

"We must know more. We cannot wait." They pleaded with Mr. Goodwin to tell them more.

So night after night he went to the Christian Church and studied God's prophecies with the people. Their hearts turned to God. The only important thing in the world was getting ready to see Jesus in the clouds.

They were called *Adventists* because they were looking for the great second advent of Christ.

William and Sally gathered their family about them and read the Bible. Worship was a precious time. Together they confessed their sins. They made every wrong right, no matter how small it seemed. In their little home they were getting ready to go to the heavenly home.

During recess at school John and Stephen, with some of their playmates, would go alone in the woods to pray. They asked God to make them kind and obedient and help them tell others about His coming. Many of their classmates and neighbors joined them in living for Christ. The love of Jesus shone from their faces.

But Jesus did not come on the first dates that had been set. After studying carefully, the believers found they had not figured the prophecy to end at just the right time. The 2300 years would really end in the autumn of 1844. October 22 was the date they selected because it best fitted the prophecy.

All over America hundreds of preachers were spreading the glad news of the Second Advent. Tens of thousands of people believed and prayed, "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly."

* * * * *

Finally the day for which they had waited arrived—October 22, 1844.

"Oh, Sally, what a wonderful day! We will see Jesus face to face. Tomorrow at this time we will be in heaven. Praise the Lord!" The smile on Sally's face told of the joy and peace in her own soul. Yes, they were ready to meet their God.

As the family gathered around the breakfast table Father William said, "Children, tomorrow we will eat with Jesus in heaven. Today we say good-by to this home. Tomorrow we move into the mansion Christ has built for us."

William's strong voice rang out in one of their favorite hymns. Sally joined, and one by one the children laid down their spoons and began singing. Food meant nothing to them as they thought of the thrilling experience this day would bring.

After the house was tidy, they prepared to go to the little white church. They took one last look at Happy Hollow.

"We will leave everything as it is," said Mother Sally.

"All I will take is my Bible and songbook," said Father as he closed the door.

Walking down the road, they passed the home of one of their neighbors. William paused. "Wait just a moment. Let me go and ask our friends once more to join us."

But when the neighbor opened the door she laughed and said, "Mr. Farnsworth, tonight you will be coming home along this road like a whipped pup."

It made them sad when they thought of the many souls who had closed their ears to this thrilling message. Some had laughed and poked fun at them.

Adventists were on their way to the little white church. They came singing and praising God. They came in little groups. They came in large groups. They came from across the river, or down the road, or through the woods along the trail. A few walked sadly alone, for their loved ones would not come with them.

It was a chilly October morning. John and Stephen went over to warm their hands by one of the big stoves in the back of the church. Grandfather Farnsworth was standing there. He placed his arm on Stephen's shoulders and said, "You will never be cold in heaven."

"I guess not," smiled Stephen. "Everything is going to be perfect there. But I'll never forget these stoves that have kept us so warm in our new church."

The hours passed. The Adventists sang the songs they loved so well. They read the promises of God together. They prayed. They waited quietly.

Finally day faded into night. Jesus had not come! Again they repeated the precious promises of Jesus and silently waited in the darkness. But the Lord of heaven did not appear in His glory.

"Why, oh, why, has He not come?" they asked. Their hearts were heavy with sadness. Weeping, they took their little ones in their arms and stumbled back to their homes in the darkness. Their tears fell thick and fast, and their souls were filled with bitter disappointment.

When the Farnsworths reached home they did not light a candle, because outside wicked people were jeering and throwing rocks at their house and laughing loudly.

William and Sally tucked the little ones into their beds. The children were tired, and snuggling under the covers were soon fast asleep.

But not so with William. His pillow was wet with tears as he asked, "Why didn't He come? The Bible is true. God NEVER fails—then why?"

Sally wept in bitter disappointment until the light of dawn peeped in the window. Then they both rose to face the work of everyday.

The children gathered for worship. They didn't say a word, for they could see how sad their father was as he took the Bible. His voice broke as he said, "My children, we don't know why Jesus didn't come yesterday. But the Lord will send us light to understand. We have a God, and He will hear us."

A Vision in the Cornfield

Chapter Eleven

After breakfast William went alone into the woods to work. His throat swelled and ached with disappointment. Suddenly he heard loud laughing from behind the trees.

"Ho! Ho! Farnsworth. You haven't gone up yet, eh? Have to stay on this old world and work, eh?"

William did not look up. A few stones came flying past his head. One hit him on the shoulder. Then the voices stopped as the men went on their evil way to make fun of other disappointed Adventists.

John and Stephen found it hard when their schoolmates laughed at them and called them queer. But they had made Jesus their very best Friend, and now they did not answer with angry words.

There was great disappointment in the homes of thousands of Adventists all over the country. The loving God of heaven looked down with tender pity on these faithful souls. He would not leave them in their darkness. No, indeed!

God chose to use Hiram Edson, a man who lived in the State of New York, to help His disheartened people to find their mistake. Like William Farnsworth, Hiram Edson was a farmer and the leader of the Adventists in his community.

On October 22 the Adventists gathered at Mr. Edson's farmhouse and waited all that long day and far into the night for the coming of their Saviour. Some went sadly to their homes at midnight. Others stayed until dawn. A few Adventists remained a little longer.

"Come," said Hiram Edson, "let us go out to the barn and pray." There they talked with the Lord.

Their hearts were filled with peace. God had not failed them! There must be something they had not understood about the 2300-year prophecy. What was it? God would send them light. They would wait for it.

Mr. Edson kept thinking about his Adventist friends who had gone to their homes in bitter disappointment. So after breakfast he left with a friend to bring courage to these saddened people.

They started out across a cornfield. As they walked over the rough ground, they prayed silently. All at once Mr. Edson felt a strong hand on his shoulder. He looked around. No one was there. He looked up, and while he stood in that cornfield, looking toward heaven, God gave him a new view of the sanctuary.

As Hiram Edson thought of the heavenly sanctuary, he saw that Jesus, when the 2300 years had passed, went *into* the most holy place. It was then Mr. Edson understood their mistake.

To cleanse the sanctuary did not mean Jesus would come to cleanse this world of sin. Oh, no! It meant Jesus had gone into the most holy place in the heavenly sanctuary. Here He had opened the record books. The judgment of everyone who has ever believed on Jesus was begun. Only after the judgment will Jesus come to take His faithful people to heaven.

When the friend, who was walking ahead, reached the fence on the other side of the cornfield, he turned to speak to Mr. Edson. It was then that he saw Hiram Edson standing in the middle of the field with his face turned toward heaven.

"Brother Edson," he called loudly, "why are you stopping?"

"God has just answered our morning prayer," Mr. Edson called back. "He has sent us light."

During the following days, again they studied the prophecies. Their hearts were filled with thankful gladness. They found new beauties in God's Word. In order to spread this new light quickly, they decided to print another number of the little paper they had called *The Day Dawn*. But they had no money to pay for printing the paper.

"Here, take my silverware," said Mrs. Edson. "Sell it and use the money to print this wonderful message." That is just what they did.

The Day Dawn brought light and gladness to the Adventists who had loved God enough through their disappointment to trust, hope, and wait.

"Of course," said William Farnsworth, after he and the Adventists in Washington had read *The Day Dawn*, "now it is easy for us to see that there must be a judgment before the advent of Jesus Christ. He must separate the good from the evil."

The hour of God's judgment began October 22, 1844.

Dare to Be a Daniel

Chapter Twelve

Miss Delight Oakes was a schoolteacher in Washington, New Hampshire. Her students thought it delightful to have such a pretty young woman as a teacher. She and her mother, Mrs. Rachel Oakes, were Seventh Day Baptists. As there was no church of their own in Washington, during the few years Delight had been teaching, they attended the Christian church with families of the neighborhood.

"Why do you worship God on Sunday?" Rachel Oakes asked the members of the little white church.

"Because Jesus rose from the tomb on Sunday. He changed the day of worship from Sabbath to Sunday," came the answer.

"Oh, no," Rachel Oakes said; "Jesus Himself said that He did not come to destroy the law of God (Matt. 5:17). He said that as long as there was a heaven and an earth the law of God would never be changed (Matt. 5:18)."

"Then why does everyone keep holy the first day of the week?" the members asked her.

Mrs. Oakes told them that about three hundred years after Jesus had returned to heaven a great ruler, Constantine, made a law in A.D. 321, that "Sunday should be kept as a day of rest in all cities and towns" (*Encyclopedia Americana*, article "Sabbath"). Sunday was made the day to attend church. More and more people forgot about the fourth commandment. After a few hundred years, almost everyone was keeping Sunday. But the fourth commandment had never been changed by God.

Many of the members of the little white church just laughed about what Mrs. Oakes told them. Others said, "It really doesn't matter, just as long as we keep one day in every seven holy."

But William Farnsworth was not satisfied. Every evening, by the light of a candle, he studied his Bible. He believed, as did the other Adventists, that the second coming of Jesus was soon. He asked himself, "When my Saviour comes in glory, will we be found keeping all the commandments of God?"

William's father, mother, and younger brother, Cyrus, joined Sally and William as they prayed and searched for truth. Together they repeated the fourth commandment, "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God."

Back and forth in the New Testament they hunted, trying to find a text that would prove that Jesus or His disciples had kept the first day of the week holy. Instead, they found that Jesus always went to church on Sabbath (Luke 4:16), and years after He had gone to heaven His disciples worshiped and preached, as did Jesus, on the seventh-day Sabbath.

One evening as William and his family were studying, they read Revelation 11:19: "And the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament."

"Then that means that the Ten Commandments are in heaven!" exclaimed William. "God's law is in the ark in the most holy place! It has never been changed by God. It is holy to Him; it must be holy to us!"

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city' (Rev. 22:14). We dare not break one of His commandments if we are to eat of the tree of life!"

William stood up and started walking around the room as he said, "The Sabbath was changed by man, and ever since then, just because others are doing so, people have kept the first day of the week in place of the seventh day. It is always easier to follow the crowd. If we keep Sunday we are obeying man—not God! What are we going to do about this?"

What would they do? Did they have the courage to be different from everyone else they knew, even different from their dearest Adventist friends?

The next Sunday morning William and his family were sitting in their regular pews in the Christian church. They loved their church. They had helped to build it. They loved all of its members. How strange it would be not to worship with these dear ones every Sunday!

The Spirit of the Lord was whispering to William Farnsworth's heart. He must obey. Quickly he rose to his feet. He told the church members that from now on he was going to worship on the day that God had blessed in the fourth commandment.

There was a stir throughout the church. Cyrus joined his brother, then their parents, Daniel and Patty Farnsworth, stood and said they too must worship on Saturday.

How happy the angels must have been that day as they saw these very first Seventh-day Adventists take their stand for truth! After church was out, and during the week, many of their friends tried to make them change their minds, but they were determined to obey all the commandments.

The next Sabbath morning, instead of going out to the fields to work, William and his family put on their best "Sabbath-go-to-meeting clothes," and went over to Grandpa and Grandma Farnsworth's for church. Cyrus, who was twenty-one years old, lived with his parents in a new brick house they had built beside the lovely Millen Lake. Together the Farnsworth family kept their first Sabbath.

Maybe Rachel Oakes and Delight joined them. Maybe Elder Fredrick Wheeler, who lived in the next town, was with them. We do not know. Elder Wheeler was a Methodist minister, but about this time he began to keep the Sabbath also. Mrs. Oakes had talked to him and had started him thinking.

The next morning was Sunday. It seemed strange for William and Sally to put on their work clothes, but these were pioneer days. There was much work to be done.

"John and I must chop wood in the field near the road," William told Sally. "When it is time for our neighbors to go to church, we will stop until they have passed."

"That is a good idea," answered Sally. "No use in making them angry." So William and his son John went to work out by the roadside chopping logs into firewood. They were so busy working that they forgot to watch the sun.

All of a sudden, around the bend in the road came a wagon full of people going to the little white church.

"Why, Mr. Farnsworth, what are you doing?" called the driver as he stopped his horses.

"I am chopping wood," he called back.

"But don't you know that this is Sunday?"

"Yes, and I know that yesterday was the Sabbath. I kept it, and so I am working today."

"But you can't do that. It is against the law!"

"It isn't against God's law. God says, 'Six days shalt thou labour.'"

"We will have you arrested and in jail before night," called the neighbor, as he started the horses and disappeared down the road in a cloud of dust.

William and John went quietly about their work. No one ever bothered them.

Sally's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Newell Mead, joined the little group of Sabbathkeepers; also some neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Stowell, and their daughter, Cynthia.

* * * * *

In 1844 there were many Adventists. Some were Methodist Adventists, others were Baptist Adventists. There were no *Seventh-day* Adventists until this little group of pioneers began keeping Sabbath. They were the first Seventh-day Adventists.

Elder Fredrick Wheeler was the first Seventh-day Adventist minister.

You will be delighted to know that in 1847 Cyrus Farnsworth and Delight Oakes were married. They always lived in the large brick house by Millen Lake.

Good News Travels Quickly

Chapter Thirteen

Warm sunshine shone down and filled the whole green world. The long, cold winter was forgotten in the beauty of this spring day. Under the great maple trees in front of the Cyrus Farnsworth home, overlooking Millen Lake, sat Elder Frederick Wheeler, William Farnsworth, and Captain Joseph Bates. They were talking earnestly about the Sabbath.

Joseph Bates was a sea captain, and a great Adventist leader. He had heard about this group of Adventists in Washington who were keeping the seventh day. Immediately he left his home in Massachusetts and came to see them.

It was ten o'clock at night when he found Elder Wheeler's home. He was so anxious to know why they were observing Sabbath instead of Sunday that he and Elder Wheeler talked until sunup the next morning. Then they drove to the Farnsworth home. All morning, and maybe longer, they talked out under the maple trees.

Captain Bates was so excited that he could hardly wait to return to his home and tell his friends. He knew now for a certainty that the Sabbath was right. Hurrying home from his trip, the sea captain met a friend who called out, "Hello, Brother Bates! What's the news?"

"The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord our God," was the joyous reply.

Very soon after this, Hiram Edson called a meeting of all the Adventists. He wanted to tell them about his vision in the cornfield, and the new light God had given about the judgment. Captain Bates went to this meeting. These two men had never met before, and Mr. Edson asked the captain to say a few words to the people.

Captain Bates was happy to talk to the people about the Sabbath. Eagerly they listened, especially Mr. Edson. He could hardly sit still, he was so excited. When Captain Bates was through, Hiram Edson jumped to his feet and exclaimed, "Brother Bates, that is light and truth! The seventh day is the Sabbath, and I am with you to keep it!"

It was in Massachusetts that Joseph Bates met Ellen Harmon. He told her, "The seventh day is the Bible Sabbath. I am keeping it." At first Ellen did not think it was important to keep the seventh day.

About this time she and James White were married, and together they studied the paper Joseph Bates had written about the Sabbath. They searched the Bible, and finding that God had not changed the day He had blessed, they began keeping holy the seventh day of the week. About seven months later God gave Ellen White a vision in which she was shown the ark of God in the heavenly sanctuary. Two beautiful angels stood, one at each end of the ark, with their wings spread over it. The angel by Ellen's side told her that this represented all the angels in heaven looking reverently toward the law of God.

She saw Jesus raise the cover of the ark, and inside were the Ten Commandments, which God had written with His finger. The fourth commandment was in the center, and around it was a beautiful soft light.

Ellen's angel told her that when God made the earth He also made the Sabbath. If the true Sabbath had always been kept holy, everyone would believe in the true God.

God's people were thankful for this vision. Quickly the Sabbath message spread among the Adventists.

Sadness in Happy Hollow

Chapter Fourteen

The date—June, 1855. The Farnsworth children—John, 21; Stephen, 18; Josephine, 17; Lucien, 15; Albert, 13; George, 11; Sarah, 9; Eugene, 6; Augustus, 5; Imogene, 3. Baby Lucy had died when she was three years old.

No laughter rang out in Happy Hollow. No cheery smile greeted the children when they came home. No mother told Eugene and Augustus their evening story, nor tucked in the quilts and kissed them good night. No loving arms rocked little Imogene, and no sweet voice sang her a soft lullaby.

Even the older children, who were able to care for themselves, felt the emptiness of Happy Hollow. They had loved their mother longer. How deeply they all missed her! Lovingly she had been laid to rest in the graveyard beside the little white church.

Eugene wandered through the house. Deep inside he felt alone and frightened. "I loved Mother so much," he thought. "I wonder how I can ever get along without her."

Slowly he went outdoors and into the garden, where Father William was hoeing around the tomato plants. Eugene buried his toes in the soft, warm earth. He was thinking of the many times he had worked beside Mother in this vegetable garden. Why, he had helped her plant these very tomatoes!

His big blue eyes filled with tears.

Father William came closer. He ran his fingers through Eugene's bright-red curly hair as he asked tenderly, "What is it, son?"

"I want Ma. Will I ever, ever see her again? Will I?" he pleaded, trembling.

Father sat down on a stump and drew Eugene to him. He could feel how strong and kind Father was.

"Listen, son, Mother is only sleeping until Jesus comes. On that glorious day when He appears in the sky with ten thousand angels, you will see your mother again. Jesus will look right at the place where she is sleeping. He will lift His arms and eyes toward heaven and cry, 'Awake! awake! awake! ye that sleep in the dust, and arise.' Then the graves of all those who have obeyed God will open. Mother will be with us as we rise in the air to go with Jesus to heaven.

"It is lonesome without Mother," Father continued, "but we must be brave. Always be a good little boy, Eugene, and you will be with Mother again."

Father stood up. "This isn't getting the tomatoes hoed, is it?" he said, giving Eugene a hug.

"May I help you?" asked Eugene eagerly.

"Of course," smiled Father. "Get the other hoe from the tool shed." In a few minutes they were working comfortably side by side.

"Eugene! Eugene!" It was Sarah calling from the side of the house. "Please come and play with Imogene while I get supper. She is fussy." Eugene's lips formed the word No, but not a sound came out. He looked up, and Father gave him a smile that ended with a slow wink.

"Coming, Sarah," he called.

"That's a good boy, son; help your sisters all you can. There are only two of them to do all the housework."

Josephine and Sarah tried ever so hard to cook the meals, but the corn bread was too dry and the beans burned. Either the girls put in too much wood and the stove got too hot, or they forgot to put in more wood and the food didn't cook.

After all, Sarah was only nine years old. Josephine was seventeen and had learned to do many things well, but there was just too much work. Besides the cooking, she must spin the wool, weave it into cloth, and then sew it into clothes for eleven people.

She must keep the house clean and make the beds. She must make the soap before she could wash the clothes. It seemed as if every week the pile of dirty clothes grew bigger. Sometimes she would put the clothes in the washtub, fill it with soapy water, and let Eugene and Augustus stamp back and forth in it with their bare feet. After that the clothes were easier to scrub on the washboard. No, the girls never stopped working, but nothing seemed to go just right.

No matter how busy Father William was he took time to have worship in the mornings and evenings. On Sabbaths they still went to church at Uncle Cyrus' home near the lake.

Many times when the group of older Sabbath school members were studying together, Cynthia Stowell would take the children out under the big maple trees and tell them Bible stories. They enjoyed singing together.

As the months went by, Cynthia saw the Farnsworth children grow thinner. She saw their clothes unattended and worn. Her heart ached at their sad faces. So one day when William Farnsworth asked her if she would marry him, and become the stepmother of ten children, she said, "Yes."

Cynthia had always planned to be a missionary. She wanted to go to Africa and help the children there. But now she knew that the Lord wanted her to be a missionary right in Washington, New Hampshire. William loved Cynthia. All the children did. So once more there was laughter in Happy Hollow. It was filled with the warmth that only a mother can bring.

The days were crowded with cleaning, scrubbing, ironing, and sewing. Many a time Cynthia worked late into the night, after everyone else was asleep. But she didn't mind, for she saw thin faces grow round and rosy again. She heard singing. Her heart was filled with joy, for she knew she was bringing happiness and love to this precious family. She was pleasing God.

"I feel as if I live on a merry-go-round," laughed Mother Cynthia one day. "I like this jolly Farnsworth ride." The days went round and round. The years went round and round. The merry-go-round was filled with busy children who were helping, singing, or playing.

One day the merry-go-round stopped just long enough to let John jump off for his own wedding. But there was Baby Loretta to take his place. A few years later, Stephen slid off the merry-go-round to start a home of his own, and Baby Orvil jumped on. As the older children were married, small ones came to keep the merry-go-round turning.

For forty-five years there was always a precious little one waiting at the door for Father William to toss high into the air. "What is home without a baby?" he would chuckle.

Cynthia said her life overflowed with joy, for she had not only ten stepchildren but eleven of her own to love her!

Let Your Light Shine

Chapter Fifteen

Excitement was in the air. This Sabbath was different! Down the icy road, singing hymns, came the Farnsworth family in their bobsled. Right past Uncle Cyrus' home they went. For eighteen years they had stopped here every Sabbath for meeting. But not today! The oxen pulled the sled past the end of Millen Lake, around the corner, down the hill, and up into the yard of the little white church.

Eugene jumped out and tied the oxen to a tree while Father helped Mother and the little ones down. "Here we are," he said proudly. "This is our own Seventh-day Adventist church."

"Our own Seventh-day Adventist church!" Those were welcome words. William remembered how twenty years before, he and Cyrus had helped build this church. It was here they had waited on October 22, 1844, for Jesus to come. Now it was their church again, for the Adventists had bought it from the Christian Society.

The twin stoves in the back of the room sent forth a cheery warmth as the Sabbathkeepers greeted one another.

"Come, Brother Farnsworth, will you lead the music, please?"

Thirty adults and twice as many children made a grand choir as he led them in singing—

I love to wait, and watch, and pray,
And trust his living word,
And feel the coming of the day
No longer is deferred.
Then, waiting brethren, let us sing,—
He will not tarry long,—
And fill with joy the hours that bring
The glory of our song.

This was a special Sabbath, for they must organize themselves into a church. Before the meeting was over the members were asked to sign this promise:

"We the undersigned hereby associate ourselves together as a church, taking the name Seventh-day Adventists, covenanting to keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus Christ."

Most of the men smoked or chewed tobacco. They always had. They did not know it was harmful, nor did they think it a bad habit. People knew little about living healthfully a hundred years ago. But as the Seventh-day Adventist church grew, God gave Mrs. Ellen G. White visions in which she was shown how we should keep our bodies clean and healthy. Mrs. White faithfully told the people what God had shown her.

So, when the group of believers in Washington, New Hampshire, learned that tobacco hurts the body and injures the brain, they determined to stop using it. William Farnsworth wanted his body to be a pure temple in which God's Spirit would dwell. "That filthy weed will not find its way into my mouth again," said William as he signed the promise. For more than thirty-six years he had chewed tobacco, and little did he realize the terrible struggle ahead of him.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 5:16), quoted the preacher as they were ready to leave the church. "Let's fill up the empty pews with new members."

But few people in Washington were interested in studying the Bible. They were busy doing other things. William knew that the best way to lead them to God was by being kind, thoughtful, and honest with them.

One hot July day Mr. Muzzy leaned on the counter of his general store in the village. "Too bad about Mr. Snow, isn't it?" he said, handing Mr. Hall his change.

"Haven't heard. What happened?"

"He's been taken right down sick. Mrs. Snow told me the doctor says he'll be flat on his back a good two months at least."

"Now isn't that a pity!" exclaimed Mr. Hall. "With haying time here, what will the poor fellow do?" It was a question, but Mr. Hall didn't wait for an answer. He picked up his package and left.

"What's this about Mr. Snow?" asked Mr. Smith coming into the store.

"Why, he's been taken sick right at haying time, with no one to help him either," Mr. Muzzy told him hopefully.

"Oh my, my, my, that's a shame," and Mr. Smith made little clucking sounds to show how sorry he was. "Surely wish I could help him."

When Mr. Abbott came in a few minutes later to buy some nails, Mr. Muzzy told him about Mr. Snow.

"That's too, too, bad," sighed Mr. Abbott, wiping his forehead. "Such hot weather to be in bed. Well, I must get along home. I'm just head over heels in work—hardly know which way's up."

No one was in the store now, so Mr. Muzzy flung himself down on the chair in front of the door, hoping for a breath of cool air. Sam Jones came striding along the road, his long legs taking enormous steps, a sack of grain slung over his shoulders.

"Hum," thought Mr. Muzzy, "there is a lot of energy in that young man, guess I'll try again." So he told him about Mr. Snow being sick.

"That's downright tough," drawled Sam, with a worried line between his eyes. "He's such a nice neighbor. I'll tell my pa; maybe he can find someone to help Mr. Snow. I've got to get this corn to the gristmill. Good-by."

As he strode off, an ox wagon came rattling down the road. It stopped, and out climbed William Farnsworth.

"Come on in, come on in! Haven't seen you for ages," chuckled Mr. Muzzy.

Mr. Farnsworth took off his big straw hat and wiped the sweat that trickled down his cheeks and into his curly beard.

"It's been most a fortnight since I've been to town. We are busy haying, and you know what that means."

After the purchase of a few articles the storekeeper told William about Mr. Snow's bad luck.

"Well—h'mmm—thanks for telling me," murmured William thoughtfully, walking to his wagon.

Mr. Muzzy's eyes shone deep as he listened to the creaking, rattling wheels fade away.

"Guess I won't have to tell anyone else about Mr. Snow. The right person knows at last," and Mr. Muzzy tipped back in his chair as a timid breeze brushed across his face.

Early the next morning, just as light was beginning to streak the sky, Father called, "Come on, boys, let's get an early start. It's going to be a cooker today. Maybe we can get Mr. Snow's hay cut before dark."

Seven-year-old Orvil pleaded, "Please, Pa, let me go. I'll work hard. I know I can keep up. Please!"

Father hesitated before answering, and Eugene broke in, "He can work with me, Pa. I'll teach him how to mow. I'll see he doesn't fool around."

"All right, Orvil, you may come. You are old enough to join us, but there is to be no playing and no complaining. Do you understand?" Father spoke sternly.

"Yes, sir," called Orvil as he ran out the door to catch up with his brothers, who were already at the tool shed picking out their scythes.

Along the dusty road they walked, then turned off on a short cut, and marched single file down a narrow trail through the woods. The freshness of the morning, the twittering birds, and the rosy tint of the sunrise set them to singing as they tramped, tramped along the path.

"Missionary work's fun," called Orvil between songs. He liked being with the older boys.

Mr. Snow was awakened from the stillness of the early morning by music. For a moment he listened. What? Who? Why?

"Mary, Mary," he whispered to his sleeping wife, "Listen."

Mary's wondering eyes opened. "I've never heard the likes," she whispered back as she slipped out of bed and went to the window.

"Sam, oh, Sam," she called cheerily, afraid no longer that the magic music would stop if she spoke. "Sam, it's William Farnsworth and his boys. They are out in the field mowing our hay!"

"Thank God for men like him." There was a smile on the sick man's peaked face. All morning he listened to the swish, swish of the scythes. As the sun climbed higher in the sky the singing stopped, for all breath must be saved for work. Mrs. Snow came out several times with a bucket of cool well water. That helped!

Eugene showed Orvil how to hold his scythe. He taught him how to turn his body above his hips far to the right, swing his body and scythe far to the left, take a step, and repeat. The alfalfa was tall, green, and cool at first, but soon the sun made even the ground hot.

The sweat trickled down Orvil's face. He could feel it running down his back and behind his knees. Little gusts of wind blew dirt into his eyes. Dust itched on his sticky skin. His arms ached. Slower went the swish, swish of his scythe.

Everyone knew that Father was the fastest mower in all the country. "Eugene is just as good as Pa. He's getting ahead of me. I must keep up. I must keep up," chanted Orvil in rhythm with each swing. They had lined up at one end of the field, and worked side by side across the green, sweet-smelling alfalfa. Orvil was on the end of the line, and Eugene was next to him. At first it was fun to watch the alfalfa fall from a swish of his scythe, but now it made him dizzy.

"I'll be back to meet you," called Eugene over his shoulder as he went on in rhythm with the others. Orvil straightened up his back, his aching arms fell to his sides as he watched the boys and Pa take a step, swing, take a step, swing. They moved as if they were one. Orvil looked proudly at Pa's strong muscles. Suddenly he grabbed his scythe and started. He didn't want anyone coming to meet him. He would show them! He kept his eyes on the falling green in front of him. Faster he went. He shook his head, and off flew drops of sweat that wanted to trickle into his eyes. He was panting, gasping, rushing. All at once the alfalfa in front of him was gone. He looked up. He was at the end of the field. He had done it without help!

Pa and the boys were already mowing across the field again. Pa glanced back and shouted over his shoulder, "A boy who can work like that deserves a rest. Stay under the trees until we return."

Orvil flung himself, stomach down, on the grass in the shade. He let go of his aching body as he felt himself sink heavily on the ground. He was too exhausted to move, to open his eyes, or to get a drink. His panting gradually stopped. He didn't know he had gone to sleep until he heard Pa call, "Let's eat!"

They enjoyed the lunch Loretta, their sister, had fixed, and drank the milk Mrs. Snow brought out. Then they began mowing again. When the sun was still high in the afternoon sky all the alfalfa lay cut on the ground.

"God bless you," was all Mr. Snow could say, his voice choking with emotion.

"Think nothing of it," laughed Father William heartily. "The boys needed something to keep them out of mischief! As soon as the sun has dried the hay, we will be back to rake it up. Get well now!"

The sun beat down on their sticky, hot bodies as they walked the trail home. They were too weary to sing aloud, but their hearts were chanting, "Let your light so shine before men . . ."

"Anyone interested in the Deep Hole?" called Father as they neared home.

"Oh, Pa, may we this early in the afternoon?" asked several excited voices.

"She is all yours until milking time," Pa replied.

The Ashuelot River flowed just behind the house. A short distance up the river, beavers had built a dam. The water rushed out so swiftly from the beaver dam that it had washed a pool about thirty feet deep in the bend of the river. This was the popular Deep Hole.

All weariness vanished as they plunged into the delightful coolness of the water. Orvil took it slower. He liked to feel the cold wetness on his hot skin an inch at a time. Little shivers went up and down his spine as the water crept up his legs and back. He didn't swim too well yet. Only a few weeks before he had nearly drowned, and he *would* have drowned if Loretta had not seen him. She had gotten on a floating board and paddled out to him. She caught him by his hair and pulled him to the bank. He didn't want that to happen again—no, never! So today he stayed where his feet could touch the sand.

The shouts and laughter from the swimmers soon brought their cousins, Fred and Rosella Mead, from their home across the road to join in the frolic. The cousins were glad they lived so near, for something exciting was always occurring in Happy Hollow.

A few days later Mr. Smith was bursting with information as he walked into Mr. Muzzy's store. "Say, do you know what? Mr. Farnsworth and his gang have cut all Snow's hay. Free, too, they say!" He made loud clicking sounds to show how relieved he felt.

"Doesn't surprise me much," muttered Mr. Muzzy.

* * * * *

Later that year Mr. Muzzy needed potatoes to sell. One farmer dropped in to say he had fifty bushels to sell. William Farnsworth also said he could spare fifty bushels.

"Bring them in," Mr. Muzzy told them. "No need to weigh them; I'll take your word for it. Here is your money."

After they had left, the storekeeper became curious. So just for the fun of it, he weighed the potatoes. He found that the first farmer had cheated him out of one and a half bushels, while Mr. Farnsworth had given him one and a half bushels of potatoes extra.

"H'mmm," murmured Mr. Muzzy, "that's the difference in those two men's souls."

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Christmas Week--1867

Chapter Sixteen

Orvil sat on the bed looking at the Christmas presents he had made. The smooth wooden bowl in his hand was for Mother. He counted the mittens and socks he had knitted for his brothers and sisters. They were well done for a boy of nine. Of all the presents he had made he liked best the red scarf Loretta had helped him weave on the loom for his cousin Fred. He picked up his gift for Father—a piece of white birchwood on which he had burned the words, "God Bless Our Home." He was imagining how nice it would look hanging on the dining-room wall, when he heard the dinner bell ring. Pushing the box of gifts under the bed, he ran for his place at the table.

"One week until Christmas!" sang Orvil as the potatoes were being passed.

"Just one week!" gasped the children.

"Yes, just one week from today," chimed Eugene as he looked fondly at his younger brothers and sisters.

"Goody," Loretta said, showing her eagerness. "I finished making my last gift yesterday."

"Children!" Father spoke. All eyes turned toward the end of the table. "I know something more exciting than Christmas that is going to happen."

Everyone was too surprised to even ask What.

"Mrs. Ellen G. White is coming to visit us in two days. Her husband, Elder James White, and Elder John N. Andrews will be here, too."

"Oh, William, how wonderful!" exclaimed Mother as she placed a large bowl of baked beans on the table.

For the next few minutes Father was too busy answering questions to eat. If you had listened, you would have heard something like this:

"They will come in an open sleigh pulled by horses."

"Yes, I know it is bitterly cold, and the roads are covered with ice, but the Lord will protect His workers."

"Yes, Mrs. White is a prophetess. God has chosen her to bring His messages to us."

"She loves children, and has some little ones of her own. Of course you can talk to her."

"Yes, Eugene, I am sorry too, that they can't stay in our home. That would be a great honor, but *where* would we put another bed? Your Uncle Cyrus has an extra room in which the Whites will be comfortable."

"I imagine we will have meetings all day Sabbath, and most likely every day as long as they can stay with us."

"Hold it! Just a minute now, let me eat my dinner."

"Thank God, He is sending us help," Mother said in her quiet way as she pulled Elmer's high chair closer to the table and started to feed him.

"Pa, do you think Mrs. White really has visions from God? Mr. Ball says she just makes them up in her mind." This question had been bothering Eugene for quite some time.

Father paused a moment before answering, "What Mr. Ball says and the articles he has written against Mrs. White have caused only trouble in our church."

"Something has," Eugene gave a big sigh. "We don't even have Sabbath school any more. Nobody seems to care."

What Eugene had said was true. Even William Farnsworth had become discouraged. For five years now he had tried to stop using tobacco. At first he had prayed every day for will power to leave it alone. He had gone for weeks at a time without it. Then the temptation would come strongly, and his whole body would call for just a little chew. But with just a little tobacco, his nerves would demand more.

Over and over again William threw his tobacco away; then over and over again he bought more and chewed it when alone in the woods. He knew he was doing wrong, and he became discouraged. He prayed less, and he didn't take time to study God's Word. Sometimes he would forget to call the family together for worship. Tobacco had brought a big cloud over his bright, sunny Christian experience.

There was no minister in the little white church now. The members began quarreling. Some of them didn't come to meeting for weeks at a time. They did not love God, nor each other as they had in 1844. How disappointed the angels were as they saw these very first Seventh-day Adventists in the world, who had stood so bravely for God and His Sabbath, become careless.

Lovingly, God looked down with sadness at their quarreling. He would send them help. So He impressed Mrs. White that she must go to Washington, New Hampshire, at once. It meant a long, hard trip, and she was not well, but nothing ever kept her from doing God's bidding.

In Happy Hollow there was no rest or play for anyone the next two days. They were getting ready for their guests. Eugene, Augustus, and Orvil took over the task of cleaning the little white church. They washed the windows so clean that it looked as if one could reach through the glass and touch the heavy icicles hanging from the roof. Eugene swept the smooth pine floor, and the younger boys dusted the pews, the pulpit, and the little organ. They shoveled the snow off the steps and down the pathways. Then they laid the fires in the twin stoves, ready to light on Sabbath morning.

Their older brothers walked many miles to give the news to all the church members. Everyone was invited, and everyone wanted to come.

Mother Cynthia went over to help Uncle Cyrus and Aunt Rachel get things ready for the guests. At home Loretta and Imogene checked the clothes for Sabbath and did their best to tidy up the house.

Friday afternoon before sundown the guests arrived. They were tired and almost sick from the cold ride. Mrs. White wrote in a letter to her son a few days later: "There was not snow enough to make good sleighing; the wind arose, and during the last two miles blew the falling sleet into our faces and eyes, producing pain, and chilling us almost to freezing. We found shelter at last at the good home of Bro. C. K. Farnsworth. They did all they could for our comfort."

Sabbath morning people crowded into the little white church to hear Elder White speak. They were so anxious to hear more that after taking just twenty minutes to eat their lunches they asked Mrs. White to talk.

Mrs. White was glad they wanted to hear her, though she was sad for the message she must bring. God showed her the backslidings of these members. He showed her their sins. Now she must reprove them, pray with them, plead with them to return to God. She knew God could not bless or save them until all their sins were confessed.

She told Mr. Ball that he was strengthening the enemies of God by making light of the visions. She told one young woman that she had backslidden because she chose friends who were not Christians. She reprovved several men for using tobacco.

Eugene had been listening and watching. Suddenly he thought, "If she is God's prophetess, she will speak to my father. I know he still chews tobacco, because I've seen the yellow stains on the snow, and I've seen him try to cover them up with his foot."

Almost immediately Mrs. White turned to William Farnsworth and said, "I see that this brother is a slave to tobacco. But the worst of it is that he is trying to deceive his brethren into thinking that he has stopped using it."

William knew that what she said was true. Only God could have revealed this secret sin to her, yet he resented being corrected. The cloud over his soul became blacker for a time. But finally the sun broke through the cloud, sending its warm cheery light into his heart. After much prayer he gained the victory over tobacco. With thankfulness, William praised God, for once more his soul was filled with peace and joy.

Meetings were held in the church and then at Uncle Cyrus' home. Neither snow nor sleet could keep the people away. Not even Mr. Ball missed once. He saw how wrongly he had judged Mrs. White, and with weeping asked forgiveness. The Holy Spirit came close; the church members confessed their sins to one another and to God. They prayed for pardon. Often they divided into smaller groups to seek the Lord. Great gladness filled their souls.

In the letter to her son, Mrs. White wrote, "The Spirit of the Lord was in the meeting. Angels of God seemed drawing very near, driving back the evil angels. Ministers and people wept like children."

Wednesday was Christmas! What a wonderful Christmas, for Jesus had been reborn in many hearts. How they loved Him! How eagerly they went again to the church. They didn't want to miss a moment, for this was the last day their guests could be with them.

It was Orvil's turn to stay home with his younger brothers. Benton was six years old, Irving was four, Elmer was two, and Baby Alton couldn't walk yet. Orvil really didn't feel bad about staying. The meetings were long. He thought he was too young for it to matter. So that Christmas Day he kept the fire burning and the little ones happy.

At the church Mrs. White talked to the children and youth. Fred Mead slipped down in his pew. He felt God speaking to his heart, but he did not want to surrender his life. He had been much trouble to his parents. He wanted to go on in his sins.

"I want to have fun with the fellows. I want to make money and be somebody important," he argued with himself.

God's loving Spirit was in that room. Fred saw his sister Rosella stand and say she wanted to be a Christian. He saw Eugene and Loretta give themselves to the Lord. Fred watched the surrender of one young man who had walked forty miles to see Mrs. White.

Suddenly the tears were dropping from Fred's eyes. He too wanted to give his all to Christ. He wanted to be forgiven of all his sins. He wanted to do something great for God, maybe be a missionary! His heart was bursting as he found himself standing begging his parents to forgive him, and telling everyone of his new desires.

That wonderful Christmas Day thirteen young people turned from their worldly ways to walk with Jesus. Within a few days five more joined them.

"This was one of the very best of meetings," Mrs. White wrote. "We parted with all with many tears, feeling the blessing of Heaven resting upon us."

Already a Missionary

Chapter Seventeen

On the day after Christmas the long table in the kitchen was again surrounded by the Farnsworth family. Eyes sparkled, words were kind. Even the little ones felt the great, warm happiness that had come anew into their home.

"May I hand out my Christmas presents?" whispered Orvil in Mother's ear.

"Why, we forgot all about them!" gasped Mother Cynthia. "Yes, of course, darling," she whispered back.

A moment later Orvil surprised the family by placing a little gift at each plate.

"Oh, I forgot about Christmas!" exclaimed Loretta, as she hurriedly left to get her presents. What a scramble followed as all but the little ones went to their hiding places for the humble gifts they had made for one another.

Breakfast was jolly!

"This has been the best Christmas in all my life!" Ma's smile took in everyone. "Such lovely gifts, and the best gift of all is the one we have given the Lord—our hearts, our lives, and our home."

Orvil did not smile as he took his little armful of treasures to his room. He had not taken his stand for God. After he had helped with the dishes and filled the wood box, Mother said he could take the present he had made to his cousin Fred.

With mittens on, cap pulled down over his face, coat collar up, and the red scarf he had woven safe inside his pocket, he slid down the icy road, across the bridge to Uncle Newell's.

Fred was pleased with the scarf. "Just what I need," he thanked Orvil. "It's real pretty, too!" He put it around his neck to feel its soft warmth.

"Come on up to my room. I have something for you I think you will like," Fred invited. Orvil was delighted when Fred gave him a big square of spruce gum. He had spent many hours collecting that much gum from the spruce trees.

"Orvil," said Fred quickly, "I'm going to be a missionary."

"*You* a missionary!" Orvil's eyes grew big as saucers. "Not *you*!"

"Yes, a missionary," Fred answered stoutly. "I am a Christian now. I am through doing what is wrong. I am through worrying my folks and running around with the town gang. I don't even want to. I've never been so happy. Orvil, I want you to be this happy."

The boys talked a long time. They knelt by the bed, and as Fred prayed, Orvil gave his heart to God. Already Fred was a missionary. He was sharing his faith.

Orvil ran all the way home—that is, he went as fast as he could without slipping on the ice.

"Ma! Ma!" he called as he opened the door and ran into her arms—snow boots, cap, mittens, and all. "I have another present for you."

"You have?" Mother hugged him joyously.

"I just told Jesus I love Him. I'm a Christian now. Oh, Ma, please forgive me for ever being cross or disobedient. Fred is going to be a missionary! Do you think I could be one too?"

"O Orvil!" Mother's arms closed tighter around him. "Of course you can. You have made me so happy today."

As a result of Elder and Mrs. White's visit there were eighteen young people who wanted to be baptized.

"We have no place for a baptism. You will have to wait until the ice on the lake is melted," said their parents.

"How can we wait?" asked Eugene. "We want to join the church now."

"You will have to find a place, then," said the older folks, nodding their heads, thinking that would settle the matter.

These young people were in earnest. They were on fire for God, and they found a way. One clear, cold morning when the temperature had warmed up to ten degrees below zero, they went to Millen Lake and cut away the ice, making a place big enough in which to be baptized. It wasn't easy to do, because the ice was two feet thick! Then they cut out steps from the icy, frozen ground so that they could walk down into the water.

We do not know the name of the minister who stood in the freezing water that day and baptized twelve of those young people, but we are certain that his heart was thrilled with their devotion and earnestness. And that is the way the parents felt as they stood on the bank ready to wrap their children in warm blankets as soon as they came out of the lake.

It was only a short walk up the hill to Cyrus Farnsworth's warm kitchen. There with bowed heads, parents and children renewed their promises to serve the Lord with all their hearts. When springtime came the other six were baptized.

What Next?

Chapter Eighteen

Eugene heard footsteps, and looking up from hoeing corn, saw Elder J. N. Andrews come through the garden gate, pick up a hoe, and start toward him. Elder Andrews was visiting members of the Washington church for a few days.

"What in the world is that preacher going to do?" thought Eugene. "He doesn't know a thing about farm work. Oh, dear, what shall I say to him! I don't know how to talk to a preacher!" Words raced around in his mind. His hoeing became uneven. His face was as red as his hair. He could hear Elder Andrews start hoeing beside him, but Eugene didn't look up. He couldn't think of one word to say.

Finally Elder Andrews said, "Eugene, you are twenty years old, aren't you? What are you going to do with your life?"

Eugene liked Elder Andrews' frank question. Words came easily now. He had thought much about his future. He looked up with a smile of determination and said, "Elder Andrews, I am going to be a lawyer."

"Well, you might do a good deal worse," said the friendly man, "but what are you going to do before you are a lawyer?"

"I am going to school!" Eugene brought his hoe down with a hard whack. "I haven't been inside a schoolroom since I was ten years old, and I have hardly finished the third grade. I am going to school until I get an education," he said with decision.

"What will you do then?"

"I am going to study law."

"Yes, and what next?"

"Well, I hope I will practice law."

"And what next?"

"I hope to earn some money, get a home, and have a family."

"Yes, and what next?"

Eugene was fidgeting now. He stopped hoeing and wished that Elder Andrews wouldn't ask any more questions. But he did.

"And what next, Eugene?"

"Well, I suppose I shall die."

"What next?"

Eugene did not answer. He asked himself, "What next? Will being a lawyer and making money be enough to take me into heaven?"

Elder Andrews loved this tall, broad-shouldered youth. He could see in him a mighty worker for God. His own blue eyes looked straight into Eugene's as he said earnestly, "My boy, take hold of something that will land your feet safely on the other side, where you will be safe for eternity."

That night Eugene lay a long time staring at the dark. After a while moonbeams came streaming into the room. He rose, went to the window, and looked out into the night, past the golden moon and far beyond the stars.

"Dear God, I have already given Thee my heart and my love. So now please take my life, my ambitions, my all, and make me of service to Thee. Help me obtain an education so that I may be of greater use in Thy work. Amen."

A great, warm, happy peace swept over him as he lay down to sleep.

* * * * *

"Loretta, what's the matter with Pa?" Orvil was passing the clothesline where his sister was hanging out the wash. "What's bothering him? I don't know whether he's sad or cross."

Loretta glanced around to be sure no one was near, then she said seriously, "Something is wrong! I've seen Ma wipe tears away several times this morning. Nobody is sick, and none of us have been in trouble, so what could it be?"

"Guess we'll just have to wait and see," sighed Orvil as he ran to join the boys in the field.

All morning Loretta tried to be cheerful. She did little things for Mother Cynthia before being asked. Finally she asked timidly, "Ma, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," Ma forced a smile. "You are such a sweet girl. I love you, dear. Why don't you make some lemonade for the boys in the field? Be sure and give Eugene two mugs."

"Why Eugene, Ma? What a funny thing to say!" But Mother was not listening.

Loretta was greeted with a big welcome from the hot, thirsty gang in the field.

"Here, Eugene, Ma said to give you two mugs of lemonade," said Loretta as she poured more for him.

"She did? Bless her!" Eugene glanced at the ground, but not before his sister had seen mist gathering in his blue eyes.

"Oh, no, not you, too!" gasped Loretta. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all." Eugene's voice was tender as he added, "You've been a swell sister."

"Been a swell sister—' why the *been?*" she puzzled as she went to find Pa.

He was leaning against a spruce tree, doing nothing. She was amazed. Father not working! Impossible!

"Here's some lemonade, Pa."

"Thanks," his voice sounded far off. He didn't seem to see her. Mustering up all her courage, she asked in a brave, trembling voice, "What's the matter, Pa?"

He looked startled. "Matter? Matter? Why nothing's the matter. You were a thoughtful daughter to bring me this drink."

So that was it. Nothing was the matter—yet something was.

The long afternoon dragged to a close. Supper was quiet. No one felt like talking.

At last Mother glanced down the table, past the eleven children, and in her quiet way said, "Well—Pa?"

Father cleared his throat. "Eugene, you are twenty-one years old today." Orvil glanced quickly at Loretta. They had forgotten that this was their favorite brother's birthday. Lumps gathered in their throats. They knew what was coming. The same thing had happened to all their other brothers on their twenty-first birthday.

"Yes," continued Father; "you are a man now—twenty-one, and old enough to vote. You have been a good son, Eugene. No parents could wish for a better boy. You have worked hard and done your part on the farm. Here is fifty cents to help you get started. Now, what are your plans?"

For a moment Eugene could not speak. Thoughts of leaving these dear ones choked him. He looked at their sad faces and forced a laugh, then his blue eyes twinkled as he said, "Come on, cheer up, I'm not going far! Don't you wish you had fifty cents all your own?"

Then turning toward his father he added seriously, "Think I'll head for Waukon in Iowa. I want to get an education, then work the rest of my life for the God you have taught me to honor and love."

"Well, son, that's where your brother John has his farm. You won't be entirely alone. But you are on your own now. Do as you think best."

"Elder Andrews lived there for a few years, and he told me last summer when he was here that there is a large group of Seventh-day Adventists living in Waukon. I can work on the farms while attending school."

"What are you going to be after you're educated?" Orvil asked.

"I can't say right now. I'd like to be a teacher, maybe a nurse, maybe a missionary."

"Why not a preacher? That's what I'm going to be—someday," said Orvil wistfully.

"NO, *never* a preacher!" Eugene was emphatic.

"Why, Eugene?" Mother said gently. "Didn't you say you would be whatever the Lord wanted you to be?"

"Yes, of course, Ma, of course I will, but the Lord won't ask me to preach, because He knows I can't."

"Remember, Eugene," said Pa, rising from the table and placing his hand on his son's shoulder, "remember, every time we meet for worship here at home, we will pray for you. Follow God's leading, and you will be a success."

* * * * *

The next day Eugene headed straight for Mr. Muzzy's store.

"Mr. Muzzy, I have a problem. I need some help."

"Out with it, boy!" chuckled the jolly little storekeeper.

"I'm going to Iowa to——"

"Why in the world are you going there? That must be a thousand miles from here!" interrupted Mr. Muzzy excitedly.

"I'm going there to get educated. Now these homemade clothes are all right for the farm, but I've got to have a suit to wear out into the world, and——"

"And you don't have any money." Mr. Muzzy finished the sentence for him. "I'll tell you what, Eugene, I'll give you the material you need for a suit, and you can pay me whenever you get the money."

"Mr. Muzzy! You are so kind! How can I ever thank you!"

"There isn't a thing in the world I wouldn't do for a son of William Farnsworth. I know I can trust you!"

The following week, with his few possessions in a carpetbag, he left for Iowa. His stylish, tailor-made suit was admired by the family, neighbors, and nearly everyone in the village.

"It makes you look like a preacher, already," teased Orvil as they waved him a loving good-by.

A Mighty Preacher

Chapter Nineteen

Eugene waited anxiously. Silently the door opened, and a dignified professor beckoned him to enter.

Sitting around the room were a half dozen teachers. They smiled and offered him a chair. Eugene relaxed, returned their smiles, and waited.

The president of the school rose and said, "Mr. Farnsworth, you have passed our college entrance examinations with high marks. During the few years you have been with us you have completed in a superior manner your academic work. We congratulate you!" They all tried to shake his hand at once.

"Thank you." Eugene was joyous. "But," he added humbly, "I could not have done it without good teachers and without the Lord's help."

"What are your plans now?"

Without a moment's hesitation he answered, "I am going on to get a college education."

Before starting to college he took off a few weeks and went to camp meeting. It was thrilling to see so many Seventh-day Adventists all in one place. What a joy it was to visit again with Elder J. N. Andrews and other leaders in the church! They had been watching this devoted, earnest young man from New Hampshire.

"Mr. Farnsworth," they said, "your talents are needed in our work. We have prayed about this, and we feel certain that the Lord is guiding us in asking you to enter the work as a preacher."

Eugene could not answer. He spent that entire night in prayer and in tears. It was hard for him to give up his own desire to go to college. He remembered his father's words, "Follow God's leading, and you will be a success." Not until he surrendered his will to God did he find peace. In the morning he told the brethren he would do as they thought best.

Shortly after this, with the few things he needed, his Bible, and two blankets, he started out to preach. No, he did not go to a city or even to a small town, but out on the plains of Iowa and Nebraska. Herds of deer and buffalo roamed the prairies.

Wherever he found a sod hut or a dugout, he stopped and studied the Bible with these lonely pioneers. Their homes were small, so for months Eugene slept out in the fields or on the prairie. He liked to look up into the sky at night and talk with God.

He went with the men into the fields and worked, threshing their grain, plowing by hand, or digging potatoes. Whatever they were doing he did. They loved this giant of a man with his humor and strength. They could feel how kind and good he was.

In the evenings they gathered together while he studied the Bible with them. He taught them to love God and one another. He taught them of the Sabbath and of Jesus' soon coming.

Months later, when he returned to Waukon, he had one hundred and fifty men and women besides children who were ready to be baptized and join the Seventh-day Adventist Church. He knew now that God wanted him to be a minister. From that day on his greatest desire in life was to help people find God.

That same year, after his return from his first preaching trip into the prairies, he was ordained as a minister and was made president of the conference.

* * * * *

"The strongest Adventist preacher in America, a man by the name of Farnsworth from Iowa, will be a speaker at camp meeting" was the news that was spread around. Eugene Farnsworth had been asked to be one of the speakers at the Michigan camp meeting.

On Sunday afternoon he spoke to a group of more than six thousand people, and while he was speaking, more arrived, until they were standing close around the tent and far out beyond. Eagerly they listened, and Eugene's strong, ringing voice could be heard by all.

Still more people arrived who wanted to hear him preach. They came in wagons, on horseback, or walking. There were more than twenty thousand people there now!

As Elder Farnsworth was nearing the close of his sermon, the camp manager came up on the platform and whispered to the president, "What shall we do! The people are still coming. We must have at least one more sermon!" All his worry lines were showing.

The president smiled calmly and whispered back, "We have a man here who can preach two more sermons without preparation, and his last one will be the best."

Then he wrote a note to Eugene saying, "Preach another sermon for at least a full hour on the grace of God." Eugene glanced at the note, and when he had finished his first sermon, went right on into the next. The people did not become tired. They wanted more!

"He is a man of God," said those who heard him that day. The news of that Sunday afternoon went all over America, and it brought courage and good cheer to God's people.

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The same year, 1874, that Eugene started to preach out on the prairies, Elder J. N. Andrews sailed to Europe as our first Seventh-day Adventist missionary. Later many of the young people he had helped lead to God in Washington, New Hampshire, followed in his steps, and became foreign missionaries.

The Tall, Handsome Stranger

Chapter Twenty

One Sabbath there was a strange young man in the little white church. He was tall, slender, and handsome. He said he was Asa Robinson and had come to work on a farm in Washington. Mother Cynthia took one look at him and knew that he was lonesome.

"You come right on home with us for dinner," she urged. Asa smiled his appreciation and soon forgot how lonely he was, in the warmth of their friendship.

In the afternoon, while the family were sitting under the shade by the riverbank, William Farnsworth said, "We are glad you are with us. Come, Asa, tell us about yourself."

"Well," began Asa slowly, "there isn't very much to tell. My home is in Canada, where I have always lived until recently. You see, my brother Dores came to work in New Hampshire, but when he wrote that he was keeping the seventh day instead of Sunday, my parents were upset. They sent me to visit with him and to straighten him out.

"You can guess what happened. I couldn't get anywhere with him. Instead, he straightened me out, and within a few weeks I was keeping the Sabbath with him. Now he has gone to college in Battle Creek, Michigan. I decided to come here and work where I could be among Adventists."

"We want you to be one of the family. Come over any time," Mother warmly invited.

And so Asa's favorite place was the Farnsworth home. Everyone was full of fun and so kind!

All the Farnsworths had strong, beautiful voices, and Asa liked to gather with them around the organ and sing. Sometimes, though, he was so interested in watching Loretta pump the little organ while she played it and sang, all at the same time, that he would forget to join in.

Loretta's heart would begin to flutter, so that she missed a few notes. She might even sing wrong words, but Asa never noticed. He knew that she was just as sweet and kind as she was pretty. So it wasn't very long before Loretta became Mrs. Asa T. Robinson.

She and Asa lived on a farm nearby for several years, and it was here that her own two little boys, Erban and Dores, were born.

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"What's the matter, Loretta? You look worried," said Asa as he came in from milking the cows one chilly evening.

"Oh, Asa, I am, I am," Loretta burst out. "I went down to uncle Newell's today, and Rosella isn't one bit better. Do you realize that she has been sick in bed for more than twelve weeks! She didn't even taste the vegetable broth I took to her. Uncle Newell says she weighs only sixty pounds. And just think, she is only a few months younger than I am!"

Asa turned Loretta's face up toward his and looked deep into her troubled eyes. "We mustn't worry, dear. We must pray more."

"Oh, I know! You are right, but Asa, you should see her. She can't even turn herself over in bed, and she has to be fed. Uncle Newell says he has asked the elders to come Christmas Day and anoint her and pray for her. And he wants you and me to be there, too. I've always been like a sister to Rosella."

"I'm glad to hear they plan to have special prayer for her," said Asa. "We must be certain there is nothing in our lives that would keep God from hearing our prayers."

Christmas afternoon they gathered quietly in Rosella's room. Father William, Uncle Cyrus, and the elders were there. It was a solemn time as they prepared to ask God to give Rosella back her health if it was His will.

There was crying inside of Loretta as she looked at her cousin's pleading eyes and thin little body. Uncle Cyrus read James 5:14, 15: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

Doing just what the Bible said, they put a little oil on her head and pleaded with God to save her life if it was His will. Then quietly they slipped out of her room. Rosella's mother gently placed a kiss on her forehead.

"I think she is sleeping," she said as she came to the kitchen.

They talked a few minutes, and then everyone started for home.

"Don't go, Loretta and Asa. Please stay and have a little supper with us." Aunt Sarah was wistful.

Loretta looked at Asa. "We'd be glad to stay," he answered, knowing how alone they must feel on Christmas with Rosella so ill.

"What do you hear from Fred?" Asa asked Uncle Newell as Loretta was helping Aunt Sarah set the table.

"He writes that he is now in charge of the canvassing work for our denomination. Seems to enjoy it greatly. He was ordained as a minister recently." Uncle Newell's smile showed how proud he was of his son, Fred.

"You know," Asa said, "I've been thinking some of going to Boston and selling Bibles and gospel books. I want to do more for the Lord than I am doing now."

"Come, let's sit down to the table," Aunt Sarah called softly.

While they were eating, the door opened slowly, and there stood Rosella, fully dressed, with her hair brushed back and falling over her shoulders. Her eyes shone deep in her peaked little face.

"Have a bit of supper for a hungry girl?" she asked sweet and low.

"Rosella!" Everyone stood up with surprise.

"Don't fall," said her father, going quickly to help her to a chair.

"I'm all right. The Lord has healed me," she smiled.

"He has! He has!" Aunt Sarah just stood there as tears of joy overflowed.

"I'm hungry," Rosella reminded them. "Seems as if it has been weeks since I've eaten anything."

Her mother was trembling as she prepared some soft, warm food for her daughter. As Rosella ate, color came to her face and strength to her body.

Prayers of thanks followed supper. "We have seen a miracle in our home today. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'" Uncle Newell's calm, quiet face showed his trust in God's promises.

The fire crackled brightly and the teakettle hummed merrily as Loretta, taking both Rosella's hands in hers, said, "This makes the second Christmas Day you and I will never forget! Remember the one sixteen years ago, when Elder and Mrs. White were here, and we took our stand for God?—And now this one! God is so good to us! Merry Christmas, everyone!"

* * * * *

After a few years Loretta and Asa moved away. At first Asa unloaded lumber from ships, carrying it on his shoulders to the lumberyard. It was hard work, but he was thankful for the dollar a day he earned.

But now they were living in Boston, and Asa was helping an evangelist with tent meetings. Loretta began giving Bible studies to those who attended the meetings. She was the first woman Bible instructor in our denomination. As soon as other women saw how beautifully she did it, they too began winning souls this way.

In the evenings Loretta would put her two little boys to bed and then go across the street to the big tent and play the organ for the songs.

One evening Dores awoke. He heard the singing. He had always wanted to go to one of those meetings, but Mother said, "Little boys three years old belong in bed."

He looked out the window, but couldn't see what was happening, because it was raining and the sides of the tent were down.

"I'd like to see my papa sitting on the platform. I'd like to see what my mamma is doing." No one was there to tell him he had to get back into bed, and Erban was sleeping.

"Mamma won't like it if I get my nightie wet," he thought. "I'll take this umbrella."

He managed to open it, and paddled across the wet street in his bare feet. But when he got to the tent that great big black umbrella just wouldn't close.

He looked around. There was his dear papa up front. He saw Mamma playing the organ.

"Won't Mamma be happy to see me! She'll close the umbrella for me," he thought as he started toward her.

He didn't notice the people smiling as they watched a little boy under a huge black umbrella walk down the center aisle in a long white nightie. All he had eyes for was his pretty mamma. He went slowly, because the sawdust felt good to his bare toes.

Some of the people smiled so widely that they couldn't sing. Others laughed softly. Loretta looked up quickly. What on earth! Oh, no! Her face became scarlet.

"Sit down," she whispered desperately, as Dores came to the organ.

"Why doesn't Mamma smile?" Dores wondered as he obediently climbed up on the front bench.

After the song Loretta closed the umbrella and put her arm around her son.

"What are you doing here?" she whispered.

"I want to come to meeting," came the answer.

"I hope you will always want to go to meeting," Loretta told the little fellow a few minutes later as she was tucking him in bed. "But remember, never, never go to meeting in your nightie! Tomorrow night you and Erban may put on your best clothes and come over—just once though. When you are only three you belong in bed."

Cooper University

Chapter Twenty-One

Everyone in Happy Hollow was supposed to be working, but instead they were puttering around and casting quick glances down the road. Any minute now, yes, any moment, the old horse and buggy would be coming around the bend over the bridge and into the yard. Eugene would be in it! Father had gone to meet the stagecoach early this morning. Why didn't they come!

Then it happened just as they had imagined. The boys heard the rattling of the buggy and the trotting of old Pat's hoofs.

"Ma, he's coming!" shouted Ernest as they raced to the front yard. Over the bridge Pa drove, and right up to where they stood. Even before the wheels had stopped, Eugene jumped down and had Mother Cynthia in his arms.

He looked at the eager faces watching him. Would he know them by name? It had been many years since he had seen his younger brothers and sister.

"I know you are Nellie," he chuckled, giving her a kiss. "You're the only girl at home. You must be--let me see--you are fifteen."

"Right," beamed Nellie.

"And Elmer, how long until you are twenty-one?" Eugene asked, giving him a hearty handshake.

"Just a few more months, and I'll be heading for South Lancaster Academy."

"I'm mighty glad to hear that!" Eugene was enthusiastic.

"Well, you must be Merton," he laughed. "Being the baby, the twenty-second child in our family, makes you famous! Are you ten years old?"

Merton shook his head, dug his toes into the dusty earth, and bashfully said, "Eleven."

"Then that makes Ernest 13, Melbourne 17, and Alton 18." Eugene greeted them warmly.

"It's good to be home again. Come, I want to look around." Everyone talked at once while showing him the farm.

Blackie, the pet talking crow, jumped on Melbourne's shoulder as they entered the barn, saying shrilly, "Get to work! Get to work!"

"What's that?" Eugene jumped in surprise. "Sounds like Pa talking when I was a boy." They laughed, knowing he was joking.

Ernest showed off Broad Horn, the white cow whose horns were so wide and straight that she had to tip her head to get through the barn door.

Merton's pet lamb frisked along beside them as they crossed the road to the pasture. The sheep went on grazing, but the old ram stopped and looked angrily at the intruders.

"Let's have some fun!" shouted Ernest as he jumped the fence and ran in front of the ram.

"Come on, old fellow, come on. I dare you to butt me!" teased Ernest.

That was too much for the ram. He eyed his target, lowered his head, shut his eyes, stiffened his neck, and charged with all his fury. Quickly Ernest stepped aside. The ram dashed past. In bewilderment he whirled around to see what had happened to that boy.

Ernest stood waiting for the old fellow to charge again. This time, as the ram came angrily back, Ernest grabbed the branch of a tree and swung himself up just as the ram dashed beneath.

Those watching laughed until their sides ached.

"Just time enough for a dip in Deep Hole before supper," called Mother.

All agreed there was nothing they would rather do.

* * * * *

Eugene was so jolly and interested in his brothers and sister that, before they knew it, they were telling him what they planned to do with their lives. Elmer wanted to become a teacher. Nellie had decided to become a nurse, and Merton said he was going to be a doctor.

"What about you boys?" Eugene looked at Alton, Melbourne, and Ernest.

"We don't want to be preachers or teachers or doctors. We want to be farmers. We think we can farm and still work for the Lord."

"You certainly can. We have need of Christian farmers. The Lord will show you how to work for Him when you ask," said Eugene.

That Sabbath Eugene preached in the little white church. There were twice as many there as usual. His heart was burdened for the large number of youth present.

"God needs the young people in this church," he said. "He needs them to fill places of responsibility in our work all over the world. They must have a Christian education." Then turning to the parents he asked, "What are you doing to help them? You need a church school with an Adventist teacher."

It was a new idea. No one had thought of it before.

"We don't have a schoolhouse," said one.

"We couldn't afford to pay the teacher," said another. "We've never had one before; why start now?"

Eugene Farnsworth waited to hear no more.

"We only do great things for the Lord if we try," he said earnestly. He was on fire for God, and soon little fires began to burn in other hearts.

Cyrus Farnsworth was thinking, "I really don't have to use the shed in which I make my wooden buckets for gathering maple syrup. It could be used for a schoolroom."

Suddenly he was on his feet. "You may have my cooper shop for the schoolroom. With a bit of work it could be used nicely." His enthusiasm was catching.

"I'll be glad to room and board the teacher free," said one member.

"We don't have any children, but we will give some money to help pay the teacher," said another.

"Will you find us a teacher?" they asked Elder Farnsworth.

"I'll find you the very best," he promised.

That afternoon there was a beautiful baptism in Millen Lake. Along with others, Eugene had the joy of baptizing his three youngest brothers and his sister, Nellie.

"Don't forget I'm sending you a teacher," said Eugene before he left Washington.

"We'll be ready," came the reply.

The boys helped Uncle Cyrus take the hundreds of wooden buckets he had stored in the cooper shop beside his home, and move them to an empty shed. He wouldn't have to use them until spring.

"Maybe Sarah won't mind if I make my new buckets in the kitchen during the winter," he mused.

Before the first snow flew, the little cooperage had been enlarged into a pleasant schoolroom. Wooden benches and tables had been made, and the fire crackled merrily to greet the fourteen pupils who came to the first church school in Washington, New Hampshire.

They loved Miss Overmeyer, their teacher. She had gone to South Lancaster Academy, and knew a great deal. They liked studying Bible and singing hymns in school. It was different.

At recess time they would fling themselves on their sleds, swoop down the long slope to the edge of Millen Lake, and then play tag, skating on the ice. Sometimes, though, they would help Uncle Cyrus build his new barn.

One day Miss Overmeyer said, "Our school needs a name."

For the next few evenings Ernest and Merton stayed up later than usual. They were busy in a corner of the kitchen, and the smell of burnt wood filled the air. Nellie and Alton kept coming over and giving suggestions. They were all interested. Finally it was finished.

"Good work!" chuckled Pa. "Think you can put it up without anyone seeing you?"

Ernest grinned broadly. "Hope so. We are going to go real early, before anyone is around."

The next morning when Miss Overmeyer came to school she was surprised and delighted to see at the foot of the hill a sign that read: "Cooper University."

For several years this sign pointed the way to the little church school, which was proudly named Cooper University, in honor of Cyrus Farnsworth's cooperage in which he had made wooden buckets.

The Lost Sheep

Chapter Twenty-Two

I never saw such weather for this time of year!" William Farnsworth stood looking out the window. He was growing older, and was seldom able to go outside when it was cold. "That snow is almost four feet deep! I declare, how could so much snow have fallen during the night!"

Washington had had several weeks of delightful spring days, and then suddenly, this surprise! William looked critically at the thick gray clouds that hung low overhead.

"Get a hustle on, boys," he called. "It looks like more snow. Round up the sheep from Kitty Hill."

Ernest and Melbourne wasted no time in leaving. Father never gave a command twice.

Billows of snow covered the road, the bushes, and the stone fences. The pasture began on the other side of the road and went up almost to the top of Kitty Hill. Here a fence kept in the cattle and sheep.

"I can't see a single sheep," panted Melbourne. "Suppose we separate. I'll go this way, and you go to the right. Whistle if you find them."

After an hour's hunting it was Melbourne who whistled. He had found fifty of the sheep huddled together near the porcupine den. But there were still twenty-five missing. Back and forth across the pasture the boys trudged. The snow was fresh and soft, and they sank in with every step.

"The sheep aren't here," moaned Ernest as he flopped on the snow to rest. "They must have found a hole somewhere and are outside the pasture."

"Let's take these sheep to the corral, and get something to eat. Maybe Pa'll send Alton and Merton to hunt for them. I'm tuckered."

"Not a chance, and you know it, Ernest! The sheep are our job, and keeping the fences mended is our job. It's up to us to find them." Melbourne was sure Pa wouldn't let the other boys do their work.

He was right. Within an hour they were back again on Kitty Hill, climbing over the fence, and looking everywhere for those runaway sheep.

The wind began to blow. It swirled the snow in their faces. They plunged on, sinking deep with each step. There were no sheep!

"It's getting dark," said Melbourne. "We must start for home." The wind was howling now, and snow was swirling round and round. When they reached the back door they were gasping from hurrying and fighting the snow.

Ma was relieved to see them safe. She gave them some warm food, but all Pa said was, "Well, did you find them? They knew without being told that the next morning by dawn they must be up and searching again.

All the next day they plowed through the snow, looking behind rocks and trees and bushes. Not one "Baa" did they hear.

That evening, as they dropped exhausted into bed, Father said, "Boys, do you know how much twenty-five sheep are worth?"

The sun was shining brightly the next morning. This was the third day the sheep were lost. Ernest decided to go around the outside of the pasture to the right, and Melbourne would go to the left. They would meet back of Kitty Hill.

Ernest's sharp eyes never missed a spot where the sheep could be hiding. As he walked he was thinking of how the Good Shepherd searched for one lost sheep. He stopped and there, in the great white stillness, bowed his head. "Please, dear God, help me find these lost sheep. Mother needs a new coat. We all need shoes and money to go to church school. Please show me where they are. Amen."

The boys met, then climbed the back of Kitty Hill, looking in every place they might have missed the two days before.

At the top Ernest said, "Let's go down by the Big Rock and climb the fence there into the pasture." The Big Rock was as high as the fence. When sheep got out of the pasture, they would have to jump on the rock and over the fence to get back in.

Even though the warm sunshine was melting the snow, only a high pile of whiteness showed them where Big Rock was. As they started to climb over they heard a soft, "Baa."

"Listen!" whispered Ernest excitedly.

"Baa."

"I hear him, but I can't see him." Melbourne looked around quickly.

"Baa."

"He must be buried in the snow here by the rock!"

The boys quickly dug away the snow with their hands. There, huddled close together by the side of Big Rock, were their twenty-five lost sheep. It was hard to tell whether the boys or the sheep were the happiest to see one another!

"Ernest," said Melbourne thoughtfully, "the Lord answered my prayer. While we were separated I asked Him to help us find them soon."

"He answered two prayers then," Ernest's eyes twinkled.

The boys were all gladness as they came into the yard. Mother stood at the back door smiling.

"Well, I can see by your faces that the Lord answered my prayers this morning."

"It looks as though He has answered three prayers at one time," laughed Melbourne.

"Better make it four answered prayers." Father's smile was joyous as he came to the door and placed an arm around each boy.

"What are you going to do as soon as the snow is melted?" he asked them.

"Find and mend the hole in the fence!" was their emphatic answer.

Good-by to Happy Hollow

Chapter Twenty-Three

About once a week William Farnsworth hitched up old Pat to the buggy and drove the three miles to town. He was older now, and enjoyed spending the day chatting with friends.

"Here comes Uncle Bill!" was the glad cry when anyone heard the special squeak of his buggy wheels. The entire town showed their love for him by calling him Uncle Bill. They had known him ever since they could remember. He was always there.

Never in all his long life of eighty-two years had William been more than fifty miles from Washington! He belonged to this town, and when his neighbors were happy they wanted to tell Uncle Bill about it. When trouble came and they were sad, Uncle Bill understood. He was a friend to all. He was honest and true and kind. No wonder they loved him!

A few years later, when he was not well enough to leave Happy Hollow, friends came to chat with him and to gain strength from his bright Christian spirit.

One day Orvil, who was now a minister, a watchman for God, came home to see his father. William heard him open the door, and called from his bed, "Watchman, what of the night?"

"The morning cometh!" Orvil called back. Stepping quickly, he lovingly clasped his father's hands.

"Orvil," said his father, "never forget that you are a watchman on the walls of Zion."

A few days later William Farnsworth fell asleep in Jesus. He was laid to rest next to Sarah in the graveyard beside the little white church.

Mother Cynthia and the family were sad, but they knew that soon the dark night would be over, and in the brightness of everlasting morning their beloved father would be with them again.

No one was more pleased than Mother with the way the boys carried on the work of the farm. They were kind and thoughtful to her, for they knew her heart was heavy without Father. Every day she wondered what was best for her to do. She wanted the children to have more schooling, yet how could she manage the farm without them?

One day a letter came from Loretta. She and Asa were living at South Lancaster Academy. Asa was president of the conference, and Loretta was matron of the school. Part of the letter said:

"Mother, why don't you bring the boys and come here to live? I am so busy cooking for the students that I need someone to help take care of Erban and Dores. The boys and Nellie could attend the school. There is a large house near the academy in which we could all live. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be together again!"

That evening Mother read the letter to the family. They were all enthusiastic about going. After praying about it, they decided to make the move. Alton and his wife would live in the old home and care for the farm.

* * * * *

Living in South Lancaster was exciting. With so many young people together, something was always happening. At first the family from Happy Hollow felt lost, but Elmer soon helped them get acquainted.

He had been attending the academy for five years. This year he was a senior. He knew everybody, and he saw to it that his family soon felt at home.

Orvil dropped in often. He lived nearby, and South Lancaster was like home, for hadn't he been present from the very first day the school had opened its doors ten years before!

It was a good thing they lived in a big three-story house, for soon Nellie was bringing home her girl friends. Ernest and his brothers invited their chums for taffy pulls, for an evening of popcorn and apples, or for singing around the fireplace.

It wasn't all play though. They were poor, and had to work hard for food, clothes, and tuition money. But even if they didn't have as much as others, they were never short of happiness. Erban and Dores liked the excitement; so did their mother, Loretta.

The only quiet spot in the entire house was the front room, which was Asa's office. Chairs lined the walls for the ministers when they came for committee meetings. The desk was covered with papers and books. But the most important thing in the room was a large black typewriter.

To Dores, it was sheer magic as he watched his father's fingers fly over the keys. This machine was too precious for him to touch. Oh, how he dreamed of having one of his own. It was a tremendous desire, and the longing grew.

Dores didn't tease. Oh, no! But many of his dreams were out loud. Everyone knew there was nothing in the world he wanted more than a typewriter.

One day, for about the hundredth time, Dores said, "You know, Papa, just as soon as I get my own typewriter, I'm going to do all your work for you. I'll type your letters and sermons and anything else you want."

Asa sighed and whispered to Loretta, "I'm going to put an end to this nonsense."

"Dores," he called, "more than a typist, I need someone who can write shorthand. I'll make you a proposition. Just as soon as you can take down my talks and letters in shorthand, I'll buy you a typewriter."

"Is that a promise?" asked the boy eagerly.

"It's a promise. In the meantime, I want to hear *no more* about typewriters!"

With a great "whoopee" Dores was out of the house and scooting along the path toward the home of the shorthand teacher.

"Oh, please, sir, may I enter your shorthand class?" he blurted out as soon as the door opened.

"What's this?" said the astonished teacher.

"I want to learn to write shorthand, sir."

"You'll make a splendid shorthand student in about ten years," smiled the man.

"I can't wait. I have to learn it right now. Oh, please, sir."

"How old are you, Dores?"

"I'm nine and a half. I'll soon be ten, sir."

"Most of the students in my class are twice your age, and some more than that. Do you think you can keep up with the class?"

"I can keep up, honestly, I can," pleaded the lad, as the teacher left to answer a knock at the back door.

"Elder Robinson!" exclaimed the surprised teacher. "Why did you use the back door!"

"Is Dores in there?" he whispered.

"He surely is, and begging to join my shorthand class!"

Asa chuckled. "That boy is possessed with a desire to own a typewriter. I promised to get him one when he can write shorthand. If you will let him attend your class for a few days, he'll soon decide to give up."

"I see," laughed the teacher. "I'll tell him he may start in the morning."

At seven o'clock the next morning Dores was sitting, pencil poised, eyes alert, ready for his first shorthand lesson. The class was over in time for him to reach his own school by nine.

At first the older students smiled and patted him on the back. But after a few weeks they realized they would have to study harder or that little nine-year-old would be at the head of the class!

The teacher was delighted!

Asa was dismayed! But true to his word, the next year Dores had his reward, a typewriter, and joined the typing class, a satisfied, joyous lad.

* * * * *

Elmer was in trouble. He was out of money. He couldn't even pay the bills he owed. In only six weeks he would graduate. If he dropped out now, he would lose his credits and have to attend school another year.

His friends and loved ones wanted to help him, but they were poor and had no money to lend.

"Pray that the Lord will open the way for me to graduate," he asked his mother.

That night several earnest requests ascended to God's throne. The next morning a letter came for Elmer. It was from a minister in another State. He wrote: "Our school board has asked me to invite you to teach our church school this coming year. We hope you will accept. Our present teacher is sick, and will be in bed for many months. Could you come immediately and teach the rest of this year? We need you badly."

Elmer read the message again. Was this God's answer to his prayer?

He took the letter and hastened to see the president of the school, who read it, and went to talk with some of the teachers.

"Elmer," he said when he returned to the office, "you have been a faithful student. You have worked hard, and your desire in life is to serve the Lord. We are willing to give you credit for the teaching experience you will have in the next six weeks. Though you will not be present for graduation, your name will be included, and we will mail you your diploma. God bless you."

Elmer hurriedly packed his things and was ready to leave that very afternoon. He was beginning his long life of teaching and preaching.

"God answers prayers," whispered Mother Cynthia as she kissed him good-by.

Ernest Makes the Headlines

Chapter Twenty-Four

Suddenly school was out for the summer! The Farnsworth young people didn't waste one day. Nellie went to help can fruit in the academy kitchen, and Melbourne and Merton started working on nearby farms.

Ernest left to help the ministers get ready for camp meetings. He was kept busy with a hundred and one things. The earth must be leveled and tents put up. The grounds had to be kept clean during the meetings, and the cook always needed help.

When the first camp meeting closed the man in charge said, "Farnsworth, the quicker you have the tents down and loaded in the wagons, the more days you will have free before time to leave for the next campground."

Ernest had dreamed of having a few days off to go the fifty miles to Washington, New Hampshire, but never once did he think it might happen. He set to work with a will; early and late he was at it, scarcely taking time to eat.

Thursday evening not only was he through, he was exhausted. But instead of resting, he walked the five miles to catch the stagecoach.

"I can sleep while riding," he told his friends. But it didn't turn out that way. The roads were muddy and the horses tired. So whenever they came to a hill the stagecoach driver called out, "All men out!"

Then out he climbed, and not only walked up the hills but helped push the coach as well!

It was Friday afternoon when they reached Stoddard. This was the nearest place the coach came to Washington. So Ernest walked the last ten miles.

Just as the sun was setting he rounded the corner and stumbled up the hill to greet his surprised Uncle Cyrus.

"You stay here tonight," his aunt said. "You are too tired to walk the rest of the way to Happy Hollow. Besides, Orvil is visiting Alton, and you boys will stay up late talking."

That settled it. Bed felt good. But aching muscles and the excitement of being home kept Ernest from sleeping well.

After an early breakfast in the morning he took his Bible and *Sabbath School Quarterly* and wandered down to Millen Lake. The bank was velvety with thick grass. He found a shady spot where he could watch the cool, deep water. A great peaceful silence was everywhere. Without knowing it, he slept. Hours later, hot sunshine beating on his face awakened him. He jumped up.

"It must be time for Sabbath school," he mused. But one look at the sun told him church must be nearly over.

"I'll take the short cut to Happy Hollow and be there when Alton and Orvil arrive," he decided. It was wonderful to see the dear familiar places he had known all his life. Things looked so much the same that he almost forgot he had been gone a year.

Still feeling sleepy, he went into the corner bedroom to take a short nap until the folks returned. He remembered the days when he and four of his brothers slept in this room. No one used it now. The house was quiet and seemed to be resting from the sixty years when twenty-two children had kept it humming with activity.

"Well, I did think Ernest would be on the porch to greet us," said Alton as they drove into the yard. "I can't understand why he didn't come to church."

"He's not inside," called Orvil, who had hurried in to see if Ernest was there.

"Where on earth is he?" There was worry in Alton's voice. "Uncle Cyrus said he went off toward the lake after breakfast. I know he wouldn't miss church on purpose!"

"Something dreadful has happened. I know it has," said Alton's wife.

They hardly tasted the dinner.

"Let's do something," exclaimed Alton. He grabbed his hat. "I'll go to all the neighbors down the road. Orvil, you head over the hill. We must find that boy!"

No one had seen him!

"Ernest is lost!" The alarm spread.

Alton dashed to Washington on horseback.

"We need help! Ernest Farnsworth is lost. The last time he was seen, he was heading toward the lake. He may have drowned."

Men left their work and rushed to help. The sheriff organized them into groups, sending some into the woods, others along the creeks. The largest group circled around Millen Lake looking for clothes or a body. There wasn't a minute to lose.

* * * * *

Ernest stretched, yawned, and opened his eyes.

"Where am I? Oh, yes, at home. I wonder if they are back from church yet?"

He went outside. "No one is here, what could have happened to them?" he wondered. Then he saw Alton's wife walking along the river, looking toward Deep Hole.

"Ernest!" She rushed toward him. "Where in the world have you been? The whole town is out searching for you. You go over to Uncle Cyrus' just as fast as you can and tell them you are safe!"

"I was only taking a nap in the bedroom!" the astonished boy called as he started on the run across the hill.

On the way he saw people walking over the field looking for him.

"I'm safe!" he shouted. He kept on running, for he felt rather foolish. Imagine! the whole village worried over him while he was peacefully sleeping! He saw others searching along the river bank.

"I'm not lost!" he called.

"Ernest is found!" The glad cry went from one to another, clear around the lake and into the hills.

"Ernest is found!"

"The lost boy is safe!"

Next day the big black letters of the newspaper headlines read:

"BOY SLEEPS WHILE VILLAGE HUNTS"

Ernest grinned sheepishly as he read the story.

"Young man," the last sentence said, "the next time you go to sleep, tell your family!"

"And," added Alton, "the next time you come home, we'll look for you in the corner bedroom before we upset the community!"

* * * * *

One summer Ernest and Melbourne earned money for school by hunting for chewing gum! Far, far back into the forests of northern Maine they went, and for two months lived without seeing another person!

Chewing gum was hard to find. That made it precious. They sold it to the drugstores for about seventy-five cents a pound. Besides, it was fun renting a boat for the summer and rowing to the end of Moosehead Lake and on up the creeks, deep into the forest of spruce trees.

In the winter, when the weather was 40 degrees below zero, the sap of the spruce trees would freeze. This caused the bark to crack. Out of these cracks, pitch oozed. After the pitch had been there a few years, it lost its stickiness, and became hard.

Gobs of this pitch was what the boys were hunting. The storekeepers bought it, broke it into small pieces, rolled it in sugar, and sold it as spruce chewing gum.

In the mornings before leaving camp the boys filled the heavy cast-iron teakettle with beans, and put it over the hot coals to cook during the day. Then away they trudged in their heavy boots to climb the tall trees and knock off the hardened lumps.

Several times bears visited their camp while they were away, but usually the boys returned to find the beans cooked. They ate corn-meal mush, blackstrap molasses, and beans every day, over and over again.

They slept on the ground, and were constantly chewed on by gnats and mosquitoes, but that was not important, for when they returned home they had six hundred pounds of spruce gum to sell!

Spreading the Glad News

Chapter Twenty-Five

It seemed as though all South Lancaster had come to bid Elder and Mrs. Asa T. Robinson God's blessings as they started on their long trip to South Africa.

Through the din of last-minute hustle and bustle, the sweet voices of the academy choir floated through the station!

Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring,
Jesus is coming again!

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. Loretta and Asa leaned out the train window, waving farewell. The platform was crowded with friends, but Loretta had eyes only for Erban and Dores.

Dores stood dry-eyed, close to Grandma Cynthia. All his tears had been shed a few weeks before near the little white church in Washington, New Hampshire. The family had gone to visit Uncle Cyrus. Father Asa preached that Sabbath and told about his call to Africa.

"The hardest part of going," he said, "is that we must leave our children behind." For the moment he had forgotten that they had not yet told the boys it was thought best for them to remain in school.

Erban had guessed it, but to Dores it was like a great clap of thunder!

He felt everything sinking away down inside of him. When church was out, he rushed into the woods and threw himself on the green-covered earth. Great sobs shook his body.

It was here, hidden in the ferns, that his mother found him. Lovingly, with tears in her own voice, Loretta explained that there was no school for him in Africa. Everything would be new and strange. They must go first to prepare the way.

"Just as soon as we are settled we will send for you," she added hopefully.

Now the hour of parting had come.

The train began to move. Erban and Dores ran beside the window.

"We'll send for you! It won't be long!" shouted Father Asa.

The boys understood, even though the lumps in their throats nearly choked them.

They waved dry-eyed until the train was a speck in the distance.

"We'll send for you! It won't be long!" kept ringing in their hearts during the next year as they faithfully went on with their studies. They were proud of their brave parents, for in 1892 there were only a few Seventh-day Adventist missionaries in all the world.

* * * * *

One never knows what to expect when one has a large family of grown-up children. Mother Cynthia was nearly dizzy with all the changes.

Almost as soon as Asa and Loretta left, she was busy helping Nellie make her bridesmaid's dress for Orvil's church wedding.

Elmer was best man.

After the excitement of the wedding was over, Orvil and his bride sailed away to Ireland as missionaries.

Then to Cynthia's great joy, Eugene and his wife moved to South Lancaster, he to be the new Bible teacher. It was wonderful to have them near.

"Now," thought Cynthia, "things are going to be quiet around here. The excitement is over."

But one day Dores dashed into the house shouting and waving a letter.

"They've sent for us! We are going to Africa! They have started a school near Cape Town."

So now there was more excitement getting the boys packed and off on the great ship. For eight weeks they sailed southward, over the deep Atlantic Ocean. The joy of being together with their parents was tremendous, but so was the surprise they found awaiting them—a pretty baby sister!

"We named her Gladys, because we are so glad to have her!" Loretta laughed gaily.

Back in South Lancaster, Ernest and Merton were finishing their schoolwork and getting ready to graduate when who should arrive for a visit but Fred Mead and his family!

"We are on our way to Africa!" they announced. "We will see Asa and Loretta in Cape Town. From there we will travel by ox team for six weeks into the heart of Africa to Solusi Mission. Few white people have been there. It will be very exciting and dangerous, but God's hand will be over us."

"Yes, God will be with you as you go to our first mission for the heathen people. Someday," said Cynthia, her eyes sparkling, "someday, we will have mission stations all over this world! What more could I want for my children, and my nephew," she looked at Fred, "than that they spread this glad news of salvation to others."

* * * * *

Alton, Melbourne, and Ernest had always wanted to be farmers—"missionary farmers," they said. A few years later they moved far north into Canada to a place where there were no Seventh-day Adventists. Here they bought their farms, and then visited every English-speaking family for twenty miles around.

Within a short time they built a little church, which had forty members.

Once Eugene went to visit his brothers in Canada. Alton drove the horse and buggy thirty miles to the station to meet him. On the way back he showed the many homes in which Russian farmers lived.

"We cannot speak their language and they cannot speak ours. How, oh, how, can we tell them of Jesus' soon coming?" he asked Eugene.

"I'll send you some of our papers and books written in Russian," was Eugene's immediate reply.

And sure enough, within a short time a large box filled with the gospel message printed in Russian arrived. The Russian farmers read the message eagerly.

They wanted to know more. A minister who could speak Russian was sent to study with them. He soon baptized 106 new believers. They built a church, but many more people became interested, and soon the church was too small.

They had to build a larger one.

The Farnsworth boys found that farmers can be missionaries!

* * * * *

Halfway around the world, in Australia, Ellen G. White was saying, "We need a strong evangelist to preach the message to the people here. Let's send for Eugene Farnsworth."

In a short time Eugene and his wife were on their way to Australia.

Again Mrs. White said, "We need someone with experience to help organize our work here. Asa T. Robinson has led out well in Africa. Let's send for him."

Soon Asa, Loretta, and their family were in Australia.

One day Mrs. White was talking with Asa. She said, "I need someone who can take shorthand and type."

"Why, Sister White," said Asa, "my son Does does well with both. He learned shorthand when he was nine and has owned his own typewriter since he was ten!"

"Just what I want!" exclaimed Mrs. White.

Does was delighted.

Many times Mrs. White must have remembered her trip to Washington, New Hampshire, in the sleigh that bitter cold Christmas in 1867, when Eugene, Loretta, and Orvil Farnsworth, and Fred Mead took their stand for God! She knew why God had sent her.

When Mrs. White returned from Australia to California, Does became one of her secretaries. For thirteen years he had the privilege of taking down her talks in shorthand, of typing her letters and visions, and of being her next-door neighbor. He also married her granddaughter.

Years later Does and his family went to Africa as missionaries. Yes, and even now his son is preaching the gospel there. Scattered here and there around the world, William Farnsworth's children's children are holding hands with other Adventists in spreading the glad news of salvation.

The other day I saw one of William's great-great-grandsons. He was going to school.

"What do you plan to do with your life?" I asked him.

His blue eyes shone deep as he instantly replied, "I am preparing to be a missionary. I want to be counted among the many Adventist youth who will be lifting high the torch of truth when Jesus comes."

How happy William Farnsworth would be if he could see the thousands of you boys and girls who are today preparing yourselves to spread the glorious gospel light far and near!

God is counting on YOU!

Children of William Farnsworth 1807-1888

William Farnsworth and Sarah Mead were married in 1830.
Their children were:

Lucy	1832-1835	
John P.	1834-1918	John was among the first group who kept the Sabbath in 1844. He went to Battle Creek and took part of the nurse's training. He lived most of his life in Waukon, Iowa. He was an expert in caring for people sick with typhoid fever.
Stephen M.	1836-1915	Stephen was a farmer, and always lived in Washington, New Hampshire.
Josephine	1838-1860	Josephine and her husband, Charles Jones, were Seventh-day Adventists.
Lucien B.	1839-1862	Lucien was baptized when a boy. He went to Iowa with John. He played the violin beautifully. When 23 years old, he was thrown from a horse and killed.
Albert	1841-1865	Albert was baptized in 1864. He is buried beside the church in Washington.
George W.	1843-1931	Little information is available. He died in Spokane, Washington.
Sarah J.	1846-1923	Left home in 1860 at the age of 14 and lived in Waukon, Iowa, with her brother John P. She married a Churchhill, moved West and had four children.
Eugene W.	1848-1935	Eugene served as president in various conferences, and on the General Conference Committee. He spent six years in Australia. For 60 years he was an ordained minister.
Augustus	1849-1937	Augustus was baptized as a young man. Always a farmer, he lived to be 89 years old.
Imogene A.	1851-1913	Imogene was baptized in 1867. Later she married a Methodist minister and joined his church.

William Farnsworth and Cynthia Stowell were married on September 19, 1855.
Their children were:

Loretta V.	1857-1933	Loretta married Asa Robinson, who was an SDA minister for 77 years. They helped start the work in Africa, and then in Australia. Loretta is known as our first woman Bible instructor. She lived to be 76 years old, and Asa lived to be 99.
Orvil O.	1859-1947	Orvil was a missionary to Ireland and England. He started for Trinidad, but contracted yellow fever, and had to return home. He was a minister until he died at the age of 88 years.
Lenora L.	1860-1873	Lenora was baptized when a girl. She died of a ruptured appendix when only 13 years of age.
Benton	1861-1885	Benton was baptized when a boy, and went to South Lancaster where he died of diphtheria when 24 years old.
Irvin	1861-1907	Irvin moved to Oklahoma where he helped raise up two SDA churches.
Elmer	1865-1937	Elmer became an SDA minister and teacher. He worked mostly in educational institutions.
Alton	1867-1961	Alton was baptized when a boy, and was always a farmer. He moved to Canada, was a local elder for 40 years, and served on conference committees for 50 years. He died at age 94.
Melbourne	1868-1914	Melbourne was a farmer and a faithful SDA church worker. He moved to Canada and helped start an academy there.
Nellie M.	1870-1949	Nellie was baptized when young. When married, she moved to Lincoln, Nebraska.
Ernest	1872-1973	Ernest has served as local elder and on conference committees. He moved to Canada with other brothers and helped raise up SDA churches there. He lived on his own farm in Canada which he farmed by himself. He celebrated his 100th birthday in June, 1972.
Merton	1874-1951	Merton was always a good church worker. He became a doctor and joined the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and then the Glendale Sanitarium and Boulder Sanitarium.

A message from Ernest E. Farnsworth

The Lord has given me life, and I have celebrated my one-hundredth birthday. Of all these one hundred years the first fifteen or twenty were the most important. During those early years I learned habits of work and study and worship that I still have. During those years I learned to love my Saviour, and every day since, that early love has grown deeper and stronger. (This was written prior to his death in 1973.)

- The End -