

Sept. 16, 1937.

Mr. F.E. Belden
General Delivery
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Belden:

The receipt by this noon mail of an air mail, special delivery letter from you to Elder W.S. White, leads me to the conclusion that you may not yet have heard of his death.

Sunday, August 29, was his 83rd birthday. On that day I was with him and his son Arthur attending meetings at Pacific Press at Mountain View. We staid there that night. Monday morning he told us that he was not feeling well, that he had slept but little the night before, that his heart had been giving him trouble and in his characteristic way said, "I don't like it." However, he said nothing more about it during the day. We transacted more business at the Press, and then I went with him to San Francisco where he did some shopping. We had lunch at a cafeteria. He went with me to the Library. There Arthur called for him and they went to the Green Eye Hospital. We came up on the boat and train that evening, arriving home at eight o'clock.

The next morning he came over to the office as usual and I had quite a talk with him about some of the chapters on the Sketches of James and Ellen White. Late in the afternoon he spoke in rather regretful tones of his inability to do much. Said he had only been able to sort letters and papers, but hoped he would be able to do more the next day. He went home at six o'clock, visited one of the neighbors after supper and then read the Review for an hour.

About ten o'clock, Elder White got out of bed and went upstairs for a bath, but this was nothing unusual. He did this many times when he was unable to sleep well. About quarter to twelve, he roused Mrs. White by saying that he could hardly breathe. She was surprised to find he was completely dressed, even to his collar and tie. As soon as possible we got Dr. Vollner down from the Sanitarium. He was breathing with great difficulty, sitting on the sofa in the living room. It was difficult for him to speak, but he managed to say, "This is the result of transgression. Pray

for forgiveness and healing if it is God's will." The transgression to which he referred was the reading of the Review which caused an eye strain. After prayer, Dr. Vollmer and I carried him out to the car and he was taken to the Sanitarium that they might administer oxygen. After he was in the car, he said, "Tell Mother I am much better." This gave us much assurance and I advised my wife, Ella, that we had better get our rest, but we had reached home not more than five minutes before the telephone rang and we were summoned. He breathed his last just as we were entering the room.

If you take the Review, you will doubtless read a full account of his life and of the funeral, both here and in Battle Creek where he now lies in the White burial ground in Oakhill Cemetery.

Your large envelop containing the beginning of a letter to him and many photostatic copies of early documents came to hand. I have glanced through these hurriedly and have placed them on file. Some of these which we do not have will make a valuable addition to our collection of early source material. Naturally while we both deal with facts, our interpretations of these facts differs widely.

I have just finished scanning your air mail letter which has just arrived. Of course there are many things referred to in these letters to Elder White regarding which I know nothing. There are some matters to which you refer from which I am sure you have drawn mistaken inferences, but Elder White has gone to meet his record before a higher judgment seat than yours or mine.

Of my intimate association with him for about twenty years I can sincerely say that I wish I might be as assured of my own acceptance with heaven as I am of his.

Perhaps his greatest fault was an impetuous expression of disapproval which sometimes cut. This was inherited from his Father, but like his Father he recognized this tendency and many times I have known him to humbly ask forgiveness. During the progress of the Board Meeting at Mountain View, he spoke emphatically regarding a certain phase of our work which he felt was being managed weakly, and then said in substance, "I am praying for grace that I may restrain myself when I think of this."

Something referred to in one of your letters led me to the files and I am copying for you a part of a brief letter that I find written to you back in 1901.

"I am sorry, Cousin Frank, that I made any criticism of your work or of your spirit, because I see that the criticism has not done good, but harm. I am truly sorry that there is not more gentleness and tenderness in my words, and that in my dealings with my brethren I so often fail to do the kindest thing. I shall try to profit by the criticisms made in your letter; and I ask you to join me in praying that I may

have grace from above, and that the meekness and tenderness of Christ may be more and more woven into my character and my work."

I feel sure that he could he speak to you now, he would freely ask your forgiveness, for any wrongs on his part toward you. However, I feel also, that there are many of the matters to which you refer where he has acted conscientiously and even though his judgment has not been the same as yours.

Brother Ealden, you, too, are getting along in years. I can but regret to see that your mind seems to be dwelling upon bitterness of past experiences at a time when the peace of Christ might bring you happiness and joy. You can join Mrs. Canright and others who have opposed that which you once helped to build up, but somehow I cannot feel from your own standpoint you will find this the way of peace.

With best wishes, I am,

Your brother,

RER:lfw.