

Geo. A. Town
W. H. W.

7.190

Battle Creek, Michigan.

September 25, 1900.

Mrs. E.G. White,

Oakland, California.

Dear Sister White:---

We left the Indiana camp-ground last Sunday night, about eight o'clock, and reached here (Battle Creek) this morning about five o'clock. We see by the REVIEW that you have landed all safe and sound in California. We were glad to see this, and we hope that it was not a very rough voyage for you. We can welcome you back to this country.

Brother Breed and my Wife and myself went down to the Indiana camp-meeting about ten days ago. I suppose that my wife has written you the particulars, and it may not be out of place if I give you a few particulars about the camp-meeting. But to describe it, I hardly know what to say. It is beyond all description. I have never seen any company held with a firmer grasp by a certain number of the leading ministers, than they are held in Indiana. Brother R.S. Donnell is President, and they have an experience in getting the people ready for translation. They call it the "cleansing message." Others call it the "holy flesh;" and when I say the "cleansing message" and the "holy flesh," no doubt these terms will bring to your mind experiences that illustrate what we saw.

I do not think the Indiana people are a reading class of people, so much as in some other Conferences, neither are they a very excitable people, unless some kind of pressure is brought to bear upon them. There is a great power that goes with the movement that is on foot there. It would almost bring anybody within its scope, if they are at all conscientious, and sit and listen with the least degree of fervor because of the

They have an organ, one bass viol, three fiddles, two flutes, three tambourines, ~~two~~ ^{three} bugles, and a big bass drum, and perhaps other instruments which I have not mentioned. < They are as much trained in their musical line as any Salvation Army choir that you ever heard. In fact, their revival effort is simply a complete copy of the Salvation Army method, and when they get on a high key, you can not hear a word from the congregation in their singing, nor hear anything, unless it be shrieks of those who are half insane. I do not think I overdraw it at all.

> The people report that churches have been divided. < Some conscientious souls can not go to church because of this preaching and their not endorsing it. I was told of one woman that had been carried to the Insane Asylum through the influence of it. I called to see a woman on the camp-ground that had requested me to come, one morning, and she was on the point of insanity. Unless God especially interferes, she will be insane, if she keeps on that same line. < (And you would think the whole company of them was insane in a revival effort) > After an appeal to come forward for prayers, a few of the leading ones would always come forward, to lead others to come; and then they would begin to ~~play~~ play on the musical instruments, until you could not hear yourself think; and under the excitement of this strain, they get a large proportion of the congregation forward over and over again.

> They were amply warned against the General Conference help, and their ministers were especially instructed not to be moved by them. < Brother Breed and myself talked it over, and we said that we would not express an opinion for or against it, when out of the desk, but would do our preaching in the desk, and try to turn the minds of all into another channel; and so we did this way. > The first sermon which I ~~in~~ preached, I was "drowned" with their "amen's." Then I kept coming closer and

closer, thinking I could stop them; but you might as well have whistled against the Niagara Falls. The second time I preached, I came closer still. Their "amen's" began to be quieted down, and at the close of the sermon I was surrounded by individuals, many of whom said, "Well, I was discouraged, and I had left off going to meeting; but what you have said has given me great light and freedom. I am going to take hold again." And thus it was, nearly every time that I preached. But when they

would come in with their effort, they would present what they called the Laodicean message, quote from your Testimonies and the Bible, and use them in a way that ~~managemum~~ perfectly frightened the poor sheep.

> I never saw such confusion in my life. I have been through scenes of fanaticism, but I never saw anything like this; and yet in their preaching they would preach many good things, and state many truths, and then come in with their music and pressure that frightened the brethren and sisters. <

> They prayed for Brother Breed, and they prayed for me. The ministers had a special prayer-meeting every night; and they announced around that I was in sympathy with them; and so I thought Sabbath forenoon I would make the matter so plain that they would understand where I stood.

I took up the history of this work, and related how we had met things of this nature before, and what the outcome of them all had been. > One of their great burdens is moral purity (which you know all about), and "holy flesh," and "translating faith," and all such terms, which carry the idea that there are two kinds of "sons of God"---the ^{adopted} "begotten" sons of God, and the "born" sons of God. The ~~begotten~~ ^{adopted} are those who die, because

they will not have the "translating faith." Those who are born, get "holy flesh," and there is no sin inside of them, and they are the ones that will live and be translated; and, as they say, these who are "born" sons of God are not "going to heaven on the underground railway," meaning they are not going to die. <

After I had preached about an hour Sabbath morning, with as great freedom as I ever had in the world, I was about to stop, because my time was consumed; but all through the congregation they said, "Go on; go on; tell us more." So I kept on for two full hours in all, and at the close of the meeting we were surrounded by our brethren, thanking me for what they had heard; and even after that, they reported that there was no difference between us; that I believed as they (the ministers did.

Brother Breed preached in the afternoon; but before he preached, I got up, and told them plainly that I had heard the report that had gone over the ground, that I believed as they did, and I wanted that they should distinctly understand that I thought that this was a sideshow, and that I had no sympathy with it. Brother Breed preached, and read your Testimonies where you had warned the people against all such moves. That brought a crisis. But I never saw such a sight as we had (between his meeting) in the afternoon, and their half-past seven meeting at night. >They came into my living tent, as though they were frightened,---some crying, some afraid that they would sin by rejecting it, and some afraid of the doctrine that they preached. My tent was full. They were on the bed, and on the floor, and packed on the outside for as much as ten feet from the tent door. < It was the same with Brother Breed's tent. >I preached to them till half-past seven, and they went away cheerful and happy. Brother Breed did the same, and read the Testimonies. < I could not even then get them away from my tent, if it had not been that I thought that the people would think that I was getting up a faction on the ground.

There were some outsiders who came out at night, and one of their preachers was preaching this holiness doctrine, and these outsiders came to Brother Breed's tent, and told him that they were interested in the truth; they wanted to learn about it, but they should not go to the meeting and hear the railing talks that were being given. I would say

that I think the interest was as great and the opportunities to do good were as great in the town where the meeting was held, as in any place that I ever was in. The camp-ground was situated just in the edge of the town, and in as beautiful a ground as I ever saw. The message had never been preached there, so they flocked out en masse to the big tent. Brother Breed preached three nights. But after I had preached the last Sabbath forenoon, I felt that my work was done, my testimony was borne; but I did preach again, on an entirely different subject, Sunday afternoon. Your Testimonies which were sent me, which I received just as I left Battle Creek for the Indiana meeting, on "Baptism," were read by Brother Breed in the forenoon service Sunday. >The brethren came to me to ask me to preach in the morning on Baptism, and I told them that I had two Testimonies which I thought ought to be read on that subject. They wanted to read them, but they made such work when they read your writings, putting in their comments, that I told them if they would give Elder Breed an opportunity, he could read them, and that I would not let any one else have them to read. So Elder Breed read them. <

We left amid a crowd surrounding us, feeling so bad that we were going off the camp-ground. I expect they will hold their meetings during the present week, because we had interfered with their great triumph.

Now I do not know as I have correctly described this; for I do not know what kind of words to use to describe it; but it was an awful bedlam, and I am glad that we got out of it alive, and have gotten back to Battle Creek. I think Battle Creek is an awful hard place, but a man can breathe here, while that atmosphere down there is stifling, and those poor sheep---they are like a flock of sheep that have been chased by prairie wolves, and they are afraid of the judgments of God as they are presented by the ministers, except a few of the leading brethren. I do not think they will have a very free time after we left; but what they