

Office of  
NASHVILLE BOOK CO.,

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1713 Cass Street, Near 23rd.

Nashville, - - Tenn.

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Mrs. E. G. White,  
Sanitarium, California.

Dear Mother:1-

I think you will remember several years ago that you had a pointed Testimony for Elder Johnston of North Carolina, which referred to his treatment of Elder Shireman. In that letter you suggested that he go out somewhere and build up a work as Elder Shireman had done. At that time Elder Johnston was president of the North Carolina Conference. In a year or so from that time some other one took the presidency of that Conference, and he went out into the interior somewhere and started a little industrial school <sup>in response to your letter to him</sup>. He has retained his credentials as a minister every since and has struggled with all his might <sup>in</sup> ~~with~~ the effort to build up a school that would be the result of his efforts according to the lines which you marked out. I will say, Mother, that I believe Brother Johnston to be a sincere, Christian man who wants to do the right. I have been in correspondence with him more or less for some time and when the burden of his work would get so heavy that he felt that he must communicate with someone, he would always write to me. I have always written him back as encouragingly as I could and it has seemed to do him good. But it seems that he is coming to a time in his work where he is compelled to have a little help or else to close up his school and do something else.

Now, Mother, when a man of this kind, who has been the President of the Conference, comes to such an experience as this, it



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Johnston I do not want to see the time come when he will be crushed and obliged to leave his field.

Now, Mother, I do not want to trouble you with matters of this kind, but I thought I would just write to you just how I feel about it and I do this because you were interested in it at the earlier stages of the work. More than this you were interested in this man because I wrote the particulars to you. He was rather unfeeling himself at that time in his attitude toward Elder Shireman. I think, perhaps, he is getting a little touch of what he gave. And yet, I do not think we should <sup>withhold</sup> ~~hold~~ our sympathy from a man because of <sup>a past mistake</sup> ~~this~~ and as I understand from his letter, Brother Shireman is ~~the~~ about the only friend that he has, that feels like helping him at this time. Elder Shireman knows what it all means and I believe Elder Shireman to be at heart a ~~warm~~ hearted, tender hearted, Christian man.

Now, I have concluded that I should write a letter to Elder J. H. Jeys, at Spero, North Carolina. This man is President of that Conference and I thought a kindly letter from me, taking up some of the things of the past and telling him about them and encouraging him to help Brother Johnston, I thought, perhaps, this might do good.

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Now, Mother, I hardly know what to do, when matters of this kind come up. Sometimes I feel that I would like to write to you about them and then I know there is a sentiment that is rigidly opposed to my doing things of this kind and you practically keep silent. This is the thing that is breaking my heart more than anything else in ~~any~~ experience and labor. As God knows my heart, I have been

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trying for months and months to get right with God and right with people. I have written you many, many times, but the heart to heart responses that I use to get are cut out from me now. I do not know why this is. Perhaps there is some experience I need, but I want to say that it is one of the greatest griefs of my life at the present time. I do not think I shall say anything more about it now.

I will say that I am seeking the Lord with all my heart and trying to learn what my duty is. I have written Willie quite carefully about my taking hold and trying to help in your work, but I fear that nothing definite will be proposed that ~~I could~~ <sup>will open the way to</sup> do this.

What my future is I cannot tell. I am very well situated here at Nashville now, but somehow I cannot feel that this is home. I shall not go into a lot of complaints, but will simply say this that I am held at arms length by the leaders of our work here. Brother Ford has succeeded in ruining the sale of my books here in the South and seems to have the ears of the leading people so far as I am concerned. I am not complaining about this, I shall try to go <sup>on</sup> and do my duty, but I am looking for another field. I will say that I am looking somewhat toward Kansas City, Missouri. It seems to me that I could connect with Brother Cochran there who has charge of the Pacific Press work in that field. Really with my work I need to be in the central part of the United States. To go away to the Pacific coast, it seems to me, would almost ruin the best interests of my work. But I want to do what is right. It seems to me that if I should go to Kansas City, after a few months, I could connect with the Pacific Press there and help them in producing some books;

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then be where I could run over to California once in a while and help in your work: it seems to me that that is about the ideal thing to do. But, of course, I do not know as this is possible. I have tried desperately to find a place to which I could go and leave the South. I have been here now nearly thirteen years and, I think, the health of my wife and myself would be vastly improved by seeking someother field. *All the time I have been in strife ~~of~~ over my work and there is no let up. I am tired, tired.*

Now, Mother, I have started to write you several times, but before I would be through with the letters I would destroy them and not send them. I have not known what to write. I have simply been stunned at the situation and have felt that I did not know in any way your position toward me or what I might expect in anyway. I know that you are keeping things from me that I ought to have. I have been aware of this every since I was at California the last ~~xxx~~ time. I can say nothing; I can just keep quiet and try to serve my God and work as occasion may open before me; this is all I can do. Some-way I do not look for much response from this letter, but I have felt that I must express myself in some ways here or I should not know what to do.

I am very glad I have sold the Food Factory and now I am preparing an advertisement to go in the Review to sell my farm. I came here to Nashville and rented a place, it is a real nice place, near the Publishing House. It is offered for sale very cheap and can be bought on installments, but the three of us that are connected together here have sought the Lord earnestly and it has seemed that the way has been hedged up each time when the plans were almost finished for a sale. So I am just waiting for ~~something~~ to see what will turn up. I hope you are feeling well.

In love, your son,

*J. E. White*