

Office of  
NASHVILLE BOOK CO.  
INCORPORATED

1713 Cass Street, Near 23rd.

Nashville, - - Tenn.

Telephone, Main 4527

Rec July 14

Reasons for Move

June 14, 1911.

Dear Mother:--

I have received your letters of June 6 and 8. I have been in great perplexity to know just how to reply to them. But I feel that I know my duty right well, and I cannot do anything but open the situation to you. I will try to say the right things in my letter, and want you to believe that I desire to do the thing that is right, and am seeking the Lord for wisdom in all that I do.

You write, "I have read your letters in regard to your proposed move to Marshall, Michigan. This seems to be a rather strange proposition. I sincerely hope that you will move wisely."

I am sorry that the proposition seemed "strange" to you. It certainly was not new to you, for I have written you about it months ago, and asked especially if your instruction in regard to work in cities did not also include such cities as Marshall, Mich. But I received no reply whatever, and these two last letters are the first I have had in about two years, from you, in which you have made reference to my plans, or responded to any inquiry or statement of experience which I have sent you from time to time. This has been a great grief to me, for I have tried to serve my God, and to live in the light of His presence, and do what I was permitted to do in preaching the gospel in this field.

Now, why did I decide to go to Marshall? There is quite a story connected with it. For full three years I have felt that my work in the South was done. Not but what there is a great work to be done, but in your own words to me, when I asked you about it, you said, "No, your work for the colored people in the South is not done, but what can you do when they (the

Mother -2-

men in position you were talking about) make it impossible for you to do the work?" The wisdom of your statement has been demonstrated over and over again in the months that have passed.

Well, as I said I have been trying frantically to find a place where I could locate and have my book work done, but have every time been met with an influence I could not reach, nor could I succeed in finding an opening.

FIRST, I went to the International Pub. Asso. at College View, Neb., but could make no arrangements that would make it possible for a connection there.

SECOND, I went to Berrien Springs. I went over the ground twice at considerable expense to myself, the last time at their invitation. But some undercurrent of influence came in and without giving any reason at all they peremptorily refused to do my work.

THIRD, I tried twice again at College View. The first time here mentioned Byington, the manager, was very favorable, and we came where I saw an understanding could be reached. Then he went to a publisher's meeting at Chicago, where he met Gen. Conf. men, and when I met him next time he was all off, and I saw it was of no further use to attempt to connect with him.

FOURTH, I went to California and did my level best to make arrangements, but everything was unresponsive. And yet I arranged to buy the three story tank house which Pac. Press had for sale, and had arranged for the bank to furnish the money, but the next day they backed out and refused to sell to me.

I went to Kalamazoo, Lansing, and Battle Creek, and to several firms in Chicago to get them to do my book work, but their prices were such as to make it impossible for me to put it into their hands. Then I came back here, discouraged and beaten, and have been struggling ever since.

Then Emma was taken sick. She spent ten months in bed. O, how it hurt me. I did all I could. I built on a room especially for her. It seemed to be the right theng, but later I begin to feel that there were things about the room that were not suitable. In the cold weather there was a chill in that part of the house that went clear to the bones. O, it was a long, weary struggle. And to see here day by day, week by week, so patient, so fearful she would be a burden to me while I was struggling so hard. I did for her all I knew how. I hired a graduated nurse to care for her and do the housework, paying her \$10.00 a week for months, and she was not economical but an expensive housekeeper.

Finally, a year ago, about now, we all decided that unless she could be taken into a different climate she would never rally, and I took her practically in my arms and took her to the train for her sister in Battle Creek. I got a stateroom for her so she could have every advantage possible, but the journey was very severe for her. At her sister's we fixed off with wire screens and curtains a splendid outdoor bedroom for her, and her sister took her under her wing. The air at Nashville has no life in it. In Michigan she came into an entirely different atmosphere. She rested, she built up, until last winter she was able to walk almost anywhere in the city even in quite severe storms. But this spring there was an epidemic of influenza of some kind, and she had a severe attack, in connection with bronchitis, which has troubled her more or less for years. She took very heroic treatment for about four weeks at the Sanitarium, and gained on the influenza, but became again so weak that she could hardly drag about. I tell you I was scared. If I could have spared the money I would have gone to see her, but I was struggling with all my might to get where I would have an income to live upon, and so could not go. I just had to stay where I was. *and pay on my debts, I dare not try any experiments with Emma. The company of her sister is everything to her. It is more than treatment or anything else. Even when I go to Marshall she will remain with her sister for months.*

Mother ~~11~~

Well, when I was North with Emma, I began to look about to see what I could do in getting my publishing done so I could get away from this place which has become a perfect horror and nightmare to me. I took a trip to Marshall, and visited the office of the Marshall Statesman, one of the oldest of the newspapers of the state. W.C. will know about the paper. The proprietor made prices that are excellent on the presswork, and this was the first dawn of light on the business.

Now, as to the influences of F.E. Belden and the Sanitarium, you need never have a fear. I know Belden pretty well, and although I have listened to no end of tirades from him on many topics, he has never affected either Emma or me in the slightest degree, and he knows it. As for Dr. Kellogg and the Sanitarium, I respect the Doctor for the good he has done, but my principles in this matter are well known. I stand for the principles of the Third Angel's Message, first, last, and all the time. In so far as he has departed from this I feel sorry that he has done so, but I cannot help it or him in this regard. It does not affect me one way or the other. I go right on in my belief and confidence in the Present Truth, and meet him as I would other people who have never accepted, or have lost their love for, these great important messages.

But I would not think of moving to Battle Creek. The circumstances are such that it would not be best in any way. I rejoice in getting away from the precinct's of any denominational institution, and free from the evil, man-made restrictions that are being bound tighter and ever tighter about every branch of the work. I want to go where I can rest and recuperate, and where I can have an opening to study and preach the gospel of the kingdom to those who need it. I have been sixteen years in the South and that is a plenty.

Mother =5=

I do not want to weary you now, but will end this letter with a few words about Marshall. My going there does not affect any future plans that may be formed. I cannot and will not stay longer in the South. That matter is settled. I have put up with almost everything here until I feel like a whipped cur whenever I come among them. If you know a thing about the real circumstances, you know what I mean, and how it has come about.

When I finally gave up the scheme of trying to do my work in the country and came to Nashville again, I cut out everything I could that had been a drawback and hindrance to me. I sold off a great deal of the stuff that had been a damage to me. I saved only enough to bring out my books with. And yet I had too much. My books are out now, and I have let my printer go. I shall leave my printing office remain here in storage until I get finances straightened out, and then I can bring out some very important books, and then will need my office. Many things I am drawing in on as I go North.

In your letter you said that my plans could not succeed. I am fully convinced that as I had made them they could not have succeeded. But I have for weeks sought the Lord earnestly for wisdom that I might be led in right ways, and He has been doing it. He simply held me here until I should learn the lesson He had for me, and my plans have been modified, yes, changed altogether. I go to Marshall, not to launch out, ~~but~~ but to keep small and safe, and carefully get into safer position financially. And since I decided upon this plan the Lord has been blessing all I have set my hand to. But I will not write more to-night. When I reach Marshall I shall be in just as easy reach, yes easire, for any other plans for my future, than I am here. I will just add that I am astonished at the way matters have opened to settle up and get ready to go

I will write about other matters later.

In much love, Your son,

*J. E. White*