

much that they had every right to make him comfortable in his old age. Some of them tried hard to do it but were hindered by the misdoings of others, for which reason I, as you will remember, was shut out of his home for three whole months. He was not faithful to His Master in the "many things" but he was in "the few." Still, notwithstanding his many deviations from the path of known duty, he fell asleep in Jesus in the very house where God said, three months before, that he would, Dec. 16, 1877, in his chair. He virtually died in my own habitation just for this work, for saying: "If I thought it was God I would not care if you would go to prison," referring to the messages which I carried.

But, ah! The foolishness of God is wiser than men; the weakness of God is stronger than men." Do you think that God would let His servant go to prison for the misunderstanding of others? In no prison-house was there any danger of me ever standing. It is true that I had to be a captive, but not a prisoner. He himself was the one who went to prison, as it were, for the place where he was bound to spend the remnant of his days was a prison-house to him. His own unbelief took him there, from home and friends, to die. You may have noticed the time specified in the former books when he was so much tried by my writing that he thought if he were my husband he would commit them all (that is, the writings) to the flames; and, before his face, the desire of his heart was granted, for every paper that was written in his house or was, in any way, connected with him or the eldest son, was burned at the command of God, who swore by himself because he could swear by no greater, that he would cut off the remembrance of them from the earth. This was intended to show me that their names were to be cut off from being honorable in this work of writing; for they had opposed it so much that they would have been of no use to help it forward. Just so with any man or woman who had wished the writings burned, or who had spoken so much against it as they did, for God's anger was kindled against them. Hence the sudden departure of my beloved father from home and friends; hence the cheese and grapes handed by me to him ere he left my dwelling, for my brother's, and hence the Spirit's voice which spoke, "Do you know that grapes are black? Do you know there is mould on that cheese? Remember the coffin and the mould!" Friends, bear in mind that in less than three months from that day his lifeless body had experienced both; for the coffin was his dwelling place, the mould had fallen upon its lid, and "dust to dust" had been pronounced