

(Diary Entry for Dec. 27, 1904, St. Helena, Calif.) I cannot sleep after half past one o'clock. My mind is intensely active. I would use all the powers of my mind as the Lord's witness and messenger. He has appointed me to keep vividly before the people the great testing truths for this time, because many are blind and deceived and are making room for Satan to come in and deceive, if possible, by the noncommittal position of God's people, the very elect.--Manuscript 147, 1904.

Letter 311, 1904. (To J. H. Kellogg, Nov. 25, 1904, from San Diego, Calif.) You say that you have written me several letters, but have not heard from me. I have not been well for some time. I was unfortunate in taking cold when speaking in the large tent at the Omaha [Nebraska] camp meeting. The ground was high and dry, but still I caught cold. I spoke twice at that camp meeting, and succeeded in making the people hear, though at one meeting there were 1500 present.

From Omaha we went to College View. I was unaccustomed to the high winds there, and my cold got no better. I continued to sneeze and cough a great deal. But when I stood before the people, all this ceased.

We were well cared for at College View, and all that could be done for our comfort was done. We met many old friends. I was enabled to speak in the church Sabbath, Sunday, and Monday. I also spoke to the patients and nurses.

I did not get free from cold while I was there, and it continued its hold on me all the way home. I went to Battle Creek, as you know, and spoke

twice to the patients and once in the gymnasium to the nurses and helpers. I would have been very glad, could I have felt free to remain another week in Battle Creek. I would have done this, but Marian's [Davis] sickness called me home. Her case was a heavy weight on my mind. We received letters every day telling us of her increasing weakness. The thought that I must part with her was a great trial to me. She had been with me for 25 years, and we blended nicely in our work. I knew that if she should die I could not find another to supply her place. Our ideas in regard to the work were one, and we often talked together. Every word that I spoke to make a point clearer, she would write out at once.

I was so thoroughly worn out when I reached home that I feared a severe sickness was coming upon me. We found Marian very weak indeed. She was at the sanitarium, and Mrs. Kellogg, her sister, was with her.

Mrs. Kellogg and Sara [McEnterfer] were with Marian at the time of her death. She passed away very peacefully, and we feel that we can indeed say, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them" [Rev. 14:13].

A few days before her death, we decided to go to Los Angeles, for our tickets were good only till the third of November. We spoke to Dr. Evans about this, and he advised us to go, saying that we could be sent for whenever necessary. We decided to go on Monday, the day before her death, but felt held to remain at home one more day. On Tuesday morning, we received word that she had lost consciousness at about seven o'clock. We at once decided not to go to Los Angeles that day. She died at half-past four Tuesday afternoon.