

Some of the seed sown in the trip mentioned above fell on good ground and brought forth abundantly. Some have fallen asleep in Christ. Among those who remain are Lyman Sweet and wife, Allan Sweet, Frank Redding and F. C. Pixley of Ottowa, who are still faithful to the truth and often speak of Father Cranmer's labors among them. In 1877 his wife died; thus for the third time death entered his home and robbed him of his companion. For two years he endured the hardship of life single-handed, or until May 18, 1879 when he was married to Sophia Branch (mother of the writer) with whom he lived to the time of his death which took place December 17, 1903.

When it became apparent to him that the time of his departure was drawing near, he made the choice of Elder L. J. Branch to officiate at the funeral, which was done December 19, 1903, text used II Timothy 4:7. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." His last words were a prayer. In conclusion we submit a hymn of which Father Cranmer was the author.

FINIS

When we get in the world to come

Farewell to fears and woe;

No willows there to hang our harps,

As oft we find below.

Like angels there we'll sing God's praise,

As angels there we'll move;

Where angels stop our notes we'll raise

And sing redeeming love.

Eternity will just suffice,

God's glory to admire.

And while eternity rolls 'round

We'll raise his praises higher.

Much more of interest could have been written about the labors of Father Cranmer. Others labored in connection with him and brought scores into the truth. The church at Hartford was at one time very large and active. Some died; others moved away, but the church at Hartford is still alive and doing good work.

Several other churches were organized, one at Hamilton, Allegany County where Brother W. E. Field and wife were converted. Another at Salem where Brother Howe and wife, also A. Walker and family united with the church. And although none of the ministers mentioned in the early history of the church remain, other ministers have been added from time to time, who have taken up the work in earnest and churches have been organized and the work is still onward in Michigan.

Submitted in love for the Church,  
M. A. Branch  
White Cloud, Michigan

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

Gilbert Cranmer

1814 — 1903

as told to

M. A. Branch

*In undertaking to write up the history or life work of Father Cranmer, I realize I have undertaken a task too great for me; and were it not for numerous requests from brethren and friends, and also a promise I made to Father Cranmer, that I would write his life for his readers of the Bible Advocate, I should not have undertaken the work. I shall try to be as brief as possible and write only of his ministerial work, except an occasional remark where it seems necessary to do justice to the subject; nor can I do more than outline his ministerial work, reaching as it does the long term of 72 years.*

*The words I write are in the main his own, written as I sit by his side while he relates the incidents as they come to his mind.*

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GILBERT CRANMER

I was born in Newfield, Tompkins County, N. Y., January 18, 1814, and continued to live there with my parents until I was eight years old, when we moved to Tioga County to live; and while we were living at the last-named place, when I was about 11 years old, my father died from the effects of a bite of a rattlesnake. Then I was left with a mother and seven children to care for. When I was 17 years old I was converted and united with the Methodist Church. I began to feel a desire to preach; but I did not have the courage to give out an appointment for myself.

I think I was fairly good in exhortation for a young man, and I had climbed a stump and imagined the surrounding stumps were people; and had delivered what I considered some very convincing arguments, and I had a great desire that the people should have an opportunity to hear; but you perhaps may imagine my surprise when one day the elder who had charge of the congregation where I belonged, stopped at our house and said, "Brother Cranmer, I have been called away for a few days; and I have left an appointment for you to preach in my place while I am gone."

I told the Elder I could not do it. I made all kinds of excuses; but he refused to listen and went away. What to do, I did not know. All my desire to preach had gone, but it was only a few

Gilbert Cranmer was one of the early organizers of the work of the Church of God (7th Day) in the State of Michigan. In turn, this is the earliest known organizational effort of the church in the United States.

The following document is an autobiography of his life as related to M.S. Branch, one of his stepsons.

It is the story of his life from the time of his ministry with another organization, his involvement with the William Miller movement, his association with the James Whites who founded the Seventh Day Adventist organization, and his work of organizing and building up churches in Michigan.

Elder Cranmer was the first editor of the "Hope of Israel," the first publication of the church and a forerunner of the present Bible Advocate.

The original of the following document is on file with the Bible Advocate Press, Denver, Colorado.

— Floyd A. Turner

New York. Money was scarce and I made it a point to inquire for brethren of the Christian faith and put up with them at night. About 150 miles travel brought me to the Niagara River about two miles below the falls at Lewiston, I arrived at the river at about nine o'clock in the morning penniless. The only way of crossing the river was by ferryboat. I told the man in charge of my desire to cross the river; that I had no money but was willing to work to pay my way across. He conducted me to a wood pile where I split wood to satisfy the demand, and I was taken across the river.

The next point to reach was St. Catherine, a distance of about 40 miles. As I journeyed along I inquired for brethren of the Christian faith. I soon met a man on the road who directed me to a brother by the name of Haight, whom he described as being a prominent man in the church, also a very popular man in the world — a mechanic, contractor and builder. Accordingly I made my way to Brother Haight's, and arriving at supper time, found Brother Haight seated with his men around the supper table. I introduced myself and my calling and was invited to a seat, and was told my supper would soon be ready. That evening while in conversation with Brother Haight, he said he would like to hear me preach. I told him to give out word and I would stop and we would have a meeting. Accordingly, an appointment was given out for the night following.

We retired for the night and when we arose in the morning the ground was white with snow. This looked rather discouraging to me as my shoes were nearly worn out and my toes could be plainly seen. But trouble from this source soon disappeared, for soon after breakfast Brother Haight brought a new pair of boots for me to try on; they were a good fit and he made me a present of them. I preached that evening and the next two following in the town hall. This closed our meetings and I resumed my journey; but before I started, Brother Haight told me of one of my cousins who had married a man by the name of Glover, a country farmer who lived about three miles from St. Catharines. I found them very easily and while there making them a short visit the Declaration of the Patriot War was declared.

All prominent roads were guarded. This made it very difficult for me to travel and my visit here lasted about three weeks, when I decided to continue my journey. I set out having learned that not many miles distant was a flourishing church of the denomination to which I belonged. A few hours travel brought me to the Branford River. I found the bridge well-guarded. A sentinel in military clothes halted me and asked for my pass. Branford was quite a large town and a military post. I told him I had no such pass as he requested but was a minister of the gospel. He asked for my credentials. I gave him my License, also my Bible and hymn book. My books were well worn which seemed to him I was honest and what I pretended to be; but this was not a pass and he presented me to the colonel in a room close by, where I was very closely examined — not my License and books but my personal appearance.

A favorable impression was made and the colonel issued me a

days till the appointment was due and something must be done. I then concluded I would go to the schoolhouse and tell the brethren the circumstances and excuse myself, perhaps have a prayer meeting, and get out of the scrape the best I could. Sunday came and I went to meeting, feeling all the time as though I would like to try; and when I arrived at the place of meeting a large crowd of people had assembled to hear me preach. So there was only one thing left for me to do. I must make the effort and did.

The audience seemed satisfied, but I soon learned there was a vast difference between preaching to people and stumps. I could easily imagine the stumps were people but I could not make it seem as though the people were stumps.

Not long after this a man invited me to preach in a neighboring schoolhouse, and before I thought of my previous experience I told him I would go. After he left me, I would have given considerable to have recalled the appointment. I finally came to the conclusion that I would go this once; but that should be the end. I went — and while being engaged in meeting, the embarrassment seemed to wear away and before I was aware of it or without thinking of the resolutions I had made, I left an appointment for the next Sunday when the meeting closed. I went home calling myself an idiot all the way for promising to go again but I went and continued to preach occasionally as the circumstances would allow.

About this time I remember that the subject of prayer was presented to my mind as never before. I had prayed in public a few times and often offered silent prayers; but I was convinced in my own mind that I ought to pray in secret and audibly. The opportunity soon offered itself. I was away back in the woods and resolved to pray aloud. I climbed over the fence, looked all around, to make sure no one was in sight or hearing. I took hold of the fence to let myself down. My legs were so stiff I could hardly bend them, but I finally managed to get on my knees and commenced praying. I had uttered only a few sentences when I heard a rustling in the leaves behind me. I was on my feet in an instant and commenced whistling, thinking someone was near me. I looked all around but no one was in sight. I then made a vow that the devil shouldn't scare me out again and gained a victory, and with the resolution came strength.

After I had been with the Methodists about two years I became convinced they were wrong about the Godhead. I left them and joined the Christian Church and they gave me a license to preach. I soon began to travel and devote a considerable of my time to preaching, and for about three years followed the work, going on foot most of the time, laboring in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, and southern Indiana.

I had long had a desire to visit some relatives in Canada. It was a long distance to travel, so I traded forty acres of land for a horse. It was late in the fall when I was ready to start. When I was ready I set out from my home in Tioga County, state of

pass, which took me across the river and I was soon on my way to the plains, where I found the deacon of the church to which I was directed. I presented my credentials and was received for the night. The next morning while in conversation I told the Deacon of my travels to visit my relatives, which I had not seen since my childhood, and something of my labors in the ministry. I learned they were not often visited by ministers and I offered to stop and preach a sermon or two for them, thinking perhaps it might be appreciated. The deacon looked me over and said, "Brother Cramer, I have no doubt you can preach and as for myself I would like to hear you; but our church is composed of wealthy people and well-dressed, and I am afraid you will not fill the bill." But he said he knew of a place where he thought I would be well received. "Down near the village of Sodom there is an old man and his wife by the name of Hawley of our faith, and I am quite sure they will be glad to see you." I continued my journey and arrived at old Brother Hawleys at about noon and the old people were very much pleased to see me. I remember very distinctly that she nearly cried for joy and said, "Is it possible the Lord has let me live to once more see one of our ministers?" They urged me to preach. I gave my consent and word was sent around for a meeting. The same evening at their house the place was well filled and we had a good meeting. After meeting we retired to rest. After we had been in bed some time a boy, a son of James McCottough, came to the door and said his father had sent him after the minister.

I went with the boy and found the man and his wife up; they had not yet been to bed. They had become interested as a result of the meeting and seemed to be laboring under conviction. We had a long talk; and I did what I could to point them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. I intended to start on my journey in the morning but they begged for me to stay and preach awhile. Finally I consented and we met the next evening at the schoolhouse, a large log schoolhouse. I preached to a crowded house — seven made a start that evening. The meeting continued and I saw no place to stop. The people would not let me go. The crowd increased and souls were being added to the church. At the same time a feeling of opposition began to grow and we soon found the house closed against us. Some proposed to force the door open, but I prevailed on them not to do that, but that I would preach for a short time from the platform in front of the house.

The next night the congregation were seated in their sleighs. The snow was quite deep and the weather cold but we had a profitable meeting. I left an appointment for the service at the same place on the night following. This so aroused the feelings that notice was served on me that a move was on foot to ride me out of the place on a rail if I did not go immediately of my own accord; but this did not change my purpose. I thought the cause was the Lord's and He would protect us in the work so we went again. We had but just fairly commenced when the door opened and twenty five armed men, painted like Indians, entered the house, which was literally packed. They marched toward the pulpit — a hideous-looking army. I spoke

to the leader and told them I fully understood the purpose for which they had come; but before anything was done I would like to have all engage with me in prayer; then if they wished I would ride the rail. All that were interested in the meeting engaged in earnest prayer. When we got through, many of the armed men were prostrate and helpless on the floor; and the others had left the place. We felt like rejoicing in the Lord and did.

The meeting went on without further trouble and continued till spring. About three hundred converts resulted. By this time I began to feel the need of new clothes; but before the meeting closed, the Deacon, hearing of the revival, came over and apologized for the remarks he had made about my personal appearance. I closed the meetings and began looking around for a job. In the town nearby were large factories and a furnace.

I made a bargain with a merchant to cut four foot wood for a suit of clothes. I cannot recollect the price I was to pay, but it was quite a large amount, for work was cheap and dry goods were high. Some of the brethren were not a little surprised when they saw me fitting up anew and some thought I would make rather poor headway chopping wood; but the next morning found me at my job. Then men began to come from every quarter until over one hundred were at work, and before night the job was done and my clothes were paid for.

All this time I had been working as a licensed minister and in order to finish my work I traveled a distance of sixty miles to be ordained. When I returned I baptized them. This finished my work here for the time and I now concluded to finish my journey and visit my relatives; but before going, I was married to Mariah Averille. I made my visit and returned to my wife's people for a time.

The opposition to religion was so strong and the Patriot War being in progress made it a very undesirable place for me to live. Accordingly, I proposed to the brethren that we move to the states. This seemed to meet the minds of many. A cousin of mine by the name of Abram Wesneer, a single man, proposed that we go together. He had a team of oxen and we each had a cow. I traded my horse for a yoke of steers. Both teams were hitched to one wagon and we started for the west, leading or driving the cows behind. After six weeks of weary traveling we reached Cook County, 27 miles from Chicago or Fort Dearborn, as it was then called. It was only a small town; much of the surrounding country was low and marshy.

I finally bought forty acres of land and settled down, with a view of making a home for myself and family. I built a house and commenced business, clearing and making ready for crops. We were very poor and had very little to do with, but tried to do our best and make use of the means God had given us. Our work was necessarily very hard, just starting on a new farm, but we managed to get along and would occasionally get out and preach a little.

The spring following our settlement on the new farm, myself and wife were both taken sick and we were sick most of the time for a year. I was unable to work at my farm to raise crops for our support. In that year we suffered more than I am able to tell, for clothes and food. Sometimes it seemed as though starvation was our portion; but finally the springtime brought us better health, and I was able to do some work.

In the meantime, two children were born to us. Things began to brighten up a little, but before we had time to enjoy much prosperity my wife and both children were taken sick, from which they did not recover. All three were buried in the village cemetery.

I was then left alone in the world. I was not discouraged, but I had lost my interest in the farm for the present time, at least. Accordingly, I sold my team of oxen and other personal property for what I could get and set out for Michigan, crossed Lake Michigan to St. Joseph where I started on foot for the town of Homer, Calhoun County, a distance of over 80 miles from St. Joe, where I learned the Christians were convened for conference.

I had fully made up my mind to engage in the ministry. When I arrived at Homer, I found the conference to be a ministerial gathering. Delegates from the several states were present, forty two ministers in all. I presume I made rather a homespun appearance among them. My wife had made all the clothes I wore. That included from straw, and the only ones she ever made; but my heart was warm for the service of God.

As soon as I learned the object of the meeting and had opportunity I made application for membership in the conference. After some investigation I was received and arrangements were made for me to put my whole time into the ministry for the year following, for which they agreed to pay me a salary of \$150.00.

As soon as conference was over, I made my way to the gospel field to labor in the Master's vineyard. I engaged in the work and labored for the year to the best of my ability except in the time of harvest when I stopped long enough to earn me a suit of clothes. And at the end of the year I received for my service the total amount of \$13.00. I then resolved I would never engage again to preach for a salary — and never have.

At the Homer Conference I learned of a man by the name of Samuel Farling, who lived at Adrian, Michigan, where it was told me was quite a large church of people. I had a desire to meet Brother Farling and also to form the acquaintance of the brethren at that place. My contract to preach by the year had expired and I began to labor on my own account as I had done before, preaching what I could, and when necessity compelled me, I would labor with my hands to supply my needs.

While laboring as above stated, I formed the acquaintance of Betsy Heath of Climax Prairie, and we were finally married and soon

began keeping house in the town of Augusta, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, near my wife's folks. I continued to preach as often as circumstances would allow, I was obliged to do manual labor a portion of the time and my services were in demand, especially in haying and harvest. I loved to rake and bind grain and was a good hand with a grass scythe. Finally an opportunity presented itself and I made Brother Farling of Adrian a visit. My wife remained at home. I went on foot, which she could not well do, it being a distance of ninety miles; and besides I sometimes found it difficult traveling for money was scarce. On this occasion I happened to have several good whip lashes I had made from buckskin, which I placed around inside the crown of my hat to pay expenses while traveling.

I arrived at Brother Farley's in due time and had a good visit. Brother Farley said the church was in bad shape and needed some meetings; they had been having some trouble and urged me to preach. I gave my consent and meetings were commenced. I preached twice but with no spirit of success. I then told the brethren they must settle their difficulties. This brought about the desired result and we engaged in the meeting with a better feeling; seven were added to the church. This closed our meeting for the present. Before I took my leave, Brother Farley made a plea for my benefit and a donation was made for me. A pair of socks for myself and a night cap for my wife was the extent of the donation, but when I started for home Brother Farley gave me one dollar. Then I walked home, paid my way in whip lashes, so that when I arrived home I was one pair of socks, one dollar in cash and a night cap for my wife ahead.

About this time the doctrine of the advent as taught by William Miller was sounded. I, with many others, became interested and enlisted my energies in what was afterward called the Advent movement of 1844. We that engaged in the cause thought that the position taken by Mr. Miller "that the coming of the Lord was at hand" was true. I carefully examined the figures as he had arranged them, taken from the Prophet Daniel, and others of the Bible writers. It seemed very clear. We believed the signs predicted by our Savior had come to pass. The "falling of the stars from heaven" as mentioned in Matthew 24 - 29, I had witnessed myself while I was living at home with my mother. It was toward morning. I went to the door and what a sight I beheld. Meteors like balls of fire flying cross-wise and in every direction. I called to my mother, and when she came she exclaimed, "Gilbert, the day of judgment has come." She fell upon her knees and began praying. It was a wonderful sight! It made a deep impression on my mind and when I heard the doctrine of the coming of the Lord taught, I sincerely believed it. Even the day was set for the Lord to come and those who believed and took part in the work, expected to go and meet the Lord.

Many did not accept the doctrine, my wife among the number and when the time came in which to expect the Lord to come we repaired to a schoolhouse where we were to remain all night or until He

should come. Before leaving my wife at home, we engaged in prayer and we parted. I went to the place appointed for our meeting and there I, with many others, waited in prayer for the Lord to come; but the night passed and the morning came and we were disappointed. We went home amid the jeers and smiles of our neighbors. My wife met me at the door with a smile and said she knew I would come back. How truly the words of the Revelation had been exemplified in our case — "sweet in the mouth but bitter in the belly" (Revelation 10:9). It was indeed a great disappointment; some had sold their farms and given the proceeds to help in paying the expense of publishing the doctrine of the Lord's coming.

Now the time had come and gone and when we met our neighbors next morning some of them said, "Well, I thought you were going up last night." Some could not endure the persecution and gave up their faith; but others, myself included, began to look the matter over. Though we were disappointed, our faith was strong. We again examined the position taken but every time the figures would bring us down to 1844 and no farther.

About this time the visions of Mrs. Ellen G. White were first introduced. Some thought they were from the Lord; others doubted. She claimed while in Vision, that the Lord had shown her the travels of the Advent People. Her position was that the figures were correct. She said, "I saw that they were correct in their reckoning of the prophetic periods; prophetic time closed in 1844 and Jesus entered the most holy to cleanse the Sanctuary at the ending of the days. Their mistake consisted in not understanding what the sanctuary was and the nature of its cleansing." I was shown what did take place in heaven at the close of the Prophetic Period in 1844, viz., Jesus entered the Most Holy place of the Heavenly Sanctuary at the end of the 2300 days of Daniel 8 in 1844, to make a final atonement for all who could be benefitted by His mediation, and thus to cleanse the Sanctuary.

They taught that Jesus rose up and shut the door of the Holy Place and opened the door into the Most Holy. Many also believed and taught that the door of mercy was closed against sinners in 1844. In fact, the position taken by the body of Advent believers in 1844, William Miller included, was that the work for the world was finished, that there was no salvation for sinners after 1844. So firmly was this believed that some who had a desire to unite with the body of Advent believers, who had not been in the '44 movement, were rejected. The subject of the coming of the Lord was still held up as firm as ever. We believed His coming was near, even at the door. Among other subjects, the seventh day Sabbath was being investigated. My attention was first called to it by an article in a paper called the "Midnight Cry" written by J. C. Day of Ashburnham, Massachusetts. S. C. Hancock of Forestville, Connecticut also advocated the doctrine the same year. They strongly urged the doctrine at the time, but I did not become fully established in the Sabbath truth until the year 1845. David Hewett of Battle Creek and myself commenced it the same day. About this time I made the acquaintance of Elder Joseph Bates

He too commenced the observance of the Sabbath. Others began to fall in line.

The Sabbath truth was gaining ground and became quite prominent among the Adventist believers. In 1846 James White received the Sabbath truth from Elder Joseph Bates. Soon after the disappointment I began to feel a desire to change my location. My wife's people were bitterly opposed to the Advent Doctrine. They took no part in the work; but after the time had passed and we were disappointed, they seemed to take delight in ridiculing all those that had been in the move. I traded my farm in Chicago for 240 acres of wild land in what has since become the city of Holland, Michigan. We now made arrangements to move. We had no team but I procured a boat and placed our personal effects inside, my family included, which consisted of myself and wife and one little girl, Mary Ann, who was born to us August 27, 1843. When all was ready, we started on our journey down the Kalamazoo River to Lake Michigan at Saugatuck; thence along the shore of the great lake to the creek which led us into Black Lake. This was near our new home. Everything was wild and new. Indians were our neighbors, but they were very kind to us. I managed to get me a yoke of steers and I found lots of work to do. The Indians often changed work with me, many times bringing various kinds of meat, venison and other wild game. The Hollanders now began to come and settle around us.

On Christmas, 1846, a son was born to us — the first white boy born in Holland. We called his name Nathan H. Although I had become somewhat discouraged in the ministry, I had not entirely quit the field for I preached occasionally, but my work while in Holland was very difficult, living far away from "we-might-say" civilization. Much of our provision was brought from Kalamazoo and other towns 50 to 70 miles away. I finally sold my farm for \$1200 and we moved back to Kalamazoo County where I bought a farm of 100 acres near the village of Comstock. I now began to do more in the ministry. Several little bands of believers were raised up. We were now an organization known as The Seventh Day Adventists, with headquarters at Battle Creek. James White was publisher of the "Review and Herald."

The "shut-door" doctrine formed a part of the doctrine of the church; that is, Mrs. White had seen in vision that the day of salvation for sinners was past, and those that fully believed in her visions as coming from God, also accepted that doctrine. I did not believe the doctrine nor teach it; no lines had been drawn in the church up to this time and the visions had not been made a test. But they were fast becoming popular and some began to press them quite strongly; but matters ran quite smoothly as far as I was concerned until on Sabbath while I was preaching at Otsego.

Among other things, I stated that I had no evidence that the door of the Holy Place had been closed. This did not meet the mind of some present. One of the brethren called my attention to the visions. I said, "This may be evidence to you, but it is not to me."

A general discussion followed and the meeting broke up. I was reported to the officers of the church at Battle Creek. I then requested that a meeting be called to investigate, which was done, and an effort was made to bring me in subjection to the visions. I saw no way of reconciling matters. Then it was that I concluded to walk no farther with them and told them so; thus my connection with the Seventh Day Adventists ended.

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"Being requested to state our knowledge of the facts concerning the disputed statement of Elder Gilbert Cranmer about the Visions of Mrs. White being a test of fellowship, we would say that we resided in Otsego, Michigan at the time he came here to preach, and we distinctly remember his preaching that he had no evidence whatever that the door of the sanctuary was closed in 1844. And also that he made an appointment to preach on the same question in four weeks from that time. He came to our house, and while there Mr. Lester Russell came in and asked him if he really meant to say that the outer door of the Sanctuary was open. In answer, Brother Cranmer told him that he had said just what he meant, and that he had no proof to the contrary. Mr. Russell said that he had proof that the outer door of the Sanctuary was closed in 1844. Brother Cranmer asked him the nature of his proof, and he drew from his pocket Ellen G. White's book of visions and said there was his proof.

Brother Cranmer answered, "Perhaps Mrs. White's visions are proof to you, but they are not to me."

Some of the church got very much excited over the course Elder Cranmer proposed to pursue in regard to the "shut-door" question, and Mr. George Leighton went to Battle Creek to confer with Elder White on the subject. On his return, Mr. Leighton said that Elder White told him not to let Elder Cranmer preach to the church at Otsego. According to my recollection of the matter Elder Cranmer then wrote to Battle Creek and requested a decision as to whether they considered him a minister, and as to his right to preach among them. The result of their conclusion in the matter was that they refused him the privilege of preaching to them or for them for the reason that he did not hold the visions of Ellen G. White to be inspired. Mr. Leighton said in our presence that the visions were inspired, that they were better than the Bible because they were warm and fresh from the throne of God, and that anyone who did not accept them as inspiration absolutely would be damned. The visions were made a test of fellowship from that time. These statements we solemnly aver to be true, and we were members of the Seventh Day Adventist Church in Otsego at the time."

Joseph J. Perkins  
Louise H. Perkins  
Galesburgh, Michigan

There seems to be a disposition on the part of a few individuals who were not present at the meeting at Otsego and who know nothing of the circumstances except heresy, to dispute the statement of Father Cranmer as to the manner and means by which he became disconnected with the Seventh Day Adventists. This will explain why we added the above testimonial. It speaks for itself and further comment on our part is unnecessary. The step taken by Father Cranmer had its effect on the members where he had labored. Many said, "If you are going to leave, we shall follow." Quite a number of the church at Otsego no longer walked with the Seventh Day Adventist church. The news began to spread. Some had dared to take a stand against the visions of Mrs. White. The eleven had commenced to work.

After this Elder Cranmer, as he is more familiarly known, preached as the spirit of the Lord directed. He began to have quite a following and new members were added to the church constantly. A small church was organized in Trobridge Township with such names as C. S. Bullock and wife, Isaac Catt and wife, old Father Gaylord and wife, and Edwin Stockwel and wife among the members. Another band was organized at Almo. Here the members were somewhat scattered. Among them Daniel Tiffany and wife, A. S. Tuttle and wife, Joseph Perkins and wife, Mr. Gadsbee and family. Ministers also began to unite their efforts in the cause. Such men as John Reed, James Jackson, Philip Strong, Newton Wallen, John Fabin and family. Elders Strong and Jackson made short work, for Jackson soon denied the disciples and Strong united with the Seventh Day Adventist church. But Elders Reed and Wallen were both men of ability and labored for the good of the cause. Elder Wallen was a man of worth and loved by all, a very eloquent and interesting speaker, and John Reed was a good speaker also, a great reasoner. He made prophetic time quite a study and made some good charts illustrating his position. He was also quite a poet.

A church at Waverly was organized and we give a partial list of the members: H. S. Dills, John S. Staunton, Hiram Goble, Henry Whelpley, and two brothers, Sam and Wesley, George Howland, Old Father Strong and Sylvester Baker with their wives; and others were added, making a church of nearly one hundred members. Another church was added in the year 1859 at Bloomingdale with Greenwood Wait and wife, Matthew Munn and wife, M. Remington and wife, John Wait and wife, and H. Davids and wife among the members. Quite a large church was also raised up in Casco with Brethren Cronk, Steller, Fabun, J. P. Parish and their wives, with many others among the members. Meetings were held in Bangor and among those converted were Hallet Greenman and wife, James Watkins and wife, John McNitt and wife, Charles Kelley and wife, Levi Watkins and wife, James Greenman and wife, and others.

From there, Father Cranmer went to Hartford Village, and a series of meetings was held which resulted in the conversion of Job Dunham and wife, Joseph Stoten and wife, Isaac Hogeboom and wife, Erastus Branch and wife (father and mother of the writer), Enos Easton, Azer Hawks and wife, R. W. Hastings, Zelia Hastings, Polly Baldwin, Moses Baldwin and wife, Mother Cleveland and son, Charles

Gibbs, Amanda Kemp, and others.

While meetings were in progress at Hartford or near there, a feeling of opposition was shown. At one time, thinking to discourage the meetings or stop them, they were served with a shower of eggs of no very recent date, but the Elder went unharmed. Others were not so fortunate. His wife had on a very nice dress which was nearly spoiled. The perfume of the eggs broke up the meeting that night, but they continued the meetings as though nothing had happened. This happened in the summer while the meetings were being held in a barn. One more effort was made by the enemy. This time a large bucket of water was placed over the speaker's stand with a string attached. When Elder Cramer was in the midst of his sermon, the string was pulled and down came the water; but the trick did not work as the promoters had expected; for the Elder was this time unharmed, but a little child lying asleep nearby was nearly drowned.

Organization was now discussed and was finally effected in the year 1860. Quarterly meetings were held in the different bands and then a general meeting in which an attendance would be present, was held. The brethren began to feel the necessity of having a hymnbook of their own. Accordingly, a committee was chosen of the following named brethren: Gilbert Cramer, John Reed, Joseph Perkins, Daniel Tiffany and Philip Strong, Jr. A hymnbook of one hundred and five hymns (words only) was the result. This was printed in 1862.

The next move in the line of progress was a printing press. H. S. Dilly was an experienced printer. The material was bought and the first copy of the Hope of Israel appeared with H. S. Dilly, as editor. When conference convened on Friday, April 15, 1864 at Brandy Wine corners, at the reading of the minutes of the last conference, H. S. Dilly resigned the position as editor, and Gilbert Cramer was elected for the place. It was also voted to give Brother Dilly four dollars a week for his services in running the press. An Executive Board was chosen with John L. Staunton, president; H. S. Dilly, secretary and Hiram Gobel, treasurer. The first quarterly financial report appeared in the Hope of Israel as follows:

Treasurer's quarterly report: Money received, \$52.15; Paid Dilly, \$24.50; office, \$4.40; Goebel, \$21.00; balance on hand, \$2.15.

Other ministers united until there was a total of twelve all told in Michigan, and members were being added to the different bands. Not far from this Erastus Branch (father of the writer) began his ministry and to his death, which occurred February 3, 1873, he labored hand-in-hand with Father Cramer. Their very souls were knit together, of one heart and one mind. Early in Father Cramer's history he had learned that the Lord was willing to hear prayer in behalf of the sick. The instruction in James 5:14, 15, he believed to be for the church and practiced it wherever he went. In a report

of Brother Cramer's he says to the readers of the Hope of Israel under date May 26, 1864, "The Lord manifested His power in a wonderful manner; Sister Carter of Otsego attended the meeting. She had been deprived of her speech for a long time; on the Sabbath in the midst of a large congregation her speech was perfectly restored again. Glory to God."

Other ministers believed and signs followed them that believed -- examples almost without number, of healing, were witnessed. One blind woman received sight. All manner of sickness yielded to the power of God. The Lord was truly among His people, and when I look back to these days when the several bands were so united in the love of God, what efforts were made to get together in conference and how we did enjoy those "heavenly places," I start as one awakening from a dream. Oh, what a change has taken place. Many of those we mentioned are asleep in the dust. A large portion of them were faithful to the end and fell asleep in Christ, looking for the soon coming of the Lord. Of the twelve ministers mentioned, all died in the faith except two -- R. C. Horton joined the Seventh Day Adventist church and James Watkins was disfellowshipped many years ago, for disorderly walk. Father Cramer outlived them all. He was a man of strong constitution and endured much hardship, sickness, sorrow and trial.

Soon after moving from Holland to Comstock, his second wife died and left him with two small children to care for. He married again and two more children were born to this union -- a son, Gilbert and a daughter, Francis. The last named died at White Cloud in 1886. The son, Gilbert, resides in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Father Cramer in his early life was a powerful speaker, a man of pleasing address and a profound reasoner, active in thought and fearless; but with a heart as tender as a woman, generous to a fault. He was loved by all who knew him best. In looking over the field and the work accomplished, it must be evident to all that he was the founder of the Church of God in Michigan, and when the conference had been organized, he was the first president.

In the winter of 1869 he made a trip in northern Michigan. We submit a partial report taken from the Hope of Israel:

"The first stop I made was in the town of Denver, Newaygo County. Here I preached one week and organized a band of twelve members. From thence I went to another neighborhood, six miles distant among the disciples, preached one week and there a half dozen more stepped out to keep the whole law, as well as the gospel.

From there I came to Ottawa County and preached among the Seventh Day Adventists, showing up the imperfections of Mrs. E. G. White's visions and their unscriptural mode of church government. Six or eight threw off their galling yoke. From thence I returned home about worn out with fatigue and cold, and found my family well."



Some of the seed sown in the trip mentioned above fell on good ground and brought forth abundantly. Some have fallen asleep in Christ. Among those who remain are Lyman Sweet and wife, Allan Sweet, Frank Redding and F. C. Pixley of Ottowa, who are still faithful to the truth and often speak of Father Cranmer's labors among them. In 1877 his wife died; thus for the third time death entered his home and robbed him of his companion. For two years he endured the hardship of life single-handed, or until May 18, 1879 when he was married to Sophia Branch (mother of the writer) with whom he lived to the time of his death which took place December 17, 1903.

When it became apparent to him that the time of his departure was drawing near, he made the choice of Elder L. J. Branch to officiate at the funeral, which was done December 19, 1903, text used II Timothy 4:7. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." His last words were a prayer. In conclusion we submit a hymn of which Father Cranmer was the author.

FINIS

When we get in the world to come  
Farewell to fears and woe;  
No willows there to hang our harps,  
As oft we find below.

Like angels there we'll sing God's praise,  
As angels there we'll move;  
Where angels stop our notes we'll raise  
And sing redeeming love.

Eternity will just suffice,  
God's glory to admire.  
And while eternity rolls 'round  
We'll raise his praises higher.

Much more of interest could have been written about the labors of Father Cranmer. Others labored in connection with him and brought scores into the truth. The church at Hartford was at one time very large and active. Some died; others moved away, but the church at Hartford is still alive and doing good work.

Several other churches were organized, one at Hamilton, Allegany County where Brother W. E. Field and wife were converted. Another at Salem where Brother Howe and wife, also A. Walker and family united with the church. And although none of the ministers mentioned in the early history of the church remain, other ministers have been added from time to time, who have taken up the work in earnest and churches have been organized and the work is still onward in Michigan.

Submitted in love for the Church,  
M. A. Branch  
White Cloud, Michigan

