

ZION'S ADVOCATE

"And blessed are they who shall seek to bring forth my Zion at that day, for they shall have the gift and power of the Holy Ghost"—1 Nephi 3:187.

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The Work Among The Lamanites



This picture appeared in the Buffalo-Courier-Express for Sunday, July 22, 1934. Most of our readers will recognize Brother and Sister Flint. The two sisters to the right of Sister Flint are Miss Bettie Harries of Niagara Falls and Mrs. L. Stillman of Troy, N. Y. To the left of Brother Flint are Chief Clinton Rickard, of the Tuscaroras and Chief David Hill, Six Nations; to the extreme right is Chief Chester Rickard, of the Tuscaroras.

The Courier-Express says in a headline, "Adoption of Palefaces High Light of Treaty Recognition Anniversary Celebration."

Underneath the picture the Courier-Express states, "The Rev. Mr. Flint and the women were adopted by various tribes at the annual celebration of the treaty that permits free passage of the border line between the United States and Canada.

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MISSIONARY JOURNEYS.

The thermometer soared to 120 on mid-afternoons in the city of Phoenix, Arizona, when late in July of the present year 1934, wife and I headed the old missionary Ford car westward upon another missionary journey.

We had been assisting in the service of the Church for a number of weeks at and near Phoenix. We planned to cross the great hot stretches of desert lying between Phoenix and southern California, in the night, for in day-time the fierce heat of the desert at this season of the year puts a terrible test on old auto tires, as well as upon life itself, sometimes, if one should get stranded in the midst of that furnace.

We chose the hours of early morning for the first hundred miles run to the ranch home of Brother and Sister O. A. Bender, via Gila Bend. The name "Gila" is pronounced Heela. So if any of our readers in distant places should come West and should encounter a Gila monster, as these poisonous lizzard reptiles are called, they may avoid being recognized in these desert regions as a "tender-foot" if they will remember to pronounce it Heela monster.

Arriving at the Bender ranch we found Sister Bender and daughter Thursia at home, but Elder Bender was riding the range, and might not be home for days.

Lester the married son and his good wife Laura, conduct an Auto Service station on the Tacoma Yuma highway near the Bender ranch home. It is always a pleasure to meet these good people, and their two little daughters. Their isolated location and the demands of their business prevent all these folks from attending church services often. But their hearts are loyal to those high principles represented in the gospel. Western hospitality always presides at the Benders. Upon the day of our arrival there the range cattle were in from the long stretches of desert trails for water at the tanks of the ranch well. They come down from the brushy grazing lands, trailing in from many miles distant for a drink of water that must last them for perhaps a day or two before they may return again. During the hottest hours of the day the cattle will select a spot of meager shade beneath a mesquite bush and will lie there till night fall to do their traveling. At the well, hundreds of feet deep, Sister Bender, or Thursia, operates the pump-engine, and manages the herd, and other adjacent wells ten or twenty miles distant, while Brother Bender rides the range at further distances. The desert heat subsides at night, and we spent a comfortable night at the ranch. I had the delightful privilege of sleeping out under the stars,—meditating upon their mighty mystery and upon all the wonderful works of God as I fell asleep.

Next day we all spent in the coolest place we could find. That was out in the open arbor portico joining the house. But even there we watched the thermometer range around a hundred and ten to twelve all day long.

Shortly before sundown we bade good bye to these dear people and took our way for the night drive across the vast desert stretches toward California. We cross the Colorado River, the state line, at Yuma. We reached there about mid-night. Here they open up and inspect the baggage of travelers entering the state, check car license, engine number, etc. A part of this is I suppose to watch for such characters as Dillinger or his compatriots.

By 1 a. m. we were at ElCentro California, in

the heart of the great Imperial Valley. This is an intense desert land reclaimed by irrigation till it is a vast repository of agricultural wealth. But in the hot season the desert heat still prevails. Here we secured a cabin for the remainder of the night, a cool after-mid-night ocean breeze from the Gulf of California reached us, and our rest was perfect till dawn. But we must move on early, for the road ahead crosses the remainder of the Imperial Valley and along the shore of the Salten Sea lying two hundred feet below sea level. So readers may know that despite all reclamation of the desert there by irrigation, the heat is sometimes most unbearable. Our old Ford car now nearly finishing its fourth time around the world in mileage with we two aboard, had been sputtering some with defective ignition, but this morning she behaved nicely, and the motor purred its usual song of challenge and of victory over miles of every description. We quickly covered the ninety or a hundred miles via the Salten Sea with its high-water-marked cliffs at our left where in remote ages this sea had marked its highest levels far up the shoulder of the long mountain chain,—through Indio and up the slope of the next pass toward Banning. On that run the Salten Sea lies at one's right. It is now shrunken from its prehistoric dimensions and is reduced to such a brine that no living creature subsists in its waters. Between its shore and the mountain stretches grow great orchards of dates, citrus fruits, and tropical palm trees, all kept alive and green by the spread of irrigation water. But if this watering were ever neglected, even for a short time, all vegetation would die and be soon burned to a crisp in hot dry sand.

We passed through Indio, a little bustling highway town, and up the slope toward Banning which lies just west through the next mountain pass. Here the fierce winds of the pass blow sometimes for days at a time. Such a wind met us. And right at the time when the old Ford needed all her power to make the grade with her load against the gale. She spit and spat and sputtered, and quit. But there was a little garage off to the right, and a friendly mechanic. He diagnosed the case and informed us that we needed a new switch cable from the Dash to the Timer. He had none. But he "wired her up straight", and she again spoke in her accustomed language of power, defied the gale and the grade and we drove on over through Banning and down to, and into the beautiful city of Redlands. What a riot of loveliness Redlands is. Flowers of every hue. The fragrance of orange blossom ladens the air. From Yukipa to Redlands and on, apples, peaches, nectarines, almonds, white walnut groves, grapes of a hundred varieties, orange orchards, lemons, figs, berries, grain, vegetables of every kind,—what a land of paradise it would really be but for the greed of mankind and the almost universal oppression which in these days is the curse of all nations.

In Redlands are our dear old friends, Brother and Sister A. R. Kuykendall, formerly of Paonio Colorado, Brother John Scannell and family, with whom we spent many a happy day in their former home in Durango, Colorado, and Brother Fred Clapp and family, old-timers in California. We stopped with the Kuykendalls. Conversation revived early days in the church. For Brother Kuykendall was an early acquaintance and intimate friend of the late Apostle Heman C. Smith, and men of his day. We spent one pleasant night at the home of the Clapps also. They have a lovely ranch home up near Yukipa. The kind hospitality of all these dear

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WHY I BELIEVE IN ZION AND THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE.

By Apostle Clarence L. Wheaton.

There are those who may wonder as to the testimony which I have received touching this subject which has inspired me through the years to remain true to my convictions in the face of adverse criticism and the persuasion of friends to the contrary. Perhaps the penning of this testimony may be an inspiration to others.

I wish in this introduction to briefly state, that in the beginning of my association with the Church of Christ on the temple lot, I was neither born nor reared in the "fold", so to speak. Up to the time that I was baptized into the Church of Christ, at thirteen years of age (about 1906) I had attended, with my parents, the Methodist church. A most remarkable experience, through the laying on of hands, in which I was miraculously healed of what our family physician had pronounced an "incurable disease", was the prime cause of the conversion of my parents and part of their family, including myself, to the Church of Christ.

From the first, I had a great zeal and strong determination to serve the Lord and to know his will. The result was, that by the leading of his Spirit, I received the revelation of His will to my soul, which was not given me by flesh and blood, but of God. As a result, by the time I was nearly sixteen years old, I was called and ordained to the office of teacher in the Aaronic priesthood. For a number of years I occupied in this capacity. Many spiritual experiences were received and enjoyed by me, which strengthened and encouraged me to greater effort in the ministry.

In time I married, and became the happy father of three fine boys by the spring of 1919. During this time I had been called and ordained an elder, and was serving as the pastor of the "little white church on the hill", the symbol of all that is true and fundamental in the Restoration to me.

During all this time I never had reason to doubt the theory of a gathering, the building of the temple as the place of Christ's second coming and giving of the endowment, nor the building of Zion. Yet, I must confess, that though I was convinced of these truths from a scriptural standpoint, I had not received a personal testimony of them. I took them, so to speak, as a matter of fact.

This was my position up to and including the winter of 1920-1921. In January of 1921 our first baby girl, Ellen Angela, was born. Six weeks later, in February, she died, leaving us desolate and heart-broken, because of unfulfilled hopes in having our only daughter prematurely taken from us. To say we were greatly bereaved would be putting it mildly. To us our world had tumbled at our feet. For the time being our joy, our hopes were past, the future appeared dark and hopeless.

While in the state of mind that accompanies such experiences, my mental faculties were engaged in considerable introspection. In my grief, I imagined that the heavenly Father had taken this means of awakening me to a realization that I had possibly devoted considerable time, means and zeal to a cause, (the Church of Christ) which was not pleasing in his sight. The infant's sickness was brief, but during this period I gave much thought to the above mentioned review of my life and much earnest and fervent prayer. The evening she died, her little casket was arranged and placed on a stand in the same room in which we slept,—a combination sitting room and bedroom.

After evening prayer, we retired for the night,

about nine o'clock. Having been completely exhausted from the vigil with the child during its sickness, we were soon wrapped in sound sleep. At approximately three o'clock the next morning, I was suddenly awakened, as though some one had called me. I became wide awake instantly, and sat up in bed. The objects of the room, even the little casket, were clearly visible, as the room was bathed in moonlight. I was fully conscious of all my surroundings, but was soon wrapped in vision, and had the following most thrilling and inspiring experience:

My wife and I seemingly had reached middle age, and the responsibilities of family life, with the rearing of children, etc., were over. We were engaged together in missionary work, and apparently had been appointed to a foreign field.

In the opening scene of this vision we were walking along a rough cobble-stone road in an easterly direction. The sides of the road were lined with strange trees, which, since traveling through California, we have learned were olive trees. We were in the vision under the impression that we were nearing the city of Jerusalem.

Suddenly, in a north-easterly direction, we noticed a peculiar cloud forming. It was rather black and moving with a rotating motion that caused us to stop with awe and wonderment as we gazed upon it. From all parts of the heavens, small fleecy bits of clouds were moving towards it as small bits of steel are attracted to a magnet. Around about us it became dark and threatening. Flashes of lightening pierced into it, first from one side and then the other. Then thunder that would ensue caused the earth to tremble by its reverberations.

From behind the cloud a brilliant light began to send forth its rays, similar to sun rays, but it was not the sun, for this phenomenon was taking place in the wrong quarter of the heavens. These rays of light were white and brilliant, more so than the sunlight, and they dispelled all darkness upon the earth.

Suddenly, a great rending flash of lightening, much more powerful than the others, pierced into the very center of this great mass of cloud. The heavens and the earth were shaken, and the ground under our feet rocked to and fro. Then all became breathlessly silent, and a most glorious and thrilling scene unfolded before our eyes. This great cloud, seemingly, had parted, or was pushed back both directions from the center, as though it was the silent moving curtains of a beautifully appointed stage. The settings were magnificent. There appeared a great white throne, surrounded with soft, billowy white clouds. The whiteness thereof exceeded the whiteness of anything I have ever seen in this life. The light was more brilliant than the sun, and eclipsed it in glory.

Upon the throne was seated a beautiful woman. Never in my life have I seen a more perfectly formed creature. Every feature was symmetrical; complexion fair, and skin flawlessly white. Hair, light brown, lustrous, floating over her shoulders. Eyes were blue, with a straight-forward look of virtue, grace and courage. She was dressed in purest white linen which reached to her bare feet. Truly she was a queen in her glory.

In her lap lay a new born child of only a few hours, wrapped in a soft downy blanket, a most entrancing picture of motherhood. Upon the woman's face was a mingled expression of joy and pain, as is only seen upon the face of a mother who has just passed through her travail and given birth.

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BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

INDEPENDENCE.

We gratefully acknowledge recent showers and temporary relief from the heat.

Five stalwart young men arrived August 11th and work has been resumed on the excavation for the foundation of the Temple. Two sisters came to keep house for the party. The chairman of the building committee has secured suitable quarters to lodge the out of town workers. Every morning the little force meets at six o'clock in one of the lower rooms of the church to pray for God's blessing and direction. Brother Nerren is superintending the excavation work, and using the spade himself as well.

Thursday afternoon, August 16, a little group of sisters met in one of the Sunday school rooms of the church and organized the "Temple Helpers." They will meet every Thursday afternoon at half past one o'clock. Sister Wm. F. Anderson is the chairman; Sister J. A. Hedrick is the secretary and treasurer. The sisters design to keep the workers supplied with gloves, shirts, overalls; to see that bedding is provided, sheets, pillow cases, towels, etc. They will try to raise money, as well, for the Temple fund.

A fine spirit was present at this meeting. There was not a jar. There was a fine turn-out at the second meeting, August 23rd. There follows a notice from the Temple Helpers.

To The Church of Christ Locals and Scattered Members.

The Independence Temple Helpers are asking your co-operation in our efforts to keep the temple workers supplied. We are needing work shirts, sizes 14½ to 17; also pants made of overall stuff, sizes 40 to 44; socks and work gloves. We also need sheets, pillow cases and towels. We can use money, material or articles already made. We appeal to you to help us to help to build God's house.

Metta Anderson, Chairman.

Estella Hedrick, Secretary and Treasurer.

Address, Church of Christ, Temple Lot, Box 232, Independence, Missouri.

Sister James A. Hedrick asks the prayers of the saints for her young son, Paul Moroni, twelve years of age. He has a weak heart and there is some fear of tuberculosis. He is so young, however, that it is felt that with God's help he can outgrow these things. Please remember this mother's request.

HOLDEN LETTER.

Holden, Mo., Aug. 17, 1934.

Dear Advocate Readers:

We write a few lines to let you know that we are still in the land of the living. We have been deeply touched by expressions of sympathy, some coming as far away as from Brother Charles Joseph, of West Virginia. Brother E. E. Long and J. R. McClain came down from Independence with my son Ray, remaining part of the day with us, administered the anointing of oil and laying on of hands. Apostle Arthur Smith, coming to Independence and learning of our affliction, immediately boarded the train and came down, remaining a couple of days. We enjoyed his presence very much. Brother J. E. Bozarth, getting the Advocate in the morning, seeing the news of my affliction, jumped into his car and came to see us. I have had a letter from Brother Wheaton. How wonderful is the love of God's children for one another.

I can say there is but little change, although many of my friends and acquaintances encourage me telling me that I look better and am walking better. I little know what the outcome will be, but I know that I can do no better than trust my all to God my Father. If he wishes to take me soon, or if he wills that I tarry awhile longer, it is all well with me. A Methodist minister of Holden while calling on me a few days ago asked me if I worried. "Why no," I replied. "All my life I have preached against worrying as a betrayal of trust in God." What have we to worry about when we leave all to God's loving care? He knows best.

I have moved my store from Elm back to Holden where I can take care of the business. I was not able to work in the country. My wife is worse off than I am. She has to sit at home, or with difficulty get around the house, while I can cripple my way slowly to town and back. I can stand very little exercise. I am so weak that I am very soon exhausted.

I thank the saints for their prayers, and ask them to continue to remember us to the Father of all. Let us all love one another even as Christ has first loved us and gave himself for us. If we render to him the loyalty and service required, it does not matter what may happen to us.

My greatest drawback, next to my weakness, is a defective memory. Ye editor can readily detect that.

Yours in Christ, still trusting him to the end,
H. E. MOLER.

Never mind about a defective memory, Brother Moler. We thank you for your beautiful letter. The sweet spirit of resignation, the confidence and trust in God it breathes, is encouraging to us. We hope that all who read your letter will profit by it, and try to worry less and trust God more, "ye editor" included. L. P-S.

IN GOD'S ETERNITY.

We may not always understand
Or have the faith to see
That all things work for good to us
In God's eternity.

MISSIONARY JOURNEYS

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people is always a spiritual refreshing as well as a time of physical repose.

We next lodged in the home of my youngest brother Elder W. F. Yates, in San Bernardino. While here I attended services on Sunday in the Reorganized church. Their people are friendly in demeanor, but numbers of their cautious leaders seem to still prefer the closed pulpit policy which was first inaugurated in the year 1925. Brother Frank VanFleet preached on the day I attended their services. He is not a man who favors the closed pulpit policy, for he has worked too long in former days in the church contemporary with the late Joseph Smith when the church was free from that heresy so lately glorified by reason of the necessity which error always faces when it finds its cause undefensible.

We began a series of gospel meetings in Wilmar, some twelve miles East of Los Angeles. At this writing we have a number of splendid outside people interested, and we are continuing the work for a time. Elder Levi Hemenway is pastor of the Church of Christ here. He is a most efficient and capable minister, and a man filled with the holy Spirit and with love. His undaunted labors here against the influence of sin and wickedness in the world all about us, and against disappointments that are within, make him a man beloved by all.

We have spent some time in the home of our worthy Brother and Sister Daiken, and Sister Harper, at Ontario, California, thirty miles from Wilmar; also at the home of our own folks, Vida's daughter and family Evan and Earlita Inslee, in Los Angeles. Yesterday we were at the home of Brother and Sister I. J. Sullivan in Los Angeles; and we are for the gospel's sake welcomed also in the homes of people not affiliated with the church. Of these we mention Mr. Ernest Hagener, a man who appreciates the good wherever he finds it, and Mrs. Hague, a splendid lady of the same mind. Also Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and family who are members of the Utah church, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of the Christian church, and who are now interested in the Book of Mormon.

On the 8th day of August, Brother and Sister Charles Salter, of San Pedro, gave a birthday party in honor of Sister Salter's seventieth birth day. A group of us from Ontario, California and from Wilmar, drove over to the Salter's home on the ocean front at San Pedro, for the party. Brother Daiken's place of employment, the "Hot Point" Flat Iron factory required his services that day, so we were deprived of their company at the ocean party. Sister Harper and her daughter, Sister Mercer, attended. Also Mrs. Hague, Mr. Hagener, Brother Hemenway and ourselves. And what delightful fellowship we all had together that day. After a visit to the beach and a swim in the ocean, Brother and Sister Salter served the dinner in the elegant home of their son where they reside at present. It was a fish dinner with all the trimmings—fresh fish from the ocean, too. How excellently it was all prepared and served, and above all, how sweet the spirit of gospel fellowship while we shared together in the association of brotherhood.

At our Sacramental service in the meeting on Sunday the gifts of the Spirit through the gospel were poured out upon the assembly. The hearts of members and non-members alike, were touched and blest by the manifestations of the Holy Spirit.

Through Elder Hemenway the gift of tongues and interpretation was given. Other manifestation by the Spirit was given, and all rejoiced together in the Lord. We pray that the same sweet and blessed Spirit which was sent from heaven upon us that day, may also be given to the people of the Lord throughout the entire church, both for the edification of the congregations, as well as to stimulate the souls of those who are scattered and isolated throughout all lands. For it is by the office work of the Holy Spirit that souls may be fortified to meet the adversary of life, and to conquer our temptations. Let us with all diligence keep the vessel of our individual lives so cleansed from sin and carnality that God may give to us the indwelling of His Holy Spirit to be our guiding monitor in all our ways.

Your brother in the fellowship of faith,

JAMES E. YATES,

946 North Ave. 49, Los Angeles, California,
care of E. E. Inslee.

Why I Believe In Zion And The Building Of The Temple

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As we stood and gazed in astonishment at this most extraordinary scene, a voice, as from the heavens, spoke in a deep, vibrant tone and said, "Behold she hath travailed, and brought forth Zion." We were given to understand that the woman was the Church of Christ established April 6, 1830; that the child was the Zion of God, which the church, through much spiritual travail and sorrow, must establish as a place of gathering for her children.

All at once the scene was changed. The woman and child, as well as the great white throne, faded away, and then it seemed that Sister Wheaton and I had been suddenly transported through space to the city of Independence, Missouri. The place where we were standing was on a spot south of the Temple Lot, close to where the Missouri Pacific depot is now located. All buildings and other obstructions had in some way been entirely removed for a considerable space between us and the temple lot. There was not a fence nor a street to be seen anywhere. Seemingly from the temple lot to our feet the ground was gently sloping in a beautifully terraced lawn.

At the top of the elevation, at the spot where the excavation for the temple is now located, I could discern the outlines of a large magnificent structure against the twilight sky. While our attention was thus being drawn toward this structure the shades of night were gradually falling.

Again, the scene was changed. This time, I was alone. I seemed to be suspended in the air approximately 100 yards away in a south-westerly direction from the structure. Here I had a most excellent view of this beautiful structure and its immediate surroundings. The same voice which I had heard before, spoke to me again and said, "Behold the temple of the Lord!"

I saw before me the temple as it will appear when finished, according to the plans which we are now working on. By this time it was dusk, yet, in spite of that fact, the temple glowed as though reflecting a soft mellow light. My very soul was filled with ecstasy, and my whole being was thrilled with the transport of joy which I experienced.

As I gazed in wonderment at this glorious

structure, the whole west end, south side and just a small corner of the east portico and approaches were visible, as I was looking in a north-easterly direction. From a point in the heavens, I saw as it were a beam of clear white light thrust down to the earth from the east toward the temple, at first no larger than a needle, and then as it pierced down and down through the evening sky, it spread out till it formed a large circle whose circumference included the temple and the grounds. The temple and immediate surroundings were brought out in bold relief. The columns, windows, etc., of the temple, as well as the beautifully landscaped lawn, with its flowers, walks and grass, were vividly portrayed to my vision. As I looked in wonder and amazement upon the scene before me, my attention was attracted to a tiny object far up in the path of the beam of light which I described before, which was gradually descending toward the front of the building. It seemed as though a long period of time elapsed before this object took form, and then it appeared to be a personage robed in purest white garments. When this personage had descended to within 200 feet above the temple, he stopped, and I beheld that it was Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

As I humbly bowed my head in reverence, feeling unworthy to look upon His beaming countenance, I again heard that deep, vibrant voice, close to my side, speak to me and say, "Lift up your voice and sing,—

"Oh, Zion, Lift up your gates and sing,
Hosanna to the Highest!
Hosanna to your King!"

As commanded, I began to sing the above words and others, which I do not fully recall now. While singing, the circle of light enlarged till it covered a large portion of the city. At this juncture the Christ descended to the ground and his feet rested upon the steps of the front portico, which extended a considerable distance east from the main structure of the building, and then solemnly and majestically he ascended the steps until he was lost from my view. As he did so, my attention was drawn to moving objects just in the border of half-light outside the circle of white light. All the while I was singing with the spirit and a purity of tone such as I have never enjoyed in this life. I could see these objects gradually coming closer to the circle of light. Then crossing the line into the full dazzling light, I witnessed that they were a great concourse of men, women and children, of every nation, kindred, tongue and people of the earth, as was apparent by their different styles of dress and facial features. They too, were singing in perfect accord with myself, first faintly, as if far away, and then gradually stronger, as if thousands were joined in a vast peon of praise to God and His Christ. We all sang in one language, the same words. Foremost among them, I saw our Lamanite brethren, some with feathers and blankets; others dressed in well fitting clothes. Following them, people of other nationalities.

Words can not describe the ecstasy of that moment. But suffice it to say, that after this glorious and thrilling experience there has never been the least question in my mind as to the divinity of these three great fundamentals of the Restoration; namely, the building of the temple, the gathering and the endowment.

As this great concourse of people emerged into the circle of light, they formed in orderly lines and walked humbly, yet joyously and solemnly to the front, or east end of the temple, and passed from my view up the steps into the main auditorium, singing.

Then the vision gradually began to fade away. Soon I was conscious of the surroundings of my room again. I was still sitting up in bed. Evidently an hour or more had passed since I first awoke.

As the last strains of this heavenly music died away on the night, my companion reached over and gently touched my arm and said, "Clarence, are you awake?"

I answered, "Yes. Why?"

She then asked, "Do you know what you were doing?"

I again answered, "Yes, dear, I was singing."

She then said, "Yes, I could hear every word clearly. I never in all my life heard anything like it. You just can't sing that way when you are awake. No one could. There was such unconstraint, exulting freedom about it."

By this time all thoughts or desire for sleep were gone. The glorious spirit and impression of joy was indelibly stamped upon my mind and heart for ever. Today, after many years have elapsed, the memory of that experience is just as fresh and fragrant to me as it was that night. It will always remain as one of those outstanding experiences of a life time, which influences and directs man's ambitions. To me this was a testimony from God to my soul of a great and important feature of his glorious work in the last days.

This, my friends is my testimony, received by the revelation of God to my soul, in the presence of a witness, my wife, and I testify to all men that as God is my maker (and I have full consciousness of the fact that I will stand before Him at the judgment and give an accounting of these things), I know that this testimony is true, and that to the best of my knowledge and understanding the plans of the temple, as they are now arranged, agree with what I saw then.

May God, the Eternal Father, give each of you a testimony of the truth of these words and plant in your hearts a zeal and determination to carry on to its final completion this great undertaking, is my fervent and earnest prayer. Amen.

Dedicated to the Church of Christ, this sixth day of July, 1934, being my forty-first birthday.

OUR RADIATIONS.

In an address given over the radio it was said that the circle, or halo, always seen around the head of Jesus, is not imaginary, but is a scientifically proven fact. Furthermore, it is said that we all, or each of us, has a circle about our head, though not seen with the naked eye. Science declares that in persons who live pure lives this circle is light in color, while in persons who lead evil lives the circle is dark. This is felt, rather than seen by the human eye. We know that we have met people who seemed to radiate love and kindness; others are repulsive to us, and even children shrink from them; they radiate evil. We can change our radiations from evil to good by making our lives pure and living the Christ life, and we thereby make the world better even though unable to work with the hands, by simply sending out, or broadcasting these pure radiations to all with whom we associate. When we grow old and unable to carry on the Lord's work in the usual way, what a beautiful thought to comfort us that we can still be workers in the vineyard and just as important as in our more active days! Yes, perhaps more important, radiating God's love. Let us make our lives pure and full of love that our halo or crown may be as pure and white as the driven snow.

H. E. Highland

WHO WAS TO PREPARE THE WAY BEFORE CHRIST'S SECOND COMING?

By L. P. S.

Of late years much interest has centered in the promise made in Malachi 3:1—"Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple," etc.

Secondly, in Malachi 4:5—"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord."

The position is taken by some that the messenger of Malachi 3:1, and Elijah of Malachi 4:5, are the same person, and that the person is John the Baptist. Let us see. One time the Jews sent "priests and Levites" from Jerusalem to inquire of John the Baptist, "Who art thou?" John answered that he was not the Christ. They interrogated further—"What then? Art thou Elias?"

(Authorities tell us that Elias is the Greek word for Elijah. Elijah is the Hebrew form used in the Old Testament, while Greek form is used in the New Testament because the New Testament was written in Greek.)

In answer to the question, "Art thou Elias?" John declared, "I am not." See St. John 1:19-21. John's answer settles one point. John the Baptist and Elijah, or Elias, are not the same.

But, says some one, according to Matthew's record, when Jesus was on one occasion speaking to his disciples about Elias who would restore all things, we read—"Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist." Matthew 17:13.

The King James translation in this particular instance does say that, notwithstanding in St. John 1:21, King James translation, John denies that he is Elias. The Inspired translation, however, makes all the statements agree. It says:

"Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist, and also of another who should come and restore all things, as it is written by the prophets." Matthew 17:14. (Black type mine. L. P.-S.)

John the Baptist, then, was not Elias, and therefore was not the Restorer.

Who was the Restorer? John revealed that in his answer to the Jews when he said, "I am not that Elias who was to restore all things." St. John 1:22. I. T. Elias is the Restorer.

But who is Elias? Jesus did not answer that question directly. For some reason, he did not see fit to make himself plain to the multitude. He did say, however, that Elias had already come.—"And if ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Matthew 11:14, 15.

With his disciples Jesus expressed himself with more plainness. "And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, that Elias is come already. Matthew 17:10,11. The Inspired Translation gives additional information. Immediately following this statement it adds, "concerning whom it is written, Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me." For the benefit of those who do not have the Inspired Translation we will give the entire statement:

"And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things, as the prophets have written. And again I say unto you that Elias has come already, concerning whom it is written, Behold, I will send my messenger,

and he shall prepare the way before me," etc. Matthew 17:10, 11.

Stated as we would speak, Jesus told his disciples that Elias had come already; that he was the one of whom it was written that a messenger should precede him. No wonder that he said, when speaking to the multitude, "He that has ears to hear, let him hear." Jesus referred to himself. He was the one whose coming was preceded by the messenger, John the Baptist. He was the Elias who was to restore all things.

Why Jesus is spoken of as Elias we do not know, unless it was because the Jews held Elijah in such great esteem. Smith's Bible Dictionary says that Elijah was "the grandest and the most romantic character that Israel ever produced." "How deep was the impression which he made on the mind of the nation may be judged of from the fixed belief which many centuries after prevailed that Elijah would again appear for the relief and restoration of his country."

There was a prophecy concerning Christ that compared him to another great character in Israel, Moses. See Deuteronomy 18:18, and Acts 3:22.

We can only conclude, from the words of Jesus, himself, that he was the Restorer, who was to "restore all things."

To Be Continued

OBITUARY.

John H. Graves was born in Shelby County, Missouri, March 10, 1863. He came to Northern Idaho in the year of 1900, and located at Sagle, Idaho, as a homesteader. Died July 12, 1934, at the Parnell Hospital, of cancer.

He met and married Elizabeth Dunlap of Sagle, in the summer of 1906. To this union, an only child, Lawrence Henery Graves, was born, who survives him. One brother, Thos. Graves, who lives at Spokane, Washington, an only brother, also survives him.

For 22 years Mr. Graves and his family lived on the old homestead place near Algoma, where Mrs. Graves passed away last December.

He was baptized into the Reorganized Church in the spring of 1908, but with his wife transferred his membership to the Church of Christ in July, 1928. Both of them remained with said church as members until their death.

Are you afraid of death? Why should you be? Learn to live courageously, and you will neither fear death nor seek it. You will live! You will discover, the more fully you live, that life is not primarily of the body or of the world about us, but of the spirit and the world within us. Life does not begin when we are born, neither does it cease if we lay the body aside.

Death is not an escape from personal identity or responsibility. It is not "a sleep and a forgetting." It is not a transformation from imperfection to perfection, nor the fulfillment of this life by reward or punishment. It is an illusion. It is what might be true but for the fact that we have no life of our own to lose, that our life is a part of God's life, and that God's life is eternal.

Life goes on. It cannot be defeated. Not even death can defeat life, which merely adapts itself to different conditions as water adapts itself to the vessel that contains it.—Ernest C. Wilson, in "Don't Be Afraid!" Progress.

Under date of July 7th we received the following message from the Missionary "Flints":

"Ohsweken, Ontario. Awful busy here among the Lamanites. Work in fine shape. All those whom I baptized a year ago, and who were led away by Irwin have come back, and are stronger for the experience.

"The celebration at Niagara Falls this year was a wonderful success. Freda and I both took part, and in this way we are getting our work prominently before the whole Iroquois confederacy, as well as others. The Buffalo papers carried our part quite prominently."

August 6th we received word that another had been baptized, making six baptized this summer, and all adults. A branch was started a year ago. It numbers seventeen now. They have chosen Brother Alex Warner, of Niagara Falls, as pastor, "and a splendid choice it is." Brother Flint says: "A word of tribute is due Brother and Sister Warner for their tireless and self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of this people. They have scarcely missed a Sunday all winter, regardless of roads and weather conditions. Wish the membership of the entire church could look in on us some evening and see this fine group who, despite the dusky hue of their complexion, are as strikingly intelligent a group as I have ever faced anywhere. In fact, I have been under no restraint in preaching to them, but have gone into the deeper phases of our work without the least fear of going 'over their heads.' There is a reason for this. When you consider the location of the Iroquois confederacy of six nations, in the very heart of the state of New York, near the Hill Cumorah, where the final battles of the Nephites were fought, and the Book of Mormon says that many Nephites went over to the Lamanites to save their lives. In short, I am fully convinced that there is as much Nephite blood in this splendid people as Lamanite. Dr. Crane has said that the Iroquois are second to no people on earth for intelligence. Some day I'll give the Advocate readers the story of the Indian prophet Da-Kan-a-we-dah, who founded the league in about 1370. It is a remarkable story."

It is peculiarly fitting that we should have at this particular time, a letter from our Lamanite Brother, Harry Loft, who is a full blooded Mohawk, and a brother to Fred Loft, deceased a month ago, who went to see the King of England on behalf of the treaty this meeting at Niagara Falls celebrates. We are pleased to present to the Advocate readers the following letter:

Ohsweken, Ontario, August 7, 1934.

To the Advocate:

Our dear Brother Flint and sisters' stay here is about ending for this summer. We, the members of the Church of Christ, are so thankful to our great Spirit in sending a man like our Brother Flint and sister to teach us of God's wonderful works. We are as lost children led astray and now we are being brought to the fold again. Slowly and surely they are coming in. We believe the Book of Mormon to be true and the long lost book. How thankful we are that it has come back to us once again and this time to remain with us forever.

Your brother in Christ,
HARRY LOFT.

August 13, Brother Flint writes from Port Huron, Michigan.

"We are here at the home of Bro. W. J. Smith and are holding meetings every night to very interested audiences. Bro. David Smith has moved to town; they are trying to revive the work which

has reached a very low ebb. It looks now like we might be successful. Brother Willard is very poorly, but his logic is as keen as ever. He is finishing what I consider a masterpiece on the subject of the Trinity. It must be published somehow."

Bro. Flint adds: "We are being held here by the condition of Sr. Brokenshire and Bro. Bennett, our pastor in Detroit. Sr. Brokenshire may linger for months, but Bro. Bennett is so low that visitors are not allowed." Bro. Flint asks that the saints will remember these afflicted ones in their prayers, also Bro. W. J. Smith.

FROM SASKATCHEWAN.

A few lines from the north country may be of interest to the Advocate family.

I left Independence July 31, at midnight, riding on a bus to Minneapolis, where I arrived the next evening. Having some four hours between trains, I called Brother George Spargo by phone, and in about thirty minutes I had a surprise party; Brother and Sister Spargo, Brother Tom Maley and a sister whose name I do not recall.

We had a pleasant time discussing gospel topics with a view to a better understanding, and the time slipped away all too soon. Suffice it to say, all expressed themselves satisfied with the interview, for the preacher was quizzed on various subjects of interest.

Bidding those good saints farewell, I started for Culbertson, Montana, where I arrived Friday morning and soon found the hospitable home of Sister Molly Johnson where I was made welcome. In the afternoon Brother T. J. Jordan arrived as per agreement, and after a short rest we started for Regina, accompanied by Sister Johnson who desired to visit some old friends, her good daughter, Bernice, urging her to take advantage of the opportunity.

Brother Jordan had made arrangements for a meeting at Viceroy for Sunday, 106 miles distant, so the Regina services were called off and nine of us were soon on the way, reaching Viceroy at noon. After needed refreshment we repaired to the water where the writer baptized four, including a young man who will be heard from among the servants in the Vineyard of the Lord.

Following the baptisms and confirmations, three young men were ordained to supplement the labors of those already engaged in the Lord's work. Four babies were blessed, the Sacrament was served, and sick administered to. Thus the whole afternoon was spent in happy labors in the Vineyard.

Other meetings are being arranged for at other places, so we expect to be busy during our sojourn up here.

Some parts of this country are suffering from drought which has been more or less severe for six years. Beginning with the influx of settlers from various parts of the world, these Western Provinces of the Last Best West, have had the gospel preached in city, town and hamlet quite thoroughly, yet the multitudes have turned a deaf ear to the warning voice. May it not be as of old that judgments follow unheeded warnings? Of these days and times it is written:

"Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand." Dan. 12-10.

The gathering clouds of unrest, and the combinations of forces throughout the world confirms the prophetic testimony relative to the terrible conflict destined to overtake humanity for gross disobedience. Let Zion arise and put on the robes of righteousness that she may understand and escape.

E. E. LONG.