

# 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."—I Nephi 3:187.

Volume 28

Independence, Missouri, November, 1951

Number 11

## Assurance

O rest in peace, 'tis good to know,  
God helps His children here below.  
So rest in faith, God will provide;  
His manna daily will divide.

When fortune frowns, and all seems lost  
Still trust in Him at any cost.  
From out the night—from out the loss,  
And from the burden and the cross.

A better day, and brighter still;  
A greater hope and stronger will;  
A faith that shines 'mid stormy blast,  
Comes with endurance at the last.

For when we walk along life's way;  
And dangers meet from day to day;  
And feel a hand that leads us on,  
Through starless night till shining dawn.

And when we pass the earthly strand,  
That runs along by heaven's land;  
All cares and fears will leave behind,  
And trusting still sweet rest will find.

When we have met the things we feared,  
And lost the things to us endeared;  
Our Savior heard as we have prayed  
And, He, our fears has all allayed.

And for our loss has freely given,  
To us, some treasure, rich from heaven;  
'Tis then we rise to higher plane;  
Where less we fear that we'll not gain.

The things we need when we have lost,  
What we've obtained at heavy cost.  
There is no loss, that we can know  
That one can have on earth below.

That greater, is than God's great store.  
He will repay and give us more  
Than we have lost; and we shall know,  
Yet greater joys that He'll bestow.

O. D. SHIRK

## CONTENTS

Editorial .....	Page 162	Hearken to the Words .....	Page 168
In the Field .....	Page 164	Thought-Gleams .....	Page 169
A Letter to the Church .....	Page 166	My Testimony .....	Page 170

## ZION'S ADVOCATE

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### INSTRUCTIONS IN ORDERING

Our quarterlies are not dated, but numbered, because they contain a regular course of study, and if the schools desire to make this study, they should order the quarterlies according to number so as to avail themselves of the entire course, so far as the study has been extended up to the present time. None of the courses are, as yet, complete. This is due to lack of funds.

## EDITORIAL

### INNOCENT — SINNER RIGHTEOUSNESS — WICKEDNESS

There is a story attributed to a certain president of the United States in which it is said that he attended a preaching service. Afterward, he returned to his home and his wife asked him what the preacher had talked about. "Sin", was the simple reply. "Well", she queried, "what did the preacher say about it?" "Oh, he was against it."

This is rather humorous, but we believe it also illustrates the average person's attitude in regard to the spiritual welfare of his soul—having partial realization, but a shrug of the shoulders dismisses it from thought. The same people will spend hundreds of dollars, or thousands, in a life-time to procure medical service as life insurance, or to extend their physical life and well-being, but give little attention to those things which secure **everlasting** life.

We shall assume that most of our people, at least, are more than passingly interested in obtaining this eternal life, and so it will be well to examine some of the various spiritual conditions occupied by man. Then let us ask ourselves where we stand, and try to determine how God regards that position as it may be revealed in the Scriptures.

Now, notice again the title of this paper. It may seem that the word "righteousness" is the state of being of one who is "innocent"—in one sense, it is, but not necessarily so in every instance. It may seem that the "sinner" dwells in the house of "wickedness"—and again, it may be so, but not entirely true with all sinners.

What do we understand to be the meaning of the word "innocent"? Not guilty? Yes, but it also means, without knowledge. One may be standing by and observing a robbery in progress. He has the knowledge, but is not guilty—he is innocent. Another, standing around the corner, is completely unaware of the deed—he is innocent for two reasons: he neither committed the act, nor realized it was being done.

Consider the word, "sinner". That is one who sins. What is sin, now? We must know if we are also to be "against it", to put it from us. How about this: a transgression, or a breaking of law. Then, a sinner is a law-breaker. There are two types of sinners—one does not know the law, but he sins the moment he breaks it; the other knows the law, but breaking it, he sins, and is under greater condemnation.

Now, what is righteousness? You will remember we said that the innocent are not necessarily righteous. Assuming that the one who watched the robbery was an adult of average intelligence, he was righteous to the extent that he knew it was a robbery and would have no part in it; but should he then neglect to report the incident to the proper officials, or if it had been in his power to frustrate, or prevent, the robbery, he would then be unrighteous to just that extent.

Let us assume a somewhat different picture. The one who stands by, seeing the crime, is but a little child. He is fascinated, but completely innocent, not

understanding it to be an unlawful act. He is neither righteous nor unrighteous; is not accountable in any way. Is he rewarded for the robber's capture? Of course not! But the adult, who was instrumental in bringing the law-breaker to justice, who did what was in his power to observe the law, who may have helped turn the wayward one to a better path—he it was who received the reward!

The sum of these things is: a righteous man **knows** what the law is, and keeps it in every respect; he knows what is right, and **does** accordingly. Righteousness is truth in action.

Would the Master have been righteous if He had not taught and lived those laws which were given to Him by His Father? He would not! So it was that He came to John for baptism and said: "Thus it cometh us to fulfill all righteousness."

Hear the apostle James (1:22-25):

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, **and continueth therein**, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a **doer** of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.

What is true of righteousness is conversely true of wickedness. A wicked man is one who is familiar with the law, but for his own gain, or other purpose, actually **wants**, or **desires** to break the law, and **does** that thing which is a transgression of fixed laws. The wicked one **delights** in his mischief, or his evil deed. Now this is the "son of perdition" of whom the scripture speaks. He must go into that second death prepared for the devil and his angels, because he has done "despite" unto the Spirit of grace; having once received the Holy Spirit, he turns from it like a "dog to his vomit" or a "hog to his wallow". He completely rebels against God, and justice must take her course. There may also be those who are so devoid of the Spirit which leads to do good that will not receive the truth under any circumstances or to any degree. If so, theirs would be an absolute rebellion; they will have had the opportunity, and their judgment will be just.

It is not our purpose to go into a lengthy and involved discourse upon the subject we have herein outlined, but rather to bring out a few vital points which are keys to help us get an overall picture of what is required of us, and how God views His whole creation.

Too often, I fear, man has neglected to stand back a pace; to get a general idea of a problem or situation, but has immediately plunged into the morass of intricate details. More frequently than not, he becomes hopelessly involved, and no good has been accomplished at all, and oft-times, much damage is done.

These thoughts, you may observe, are particularly true when it comes to a study of the Book of Mormon, strange as it may seem, for that book has been given to make known the plain and precious truths which

men have perverted or deleted from the Bible. Yet, it is not so strange when we realize that the Adversary is able to confuse any and all who are not very careful to live and receive the Spirit of truth daily. How many have been led astray by a false understanding of that book rather than be caused to cleave more firmly to the eternal truths of the Gospel! So, "in all thy getting, get UNDERSTANDING!"

Here is essential, basic understanding to comprehend not only the thoughts presented here, but all things related to God's work, it is to understand the Divine nature, insofar as it has been revealed:

"God is love" is "light", merciful, just, unchangeable, long-suffering, infinite, holy—these to name a few, are the more important attributes. It must be understood, that not one of these qualities will over-rule another, but will shine forth in its proper place, if it may be said to have a place—in this, we are thinking particularly of mercy and justice. If there were pure mercy, alone, where the need for a Judgment Day, and the separation of good and evil? If justice ruled alone, do you not understand that no flesh would be justified and salvation for man impossible! Thus, each finds jurisdiction according to Divine Wisdom, and yet is God unchangeable! Why? Because of the law which has been set to govern all things. Listen:

"\* \* \* there is a law given and a punishment affixed, and repentance granted; which repentance mercy claimeth: OTHERWISE, justice claimeth the creature, and executeth the law, and the law inflicteth the punishment; if not so, the works of justice would be destroyed, and God would cease to be God. But God ceaseth not to be God, and mercy claimeth the penitent, and mercy cometh because of the atonement; and the atonement bringeth to pass the resurrection of the dead: and the resurrection of the dead bringeth back men into the presence of God."—Book of Mormon p. 454.

It further says that mercy cannot rob justice, and true it is, but let this thought sink deep into our consciousness: love and mercy come **first!** If not so, man would have ceased upon the face of the earth thousands of years ago. When the **long-suffering love** of the Father and His Blessed Son fails to soften the stony heart of man, then, **AND ONLY THEN**, must justice have her sway. Whose heart may not be reached by the love of God "which passeth all understanding"? Not many—surely, not many!

Keeping these things in mind, let us consider some of the spiritual condition of man, mentioned before, in the light of the Book of Mormon.

The innocent ones are those who have not received the law, who had no opportunity. They might be entire nations of people, and they certainly include all little children (see pages 109 and 769). In this regard, we find on p. 109:

Wherefore he hath given a law; and where there is no law given there is no punishment; and where there is no punishment, there is no condemnation; and where there is no condemnation, the **mercies** of the **Holy One** of Israel have claim upon them, because of the atonement.

So, we grant that the pure mercy of Christ, here, satisfies the demands of God's justice, and exclaim, "wonderful!" But what think you? Consider a whole nation of people, and ask yourself if it is possible for every living soul therein to be completely beyond the bounds of the law—every vestige! If you think so, listen to this:

"And the way is prepared from the fall of man, and salvation is free. AND MEN ARE INSTRUCTED **SUFFICIENTLY THAT THEY KNOW GOOD FROM EVIL.**"—p. 82.

Such instruction, inherent in the spirit of man, may not be the full law, but man is accountable to just the extent of knowledge that he possesses.

Study the record of profane history and you cannot fail to realize that every group of people who ever lived, whether a mighty nation or small tribe of savages, has had some code, or laws, governing their behavior, and civilization, today, is a product of man's adherence to the Divine Law—rather, peoples have become civilized to just the extent that they have incorporated the Divine principles of God's law within the framework of their government. That is exactly the reason the world has made such startling strides in science and all fields of learning in less than 150 years—the light of God has thrown back the curtains of darkness which enshrouded the whole earth for many centuries.

We have digressed a little but perhaps it is not amiss.

The point we want to bring out is that all people have some law, and the Lord who looks into the hearts of all men, judges them according to their understanding. The apostle Paul understood this, for he said to the Roman saints:

I know, and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself: but to him that esteemeth anything unclean, **to him it is unclean.**

Though I should be completely devoid of understanding of the Gospel of Christ, yet if I am persuaded that my deed is evil, or "unclean", it is accounted unto me for unrighteousness, and I must answer to God unless I am sufficiently repentant.

Therefore, there is no premium on ignorance, though it is true that the greater our enlightenment concerning God's way, the greater is our responsibility, but so, also, is the reward greater if we measure up to it.

The "innocents" before God, then, are little children and all who live in purity according to their honest concept of purity—He knoweth! These come back into the presence of God through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. UNDERSTAND! These are not **necessarily righteous**, in the full sense of the word.

We must surely realize that there are degrees of righteousness and degrees of sinful condition in which we may find ourselves. Some texts of the Book of Mormon, if not rightly understood, may **seem** to tell us that all men are wholly righteous or fully wicked, for it tells us that the righteous will be separated from the

wicked, each to go into their everlasting place. Now this is true, IF we read with the wisdom or light which comes from the Holy Spirit. As we have indicated, perfect righteousness is to know God's will, or law, and obey it implicitly, but men may still be numbered among the righteous, though their life's service may be something less than perfect. If it is less than perfect, they have sinned (and who has not?) and must repent in all lowliness of heart. Here again, the blood of Christ and the pleading of the Holy Ghost makes intercession before the Father's throne, and man becomes clean.

This article is becoming lengthy, but we wish to bear out the thoughts, thus presented, with some Book of Mormon scripture.

"O all ye that are spared, **because ye were more righteous than they**, will ye not now return unto me, and repent of your sins, and be converted, and I may heal you."—(Christ—p. 628.)

"And then it shall come to pass that the spirits of those who are righteous, are received into a state of happiness, which is called paradise; a state of rest; a state of peace where they shall rest from all their troubles, and from all care and sorrow. And then shall it come to pass, that the spirits of the wicked, yea, who are evil; for behold, they have no part nor portion of the Spirit of the Lord: for behold **they choose evil works**, rather than good: therefore the spirit of the devil did enter into them, and took possession of their house; and these shall be cast out into outer darkness. . . ."—(p. 448).

May we ever strive to walk in the Spirit that His truths may be found in us abounding unto richness of life (though the world despise us) both now and forever, and unto the glory of God, through Jesus Christ.

All emphasis mine, W. A. S.

WILLIAM A. SHELDON

#### IN THE FIELD

Our last report found us in Lima Center, Wisconsin, where we were assisting the Addie family adjust things following our reunion at that place.

From there we went to Milwaukee, where live the Hutchison and Hunholz families, also Sister Pearl Mager, a sister of Brother Ray Hunholz, also Sister Helen Taubert, daughter of Apostle Leon A. Gould. The first Sunday there we had the pleasure of taking little Susan Hunholz, oldest daughter of Brother and Sister Ray Hunholz down into the water in baptism.

After about a week in Milwaukee, we were pleasantly surprised by having ye editor, Apostle Wm. Sheldon and family meet with us there and "our Billy" was the evening speaker at the Thursday evening service, and the following day they were to go on their way home to Independence, and went by way of Racine, and we accompanied them there, and remained for the Sunday services there, at which time the Milwaukee saints came down and we returned with them Sunday evening. At Racine we have as members Brother and Sister Wm. Youngs, Sister Faye Christiano, and Sister Hazel Neidens and her son Meredith.

On the following Monday we took the train for Oconto, Wisconsin where lives my only remaining brother in the flesh, Clarence E. Flint, and his family. His health is very poor and we feel that we must not fail to visit him whenever we are in the state. We are sorry that he has never seen fit to embrace the gospel though he has always seemed to favor no other form of religion. We remained there only two days, as we felt that we must keep going in our work as it was getting late in the season and we still had a number of places waiting for us. We had left our old gospel chariot at Lima Center while we had been in the various places mentioned.

Returning to Lima Center we held a couple of services, at the home of our new members the young Brother and Sister Addie, and then made a trip through that part of Wisconsin visiting some scattered members and relatives among them Bro. Richard Grasshoff, oldest brother of Sister Flint at Evansville, Wisconsin, my granddaughter and family Edna Taylor, and Sister Flint's other brother Albert Grasshoff who resides at Madison, Wisconsin.

We then retraced our course, to Sparta, and Black River Falls, Wisconsin, because, while earlier in the season we had held services there alternating each evening with Apostle R. R. Robertson, the few members there had desired that we give them a few more services before leaving the state, and because of the very serious condition of our faithful old Sister Dora Tucker, we felt that it would be a mistake not to give them as much time as we possibly could. Our presence seemed to cheer her greatly. We came back from Black River Falls to Sparta and began services, and when we were on the point of leaving for Montfort, we received a very urgent long distance call from Oconto, Wisconsin, informing us that my Brother Clarence was in a very critical condition with double pneumonia, so we immediately drove to Montfort to leave some of our belongings there, to avoid unnecessary doubling back on our trail, and the morning after we arrived there we drove to Oconto, and found our brother really needing us, as his condition was such that there seemed little hope of his recovery, unless God did step in and spare his life. As soon as he realized our presence he asked for administration. We did so and he began immediately to improve, and while his recovery was hampered by reason of the fact that he has for years been a victim of a very virulent asthma, his come back was truly miraculous. We remained with him until he was out of danger and we had brought him home and then again administering to him on the second Sunday of our stay, we came away the following Monday, driving back to Montfort. While there the weather became so inclement that it was impossible to do any thing. As soon as it cleared we went down into Grant County, Wisconsin, near Lancaster, where C. L. Wheaton had held the debates with L. G. Holloway years ago. Here we remained over Sunday, and preached for them in the afternoon. We had spent a couple of days visiting the few scattered members in that locality before that. Then on Monday morning we continued our trek down into Iowa, on our way back home, where we arrived last Friday afternoon, thus having spent about three months in about as strenuous missionary work, as we have

been able to do for a number of years. When we left home in July, we had some misgivings as to how much we would be able to do, because of the condition of our health for the last few years has seemed to indicate that our earthly sojourn was nearing its close. To our joy and even surprise, we found ourselves steadily improving in health and feeling that our kind Father in heaven had indeed marvelously come to our aid, and had really given us a new lease on life, and we now rejoice in the thought that there is still a little more for me to do. To God be the praise. We also enjoyed very much the association of our other brethren of the ministry mentioned in our former article. Their presence and help gave us unlimited encouragement.

After leaving Wisconsin we called at Newton, Iowa, and held one service for our few members there, being again domiciled in the hospitable home of our two veteran Sisters, Sister Anna Walker and her daughter, Henrietta Tucker. We also spent one night with our niece Sister Mildred Glasscock at Centerville, and one night at Lamoni, and spent the day there calling on our few scattered members.

We note in re-reading our former article that we had inadvertently omitted one very interesting and profitable experience. It was while we were teamed up with Brother and Sister R. R. Robertson, and were holding meetings in Minneapolis, Minnesota. One day the four of us drove down to Rosemount, about thirty miles from Minneapolis, to the home of the Gill family. Sister Gill and her three sons are members of the church and Sister Gill is a daughter of Sister James E. Yates. We spent the day in this home and enjoyed a wonderful visit, with these very talented saints. The three boys, the oldest just out of his teens, are talented musicians of a rather rare sort. They seemed to be able to make wonderful music on most any kind of instrument, or even on home-made instruments, and Sister Gill accompanied them as a whistler. Both the **Robertsons and ourselves truly** spent one of the most enjoyable days of our entire trip together with this splendid family. May God bless them and make it possible that they may be able some day to give the church the benefit of their talent. Added to their musical talent these young lads are mechanical inventors of **no mean sort**.

So now, we feel that we have spent a really profitable season in the service of God and we gladly leave the results in the kind Father in heaven who gave us the strength to carry on.

We will now give our attention to some of the writing in the interest of the work that has been assigned us, and in which we try to render service during the cold winter months when we cannot travel as we once did. So while we thank God for His loving kindness we also wish to thank the saints everywhere for their prayers in our behalf. It was while we were away this summer that we were shocked by the news from home that our brother and gospel associate, Charles Derry, had been called to the Great Beyond. May God cheer and comfort his loved ones who mourn is our prayer.

Your brother and sister in Christ,

THE FLINTS

## A LETTER TO THE CHURCH

Independence, Missouri  
October 15, 1951

To the Membership of the  
Church of Christ (Temple Lot),  
Scattered Abroad.

Greetings in the Fellowship of Christ Our Lord:

In the January issue of the Advocate we addressed a similar letter to the church advising them of our proposed trip into Old Mexico, for the purpose of investigating the claims made concerning a tribe of white Indians living in a walled city in the jungles of Chiapas, who reputedly had records on plates of metal similar to those from which Joseph Smith translated the Book of Mormon. In that letter (published in the January 1951 Advocate), we asked that you withhold your judgment on this matter until we should have time and opportunity to communicate to you the results of our efforts. We also promised you that we would give you a factual report of condition as we found them, whether they were favorable or not to the claims that had been made.

We attempted to make such a report to the April Conference, in a communication sent from Mexico to Apostle Arthur M. Smith, Secretary of the Council of Twelve, addressed to both the Council of Twelve and the Conference. We had expected that this report would be published as other reports were. However, this was not done, and by the time we reached home, due to the great interest in our experiences, which has engaged our time in a continuous series of lectures in many parts of the land, we have not found the time till now to write for such publication.

Since returning to the States, we have found that our trip has been the focal point of much speculation, which has excited considerable interest among persons of every division of the Restoration. Our time has literally been taken up in an effort to meet the many requests and opportunities to tell of our experiences, and lecture on the Book of Mormon with the hundreds of beautiful Kodachrome slides which we were able to bring back with us.

Due to sickness contracted in Mexico from poor food and water, our health was measurably impaired and this long lecture period has been a tax on our bodies. In our lectures on this subject, we have endeavored to make a direct report to the churches along the way, as we visited many of them in as widely separated places as Arizona, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Indiana, Michigan, Canada and New York returning to Missouri to attend the Independence Reunion and the League of Nations Pan-American Indians' Convention which was held there, of which I am the Chaplain.

After writing the communication to you in January, Angela and I left Missouri for our trip into Old Mexico. It was part of the plan for us to go by the way of Phoenix, Arizona, where we were to leave our trailer and excess luggage at the home of Elder and Sister Edw. J. McIndoo, and start from there on our trek to the jungles of Mexico.

On our way we carried a large supply of clothing and relief supplies to our Navajo Indian friends, which we distributed along the way. We also went by way of Holbrook, Ariz., in the expectation that Natoni Nez Bah, who had lectured at Independence, and who was responsible for the plans for making this trip, would go with us. In this we were disappointed, for due to many excuses, and impossible conditions, which he alleged had to be met by us, he reneged and refused to go with us. This in itself would make a very interesting story, which we may deal with in a separate article. However, we felt obliged to give him every opportunity to fulfill his written, witnessed and signed agreement to go with us as guide and interpreter on this expedition, for which many of you contributed the funds. And from the turn of events we succeeded in accomplishing some missionary contacts, which would have been prevented had he gone. There was no effective appeal to his honor as a gentleman or sense of responsibility, which would prevail upon him to go with us. He even went so far in his refusal as to suggest that we have some one else accompany us on this trip, though, he himself, was the one who had proposed it and was personally responsible for the events which entailed public pledges, the raising of funds, etc.

Having discerned that such an eventuality might arise, we were fully prepared to meet the situation, for our investigation of his claims had included every avenue of information to us, "except" as he said, "his doctor and dentist." From other sources among our Indian connections we learned sufficient of these matters to corroborate his story concerning this walled city and its inhabitants, also as to its location in the jungles. Before we left Missouri, we were provided, through officials of the Pan-American League, a number of letters to officials of the Mexican government, persons with prominent connections and leaders of Indian people in that locality who were able to give us much valuable assistance in just such emergencies as we had to meet.

Having completed our arrangements, we left on our long trek into Old Mexico, crossing the border at El Paso, Texas, the afternoon of January 27th, on a trip which we expected to last about a month, and which lengthened into three, as we arrived back in Arizona April 23rd, too late to attend the General Conference.

On our trip south we followed the Pan-American highway for the most part, which is a good highway from the Rio Grande to Santa Crystobal, a distance of approximately 2,300 miles. We made a number of side trips to investigate certain stories concerning the quarries which were alleged to have been in operation to provide cut marble for the Temple which the people of the walled city were to build after their migration north. In these efforts we were unable to find any evidences of such quarries.

In one locality the highways were in the process of being improved, requiring us to make a detour which gave us a chance to visit the regions of Lake Patzcuaro where large Indian gatherings were alleged to be taking place in the spring of each year; but instead of these large gatherings we found that, as among all Indian people, they have an Indian gathering there in the late summer called the Green Corn Feast, and that such a gathering would be held there

in September. While in that area we visited the active volcano, Paricutin, which was in the locality of Urapan, Michoacan State, also we visited the Lake Chapala area where there were old ruins of an ancient city, on the lake shore.

At Mexico City, we presented a letter of introduction to Dr. Daniel F. Rubin de la Borbolla, Director of the Nacional Museo of Mexico, whom we found to be a very fine gentleman. He provided us letters of introduction and authorization to visit and take pictures in the various archeological sites and Museums where we were going, which enabled us to obtain much valuable data and a large number of priceless pictures in color of the Ancient Ruined Cities. In two or three instances, where we had letters to some of the local Indian leaders we met with disappointment in finding them out of town or in distantly removed areas which could only be reached by plane or pack train.

These conditions necessarily made our progress to the jungle area of southern Mexico, where the walled city is located, very slow and it was not till the latter part of February that we arrived in Comitán, Chiapas, an old pre-Spanish city almost on the border of Guatemala in Central America. Here again we attempted to contact some of the Indian people to whom we had been referred, but as in one or two other places we met with further disappointment. Having but one other letter and place to fall back on,—a letter to the people of Yucatan, and knowing that going there would entail leaving our car in Comitán and taking a plane over the jungle area to that place, we made this question a matter of prayer. Finding that it was possible to get transportation by plane with an exporter, we determined to wire the leader of the people there in a last effort to carry out the purpose of our trip into that area. In answer to our wire we received a very cordial invitation to come to Yucatan, with the promise that the people there would help us.

Arrangements were accordingly made with a coffee exporter to fly us, with our luggage, to Campeche, Campeche, from which place we would be able to continue by bus to our destination in Yucatan. We stored our old car, (a 1939 Chevrolet with over 190,000 miles on it), with the exporter, and were flown across the jungles about two hundred and fifty miles in about two and a half hours. This was an adventure in itself, for we had to ride atop sacks of coffee, and the pilot provided us with tasty sandwiches and hot coffee to make our journey more pleasant. Leaving the plane terminal we went into the city of Campeche and were able to make good connections by bus to our destination.

Unlike our American busses, we found these to be used for many kinds of transportation. In the bus we not only had many strange types of Mexican and Indian people, but some of them took chickens, chili peppers and great sacks of corn to market, and barrels of water and kerosene, while others carried their bags of game and guns from the hunt in the jungles. On top of the bus was every kind of merchandise and a motley group of passengers, and in the luggage compartment beneath the floor were hogs and pigs, squealing and grunting as we traveled along the roads.

At the various stops were numerous persons selling

**tortillas**, (a kind of corn meal bread like a pan cake), and many kinds of fruit, fried fish, etc. That was the only way we could get food as there were no restaurant stops. Not understanding the language, which was Spanish, we finally got off at the wrong stop, as we thought that was the place to make connections according to the map. However, the bus driver was very considerate of us, and gave one of the native women a note to someone in the town of Sta. Elena, who found an English speaking man, with whom we made arrangements to continue our journey.

Before midnight of that day, the same day we had left Comitán, we arrived at the home of our Indian friends who were members of the Pan-American League. Here they had arranged for a room in the "hotel" of this thousand year old city of their people. After so long a day we were very weary, and had visions of a bath and a good bed to rest on in the "hotel", but we soon learned that our bath was to be taken in a small wash basin and our bed was a "hamaca" or hammock made for two. Angela decided that she would rather sleep on the floor on a pallet of our bedding, but soon gave that up on account of the ants and insects. Later in the night I tried to sleep in a chair, and had to give that up,—so we learned to sleep double in the hammock.

Some persons might be interested in knowing the names of persons and places we visited at this time. We have purposely omitted them for the reason that in the past, some ill-advised, mischievous, and malicious persons have perused the columns of the Advocate for such names, and places where we have labored, and written libelous and misleading letters to our Indian friends in an effort to incite distrust in our integrity and efforts to tell the message of the Church of Christ. However, you may rest assured our report of these happenings are well documented, and official members of the general church are welcome to check the facts accordingly, for we kept a day by day diary of all the places we visited and the people we contacted.

As stated before, in this report, we had several letters of introduction to people in Mexico, which were provided us by an Indian friend of several years standing. This brother we baptised into the Church of Christ after our return to the United States. He had been in that country many years ago, and had spent several months among the wild Indian tribes of the jungle areas of Chiapas and Yucatan. During our trip into this area we found his statements of the conditions we would meet verified in every detail, showing that he had been there and knew whereof he spoke. Also several people among the Indians recognized him by the pictures of him we took with us.

When we returned home, and later visited his home, he confirmed to us that in our hard trek into the jungles, we were very close to the walled city which we were seeking and advised us that if we had not been hindered by the high flooding rivers we would possibly have reached our destination in another day or two.

Our jungle trip took us over high mountains, through dense forests and undergrowth and across several raging rivers, and swamps of the jungles. There

(Continued on page 175)

## ORIGINAL ARTICLES

*We solicit articles for this department written in an affirmative manner. An affirmative article is one in which a premise is established, and evidences presented to support that premise. In all controversial articles, contributors will be required to observe the rules of decorum established by parliamentary rules governing deliberative assemblies.*

### HARKEN TO THE WORDS OF THE PROPHETS

That we are living in the last days is definitely sure. No one, whose ears are not stopped, nor his eyes dimmed by prejudice, but must admit we are nearing the end, and soon, much sooner than we may be aware, must appear the Son of Man in the clouds as He returns to earth again.

The writer has been keenly alert to conditions as they pass before our view in a panoramic review in the fulfillment of ancient as well as modern revelation. We are told that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation but Holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Some one has said, "All prophecy is scriptures, whether spoken or written."

We now draw your attention to some modern Scripture or Prophecy which portrays to us in these last days the times in which we live. He who has ears to hear, let him hear. God has revealed, does now reveal, and will continue to reveal to us, what shall be in the present and very near future and as one of the grand old hymns says, "My Once Blind Eyes Are Opened."

As early as January, 1831, through the young prophet of Palmyra, our Lord gave this very timely instruction and direction in these words (Book of Commandments, chapter 40):

"Behold the enemy is combined and now I show unto you a mystery, a thing which is had in secret chambers, to bring to pass even your destruction in process of time, and ye know it not, but now I tell it unto you and ye are blessed."—Verses 11 and 12.

Then in verse 22, we find the following:

"And again I say unto you, that the enemy in the secret chambers seeketh your lives."

Verse 23:

"Ye hear of wars in far countries, and you say in your hearts there will soon be great wars in far countries, but you know not the hearts of them in your own land."

Verses 24 and 25:

"I tell you these things because of your prayers, wherefore, treasure up wisdom in your bosoms, lest the wickedness of men reveal these things unto you by their wickedness, in a manner which shall speak in your ears with a voice louder than that which shall shake the earth."

Verse 26:

"But if ye are prepared, ye shall not fear."

Well may some stand up and say, "What is this menace to our liberty?" Some say Communism, others Nazism, and again others, Facism, etc. Yes, there may be danger from one or all of these isms, but that

is not our real danger. Our major dangerous problem will come sooner or later from the Roman Catholic Church which has, and is now making determined effort to control our government on this fair America of ours—this Joseph's land given for an inheritance to Ephriam and Mannaseh. It is a choice land above all other lands.

These so-called Knights of Columbus take the position that this land of America belongs to the Roman Catholic Church because Columbus, who is supposed to have discovered America, was a Roman Catholic. But history tells us it was discovered by others long before Columbus. Our own Book of Mormon discloses this fact, that several hundreds of years before Christ this land was discovered by two different colonies, and from one of these discoveries came the American Indian of our day. Now in order for us to more fully realize what this Roman menace really is, I quote from a paper, known as "La Aurora" put out by the Italian Baptist Publishing House, 1414 Castle Avenue, Philadelphia 45, Pa. This is a reprint from a letter by Father (?) Patrick O'Brien of Rochester, N. Y., to a minister, Rev. A. Domenica, D.D. Here follows the letter:

"We, the Hierarchy of the Holy Roman Catholic Church expect all loyal children of the church to assist the President with all our strength to see that individuals comprising the U. S. Supreme Court, shall obey the President's injunctions and if necessary, we shall change, mend, or blot out the present constitution so that the President may enforce his, or rather our, humanitarian program and all phases of human rights as laid down by our Sainly Popes and the Holy Mother Church.

We elected our worthy President by the greatest majority ever recorded in history. We are going to have our laws made and enforced according to the Holy See and the Pope's and the canon law of the Papal throne. Our entire social structure must be built on that basis. Our educational laws must be constructed to that end, that atheism, the Red Peril of totalitarianism, protestantism, Communism, Socialism and all others of like ilk and stamp be driven from this fair land.

The Cross was planted on our shores by staunch Roman Catholics. This land belongs to us by every right. Long enough have we compromised on every important question; now we demand what is really ours, and we are going to have it. We will support our President in every way to obtain it, peacefully, honestly, if we may. If necessary we are ready to fight and to die for it.

We want as Cabinet members, children of the Holy Mother Church, holding important positions in the entire structure of our government. We control America and we do not propose to stop until America



or Americans are genuinely Roman Catholic and remain so. God help us!"

Is that not a hair raiser? Well did the prophet Joseph Smith state as he was divinely instructed to write, "Ye know not the hearts of men in your own land."

The above reproduction of the letter from a Priest to another minister is very tame to some documents I have in my possession. Obtain, if you can, a copy of the oath taken by those who join the Knights of Columbus. I have it and it was taken from the Congressional Records House Bill 1523 of February 15th, 1913, page 3215. I have no quarrel with any man's religious views. I sincerely grant him the privilege, unmolested to worship whom he will in any manner he desires. But when any religious (so-called) group undertakes to take away my liberty to worship as I please, and by force compel me to follow their pernicious ways, I must raise my voice and use my pen in protest and warn my fellows of such impending designs of men. Well may I say, Canadians and Americans, awake to your impending peril!

T. J. JORDAN

### THOUGHT-GLEAMS

Extracts From a Sermon Delivered Sunday, October 14, 1951, at Phoenix, Arizona

By Apostle James E. Yates

Recordings:—Men have learned to record fine things in music. Even the finest in tone, or the most harsh in discord, can be recorded. All can be reproduced. If all the splendid things in sermons, in prayer, in song and in spiritual excellence which have been produced through the years in the worship assemblies of our consecrated chapel here in Phoenix, Ariz., and at other sacred altars throughout all the lands where the Church of Christ meets to worship, were recorded and could be reproduced in the presence of the thousands of people who, in the immediate vicinity of those services held, have ignored and missed those humble, but inspiring services, the reproduction of those proofs, divine participation, would CONDEMN THOSE WHO HAVE IGNORED THEM!

But, in the matter of IF, they could be recorded, erase the if. For God RECORDS ALL! THEY ARE RECORDED! Whether of saint, or sinner, our words, speech, acts, deeds, and even our thoughts, are all recorded! For proof of minute detail, in all which concerns ourselves, let us meditate upon this: "EVEN THE HAIRS OF YOUR HEAD ARE NUMBERED."—Jesus.

(Scriptural reading for the sermon: Prov., Chapter 15, was read by the pastor, Elder Oren A. Caviness).

Sermon Text:—The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—James 5:16.

#### Prayer

Dimensions, and Quality (or lack of it) apply to everything,—even including prayer.

Dimensions and quality must apply to even an oak stick, or a pithy alder, or a jimson weed, or a man, or a monkey!

For human achievement the man used intelligence. For mere animal stalemate, the monkey chattered.

In the matter of both dimensions and quality, consider the California Redwoods. One tree 200 feet in length lies prone. Its yearly rings of growth prove it to have been 5,000 years old when it fell. Astride that same ancient log another tree has grown. The age of this second tree is approximately as great as the first! A cutting recently made from within the body of the first log shows a perfection of soundness in fiber which is as good as when the wood was first matured in its growth so many thousands of years ago! The wood from those logs which have been lying there through the ages, will still take a beautiful polish which classes it among the finest ever grown in any forest. Can quality be ignored there? Are dimensions significant?

Prayer, as a product substance of mind and of spirit, possessing both scope, (or dimension) and quality (or fiber and serviceable spiritual tissue), or lack of the latter.

Prayer is a means, and a measure of accumulative, or accumulated spiritual strength. When upon this American continent, our Lord, Jesus Christ the Redeemer, taught the people here. He had gone apart from the Assembly for a short time, leaving them there **praying**.

When He returned to find them still praying, He did not say for them to stop now, that they had asked once for the things they desired, and then when such prayers had been offered that this would be enough. No, He made no such suggestion. What did our Lord say to them? No. He said to them "PRAY ON!" Herein, as with other Scripture, is proof that both volume or dimension, as well as quality in prayer, are proper considerations before God.

If prayer had less potentialities than mighty power, when its scientific stream of spiritual expression rises to flood heights, Jesus would not have directed:—"PRAY ON"!

In blest continuity, in vibrant sincerity, and even in Holy repetition, there is POWER IN PRAYER! This applies SCIENTIFICALLY, but not SUPERSTITIOUSLY.

The picture on the front page of the Associated Press in this country recently, showing the weeping Korean women at the grave of a soldier husband and father, was illustrative of prayerful anguish in sorrow before God, but the spread of food they offered there at the grave, to their departed dead, we might estimate as being more of a sentiment of superstition, than an intellectual spirituality. However, it is possible, even at that, that they realize as well as we, that the food offered, can not benefit the dead. To them, that too, may be a symbol, or a figure of thought, endeavoring to represent the yearnings of those who mourn. We judge them not.

But most effective prayer unto God the Supreme, in wisdom and in all perfection, must be buttressed, as from ourselves whose imperfections need no arguments

to prove, by the intelligence upon our part to say: "Nevertheless, not my will but thine, be done!"

### Intelligence

Intelligence is illuminated truth focused through mind and spirit, and registered (at times) upon the lobes of brain tissue cells. Spiritual intelligence may function in spirit, independently of physical brain tissue.

The kind of prayer possessing right intelligence, will not assume for its own imperfection, the right to demand:—Give to me this, regardless of whether it be THY WILL or not.

Any so-called intelligence which fails to recognize a higher power and intelligence than our own, is a misnomer! As prayer, it has neither scientific dimensions, nor worthy quality.

Prayer in all our yesterdays, is spent energy, and needs to be renewed today; even as the electric turbine turned yesterday, but will die out in weakened-down momentum, when the power current ceases to flow.

When separate units of life join in prayer, greater are the results in increased power.

God may use the Columbia River as a source of electric power, when by proper intelligence, man attaches the harness for that electric power.

God may also use His people united in mighty prayer, as the scientific means whereby men may tap the source of the mighty powers eternal, in God's spiritual realms.

Let His people not neglect to pray, unitedly, for those things most needed for the real welfare of the world,—remembering to make our prayers most effective, by the proof of our effective humility, as we remember that the KEY which unlocks the greatest treasure-house for all mankind, is our intelligent use of the sanctifying token to our prayers:—Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.

### MY TESTIMONY

I wish to give an account of some recently learned lessons we have gained through experiences concerning and during a trip from which my husband and I have just returned. Perhaps there are others who have found it hard to trust God completely, and with understanding.

Both Rolland and I were strongly urged to go out to Brigham City, Utah, where our "foster" children, Freddie and Collette Joe are attending Intermountain Indian School. We were unable to account for this except it be the calling of the Spirit. Being much disturbed about it, for we had absolutely no means to finance such a trip, we prayed for more light and understanding that we might know what the Lord willed us to do. As we prayed the urge became stronger, and added to it was the feeling that we should also go to certain other places. Still we were given no certain reasons, but we told the Lord we were willing to go if He would open the way.

When we began to take stock of the situation the obstacles seemed unsurmountable. First of all, travel-

ling is so hard for me that I felt such a long trip would be too much for me to tackle. Our three children are in school and we did not think it proper to take them out for so long, therefore their care was a major problem. The car would need a lot of repairs before it could stand such a lengthy journey. Last but not far from least was the utter lack of money. With a growing family and many adversities we have been unable to pull ourselves out of debt. All these things confronted us. Still the urge to go grew stronger until we began to be afraid we might be displeasing the Lord by holding out against it.

I prayed a great deal about the children, for I did not at all like the idea of leaving them for such a long time. Then one day there came such a feeling of peace as I received assurance from the Holy Spirit that I could safely trust my little ones to the Lord's care, and to those who would be willing to take them in. Before, I had doubted that anyone would be willing to do this for me, but I was shown those who would. This gave me the courage to seek their help when the time came and the other obstacles were overcome.

Since the car is our means of livelihood it must be kept in good repair anyhow, so Rolland and I went ahead with that on credit, although doing all he could of the work himself.

As he, too, prayed over the matter, he also received assurance that brought peace. He was given to know that the Lord would open the way for him to sell shoes as we went along, and we should not want if we trusted God and kept our hearts in condition to hear His guiding voice.

We had about \$50 in our checking account with which to pay our current bills. We felt we should not touch that except for an emergency. And so, we set out with only enough cash for one day's expenses, to travel 3,000 miles. It took a lot of faith. After driving 450 miles the first day, we stopped for the night in a good sized town, and next day Rolland canvassed the town very thoroughly. Both of us were apprehensive, fearing we might have been deceived, realizing that Satan has power to deceive the very elect, and being well aware of our own imperfections. Therefore, we were both constantly praying that if we actually were following God's direction, that Rolland might sell a goodly number of shoes, but if we were embarked upon a fruitless journey we asked God to hedge up our way that we might not be able to go on, lest we blunder.

He sold nine pairs that day. We were very thankful, and felt we had received a sign that we should go on. The Lord knew the faintness of our hearts, and if he had sold only a few pairs we would certainly have believed that we should turn back.

Our next plan was to make our way to the home of Bro. and Sr. Thomas E. Barton at Hayden, Colorado. We had almost enough cash now to go that far. Near Denver the car developed a strong vibration, and when it was investigated we found that a tire was "out of round" and the wheels not balanced. It was necessary to buy a new tire now whether we continued west or turned back east toward home. The service man offered to accept our old tire, which was really

quite good and could be used on farm machinery, as part payment on the new one. We were left with a balance of \$11.90 to pay on it. He accepted our check for the amount. Then we realized that besides our faith we now had only \$38 to rely on should we run into difficulty. We were close to 1,000 miles from home. Simple logic told us it was foolish to go on. We grew faint-hearted and were about to turn back when two mechanics in the garage decided to buy some shoes. Again we felt it was a sign that we should not give up, lest by some chance there was some work the Lord wanted us to do.

We took courage and continued westward, conserving our funds as carefully as we could. It was growing colder as we got into the mountains, and we felt the need of warm food instead of the sandwiches, etc., which we had been eating to save money on meals. Somehow, and I think it was inspiration, I got the idea that some canned foods could be heated by the engine if we could arrange a way to fasten them near it as we drove along. When I mentioned it to Rolland he figured out how to do it with some wire from his tool box.

When we arrived at Barton's we found our dear brother had suffered a mishap in his coal mine the day before. A huge chunk of coal had come loose, falling on him and pinning his leg under it. He was alone at the time. He was able, however, to reach a large bar with which he managed to pry the coal up until he could get his leg free. We found him bravely trying to attend the needs of himself and his wife, who, herself, suffered a stroke several months ago and has had little use of one leg and one arm since. It was our opinion that he may be sustaining fractures of the leg and foot as well as the terrible bruises.

After our brother and Rolland had administered to Sr. Barton at her request, he also asked that Rolland administer unto him. The Holy Spirit was very near to us there, and we felt the compassion of our Lord toward His loved ones. We ask that all of you will pray for them that their tribulations may speedily be resolved into Thanksgiving through the manifesting of His hand in their behalf.

We spent the night and part of the next day with Bartons, enjoying the holy fellowship of gospel talk with them; then, having sold several pairs of shoes in Hayden, we headed on toward the great Salt Lake.

It was Wednesday night, and we sang all through the prayer meeting hour as we drove along. We intended to go first to Tooele, Utah at the south end of the Lake to visit with our dear Navajo friends, Edward and Marion Cowboy, then north to Brigham City. Passing through Salt Lake City, Rolland tried to sell, but had little success. We drove into a little park to take stock of our situation after eating our lunch, and found that when we filled the car with gasoline we would have little left. Bluntly we were broke. Of course there was still that \$38 in the checking account at home (which we really ought not to touch) but even that would not take us clear home, now. Discouragement had us on the wrack. At this point it seemed we were left all alone and we could not decide what to do. 300 miles south and east was Grand Junction where we might

hope to get assistance from our brothers and sisters there. A few miles south was the home of our brother Cowboy, but their plight has been so sorry for such a long time our conscience would not let us appeal to them for assistance. And 60 miles north were the little folks we had most urgently wanted to see. We were indeed in a quandary. To go north to Brigham and back to Salt Lake City (120 miles round trip) before going on to Grand Junction meant using several more gallons of gas, some groceries, and a place to rest. We wondered if we dared to risk it. Our faint hearts could not decide which course to take.

After praying and talking it over some more we decided it would be better to go first to our friends in Tooele which is south of Salt Lake City and more or less on our way to Grand Junction should we have to give up going to Brigham City altogether. We somehow felt that when we got there the Lord would show us what to do. Our Brother Edward had already gone to work when we arrived, and while we visited with his wife, Marion, we felt very surely that we must not go on to Grand Junction until we had seen him. Marion offered us the hospitality of their home, which made us very happy, and we would have spent the night there had we provided ourselves with bedding or a bedroll. But since neither we nor our sister had extra bedding we decided to go into town where Rolland would again try to sell shoes enough for a room and meal. I think we would have slept in the car and gone without food before we would have left without seeing our brother. Now we felt if it is God's will He will provide; and it should be a sign to us. Rolland sold just enough shoes that evening to procure a room and our meals.

During the night I became very ill with the affliction that had caused me to dread such a long journey. In my misery my faith shrunk until I began to doubt all the signs and blessings we had been given. Terrible fear overtook me and I thought surely my life was about to be taken, and me away off there among strangers. I thought, indeed God is certainly hedging up our way as we had asked, but I complained because he had not done it sooner. I was not then able to tell what was the hedging up of our way and what the adversity of Satan. Several times Rolland administered to me. At last I was able to reason that He knew the sincere desires of our hearts, that we were trusting in Him; and if it was His will to take my life at this point then it must be for the best. So I asked Rolland to rub some consecrated oil over my heart and administer to me again, which he did. The distress left me at once and I was soon able to rest.

We had arranged to go out to Cowboy's early next day since he did not work during the day, but when I awakened I felt at peace but very weak. It seemed to me I could never bear to ride in the car. After considering it for some time I realized that it was possible that Satan was trying to prevent me, or at least discourage me, and through me, Rolland. I resolved then to get in the car no matter what it cost me. From then on it was up to the Lord. If He gave me the strength I would be so happy to go and visit with our friends; but if we were to blunder I prayed He would cause us to be unable, even if it meant taking my life to stop us. As soon as I had thus prayed, strength

came to me. I felt warm where I had been numb. And I was able to go.

So we went again to Cowboy's, had a lovely warm visit with these dear people whose hearts are like honey, received from them a beautiful token of friendship, then departed on our way, thankful that the dear Lord has permitted us to learn to love such folks as these.

After going back into town from our friend's home, Rolland sold more shoes. This, with the great blessing we had received during the night and the morning, convinced us we must not give up and go back home without seeing Freddie and Colette, either. So I lay down in the back seat so as to get as much rest as possible and we headed north along the lake shore toward Intermountain Indian School.

When we got to Brigham City we drove through the town first, observing it for prospective shoe sales and noticing several auto courts where we might get a cabin for the night. Two were located very near the school. Since it was then Friday we hoped to spend that evening and, if he made any sales, all day Saturday with the children. We drove into the school grounds, inquiring for Mr. Woodrow Nelson with whom we have had correspondence. When it was learned we wanted to see the children we were sent to the registrar instead. We found her to be a lovely woman much interested in our mission, and completely co-operative. She had us conducted through the dormitories, dining halls, and finally the school buildings where we met the youngsters, and had a wonderfully rewarding reunion with them. 2,136 Navajo children above the age of 10 are enrolled there. It is a wonderful place, and the only flaw at all in the picture is that there is not more such schools for the many thousands of other Navajo children who have no school at all to go to. Besides the other buildings they are provided with a chapel, theater, hospital, swimming pool, and gymnasium. Their education (including supplies) care and their board is provided by the United States government. The home is asked to provide clothing, which most of them do; but if the children desire other articles of clothing they may obtain them for a very small amount of maintenance work around the school. Their every reasonable wish may be filled in this way except things which are for sale in the canteen such as candy, pop corn, ice cream, pop, etc. They must have cash from home (or elsewhere) for that.

We had brought along some things for "our" youngsters; and, except for a few small items which we have since sent, with what they already had, they are now well provided for. The clothing which they can obtain through the school is for the most part far better and more suitable than what we have been able to send. We are completely satisfied that they are much better off there, everything considered, than they would be anywhere else.

Having taught them the gospel during the months they spent in our home, we rejoiced to find that it was still bearing fruit and was not being torn up from the good ground where we had so patiently planted it. And we have laboriously striven to keep the seed watered by correspondence; and this visit, tedious and expensive as it has been, was fully rewarding by the

signs of spiritual life and growth which was evident. We were especially glad to learn the hopes and ambitions of Freddie, for we know the Lord has a special place for him to occupy.

Long before any of our missionaries had visited the Navajo country it was given to me of the Holy Spirit that I would bring into my home a little boy of Lamanite blood to whom I was to be a spiritual mother and teach him the gospel that he might be prepared for the work the Lord had for him to do. I did not know of what tribe he would be but I was shown how I would know him. Therefore when Bro. and Sr. Wheaton returned from their first trip to Navajo-land, saying some of the little girls wanted to come home with them, I inquired if any boys wanted to come, too. They did not know of any. Sr. Wheaton said she had, however, noticed a boy of outstanding countenance who had attracted her attention. And then she repeated the words which were to be my guide and by which I was to know "my boy": "His teacher says he is a good boy. She says she does not think he ever has any bad thoughts." There was the lad to whom I was to teach the gospel.

Soon we had made arrangements through his teacher and his father's boss for him to come to us on the train to spend the summer in our home. We had hoped to have him with us permanently, but the parents would not consent to that. The next summer his sister, Colette, came with him. From that beginning God has firmly guided Freddie into the Kingdom of Heaven, and he was baptized by my husband in August, 1950.

But to return to our visit with these "foster" children of ours. After visiting for awhile we left them with the promise to come back in the evening after we had obtained a cabin. We selected a tourist court near the school, but after paying for it and buying a few groceries we were almost broke again. We thought we had better cash a check. It was too late then to get in the bank but we tried cashing it in a store. No luck. Rolland was told he would have to take it to the bank. We had provisions for the night, so it could wait until morning anyhow, and we went back to spend the evening with the children. We still had not been able to locate our Mr. Nelson by the time we went back to the cabin for the night.

During the night Rolland became extremely distressed and lay for a long while awake, pondering about the predicament we were in. He puzzled about the very few sales he had been able to make compared to the first day out. He remembered the promise he was given that sales would be provided, and he wondered what we had done or not done to cause the Lord to withhold the promised blessing. Then he was reminded that whatever he had actually needed **had** been provided. We had not lacked for any necessity. True, it was not provided very far ahead—just one step at a time—but surely that was enough. As we had asked, just so we had received. The Lord had not failed us in any instance that he could recall, but had actually gone before us and prepared the way in many instances. Then he was also shown that, had we been given more than our immediate needs we might have been tempted to waste our time and money indulging in some of the many attractions for tourists

all along the way, which would have diverted our thoughts from the Lord and perhaps caused us to put our own pleasure ahead of the mission on which we had come. In that way we would not have been able to heed His guiding voice, nor have put complete trust in Him. Also, had we been able to see too far ahead, Satan would have had opportunity to get in more of his discouragements. When this understanding came to Rolland, he rejoiced in our trials, knowing they were blessings in disguise. And so he was able to say, "Lord, lead on. We will follow, unquestioning."

When morning came, Rolland went to the bank as planned to cash the check. The bank said not unless someone there in town would O. K. it for us. Of course the only person there who knew of us at all was the Mr. Nelson with whom we had been corresponding, and whom we had not, as yet seen. Since we were to go over to the school as soon as Rolland had got back from the bank, we hastened along intending to find the man and ask him to put his O. K. on the check for us; then we would take the children back to our cabin for awhile to try on the clothes we had brought them. Later we planned to have a picnic lunch with them on the mountain above their school.

As we left the court we stopped to tell the owner that we were not pulling out for good, but would be back with the children before we relinquished the cabin. He noticed the shoe sign on the car and gave us an order for a pair of shoes, which boosted our moral a good deal. Still we thought we better cash that check if possible, for the next day was Sunday and there would be no sales.

When we got over to the school we learned to our consternation that Mr. Nelson had gone to Salt Lake City for the week-end. There went our last hope of getting a check cashed in Brigham City, or that side of Grand Junction, for that matter! Once again our hearts were faint, but then we remembered that never once had we been left alone. We took the youngsters over to our cabin and showed them the gifts we had brought and some pictures. Rolland went outside to the car for something, and the owner's wife spoke to him, observing that we were from Independence, Missouri. He, guessing her church affiliation, told her at once that we were members of the Temple Lot Church. She replied that she and her husband and son had visited there this last summer, in fact were there during the Indian Convention. She mentioned their Apostle Kimball, and our own Bro. Baynard Case, and others in attendance. When Rolland came in and told me of this coincidence, my first thought was that they would O. K. our check. The outcome was that not only did our good friend and benefactor, Bro. Leland Seely, O. K. our check but he cashed it for us. And once more we had positive evidence that the Lord was going before us and guiding our every step. We had only to trust Him without fear of the outcome. It was not by mere chance that we stopped at the only tourist court in the town where we could have found the solution to our dilemma, but the strong hand of God in Heaven.

Thereafter we spent a lovely day with Freddie and Colette which I think both we and they will long remember, and in the evening took them back to their

dormitories, where we met and had splendid visits with both the boy's and girl's advisors. From them we obtained a complete comprehension of Freddie and Colette's status at the school; and they in turn became acquainted with the reasons for our interest in the children. They considered it quite out of the ordinary and were pleased. Miss Joyce, a remarkably sincere and sympathetic person, was moved to the point of shedding tears.

The children reluctantly bade us goodbye, and meager as our means were, we could not leave them without sharing what little we had that they might have some of the little treats that mean so much to children.

As night came on we went on our way to Grand Junction, arriving there at noon on Sunday. We spent a most enjoyable two days with the saints there. It was like coming home, for the fellowship with those of like precious faith is dearer than most family ties. There is that love of God which binds us close, and such warmth is hard to depart from. Bro. and Sr. Ted Ely, their daughter and son-in-law, Bro. and Sr. Archie Downs, and two sons and daughters-in-law, Bro. and Sr. Marvin Ely, and Bro. and Sr. Robert Ely, made us very welcome, imparting to us freely of their substance. This being deer season, we feasted on fresh venison and the fruit of that wonderful garden land. No less satisfying were the good spiritual talks that we had, which was a feasting to the soul. But, not content with the hospitality they had given us, these dear folk also loaded us up with good things to enjoy on our way and at home. They also saw to it that we had enough money to get us home, even wanting to give us more than we had need of, willing to sacrifice their own needs, in case we should lack something. Their generosity is a glory to their God. His sure blessings are sealed upon them for eternity, for they seize upon every opportunity to share what they have, not alone with the missionaries, but with any of the Lord's people who come their way. God bless them!

We headed homeward. Beautiful weather had accompanied us all the way, and highways were grand. Joy filled our hearts as the beauty of the autumn-robed countryside filled our eyes. "Our cup runneth over" with happiness.

Near Hutchinson, Kansas we stopped to visit my aged aunt and some of my cousins. There we found fertile soil ready to receive a little more gospel seed. We stayed only overnight, reluctant to remain away from our children any longer, although my cousin said as we left, "I do wish you need not go. There is so much more I would like to know." We hope soon to go back and finish that part of our mission.

We arrived home next day without delay, and found our children well and everything in order. How our hearts rejoiced no one will ever know, for we had fought with anxiety on their account for 3,000 miles. We had fought with it, but we had not given in to it. And we had learned that it pays to overthrow anxiety. There is no need for fear in the work of the Lord. "Pure love casteth out all fear."

If any good thing ever comes from our effort, those who gave our little ones shelter that we might go have

done as much as we; and we call upon our Lord to bless them for it. We know that He will, for His promises are sure and steadfast altogether.

The following Sunday we were scheduled to spend in Hamilton, Mo., at the home of Bro. and Sr. John Sweem where Rolland was to speak to a group gathered there for services. We had driven about twelve miles and had just passed through Liberty when an unusual noise caused him to slow the car which had been travelling as much as 60 miles per hour a few minutes before. It was soon apparent that there was serious trouble in the front wheels, and Rolland said, "There probably isn't a garage open anywhere. But we can't go any further like this. Unless the Lord takes a hand, our plans for today are blown up." We later found that He was doing just that, even then.

Rolland turned the car around very slowly and carefully, and drove back through town. As he expected, nothing was open but a filling station or two. It was by then a matter of "any port in a storm" as he pulled into the nearest one. As he did so, he glanced up another street and saw a Chevrolet garage with the service door open. A special job had just been brought in. We drove the 200 or so feet into that open portal without an invitation or a "by your leave". By then the metal was so hot and smelled so bad I thought it would surely burst into flame. The serviceman looked at us in horror. He said, "We are closed," and quickly closed the open door. It was plain to be seen we were not wanted, but the closing of the door was rather pointless, I thought. We were already in. It was like locking the barn after the horse was stolen, only in reverse. Rolland asked him if he would not fix the trouble for us anyhow, but he said he could not possibly do it before Monday morning. Then Rolland asked him to rent us the space and tools to fix it ourselves; he refused. It was Sunday and he was closed, he said. Finally Rolland asked him to sell us the new parts we needed at least, which he did. He rolled up his door again, and we eased the car out of the door and around into the street, letting the rear wheel rest against the curb, for there was no sign of brakes at all. Then Rolland and Jack went to work, jacking up the front until the left wheel was free. Jack reached out to take hold of it and it **fell off** in his hands. Truly the Lord had been watching over us! My heart began to turn cold as I remembered those terrifying mountain curves, little more than gashes in the side of a precipice, over which we had driven only a comparatively few miles back. Then the glow of thankfulness for the protection we had been given overcame me, as I realized that only by relying on God are we ever safe from harm at all. There is no other place of safety; and that is not a "place", but a condition of the heart, a singleness of purpose, a desire to do nothing save it be the will of God and to His glory. Faith unquestioning, trusting that He loves us dearly and will protect us from ALL harm, willingness to follow anywhere He leads: therein alone lies our safety.

Last winter during my long illness I was shown a vision, which, since our recent experiences, I feel that I now understand. It had the strange quality of a dream, yet I was fully awake and knew what was happening.

I was at first situated on a height of some kind, looking down upon a vast herd of wild buffalo which was in stampede across a great plain. As far as I could see in every direction they were streaming past me, the panic of terror in their eyes. Next I found myself no longer above them but among them, and not as a human being now, but as one of them; and I had a calf by my side. I ran as they ran, blindly following those ahead, and I felt the same terror urging me on and on. A question was put to me. "What are we running away from?" I raised my head and turned a little to look backward trying to learn the answer to that. All I could see were numberless hordes of terrorized buffalo running as though to save their lives. Then came the question, "Where are we going?" I raised my head again, still running—for it would have been impossible to stop in the face of their rushing bodies had I wanted to, and looking forward as far as I could see were the same numberless hordes of terror-stricken buffalo. I could not see where we were headed. I could not even see the leaders of the herd for they were far away out of sight long before. But in looking forward I had noticed that as the onrushing herd reached a certain point they seemed to disappear as over the edge of a precipice. I observed that we ourselves were fast approaching this point. I became more alarmed by that than by the fear of the unknown terror behind me. I looked about for a means of escape for the calf and I, but those solid-packed bodies were as unyielding as stone walls. The thought came to me to gradually work my way to the outside by showing a path on an angle to the direction we were steadily following, keeping my calf close beside me. I did this by persistently pushing to the left as we ran, and eventually reached the edge. Drawing my little one with me we finally stepped free of the herd, and stood for a moment gazing at their fast moving bodies, which I could plainly see, now, were being carried to destruction not very far ahead. Their plight was hopeless because they were blinded by terror and had lost the power to reason. I was sorry for them, and I was sorry for myself, for I knew that soon, except for my calf I would be left alone. I began then to feel the horror of that isolation from the herd, and the temptation to rejoin them in spite of their inevitable destruction was very strong in me. Instinct was demanding that I follow the herd, but I fought it down, and stepped between the herd and my calf, lest it be drawn back into the maelstrom.

Hunger assailed us for we were weakened by the long run and the terrific struggle to free ourselves from the stampede. I sought grass of the prairie which was our normal food, but it had all been trampled by thousands of terror-stricken feet and only a few blades were left here and there. This, to us, was sure disaster, for without grass we could not exist for long after all.

Then it was that instruction was given to me to "Go into the forest and live as the deer." Buffalo in the forest was an incongruous idea and I could not at first accept it. Nature had not equipped us for such a life, for we were animals of the plains. But at last I became convinced that I must do it, or perish. So I turned my back upon the last of my fast-perishing herd and my own instinct, and with my little calf by my side, headed toward the trees of the forest; to a new and strange

life, new environment, new food, new habits. I went with many trepidations.

We plunged rather awkwardly into the edge of the forest, blundering against the saplings, and fearful of the shadows cast by the great trees; fearful also of the strange noises so different from the open plain which had been our home. It was with grave doubt that we tasted of the leaves of the trees, and foraged for moss, the herbage was so different than the prairie grasses. But we found them edible, even pleasant, and soon the surge of renewed energy poured into our bodies, and we were content.

Evening time came. I longed then to go out to the plains and lie down with my calf among my own kind. I knew they were gone. And I knew that I must not leave the forest, for the calf and I alone could not contend with our mortal enemies, the great prairie wolves, who would surely attack a lone buffalo and her calf. Our only safety lay in overcoming our fear of our strange surroundings and remain in the depths of the forest.

At last I found a bower such as the deer use for resting places, and I settled my calf there beside me for the night, resolved to abide with determination by the wisdom that had been given me. And we were secure and undisturbed throughout the long night.

As before, a human being, I had become identified as one of a buffalo herd, I now became no longer a buffalo, but with my little one, a deer of the forest. I lived as a deer, thought as a deer, reacted and now had the appearance and agility of a deer. In the forest was sanctuary. There was no fear and no lack of food, but only peace and plenty. And beauty abounded everywhere. I no longer yearned for the companionship of my own kind, for I had adapted, and my little one also; and we were one with the deer of the forest sanctuary. There was no sorrow of any kind; only joy.

There the vision closed. Many months I have pondered it, not finding the meaning. But now I know that the guiding voice of God will call us out of the maelstrom of our own kind, humanity, bidding us to disregard instinct sometimes, and lead us into strange and terrifying places, all for our own good that our souls may find sanctuary. Thank God for His love that saves us. I have trusted Him and He did not fail me.

I pray that I may never fail to trust Him for guidance, and that I will always be ready to say, "Where you lead me, Lord, I will follow." For God will never lead me where I should not go.

MARION SPRAGUE

### A LETTER TO THE CHURCH

(Continued from page 167)

were alligators in the streams, and one of them had left tracks in the sand near one of the places where we had camped on the river side. The trees were full of wild, howling monkeys, and birds of many colors, and the jungle was inhabited by wild beasts and at times our guides indicated to us that we were close to hostile people, for we could smell their camp fires. At such times we were required to move quietly and travel long

hours in order to make our camps in more secure surroundings.

After several days we came to a village of the Lacandone Indians, a wild primitive people, who live in grass covered huts and still hunt with bow and arrows. These people accepted us as friends and we were able to get a number of good pictures of them. They were much fairer than most Indian people, and among them was a woman who was quite white with rosy cheeks, and fine features. Their chief, Kin-Obregon, told his people we were "amigo" that is friends, and for them not to molest us. We shared with them some of our food supplies, beans, sugar and corn meal flour, etc., and later sent them back some beads. This chief made it known to us through our interpreters that the rivers were flooding and that it was too dangerous for us to go further. So, after spending part of three days with them, and giving them a Book of Mormon and a little silver disk with the seal of the Church of Christ engraved on it, we began our return journey,—disappointed and sick in heart and body,—to Tenosique, the place from which we had started into the jungles. On this jungle trip we traveled 17 days with Indian guides and a pack train of mules. Part of the time we rode and at other times we walked. We crossed the large Usumaciente River in a small Indian dugout boat; forded smaller streams on the mules, covering in all about 240 miles on the entire journey.

While it is true we were not able to reach the walled city on that trip, which was a great disappointment to us, the fact remains that we found many sources of information which confirmed to our minds the fact that such a place does exist. This information was gleaned from many sources, from Indian people, and from townspeople who live on the borders of the jungles and work in the chicle and mahogany industries of that area who have contacted them and reported stories concerning them.

In one instance a native woman of the State of Tabasco, with whom Angela became acquainted and who could speak a little English, by signs and broken English told of seeing these people, of their "azul" or blue eyes, their white or "blanco" skins, and that they lived deep in the jungles where the mountains formed the north wall of the city. As a bond of friendship this woman gave Angela a beautifully formed duck or swan made of chicle (chewing gum), which was very brightly colored.

As the direct result of our expedition to Yucatan and other parts of Mexico, we contacted many people who were hungry for real gospel teaching, and when they would learn that we were missionaries for the Church of Christ, they asked many questions, and numerous persons expressed the desire to hear me preach to them, and some wanted to come to the States for a better education and the opportunity of attending our church services. It is regrettable that on this trip we were not prepared for an extended missionary effort. However we distributed many tracts to those who could read English. Some came to us the second time for more tracts to read for themselves and to give their friends, and we took the addresses of many whom we hope to keep in contact with.

It is indeed a wonderful experience to be able thus

to bear testimony of the goodness of our heavenly Father to such people. As the result of an invitation from a large group of several hundred members of the Pan-American League in Yucatan, to return and work among them as a missionary, we have made a covenant that if it is the will of God for us to go, and the means could be provided, that we would return there and do what we could to establish the Restored Gospel among them.

Since returning home from this last trip we have had an answer to our prayers relative to returning to Mexico and we have received the assurance that means will be provided for us to go and answer the call of these people in that part of the Lord's vineyard. Consequently we have sent word to them that we plan to leave the States for that area sometime in November and expect to be with them for several months.

We know that this news will bring rejoicing to their hearts, and it is our fervent prayer that we shall be blessed with the Spirit of God so as to accomplish a good work there. In this endeavor we solicit the prayers and assistance of the church everywhere. This undertaking will have its hardships and sacrifices, but for the advancement of the cause of Zion we are willing to make them, for the joy of accomplishing this purpose will transcend those things we shall be called upon to endure.

If circumstances will permit, and the means is available, we hope to be able to renew our effort, while in that country, to find the walled city and the people who dwell there. However, this is not the prime purpose of our going at this time, as our objective is missionary work. We shall continue to seek more information on this matter, and feel that as our circle of friendship widens there, and we gain the confidence of our Indian friends, that our efforts to reach that city will be more successful.

Our previous expedition gave us much valuable information concerning the people we would contact, and the conditions under which we must travel. It is possible for us to fly to within 35 miles of the location of this place, we learned, and at that place we will be able to pick up native guides and a pack train for the rest of the distance.

We have many interesting experiences to relate through the Advocate, as we find the time and opportunity to write them. Some of them are being written now, and if possible we want to include a few pictures for the record. In the meantime we have obtained a set of Spanish language records, to assist us in learning that language so that our contacts will be more fruitful.

Though hospitalized shortly after returning to Independence from Mexico, for sickness we contracted down in the tropics, our health is very much improved, and we feel that with the experiences and knowledge gained while there the last time, we can better take care of our health on this trip.

There are several widely scattered places where the church people want us to come and lecture with our pictures on the archeology of that region as it relates to the Book of Mormon. It is our purpose to reach as many of these places as is possible before we go south. In this work we find much happiness, as we are thus able to confirm the faith of many, and at the

same time give the honest investigator material evidence of the divinity of this marvelous record, the Book of Mormon, which has come forth in these last days as an added witness of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Eternal Father.

This is the only inspired record in existence, which claims to be an account of the love of God for the peoples of America before Columbus or the Spanish Conquest. It is the only record in the world which challenges us to read its contents with serious thought and mind, after which our heavenly Father will give us a testimony of its truths if we seek it. To us that testimony has been given in abundance, and with our own eyes we have seen and recorded in pictures the mute evidences of the rise and fall of the civilizations and peoples it tells us of, and the promises made to the remnant of those people who will repent and return to the Lord in these last days.

Therefore, may we use this means of thanking all those who contributed to the funds that helped us in this undertaking, and may the Lord bless each of you for it, and also those who shall contribute further, that we may follow up the opportunities of constructive missionary work among those who yearn for our return among them. What help you may be able to give toward this effort will be appreciated.

The League of Pan-American Indians' Convention held from August 26 to 31, is of historical importance, for it was not only held in Independence, Mo., the center of activity for the Restoration, but due to the rainy weather which threatened to disrupt the convention, which was scheduled to meet in the open, the local congregation on the Temple Lot opened their doors and invited these Indian brothers to hold their convention in their chapel. Here they met for five days in a most orderly and earnest manner to transact their business.

To this gathering representatives of the L.D.S. Church of Utah, and the Reorganized L.D.S., came and with representatives of the Church of Christ were invited to tell of the labors of the Restoration among the Indian people. The conduct of these earnest people in their deliberations was very commendable and carried on in a prayerful and reverent manner.

Meals were prepared for and by them in the church kitchen, to which all present contributed of their means.

Much opportunity for missionary work was afforded and the General Bishopric provided funds to furnish each delegate with a Book of Mormon and tracts of the church.

Delegates to this convention came from as far as California in the West and from Indiana to the East. Plans are now underway to form a local chapter of the League in Independence and to purchase a site for a general headquarters of the League in this locality.

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#### NOTICE

Due to a change in the printing time of "Zion's Advocate", we request that material be in our hands by the 15th of the month preceding the month of publication.

THE EDITORIAL STAFF